53rd Annual

Blessing of the Fleet

PROVINCETOWN

Provincetown Portuguese

Festival 2000

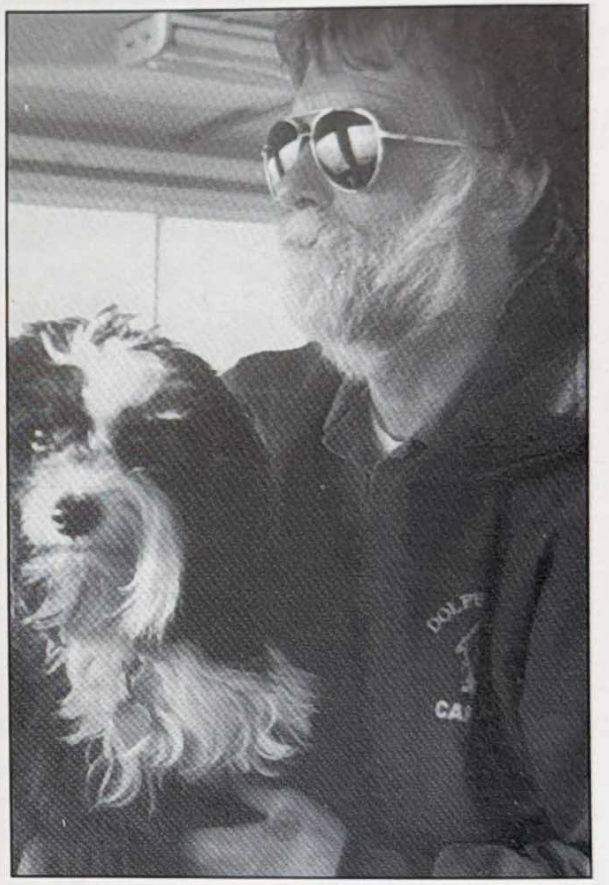
Portuguese Festival 2000
Remembering Aaron

By Mary-Jo Avellar

On February 2 of this year my cousin Aaron died.

Aaron was the son of my first cousin, Albert Avellar, Jr., (Al Junior to the family), former owner of the Schooner Hindu and founder of the Dolphin Fleet of whale watch vessels.

He had been ill with bladder cancer and our entire family anxiously followed his gallant battle. We had optimistically assumed, when he and his beloved wife Anna, son Chad and daughter-in-law Winnie took off to spend the winter in Puerto Rico, that he was healthy.



Aaron Avellar

In a family which has seen much too much death by cancer, it seems now we were all more than willing to assume Aaron would not have gone so far from Boston and his doctors had he not been on the mend. After all, his last report had been hopeful.

When my mother called with the horrifying news, the morning of February 2, that Aaron had taken a dramatic turn for the worse and was being flown to Boston by medical plane, all the enthusiasm and joy we experienced over

the winter, thinking he was in recovery, quickly evaporated.

As the all too short, but grim vigil then began, the gravity of the situation became clear. Phone calls and e-mail messages between anxious family members and friends commenced. Where was Anson, Aaron's other son? He hadn't spent the winter in Puerto Rico. Would Al Junior get to Boston from Florida in time? How were Anna, Chad and Winnie holding up? Was anyone in Boston with them? What about Pema, the beloved family dog? Who had her?

Several hours later, my sister Susan called. Aaron had died peacefully, with Anna at his side, at the ungodly age of 56. Another member of the Avellar family to succumb to some form of cancer.

Although Aaron was only two and one-half years older than I, I never knew him until adulthood. His parents had divorced when he was a little boy. His mother, Jane, remarried a man in the Air Force. Aaron lived all over the world, most especially in Spain where a newspaper photo once arrived of him in the *corrida*, or bull ring, holding a cape as an angry looking bull charged.

That photo was enough to elevate Aaron to romantic status in the eyes of his adoring and very large extended family. Although we only saw him briefly when he would come home to see his father, we paid close attention to his wanderings. We learned later from his oldest and dearest friend Michael Jerace of Truro that those days in Spain were happy days for Aaron.

Michael and Aaron met in Spain as high school students in Madrid. Their friendship spanned more than 40 years. The tales of their hijinks, especially in Spain, providing some of the levity at Aaron's memorial service. Mike recalled how they would pretend to be Spanish matadors-in-training, as a ruse to attract American and English girls outside the Prado Museum in Madrid.

As unlikely looking Spaniards as these two fair haired guys had to have been, the ruse probably worked very well. Speaking pidgin English with Spanish accents, and being awfully good looking to boot, Mike became El Rubio from Northern Spain and Aaron, a gypsy from the South.

Aaron and Michael's lives paralleled each other in many more ways as well. Both settled down into happy marriages and family life, Michael in Truro with Charlotte and Aaron in Provincetown with Anna. The two couples vacationed together, turned to each other in good times and bad and pursued happy and fulfilling careers, Michael as a contractor (who built Aaron and Anna's home) and Aaron with Al and the whale watch fleet.

Announcement

This year the
WEST END RACING CLUB
is celebrating its
50th ANNIVERSARY.
There will be a cocktail party on **Saturday, August 12th**. On **Sunday the 13th** there will be an all day reunion. Everyone who has ever participated in the sailing program and their friends are invited to come sail, share memories, and enjoy the barbecue. If you know someone who participated in the sailing program please let us know as soon as possible so we can send an invitation. For more information, please call Ann at 487-0518.

Que dia bonito!...What a beautiful day!

As the least sea worthy member of my seagoing family, I only knew the upbeat, social side of Aaron, not Aaron the captain of the Dolphin fleet. I knew the Aaron you saw on the street or at the Old Colony, a favorite haunt. His cheery "Hi, Cuz," wry smile and peck on the cheek always gave me a lift. I used to think, "Wow! Aaron had escaped the family temper."

He always was so level and so calm. It was a shock to discover at the memorial service that he was just like all the rest of us, only in better packaging.

Peggy Christian Robinson, who once worked as guide on the whale watch trips recalled how she would report to work, sometimes under the weather from a late night out, fervently pleading with the Almighty that Aaron would not be her captain that day. He was, apparently in the best tradition of his father and my father and all the other Avellar men who plied the seas for a living, a tough and unwavering task master. Aaron did things his way, which was the right way, and he brooked no opposition.

It was then I remembered then the summer I worked for Aaron's father and my father, who by then owned the Hindu. Aaron was away and I was 15. Daddy and Al Junior shared a booth in those days and I worked a couple of hours in the afternoon selling tickets. It was nearly the worst summer of my life. I was no salesperson and I dreaded their return. As much as I loved them, my fragile ego was no match for their iron wills and scathing criticism if I hadn't sold enough tickets for the next trip. The bottom line, of course, was you could *never* sell enough tickets to please the two of them.

What a surprise. I thought I knew my cousin but I really didn't. Aaron's mild persona hid the exacting and volatile Avellar temperament of Al and Daddy, at least when it came to business and all things nautical. I breathed a sigh of relief my interests led me elsewhere after that one fateful summer.

But as Peggy and Joe "Bones" Basine, a Dolphin fleet captain also recalled, it was pride in a job well done which motivated Aaron. His integrity, strength of character and unwavering sense of ethics and responsibility would allow him to do no less. In a world where built-in obsolescence and lowered standards are the norm, Aaron was the exception to the rule.

Farewell, dear Cuz. It doesn't seem fair that you are gone. You were a shining jewel in the crown of our family tree and we will never forget you.

Estou a morrer de fome! Vamos comer!...I'm starving! Let's eat!

Art Costa, king of the dunes

By *Sue Harrison*

Visitors heading into the center of town will pass the big Chevy Suburbans of Art's Dune Tours parked on the corner of Standish and Commercial streets. They may see Art's son Robert on the street or even Art himself checking out the cars though he's now retired after 54 years. What they won't see at a glance is the history that runs through the generations of the Costa family.

Patricia and Arthur Costa have been married for 38 years. Both Pat and Art were born on Standish Street, but she likes to point out, 20 years apart. His family was Costa and hers was deCosta. Both families were from Portugal with his parents, Antone and Anika Costa, immigrating here around 1910. Pat's parents, Priscilla Alexander and John deCosta, were born in Provincetown but her father's parents were also from Portugal.

Antone and Anika came to America from the Algarve region of Portugal shortly after the turn of the century. They brought their oldest son, Tony with them and settled in Provincetown. Over the next few years they had two more sons, John and Arthur. Antone fished and Tony

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

joined him. Art fished for a while but found he was more interested in shore jobs and started driving tourists out to see the dunes. First he worked for Dutra's Taxi, weaving his way through the tall dunes in a 1940 Ford Woody. But WWII interceded and he joined the Army Infantry. He saw service in the European theater and was wounded twice in Italy. Art came out of the Army with a Purple Heart and an Oak Leaf Cluster and headed home to start his own dune tour company.

"My first car was a 1936 Ford Woody and could that thing honk," Art says, remembering the days when there were no four-wheel drives and cars headed for the dunes made the trip with nothing more than underinflated, oversized tires. The side windows were covered with canvas curtains that rolled up to let the sea breeze in.

Art Costa

Pat's family were landlubbers, too. Her grandfather had drowned at sea and her father chose to stay ashore after that, working at the Harbor Lunch on the corner of Ryder and Commercial where the Penney Patch is now. When Pat was three, the family moved to Connecticut but came back every summer to stay with other family members.

By the time Pat was a young woman, Art was home from the war and had his own dune tour company going. Pat's cousin Lawrence worked for Art and he introduced them. At the end of the summer she invited Art to visit her in Connecticut, he did, they fell in love and married in 1962. In 1963, their first son Robert was born and in '65 their second son Shawn joined the family.

Art had always come home to run his dune tour business in the summers and in '68 the Costas came back full-time to take care of Antone and Anika.

Um que naõ seja muito caro?...One that is not too expensive?

Over the years Art made friends with all the dune shack owners and often did errands for them in town. He also ferried them back and forth if need be and for years delivered a daily paper to Harry Kemp, the Poet in the Dunes, at his shack. Kemp a notorious writer known as much for his theatrics as his verse repaid Art by writing a poem for him that has sadly since been misplaced.

Pat, who also drove for a number of years, says she had her own clientele. "I used to ask them, 'Do you want the Dukes of Hazzard ride?' and if they said yes, I'd go barreling along."

Art and Patricia Costa around the time they married.

Over the years Art and his dune taxis helped out with commercials and movies. IBM counted on him as did Jordache Jeans and the Mercury Sable. Art delivered a number of famous and infamous visitors to the dune shacks but one of his favorites remains Norman Mailer. Art drove for Mailer's film "Tough Guys Don't Dance" when it was in production here and both Art and Pat made friends with Steve McQueen when he and Faye Dunaway hit town to film a portion of the original "Thomas Crown Affair." McQueen brought his own personal red dune buggy with him and was found driving around the dunes as often as he was on the movie set. After the stars and crew left, Pat says she sent McQueen some of her coffee cake that he had liked so well. She got a typical McQueen

Robert Costa and nephew Christopher (facing camera) hit the dunes with friends.

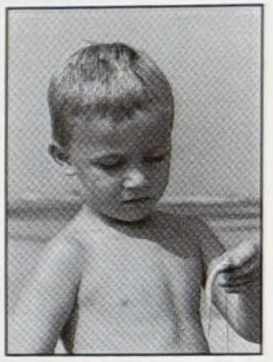
Muito obrigado!...Thank you very much!

Tony Costa, Art's older brother was legendary on the waterfront.

note back. "Thanks for the cakes. Good. Steve."

On a more romantic note, Art has lost count of the couples he drove into the dunes to be married. Often the location of choice was the sandbar in front of Conrad Malicoat's dune shack. The minister, witnesses and well wishers made a little convoy to the water's edge for a sparkling ceremony under the blue skies complete with the orchestral accompaniment of gulls and other shore birds.

Art recalls taking a lot of "names" out and says he once took sportscaster Curt Gowdy to the back shore to fish. Unfortunately, Gowdy's luck was non-existent but Art changed that by sending into town for a fish from the market that he somehow managed to sneak onto Gowdy's line.



Christopher Costa, fourth generation, future fisherman?

Once, after finding the remnants of a shipwreck in the surf, Art took historian Edward R. Snow out to see it. Snow identified it as the bow of the Somerset, one of the outer Cape's most famous shipwrecks. For quite a while the ship could be seen at low tide but the sea has once again covered it up.

Over the years, regulations have changed. When Art started out, he could drive anywhere he could manage to get to and back from. Always, he and Pat say, they were careful of the nesting birds in spring and early summer, often taking the long way around to avoid disturbing them. Occasionally, Art or one of his drivers would round up a chick that had

É muito amável....You're very kind.

Vamos para a praia....Let's go to the beach.

wandered too far from the nest and gently herd it back.

Since the outer beach became part of the Cape Cod National Seashore, only designated routes can be driven and only by permit from the park. More and more sections of beach have closed, some in order to protect the nesting piping plover. Pat is saddened by the restrictions and notes that Art and his drivers have always been respectful of the birds and animals in the dunes. Their scrapbooks show pictures of foxes trotting down the sand path to meet them.

Son Robert now runs the business and Shawn, who married Susan McCabe, has followed in his grandfather's footsteps by returning to the sea. Shawn is First Mate on board Chevron oil tankers. He and Susan became parents six years ago and their son Christopher shows signs of becoming a budding fisherman. In tuna season, Shawn fishes out of Provincetown and Christopher may be right behind him.

Art is retired but stills works each spring to get the six Chevy Suburbans ready for business. He rarely drives anymore but last spring he did cut the trail Ñ make the first pass through the dunes on the route to set it out for the drivers. Pat says that if his health allows, he may cut the trail again this year. Either way, when season 55 starts, Art's Dune Tour trucks will be parked and waiting to show visitors a glimpse of the truly

Aonde posso camprar sandwiches?...Where can I buy some sandwiches?

Aonde posso alugar uma bicíclete?...Where can I rent a bicycle?

wild side of town.

With both Pat and Art out of the driver's seat, Robert continues the tradition. He drives and runs the day to day operations.

"I've been doing this since I was a kid," he says. "My father always took me out and when I was in college I started driving for him." Robert took a little time off for traveling after college but soon returned home to keep the business in the family.

He says his favorite parts of the day are the sunset tours and every time the car gets to the top of Heartbreak Hill. "I love to see everyone's reaction when they get up there," he says. For many visitors, the trip will be the first and possibly only time they travel into the remote sections of parkland.

For the foreseeable future, the family tradition will continue and a smiling Costa will be spinning yarns while the buggy bumps along. "I don't know if I can make it 54 years like my dad," Robert says, "but I'll try like hell."

Aonde posso apanhar um táxi?...Where can I get a cab?

The Tragic Loss of the Three-masted Schooner Cora S. McKay One Hundred Years Ago

By George D. Bryant

In the days before radio, every captain was his own weatherman and he had to look to the barometer, the seas, the wind direction and the clouds to make his forecast. Lives depended on it.

Provincetown was unique among the 19th-century East Coast fishing ports in having had several three-masted schooners in her fleet (in addition to dozens of the more common two-masted ones). They worked the Grand Banks in the summertime and in winter they were converted nicely into freighters for hauling coal or for bringing fruit and other tropical goods from the West Indies to our major Atlantic ports.

On September 12-14, 1900 one of the three-masters, the Cora S. McKay, was lost on the fishing banks around the Virgin Rocks (which are one hundred miles southeast of St. Johns, Newfoundland and twelve hundred miles slightly north of east from Cape Cod.) Thirty crewmembers disapppeared with the schooner and they left 16 widows and 54 fatherless children here–and more elsewhere. The three-day storm was called the Galveston Gale after the destruction that it had caused in that port city of Texas several days before. (Between 6000 and 8000 people died there.) It swept diagonally across North America and exited through the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

Mary Matheson, later Bowley, the captain's widow

No doubt thousands of Cape Codders have gone beneath the waves over the last several hundred years in big boats and small ones. They were driven to ploughing the ocean in ships because of the marginal fertility of our soils. Every voyage was a risky one in the days before modern navigational equipment and survival suits. It wasn't long ago that fishing captains here navigated with only compasses, sounding leads and alarm clocks. The disappearance of the McKay, by all accounts, has the sad distinction of being the greatest single-vessel loss in the history of the East Coast fisheries. Most of the men aboard were recent Portuguese immigrants

Tem o número de telefone dos táxis?...Do you have the phone numbers for cabs?

from the Azores (or the Western Islands as they were called then.)

She was built at Essex in 1888 and was named for the daughter of Capt. Angus McKay, the principal owner. His nephew, Capt. Roderick Matheson, commanded her. They were amongst a large number of Scottish natives of Cape Breton Island, Canada who emigrated here, starting in the 1860s, to fish.

It was, "fill the schooner with split codfish–or don't bother to sail home," in those hard 18 to 20 hour workdays. The first part of the McKay's voyage (which began in May) had been a disappointment. Several weeks had been spent anchored on Quero Bank (which is directly south of Cape Breton Island and 600 miles out from Provincetown.) Capt. Matheson decided to sail 600 miles further east to the Virgin Rocks to try to fill the hold. "Fish will strike most any time at the "Rocks," the old timers used to say.

Capt. Roderick Matheson

There he took on two new crewmembers, Fred Baker and Neil McLean, from the Bucksport schooner, T.M. Nicholson, which was full of fish and heading home. Like most of the other vessels the McKay was a hand trawler with the men catching codfish on long baited lines from dories–two to a dory. The addition of a couple of men in a slow season was an advantage.

By the morning of September 12, the McKay was still 2000 quintals short of a full load (a quintal being a unit of 100 US pounds or 112 British pounds of dried salt codfish). The heads, fins and guts were removed before salting each quintal (pronounced "kentle"), which represented as many as 80 cod fresh from the water. The salting process also removed a lot of water from the fish. There were 5000 quintals aboard when the wind started to blow. That day the captain could see a frightening storm developing and made preparations in the usual manner. They would have had no idea of the gale's violent ancestry in the days before radio.

There were dozens of fishing vessels at the "Rocks" with the McKay, and each secured anchors as well as possible and payed out as much rope to them as they had aboard. As the storm worsened each captain stationed a man with an axe at the bows in order to cut the line if another one of the vessels bore down on them, (either adrift or dragging anchor) in the fury of the gale.

The lights of the McKay were last seen by other vessels on the night of the 12th. It is at this point that the fate of the McKay becomes a matter of speculation. More than a day later the crew of the Boothbay, ME schooner

Aonde posso apanhar os barcos de ir ver as baleias?...Where are the whale watching boats?

Edith McIntyre returned to the area, after having made a hundred miles of southing under a storm jib and topsail. She had parted her cable. They found the McKay's mooring bouy with a lot of Manila rope around it but in their haste to use it themselves they cut away any evidence of whether the McKay had been forced to cut her rope or whether it had parted one way or another in the gale. The owner, Capt. McKay, was forever convinced that his vessel had been run down by a steamer in the confusion.

A Boston reporter stated, "There was a case a little while ago where a steamer struck a schooner on the banks, started her own stem, and sank the schooner in the twinkling of of an eye."

After September 14, vessels returning to port announced the disappearance of the McKay. It is said that by the first of October there wasn't a dry eye in Provincetown. The worst part began before Christmas. Fishing families lived on credit. Bills were paid off by the men when the voyage was completed. With no anticipation of repayment, store owners cut off or reduced credit to the survivors.

Capt. McKay was also the proprietor of a dry goods store at the corner of Standish and Commercial Streets and he was very generous to the survivors. It is said that the "starch went out of him" and he never recovered emotionally following the loss. He and Father Terra of St. Peter the Apostle Roman Catholic Church were the real leaders in the effort to keep the families from complete diaster. Fr. Terra opened accounts for the benefit of the widows in several of the local general stores as well as donating most of his limited salary, He made a public appeal that had this preamble:

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE NEEDY:

> *"Once again the Angel of Death has brought grief and sorrow into the homes of our fishing community–depriving them of the strong arm of the providing father and head of the family, thus reducing to the verge of want and poverty sixteen mothers with their fifty-four helpless little children. The Cora S. McKay, the queen of the Provincetown fishing fleet, has at last been given up for lost with her crew of thirty souls by the people of this town."*

In those days public assistance was limited. In addition state law required that applicants have been residents for five years. So most of the families were not eligible. Peter Souza Armell's widow told a Boston reporter through an interpreter of the plight of her family of four girls, Agnes, Almena, Maria, and Amelia–the oldest was barely ten years old:

Para fazer uma chamada local precisa de 25 centimos....To make a local call you'll need 25 cents.

> *I can get no work, she says, and I have no money. The town says they will not help until after the first of the year. We have nothing to eat now in the house.*
>
> *What shall you do?*
>
> *Senor? she asks. And, indeed it was a most absurd question.*
>
> *How have you lived till now?*
>
> *Father Terra.*

The reporter then visited the widow of Manuel De Costa who lived two doors away:

> *The children of this widow are girls, beautiful girls of 12, 15, and 17 respectively. They are old enough to help in their mother's support, and would help if they could only get work. The youngest has been sick more or less all through the fall. They had nothing, and a dear old woman, Mrs. Jackson Silva, brought them over to her house and she has been taking care of them. She herself is by no means well-to-do, her husband being a simple mariner himself. She lost a nephew in the McKay, Manual Silva. His sister and her husband are living at his aunt's house, as well as the other family. Manuel Silva leaves a sister, a mother and three brothers, all of whom except the sister are in the Western Islands. He was the only support of the mother and the three brothers. He was born here, and when his father was lost at sea his mother went home to Fayal. This was his second trip and he had intended to go home to Western Islands for Christmas. We have not written mother yet, says his sister wiping her eyes, we haven't dared to. She has probably heard from others by now.*

The Boston reporter commented on several families:

> *Jose Bento Loiro, or as his mates in Provincetown called him, Joe Lloyd Bent, leaves a widow and six children, completely destitute. Three of the children have whooping cough, and but for Father Terra's aid the whole family must have perished before now. His widow has gone to live for the time being with the mother of Antonio Fereira who is also at the door of starvation.*

Aonde posso apanhar os barcos de ir ver as baleias?...Where are the whale watching boats?

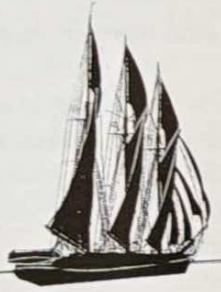
Together the women are fending for the children as best they may.
Joseph Lomba Dantos left a wife and five children when he sailed. Another child was born within the month, and died last week.
Marion Perry Lemba is the father of another baby who will grow up never having seen its father.
The cook, Jensen, had his little son, Luther, 13 years old, with him aboard the schooner.

Looking over the logs of the McKay I have often wondered if damage from an accident that occurred less that two years before had been properly repaired and if flaws had contributed to a sinking at Virgin Rocks. Captain Matheson had the McKay at anchor in Baracoa, Oriente Province, Cuba at 10pm Thursday, November 10, 1898 when she was struck by the steamer Reina de Los Angeles as she entered Baracoa Harbor (which is in the shadow of the flat-topped mountain called El Yunque "The Anvil"). It was a starlit night and "our anchor light was burning bright," said Matheson in his log. They had just loaded a cargo for the United States consisting of 215,750 coconuts, 50 barrels of coconut oil, raw hides and six mahogany logs that were stowed on deck. The steamer "struck just aft of the fore rigging, stowing in 7 planks from about 1 foot above water line, 1 also smashing bulwarks, two stanchions, rail. etc." He further mentioned that little wind was blowing and that the accident was "due to nothing else but the steamer's carelessness."

The Queen of the Angels had crashed into the Queen of the Fleet.

Note: In the contemporary accounts of the tragedy the names and the spelling of the names of the Portuguese crewmembers can vary considerably.

And he tickeld the tail of the great big whale
With a ten penny nail, did he;
And he sailed right through that iceberg blue,
And that's the truth, said he.



É caro!...It's expensive!

É barato!...It's inexpensive!

Aonde é o supermercado?...Where is the supermarket?

Welcome to the Fourth Annual Provincetown Portuguese Festival June 22-June 25, 2000

OPENING NIGHT THURSDAY, JUNE 22

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

FRIDAY, JUNE 23

10 am - Noon	**Kids' Fishing Derby** at Fisherman's Wharf.
12 - 3 pm	**Music, clowns, face painting and entertainment** on Ryder Street.
12 - 4 pm	**Portuguese Soup Tasting and Entertainment** at the Bas Relief. Admission $5.
3 - 6 pm	Concert by **Mary Macquire** at Ryder Street.
5 - 9 pm	**Homecoming Clam Feed** at the Bas Relief. Join in a community reunion of family and friends to celebrate Provincetown as hometown for all - past and present! Admission $15. 50th Birthday Party for the Class of 1968.
6 - 9 pm	Concert by **Nelia and Band** at Ryder Street.
10 pm	***A Special Reunion Performance*** by the **Provincetown Jug Band** at the Surf Club. Admission $10.

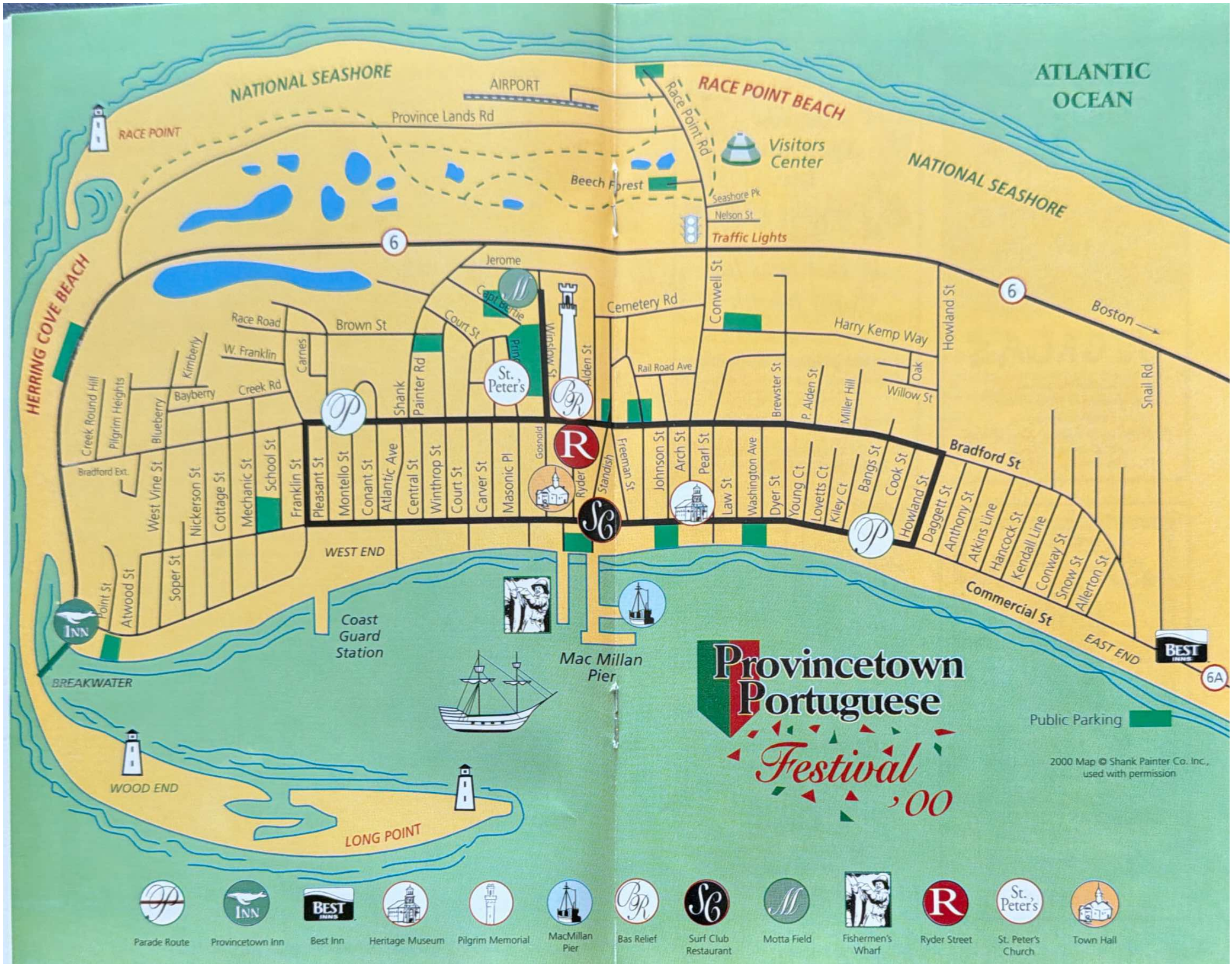
SATURDAY, JUNE 24

9 am - Noon	**Kids' games, prizes, face painting, clowns and cookout** at Motta Field.
11:00 - 11:30 am	Launch leaves from Flyers Boat Yard for Class of '68 Beach Party.
11:30 - 7:30 pm	**Food Court** at Bas Relief. *Enjoy Provincetown's fine Portuguese fare.*
2 - 4 pm	Traditional Portuguese dances performed by professionals in colorful native costumes. At Ryder Street.
5 pm	**FESTIVAL 2000 PARADE.** Begins at 5pm at Motta Field. Route is from Winslow St. to Bradford St. traveling to Howland St. onto Commercial St. traveling to Franklin St. then onto Bradford St. to Winslow St., ending at Motta Field.
5 pm - Midnight	**Block Dance** 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 25

11 am - Noon	Mass at St. Peters Church.
Noon - 1 pm	Procession to MacMillian Pier.
1 pm	53rd Blessing of the Fleet (Cape Cod Fiddlers).

Aonde saõ as casas-de-banho?...Where are the bathrooms?


ATLANTIC OCEAN
NATIONAL SEASHORE
AIRPORT
Province Lands Rd
RACE POINT
RACE POINT BEACH
Race Point Rd
Visitors Center
NATIONAL SEASHORE
Beech Forest
Seashore Pk
Nelson St
Traffic Lights
HERRING COVE BEACH
6
Jerome
Cemetery Rd
Conwell St
Harry Kemp Way
Howland St
Boston
Race Road
Brown St
Court St
Carnes
W. Franklin
Creek Rd
Kimberly
Bayberry
Blueberry
Pilgrim Heights
Creek Round Hill
Shank Painter Rd
Prince
Winslow St
Alden St
St. Peter's
Rail Road Ave
Brewster St
P. Alden St
Miller Hill
Oak
Willow St
Snail Rd
Bradford Ext.
West Vine St
Nickerson St
Cottage St
Mechanic St
School St
Franklin St
Pleasant St
Montello St
Conant St
Atlantic Ave
Central St
Winthrop St
Court St
Carver St
Masonic Pl
Gosnold
Ryder
Standish
Freeman St
Johnson St
Arch St
Pearl St
Law St
Washington Ave
Dyer St
Young Ct
Lovetts Ct
Kiley Ct
Bangs St
Cook St
Howland St
Daggett St
Anthony St
Atkins Line
Hancock St
Kendall Line
Conway St
Snow St
Allerton St
Bradford St
Commercial St
EAST END
WEST END
Point St
Atwood St
Soper St
INN
BREAKWATER
Coast Guard Station
Mac Millan Pier
BEST INNS
6A
Provincetown Portuguese Festival '00
Public Parking
2000 Map © Shank Painter Co. Inc., used with permission
WOOD END
LONG POINT
Parade Route
Provincetown Inn
Best Inn
Heritage Museum
Pilgrim Memorial
MacMillan Pier
Bas Relief
Surf Club Restaurant
Motta Field
Fishermen's Wharf
Ryder Street
St. Peter's Church
Town Hall

Como está?...How are you?

Coming Home: Reflections of a Displaced Provincetowner

By Jessica R. (Lema) Clark

I have traveled to Provincetown for the last forty years. The journey to my childhood home is twelve hours by monotonous superhighways through major cities along the East Coast. The first trips were as a new bride with my husband and few years later with three children and sometimes with our dog and cat. Then, bringing my teenage sons to work summers in local stores, diving off the town wharf soliciting quarters from the embarking tourists, and basking and swimming in the brilliant sunlight.

In recent years, since my adult children all live 3,000 to 5,000 miles away, I travel alone. One such trip was to scatter my husband's ashes over the ocean. Then, last year, I brought my husband-to-be for our marriage in my parents' garden.

Traveling alone always invites time for recollection. Growing up in "P-town," where an icy Northeast winter wind becomes the warm summer trade winds that transform the town into a tropical paradise for the quadrupled tourist population, was a wonderful experience.

I remember, as a teenager, collecting move stars' photos and autographs, producing bulging scrapbooks, and dreaming about going out into the "real world" to experience everything portrayed in the romantic movies of "those days."

As I drive seemingly endless highways, funny thoughts stimulate nostalgia: Telephone operators asking, "Number please?" and my mother's cautions that the operators might have remained on the line and my conversations might be repeated as gossip. That is, if you could make a phone call. For if you had a "party line" you had to wait your turn.

Pleasant moments from my long-term memory bank flood in: My teenage friends all had nicknames: "Bubba," "Flyer," "Burr," "Grassy," "Big Mouth," "Goody Two Shoes," and "Punchy." Only one friend had a car and frequently after squeezing into it to travel "up Cape" we had to call a parent to rescue us from the broken-down car.

In the winter, basketball

Aonde posso alugar um carro?...Where can I rent a car?

games and dances at the community center, ice skating or ice sailing on the may ponds, collecting bayberries to make candles, roaring fires in the dining room fireplace for popping corn in a saucepan, watching "I Remember Mama" on Friday night and "The Ed Sullivan Show" on Sunday night television, my father teaching me to dance in the kitchen.

Summer was the best time, initiated when the Bishop visited to bless the fishing fleet. Tourists arriving on the Boston boat gave us a preview of the latest fashions. After work, a swim in the bay before sunset. There were picnics, clambakes on the beach, and biking or hikes to the outer Atlantic Ocean beach. The explosion of Fourth of July fireworks over the harbor produced a splendid water ballet of color.

As I remember even further back into my childhood, I remember how services were brought to the door: The milkman delivered mile in glass bottles containing rich cream which floated to the top just under the lid. Before refrigerators the "ice man" delivered huge blocks of ice for the "ice box." The "strawberry man" cried, "Strawberries! Strawberries!" as he roamed through town in a flatbed truck with shelves containing luscious fruits and

vegetables. Another man carrying a stone grinding wheel on his shoulders traveled door-to-door inquiring whether he could sharpen knives or scissors.

Finally, I cross the canal that separates the peninsula from the mainland. Can it be that the air is crisper, the setting sun more beautiful, and the scent of pine more pungent, even in winter? Then I reach the crest of the final hill overlooking the town of my birth and tiny lights on the bay welcome me.

It's been a long journey. The customary arguments and frequent queries, "How much further?" and "Where are we?" are silent now My reminiscences are precious memories.

The welcome is the same. My father is ninety years old. His memory is sometimes clouded by a paralyzing stroke of five years ago. Many times he can remember better the past than the present. My eighty-nine-year-old mother is very spry. She still makes sweaters for great-grandchildren, braided rugs from wool scraps, and sporadically, watercolors and oils for family members. Her memories are as clear as the bell ringing Catholic parishioners to Sunday mass.

At the age of nine, her father, Manuel Grace, traveled alone from Saint Michaels in the Azores Islands of Portugal to live with two older brothers in Rockport,

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

Massachusetts. He was soon promoted from a schooner cabin boy, to seaman, and then to captain, traveling to the Grand Banks to fish continuously for several weeks. During that era, fish were plentiful and were packed in salt for the trip to markets in New York City, Delaware, and Maryland. My grandfather then bought shares in a schooner, rental property in the Boston area, and shares in tow ship fitters' stores in Boston's North End.

As a teen, my maternal grandmother, Rose Costa, came by boat or train from East Boston to Provincetown. As an adult, she worked as a bookkeeper in one of my grandfather's stores. Eventually they married and made Provincetown their home when my grandfather retired.

My paternal grandfather, José De Lima, came from Ponta Delgado, San Miguel, in the Azores Islands or Portugal first to New Bedford, and then to Provincetown. After a few months fishing in the Grand Banks, my grandfather sent for my grandmother, Silvanna, and their three children, Marcia, Francelina and Antonio. My father was born in 1910 in Provincetown and christened Joseph, after his father. He likes to remind us that another important event occurred that

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

year: The Pilgrim Monument was dedicated in commemoration of the First Landing of the Pilgrims on November 11, 1620.

During summer break from the Massachusetts School of Art, now called the College of Art, my mother traveled to Provincetown to work. She met my dad in the local grocery store where he had worked since being a teenager. After a five-year courtship, they were married. Dad worked for over 40 years in local grocery stores, first as a butcher and then as a manager before he realized his dream: In 1970, he, my mother, my brother and his wife opened the Joseph Lema and Son grocery store in Wellfleet.

My mother walks slowly now, afraid to fall. But her smile and warm hug are the same. The feeling of an insignificant existence in the "real world" is replaced by the feeling of being a special daughter—although there is a brother living close by and a sister in Atlanta. The warm living room of the two-hundred-year-old restored house beckons as I bring luggage in and carry it to the bedroom of my childhood. The room is the same; the only difference through the years are changes of wallpaper.

After descending the staircase, believed to have come from a ship's hold, I glance in the mirror. I realize from my reflection how fast the years have

O preço do quarto incluí pegueno-almoço?... Does this price include breakfast?

flown. There are many gray hairs now, facial wrinkles, and added pounds. A busy lifestyle does not leave much time for outer or inner reflection. With a resolve to exercise more, I smell the aroma of kale soup and bread baking. My resolve diminishes...

A walk on the beach the next morning brings back more memories of the many times I have returned at different times of my lifetime to this happy and tranquil place.

Is my hometown unique or special? Surely there are other places with clear, sunlit waters, white sandy beaches and crisp salt air. Yes, I admit, it is not unique.

What is unique is the special feeling that washes over me as I enter my parents' home. A feeling that can only be experienced by someone raised by quiet, kind, unassuming parents who provided a stable life before my journey into the world. It is the feeling, that, no matter what adventure I choose in whatever part of the world, whatever disappointment or pain I suffer, whatever failure may occur, I will always be important, loved, worried about, and most of all, cherished. I play no businesswoman roles here. A little girl emerges before she must return to the "real world."

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Naõ tem café mais forte, uma bica?... Do you have a stronger coffee, an espresso?
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De manhã gosto de beber um galaõ....In the morning I like to drink a cappuccino.

Queria comprar um rolo para esta máguina fotográfica....I would like to buy film for this camera.

Quanto tempo demora a revelar?...How long will it take to develop?

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Estamos aqui de férias....We are here on vacation.

É uma menina...It's a girl.

É um rapaz...It's a boy.

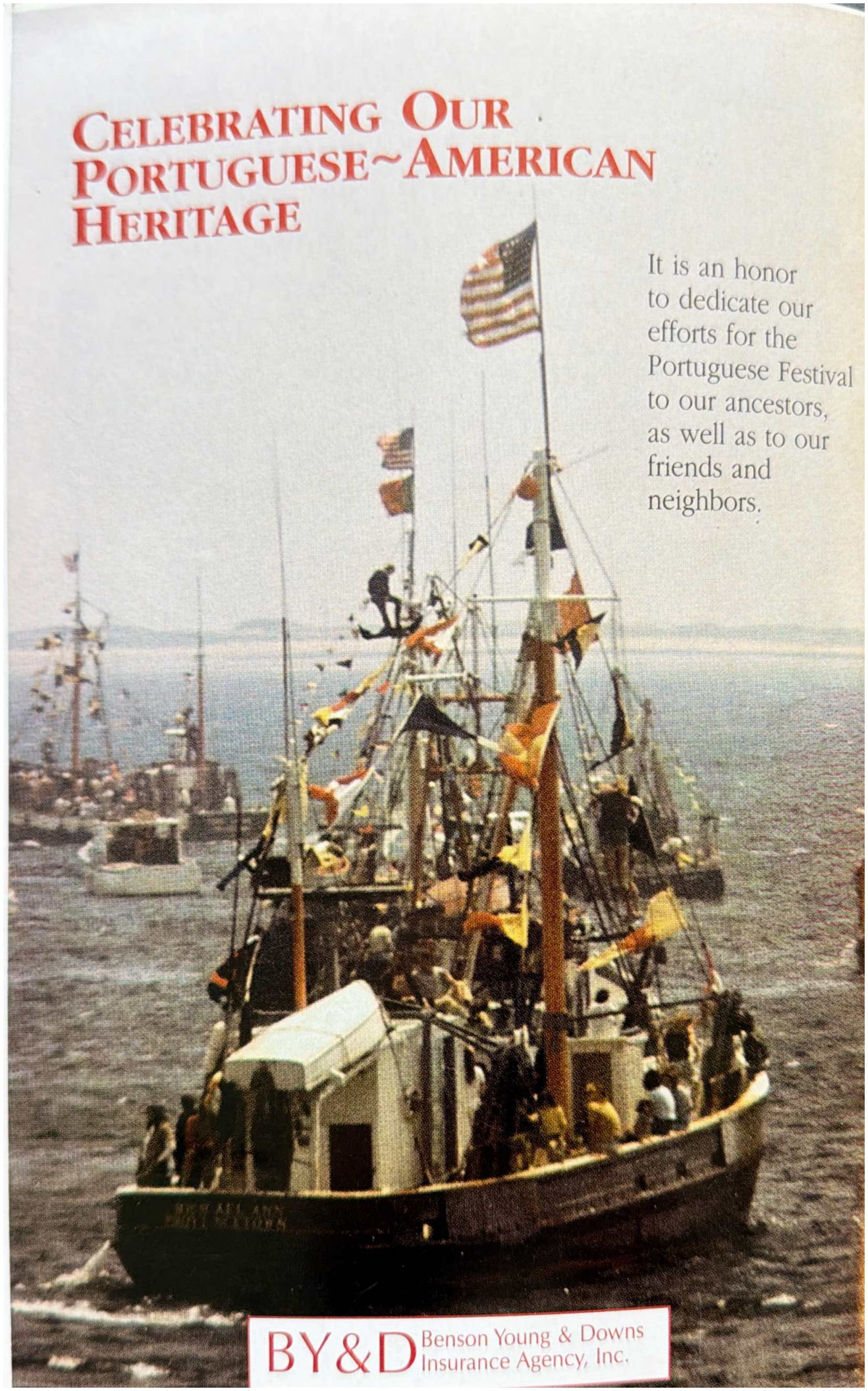
The Provincetown Portuguese Festival Committee would like to say

THANK YOU

to all the volunteers and businesses who help make this event a great success! Your hard work and effort are greatly appreciated!

Enjoy the Festival

Celebrating Our Portuguese~American Heritage



It is an honor to dedicate our efforts for the Portuguese Festival to our ancestors, as well as to our friends and neighbors.

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