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The sea that calls all things unto her calls me,
and I must embark.
For to stay, though the hours burn in the night,
is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mold.
Fain would I take with me all that is here.
But how shall I?
A voice cannot carry the tongue and the lips
that gave it wings.
Alone must it seek the ether.
And alone and without his nest
shall the eagle fly across the sun.

—KAHIL GIBRAN

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June 1998

Welcome to Festival "99"! This year's theme for the Festival is "Families." We've tried to put together four days of activities that the whole family will enjoy. So, whether it's the fishing derby, kids' games, face painting or the return of Lalia Madriguera doing "Flash Bam Ala Kazam," please check the schedule of events and join us at part or all of Festival "99." This year most all of the activities will be in the Ryder Street and Bass Relief area.



Frank Gaspar



Norman Mailer

One of last year's most popular events was the reading by Frank Gaspar. Not only has Frank, again, agreed to make the long trip from California, but Norman Mailer has agreed to join him for a reading inside Town Hall. Don't miss this one!

Our celebration of our Portuguese Heritage is for all to enjoy. Each and every event is open to the public as well as families and friends. I hope Festival "99" is great fun for you and your family. Please remember to have fun and respect the town and its many residents who make this festival possible.

Warmest regards,

Mark Silva, *Chairman*

Pode aconselar-me um bom restaurante?...Can you recommend a good restaurant?

One Portuguese family's hundred years in Provincetown

By Sue Harrison

At 78, James P. "Jimmy" Souza still lives in the house where he was born on Pleasant Street. He is a compact, deeply tanned man with a ready smile. His wife Barbara (Messer) is fairer, trim with salt and pepper hair and both seem at least 15 years younger than the calendar says they are. They exhibit a kindness of spirit paired with more than a little bit of the quick witted, sharp humor often found in lifelong residents.

As one of five children born to immigrants from the Azores, Souza is a gold mine of information about the changes this town and the Portuguese community have been through in the past eight decades.



James "Jimmy" Souza and his wife Barbara (Messer) Souza on their wedding day.

But this story begins with his parents on a boat bound for America at the turn of the century.

Jose DeSouza Palheiro was a fisherman from Ponta Sao Miguel in the Azores. He had traveled across the Atlantic fishing with the Portuguese Grand Bankers, and decided to make this far away place his home. Among the dozens of immigrants traveling with him on that voyage was an Azorean woman, Maria Carreiro. They met on board ship, fell in love and later married.

When talking about how and where his parents met, Souza jokingly refers to it as the "love boat" and recalls that many young Portuguese men and women found their lifetime mate on board those ships.

But Maria didn't become Maria Palheiro, she wound up a Souza when Jose, like so many others who passed through ports of entry, had his name shortened by officials to the part they could most easily pronounce.

Jose and Maria moved to Provincetown where they both had cousins and where the busy fishing boats always needed experienced crewmen. As he had done in the Azores, Jose fished.

"He went out on the hand-liners, what we used to call the gasoline

dories, 26 footers," Souza says. "Then he went on the schooners. When the schooners left, when there were no more schooners, he went back trawling again, you know, hand-lines."

Jose stayed with the fleet most of his life but finally came ashore to work in the cold storage plants. He was a big, imposing man with hands so large that no store bought ring would fit him and he never shied away from hard work or rough conditions.

His wife Maria, a petite woman, tended the household garden and raised the couple's five children, James, Manuel, Wilhemina "Willa," Joe and Mary.

"Of course the women in those days stayed at home," Souza remembers. "You mend the clothes, you did the cooking and the nose cleaning. But there were a lot of early widows whose husbands were lost at sea. They went out and worked, like at the old Central House (now the Crown & Anchor), the Gifford House and the Pilgrim House as chambermaids or helping out in the kitchen."

Times were not easy in the first part of the 20th century but the families, many of them Portuguese, managed to get through with enough grace that those hard days are recalled almost idyllically.

"In the depression you had nothing," Souza says. Breakfast, he says was usually cocoa and crackers. "What we were going to have for lunch, nobody knew. But when you got home, there was always something on the table, always something there. You know what saved Provincetown during those depression years? The fish those folks were catching. You could go down (to the wharves) and get all you want. And there were all the clams you'd want to dig all along the beaches everywhere, beautiful clams."

Souza remembers the seasons of his youth.

In summer, the boys gathered sea worms from the beach and fished for flounder. They dove for change that visitors would toss in for them, collecting cheeks-full before surfacing to spit the bounty into a boat they kept anchored nearby. They dug clams and cooked them in empty paint cans and turned neighborhood forests into Tarzan's jungle complete with ropes for swinging from tree to tree.

Souza and his friends went barefoot in the summer to save their shoes for the winter when they were really needed. Oh sure, he says, there were some kids, sons and daughters of the town's shopkeepers, who had sneakers for the summer but they were the exception.

Baseball was another popular pastime. Every cold storage plant had a big sand lot where they mended nets and retarred them before draping them on nearby blueberry bushes to dry. Those lots turned into instant

baseball diamonds when the day's mending was done.

The kids hunted, mostly rabbits, and trekked all over what is now the Cape Cod National Seashore.

"I don't believe there's any place between Herring Cove and the Provincetown Landing that these feet haven't been," Souza says.

Once he found a series a 50 gallon drums buried in the side of a dune abutting Shank Painter Pond. The drums, he figured out, were being used by rumrunners to hide their illegal hooch after bringing it ashore under cover of darkness.

Winter brought different pleasures.

Commercial Street was two-way when he was a boy but that wasn't really a problem since so few people had cars and the cars were smaller. During the winter, nearly everyone put their cars up on blocks, bringing them back out in the spring.

That's a good thing considering that the kids had their regular sledging routes that took them flying across Commercial Street. They would start from the top of the Monument hill and careen down Gosnold



Five generations of the Souza family. James, Barbara and Barbara's mother (seated), their daughter Cynthia Days and her husband (far right standing), their son Allan and his wife (far left standing), and Allan and Cynthia's children and grandchildren.

É muito amável... You're very kind.



Jose DeSouza Palheiro and his wife, Maria (Carreiro) Palheiro in their house on Pleasant Street.

Street, across Bradford Street and then across Commercial, only stopping when they hit the beach.

But the sledding wasn't just for the kids. Barbara says that after they married, they would join four or five other couples and go sledding by moonlight. "The kids had the day but we had the night," she says, conjuring up the image of handsome men and pretty women flying down snow covered hills while the children and commerce of the town slept.

Movies were a year-round treat at 10 cents. The first movies Souza recalls were silent films with a woman playing the piano to accompany the flickering images.

And there was always the free entertainment of house parties and twice yearly dances in Town Hall.

"All winter long there was a party in somebody's house", he says. "All the Portuguese people, they never had nothing, never had much, but they always came up with something. My uncles would come over here, my aunts would move the furniture into the living room and roll up the rugs. My uncle would play the guitar and they'd have a big dance. Next week it would be somebody else's house."

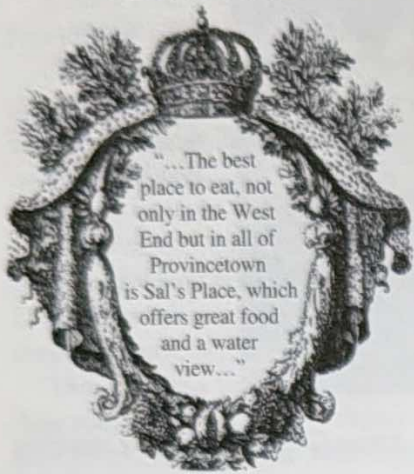
At the Town Hall dances, there would be American style waltzes and foxtrots upstairs in the auditorium and Portuguese traditional dances put together by the St. Michael's and St. Joseph's Portuguese social clubs downstairs in the Caucus Hall. The kids would run back and forth, not forgetting to make side trips to the basement for ice cream and cake. "

It will surprise some to learn that in the earlier part of the century seals were not thought of with the same regard they are now. Not only

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were they not protected, they were actively hunted to prevent them from cutting into the fishermen's livelihood.

"They used to seine for mackerel before the seals came and ate all the fish," he says. "In those days we had a bounty on them, \$5 a nose, in the '30s."

The boys would kill a seal, cut off its nose and take it to the town treasurer who would pay out \$5 after inspecting it. Usually, the treasurer didn't want the smelly nose around Town Hall so he'd ask the boys to get rid of it. They took it away and a different boy brought it back later and got paid all over again.

Back in those days the town boasted numerous wharves and cold storage plants on its waterfront for processing fish. He says there were seven and names them.

There was Puritan where Flyer's Boatyard is, one at what is now the West End parking lot, another at the site of the Coast Guard station. That one, Cape Cod Cold Storage, had a pier as long as the current one recently constructed by the Coast Guard. The Colonial sat where Pennsylvania Company is located and Fisherman's took up what is now Bubala's. Today's Johnson Street parking lot had a plant then and there was one at the private lot near Pearl Street. Consolidated, in the East End, survives as the Ice House condominiums today.

"Everyone one of them had at least two trap boats and a pier," Souza says. In addition to those piers, there were many others including Railroad Wharf (today's MacMillan Pier) which boasted two fish packing plants of its own. Fish left town by the barrel full.

The town had two Chinese restaurants and little neighborhood stores sprinkled the length of Commercial Street selling penny candy and notions. The blocks from Spiritus Pizza down the Post Office held several auto sales and repairs shops and wooden sidewalks still stretched out on either end of town.

Like his father before him, when Souza grew up, he fished. Soon after he married, he started on the Papa Joe with Capt. John Corea. He later fished the Shirley and Roland with Louis Salvador, the Liberty II with Manny Macara Sr., and finally on the Liberty Belle with Henry Passion. In later years he worked construction and did his stint in the cold storage business.

The only time he left Provincetown was during WWII when he served with the Corsairs, a Coast Guard group that went up and down the coast looking for submarines in private sailboats commandeered for the war effort.

Souza and his wife raised two children in the snug Pleasant Street

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house and those children, son Allan and daughter Cynthia, each married and had children of their own. Allan had two girls and two boys and he now has three grandchildren. Cynthia, who married into the Days family, had two sons. Counting Souza's parents, five generations have run in and out of the pine paneled kitchen that was always the natural center for family gatherings.

Talking about his brothers and sisters, Souza says his sister Mary, now deceased, was a well known figure in her day.

"My sister, everybody knew her," he says. "She had a little restaurant there on her property (at the corner of Nickerson and Bradford streets). They used to call it Mary Spaghetti's and it was some of the best food in town." Mary was famous for her kale soup, special burgers and her no-nonsense attitude with the late night revelers.

"It stayed open 'til the wee hours of the morning," he says. "When the bars closed everybody went up there for a snack. At two, three, four o'clock in the morning, she was open."

"She was tough, boy," Souza says. "She took no baloney from nobody. It didn't matter how big or how tough, she grabbed them and boom, right out the door if they gave her any trouble."

Souza's brother Joe still lives in town. He too fished and worked the cold storage before settling down to a job in the town's public works department. He is now retired.

His brother Manuel is also deceased. His sister Willa married and moved to Connecticut.

A lot of natives, children of the Portuguese have left, falling prey to changing times, a diminished fishing fleet and the gentrification of the town.

"I was born here and I might finish out here, who the hell knows, if we don't get squeezed out," Souza says.

In the end you could say it's not so much the costumes, the language, the dances or even the generations-old fishing tradition that defines the Portuguese community of Provincetown. Instead, it's values that they share with many other immigrant populations. It's love of family and fun, of making do and having a darn good time doing it. It's a willingness to work and carry one's own weight. It's an indefinable something that is fading away not just here but across the land.

"Nobody was in a hurry," Souza says of the Provincetown he grew up in. "Everybody you met in the street you had time to say, 'Hello, how are you,' stop and talk a little. Now, everybody's in a big hurry, a big rush and it's 'Catch you later.' Those days are gone, gone but not forgotten. You can't forget them, you had too much fun. ■

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Grace Gouveia Collinson

By Mary-Jo Avellar

The death at year's end of Grace Gouveia Collinson brought to a close one of the most remarkable stories in the history of Provincetown. Grace was 89 when she died and her story, like those of so many other immigrants to Provincetown's shores, is not only remarkable, it is a story of the power of the human spirit to succeed in a time when opportunities for women, especially the foreign born, were few and far between.

An immigrant girl of seven in 1916 when she came to the United States from Olhão, in the Portuguese Algarve, Grace's intellect was extraordinary. She not only learned to speak English with alacrity, she learned other languages as well. She was twice double promoted in school, graduating with highest honors from Provincetown High School. Grace went on to earn two degrees, also with highest honors, from American International College in Springfield and Mount Holyoke.

In her obituary it was reported that Grace, raised a Roman Catholic, was excommunicated by the infamous Father Terra, pastor at St. Peter's, because she dared to teach women about birth control. Can you imagine, in that day and age in heavily Catholic Provincetown, talking about birth control? This must have been during the 1930's and 1940's. What courage it must have taken to even utter the words birth control.

Grace had courage in spades.

Rachel White, who knew her well, said Grace was distressed about her excommunication, but persevered in promoting birth control because she thought there were too many uncared for children in the world.

Grace's love of children brought her back to Provincetown after college where she taught fifth and sixth grade at the Governor Bradford School, today's Community Center building. By the time I reached fifth grade, the Governor Bradford School had closed and grades one through six were consolidated into the Veterans Memorial School.



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There were two fifth grades in those days (all of us baby boomers) and they were taught by Mrs. Roche, the principal's wife, and by Grace. I spent most of fifth grade in Florida that year, but when I was in Provincetown I was in Mrs. Roche's class.

What a difference between our classroom and Grace's. While ours was neat and orderly, almost barren, Grace's was a shambles. Aquariums, projects, plants, papers and children were scattered to the four corners with several projects taking place all at the same time. Mrs. Roche was prim and proper. Grace her total opposite.

This was the essential Grace. Appearances meant nothing to her. She must have driven the janitors, Jimmy Sants and Ray Zawalick, crazy. You could eat off the floors of the rooms at the Veterans Memorial School. But, not in Grace's classroom. That's for sure. It was a mess. Reaching her students, teaching them to learn, was what it was all about.



Grace understood not everyone can progress at the same rate or even had the same interests. She bent over backwards to make her classes exciting and interesting.

Grace's students were in for the experience of a life time. She packed more into one year than just about anyone else. While educators only talked about Montessori methods or Summerhill, Grace put those tenets into practice.

As a child, I found Grace intimidating. She was disorderly at a time when orderliness was a way of life in 1957. Her classroom was untidy and so was she. With an ever present cigarette dangling the kinds of long ashes I was never able to maintain when I did smoke, Grace's wardrobe looked like it had been put together in a wind tunnel. I always wondered how she could function in all that chaos or how anyone could learn anything for that matter.

Looking back and knowing Grace the way I did as an adult, I know I missed an incredible learning experience. What seemed to be chaos, was really a well ordered, well thought out approach to teaching.

Grace knew everything about everybody in town and her memory was very long. My husband recalled meeting Grace one day when his own father was dying of lung cancer. Grace asked how Pete was doing and what was wrong. She'd heard he was sick. When Duane said his father had a terminal case of lung cancer, Grace paused for a moment, looked him in the eye before she ambled off and said, "All the Steele's have bad lungs."

Sure enough, several years later when my sister-in-law Bonnie prepared a family tree and booklet complete with birth and death certificates, Duane was shocked to

discover just how many of his family members had actually died from respiratory failure. It was then he remembered what Grace had said.

An activist all her life, Grace undertook, when most people were retiring, the cause of senior citizens. She founded the Council on Aging and was instrumental in acquiring the old Cape End Manor building for its headquarters. She was Provincetown's original 'Grey Panther' and campaigned tirelessly for the rights of the elderly, long after she'd earned the right to retire on her laurels

In the long colorful muu muu's she wore in her later years, Grace cajoled, pled and advocated endlessly for senior citizens much the same way she advocated for children when she was a teacher. In 1984, her devotion to Provincetown was rewarded when the old manor building was renamed the Grace Gouveia Building. Modest about her accomplishments, Grace couldn't believe a building would be named for her while she was still alive.

Grace had a flair for the dramatic, an unparalleled love of learning and willingness to take a chance when those around her hesitated. She was a personality and a character, but most of all she was a teacher and a friend to everyone who crossed her path. Her willingness to take people on and to share her knowledge and extraordinary intellect were gifts the community the likes of which Provincetown will never see again. ■



Grace Gouveia

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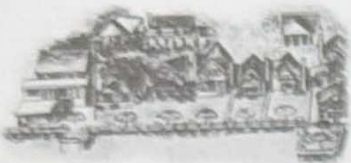
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Welcome to the Third Annual Provincetown Portuguese Festival June 24 ~ June 27, 1999

Opening Night Thursday, June 24

Swing Band Concert 7~11 pm with music by Stage Door Canteen, on the beautiful grounds of the Pilgrim Monument & Museum. Hors d'oeuvres, cash bar, dancing and raffle. Tables of 8 \$250. Lawn admission \$5.



Friday, June 25

Kids' Fishing Derby 10am~noon at Fishermen's Wharf.

Portuguese Soup Tasting and Entertainment 12~4 pm at the Bas Relief. Admission \$5.



Music, clowns, face painting and entertainment by Lalia Madriguera "Flash Bam Ala Kazam" 12~3 pm on Ryder Street.

Readings by Frank Gaspar and Norman Mailer 3~4 pm at the Town Hall. \$3.



Homecoming Clam Feed Dance 5~9 pm at the Bas Relief. Join in a community reunion of family and friends to celebrate Provincetown as a home town for all ~ past and present! Entertainment by the Provincetown Jug Band and Magic, Portuguese specialties, cash bar, auction and more. Admission \$15. The Fabulous Farquar 10 pm at The Surf Club. Tickets on sale at the Surf Club. Admission \$20.



Saturday, June 26

Kids' games, prizes and cookout 9 am~noon at Motta Field.

Food Court at Bas Relief and Bazaar on Ryder Street 10 am~5 pm. Enjoy Provincetown's fine Portuguese fare and distinctive art, jewelry, crafts and souvenirs.



Portuguese Dancers 2~4 pm on Ryder Street. Traditional dancers performed by professionals in colorful native costumes.



Festival '99 Parade begins at 5 pm at the Holiday Inn and travels down Commercial Street to the Provincetown Inn. A diversity of marching bands, wonderful floats and Portuguese dancers.



Block Dance 5 pm 'til midnight on Ryder Street featuring the Meadow Larks Big Band from 5~8 pm and the Berkshire Bateria Escola De Samba from 8~midnight. Great fun for everyone.



Sunday, June 27

Mass at 11 am at St. Peter's Church.

Procession starting at St. Peter's Church at noon, to Macmillan Wharf. 1 pm The 52nd Annual Blessing of the Fleet



In the event of rain, most events will be held in Provincetown Town Hall.

For more information, please contact the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce (508) 487-3424.



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Parade Route



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Holiday Inn



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Bas Relief



Surf Club Restaurant



Motta Field



Fishermen's Wharf



Ryder Street



St. Peter's Church



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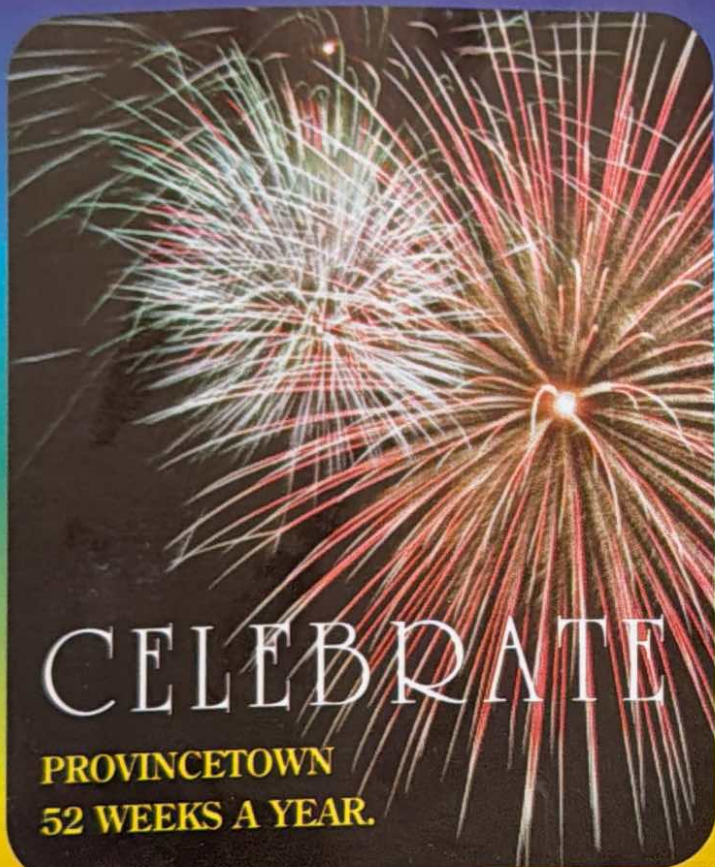
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Chronicle

by Frank Gaspar

Old Man Coelho, Years Back, at the V.F.W. Bar

We slipped our lines with the tide,
 never a moon, stifled the croak
 of the cars with rags and ran
 down the wind until it was safe
 to hoist sail. From there we knew
 we would need to beat back to windward,
 make for the harbor's mouth and slip
 to open sea. Three of us then, your ma's
 old man, Tony D. and myself, and I
 was just a kid then, stupid. We knew
 those sharpies from New Bedford
 would be hove-to in the swells
 off the narrow bars - we'd done it before,
 seen them up on the big decks with their pistols -
 and they scared us, believe it. But it always
 went off without a hitch. They'd lower
 the hooch in a cargo net, and your ma's old man
 would send up the money in a lobster basket,
 and we'd close-haul to windward home, catch the tide.
 All this before dawn. That one time
 we knew something was wrong, though,
 saw the black shadows of cars parked next
 to Tony D.'s fish truck down at Fiddler's wharf,
 and Tony D. says "Let me ashore down to East'd."
 I thought for a minute he'd lost his balls,
 but your ma's old man said, "Let him go."
 And then Tony says, "After you leave me off
 you take down the sail and drift awhile."
 We sat in the slough about a mile out
 and pretty soon we hear the sirens,
 and we look and there's the whole end
 of the Atlantic Fisheries wharf going
 up afire. We knew what to do then.



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First Landing Celebration fireworks sponsored by the Provincetown Banner. Photo by Vincent Guadagno

Queriam um quarto com vista para o mar ... I would like a room with a water view.

We come back in to the Fiddler's Wharf
while every man and boy in town was down
to Atlantic Fisheries. Tony D. met us
and we loaded up his old truck just
like we'd planned, and drove her right
up the Cape and did our business. "Tony,"
I said. "What the hell did you do?" He
never said a word. Never. Nothing.
That was the last trip your grandfather made,
and, me, too. Tony kept after it, though.
That's how he got the money for
The Coração de Jesus, his first trawler.
I never went on the water with him after that -
afraid of him, I suppose, though he
was a good captain by all accounts.
And you know all about how he went back to old country finally, where he
died
happy, a big house with servants,
a grave in the old soil near where he was born.
I'm worn out and good for nothing now - you can't
imagine me doing those things, nor Tony D., nor
your grandfather, dead all this time.
I did though, and I'm glad of it, too.
A lot of men lost their jobs from that fire -
those were hard times, and they never
built the wharf back - but
it doesn't seem like anything
to me now. It's like nothing in the world.
I'd do it again, too, just for
the feel of it when that wharf
went up, but I didn't know that
about me then. I didn't know
that Tony D. was the only one
among us had any sense at all.

Tem piscina, o hotel?...Does the hotel have a pool?

Francis "Flyer" Santos

By Mary-Jo Avellar

When the fate of the Provincetown Heritage Museum and its half-scale model of the famous sailing schooner Rose Dorothea came before voters at the 1999 Annual Town Meeting, no one was more concerned with the outcome than Francis "Flyer" Santos.

At the helm of the project from its inception, Flyer would no more remove the model from the Heritage Museum, as was being contemplated, than he would dismantle or scuttle one of his six children.

The scale model of the Rose Dorothea is, at 62 feet, the largest scale model of a sailing schooner in the world. She is a labor of love.

She is also not Flyer's first scale model of the Rose.

In 1936, he built a 20 foot replica for the town's Independence Day parade. What happened to that model is anybody's guess, but no one can deny, the Rose Dorothea is in Flyer's blood. His grandfather, a Portuguese whaler and schoonerman from São Miguel in the Azores, was a member of her crew when she won the Lipton Cup in 1907, seven years before Flyer was born.

Flyer grew up on the Rose Dorothea and he brought to her re-creation, not only the sure hand of the master shipbuilder but the intimate knowledge which only comes from having lived and breathed the Rose's proud place in Provincetown's maritime history.

Flyer began in 1976 rebuilding the Rose with an all volunteer crew in the sanctuary and auditorium of the Provincetown Heritage Museum, the former Methodist Church. No mean feat. The project took nearly 11 years to complete, but every detail is precise. Whenever possible, Flyer even used the same kinds of tools the original builders of the Rose Dorothea would have used.

David Dittachio, Provincetown's Marine Superintendent, worked with Flyer on the building of the Rose. Dittachio considers Flyer his second father.



"He's a taskmaster and we would have our blow outs. I would go away for a couple of days and come back refreshed and it was like I wasn't even gone," Dittachio said. "I just have the greatest respect for Flyer. Our working relationship worked into a friendship. I bought my first sailboat from Flyer. He and Irene taught Annie and me to play whist."

Flyer, Dittachio said, is also extremely determined. Once he makes up his mind, that's it, but he is also fair, reasonable and possessed with a strong sense of values. Old timers like Flyer are few and far between these days, Dittachio added.

Perfectionism and a strong sense of duty are hallmarks of Flyer the master ship builder and Flyer the man. He has never shirked responsibility, assuming when he was 11 years old, a major role supporting his family.

"I went to work at 11 and never stopped working," he said.

By the time he was 15, his younger brother, Jimmy Sants (their names are spelled differently) said Flyer was helping to support the family. It was the Depression and seven children to feed. Sants said his brother worked night and day.

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De manhã gosto de beber um galaó....In the morning I like to drink a cappuccino.

"I don't know of anybody who worked harder than my brother Flyer," Santos said. "if it hadn't been for him and my sister Madeline, we would have lost our home."

Flyer also worked as a barker on the old Railroad Wharf for a steamer. Twenty minutes later he went to his next job, selling salt water taffy in front of Patrick's Newsstand.

"I wouldn't work for pay," he said. "I worked on commission, based on what I could do. I also sold pond lilies."

When that job was finished, Flyer went to Furtado's Boat Yard. He rowed boats for tips and took boats to off shore moorings before they ran aground. He worked with Joe Andrews and George Adams, friends of his still today.

Flyer left Provincetown before the outbreak of World War II to build boats for the U.S. Navy at the world famous Herreshoff Boat Yard in Rhode Island.

"FDR needed us and I went to Herreshoff. They had built all those America's Cup defenders and I always wanted to work there," said Flyer. "When I came back, I tried to buy Furtado's place, where I had worked as a boy as a bookkeeper."

The property had housed a restaurant, The Square Deal, where Sal's is today. It was run by the Santos family.

"My mother made rootbeer, ground onions and cleaned lobsters," Flyer said. "You could get a big lobster roll and a home made rootbeer for a quarter."

Unfortunately, the sale never took place Flyer said because old man Furtado was "tapioca", a Provincetown euphemism for mental instability.

"He sold it to Nick the Greek, but I learned one thing," Flyer said. "Never build a business on someone else's property."

Flyer began building boats in front of his Commercial Street home. Business was booming following the war and Taves Boat Yard right up the street from Flyer's home was recruiting Coast Guardsmen.

"There was so much work," Flyer said. "Everything was in disrepair. Scows and trap boats and all the boats the fleet needed were a mess."

Ambitious and recognizing the need for another boat yard, Flyer purchased the former Atlantic Coast Fishery cold storage and opened his own boat yard. Today, it is operated by his son Francis John Santos.

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SILVA'S SEAFOOD CONNECTION

Joe Andrews, Flyer's childhood friend, worked for Flyer in those early days. Calling Flyer a fair and honest man, Andrews said Flyer did things the way they were supposed to be done.

"Whatever he did, he did right. He always knew what he was doing," Andrews added.

Flyer soon added a boat rental business to his growing empire. He employed young boys in much the same way he himself had worked as a youngster, taking people sailing and rowing them out to boats for tips.

Flyer's penchant for taking charge and doing things correctly carried him from the boat yard to Town Hall. He spent 10 years on the finance committee before running for selectman. He served five years, three as chairman. When Provincetown changed its form of government from a three man board to its current five member composition with a town manager, Flyer was there, steadying the ship of state.

"Of course, we went a couple of months without a town manager so I did the job myself," Flyer said. "My wife said I was a fool."

Flyer said the government practically ran itself in those days. Any consultants brought in worked for free, not like it is today, he is

quick to point out.

"What I learned, you can't buy for experience," he said.

Flyer was also selectman when MacMillan Pier was built and is critical of the recent decision to demolish the T-section.

"It's supposed to sway," he said.

Besides his family, Flyer loves to sail. Together with the late Lawrence Richmond, Flyer founded the West End Racing Club in order to pass this love on to younger generations. Children from eight to 14, need only know how to swim to participate in the club's programs. Thanks to Flyer's efforts, the club is fully staffed and has several Sunfish and a couple of larger boats where sailing skills are taught and perfected.

Although Flyer no longer goes out on the water the way he used to do, he still takes an active role in all aspects of the club. Last year, the club saw 165 children through the program.

Flyer's wife Irene also helps at the club. They have been married 59 years. They have six children, 10 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Irene said it was not love at first sight.

Of French Canadian descent, Irene, a hair dresser, had come to Provincetown from New Bedford to help someone out in their shop. She never left. She and Flyer were properly introduced by her landlords.

"We didn't go out for a long time," she said. "and then it took four years to finally get married."

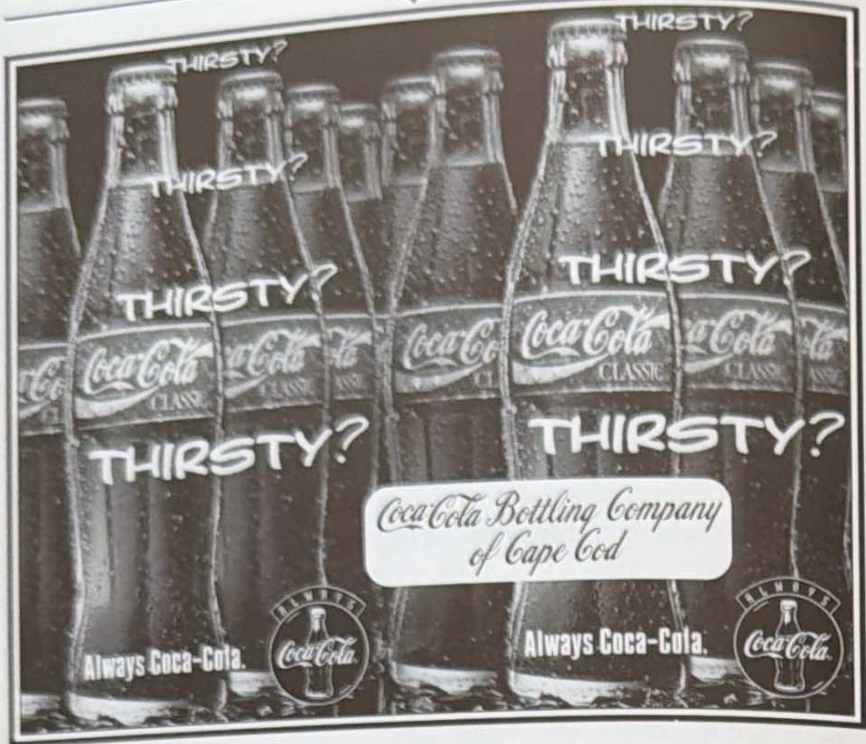
Jimmy Sants had high praise for his sister-in-law saying Irene keeps up with Flyer. She also keeps him on an even keel when he goes adrift.

Irene says she's not as calm as she looks.

"Flyer was ambitious. He wanted a boatyard, then a boat," she said. "I helped in the background. We have wonderful kids and a wonderful, long life."

Neither would change a minute of their life together, nor are they interested in leaving Provincetown. Provincetown is home and the Santos family is not leaving.

"I had a chance to sell my boatyard for a million dollars," Flyer said. "We've also been asked to sell this house, but we won't sell. It's not just a house. It's a home and four of our children were born here. If more people were like me, we wouldn't have the rape of this town." ■



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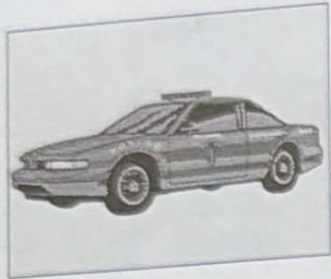
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É uma mulher...It's a woman.

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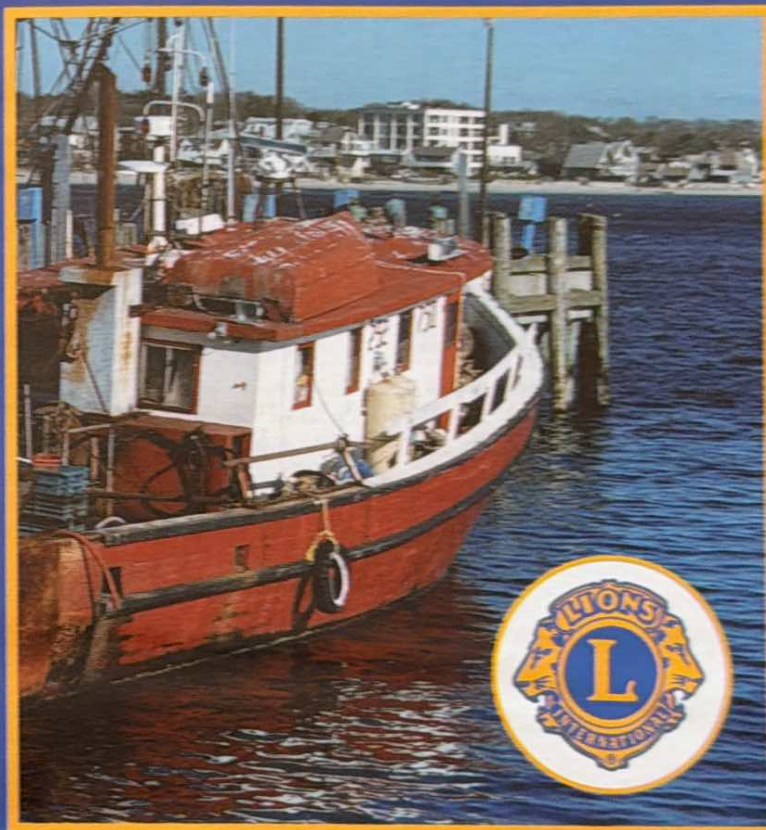


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The Pilgrim Monument & Museum

Located prominently above the town on High Pole Hill, the Pilgrim Monument has become the quintessential symbol of Provincetown.

The movement to build the Pilgrim Monument started long ago in 1892 when a group of spirited citizens from Cape Cod got together and formed the Mayflower Pilgrims in Provincetown. They called their organization the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association. This same organization still operates the Pilgrim Monument today. Incorporated on February 29, 1892, it is the oldest incorporated non-profit on Cape Cod. This group of early Cape Codders wanted no one to ever forget that it was here in Provincetown that the Pilgrims first landed and here they wrote the Mayflower Compact.

By 1907 the group had raised approximately \$92,000, enough to build a suitable memorial. President Theodore Roosevelt agreed to come and lay the cornerstone on August 20, 1907. Three years later on August 5, 1910, when the Pilgrim Monument was completed, President Howard Taft was present.

Today, this important historic landmark still stands as a tribute to the landing of the Mayflower Pilgrims in Provincetown on November 21, 1620.

The design of the Pilgrim Monument was copied from the tower of the Torre Del Mangia in Siena, Italy. The Monument is built wholly of granite from Stonington, Maine, which was delivered by ship to Railroad Wharf (now MacMillan Pier) and taken up High Pole Hill on a special railway. Each stone was hand cut and is the thickness of the wall. Even today it is hard to believe that this impressive structure was all built by hand. Ropes and pulleys were used to hoist stones into position and the foundation was dug by hand, the dirt removed by wheel barrow.

The tower is 252 feet 7-1/2 inches and rises approximately 353 feet above sea level. It is the tallest all-granite structure in the United States. It takes ten minutes to walk to the top. Visitors often report seeing the Boston skyline on clear days in the Fall.

The small building on the East side of the Monument is known as The Lodge and was built in 1910 to house a collection of historical artifacts owned by the Pilgrim Club of Brewster, one of the groups that provided the impetus for the erecton of the Monument. It was the first museum building on Cape Cod.

The Provincetown Museum, is a great way to learn about the Lower Cape and Pilgrim history. Exhibits in the Pilgrim Wing recount the life and death events that marked the Mayflower's first landing and the Pilgrims' tentative explorations in this new land. The Provincetown Museum also exhibits seafaring history, including arctic explorer Donald MacMillan, and the early days of Provincetown theater which involved famous playwright Eugene O'Neil and the Provincetown Players.

The Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum are open daily, April 1 to November 30, 9:00-5:00, during July and August hours are extended to 9:00-7:00. To ensure that visitors have time to view exhibits and climb the Pilgrim Monument, last admission is 45 minutes before closing.

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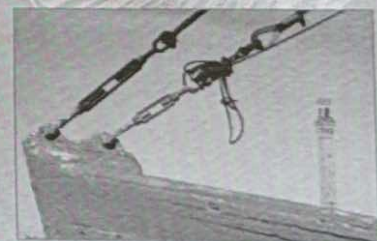
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