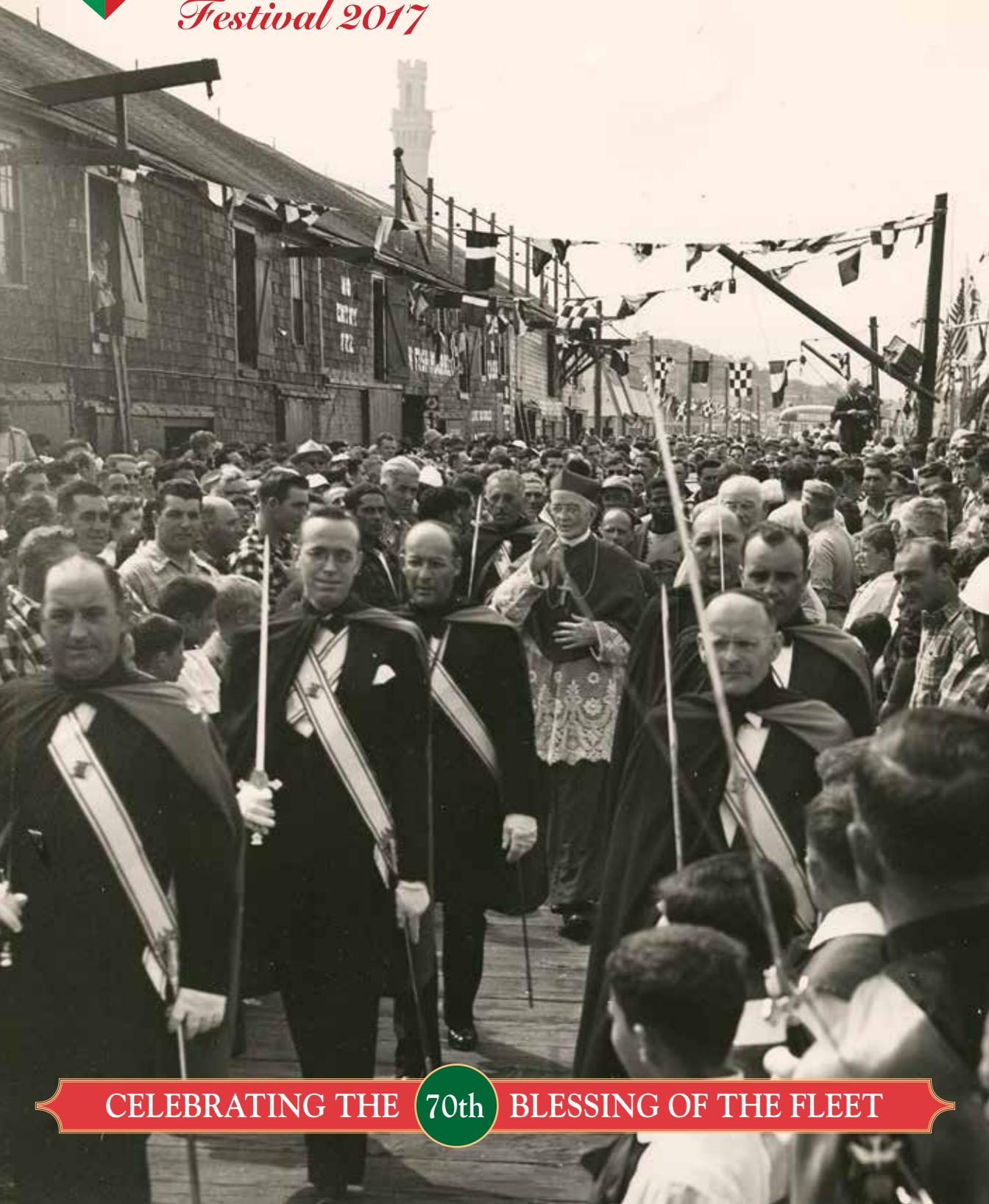


21st Annual

Provincetown Portuguese

Festival 2017

Sharing The Heritage



CELEBRATING THE 70th BLESSING OF THE FLEET



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*A Thank You To The
Portuguese Community Of Provincetown
At The Celebration Of The Seventieth
Blessing Of The Fleet*

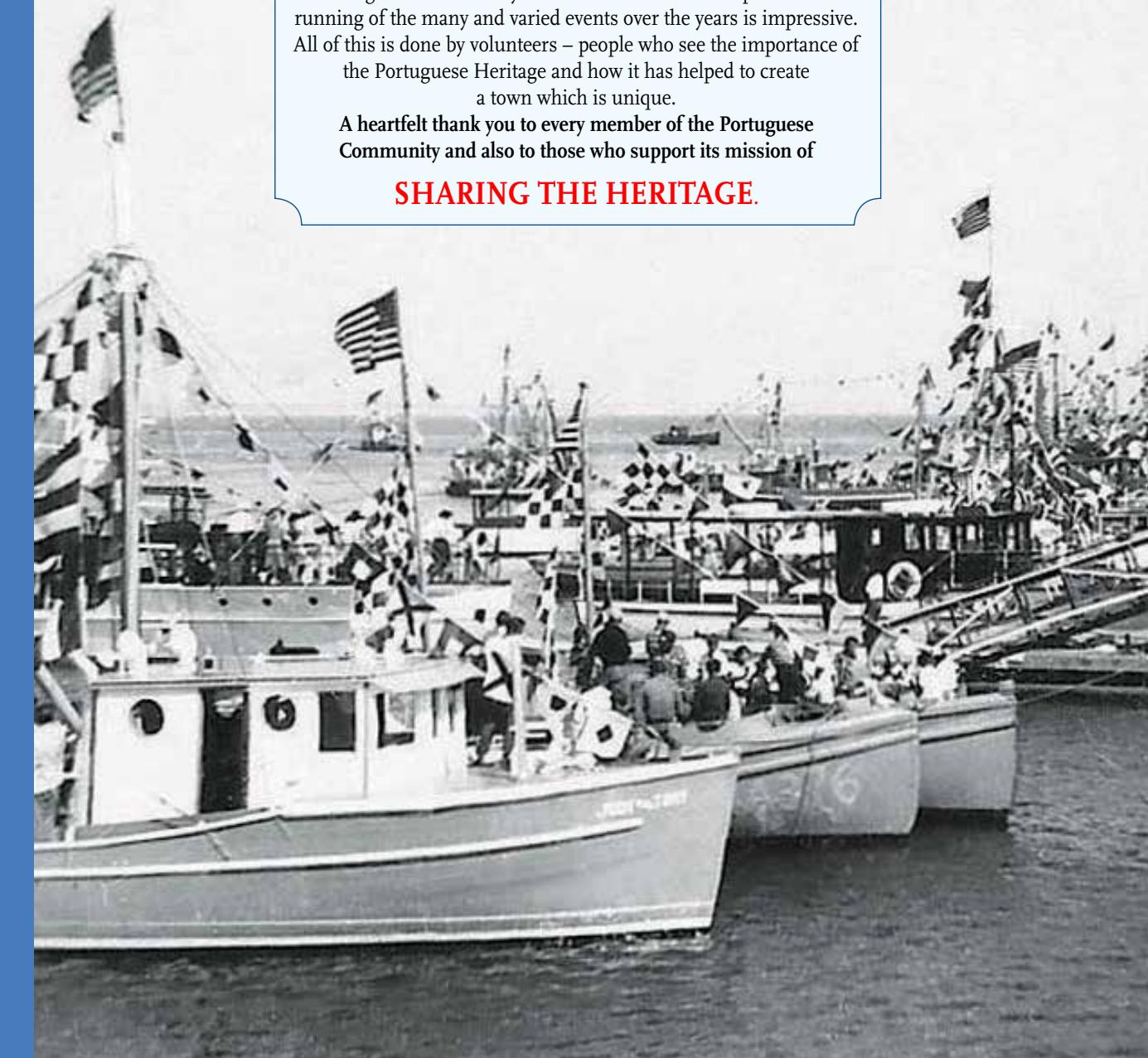
Serving on the first committee for the Blessing of the Fleet were Arthur Bragg Silva, Domingo Godinho, Salvador Vasques, Frances Segura, Louis and Fred Salvador, Joseph Roderick, Joseph Lisbon, Manuel Henrique, Manual Macara and George Adams, with Frank Taves and Ernest Carreiro as volunteers.

These men inspired years of dedication among the Portuguese Community who have kept the Blessing of the Fleet alive.

The number of hours that the men and women from the Portuguese Community have devoted to the development and running of the many and varied events over the years is impressive. All of this is done by volunteers – people who see the importance of the Portuguese Heritage and how it has helped to create a town which is unique.

A heartfelt thank you to every member of the Portuguese Community and also to those who support its mission of

SHARING THE HERITAGE.





Bishop Cassidy blessing fishing boats during the first Blessing of the Fleet 1948

Cover photo: Procession of Bishop Cassidy and his entourage on Town Wharf, 1948

Facing page: The statue of Saint Peter the Apostle has been carried in procession to the Town Wharf on the shoulders of Provincetown Fishermen since the First Blessing of the Fleet in 1948. Preserving the tradition are (l-r) Jared King, Thomas Thomas, Alex Brown (fourth man not identifiable), 2012

21st Annual
**Provincetown
Portuguese
Festival 2017**

PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL TEAM

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

Design: Ewa Nogiec

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PROVINCETOWN PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL

P.O. Box 559, Provincetown, MA 02657



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President Secretary Treasurer

Perhaps some day, your name will be here



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Thank you!

Betty Costa, Irene Joseph Goshen, Clem Silva, Jr., Judy Dutra, Andreia Ribas and Luis Ribas, Courtney Hurst & Frank Travers, Frank Cabral, Kathleen Gribbin & Beau Gribbin, Sarah Gribbin, Chris King, Maureen Hurst, Salvador Vasques, Charles Souza, Vernon Costa, Michael Goodbody and Joseph Andrews

PROVINCETOWN PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL - JUNE 22-25, 2017

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 2017

"Share Our Table" A Showcase of Provincetown's Best Restaurants

5-10pm SEAMEN'S BANK COMPARTILHE NA NOSSA MESA

"Share Our Table" and enjoy music by the New Beach Band under the Seamen's Bank Tent at the Bas Relief • Reservations are required

8-10pm Music by the New Beach Band • \$5

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 2017

12-2pm Capt. Manny Phillips Fishing Derby for Kids at MacMillan Pier • FREE

12-3pm Portuguese Soup Tasting with Entertainment by the Dory Bar Blues Band at the Bas Relief

12-5pm Face Painting in Portuguese Square • FREE

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

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

3-6pm Music, Dancing & Entertainment on stage in Portuguese Square • FREE

5-8pm THE LOBSTER POT AND CAPE TIP SEAFOOD PRESENTS THE LOBSTER BAKE at the Bas Relief

Beer and Wine Cash Bar • Oyster, Clam, Shrimp Cash Bar

6:30-7:30pm Music for all ages with Rick Anthony on stage in Portuguese Square • FREE

8-10pm Music for all ages on stage in Portuguese Square • FREE

9pm-1am HOMECOMING GET TOGETHER WITH THE OLD JUG BAND place TBA

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 2017

10am-12pm Motta Family Kids Games and Cookout at Motta Field • FREE

11:30am-7:30pm Lions Club Portuguese Food Court under the tent at the Bas Relief. Beer and Wine Cash Bar. No cover charge.

10:30am-2pm Live Entertainment and Portuguese Dancers in Portuguese Square • FREE

2-4pm Entertainment for kids of all ages by the Toe Jam Puppet Band in Portuguese Square • FREE

3-5pm PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL PARADE on Commercial St. from East End Harbor Hotel to West End Franklin Street

4:30-5:30pm Entertainment continues in Portuguese Square • FREE

6:30-7:30pm Comedy by the Portuguese Kids in the Lions Club Portuguese Food Court under the tent at the Bas Relief • FREE

7:30-9:30pm PROVINCETOWN BANNER FADO CONCERT IN PROVINCETOWN TOWN HALL

Contributions appreciated. Handicap access elevator available behind Town Hall.

9pm-12:30am Dance to the SAMBA Band on stage in Portuguese Square • FREE

SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 2017

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

12-1pm PROCESSION FROM ST. PETER THE APOSTLE CHURCH TO MACMILLAN PIER

11:30am-12:30pm Portuguese dancers entertain in Lopes Square while you wait for the Procession

1pm 70TH BLESSING OF THE FLEET • CELEBRANT: BISHOP EDGAR M. DACUNHA S.D.V.

1pm Judging of boat decorations

12-4pm TASCA Portuguese Café at MacMillan Pier • Beer and Wine Cash Bar

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

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

4-7pm Finish Up Another Great Festival with a quick get together with Ed Sheridan and friends, place TBA • FREE





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HISTORY OF THE BLESSING OF THE FLEET

BY BETTY COSTA

FROM THE FIRST ANNUAL PROVINCETOWN PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL BOOKLET 1997
IN CELEBRATION OF THE 50TH ANNUAL BLESSING OF THE FLEET



It has been said that there are no atheists in foxholes. Perhaps the same could be said of fishermen, alone or with a small crew in the middle of the ocean. With no land in sight, a sudden squall, a leak or fire, or the loss of radio contact can result in a feeling of utter helplessness. It is no exaggeration to label fishing as hazardous. This, then, was ample reason for the early fishermen to invoke the blessing of God upon their endeavors.

With origins in Portugal, the solemn rite is often coupled with a celebration of the Portuguese heritage. The Blessing of the Fleet is a time of celebration and reflection.

The festivities are not always the same. Each lo-

cality is apt to have a different agenda. In Viana Do Costelo, in the Portuguese Province of Minho, the Blessing is preceded by a three day festival. There are daily parades, each with a different theme. The first day showcases artisans and their wares, and is whimsical in nature. A biblical theme is the motif for the second day, and on the third, the history of relations between Spain and Portugal is spotlighted. On each of the three evenings, there are impressive displays of fireworks. At midnight on the third day, the road from the church to the pier is closed to traffic. Throughout the night, following an age old custom, a carpet is laid down. Using colored sawdust in a myriad of colors and patterns, the road on which the procession will



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proceed, is decorated. It is a strikingly beautiful sight.

Having witnessed the festivities in Gloucester with Domingo and Edith Godinho, Arthur Bragg Silva was so impressed that he vowed to bring the custom to Provincetown. He took notes during a conversation with the Gloucester chairman and brought his information home to share with the local fishermen. They were quick to embrace the idea.

Serving on the first committee with Mr. Silva were fishermen Domingo Godinho, Salvador Vasques, Frances Segura, Louis and Fred Salvador, Joseph Rodriguez, Joseph Lisbon, Manuel Henrique, Manuel Macara and George Adams, with Frank Taves and Ernest Carreiro as volunteers. These men were a part of the Blessing for many years. Willing workers, they were joined by others as the years went by.

Anyone who had been involved in the planning for this annual event will attest to the large amount of work that goes into it. Through the years, volunteers have worked tirelessly to collect ads, contact marching bands, arrange children's games and plan the different events that have been a part of the festivities. Different highlights such as Arts and Crafts Fairs, Wind-surfing Regattas, softball games, net mending and wire splicing contests, senior dances and fishermen's quahog parties are but a few of these.

For many years, the statue of St. Peter has been lovingly decorated by Florence Menangas, whose late husband Tony was one of the men who carried the statue in the procession. Although in some countries St. Antony is honored, in Provincetown the fishermen revere the patron saint of the local church, who was also a fisherman.

On the day of the blessing, the men of the fleet marched to the church, sometimes carrying banners with the names of their boats. The Mass was celebrated by the Bishop, with fishermen acting as lectors reading from the scriptures and also as altar servers. Often priests who been at St. Peter's returned and took part in the celebration. At the conclusion of the Mass, there was a procession to the pier for the

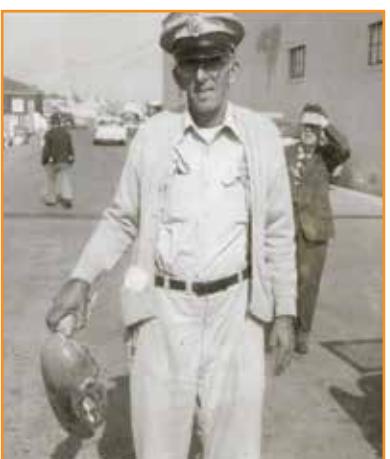
Blessing ceremony.

The wives and families spent days planning and preparing food for the parties that followed the Blessing. The boats had been cleaned, painted and decorated with flags and banners and were a colorful sight as they anchored off Long Point.

There have been many somber moments as the years have gone by. Giants of the industry and beloved priests are no longer with us. Three vessels, the Patricia Marie, the Cap'n Bill, and the Victory II sank with the loss of all crew members. These tragedies rocked this entire community and the loss is still felt.

The annual Blessing has involved all segments of the community. Shops have decorated their windows and it has been the occasion for cookouts and beach parties.

Frequently in evidence at some of the related festivities was the Linguica Band. Clad in embroidered red vest, these men entertained tirelessly. With Frank Aresta on the concertina, Anthony Russell on the mandolin and Loring Russell on the guitar, this group was a hit at many gatherings. Jack Edwards often joined them on the bass fiddle.



*Arthur Bragg Silva inspired
 fellow fishermen to celebrate the annual
 Blessing of the Fleet*

Throughout the years, the roster of fishermen has changed, as have the types of fish and methods fishing. Smaller crews have meant adapting the old ways. Once known as a whaling town, Provincetown is now known as the foremost place for whale watching. Trap fishing is a thing of the past. As fishing stocks have dwindled, regulations have multiplied. Some of these, while meant to preserve and nurture future catches, are especially hard on the small wooden boats that make up most of the Provincetown fleet. Weather is a constant factor and quotas seem unfair to some. For a number of years, the industry has been struggling to survive. Aquaculture and fish farming are possible ways to satisfy the market for seafood.

It is the fervent hope of all involved in the 1997 Blessing of the Fleet, that this year will mark a turning point in the fishing industry. 



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1948 BLESSING OF THE FLEET BOATS

THREE OF US	MARTHA LEE	VICTORY II
RENEVA	WELLINGTON	ELSIE
NEW ENGLAND	ATLANTA	LIBERTY
DELORA M.	FRANCIS ELIZABETH	JOHN DAVID
LILLIAN B.	VIOLA D.	MARY M.
QUEEN MARY	EMELIA R.	FRANCIS AND MARION
CLARA M.	LIBERTY BELLE	DAWN
MARY MADELYN	WALLACE AND ROY	PERRY BROS.
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HARBOR BAR	RICHARD AND ARNOLD	NORDIC
STELLA	ELEANOR	ROSEMARY
LIBERTY	YANKEE	LAURA
NANCY B.	SONYA	VICTORIA
SEA FOX	SANTA TREZA	BOCAGE
ELMARADO	SHIRLEY AND ROLAND	JENNIE B.
4-H-387	CAPE COD	JAMES M. BURKE
PILHASCA	BROTHER JOE	JESSIE DUTRA
JUDY AND TONY	SEA RUNT	
<u>PARTY BOATS:</u>		
CAROLINE		
KATHERINE II		

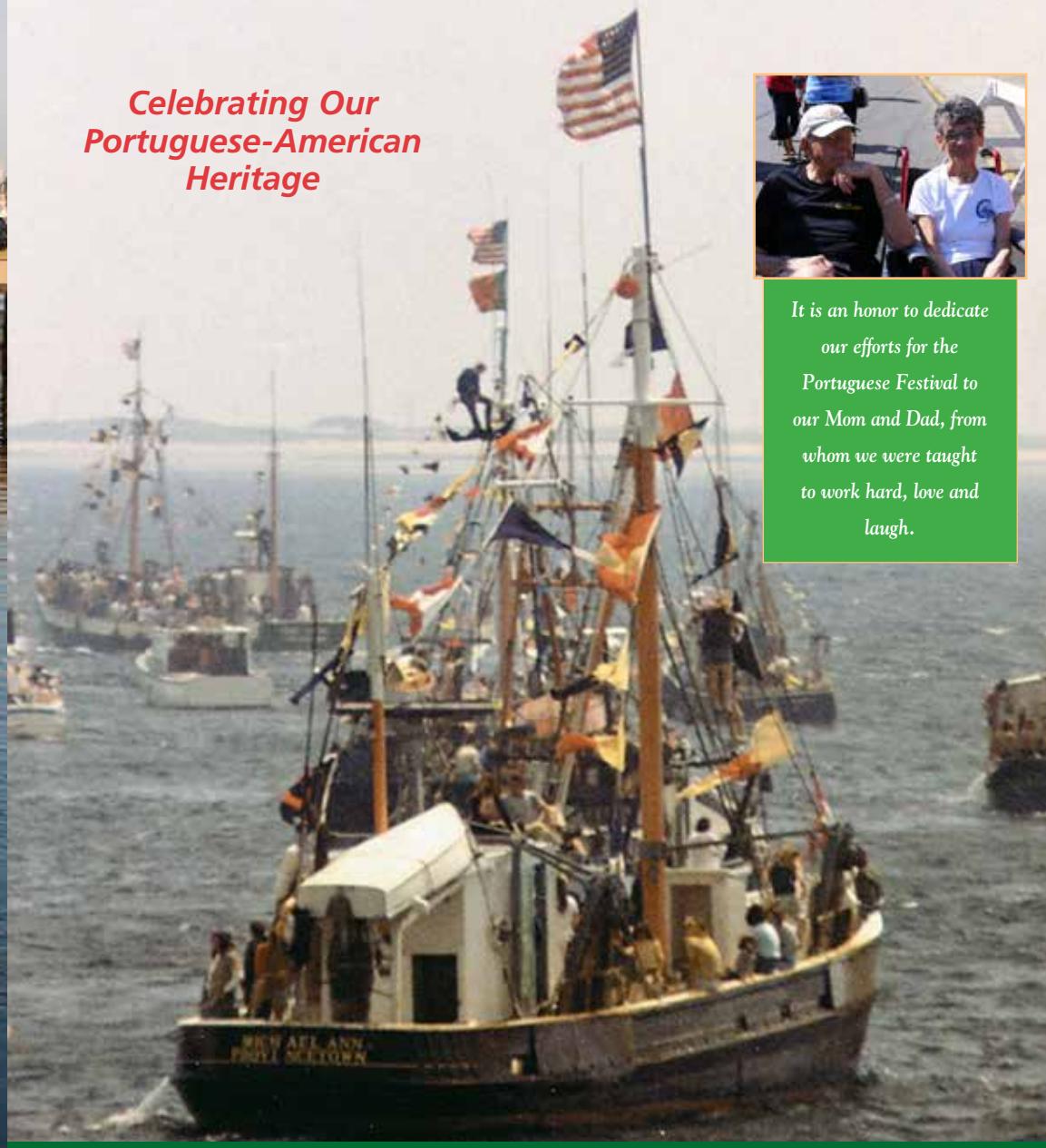
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*It is an honor to dedicate
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Portuguese Festival to
our Mom and Dad, from
whom we were taught
to work hard, love and
laugh.*



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ARTICLE FROM THE JULY 1, 1948 issue of the ADVOCATE
To Fellows And Friends Afar And Abroad...

**THE THREE OF US
towed during the Blessing of the Fleet**

“Folks in town are still talking about the dramatic ceremony of last Sunday when Bishop Cassidy blessed the fishing fleet for the first time at the Cape End. It was the most spectacular event of many years. It was unfortunate, at the last minute, that Captain Ernest Tarvers of the dragger, THREE OF US, which was to have led the procession of the boats around the harbor, couldn’t get his engine to turn over. So the RENEVA, Captain Salvadore Vasques of

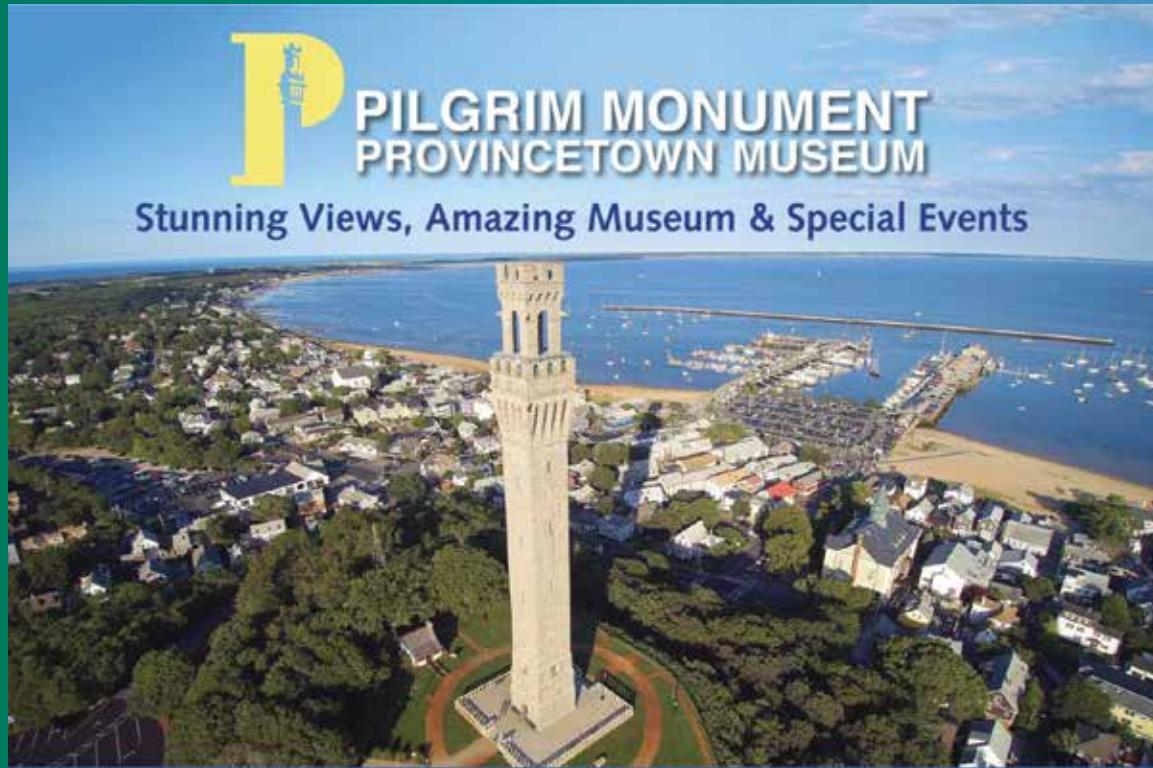
New Bedford, took her in sisterly tow, and side by side, made their way to the Bishops’ platform. To Arthur Bragg Silva goes much of the credit for the success of the event and he with his committee worked long and hard on the hundreds of details. When the procession of boats seemed to approach the wharf at too slow a snail’s pace, Arthur, in tux and 4th Degree K. of C. cloak, boarded a speed boat and went out to jazz up the column.” 



The dragger Reneva, captained by Salvador Vasques loaded with friends and family at one of the first Blessings of the Fleet. Young Sal sits atop the pilot house.

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“FOUR MASTER”

BY IRENE JOSEPH GOSHEN

My Avo (grandfather), Domingos Godinho, was born 12 November 1896 in Lavos, Figueira de Foz, Coimbra Portugal. He was called “Four Master” because as a Merchant Marine in Portugal, he sailed on Four Master Schooners.

He arrived on the shores of the USA in 1922 and lived in New Bedford for some years, fishing on company boats. Eventually he moved to Gloucester where he married Edith Mattos Sears. Around 1939, he found and bought the fishing boat Clara M in Norfolk Virginia. The Gloucester boats were all larger and went fishing for weeks at a time. The smaller boat meant he could go out daily and be home evenings with his family. That same year he and his family moved to Provincetown.

In those first years in Provincetown, crew for the Clara M were Justin Avellar, and Arthur Bragg Silva. Each year, Avo and the two men would take the boat to Gloucester for St. Peter’s Blessing, at the Fort, in the Italian district. On one such trip, Avo proposed the idea of having a Blessing of the Fleet in Provincetown. On his return to town, he discussed the idea with Father Duarte at St. Peter the Apostle Church. The good idea turned into a wonderful tradition.

Some of my fondest memories include riding to the Clara M to pick up Avo. I can still hear the clickety clack of the wooden planks of Railroad Wharf as we drove down it. We made the return trip back up the wharf to yells of greeting from his many friends.

There was always a bottle of liquor on the kitchen table of Avo’s house. When crew members came for their pay, the bottle was opened. It seems to me, that many people who were not crew members also showed up to share that bottle. Avo helped many of the town’s people with problems and even medical bills. In later years, he even went to speak to the governor about building a breakwater for the town.

In the 1950’s, Avo and Nana bought a house

at 355 Commercial Street. They had rooms which they rented in the house and cottages in the back yard which led down to the bay. The business was called Four Master Apartments. When he watered the flower garden in front of the first cottage, it seems he always accidentally sprinkled my sister and me. When I had opportunity to enter the basement, my



Domingos Godinho earned his nick name “Four Master” as a result of his service on 4-masted vessels in the Portuguese Merchant Marine.



Message from Consul of Portugal in New Bedford, Pedro Carneiro, to the 2017 Provincetown Portuguese Festival

I am very happy and deeply honored to participate, once more, at the Provincetown Portuguese Festival that takes place in that beautiful town on Cape Cod, where the land says farewell and greets the ocean with a gentle embrace.

In 2017, all of us, thousands of people, will be celebrating the 21st anniversary of the Festival and the 70th anniversary of the Blessing of the Fleet. Those who have been in Provincetown before during the Portuguese Festival, already know they will be able to enjoy a culturally and spiritually rich event as well as a fun and family friendly atmosphere. For those who will participate for the first time, I am sure it will be an experience to remember.

During the four days of the Festival, we will also pay tribute to the strong contribution of the Portuguese community to the region. Established many decades ago, the Portuguese helped shape the texture of the community, bringing their strong history and cultural heritage with them while at the same time adapting and becoming an integral part of the American society.

I will attend the 2017 Provincetown Portuguese Festival as Consul of Portugal in New Bedford for the last time, as my diplomatic mission is about to end. I will leave with happy memories from this great event that brings a true feeling of joint celebration. I will not forget the hundreds of Portuguese flags that adorn the town during those days. I will not forget that this Festival embraces diversity, respects the old traditions, accepts the modernity and values culture. I will not forget that this project is built upon the idea of sharing, hard work and team work. I will not forget that the Provincetown Portuguese Festival promotes comradery, enhances the richness of the past to project the future and recognizes the role of the Portuguese in this country.

Hence, I would like to convey to the Organizing Committee of the Provincetown Portuguese Festival my sincere congratulations and wishes of success for the 2017 edition. Also please accept, on my behalf and on behalf of the Portuguese Government, the sincere recognition for your decisive contribution in promoting the image of Portugal, its History 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
Tel: 508 997 6151 - 508 993 5741 * Fax: 508 992 1068 * newbedford@mne.pt

eyes would automatically search out the sword he hung on the wall from a Swordfish he'd caught.

Upon retirement, Avo and Nana would winter in Florida. It seems even in retirement the sea beckoned to him. He captained yachts for the Kloepel Hotels in Florida.

Captain Justin Avellar, his crew-member from the Clara M, worked with him as mate on the yacht Kay Bob. On February 6th of 1962, King Ibn Saud of Arabia, with his entourage, were passengers on the Kay Bob. There were twenty-two people in the entourage including, two princes, a prime minister, court jester, and four security officers. After the three hour trip, the King tipped Avo with two \$100 bills and Captain Avellar with a \$100 bill. The King was just one of the many famous people to be taken out on the yacht. Avo was a people person and I'm sure captivated the King, as well as many others, with his tales.

Upon his death in 1972, he was deeply mourned, not only by his wife, daughter, and grandchildren, but also by the many friends he'd made during his lifetime. ☺



Domingos Godinho and his wife Edith accompanied by their daughter Irene.



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**This Taste of Provincetown
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**We would like to thank the Outer Cape food establishments
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Bayside Betsy's	Edwidge	Napi's
Big Daddy's Burrito	Far Land Provisions	Patio
Bubala's	Governor Bradford	Purple Feather
Canteen	Jimmy's Hideaway	Red Inn
Central House	John's Foot Long	Ross' Grill
Chach	Lobster Pot	Squealing Pig
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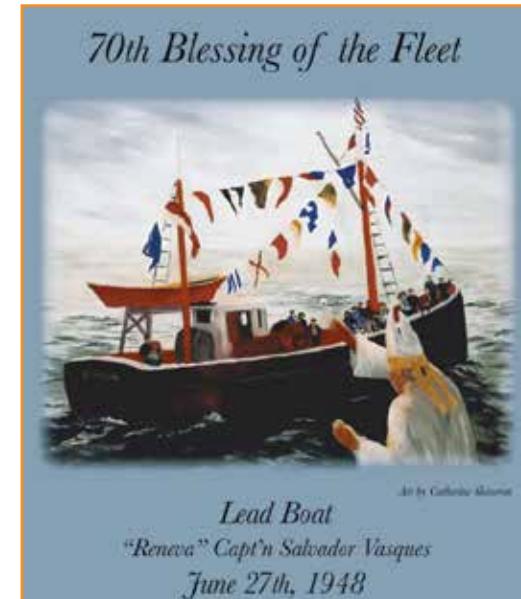
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Provincetown
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Festival 2017



Art by Catherine Skowron



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Peter Macara
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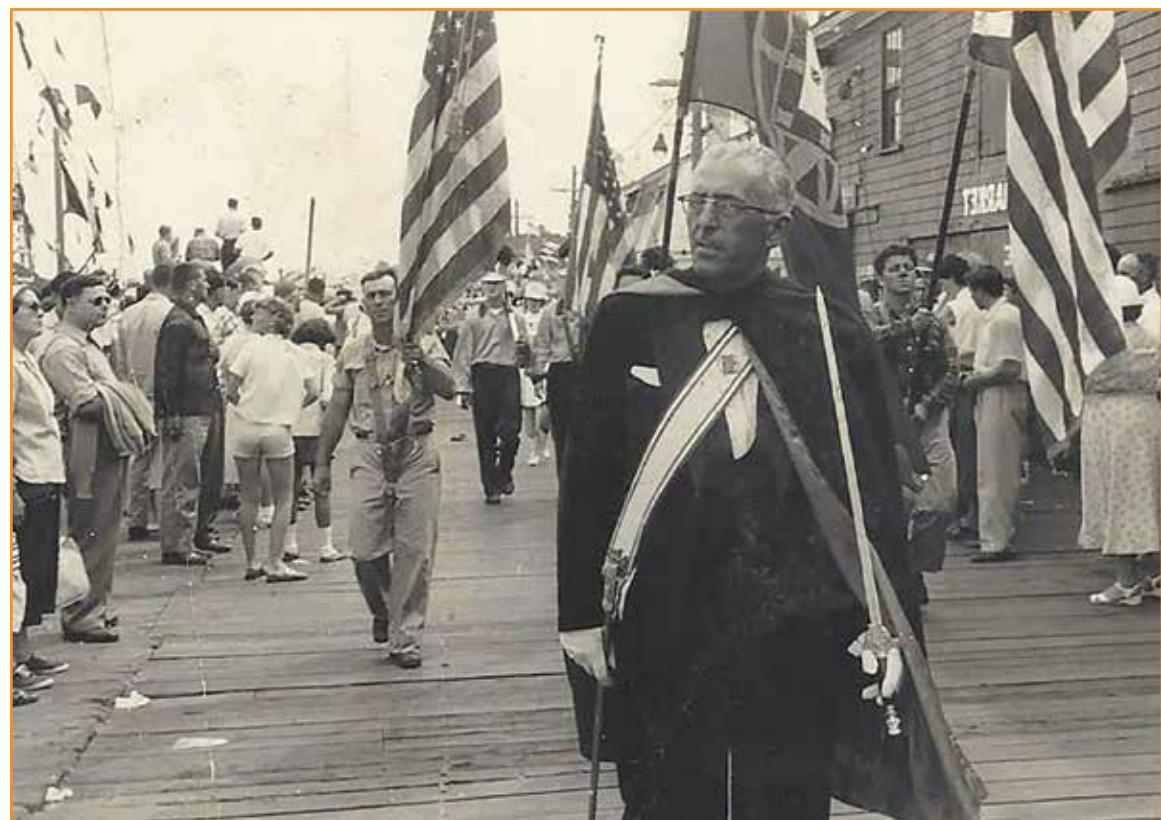
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GRAMPY

BY CLEM SILVA



Grand Knight Arthur Bragg Silva

My memories have evolved like a phrase passed ear to ear in the old child's game of telephone. It was the 50's, a time of innocence, a time when everyone I knew lived off the sea. What I remember about that time is that my father like his father all the other fathers would leave in the middle of the night, go to sea in their boats, search the sea for fish, return early the next evening, sell most of the fish, save some for dinner, fall asleep, and do it again and again until the days turned into years.

Arthur Bragg Silva was my Grandfather. He died when I was twelve. The facts about the Blessing of the Fleet are available, the what, where, and when have been documented well. I want to tell you about the "who", the man. He was a tall slender man, 6'2", with a face that was long, drawn and had been weathered by years at sea, deep eyes and a smile that

could sink ships. He had a majestic nose that cut the air like the bow of a ship cuts the water, his hair was thin and white carefully arranged high on his head with eyebrows to match.

Grampy was known for being a fisherman, Ford auto dealer, Harbor Master, fire captain of Pumper 5, and Grand Knight of the K of C. He even bragged that he had sold Fat Francis, the junk man from Truro who looked like a dirty W. C. Fields, his first brand new Ford. Some of my earliest memories were of him walking home from the Ford Garage on Bradford Street, now the Provincetown Playhouse. He would cut through the yard of the Seascape (the present day Surf Side Inn) where I would be playing. At first sight, I would run to him and he would swoop me up into his arms for a huge hug and kiss. I was no more than five or six. Not long after that

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(l-r) Clem Silva Sr., Arthur Bragg Silva
and Governor Robert Bradford

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he became harbormaster and ran the pier and oversaw the building of the town parking lot and the new concrete wharf. It was there that he taught me to fish for smelt using a homemade umbrella rig constructed from old wire hangers that accommodated three individual hooks in effort to catch three smelt or tinker mackerel at a time. I call it the Portuguese trifecta. We used little pieces of worm he had dug from the beach in our back yard-the beach where he taught me to dig for clams and forage for bay scallops, lobster, oysters, and crabs. I can vividly remember him shucking the oyster into a pot one day as he taught me how to make oyster stew, a recipe I use to this very day. My childhood was much like a scene from the TV show Andy Griffith and I was his Opie.

I grew up in his house at 557 Commercial Street in an apartment built by raising the eaves of the

second floor creating two bedrooms, a living room and kitchen that overlooked the entire harbor. I was a one-year old when we moved in above him and his wife Maggie Silva, former Police Matron and a local character in her own right. I spent much of my time with them and it was there that I often helped them cook and developed my love of cooking. I was the one who always helped make all the Christmas pastries, trutas and bolos. I would fry and bake while they would roll and pinch.

He is most remembered for being the man who started the Blessing of the Fleet celebration in Provincetown. In 1948 he was taken to Gloucester aboard the dragger Clara M. by his good friend, Domingos Godhino, to participate in the Blessing of the Fleet there. He and Domingos were very impressed with what they experienced in Gloucester and thought



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that it would be a great thing to do for the fishermen of Provincetown. And what an incredible event they created!

Domingos, his wife and my grandparents spent a couple of winters traveling to Florida where both men worked as boat captains. I still have the post cards he sent to me. It was there that one day while he was working on a table saw he accidentally sawed off half of his thumb. He had tried to hide it from Maggie for as long as he could (he had not wanted to upset her), until one day she asked him to tie her shoe.

In effort to make the Blessing better each year, they worked diligently year after year scouting out marching bands from all over New England. He and his committee made all the arrangements and planned every detail and event. They scheduled games like dory races, greased pole, and diving exhibitions, as well as, three legged races and ballgames and more. The highlight of the day was the fishermen's procession. It traveled from the Catholic Church, through the town and continued down the wharf. At the front were a group of men who carried the statue of Saint Peter on their shoulders followed by all the fisherman and finally the Bishop and his entourage. It was a solemn march. All I can remember hearing was the shuffling of the fishermen's feet as they proceeded to the grandstand at the end of the wharf. The Bishop would throw holy water down onto the boats, gayly decorated with streams of flags. The whole town was decorated with them. The fleet would pass in front of him in a huge circle. Each boat was filled with friends and family of the crew. Many of the boats would end up at Long Point where they

would anchor and everyone would eat, drink, and swim. Adventurous teens would climb high into the rigging and dive off into the clear sparkling water.

As Grand Knight he led every parade Provincetown had. He and the other Knights were in full uniform—from the huge plumed hat to the beautiful silk cape with the shiny red lining that showed in deep contrast to the black exterior with one side over his shoulder and buttoned behind him. They wore crisp starched white shirts and a sash across their chests and black pressed pants with white lines down the outside of the leg. I can still feel the exhilaration and pride of seeing him with his sword drawn perpendicular then he would point it forward as if to show the way. I thought at the time that he may have been the most important man in the world. He was always followed by Yvonne Cabral, the town drum Majorette, then came the marching bands and finally the fire trucks all top heavy, packed with

the young children of the firefighters. One year, the events ended with a huge clambake at Grozier's Park, now the site of the Boatslip. He coordinated with the help of the local fishermen a feast of lobsters, clams, grilled chicken, fresh corn and watermelon for the families of the fishermen.

He had always said "when I go I want to go with my boots on." In my view, he was a saint, because he did just that. One cold winter day he had been scratching for sea clams in the far East End of town. He must have stopped and gone back to his car to warm up and have a cigarette. He was found early the next morning, cigarette in his mouth with the burnt match still between his fingers, with his boots on. 



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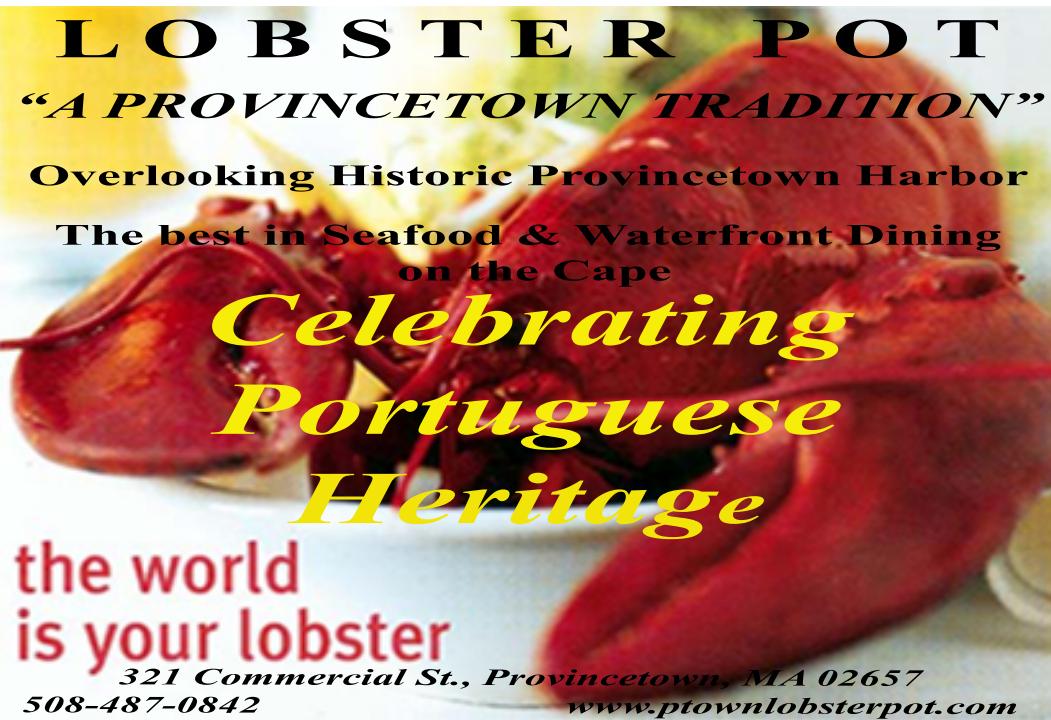
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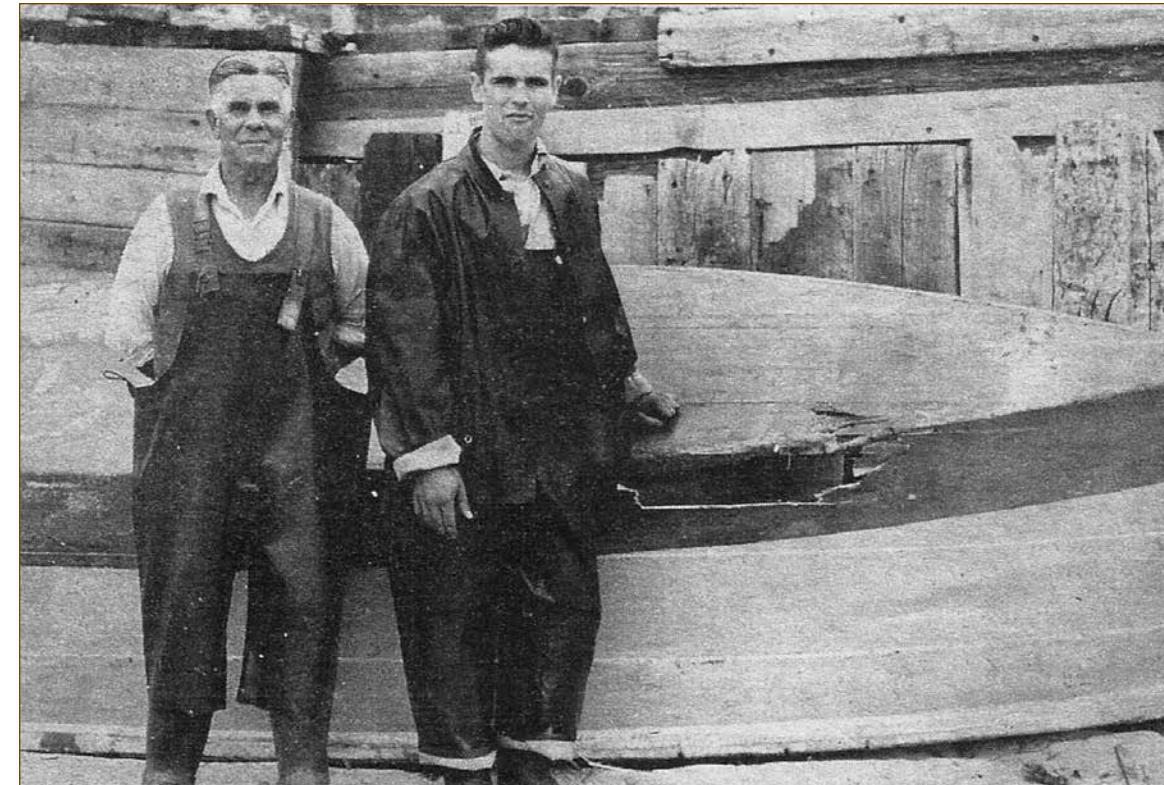
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On the very same day of the first blessing of the fleet...

PLAYFUL WHALE TAKES YOUTH FOR A RIDE – BRINGS HIM FAME AND A SPOT ON RADIO

From The Provincetown Advocate -July 1, 1948



Seventeen year old Frank E. Cabral, Jr. and his father, showing where the whale stove a hole into their dory.

Sixty-Foot Mammal Bunts Lobstering Dory – Young Frank Cabral Lands on Animal’s Back – To Tell his Story on “We, The People”

A playful 60-foot whale nudged the dory that 17-year-old Frank E. Cabral Jr. was using Sunday morning, about 8 while helping his father pull lobster pots off Race Point Station, stove the boat, threw the youth into the air. None too playfully, caught him on its back for a fast trip of several seconds and landed him on the front pages of all the metropolitan papers, and finally arranged for the young man’s appearance, shortly, on the radio program, “We the People” in New York City.

All this because young Frank is the first person on the record ever to have ridden a whale, bareback, or

any other way. To be sure, many a Cape Ender of old whaling days took the “Nantucket sleighride”, their dory at one end of a taut line, an enraged whale with the other end in a harpoon in its back, scudding with breath-taking speed over the sea. Jeremiah Digges in “Bowleg Bill, the Sea-Going Cowboy, relates how Bowleg rode and broke “Slickbritches”, the giant hoss-mackerel in Provincetown harbor. But for actually mounting and riding a whale, coming through practically unscathed – young Frank Cabral seems to have the honor all to himself.

Whale Sighted

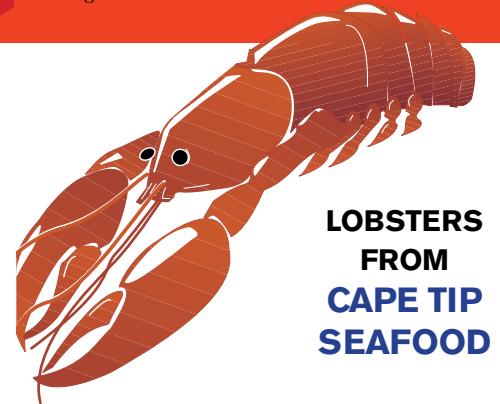
Sunday morning was fairly pleasant and clear, and the Cabrals, father in one 16-foot dory and the son



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in another, were pulling their lobster pots about a quarter of a mile off the end of Cape Cod. Some distance away from their 30-foot gas lobster boat, the father was the first to sight the huge mammal cavorting about 500 feet away, breakfasting, probably, on fresh mackerel. It came toward him and so close that his boat was almost capsized by the wash. He yelled a warning to the son as the whale turned in his direction.

In a moment he saw the dory dart from the water and the boy catapulted into the air about seven feet, it seemed. But when the youth came down he didn't sink. His father said afterward he appeared to be sitting on top of the whale and then in a few seconds I could see he was swimming. Mr. Cabral started rowing towards his son who was then making for his sinking dory. Both reached it in time to lift the somewhat shaken youth in and tie on the damaged dory. They pulled for the gas boat and there they examined the boat the whale had struck. They found planking smashed in the bow and in the jagged hole was a hunk of blubber, showing that the playful whale had been scratched, at least, for its prank. The Cabrals raised the bow of the damaged dory over the stern of the larger boat and brought it back. They even saved all of their lobsters.

A Bit Shaky

Young Cabral was a bit shaky and he had cut his finger and bruised a toe. At first it was hard to realize just what had happened. All that he knew was that when he came down from his sudden somersaults, he didn't sink. And he could feel that he was sitting on something slithery, and he figured that he must have been on the back of the whale several seconds – although it seemed longer – before it went down and left him to swim for the boat. Had it

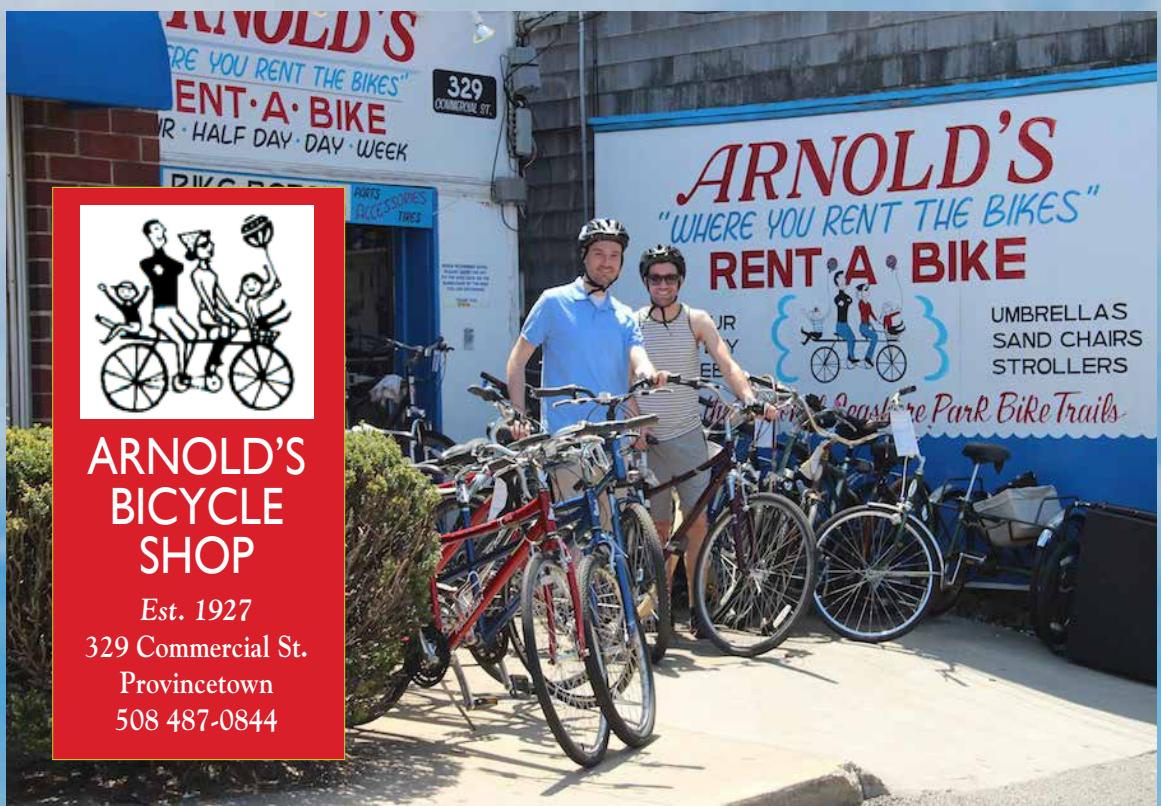
remained on the surface, the youth might have been taken for a considerably more extensive ride.

Although he was wearing boots, which he did not kick off, Frank Jr. was able to swim to his sinking dory, and he said that his early training as a Boy Scout in Quincy, where he won swimming awards, had "paid off". He will be a senior in the Provincetown High School next year.

Yesterday afternoon he was out on the beach, in back of his father's fish shop, helping Jule Costa repair the damage done by the whale that gave him the ride and awaiting word from New York that will take him to the city for his big moment on a national radio hook-up. ☺



Jule Costa, a neighbor of Frank Cabral on Atlantic Avenue, was the ship's carpenter who repaired the dory. Here is Jule with his son Wilfred.



For Frank Cabral, who spoke
to me so feelingly of his love for
the sea.

Sea-Strength

My strength is from the sea although the hills
Share the vast motions of the earth's embrace
As, cloud-surrounded, she rolls down through space -
The sea such wonder and such song instills!
All space between the continents she fills
With the great, green expanse of her waves' grace
Whose thunder and music spume at heaven's face
Till over the world's edge their onrush spills!

The sea is mine as my faith is the sea's.
I lean on her for strength when I am faint
And her sweet salt seasons my worst distress.
There breathes a healing in her wet, soft breeze -
And when she breaks in storm beyond restraint
I could kiss death in her dark loveliness.

signed with a seagull's feather,

Harry Kemp

Copy of my latest poem, in the N.Y.Times

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NOW AND THEN

THE BLESSING OF BEING A FISHERMAN

BY JUDY DUTRA

Some things change very swiftly, others take decades, and some things never change. Fish come and go with the tides, the seasons, and the phases of the moon while men chase them and regulators grind away at the overwhelming task of protecting them. My husband, David Dutra loved being out on the water, coming in with a good catch, and telling stories about his way of life and how it had changed over the years. "So you say you want to be a fisherman?" is something I heard him say. He meant: do you know all the rules, for there are many. Do you have the grit to face hard times, small catch, mechanical breakdowns, and still keep going? Can you raise the money to buy in, for you will need a boat, the gear, the permits and the allocation? And let's hope you don't get seasick. The optimism that fishermen share does not change. It leads to renewal, diversification, and inventiveness in the fisheries. During the 1990's, when fish landings were low, fishermen looked for opportunities in other areas, taking the pressure from the ground fish and shifting to scallops, clams, whiting, squid, or lobster.

In 1995 David and I were awarded a federal grant to grow sea scallops in Cape Cod Bay. We were able to catch wild spat (larvae) and grow them in cages. This type of aquaculture, at that time, was not economically viable, the cost of equipment and the predation by starfish proved that it was easier and cheaper to catch scallops in the wild. And yet twenty years later, a positive outlook and forward thinking

has made it possible for men and women to continue to work in the industry they love, whether in aquaculture, by improving methods, or by shifting pressure to another type of fishing. Some things never change. Fishermen continue to be pioneers, inventors, and independent businessmen. Growing oysters, clams, scallops and even fish has given fishermen renewed hope.

Diversification has proven necessary in order to remain in the fishing industry. Gone are the days when a net would remain on the boat for twelve months of the year. Today's fisherman must be able to fish in more than one fishery in order to sustain his business and for that you must have the proper permits, the right equipment and the know-how. Fishing is a dangerous profession, daunting, strenuous, and as any fishermen will tell you, the romance leaves when you cast off the lines. Changes in the fishing industry over the past thirty years have been enormous. The rapid decline of the fleet began in the 1980's with intervention by National Marine Fisheries Service, a branch of the Department of Commerce. Management became authority, sustainability the watchword, balanced ecosystems the goal. Downsizing the fleets became paramount. Area closures, fish-size decreases, net (mesh size) increases, fishing days-at-sea reduction, trip limits (catch per day limits) decreases, computerization and data entry, filled the lives of fishermen. Within a few years catches decreased, and because less fish was being sold, less money was put back into the boats.



Judy Dutra with husband, Captain David Dutra on the deck of the Richard and Arnold

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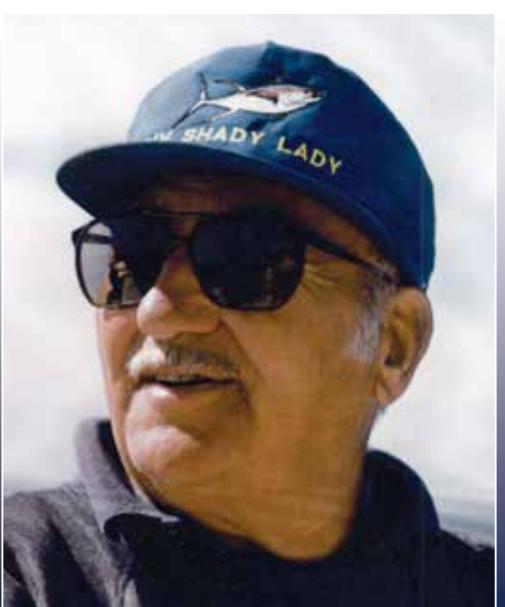
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Fishing businesses declined along with the catch. Allocation became the driving force in the fishery. For some this was a boon, for others a management problem, and for many it was the last straw. A vessel's allocation was based on how much fish your boat caught during a certain ten-year time frame. The amount of fish allocated by National Marine Fisheries to individual permit holders in many cases was not enough to provide a living wage and maintain the boats. Fishing boats must be kept in top working condition for out on the sea lives depend upon a safe working environment. As fish landings declined in the 1990's less income meant less maintenance. Old wooden boats demand attention. My husband would tell me "the boat always comes first." The house can fall down, but the boat needs to be taken care of. The lives of the crew of the Richard & Arnold depend on a safe boat. I never disagreed. The ones that didn't come first were sold, scrapped, or sank. The Provincetown dragger fleet shrunk. The first decade of the 2000's brought a restructuring of the fisheries. Corporations began buying permits and with them allocation.

Three men own forty percent of the yellow tail flounder allocation and ninety-five percent of the sea scallop allocation is owned by three percent of the scallop fishermen. Fish became a commodity to be bought, sold, traded and leased. My husband Dave said he would never purchase a fish before he caught it, and he never did.

Over time these and other factors depressed the fishing business, decreased the number of working vessels, and brought fishermen to their knees. Then a funny thing happened. The fishery slowly began to solidify. In 1980, seventy vessels dragged a net for ground fish and called Provincetown home. Today there are sixty-eight working boats tied to MacMillan Wharf. Some are scallopers, many go for lobster, and ten have permits (Federal or State) to drag a net.



The Richard and Arnold in Provincetown Harbor

Fishermen today have found a way to continue doing what they love to do. They go to meetings, they lease or purchase allocation, and they find niche markets, always looking for expansion, efficiency, and any excuse to get out there and catch more fish. "So you say you want to be a fisherman?" The rewards go beyond financial, although this is always a top concern, but the pleasure of seeing twilight over the water in pastel hues, a whale breaching on a smooth clear sea, the smells, the sounds that are unlike any other business on earth, the friendship of men who for generations have enjoyed the sight of a full net coming over the rail, and stories told and retold while mending the twine, well, these are the blessings of being of fisherman. And some things never change. 

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F/V SEA SKIPPER
F/V SO WHAT
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F/V THREE SEAS
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F/V TERRI M
F/V THREE REASONS
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"A VIEW FROM THE INSIDE"

BY KATHLEEN GRIBBIN



Capt. Beau Gribbin's crew on the Glutton: (l-r) Kevin Chase, Kathleen Gribbin, Nate Czyoski and Eric "Rocky" Rego

Being a fisherman's wife, you have to morph into many roles. I've been the truck driver, the food shopper, the laundry person, the errand girl, the record keeper, the settlement writer, buoy painter, the encourager, a deck hand, a boat cleaner, ice lumper, and the list goes on. Many of these roles aren't always recognized or glamorous in any way. But they are the roles that I have chosen to take on as a partner in this industry. As we all know, commercial fishing has changed, new regulations, tons of paperwork, endless reinvesting into our businesses in the hope to hold on and continue to thrive. As my husband says, "a new position has been created"...that would be mine. Faxing, scanning, emailing, calling, texting, all to ensure a solid stake in a lifestyle we both love.

We raised our daughter in this world, she has never known any other way. Beau was not able to participate in as much as he wished he could have. Missed concerts, games, dinners...we call it "the no schedule,

schedule" and your life takes a back seat to the boat and the weather. We have always accepted this, even Sarah. It is not a life that just anyone can handle. When it's good, it's the best thing going, when it's bad, buckle up and hold on to one hell of a bumpy ride. Stress is a word that doesn't seem monumental enough to describe the things you have to endure. Fishing families are some bad ass, thick skinned, determined people. We are also generous, loyal, and ambitious, making the impossible, possible.

The crew becomes family, the wives become sisters and the kids, nieces and nephews. We support one another and actively participate in each other's lives. We understand each other like no one else can. And when there's a tragedy we ban together like a Viking army. This is the life that not only did we choose, but this life chose us. Don't ever underestimate the will of a fisherman or their family. It's an amazing force that I hope will continue to prosper in this great community.

OCEANS OF LOVE

BY ANDREIA RIBAS

I am an absolute daddy's girl. To my father, I am "Cheri Pequena" or simply his "Princess". But despite such nicknames and even at the age of 14, I had certain responsibilities at home. In fact, I spent most of my downtime upstairs in my father's office typing letters to Senators and the lot. Dad would dictate in Portuguese and I translated his words into English. Sure, there were times I didn't want to do it; I mean I was a young teen and longed to be doing what other kids my age were doing. But my father was determined to solve the issues facing the fishing industry and really needed help in finding his voice. I guess "voice" isn't the best word; dad certainly knows how to talk! But when you have a Portuguese accent that sounds more like Russian, it can be tricky when you're trying to explain how the net you've created can help reduce by-catch. Yeah, sounds like quite the mouthful right? So you see it was essential that I help him. The process was often long, tedious, drawn out and exhausting. Usually by the end, I didn't have the head to even proof read. But with each letter I wrote, I understood more and more of what my dad was trying to do. He was trying to maintain his way of life; he was trying to save the fishing fleets. But first, let me take you back to the beginning because if you know why my father even started fishing, you'd better understand why he worked so hard to save the livelihood of the "common" fisherman.

Dad was born in Vila Praia de Ancora, Portugal; a small coastal town in the northern region of the country. He didn't come from a family of fishermen though; he paved that path for himself. At 18, he set out for Germany to work on a large Commercial trawler that often took him away for 2-3 months at a time. My dad would take up whatever work he could to make money; especially since he had his heart set on marrying the love of his life, my beautiful mother, Maria Idalina. There was good money in fishing then. He worked hard and worked his way up from

the bottom. After a year, he had finally saved enough money to marry my mom and within six years they had two kids, me and my older brother.

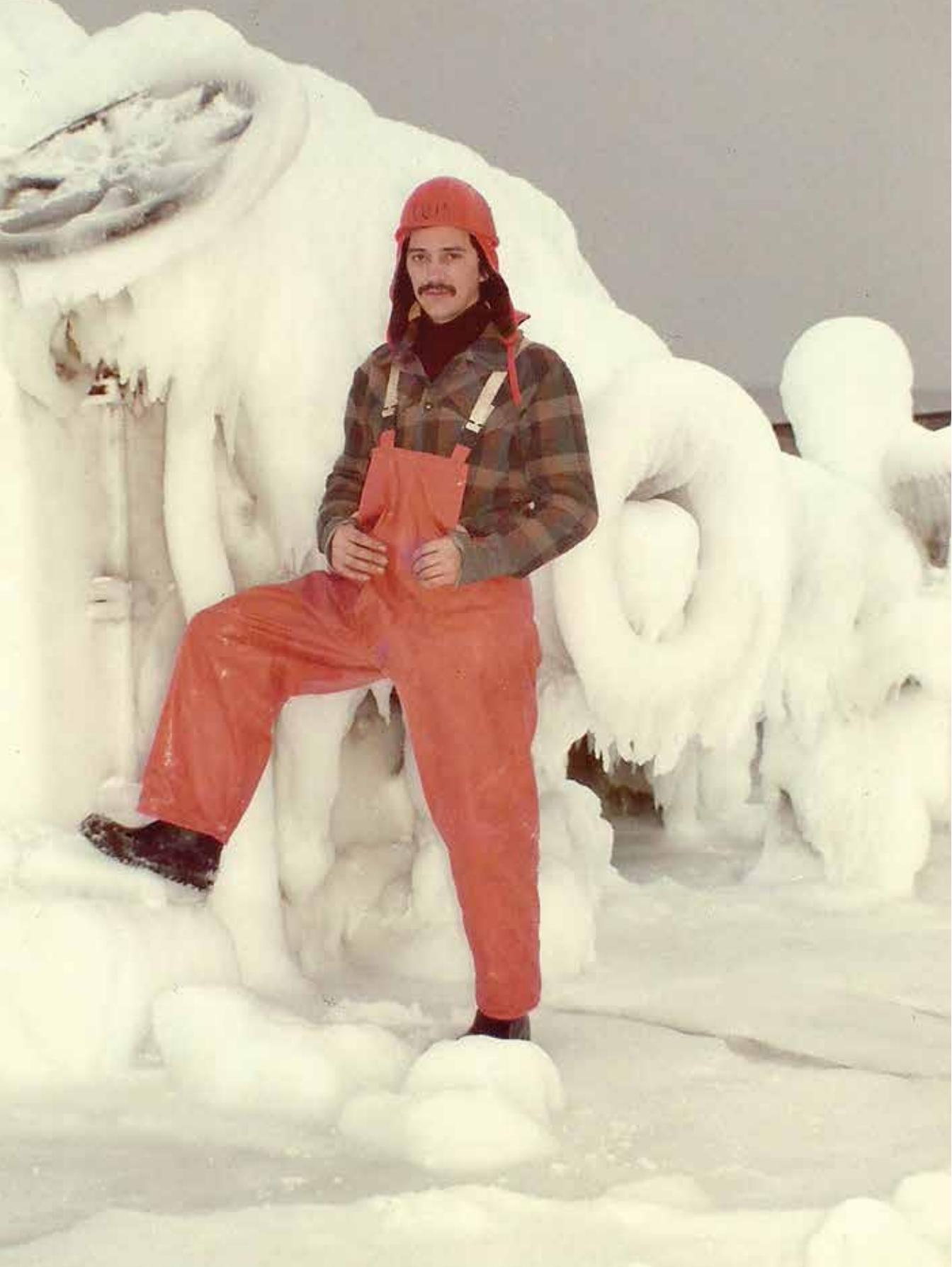
When I was eight months old, we immigrated to the United States. It was September of 1985, and we settled in New Bedford, MA. My father had already come over a couple of months prior and had been fishing out of Provincetown, trying to save some money for our arrival. He dreamt of owning his own boat and eventually he realized that dream. He purchased F/V Alentajo in 1993, which became his pride and joy. During this time, my mother played the role of both mother and father while dad's fishing trips kept him away for extended periods of time. But in October of 1994, all our hopes and dreams went up

in flames; literally. On that chilly morning, about 85 miles off the coast of Nantucket; the boat's engine sparked a flame igniting a

my parents are fighters and never gave up

fire that consumed the entire vessel. Fortunately, my father is a creature of habit and made it a point to always check the engine room in the early morning while the crew still slept. They were lucky to have made it out alive. It only took a short time for the boat to be completely consumed by flames. The last time I saw F/V Alentajo was in Fairhaven, MA in a shipyard where it had been towed after the fire. It wasn't black anymore but ashen gray and a skeletal shell of what it once was. I remember dad standing outside of the car just staring at it. I knew it had changed him; it changed our whole lives.

We moved to Provincetown in 1995. We had lost everything when the boat was destroyed. That was a hard time for us. I was young, but I was very much aware of the toll it had taken. But my parents are fighters and never gave up. Eventually, dad was able to purchase another boat which he allowed me to name. I named it F/V Blue Skies and it served my family well for many years. We made many memories on that boat; especially the annual Blessing of the



Luis Ribas while fishing off Labrador, Canada

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Fleet which my father had the honor of carrying the statue of St. Peter many times. He would let me pretend to be captain as we rounded the Point and I'd blow the horn and startle everyone on board. That used to have me in stitches until my mother signaled me to cut it out! Those were stress free times for me. My brother Bruno was now fishing with our father; and is a fisherman out of New Bedford still today.

During these years however, the fishing industry began to change. Overfishing began to increase conservation attempts, and more and more restrictions were being put in place. These restrictions were affecting the small, commercial fleets seemingly more than others. It had gotten to the point where fishermen were only given 88 allowable days at sea and that's not even getting into the limits on the amount that was allowed to be caught. That's when my dad really started to think about possible solutions. He realized that the origin of the problem was the very mechanism used to haul in the fish; the net. Back in Germany when he had first started working on the trawlers, my father was given the task of weaving or repairing the nets. I guess it pays off to start at the bottom!

By the time I was 16, he devised a net that had mesh holes of a specific size and shape. These would be placed on specific parts of the net; the bottom and the top. My dad studied how certain fish species would swim while trying to escape. He determined that fish like Haddock swam upward but other fish, like Cod or Yellowtail Flounder, would swim downward since they are bottom dwellers. The net he created, which was dubbed the "Ribas Net", caught the wanted species like Haddock by diminishing their capability of escape through the top, square shaped mesh. The undesired catch of Cod fish would be able to escape via the larger diamond shaped mesh



Andreia with her father Luis

him to come in for dinner. He was relentless but his determination paid off.

Working directly with biologists from the Massachusetts Division of Marine Fisheries, he was able to obtain grants that allowed him to create the nets and then test them on his boat. They would set up underwater cameras and take the nets out for testing. I was a junior in high school by now and I used to sit with him, watching the videos absolutely amazed at what I would see. My dad was right about how the fish swam. He would point and say, "Do you see what the fish are doing; how each species swims a different way to get out?" He would say while nodding. "You see these juveniles? They can get out too." This was super important. By-catch, aka the unwanted catch, was a major problem for conservationists. Juveniles, specifically, were being caught and killed which was diminishing the population. Traditional dragger nets hauled everything in their path. This is what my father wanted to change and his net looked promising.

At this point, it felt like I was constantly writing letters to different Senators and agencies, even the President of the United States on behalf of my father. We were meeting with some pretty important people in the legislative world and dad often took me to different meetings with other local fishing sectors on the Cape. Dad hoped that the test results of his



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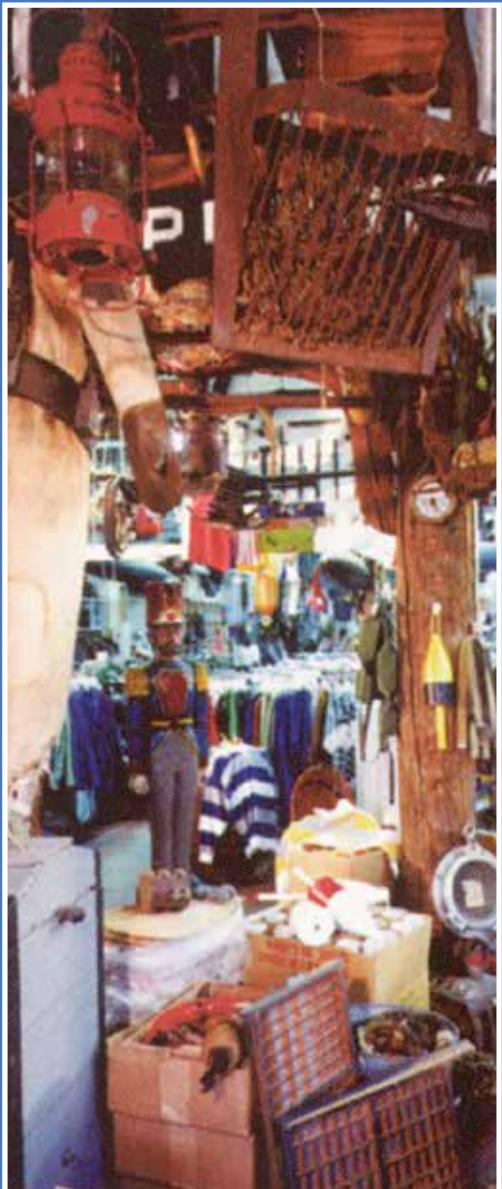
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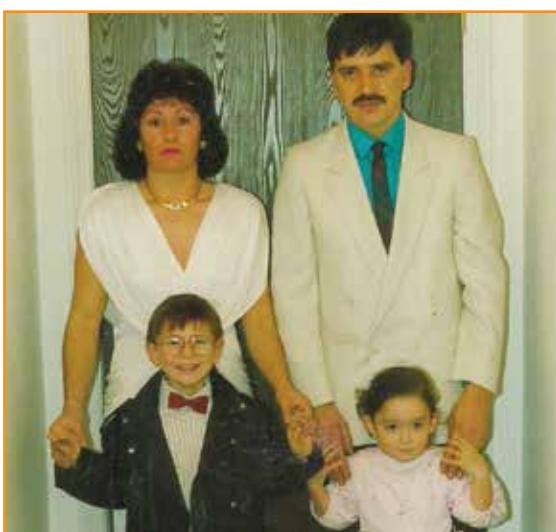
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net would show the appropriate officials that there was a better solution than just restrictions. He also hoped that if his net was seen as a solution, that it would be a mandated gear change for draggers. But according to those who regulate New England waters, it wasn't enough to give it the proverbial green light. Although it reduced by-catch by about 75%, it was letting go of more desirable fish than some were willing to put up with. I guess compromise was out of the question and the restrictions stood firm. It was frustrating, even for me, to watch all that hard work go nowhere. It made no sense to me and honestly, I still can't figure it out. But I'm so very proud of my father. He never let anything stop him from trying. He chose this as his livelihood; he loved the ocean and all it provided. He respected her and honored her. Happily, his efforts didn't go unnoticed. When the Provincetown Fishermen's Association (PRO-fish) was created, my father was elected as president. The National Fisherman magazine honored my father as one of its "Highliners" for his groundbreaking work and tireless efforts in 2002. I remember going to Providence where he received that award and I felt overwhelmed with pride. There were countless newspaper articles written on the subject with my father in the forefront. I bet it was hard even for dad, coming from a poor family of twelve children from a small village in Portugal, to believe he'd become such a trailblazer. I'm not surprised though; I always saw him as my hero.



Ribas family



Representative Delahunt congratulating Capt. Luis Ribas on his innovative net design

Eventually, years later, knowing that the fishing industry was struggling and needing a stable income to support me and my brother in college, my father began working part time at the Provincetown Harbor Master. It was the next best thing really. He would still be in constant contact with his fishing brethren and could remain "on the water." That's what he loves. He'd been doing it for over 35 years and couldn't imagine not being involved somehow. Sadly, due to some perceiving his position at the Harbor Masters office as a "conflict of interest" with his ownership and operation of F/V Blue Skies, he felt he had to let it go and so he sold his business and ended his fishing career. It was disheartening for me; I had so many wonderful memories on the boat. But if my parents taught me anything, it's that we are far more resilient than we often give ourselves credit for.

Today, dad works fulltime as the Senior Assistant Harbor Master. As I write this I can't help but think of all those years gone by; all the hope we had for our fishing community. The fleet has dwindled to only a handful of boats now but at least those fishermen will carry on the livelihood. They keep that tradition alive and for many, for me, it's a sense of nostalgia. I won't forget what my father did because he did it all out of love; love for his family that he wanted nothing more than to provide for. It was love for the open water; where his spirit felt free. You can still find him out on the pier, eyes to the horizon and a slight grin on his face. You can still see his love for the ocean and I will carry it in my heart too. 



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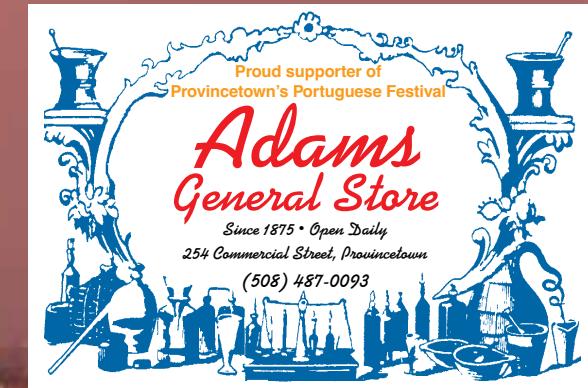


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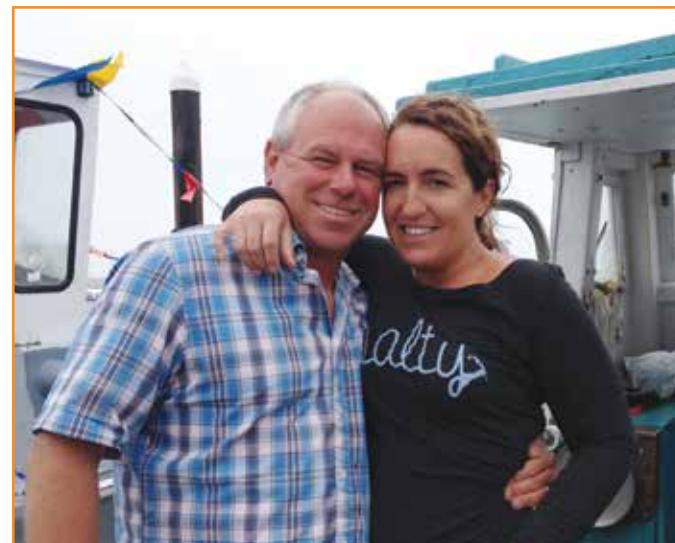
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"Come home smelling like money."

BY COURTNEY HURST



Frank Travers and Courtney Hurst on board "Three Reasons"

Growing up in Provincetown, the fishing industry was like a wind through every day, whether it was your family business or your school mascot. It was the keelson of the community. Provincetown has changed from decade to decade – some for the good and some for the bad, depending on who you talk to – but through those changes, the fishing industry is still ever-present for those who are fortunate enough to live in Provincetown. And while much of the fishing industry has changed, much remains the same.

In 2004, I interviewed my grandmother, Alice Joseph, for this Blessing book. Towards the end of that interview, my grandfather, Anthony (or, "Vovo" as his grandchildren call him), a lifelong fisherman who had stopped fishing years earlier due to his age, joined us. That afternoon, I learned that my grandparents were instrumental in the first Blessing of the Fleet in Provincetown. They were young and hungry (figuratively in some senses and literally in others) as they started to raise a family in Provincetown. They spoke of tradition and loyalty.

My grandmother shared what it was like to arrive in town in the summer of 1947 after graduating from Emmanuel College, fall in love with a local fisherman

and never leave. She reminded me of a catchphrase she'd say to Vovo as he left for fishing trips: "Come home smelling like money." The stench of fish was a welcome smell because it meant that it was a profitable trip – It was always best to come home smelling like money.

My grandfather spoke of "the old ways" of fishing and his usually stern-looking, weather-beaten face softened as he said, "We trusted each other, we were a brotherhood."

After the interview, for that year's Blessing of the Fleet, instead of simply heading out on the water at noon to get blessed and party with my friends, I joined my mother at church beforehand. The next year I marched from the church down the wharf, proudly carrying my grandparent's boat banner, the "Alice J."

Years later I would meet, fall in love with and marry a commercial fisherman, Frank, who was fishing in Provincetown the summer I met him. We would buy a commercial boat. On the Blessing, he'd march down the aisle of St. Peter's and then we'd march in the parade with our own banner and family, standing in line with the "Alice J." I went from a fisherman's granddaughter to a fisherman's wife, which would heighten my understanding of what it means to be a

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fishing family and would increase my appreciation for its traditions. I'd start to see how much had changed since my grandparents' day, but I'd come to the ultimate conclusion that much has stayed the same. Our generation might answer questions slightly different than the ones before us, but the core of each answer remains the same.

"When will you be home?"

As children, we spent many afternoons with Nana Alice, baking cookies, learning to sew and watching soap operas. However, we knew the fun would come to an end when Vovo got home from his fishing trip – He'd need to sleep and we'd need to scram so he could rest. We'd stay until the very last minute, though we didn't know when that minute would come; we never knew for certain when he'd be home. Sure, Nana would tune into the ship-to-shore radio and have a sense of when he was coming around Long Point, but who knew how long it'd take to unload, grab a beer at Cookie's Tap and then make his way home.

The lack of available, instant communication

meant also that my grandmother, and the many other fishing wives who came before her, had no idea if their husbands were safe. How many stormy nights did they wait by the radio, hoping to hear the voice of their husband to know that, for now, they're safe? How many trips up to the widow walk did they make as the hours passed without any word?

During Frank's first offshore trip when we first started dating, there were days when I didn't hear from him because he was out of service. It was unsettling. I thought often of my grandmother. For me, not being able to contact Frank for days on end was the exception; for my grandmother, it was the rule.

What is the same, then and now, is that even though technology's instant access allows my generation of fishermen's wives to know where our husbands are, what weather is coming their way and what they're catching, we all still eagerly await the good news that the boat is tied up safely, and we breathe a sigh of relief each and every time that they make it home safe. And in those rare moments when technology fails us and we don't know if they're safe and on their way home,

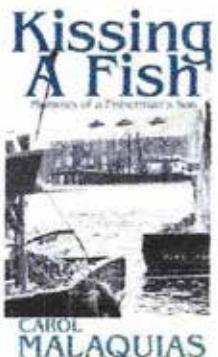


Frank Travers and his boat "Three Reasons"

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FLORENCE AND HOWARD BURCH...



ON THE BACK IN MY MOTHER'S HANDWRITING
IT SAYS, "**SO MUCH IN LOVE**"

PHOTO: NANCY BURCH SILVA

just like the generation before us, we're praying. Our demographic has changed a bit, so we might not be doing a traditional rosary like my grandmother and other fishermen's wives did back in the day, but we're certainly praying.

"Where were you?"

Early on in our relationship, Vovo offered to show Frank his logbooks. Of course, it was paper notebooks with years and years of penciled notes on latitudes, longitudes and the species in each. Before radar and plotting technology, a fisherman's handwritten log was invaluable as an ever-changing guide of which spots to avoid and which ones to pursue. Today, the logbook is just as valuable but it includes computer data and/or machine printouts alongside those handwritten notes. Also, in Vovo's day the points of reference would be mostly local. Today, due to stricter regulations, the fleet is forced to be more adaptable and even more mobile, chasing catch from Cape Cod Bay down to Maryland, among other ports.

What hasn't changed is that, ultimately, the boat always comes home to rest in Provincetown Harbor. What hasn't changed also is that, someday, Frank will gladly share his books with the next generation. Sure, it won't be as valuable then as it is now given the aforementioned ever-changing nature of nature, but the tradition and symbolism of one fisherman passing his logbook to the next generation is certainly invaluable.

"Who were you with?"

Back in the day, fishermen were likely standing on the decks next to a brother, or a cousin or, even if you weren't related by blood, you were related because Portuguese blood ran through most veins. Today, the fleet may not be entirely linked by blood or national heritage, and many weren't born into it; but it is comprised of seafarers who have chosen this way of life, in this harbor. Despite how difficult regulations, quotas and the size of fish nets have made it, they are still trying to raise families on whatever they can catch, and supporting each other when times becomes difficult.

Even if most have no blood relation (though some do), they're still the brotherhood that Vovo had reverently mentioned during that interview all those years ago. Early on in my relationship with Frank, I could

see that if a fellow fisherman needed Frank, he'd drop everything to be there. Every. Single. Time.

At first it was challenging to adjust to, but over time I saw that it's woven into the fabric of his being; and I saw that when we needed the fleet, the fleet was there for us. Boats break, equipment fails, fish change direction, lobsters show up with soft shells – In some ways, each new day brings new heartache to some aspect of the fleet – you just don't know what each tide will bring – but you do know that, in calm or rough seas, you can count on each other.

They believe in tradition like their forefathers did, so they celebrate The Blessing of the Fleet. Sure, there may have been more boats in the water 50 years ago, but the newer, smaller fleet is still out there on the last Sunday in June, honoring the tradition, appreciating the blessing for a safe and profitable season, and passing on the legacy to the younger generations, from teens to babies.

This year, we lost Eddie Ritter. As we've done as a community for decades, we gathered to mourn the loss. As the booze and stories started flowing, there was a common theme within them. Most stories started with, "This one time, he was helping me out..." or "It was a storm, we were bailing so-and-so out..." His service gathered a cross-section of Provincetown's community and many spoke of how inspired they were by his simple life by the sea, with all its ebbs and flows. Taking in the room, seeing who was there, hearing the stories of Provincetown and the fishing industry's past, and feeling the spirit of the town, it was clear that, no matter how the town has changed, the fishing industry is still the keelson of the community. And it's clear by the stories that were told, that they all still have each other's back; they're still a Brotherhood.

* * *

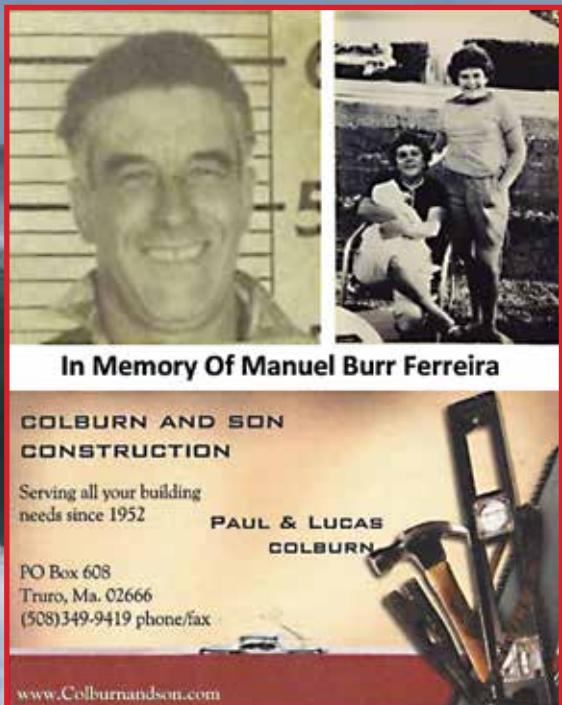
As Frank leaves the house each morning, it might be to head to different plots on a technology-based map to catch different quotas of fish than Vovo did, but most of the other morning routine will mirror my Vovo's generation: He'll head to the same wharf Vovo headed to each morning, to meet his crew, ice up, throw off the bow and stern lines and head out. And as he leaves in the wee hours of the morning, I'll still say, "Be safe. And come home smelling like money."



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CAMPGROUND MAP

THE ROLE OF FAMILY IN THE COMMERCIAL FISHERY OF PROVINCETOWN

BY CAPTAIN CHRIS KING

The Provincetown fishing fleet, past and present, has relied heavily on family in order to provide the knowledge and support needed to sustain a viable industry in this small fishing village. The fleet, which a generation ago boasted almost 100 year round and seasonal boats involved in ground fishing, scalloping, lobstering and more, has been reduced in the last 20 years or so to a few dozen boats. This fishery produces seafood that is in high demand in our local tourist economy. Provincetown fishermen concentrate most of their efforts today on lobsters and scallops, which are readily available during the peak tourist season on Cape Cod and New England. This gradual adaptation from a fishery that produced primarily high volumes of finfish year round to a niche market that produces a lower volume, higher priced market for the regional tourism economy has had a devastating effect on the local fishing industry.

On the Provincetown waterfront, most fishing operations include fathers, sons and other family members who have maintained the business that has carried on through the generations. In order to make ends meet wives have tended the books and frequently jump on the boats when needed. Grandfathers often lend a helping hand and provide valuable advice from their years on the sea and what they had learned from their predecessors. All these people have been the key components to a sustainable and prosperous small boat fishing industry in Provincetown and elsewhere.

The Provincetown Fishing Fleet does have a future in this proud coastal community and its success relies heavily on the continued support of family and the "fishing culture" that is ingrained in the fabric of life here. ☺



Provincetown Fishing Family
(l-r) Jared King, Capt. Willis King and Capt. Chris King

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LOBSTERING ON THE RAIDER III WITH CAPTAIN BILLY SOUZA

BY CHERYL SOUZA

Captain Billy Souza's grandfather was Frank P. Souza who sailed on the Schooner Mary C. Santos, was a trap fisherman and went lobstering. Billy's dad, William H. Souza senior, owned the Raider II with Irving Roderick. They did long line fishing and, with a skiff, fished for mackerel and lobsters. Billy went dragging and long lining with his dad on the Raider II and Billy also went scalloping. After the Raider II sank, Billy and his dad bought the Raider III, the boat we use for lobstering today. Our son, Jeffery J. Souza, is the fourth generation of Souza lobstermen on his boat, Crash.

Do you wonder how that delicious lobster dinner you get at a restaurant or is served at your own table, gets there? Let me give you some behind the scenes information.

First, every lobsterman or woman has to get a lobster permit from the State or Federal Government. The permit shows what area you lobster in, the color of your buoys, how many traps you are allowed to have (we have 700), and your permit number.

Next step is the boat and traps. Every lobsterman or woman builds or buys their traps to their specific

preferences. We use wooden four foot half round, wire A frames and square wire traps.

Billy builds his own traps. In the past our wooden half rounds were all made of oak. Since oak has gotten harder to get, we now use recyclable plastic for the bows and oak for the runners, cross members and laths. Wire for the gates and tarred twine for the ends. In the past we knit the heads by hand while watching T.V., but now Billy cuts out the entry and parlor heads with trap wrap. He has made jigs he uses to build the traps. He also puts something in each trap to hold the bait bag and makes escape vents to allow smaller lobsters to go free.

Once the traps are built, you have to put weight in them so they will stay on the bottom of the ocean. In the past we have used bricks and concrete. We used an old fuel tank cut in half to bring to Orleans and buy the concrete. You would need one person mixing it all the time so it would not harden on you. We now buy bags of concrete which we mix with water in a cement mixer. Once the concrete is ready, Billy will pour it into a wheelbarrow and I will fill six cans with concrete for the wooden half round. We

put two cans in the kitchen (where the lobsters enter the trap) and four in the parlor (where the lobsters are trapped). The wire traps have three bricks in them so we only have to put concrete in the entry head. Now that we are getting older, we use knee pads to put the concrete in the traps, since we are on our knees. We usually start about 8:00 A.M. and get done around 2:00 P.M. (That is for about 50 traps). The traps will weigh around 100 pounds each.

Once the concrete is dry, Billy puts sinking and floating line and a buoy on each trap. He has previously cut the lines and spliced them together. He has painted the



Capt. Billy Souza pulling lobster traps

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buoys with our color, white with a red stripe. We use Styrofoam buoys now. There are two different shapes – one is a torpedo and the other is an acorn. We now use only the acorn buoys. We used to have to burn the permit number on the buoys and on the cross members in traps, but now we have to buy trap tags and we paint our number on the buoys with a special paint pen.

Now that you have your new traps ready to go, you have to go through your old traps before they go into the water. Usually laths on the bottom and ends need replacing, as well as wire gates and sides where the lobsters have tried to get out, or the ends where the twine has been chewed. I think the worst thing is to fix is the half round plastic that has

cracked. You have to reinforce it with a half round piece of wood, which is screwed into it. If wooden cross members are rotted out, the trap is discarded.

Our boat comes out of the water around mid November and we pressure wash the bottom as soon as it comes home to take the seaweed and barnacles





FLYER AND IRENE TOGETHER AGAIN
The Santos Family



Ronald Malaquias



Kay, You are forever in my heart -- Carol Nickerson



In Memory of Linda Carol Silva
7.27.1949-9/12.1996



Nancy & John Dustin, Janine Aidan & Riley



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IN MEMORY OF
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off. Billy then works on the boat, fixing anything that was not quite working right during the season. I usually paint the bottom of the boat before it goes back in the water. We have the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary come and inspect the boat before we go in the water to be sure all of our safety equipment is updated.

We then have to start our bait trailer and buy bait. We used to use skates, which had to be salted. Now we don't have any boats in our fleet that catch skates, so we have to buy fish skins and put in bait bags in the bait trailer.

Lobster season is closed February 1 to May 1 due to the whale regulations. On May 1 we are then able to set traps again. You stack your traps on a trailer and lower them down to your boat. We then steam (drive) an hour and half to the backside (Outer Cape area) and bait the traps and throw them over. The

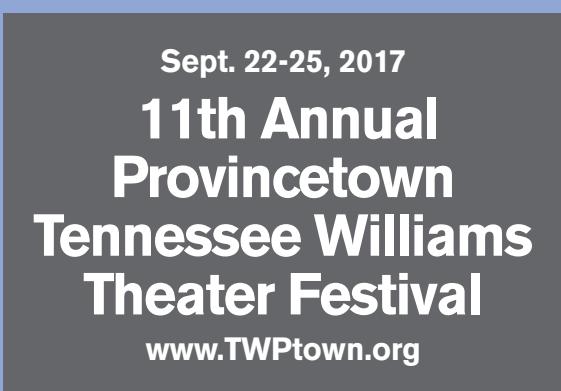
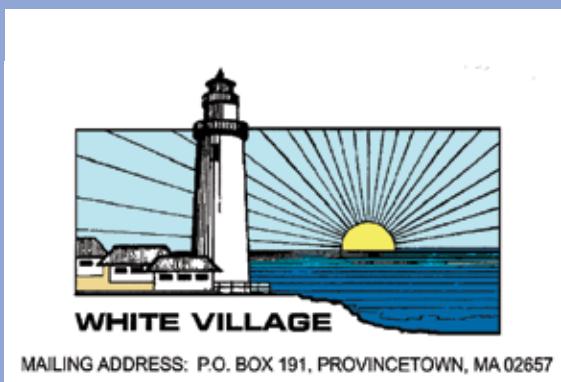
traps are set at different depths (45', 60', 75', 90'). We fish single traps, which means one trap, one buoy. It takes about a month to get all of the traps out. The season has now started.

Billy lobsters alone with no stern man. He goes out every day, hauling around 100 traps. Basically the traps soak (fish) for one week and then are hauled. He leaves the pier around 4:00 A.M. and usually is back around 2:00 P.M. No, Billy's day is still not done. He brings the lobsters home and we weigh them. It is my job to sell them. Billy then has to go and get his bait bags ready for the next day so if he is lucky, maybe by 5:00 P.M. he is done. There are always little things that have to be done on the boat when he gets in.

I hope this gives you an idea of what is involved with the delicious lobster meal that you have. ENJOY!! ☺



Capt. Bill Souza Sr. and Irving Roderick pulling pots old style



Sarah with her father Beau Gribbin

I Am From Rubber Boots

By Sarah Gribbin

I am from rubber boots, from grundens oil gear and baseball hats.

I am from the salty air, and coarse sand on your feet.

I am from the rolling waves, the beach grass covered shores.

I am from the Blessing of the Fleet and Laughter, from Tio and Tia', the Gribbins and the Tashas.

I am from the beach walks and beach rides.

From "Be kind" and "Don't forget".

I am from humble backgrounds, and faith in mother nature.

I'm from Portugal to Malasadas and ameijoas a bulhao pato.

From the Fishing vessel Celtic in Alaska, where my father explored his love for the water, the words "Don't Forget" on that vessel, that are now permanently written on my arm, meaning don't forget where you came from, and the old T-Shirts representing Bo-Co construction.

I am from the old photo albums of each boat, to each year of my life.

The scallop shells from each tow, and the sea glass from each walk.

The years of sailing, and the oceans around me.



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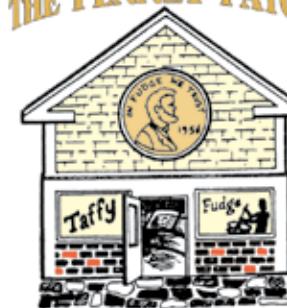
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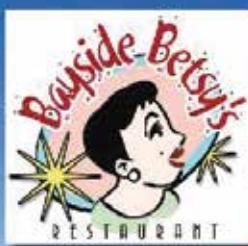
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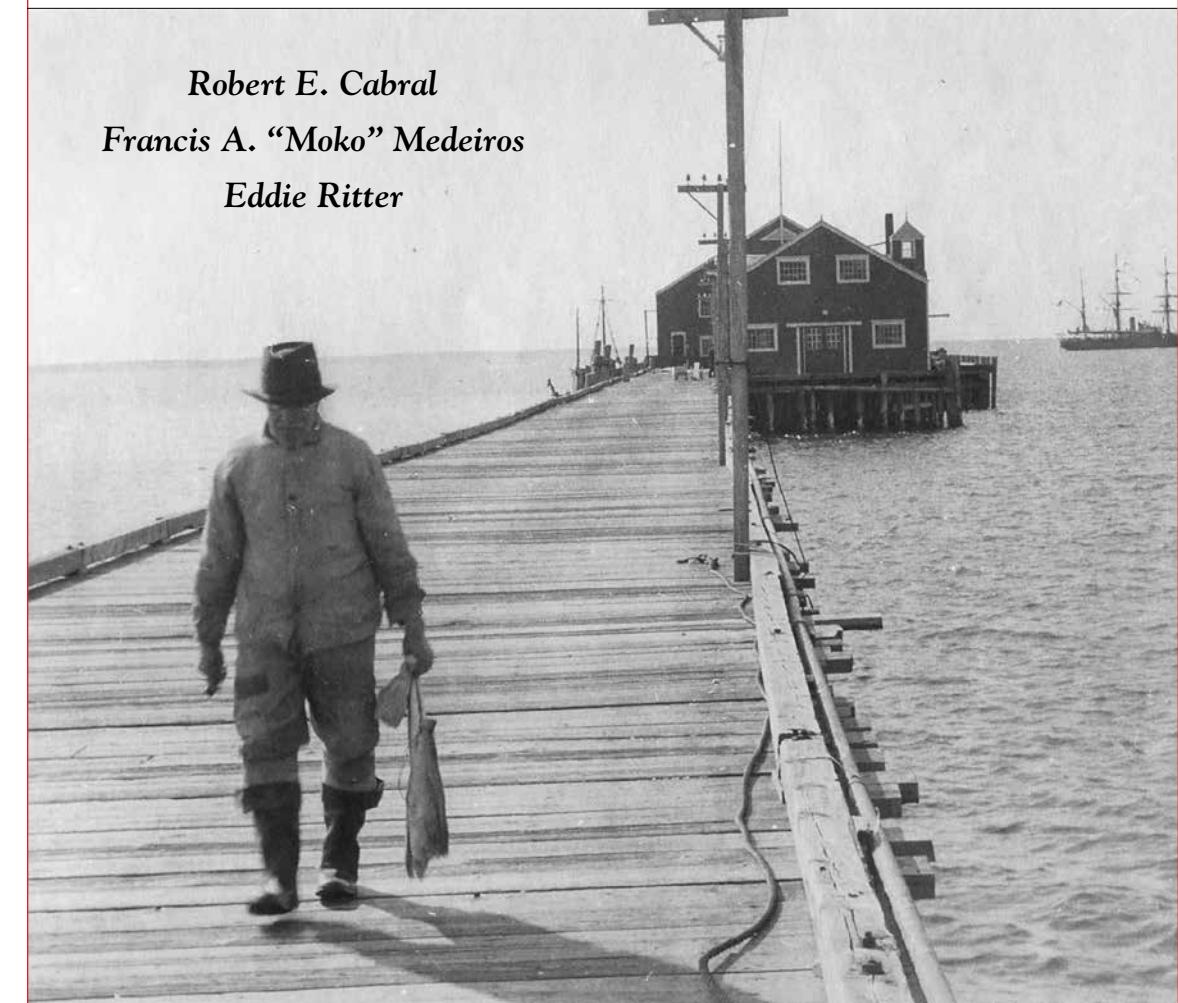
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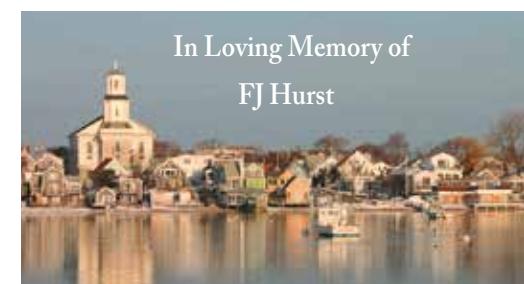
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The Luso-American Development Foundation was created in 1985 by decree of the Portuguese government to establish a private, not-for-profit institution that promotes relations between Portugal and the United States in a permanent, flexible and independent 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 D 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.



**Boas
Festas!**



Photo Sue Harrison

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