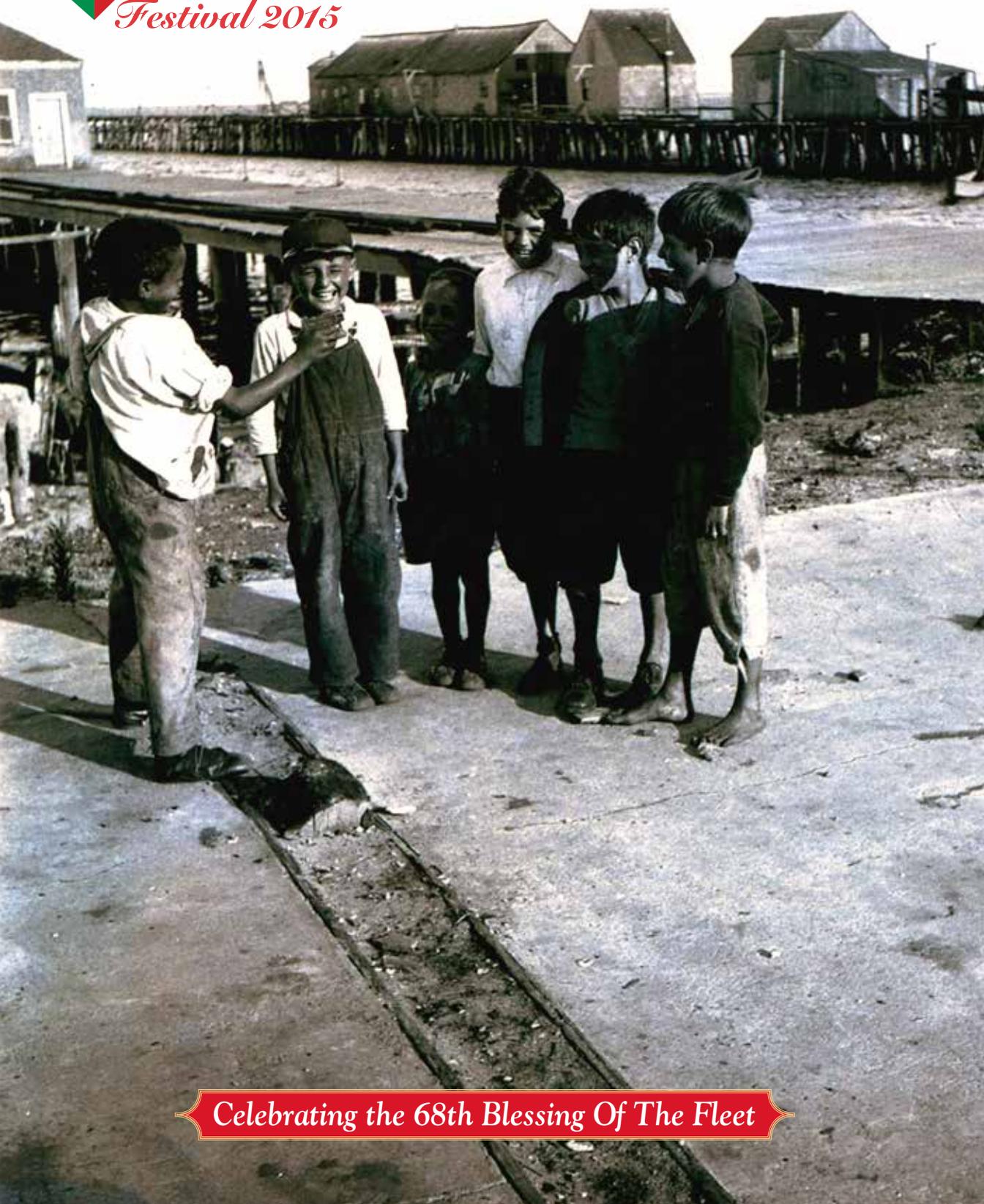


# Provincetown Portuguese *Festival 2015*

*Sharing The Heritage*

*The Beginning Of The Boatyards*



*Celebrating the 68th Blessing Of The Fleet*



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### A SPECIAL THANK YOU

to the family of Francis A. "Flyer" Santos who passed away during the production of the Festival Booklet 2015 for sharing their stories, memories and photographs during this difficult time in their lives.

# Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2015

The Festival Booklet for 2015 takes a look at the Boatyards of Provincetown. There were boats being built in peoples' yards and vacant lots all around town – it wasn't necessary to be on the water to build a boat, but with the advent of Provincetown's large dragger fleet, things changed. It became more and more important to be able to haul large and heavy boats out of the water to work on. Taves, Flyer's and Hathaway's each had a marine railway which served that purpose very well.

The master boatbuilder and mentor for Francis "Flyer" Santos, Joe Andrews and so many others was Manuel Furtado. His knowledge of boats and boat building is legendary. The sons and grandsons of his disciples carry on the knowledge he shared with them to this day.

Due to the fact that the Provincetown fishing fleet has become smaller each year, the Boatyards have had to adapt or go out of business. Instead of concentrating on boat building and repairs, the focus is now on recreational boating.

Lobstermen and a few commercial fishermen still work the surrounding waters, answering the call of the sea.

Thanks go to Peggi (Hathaway) Severini, Salvatore Del Deo and Josephine Couch Del Deo, Joe Andrews and family, Ethel Roderick, Beverley Ferreria, Geneva Cook, Marie Taves, Sandy Cook Silva, Malcolm Kerr Hunter and many people from the Portuguese Community for their continued support and enthusiasm.



On our cover: A young Joe Andrews (center, smiling with hat) and George Perry (third from the right) and other neighborhood kids play on the empty lot created by the 1927 fire that destroyed the Puritan Cold Storage. They are standing on the spot where Flyer's Boatyard will be built in 1949. Freeman's Wharf, seen in the background, will become today's Coast Guard Station pier. Photo 1928, courtesy of Joe Andrews.

**2015 Festival's Team:** Susan Avellar, Liliana DeSousa, Beverley Ferreira, Kathleen Gribbin, Maureen Joseph Hurst, Susan Leonard, Chris King, David Mayo, Tim McNulty, Donald Murphy, Jeffrey Perry, Paul Silva.

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Booklet design Ewa Nogiec





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*Consulado de Portugal em New Bedford*

### Message from Consul of Portugal in New Bedford, Pedro Carneiro, to the 2015 Provincetown Portuguese Festival

Last year I had the privilege to participate, for the very first time, on the Provincetown Portuguese Festival. I had been told that the Festival was a very special one. But I wasn't prepared for what I saw.

During the days I spent in Provincetown, I was able to witness the strong indelible contribution of the Portuguese community to the region. Established many decades ago, the Portuguese embraced the region and became active in different sectors of the economic and community life, shaping its own texture. Hence, while walking down the main streets of Provincetown, there is a true feeling of common celebration for the history and the heritage of so many Portuguese that found in this great peaceful city the place they could call home.

It was also extremely gratifying to witness how a tradition with more than 60 years - the Blessing of the Fleet - further developed with the Festival itself, for the past 18 years, are very much alive. The religious with the profane, the secular with the contemporary, the tradition with the modernity, hand in hand, framed by thousands of Portuguese, Americans and many tourists from all over the country and abroad, in a festive and joyous atmosphere. An event where one can see hundreds and hundreds of Portuguese flags, touched by the sea breeze, fluttering against the blue skies.

I am very happy to convey to all the Organizing Committee of the Provincetown Portuguese Festival my heartfelt greetings and wishes of success for the 2015 edition. Please accept, also on behalf of the Portuguese Government, my sincere recognition for your involvement in this great event and also for your decisive contribution in promoting the image of Portugal, its old traditions, culture, and its people in this beautiful region of the United States of America.

Pedro Carneiro  
Consul of Portugal in New Bedford

*628 Pleasant Street - Room 204 - New Bedford, MA 02740, Estados Unidos da América  
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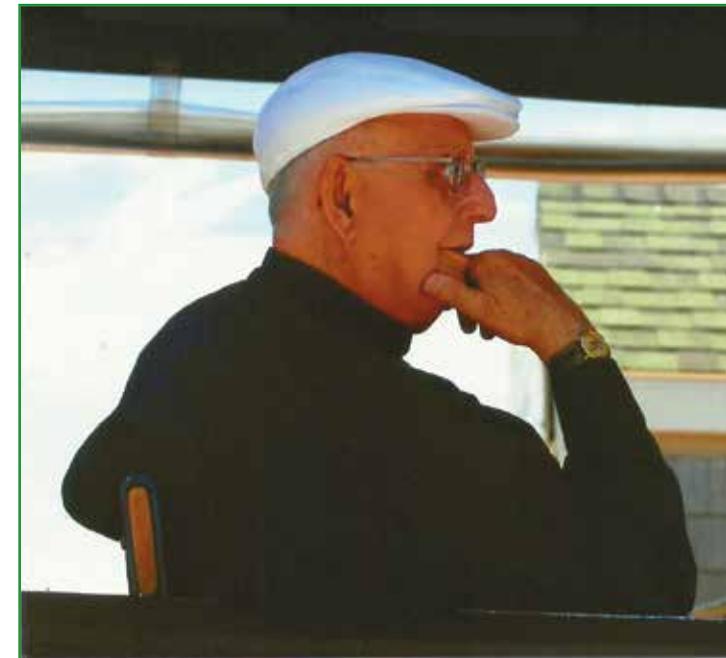
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CASH BAR  
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## BLESSING OF THE FLEET

BY REVEREND MANUEL P. FERREIRA (RET)



Reverend Manuel P. Ferreira

Today Provincetown celebrates its heritage and Portuguese culture through faith and memory, recalling the past to the present, looking forward to its future happenings. Centuries ago, this little town by the sea attracted various peoples of varied ethnic groups emigrating from Western Europe, particularly those of Portuguese descent, from continental Portugal and its Azorean Islands, especially the island of Sao Miguel. They brought with them, the little they had of material goods and themselves, also their faith, culture, language and traditions. America became for those of foreign birth a haven of opportunity, to begin a new life away from poverty and hard times and political dictatorship. Hard work was nothing new for these Portuguese immigrants. They just wanted to live their lives as best they could, desirous of making it better provisionally for themselves and their families.

They came during the closing years of the 18th century until the mid-1900's, not only bettering themselves, but also helping in the growth and prosperity of our great nation of the United States of America, mingling their traditions, culture, faith and ethnicity for a mixture of population, a

better and stronger nation.

From these Portuguese immigrants came many fishermen, increasing and improving the fishing industry here in Provincetown. Both of my grandfathers came among them, at the same time the fishing industry here in town was at its height.

My maternal grandfather was Peter Santos, Captain of the schooner Mary C. Santos, having a crew of 13 men aboard her. My paternal grandfather, Manuel Caraça Ferreira and his brother Jules were dory mates as were 10 others. All were lost at sea during a surprising gale and storm

on the early morning of August 10, 1917. All told 13 dorymen went to their death, and 53 children were left fatherless. Certainly such a tragedy hit hard the families of the victims. My grandmother →

*They brought with them, the little they had of material goods and themselves, also their faith, culture, language and traditions.*



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Vavoa Ferreira was left a widow with 8 children to bring up alone. The oldest son, Manuel, was 14 years old at the time. My uncle, Jerry, the youngest, at age 6 months. Only those who lived through the disaster and the hard times that followed are witness to the fact that life goes on.

Thinking back to those early days, how many wharves lined our seashore. How many boats set sail or set out under engine from this little port at the tip of Cape Cod? Fathers and their sons and their sons and their sons left from this little fishing village out to the vast sea hoping for a good catch. Time passes on, and, we with it. In the passing of years the number of wharves diminished: so too the number of the fishermen and fishing boats for varying reasons. They all dwindled tremendously. Fishing boats are essential to the livelihood of commercial fishermen. They are subject to the dangers from heavy winds and rains, and all the other perils, even of the sea itself.

Whatever the season, the open sea has many faces, so to speak. It can show its calmness and a stillness of nature, as it can manifest its fury and meanness, like a raging monster. Through howling winter gales and freezing rain, your gear and nets seemingly become crystallized. So too, does the freezing cold bite at your bodies, causing them pain. The weather and elements are threatening to your boats, as also to you who sail them. They are even a threat to your families, your loved ones who await your safe return to shore. These are the ones for whom you labor and give sustenance through the profit of your catch. It is the God of Heaven and Earth that gives you life, who gives life to all of us. It is the same God who governs the seas and winds, the same God who fills the seas with the fish you set out to catch. It is you the fishermen that God gives life and intelligence to sail, to navigate, to fish, to have control in a stormy sea. This same God wants you to know Him, thrust Him, to believe in Him. Yes, even He awaits your thanks for His gracious care over you.

My friends, as men of the sea, your faith and belief in Him is shown, made manifest by what you do, or do not do. Yes, you do the work. Yes,

you fish the sea. Likewise, you care for your boats and their well-being. You make a profit from your labors, and with it you pay your bills, support your families, hopefully to put some money aside for a "rainy day". You enjoy your work and the challenge and adventure it offers you.

In the present day, the town's fishing fleet is small in number, so too their captains who once navigated these crafts to outer banks awaiting their trawl and haul. Such were these earlier days of plentiful fish. Today there is no match or com-

*Little dories rowed away from the mother ship, two men in a dory, all setting their lines overboard, hoping to haul in a good catch.*

parison for what was, for what is now, wondering what will be? Few boats still tie up at the wharf's edge, and still some at moorings ledge. Many of the men in my family fished these waters and caught its fish. They labored daily and tirelessly for what they knew best and did well, going out to sea. My grandfathers went to sea lifting canvas sails, unfurled to the passing breeze that brought them to outer banks where swam schools of cod, mackerel, flounder, halibut and whatever else. Little dories rowed away from the mother ship, two men in a dory, all setting their lines overboard, hoping to haul in a good catch. In those early days all were fellow fishermen, next door neighbors, brothers, cousins, and fathers. They met daily, sailed and fished. Then when all was done, iced down, with aching backs and brawn, they set sail for home, for calm and safe harbor and the greetings of loves ones there awaiting them.

My friends, there is a beginning and ending of all this. Some of you will believe it, others not. God himself is the beginning and end of all, having made all of us in His own image and likeness, breathed life into us. He holds everyone "in the palm of his hands". No matter who we are, or where ever we are, or go, and whatever it is we do, God's abiding presence is there and is needed.

Life is God's gift to us; how we choose to live it is our gift to God. One's faith makes us aware that God is. This is why, as fishermen, you ask his blessings and care over you, your boats, and your families. ☺

Father Manuel P. Ferreira

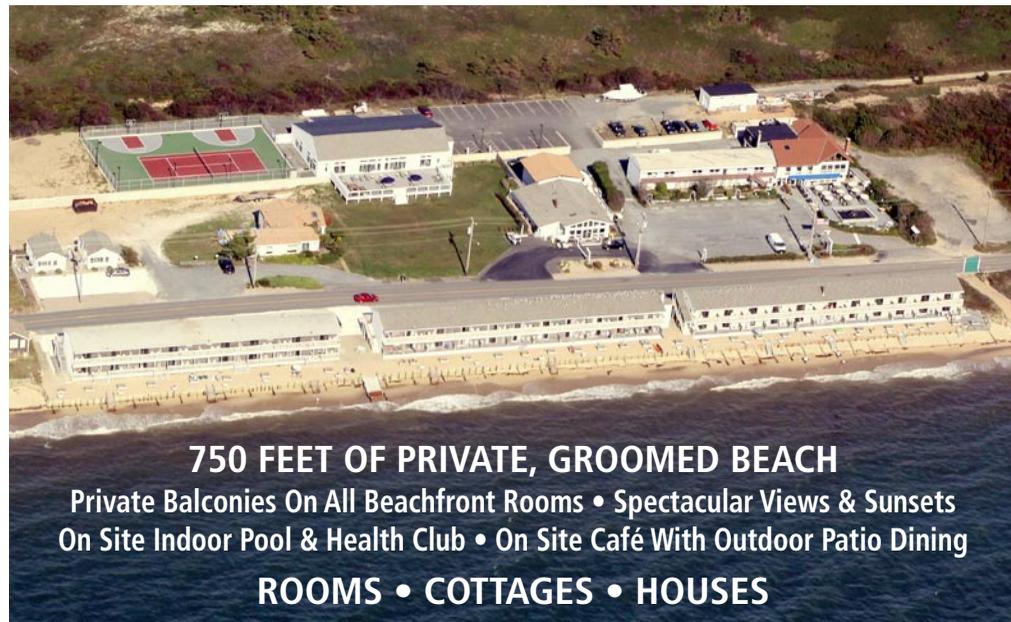


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**BY MOE VAN DEREK**

I was born into the lineage of a long line of Scandinavian seafarers; Vikings and merchants, sailors and oarsmen—all the way back. Even though I grew up in New York City, the call of the sea is deeply embedded in my blood. It was thus that when I first came to Provincetown as a boy, that the town harbor and its boats made a powerful connection in my psyche. Since that early time, whenever I look out at the harbor or wander onto the main wharf, I find myself drawn to the boats.

Even when I was eleven years old, I would thoughtfully study them, fascinated by each and every one, their shapes, the way they rode the waves. I gradually became aware of the great variety of vessels that made Provincetown harbor their home—the draggers and scallopers, the sea clammers, long liners, and lobster boats, the trap boats and the party boats that would go after tuna, and all of the sailboats and motorboats of every description. I grew to comprehend the vast work of maintenance and repair that facilitated this diverse fleet, for the sea is not friendly, and brine and storms and the rigors of daily use take their toll on all seafaring vessels.

Years ago when the main wharf was constructed of wood, the Coast Guard docked its cutter

alongside. She was a beauty, ready to slice through the seas on her way to a rescue. Her crew was very proud of her, especially her boatswain's mate. I would watch him weave intricate knots around the deck railing stanchions in his spare time. He saved his best work for the cutter's wheel, festooning it with beautiful knots. Under his tutelage, all the wooded areas shone glossy with varnish. She was rust free, and her engine was immaculate, ready to serve emergency calls at any time, in any weather.

Over the years, I learned to sail at the West End Racing Club for kids, and I worked for a time on the first fishing party boat in Provincetown, the Dolphin, which would take thirty or forty customers out to the bay to try their luck. It was on the Dolphin that I developed my first real understanding of the work entailed in keeping a boat in good shape. Indeed, maintaining the Dolphin in sharp repair became a point of fierce pride.

One winter I supplemented my work by scraping and painting some of the draggers in Frank Taves' boatyard, and became acquainted with the two builders who worked there. Ray Merrill was at home with boat repair and construction—a quiet, solid, steady man. Joe Andrews was not only →

## Call Of The Sea

excellent at repair and construction, but was also very handy with the big diesel engines. He was more outgoing than Ray, and shared his wisdom easily. These two, along with Larry Meads, who worked for the Santos boatyard, which nestled side-by-side with Taves' behind Cookie's tap, were men who understood what it took to work in an abstract world of three dimensions. They were familiar with so many different kinds of materials, from woods to metals, paints and fixtures, hardware, electronics, fasteners, ropes, cables, and on and on. They knew what each and every boat was used for, and what it needed for functionality on the wild unpredictable surface of the sea. The engines they worked on were frequently ravaged by salt, subject to all manner of physical abuse, and wedged in the confines of tight and awkward spaces, and yet they rebuilt and repaired them with the acumen of men who take their work for granted.

Work in the boatyards eventually gave way to nautical adventures for me. As a young man, I bought the beautiful Eskimo-class sailboat,

'Tarkoo,' from Frank Taves, and joined the ranks of traditional wooden boat owners the world round as I invested two years of my life rebuilding her. For years thereafter, I enjoyed the twists and turns of boat maintenance from the other side, and my respect for the boatyard workers only grew. As technology proceeds inexorably onward, boatbuilders and repairmen have been tasked with managing a whole new sphere of materials and chemicals, while simultaneously retaining the old traditions, since wooden boats are still lovingly owned and maintained by diehards around the world.

My Danish family name is Haunstrup, which means harbor town. It is no coincidence that I found myself drawn to the New England coastal haven of Provincetown. I have never been without a boat of some sort, and I cannot imagine being so. The sea is a way of life, and seagoing vessels, in all the rich stages from inception to maintenance, to repair, and reconstruction, are the gateway to that existence. ☺

## BEST WISHES FOR ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL PROVINCETOWN PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL!



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## FURTADO'S WHARF AND BOATYARD

BY YVONNE RODERICK

Researching and writing about the life of my great grandfather "Ti" Manuel Furtado and his boatyard has opened a gateway to discovering my own ancestry. He has left a legacy as did many early Portuguese that came to Provincetown to fish or use their talents that made our town prosper.

Manuel Furtado was born in 1879 in Saint Michael, the Azores, the son of Jacinto and Emily Furtado. He immigrated to Provincetown at age eighteen. It was an easy choice to settle in Provincetown where his parents and many Portuguese from Saint Michaels and surrounding areas had already established roots.

Furtado began his working life as a fisherman off the Grand Banks, but many trawlers needed skilled carpenters to keep boats in repair. Manuel Furtado was among the few adept in carpentry, learning the trade from his father Jacinto, a cabinetmaker. So he left the sea to fill this need on land, mending trawlers and draggers up in dry dock, constructing sailboats and rowboats for sale or rental. At eighteen, he met and married Mary White who was seventeen, and they had one daughter, Georgiana.

In a small startup business by Grozier's Park (where the Boatslip is now), he prospered in small boat restoration and construction. With his savings from this first venture, he purchased a wharf and surrounding structures that one was part of Union Wharf, a long pier that extended into the harbor. Union Wharf once contained many shops necessary to the fishing fleet but was destroyed, along with many other wharfs, in a monstrous gale in the early winter of 1898. It was here (where Sal's Restaurant and buildings are now located) that Furtado began his shipbuilding and repair business that endured for nearly 30 years.

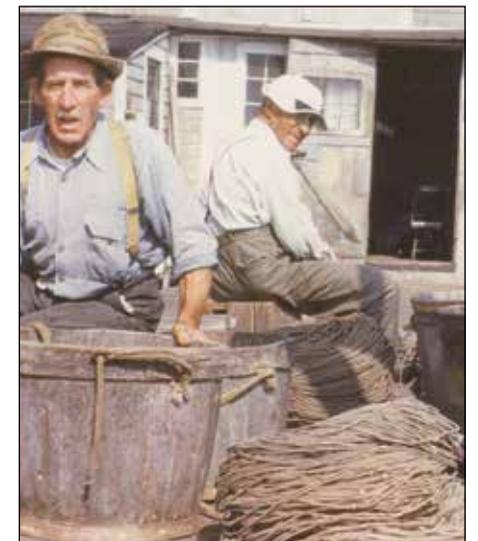


Manuel Furtado mentor to a generation of Provincetown boat builders. Photo courtesy Josephine and Salvatore Del Deo

Joe Andrews, now in his 90's, related many stories about the operations and history of Furtado and his wharf. After all, he and Flyer Santos as young teens worked for Furtado learning the skill of boat building while they "tendered" summer visitors to their boat rentals or sailed or rowed them to the Point or around the harbor. Mr. Andrews said they worked for tips which were the bulk of their pay. Tips were ten cents or fifteen cents mostly, and fifty cents being a big one. Their jobs ran six days a week with Sundays off for five dollars a week pay. Joe enjoyed working for Furtado as the shipyard because he loved to take the boats out on his own

when he could.

Furtado's boatyard was a busy place. A cooper, blacksmith, sailmaker, and other businesses had been operational there, but the remaining sheds →



Stringing Trawl Lines at Furtado's Wharf, 99 Commercial Street with Manuel Furtado and friend "Skatey"

## DESIGNING THE FESTIVAL T-SHIRT 2015

BY ANDRÉA TASHA

I come from a local family of fishermen and artists and I have always loved Provincetown's Blessing of the Fleet. The fishing and art communities have long been the heart and soul of this very special place we call Home, and having the opportunity to design an image in honor one of our Fleet makes this connection feel really tangible.

For each of the last 68 years, a vessel in the Provincetown fleet has been honored to lead the procession of boat in the Blessing ceremony. This year the Pamet, a scalloper and dragger, takes it's turn. It is a beautiful vessel, changing colors over the many years it's been in the fleet.

Honoring a fishing vessel is really about honoring the people who rely on that vessel to sustain families and communities. Fishing is a dangerous, physically and mentally demanding undertaking; a very difficult way of life. My drawing tells a story, of a boat, yes--but more about the hard work done on that boat, of families onshore watching the horizon for a familiar silhouette, of fishermen generously giving away fish as they unload their catch at the pier. The Blessing of the Fleet is a tradition of hope—for a bountiful harvest, for good fortune, good health, and mostly the hope that the fishermen will always find their way home to us. — *Andréa Tasha*



## THE PROVINCETOWN FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL

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

on the wharf were converted into summer cottage rentals by Furtado. One of the sheds still in use was once the pilothouse of a wrecked ship, the Albatross, that he recovered from Race Point and converted into a summer rental.

At the boatyard, Flyer Santos and Jules Costa did carpenter work as well as painting on the boats. Eddie Gaspa. Once a boat slipped off its stays, crushing the tips of two of Furtado's fingers under its weight. In Construction, Furtado only used hand tools made in the 1800's and was comprised of many chisels and sharp handsaws. When he finally "modernized", he purchased some electric drills and a wall drill press, selling some of his older tools to Crosby's Boatyard in Osterville.

Furtado was a strict boss – no whistling or playing allowed. Joe Andrews said that he was paid when owners of the boats being repaired paid Furtado, but times were hard in the Depression years. Because of the war, there was also a shortage of steel for bulkheads and business slowed. Too many times repair work went unpaid. Other businesses on Furtado's Wharf and in town saw some hard times, too.

In spite of all, there was always a myriad of activity surrounding the wharf and boatyard. In Sal's present restaurant, the front of the building contained a bakery owned by Nick Meletopoulos who later purchased the property from Furtado's widow, Mary, after his death. Andrew Williams had a shop called the West End Market, selling everything to outfit a sea going vessel: tin cups, tin ware, buoys, cots, clocks, etc. Most items were stored in wooden barrels. In the winter, the shipyard would go inside where parts of boats would jut out of the open wall and roof as they were being repaired. Gate barrels for trap boats were also made there. For a short while, Mary Furtado had a variety store in the front of the building selling school supplies, ice cream, and sundry other goods. Flyer Santos took it over selling hot dogs, drinks, and other food calling it Square Deal Café. The upstairs was rented every summer for two weeks to Mr. Stanton King who brought boys from the Sailor's Haven in Charlestown to the beach and the boats. Mr. King and his wife had a pet monkey that entertained everyone. The boys would eat at a large table built by Furtado, and then would sleep in hammocks by windows open to the summer breeze off the water. Downstairs, old timers would come by every day to play



*Manuel Furtado and his daughter  
Georgiana Furtado Williams*

cards or cribbage. Many a whaling or fishing story was told around the coal stove until 7:30 at night when all would depart for home.

Even artists found Furtado's Wharf picturesque. Norman Rockwell was commissioned to paint a portrait of a sailor from a whaling boat. A local character was the model, so relates Mr. Andrews, and Furtado constructed a peg leg for the model to wear. Rockwell painted the portrait in a few days with Furtado's Wharf as a backdrop.

Furtado's boat building spread beyond his wharf and into the town's celebrations. He had a passion for constructing floats for the Fourth of July Parades. Horse-drawn boats on platforms spewed real smoke from smoke stacks along the parade route. The FULTON and the CONSTITUTION were the names of the two boats he fashioned into floats complete with masts, sails, rigging, and even cannon that could really fire (using firecrackers for the special effects).

It seemed an idyllic time to live, a creative time, but a hard time – living simplified. It was all about the ocean, the boats, the fishermen, the catch, keeping it all working, the keeping it as best one could, the keeping of being true to oneself and passing this Portuguese Heritage on – to history, to posterity, and finally to me. ☺

*Thanks to Joe Andrews for his insight and wonderful memories of Furtado's Wharf, and to Bonnie Steele's WHARFS OF PROVINCETOWN.*



## LUSO-AMERICAN FOUNDATION



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

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

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

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

### ABOUT THE BUILDING THAT SERVES AS THE FOUNDATION HEADQUARTERS

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



*Launching of Trawler “Old Glory” - Janet Santos, boat builder Francis “Flyer” Santos’ 4 year old daughter, christens Captain Joe Thomas’ newly built trawler. The largest boat built in Provincetown in just eight weeks time, it measures 40-feet overall with a 12-foot beam. [1947]*

## LIFE AT 94 COMMERCIAL STREET

BY JANET SANTOS GREENQUIST

**F**or the Santos family life *is, was, will be* boats. Boats in the backyard, boats across the street, boats at the boat yard, boats at the West End Racing Club. When my mother Irene divided the early family picture album amongst the six children (James, Francis John, Patricia, Dorothea, and Arthur Joe), the pictures she sent me were mostly about boats.

In 1944 a 30 year old nick-named “Flyer” returned from Rhode Island having spent the past three years working at Herreshoff’s building PT boats and other naval ships for the Second World War effort. He had learned a lot of new techniques relating to mass production which built on the skills he had developed working for Manuel Furtado at his boat shop on Union wharf, now occupied by Sal’s Restaurant.

He first hauled boats at what is now the West End Parking Lot. This required using a cradle grounded at low tide and weighed down by large sandbags so it would not float on the incoming tide. The fishing boat would then be secured in the cradle at high tide and when the tide went

out the cradle would be hauled up the beach on planks and rollers.

Because of the lack of deep water in the West End Parking lot area, the operation was moved to land in front of his house at 94 Commercial St. His work crew included several men who had returned to Provincetown after serving all over the world fighting during World War II. By the summer of 1947, several boats had already been built. I was on hand, with curled hair and fancy dress, to christen Joe Thomas’s “Old Glory”; smashing a burlap bag covered Champagne bottle on the bow. Captain Thomas gave me a tea set with tiny cups and saucers for my efforts. The work crew included Frank Aresta, James Sants, David Foster, Roy Blaney and Joe Andrews. Many local men, young and old helped hold the rope used to guide her down the beach.

During this time, the first Flyer’s Boat Shop was built in the backyard of 94 Commercial Street. The two storey 20’ X 40’ structure housed the band saw used to cut lumber for boat building and also stored the tools and machinery. It is still →

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Francis "Flyer" Santos and Son Jimmy - Flyer's Boatyard's first location across from his home on Commercial Street. Margery Seaver's newly repaired Eskimo boat, IPAH, wrecked in the hurricane of 1944 can be seen in the background. [1945]

standing and is filled with old patterns. Francis John Santos, less than 3 yrs old, would deliver hot coffee at 10 AM using his red wagon. The boat yard expanded to include the lot next to the Home at Last where fishing boats were hauled for repair still using the old plank and roller technique. A new crane was installed to move the huge diesel engines in and out of the fishing boats.

During the summers we worked at Flyer's across the street from 94 Commercial where we rowed customers out to sailboats and moved sailboats from the off shore moorings to the inshore moorings on the incoming tide. When it rained we bailed boats out by hand with wooden bailers and hauled the cotton sails to dry so they would not get moldy.

At 6-years old (1949) I had my first big job. I was responsible for ensuring that Francis John (two-years-old) safely crossed Commercial Street to get to the beach. At that time, Commercial Street had traffic going both ways. His life jacket was an added safety feature while he was in the water or jumping in and out of boats.

I had a bait business where I would dig worms at low tide. Sometimes I would be up very early in the morning to catch the low tide. Sometimes I would go to the Cold Storage where the Coast Guard Station is now and get a big box of frozen squid that I thawed and repacked. At one point, I made an advertising sign for the bait business. I remember painting a board with white paint and then too soon started to paint the letters in black.

It was a mess. Eventually my design with a worm, a quahog and a squid was painted on a piece of metal from the bottom of a refrigerator by the local sign painter Ernie Irmer. He didn't charge me for painting the sign, but I promised him free bait for the rest of my life. I think he took me up on the offer a few times. The sign survived many years attached to the pole holding the large sign for Flyers Boat Rental across from 94 Commercial.

Eventually, land was purchased in 1950 at 131A Commercial Street from the Cold Storage and the construction of a marine railway was begun. The holes were dug for the poles for the railway using barrels. The men would put a barrel with no bottom in the sand and remove the sand inside and then they would insert the pole and fill the barrel with rocks and then sand. The barrel pole construction can still be seen at the remains of the old Cold Storage wharf in front of the Coast Guard station. The first dragger hauled at Flyers Boat Yard at 131 A Commercial St was the Jimmy Boy (Capt Joseph Roderick ) in January 1952. There was no building at this time at the boat yard; it was built later by Jesse Meads and crew. In the meantime, Clara Cook of Cookie's Tap fame let them use her garage for storing tools.

During junior high and high school I worked after school and Saturday morning at Flyer's Boat Yard where I would answer the phone, stock the shelves, sweep the floor. The window of the office at that time was a small open rectangle that looked out towards the Point. In the winter it →

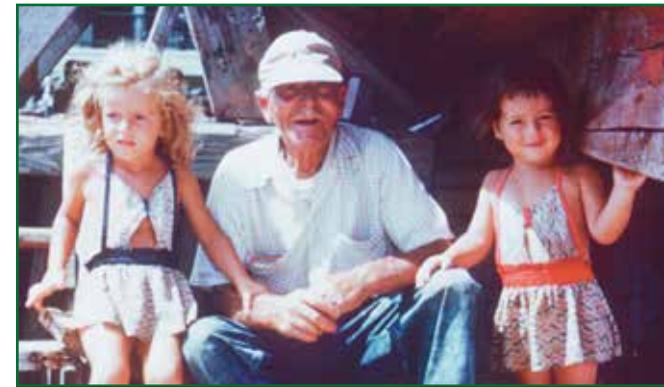


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*Captain "Small Tony" Prada - keeping watch over Patricia Santos and Dorothea Santos at the beach across from the family's home at 94 Commercial Street. Captain Prada was a crew member on the famous Lipton Cup winner "Rose Dorothea".*

was closed with a piece of plywood. It was cold in the winter and I had a little heater to try to keep warm. In the summer I worked at the boat yard and occasionally at the boat rental where I would teach customers how to sail. At the end of the summer, we would haul our customers' boats and tag the contents and spars for storage on the third floor.

Originally, we sold Johnson outboards and Land's End Marine with "Doc" Harding sold Evinrude outboard motors. At one point, our outboard motor mechanic Skippy left and Francis John, then 13 or 14 took over trying to fix the engines. He would do the work while I tried to look up the part number in the parts book and find it on our shelves. Soon he was sent to Johnson Motors school in Rhode Island to learn all he could about outboard motors.

In the 50's and early 60's almost every boy in Provincetown wanted a boat and outboard motor. They would come looking at our stock of motors dreaming of the day they could purchase one. I showed a lot of boys our outboards but I never closed a deal. They always went to my father to purchase their outboards. One time I sold a boat and motor to Henry Passions, but it was only a toy boat and motor. Soon it stopped working and he came in to get his money back. My dad used to love to tell that story of my sales abilities.

I remember the excitement generated by Manny Phillips in the 60's when he decided to refit the Silver Mink to fish California style with a huge net. A very strange, very wide looking boat was built which was used to maneuver the net around the school of tuna. The tuna was sold to factories that raised mink for furs.

So many people wandered in and out of the

boatyard. There was a gang of retired fisherman who sat around playing cards and telling stories... Wells Rego, Eddie Gaspa, old man Palheiro. They told stories of being gassed in World War I, losing boats to fires. Mr. Antone Prada (Small Tony) who was on the Rose Dorothea during the 1907 race told of a few times when his dory was lost from the mother schooner and he had to eat sea weed to survive until he was found.

The regular work force consisted of Dad, Larry Meads, Justin Avellar, Willis Leonard, Jerry Costa and Frank Crawley of ice house fame and expanded in the springtime with men like Warren Costa, Dick Packett, who came in after their full time jobs to help get all the boats ready for the summer.

I remember one evening I was varnishing a round mast that was sitting on two horses. Small wedges were holding the mast from rolling off the horses. During the varnishing process I removed the wedges to shift the mast to a new position so I could varnish the underside. I removed one wedge too many and the mast rolled off and landed on my foot. Boy did that hurt!!

Spurred by the rebellion of my younger sister Pat who took a job at Tip's for Topsn's (The Tip of the Cape for the Tops in Quality), I ended my days at Flyers Boat Yard. I exchanged a \$ 0.50 per hour wage for a \$ 0.75 wage plus tips. For a short time I worked days at the boatyard and nights at Tips. I would be awake at midnight wondering if I had gotten that man's order correct.

Each year I return with my family to Provincetown and enjoy the current activities of the boatyard, the Wednesday night and Saturday Rhodes 19 racing, the Schooner week of activities and beautiful sunrises and sunsets from the third floor of the Luxury Boatyard Apartments. ☺

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*Dragger "Linda & Warren" hauled up on Flyer's new marine railway. The derelict remnants of the Puritan Cold Storage wharf and shed will soon be intentionally set afire and demolished. 1952*

## FLYER'S BOATYARD AND PROVINCETOWN HISTORY

BY MALCOLM KERR HUNTER

Flyer's Boatyard is located on Good Templar Place that for many years has been a central part of Provincetown's long history with the sea and ships. Through the Advocate Newspaper records we can trace the location back to the boom fishing years of the late 1880's when there were thirty four different wharves dotting the waterfront. At that time, just to the west of Good Templar Place, where the Coast Guard pier is located now, there was a three hundred foot pier known as the Nathan Freeman Wharf, which was used for unloading fish. It was connected to the wharf owned by Nathan's brother, Frank, and named after him.

All along the shorefront the shipyards, sparyards, rigger lofts, blacksmith shops, lathe rooms, and fishing sheds were scenes of active industry. Lathe workers, caulkers, painters, riggers and skilled shipwrights were always on the move to keep the whaling and Grand Bank fleets at sea. Whaling was still good, but cod fishing was better.

By the early 1900's, there were seven cold storage plants serving the fishing industry in Provincetown. The Puritan Cold Storage was erected on Good Templar Place in 1914. There was a long pier here, made up of a piled walkway out to a large wooden building and a marine rail track sloping out into the

harbor beyond – to a total length of around 1200 feet. The Puritan facility, along with the Cape Cod Plant (to the west) and Colonial Plant (to the east) were all financed through the efforts of Joshua Paine. The Puritan only operated for five years and closed in 1919.

This "vacant" land was used for many years by the trap fishermen for storing their poles and equipment but it drew the attention of local boat builder, Francis "Flyer" Santos. In 1949 Flyer purchased the former Puritan Cold Storage land at Good Templar Place and in 1952 the dragger Jimmy Boy was hauled out of the water on a newly completed marine railway. In 1958 a second marine railway was built.

In 1952 it was decided that the large, ancient shed which sat on piles (on the remains of the old cold storage site) had become a hazard and was deliberately burnt down in April. The Advocate reported "it was set afire as the fire department pumper jeep and three pumpers stood by....flames burst through the shed and in less than an hour most of the old structure had been consumed, although cross timbers on the old piles burned until the high tide that night".

And the story continues . . .

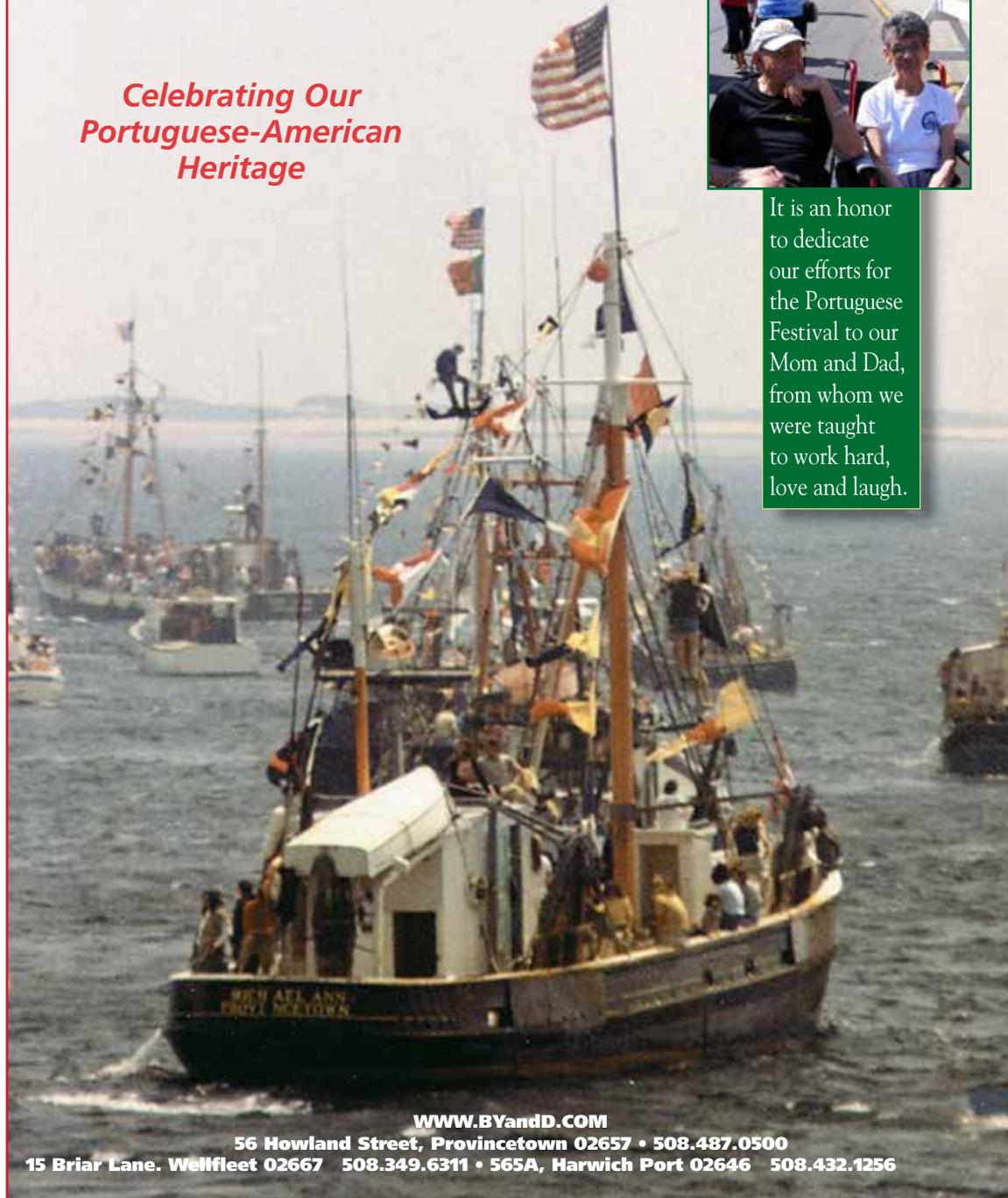
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*Puritan Cold Storage. Photo Moffett Collection/ Provincetown History Project, Provincetown, MA  
Courtesy of [www.provincetownhistoryproject.com](http://www.provincetownhistoryproject.com)*

## **FIREMEN TAKE APPARATUS TO BALL**

PROVINCETOWN'S FIREMEN were prepared for the worst when they staged their annual ball at the Town Hall, Friday night. After a series of 12 fires of unexplained origin, which destroyed property valued at many thousands of dollars, the firemen were not taking any chances of being caught unawares. They parked all their apparatus on the highway outside of the Town Hall building and each man placed his fire fighting clothes in the Town hall building, where he could lay hands on them at a moment's notice. This precaution was taken because just a week previous, when the firemen were supposed to be at the dance, but which had been postponed, the firebug had started a blaze in the Puritan Cold Storage plant, which resulted in loss of over \$135,000 when the cold storage plant and two other buildings and several power boats were destroyed in the conflagration. The State Fire Marshal was summoned last week by the Selectmen of Provincetown, and he is seeking some clue to the firebug.; who has been trying to wipe out the town. Patrols were established by the citizens on Friday night and they are to be on guard in certain parts of the town every night.

*Taken from the Hyannis Patriot, November 10, 1927*



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## Tommy Thomas



Photo by Bill Berardi, courtesy of Beverley Ferreira.

**Boatyard Regulars**

“Ti Joe” Cabral  
Joe “Zazine” De Silva  
Frankie Patrick  
Joe “Cocky” Bent [l-r]

## ONE MORE SHOVELFUL OF SAND

BY TED BOX

I got to Flyer’s around seven thirty and headed down to the dock that turned into a launching ramp Flyer used to launch his skiffs. A few old-timers were hanging out, smoking and exchanging small talk. “Hey, m’boy, what would a smart young fellow like yourself be doing at the boat yard at this time of the morning?”

“He’s headed for an education he never got in college.” “Flyer’ll educate him proper.”

The church bell chimed eight o’clock as Flyer rounded the corner. “Why are you standing around? You don’t get paid for standing around running your mouth” “Just tell me where you want me to start. “See that railway?”

“Yep.” Well, at four o’clock high, the Jimmy Boy is coming up and the railway has to be clear.” “What do you want me to do?” “In about two hours it’ll be low tide and that’ll give you about six hours to shovel the railway clear of sand.” “How much do you want me to take out?” “Clear the sand from the tracks on both sides and plenty more so the railway cradle doesn’t fetch up. Go on over and study the cradle and see how low it rides. I don’t want to be your baby sitter. Figure it out and get it done.” “I’ll do it.” “You’d better, because Cap’n Joe Roderick took off fishing to have the Jimmy Boy fit out for winter and he doesn’t want to be out of the water one minute longer than he has to be. And if he’s held up because

you can’t handle a shovel, you’ll be hard pressed to look him in the eye and the whole fleet will know you folded. Now let’s see what you’re made of.”

With that, Flyer ducked into the shop and came out with a long-handled shovel, the blade worn smooth from shoveling sand. I saw what I was up against and steeled myself for the test that I knew would be coming. Flyer wasn’t going to waste any time finding out if I was worth his attention.

The main cradle was twenty-two foot wide and rode on a railway that ran about 300 feet from the winch house at the far end of the yard all the way to the low water line. Every day the tide and wind drifted varying amounts of sand into the path of the railway and the wind had been up a little the night before. The part between high and low water was the problem. All the sand in between needed to be lower than the bottom of the cradle and a couple of feet either side of the wheels had to be completely free of sand.

I started following the tide down, working with the complete certainty that my reputation as a man depended on how I got through this first day. I knew I had to get into a rhythm and I had to be efficient. If I used my thigh, I could snap the shovel off my hip with little effort, sending the sand clear on either side. I had found my technique. The rest depended on what I had in my tank. →

The clock struck nine, and I felt good, but this fight was going six hard rounds. So I resolved that I just wouldn't quit. My hands were tough from a summer of sailing so I didn't have to worry much about blisters, but it was way too early to get cocky.

The only rest I gave myself was walking from one side of the railway to the other. The shovel almost went by itself. I was enjoying it now and would be reveling in the way my body was taking on the task, but I knew I could hit a wall. The oceanic clock measures time in six-hour increments. Six hours rise, six hours fall. The clock struck ten. Larry Meads called out to me. "Hey Ted, come up for air." "What's up?" "Break." "Thanks for the heads up." "No problem, Pard."

Larry, who was ten years older than I, had a sense of humor and easy confidence that made me feel at ease. He was a cracker-jack boat builder, a natural, who had won the respect of the fleet. He had three kids and a wife, Nancy, who loved him as much as she loved the sea, and that's big. All summer I'd seen Larry and Nancy and the kids heading off-shore right after work, and they'd fish till late. Larry was a passionate fisherman with formidable skills. A good portion of his yearly income came from their nightly forays.

"How you holdin' up?" he asked. "I'm good."



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"Drink something. "Thanks, I will." I went into the shop and had a long drink out of the faucet. I noticed an oil can over by the drill press and squirted some on my hands, rubbing it in. I learned that trick from an old Hawaiian net fisherman. It helps bypass blisters and cures your hands like leather. A ten minute break, then back to the shovel, singing every work song I knew, along with a couple of chain gang songs to round out my repertoire. My mind thus engaged, I was shoveling once every two seconds and going into my third hour.

A crowd gathered. The old-timers and hangers-on are quick to flush out a shirker, but just as quick to give the subtle support a man needs when he's up against it. Eleven o'clock came and went and I still felt strong. I started to relax, thinking, "What the hell. This is a good day."

I resisted the temptation to slack off as noon approached, and was suddenly aware that the audience had changed. Cap'n. Eddie Gaspa and the other Grand Bank captains had arrived as they regularly did to take up residence in Flyer's office. No other men on the face of the earth could elicit such respect from Flyer. These weren't ordinary men and Flyer was honored in the true sense of the word to host their daily pinochle games. But their arrival meant that Flyer had to send his phone through a

*Josephine Rabbitt*

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**Ronald Malaquias**

hole in the wall so he could continue to conduct his business from the stock room, while they played pinochle.

"How long has he been working like that?" I recognized Captain Gaspa's voice. "I been here from the start and he's been at it since eight," said another old-timer. Captain Gaspa didn't say another word but walked inside and made himself at home.

I knew it must be near twelve and looked like I was going to finish an hour ahead of schedule, so when Flyer came out the door, I figured I was due for a stroke and was swelling up for it. "You handle a shovel like a cow handles a musket," Flyer grunted. I grinned. I hadn't heard that one before, and figured it was about as close as he could get to a compliment. "You can break for lunch now, or you can finish up and then take lunch. That is, of course, if you haven't been intimidated by a little hard work and weren't planning to run off like a woman." "I'll finish up. I'm kind of enjoying myself."

Another shovel-full of sand. The final hour was easy. I didn't slow down or cut corners. I went back and removed any sand that I might have missed. There really wasn't much. I did it mostly to stake a claim to my manhood. When I brought the shovel inside, Larry winked at me. "You ought to try the squid over at 'Cookie's Tap.' Cookie's mother makes it and it's as good as it gets." Larry was right. I had a bowl and enjoyed the last mouthful as much as the first.

Flyer never commented on my performance, but the twinkle in his eyes said all I needed to hear...

*Thanks to Ted Box for allowing us to use excerpts from his novel ELVES IN THE BOAT HOUSE.*



**Congratulations**  
on a wonderful event.

David J. McChesney  
Thomas G. Roberts

April 5, 2015

**This is truly a week for passages.**

A great light has gone out in Provincetown.

Anyone who knows me has heard stories of the man who shares parental responsibility for most of the good I may have accomplished in this life.

At nineteen, Francis (Flyer) Santos, recognized something in me that I was barely able to see in myself.

He also saw, with New England clarity, the flaws that would have to be transformed in order for me to accomplish what was potential.

With a startling deficiency of gentleness, he set about adjusting my behavior, while at the same time, ratcheting up my self expectations.

He took a boy and made a man. His sense of honor, decency and nobility, captured my imagination, and the fact that he expected the same from me, caused me to augment my anemic attributes into something that, over fifty years, did, in fact, make him proud.

At first, I was simply embarrassed by the prospect of disappointing him, but slowly, over time, imitation became emulation.

They say it's a poor student who doesn't surpass his master. Those who said that, hadn't met Flyer. —Ted Box

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Frank Friday Cook  
(on the left) behind  
the bar at  
Cookie's Tap

## REMEMBERING COOKIE'S TAP

BY MARY-JO AVELLAR

The Provincetown of my girlhood was an interesting place. Full of unusual people. Characters, as they were then known. The walls of the Mayflower Cafe are lined with sketches of many of these interesting folks, most of whom exist now only in the memory of a few.

Even though they aren't on the walls of the Mayflower, those of us who knew them can never forget Wilbur and Joe Cook, brothers and proprietors of Cookie's Restaurant, the most townie of all of Provincetown restaurants, located in what is now home to the Joon Bar.

Although it said Cookie's Restaurant on the front of the menu, the place was known far and wide as Cookie's Tap. Or, as Joe and Wilbur used to say, "Cookie's Trap. One drink and you're trapped." That always got a laugh.

It was true, too. No one was allowed to be alone at Cookie's. This charismatic duo, who inherited the restaurant from their father, the legendary "Friday" Cook, expected everyone who walked through the door to participate in the hijinks that took place there daily. Once you walked in the door, you could kiss your anonymity goodbye.

Part of the charm of the place was due, not only to the excellent Portuguese and American fare prepared by Joe and Wilbur's mother Clara (who never, ever

set foot in the restaurant proper), but for the generosity of spirit and good will exhibited by these two remarkable men.

I went to work at Cookie's in the fall of 1972, on Joe's shift. My sister Susan, the Spanish teacher at Provincetown High School, worked there in the summer with Wilbur. Susie got me the job. Our dear father, Justin, who remembered Cookie's as a fishermen's joint, the kind of place "no decent woman" frequented, was distressed to have not one, but two daughters working there. I'm not sure he ever fully recovered.

As a result of Joe and Wilbur's powerfully attractive personalities, Cookie's maintained its landmark status, not to mention it was just about the only place open in Provincetown during the winter for decades. It was also the hub of Provincetown's political and social life. It was there that I was reeducated into the life and lore of Provincetown. Wilbur used to tell me I was so ignorant because the real news never reached the far East End where Susie and I grew up. All this would be delivered in Wilbur's inimitable style.

Many a town meeting article, usually about the fire department (Wilbur had been the chief) or the harbor, was the result of daily discussions at Cookie's. Hardly a day went by where all the issues, local and otherwise, weren't long and loudly debated by

the Cooks and their coterie of regulars, known as the Round Table. These regulars, mostly all West Enders, included Jimmy Roderick, Herbie Chapman, Pat McDonough, Johnny Morgan, Nonnie Fields, Joe Bent, Harris Adams, Ronald "Pick" Pickard, Wilbur's father-in-law Sarge, Ray Days and his son Tommy, Billy Fields and Joe Martinez.

These wonderful men were also as generous as Wilbur and Joe. For the price of a drink, it was easy to get a free meal. Someone had either been hunting, fishing or clamming and everyone shared. Many's the day I'd walk in the kitchen to see fresh rabbits and the like waiting to be butchered and cooked. Hatches Harbor clams were especially prized, as was the kind of food Joe and Wilbur ate as a children. Delicacies, not on the menu, such as Marsala, fried blood sausage with onions, skate wings, often prepared by Clara as a special treat, or thickly sliced bologna in a molho, a spicy tomato sauce were offered to anyone, even strangers who happened to walk in the door.

When I worked at Cookie's, Nixon was in the White House, Vietnam protests were at their peak and John Wayne reruns were featured regularly on the television. The Cooks especially loved John Wayne. So did the Round Table. "Back to Bataan" was a big favorite with everyone but me. Everyone loved the fact that I hated that movie, especially the tenth time around.



Clara and Friday Cook

**No one was allowed to be alone at Cookie's.**

Politics at Cookie's were the ultra conservative kind. My East End radical viewpoint came in for some serious review. I remember the debates we had when Charlie Mayo, an opponent for environmental reasons of Bobby Cabral's proposed solid fill marina - and worst of all, an East End - ran for selectman. The Round Table was in an uproar. Bobby was a schoolmate, friend and neighbor. When I predicted Charlie's win, I was denounced in the loudest of terms.

Charlie won. The guys were shocked. Provincetown was going to hell in a hand basket. I never thought they'd recover. Ultimately, they did get their revenge on Charlie, aided and abetted by me I might add, in the infamous recall election of 1976.

It's still hard to believe, that I, an East End, began my political career at Cookie's Tap, but it's true. And it was that proposed solid fill marina, which I did oppose but the guys managed to overlook given all that we discovered was going on in Town Hall, which spearheaded the whole thing, leading to the aforementioned recall election. Had it not been for Cookie's, I might never have entered into Provincetown's political life.

On the Monday nights when I wasn't working, and at Joe and Wilbur's urging, I began attending selectmen's meetings, dutifully recounting in excruciating detail the next day what had transpired the night before. What began to unfold, and which eventually united the town politically in a way never seen again, was that the government was in turmoil.

With the help of Joe and Wilbur, their allies and friends, SCRAM (Serious Citizens Revolting Against Mismanagement) was born in Cookie's Tap. A recall election was held, 14 months after the initial petitions had been filed, and George Bryant and I were swept into office. Those Cooks and their buddies knew how to get things done. I owe them so much.

What was special about Cookie's, however, were the personalities of the brothers. Joe and Wilbur couldn't have been more different. Wilbur was quiet and reserved and had a way about him. You couldn't be with him very long and not laugh. His humor was natural and soft. His delivery unselfconscious. Someone said he could make you blush with his eyebrows. He was the more laid back of the two men.

He could also garble the English language better than anyone I ever knew. English as most of us →

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know it didn't exist for Wilbur, especially after a few drinks when his tongue got thick and stumbled on itself. We used to call him Mr. Malaprop for some of his exceptionally creative, but always unwilling bon mots. He would relate how the judge pounded his gravel in court where criminals violated too many statuettes to suit him. And, of course, there were the many condo-mini-mini-mums going up all over town. I think he enjoyed being funny. Hard as he tried, elbow on the bar, he could never tell you anything with a straight face.

Joe was just the opposite. Not only was he the teller of tall tales, he was as loud as Wilbur was quiet. Joe could look directly in the eyes of his unsuspecting suspect and spin a yarn with such a straight face and so much sincerity in his voice that it wasn't until he hit the punch line, that you knew you had been had.

Although both brothers did love a joke, with Joe it was an art form with most of the guys in at the bar in on the joke. The beneficiary of one of Joe's jokes would then join the rest of the gang waiting for Joe's next victim to walk through the door. The noise level was always deafening on Joe's shift.

On occasion, Joe would tell a true, if not highly embellished story, such as his exploits in New York City as a young man with my cousin Anthony Avel-

lar. Neither of them had much money, Joe said, and to subsidize their party habit and as a way of meeting women, they went to work for a Communist inspired labor movement. For the price of a meal and something to drink (and they both loved to drink), they marched and carried placards.

Joe always said it wasn't the politics. "The Communists had the best food, best booze and best broads in the city."

Warm hearted and sentimental, both Joe and Wilbur loved to talk about their families. Clara, their mother who made most of the Portuguese food at Cookie's, was The Boss. Their wives and children their lives. These men wore their hearts on their sleeves and were not ashamed.

Their contributions to our Provincetown are too innumerable to count. Both men loved their families, their community and their country. They knew where they came from and were proud of it. They represented the best of what I remember of what we now all refer to as "old Provincetown," that Bohemian refuge where all that mattered was the content of one's character. I'm not sure they'd be happy today with the gentrification of Provincetown. All I know is that they represented Provincetown at its best and I miss them and Cookie's Tap very much. ☺

*Their contributions to our Provincetown are too innumerable to count.  
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They knew where they came from and were proud of it.*

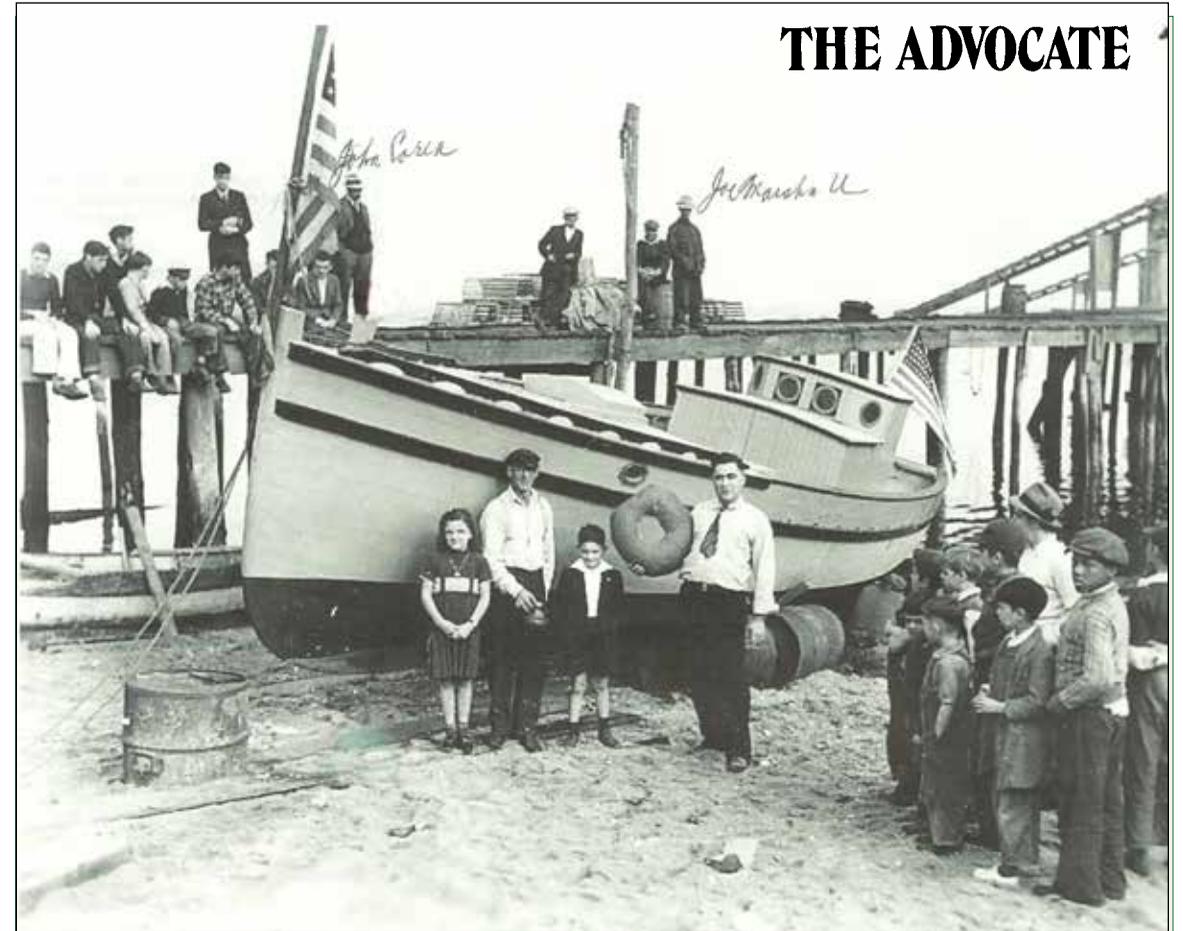
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# THE ADVOCATE



Frank Taves hoists a traditional loaf of Portuguese bread at the blessing of his newly built trawler "Veronica Mae" named after his daughter. Standing in front of the boat are his daughter Veronica Mae Taves, his father Marion Taves Sr. and a boy thought to be Frank Perry Jr.. John Corea and Joe Marshall look on from the wharf.

## TAVES LAUNCHES "VERONICA MAE"

### LARGEST TRAWLER BUILT HERE ENTERS HARBOR SUNDAY

Largest boat of its type constructed at Provincetown for a number of years, the 36-foot trawler Veronica Mae took the water Sunday afternoon in an old-time launching ceremony just two years after Frank Taves, builder of the craft, laid down its keel.

The Veronica Mae, product of Mr. Taves' spare time since October, 1936, is 10 feet nine inches in the beam and will be powered by two Lathrop motors. She will join the Provincetown dory fleet under command of Captain Marion Taves, father of the builder. Just before the Veronica slid off the ways near the Provincetown Cold Storage Plant, Frank Perry Jr. of Cambridge shattered a bottle of wine on the ship's prow and in accordance with an old Portuguese "good luck" formula, a loaf of sweet bread also figured in the christening.

A trap-boat fisherman by trade Mr. Taves helped build a smaller craft of the Veronica Mae type several years ago. He expects to start construction on another vessel in the near future. Taken from the Provincetown Advocate, October 20, 1938

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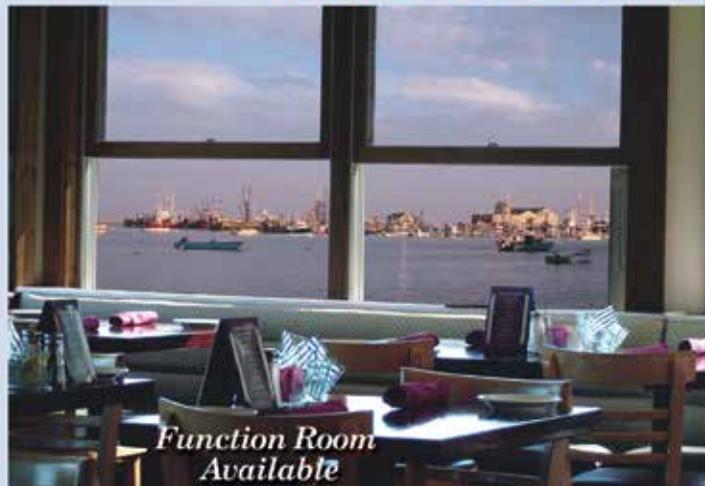


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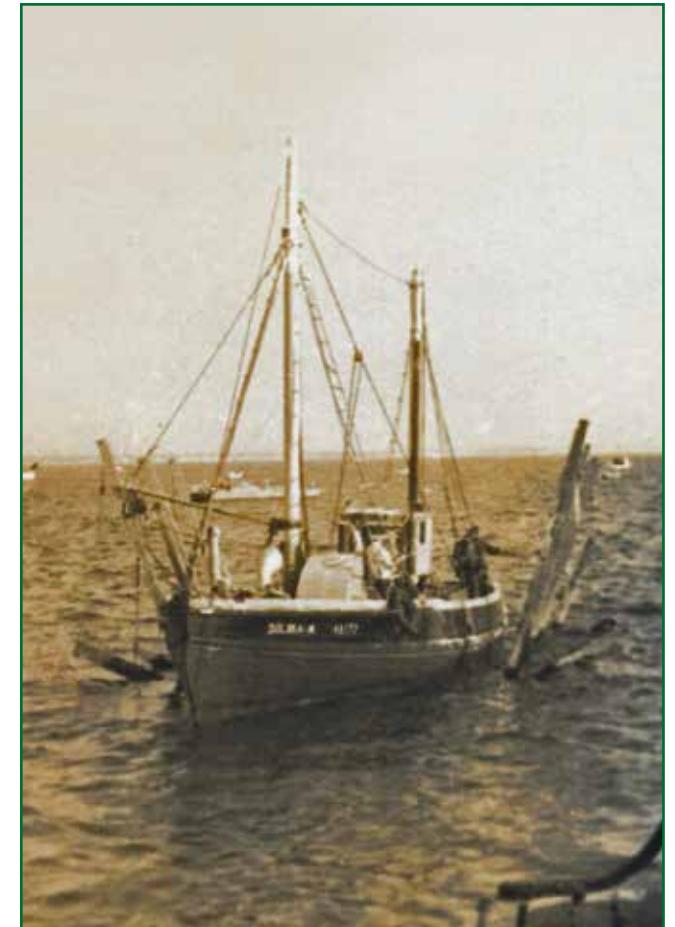
## THE STORY OF HATHAWAY'S BOATYARD IN PROVINCETOWN

Hathaway's boatyard was located at 199 Commercial Street and was in operation from 1945-1956. The property was purchased by William (Bill) Henry Hathaway who hailed from Palmer, Massachusetts. He had an MBA and probably saw the need for another boatyard in Provincetown when he arrived.

The building had three shops facing Commercial Street on the bottom floor. Josephine (Couch) Del Deo's Home Craft Industries with an apartment in the back, Ed Weiner's fine jewelry store, and a Deli run by Jesse Hathaway (Bill's wife and school nurse for many years). There was also a shop in the cellar of the building (The Circular Cellar) run by Frank Lee and Jimmy Simpson, who bought the property from the Hathaway family in 1956.

In the back, which opened up to the boatyard and beach, there was a huge two storied area where a winch was housed, and used to haul the boats up on the railway. A shed behind what was then Paige Brother's Garage was rented by the Hathaway family to Joe Ventura, who was the Town clam warden and also supervised the hauling of boats on the railway. During 1947-48, Josephine (Couch) Del Deo managed the boatyard. Her job was to run the winch under the supervision of Joe Ventura.

Even though there were at least two other boatyards in town and many boats were being built in the yards of owners, it was not seen as a necessity to be on the water to do so. The marine railway and cradles for Hathaway's came from the Herreshoff Boatyard where Joe Andrews and "Flyer" Santos worked during the war. Joe Andrews observed that the cradles didn't fit the draggers correctly and made



*Captain Frank Corea's dragger the "Delora M." being nestled into the cradle at Hathaway's Boatyard.*

it difficult to work on the bottom. Hathaway had also poured a concrete base to the marine railway which made it impossible to dig out underneath the boats to work on the keel. Peggi (Hathaway) Severini, daughter of Bill and Jesse Hathaway, has memories of swimming in the area dredged out for the railway as a child. There were always problems getting the boats up on the rails due to the fact that the water was too shallow.

Peggi (Hathaway) Severini attributed the demise of Hathaway's Boatyard to the fact that her parents did not have a fishing background in Provincetown and that despite the fact that her father had an MBA and some talent for repairing boats, "it took more than that to run a successful business". At one time Bill asked Joe Andrews to run the operation for him. ☺

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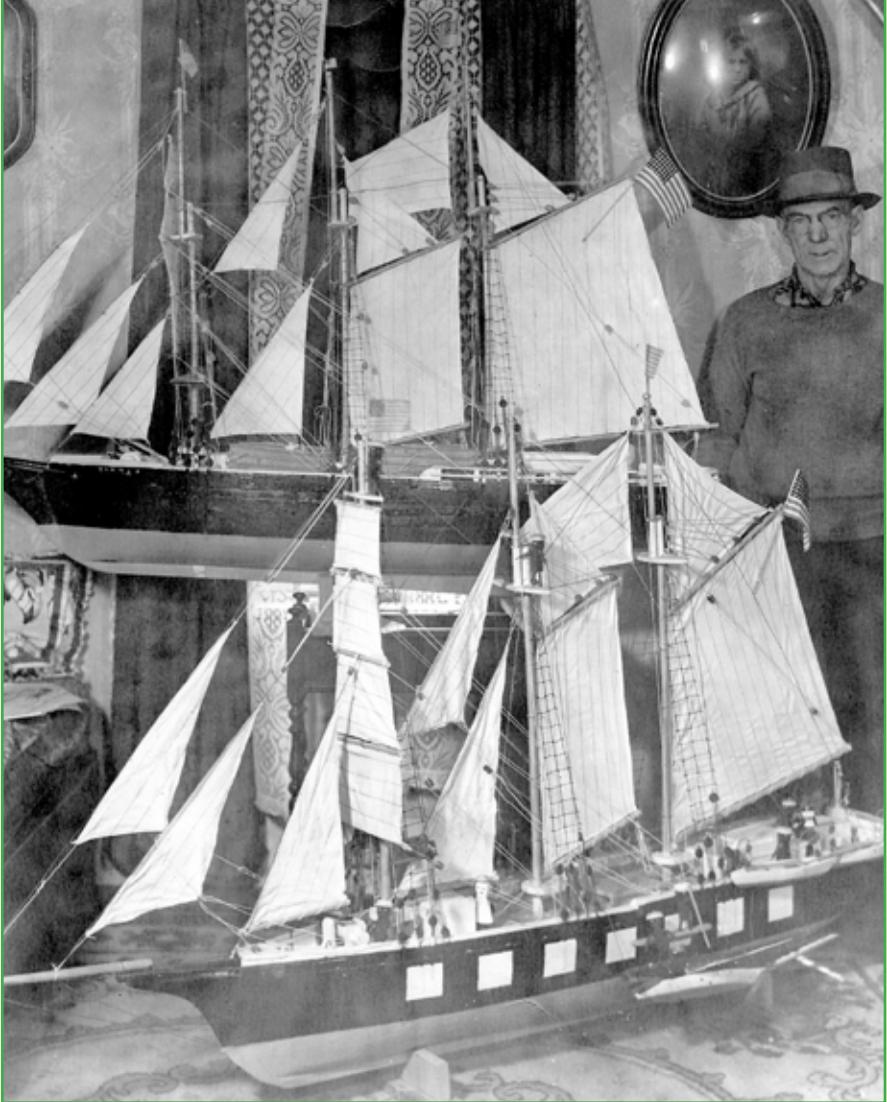
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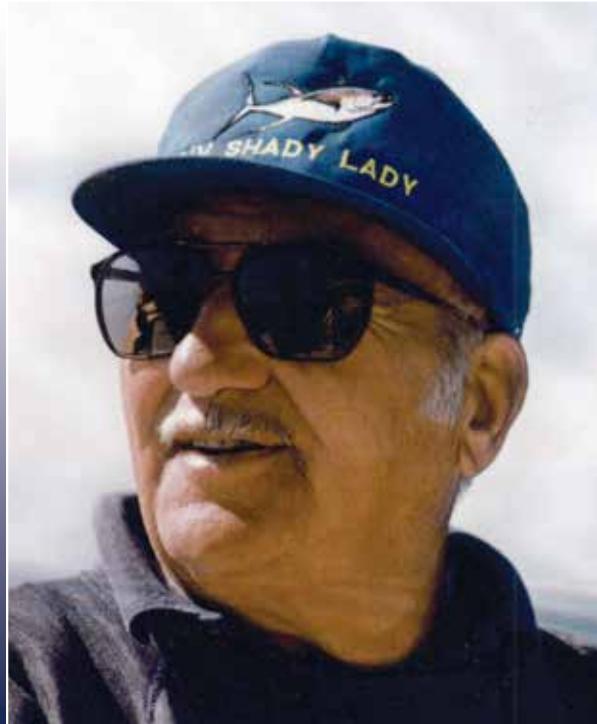
*Marion Taves Completes Four Models*

Marion Taves of 20 Montello Street, Provincetown, has completed four ship models in the last 3 ½ months. He is shown here with models of the schooner Mary P. Goulart, the last of a fleet of two-masted vessels to go trawling from this port, and the grand-banker, Garma, a three-master. The models are 3 ½ feet long, and made to scale. Mr. Taves was born in St. Michaels in the Azores and when he was three years old he came here with his father in 1885. When he was seven his father died, and since he had no relatives here, he was sent back to the Azores. He returned in 1904 and, until his retirement about four years ago, followed the sea. He works with his son, Frank, in a boat building and repair business. Two other sons are in the service, John who is a chief boatswain in the Coast Guard and now in Greenland, and Marion Jr., who is in the Coast Guard Reserve aboard a PT boat in Atlantic waters.

*unknown newspaper clipping*

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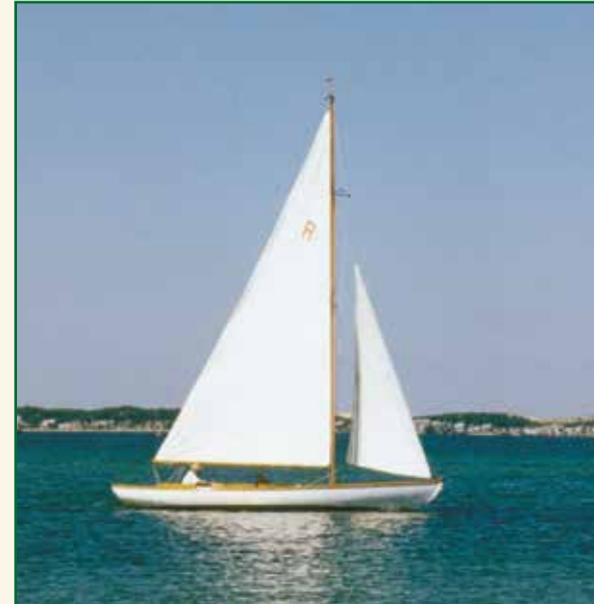
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## THE STORY OF THE SLOOP RANGER (formerly Omar)

BY JOE ANDREWS

### Omar to Ranger

I knew about the Omar back when I was about six years old after being taken to the waterfront by my father who was a fisherman. Not long after being introduced to the harborfront, I enjoyed listening to the groups of fisherman who gathered together on days off from fishing to talk about sea stories and their experiences.

One particular story that stuck with me was about this pretty 25-foot sloop moored in the harbor off the foot of Conant Street. It was 1926. I was six years old. As the years went by, I developed a keen interest in this boat as I saw her sailing in the harbor during the summer months.

The Omar was her name at the time, and she was owned by A. T. Hannum who lived on Commercial Street, diagonally opposite Conant Street. He was a Provincetown Selectman from 1909 to 1921. It was during his tenure as a Selectman that the Omar came to Provincetown, given to the family as a gift by a friend (unknown to me) with a stipulation never to be sold.

The boat arrived in Provincetown on a railroad flat car. She was taken to the launching site on a horse-drawn jigger (a low, flat wagon used for carrying heavy loads). This was told to me by John "Bull" Enos who helped with the launching. I was told by Stanley Snow, a local citizen and owner of Eskimo sloop Arguy and whose grandfather was a local boat builder, that Bill Hannum, son of A. T. Hannum, would (when the tide was right and the day's work done) sail Omar to the beachfront in front of Town Hall to pick up his father and go for a sail before supper.

This is in the 1930's. The country is still coping with the Great Depression. The Omar still sails but is getting tired. In 1932 I started working part-time at Manuel Furtado's Boat Yard. I was still in school at that time.

Along about this time, in 1932, Bill Hannum came to Furtado's Boat Shop for a boatyard survey of needed repairs to the boat. (His father had passed away in 1921, and he now owned the Omar.) Mr. Furtado sent Jules Costa to check what repairs →



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side slip a little. We kept a note of this. As the Ranger resembled the “Eskimo” boats of Provincetown of Provincetown Yacht Club that raced weekly on Sundays (by L.W.L. and sail area), we were invited to join them in their races. The “Eskimo” boats were all built by Jot Small of Provincetown for members of P.Y.C. They were 23 feet O.A. with a keel but no centerboard. There were nine boats in the fleet.

Alfred Mayo owned and skippered “Eskimo” boat Akpah Sail No. 1. The first race Ranger participated in, we came in second. Alfred was first, as always. Alfred was a top-notch sailor. It was during this race that we noticed Ranger side slipping and not holding her course. The Omar’s centerboard was four feet long. When we laid out the new keel and centerboard box, we decided a four-foot centerboard was not adequate for this size boat, as proved in our first race. In the new keel, the centerboard slot was lengthened to six feet, but to save time, we used the Omar’s old centerboard in the new Ranger. We found out the hard way it didn’t work.

After the first race that Sunday, upon coming ashore, we built a new centerboard 5 feet long and had it ready for the next race. It took care of the problem. We won the next race.

The Ranger took part in the Provincetown Yacht Club races from 1940 to 1942. World War II was upon us. No time for playing. Flyer and I were both still working at Furtado’s. Flyer left Provincetown in early 1941 to work at Herreshoff Mfg. Co. building boats for the Navy in Bristol, Rhode Island. In the fall of 1941, I joined him, working at Herreshoff for about one year.

At the end of 1942, I enlisted in the Navy and served in the South and Central Pacific from 1942 to 1945. In the meantime, Ranger was being taken care of by Flyer’s father. After I was discharged from the Navy in November of 1945, I returned home to work with Flyer who had started his own boatyard earlier. By this time, he had already built two

fishing boats for local fishermen (one 32 feet and one 26 feet). With the war winding down, Flyer was able to get an early start. The Navy no longer needed wooden boats so the Herreshoff plant was closing.

Flyer put Ranger back in the water and used her. I was still in the service and could not help in getting her ready in 1945. In 1946, Ranger was back in the water and raring to go. I cannot quite remember what year racing started again by Provincetown Yacht Club. This time the only “Eskimo” boat entered was Ipah sailed by Margie Seaver. The fleet was Open Class sailboats. Anyone owning a sailboat could race.

Ipah, Margie Seaver’s “Eskimo” boat, was damaged in the 1944 hurricane but was repaired by Flyer’s Boat Shop. Margie sailed Ipah until 1954 when Ipah came ashore in Hurricane Carol and wrecked in front of her house – a total loss. Margie Seaver was a fine lady and a good sailor. This was a sad loss for her.

About 1950 I purchased Akpah from Alfred Mayo and changed her name to Vicky. I repaired her with help from Ernie Carreiro and launched her a year later. I raced in her a couple

of years until 1954 when she was sunk and damaged in the hurricane.

The Ranger luckily did not break her mooring in the hurricane of 1954, but unfortunately, almost every small boat in the West End dragged their anchors, hooking up on Ranger, causing her to lay over to starboard. The ballast shifted, and she filled with water. The mast unstopped itself and literally pried her deck apart. Luckily, there was little damage below the water line. She would float.

Both Ranger and Vicky were hauled out at Flyer’s Boat Shop awaiting further decisions about repairs. The Ranger stayed at the boatyard until 1955 when Flyer came to me and said he could not participate in repairs to his half of the Ranger. I understood what he meant as he had lost the majority of his rental fleet. With a handshake, I was now the sole owner of a wrecked Ranger. In 1955 I removed her →



*The Ranger in the lead, again*

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John Santos and Joe Andrews talking about boats

from the boatyard and placed her in a shed in my back yard where she sat for four years.

The Vicky (the former Akpah I) I sold to Margie Seaver. She was repaired at Flyer's Boat Shop and renamed Ipah II 1-7-4. The Arguy IV, owned by Flyer, was also lost in the 1954 hurricane, but the mast was saved. The 1-7-4 in the new Ipah II meant No. "1" for the hull of Akpah, No. "7" for the sails of Ipah, and No. "4" for the mast of Arguy. All three combinations enabled an original "Eskimo" to race again.

In 1958 I left Flyer's Boatyard and went to work over at Taves Boatyard. Raising a family and paying a mortgage takes a lot of wherewithal. In spite of this, I decided to repair/rebuild Ranger. Throughout 1958 and 1959, Frank Taves encouraged me to do this and let me have all materials at cost. Larry Meads and John Enos offered their assistance. With their help, the Ranger was launched in June 1960. I still did not have sails as Ranger's sails were destroyed in the hurricane. My friend Larry Richmond came to my rescue. He gave me a spare suit of sails (main, working jib, genoa) from his 210 Wetu. With some alterations to the mainsail, it fit well. I liked the new sail plan better than I did the old mutton leg Marconi rig style without a back stay. We started racing again and did quite well with the new rig.

Along about 1965, the 210 mainsail was starting to show its age as this sail was made of Egyptian cotton. At the urging of my wife Ginny, I decided

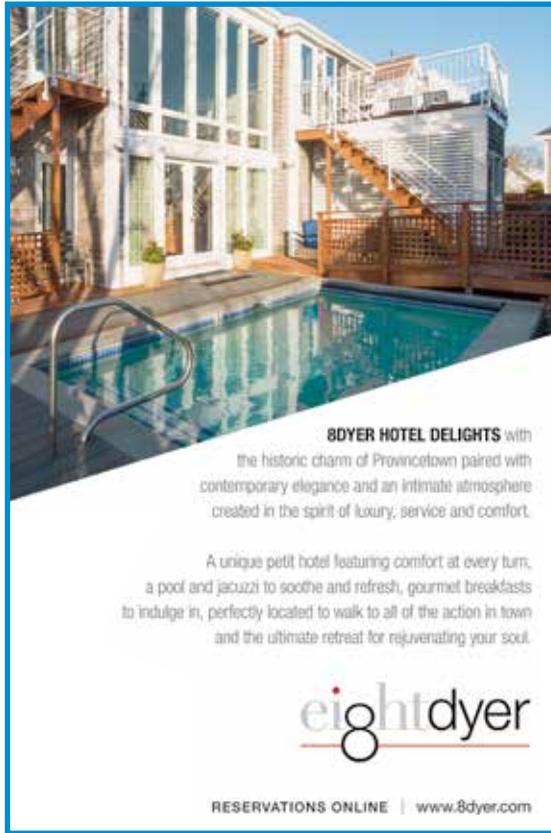
to order a new mainsail to be made of Dacron. This was the right time to change the sail plan from mutton leg Marconi to the tall Marconi rig. The mast step was raised 9". The stays and shrouds were relocated on the mast. A single jib stay, instead of two head stays. A jumper strut was installed above the jib stay, and best of all, a permanent back stay finished the rigging.

The measurements were taken and sent to Hood Sailmakers of Marblehead for the new mainsail to be made of Dacron sail cloth with one set of reef points. The new mainsail was delivered and fit like a glove. I was very happy with the workmanship of Hood Sailmakers.

As the years went along, I started replacing the iron ballast with lead pigs weighing about 45 pounds each. With the new sail plan, more ballast was needed – close to 900 pounds. With a crew, I raced Ranger until around 1975. We won races, we lost races – but we won more than we lost. After I stopped racing, Ranger was used mostly for family sailing.

The year 2000 was the last time Ranger was in the water. For thirteen years, from 2001 to 2014, Ranger was hauled up and still is.

Ranger is now owned by Francis John Santos, Flyer's son. I gave him the boat with the same handshake his father gave me when I took over full ownership. I know one day she will sail again. All good boats do. ☺



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## BOATS, BOATS, BOATS!

BY FRANCIS JOHN SANTOS

I am Francis John Santos, born March 23 1947, third child to Francis and Irene Santos. I am the first child born at our home, 94 Commercial Street Provincetown, MA. You cannot get much closer to the water than that.

I grew up with boats, repairing and using them. The repairing of boats and boating has molded my life.

My childhood was unique. Dad and his crew worked out of our back shop. The building behind 94 Commercial Street was filled with tools, machinery, and a beehive of activity! Repairing boats and renting them in the summer. Across the street was the beach. Who needed a playground when you had all that!

I remember people always working, hanging around, telling stories of the sea, and weaving tales of days gone by.

I had two boats as a child. Leaking Sieve was a wreck and it seemed I always had it in the way! I remember one particular instance its anchor line tangled in the propeller of one of the boats they used for towing boats. Shortly, thereafter, that leaky boat disappeared. The other, the Francis John, was a skiff I had for years. It became my link to Jane, our summer neighbor. In 1952 outboards were rare. Jane had a 3 horsepower Evinrude outboard, but no boat. She taught me how to use the motor and I made my first deal. It was a match made in heaven. I may have been 5 years old but I had my boat and her motor. My brother bought his first outboard in 1954, just prior to Hurricane Carol. That hurricane was a big deal and a real game changer.

Three men had a major influence on my life Joseph Andrews, Larry Meads and Antone Prada, also known to us as Mr. Prada. He was always there watching us kids on the beach from his shady spot under the Miami Belle. We kept him busy. He kept my fleet of toy boats in good working order. He



*Match Made in Heaven  
- Francis John Santos with his second skiff, the "Francis John" and Jane's outboard.*

crewed on Ranger with my Dad over the years. It seems like the highlight of the summer was when his strawberries came in and he would bring them down. To us kids the taste was out of this world.

Joe Andrews was the key man at the new boat yard. He was my dad's mentor and best friend. Joe is a rock star in my eyes! Can you imagine a fellow who can do anything? That's Joe! I had an electric train and the transformer would die. Joe took it home and the next day it was fixed. He continued this role through my whole life.

Larry Meads, my godfather, picked up the status of key man at the boatyard when Joe left to join Taves Boat Yard. Larry is an unassuming quiet type who can do anything.

We kids were blessed to be surrounded by such people. They always made time for us. Yes, that is why I am so proud to be a native and known as a townie.

The original Ranger, was a United States America's Cup J Boat defender, was built by the wizard of Bristol, Nat Herreshoff, in the early 20th century. The name Ranger became a big part of Joe and Dad's history. The name Ranger is a big part of my life also! Our first dog was Ranger, a black and brown mixed breed. He seemed like he could do anything! I guess that is why I have always had dogs.

In 1939 Joe and Dad purchased Omar, a 25 foot sloop, from Bill Hannum. The boat originally came to Provincetown on a railroad car in 1907, a gift to Bill's dad, a selectmen at the time. Omar was a gaff rigger. It was in terrible condition, and in need of a rebuild. The two of them, Joe and Dad, spent the winter of 1939 rebuilding her in my grandmother's yard on Bradford St. She was then renamed, Ranger. They sailed her in the Provincetown Yacht Club against the Eskimo fleet. They did well. But, they →

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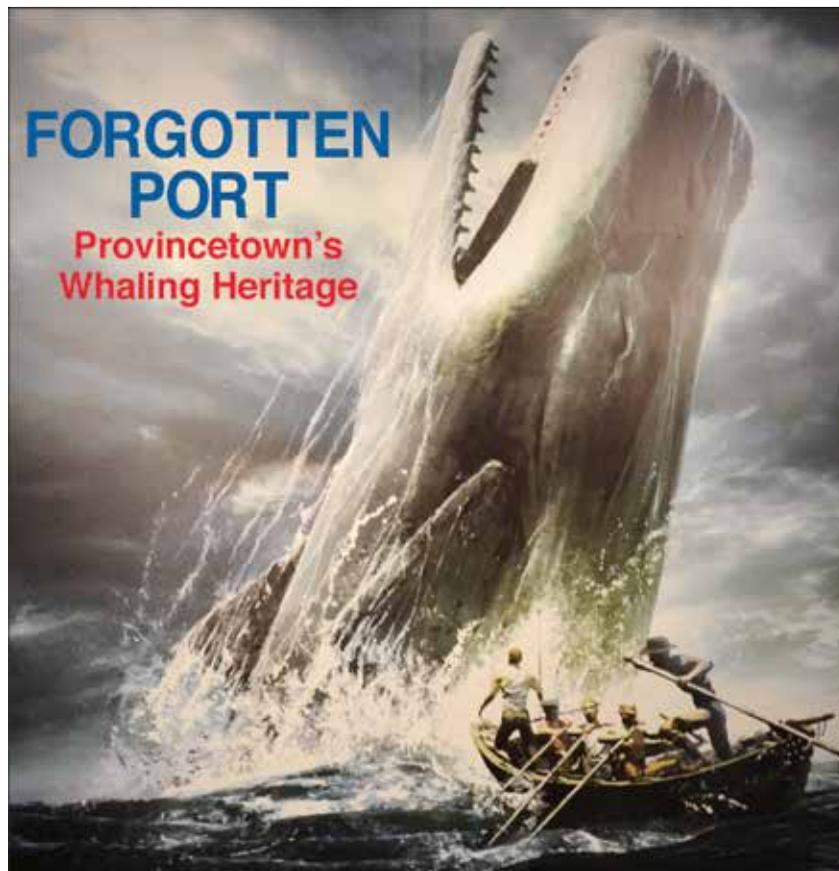
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had a hard time beating Number 1 owned by Alfred Mayo. Story has it that after the first race Joe and Dad made a bigger center board for the Ranger, making them more competitive. It took them a while but soon they were the winners.

In the late part 1940, Dad and Mom married and soon after dad started working at Herreshoff boat yard. Joe found the work in P- town very slow and with the threat of war on the horizon Joe joined Dad. Joe was then drafted and served in the navy in the Pacific fleet.

In 1954 Ranger was destroyed in Hurricane Carol and lay idle at the yard until Dad gave his half to Joe. Joe painstakingly rebuilt her and rigged her sails. She was launched the summer of 1960 and was back to her winning days. She and Joe ruled the Provincetown fleet taking on all challengers

In 1971, I was fresh out of the service and looking to race. One day Dad and I sailed on his new boat, Columbia. We came in second that day after leading most of the race. Leading by five boat lengths at the eastern mark we battled to weather in 15+ knots of southwest wind. I kept my eye on Ranger as she and Joe worked their way past us. I knew I wanted to sail on that boat!



Francis John Santos with the "Shrew", the first boat he built at his father's boatyard.

Joe put Ranger in his yard for 14 years. On May 1, 2014, Joe took me aside and said he wanted me to have the boat. On May 31, 2014, Ranger left Conant Street and is now at Flyer's. Ranger is going through a complete rebuild. She is still a great boat and I hope to return her to her glory. Stop by and check her out. We welcome volunteers. ☺



"Flyer's" Early Crew: l-r Dave Foster, Roy Blaney, Francis "Flyer" Santos, Ray Merrill and Joe Andrews

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# Margaret Avila Spor



## LARRY MEADS, JACK OF ALL TRADES

**L**arry Meads is a soft spoken man who worked at Flyer's Boatyard for 45 years. Larry is known and respected by everyone who came in contact with Flyer's Boatyard. Boats have been his life.

Larry graduated from Provincetown High School (the Vocational School) in June of 1954 and was married to Nancy Paine in October of the same year. They had been "sweethearts" all through public school and that continues to this day. It is a rare summer's day that Larry and Nancy are not having lunch on the Point after motoring out from Flyer's.

When Larry was in the Vocational School he was put in charge of the machine shop where he developed a special talent for welding and metal work. He shared his knowledge with students at the Vocational School by teaching classes to adults in the evenings from 6-8 P.M. He also worked part-time at Flyer's Boatyard after school.

Larry worked at Dave Foster's Pamet boatyard for three years. He helped to build Charlie Mayo's Chanty I and the 55 foot Dolphin. Thus began an interest in boat building, which continued throughout his work life.

When Larry came to work at Flyer's full time, Flyer kept saying that he "had to get a welder". He said it so frequently that Clarence Kacergis, the person who did most of the metal work in Town at the time, told Flyer that "Larry could weld". That was confirmation of Larry's skill, which was evident when he was a teenager at the Vocational School. It turned out that Joe Sacks from the Cold Storage next door told Flyer that he had a Lincoln Welder. Flyer purchased that for Larry to use. He fashioned "shoes" that protected the edges of the net doors from sheets of welding steel, manufactured and installed the gallous that the doors hung from and bored the wheels and bearings for the ship cradles that carried the vessels along the marine railways. He also installed 5 engines in one year.

Larry was so efficient and talented as a metalworker, welder, boat builder and mechanic at Flyer's that he was offered an important job in New Bedford. After discussing the move with his wife, Nancy, they decided to stay in Provincetown and work at Flyer's. At the time they were living in the house owned by Nancy Paine's grandfather and decided that they wanted to buy it. Bill Silva,



*Larry Meads as a young man.  
Photo by Bill Berardi, courtesy of Beverley Ferreira*

President of Seaman's Bank, met with Larry and Nancy and was convinced that they were honest and hardworking people. Based on these attributes, Mr. Silva saw that they would work hard to meet the very basic requirements he outlined for them to be homeowners. They live in that house to this day.

Working at Flyer's for 45 years and dealing with all sorts of boat building and maintenance issues, Larry became the "go to" person at Flyer's. All the boat Captains called him when they had a problem and needed advice or repairs. Everyone respected Larry and knew he would deal with them honestly.

Over the years Larry made his own hours at Flyer's but was always available. His usual hours were from 7 A.M. until 7 P.M. In the winter they were extremely busy building, shoveling snow from the stored boats, and doing repairs to the fleet which, in those early days, was very large.

Even though Taves Boatyard was next door, Larry mentioned he did not detect any real competition between the two. Each boatyard had its own way of doing things and areas of expertise. In the early years there was plenty of work for both yards.

Larry talks about all of the boats that he has worked on with great enthusiasm and knowledge. Name a boat and he can recall what repairs had been done, by whom and when. Everyone has great respect and admiration for Larry Meads and his work at Flyer's demonstrated that.

Larry has had a love affair with boats that continues to this day – and the same can be said of his relationship with Nancy. ☺

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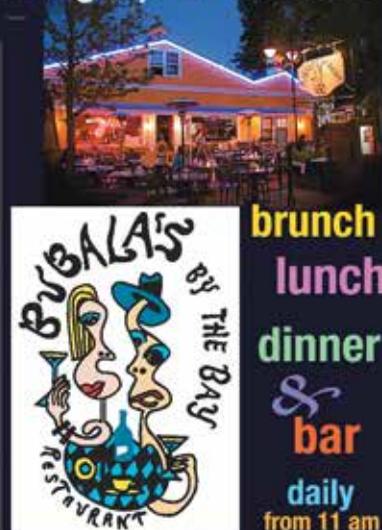


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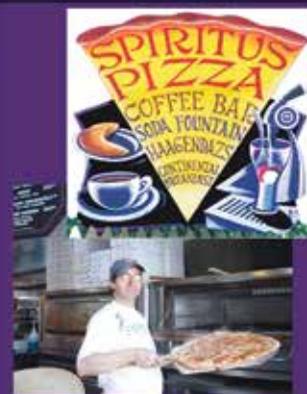
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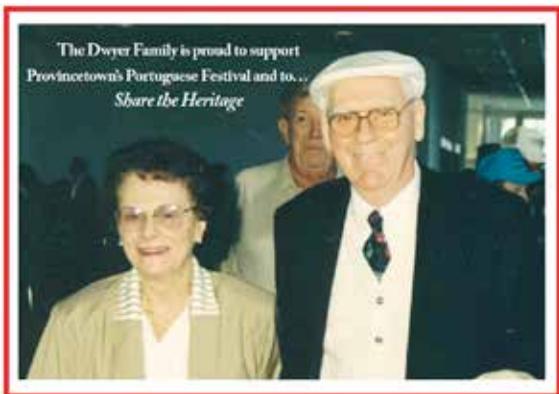


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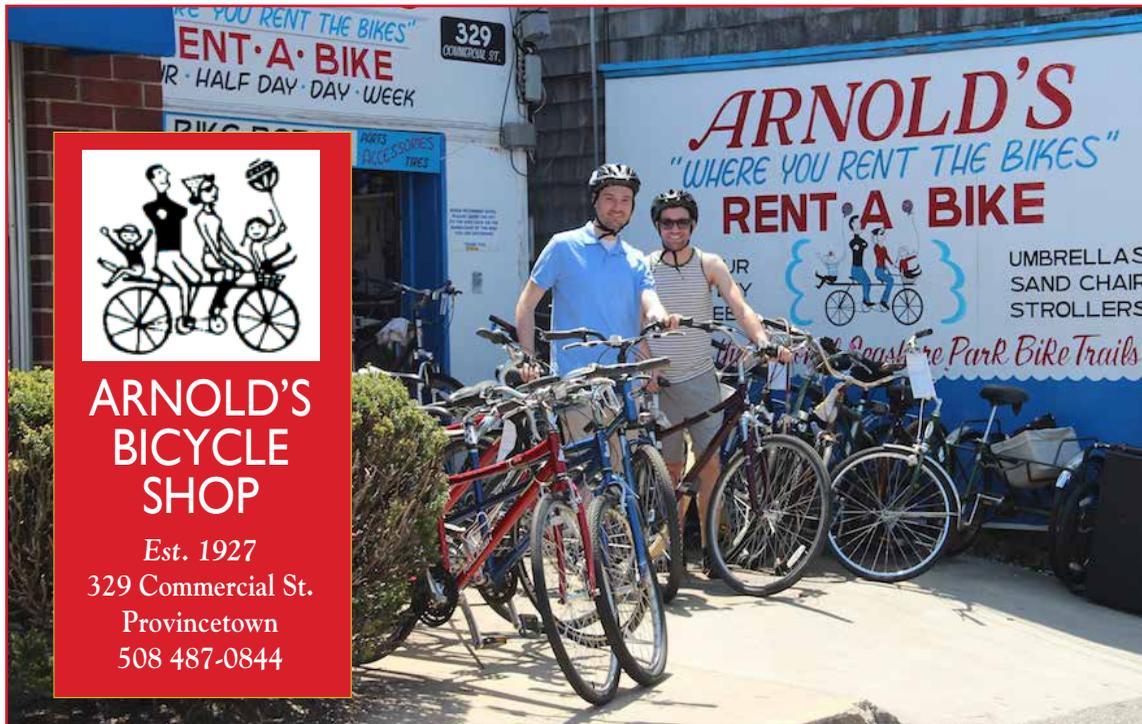
## THE ADVOCATE REPORTS ABOUT TAVES BOATYARD

... Frank Taves now has a marine railway permit from the Department of Public Works and is going ahead with his original plans for a suitable railway for heavy craft. This little shipyard is fast becoming a busy spot and between repairs to Provincetown fishing boats and the possibility that he will get lumber for building other craft the Taves yard is a going concern.

Taken from the Provincetown Advocate  
February 24, 1944

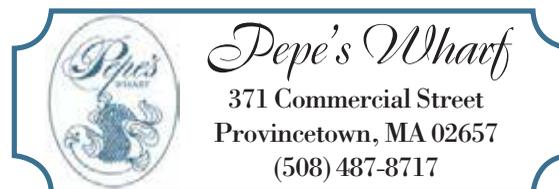
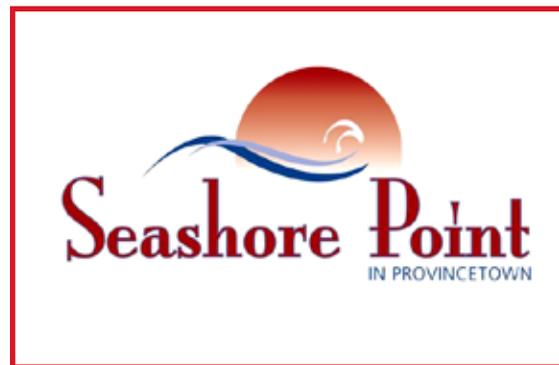
“Bishka” Taves is smiling these days and so is his father and so are others up in the West End because the little marine railway which has been his dream so long and which is only partially materialized after much hard work and the surmounting of many obstacles is to be pushed to completion on a considerably larger scale than planned, by the Navy. There will be two tracks and a switch and considerable activity is expected at this little boatyard – Provincetown’s only one. Time was when four heavy marine railways had more work than they could handle with the big fleet of the Cape End. It is a most encouraging sign because once an activity like this gets started it just naturally attracts more activity. Although Navy men will be on hand to work on the service craft, “Bishka”, father and son aren’t anticipating many idle moments ahead.

Taken from the Provincetown Advocate  
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# THE ADVOCATE

## REPORTS ABOUT TAVES BOATYARD



### Taves Boat Yard Launches Custom Built Boat

*Frank Taves shows off the framing of the custom built sport-fishing boat "Columbia" commissioned by Elmer Costa*

A new custom -built sports fishing boat built in Provincetown during the winter, was launched last week from Taves Boatyard. It was built for Elmer Costa of Orleans.

The new boat, the Columbia, replaces one that burned off Wellfleet last Fall. It will operate on a charter basis out of Rock Harbor, Orleans. Mr. Costa said trips already have started.

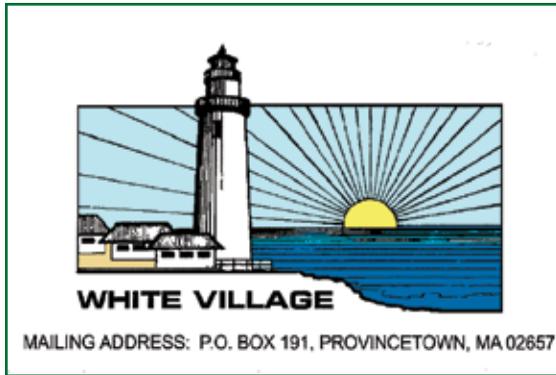
The craft, built under the direction of Frank Taves, proprietor of the boatyard, has a 225-horsepower diesel engine, and is equipped with radio-telephone. Its hull is cedar planking, with oak frames.

The Columbia will fish for bass and tuna. It was christened by Michelle Costa, just prior to launching. Mr. Taves said he believes this is the first such boat built on Cape Cod.



*Marion "Rocky" Taves and Joe Andrews work on the "Columbia". Ray Merrill also worked on the "Columbia" (not pictured).*

Taken from the Provincetown Advocate, July 9, 1964



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## THE STORY WILL CONTINUE

BY FRANCIS JOHN SANTOS

It is January 1, 1962 and I hear Mom tell Dad if we keep on working we should be able to burn the mortgage.

January 19th of the same year, the Margret Rose, an 80 foot dragger comes ashore between Herring Cove and Wood End in a howling nor'wester. The Coast Guard responds and uses the breeches buoy for the last time and is able to save all seven crew members. Dad was called by the insurance company to assess the condition of vessel. He had made his biggest pay day yet, \$500.00 for a day's work. But, there was a second option, take the boat for the bill. Dad bounced this around in his head and took the boat. He figured 25,000 thousand pounds of ground fish aboard, nets, winches, and gear, this would be a quick score!

Wait a moment, a boat has never been taken off the back shore, what a challenge! Our family doctor offered to buy her and dad would have the job to refit her. It all sounded so good and for three weeks Dad, Larry Meads, and Jerry Costa worked in unbearable weather to refloat her and get her to a dock in town. The boat was hauled that February and was rebuilt and launched May 15. When launched was renamed the Flyer 1. I was a sophomore in high school and that winter I worked over a 1000 hours on that boat at \$1.00 per hour. What a wonderful learning experience, working on that huge Atlas engine with pistons the size of ten quart buckets and bolts you tightened with eight foot extensions. My uncle Jimmy Sants taught me to caulk on that job. When we finished the job he gave me his caulking irons and mallet.

I worked my way through high school, working



*This winter Francis John Santos with his son Noah's boys - Myles and Mason Santos - built two 70th Anniversary Edition skiffs, with the help of Omar.*

at the yard after school and Saturdays. I graduated in 1965 and had been working as a mechanic on outboards for several years. After graduation, I went to Franklin Institute, enrolling in a two year course in auto technology and graduated in 1967. I was going to start for General Motors in Framingham after Memorial Day. I came home for the weekend and Dad offered me a job with the same money as GM. I worked with Dad until I was drafted into the Army, May 28, 1969. I spent most of my service time in Germany at a craft shop teaching wood working.

Upon returning to Provincetown March 1, 1971, I found the railway buried under three feet of sand. Larry Meads was inside repairing a sail boat. I soon built a wall and dug out the rails and later raised the tracks four feet. By 1977, dad was ready to retire, I took over the business.

We did many projects on the Provincetown fishing fleet. Converting them to scallopers, refastening and general maintenance, installing engines, and hydraulics,

Life was good, the camaraderie, people were busy, and happy! I guess this is why Larry Meads, Joe Andrews, Dad, and I always enjoyed the work. We had the best of Provincetown.

I would say in the heyday the fishing fleet it gave away more fish than it lands today!

Taves Boat Yard closed when Frank Taves died 1984. Joe came to work at Flyer's for his last year. Joe turned 65 and retired. Funny thing, after retiring, he came by almost every day just to check on things. During the summer he spent most afternoons sailing the Ranger! →

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The 80's brought steel boats and stern rigs to modernize our aging fleet. Steve Eldredge, a young welder from Brewster, built several new boats for the fleet, Tom Turner's, Jennifer & Aaron, Kenneth Macara's, Ruthy L, and Chico Barbosa's, Palo Marc. These boats helped to replace the aging fleet, most of which were pushing 40 years old.

At the beginning of the 90's things were really slowing down and less money was available to repair the fleet. Insurance was hard, if not impossible, to get. The focus of the yard had been moving to small boat repair, boat rentals, and mornings. We removed our second railway in 2002 to allow for expanding our dock and to handle boats with a fork lift. The fork lift opened up a more eco-friendly way to handle boats 28 feet and smaller. In the fall of 2007, Pat Sea and Joan & Tom, sank at MacMillan pier. They were demolished on the beach east of MacMillan Pier. It was a sad day. This event hit me like a ton of bricks. I had turned 60 and this fleet

I grew up with was no longer viable. About 2010, we hauled our last wooden dragger, Allison Marie formally the Jenny B. The arms of the rail car have been removed and we now have boat racks on the cradle.

My son, Noah, has taken over the reins of the business and has started Tow BoatUS Provincetown and Chatham, along with having a float at MacMillan Pier.

In 2010, my wife Lory and I started to aquaculture on a two acre grant in the West End tidal flats. In 2011, we introduced oysters to Provincetown Harbor and now have expanded to the Aquaculture Designation Area (ADA) of Provincetown and Truro in the East End. We are branding our oysters as Long Pointers. We are contemplating starting eco-tours. Spending time on the flats brings such pleasure, we call it our office!

Last winter, Noah, his sons, Myles and Mason, and I built two new 16 foot wooden skiffs. We called them our 70th Anniversary Edition.

Dad, Flyer, turned one hundred on September 10, 2014.

*The story will continue.*

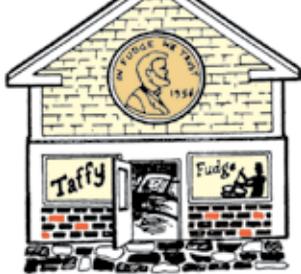


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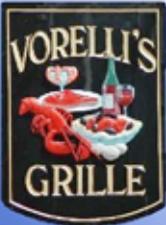
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## SAD TIME FOR BOATYARD'S CLIENTS

OWNER'S DEATH LEAVES HEAVY DRAGGERS WITH NO PLACE TO GO

BY MOLLY BENJAMIN Special Writer

Provincetown – It is the end of an era. Taves Boat Yard, which specialized in working on the heavy wooden draggers of the Provincetown fleet, is closed.

Frank Taves, the mast builder who was in the business for more than 40 years and was the force behind the yard, died recently.

“This is a big loss to the town and to the fishermen,” said Bernard “old Sonny” Roderick. Roderick, his brother and his son all own and operate Provincetown draggers – wooden 50 – to 60-footers, two of which are Eastern-rigged for fishing over the side.

“The men that worked in that yard were professionals in the wood department. There’s not many left who can do that type of work. They were experts in their field – you can go through this fleet and see all the work they’ve done,” the senior Roderick said.

“They” are Marion “Rocky” Taves and Joseph “Joe Barone” Andrews. Now out of work, both were saddened at having to lock the door to the yard for good.

Rocky Taves had built the yard with his father and elder brother about 40 years ago. Begun in a shed, the business grew to one of the most respected small yards in Massachusetts. When the partners first went into the boat-building business, they could gather enough wood from the Backside in a horse-drawn wagon.

In more modern times, they got their stock by driving to a lumber mill in south Dartmouth. Walking among the huge stacks of trunks from once-mighty trees, Frank Taves would select what he wanted. At his yard, he and his workers would fashion exactly what they needed for any given project.

Andrews himself learned the trade from “Old Man” Manuel Furtado, who had a shed down where Sal’s Place is now, “he said. Then he spent time at the noted Herreshoff yard in Bristol, Rhode Island as well as at Flyer’s in Provincetown.

As Andrews reels them from his memory, the list of boats that were merely repowered at Taves’ is impressive: the Plymouth Belle, the Cap’t Bill, the Sea Fox, Michael Ann, Leona Louise, Hindu, Victory II, Valhalla, the New England, the trap boat Carlotta.

New decks, new sterns, shaft logs replaced, whole sides of boats replanked. A couple of boats were built



Marion “Rocky” Taves lettering boat’s name

entirely from scratch, like the Barnstable lobster boat Mayflower, or the sport fisherman Columbia.

Roderick said that for the more modern steel boats, the hardship of losing Taves Yard won’t be as acute. For the majority (90 percent of the Provincetown fleet is wooden, he estimated), it means they will have to do things differently.

“Flyer’s yard can only handle so many boats,” Roderick said. “And you know how everybody all likes to get the work done on their boat when the fishing is slack. I won’t be surprised if you start seeing these boats painting up alongside the pier now.”

Aside from Flyer’s, the only yards nearby that can handle boats this size are in Plymouth, New Bedford and Fairhaven. And none of them are quite the same.

“Going out of town to a yard means you can’t do a lot of the work on the boat yourself,” he said. “All you can do is drive back and forth and check up on what they’re doing at Taves’, you could go down and work on them on the weekends. Not at those out-of-town yards, you can’t. And Frank would always carry somebody, let them pay as they went along. These yards, they want money up front and want it all paid up before they let you down the ways.

“We all knew it would never be anything but a boat yard while Mr. Taves was living. Now, I don’t know. I hope somebody buys it who will use it for the same purpose.”

This article was first published by Cape Cod Times in Sept. 1984



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