

CELEBRATING THE 78TH BLESSING OF THE FLEET



"THE PAM AND TODD" PAINTING BY PAUL SCHULENBURG





Provincetown Chapter established February 1932

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THE PROVINCETOWN LIONS CLUB IS PROUD TO BE A PARTICIPATING SPONSOR OF THE

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Food Court Under the Tent & the Blessing of the Fleet

Festival's

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Perhaps some day, your name will be here

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he Festival Team and its Volunteers extends its most sincere gratitude to those who have so generously shared personal stories, information, and photographs with us, especially David W. Dunlap, "Building Provincetown", whose expertise and knowledge of the history of our community, its people, buildings and fishing heritage has been invaluable; Seamen's Bank for their continued and generous support; Paul Schulenburg, our Festival Artist; Charles and Susan Sousa and the Lobster Pot for sponsoring Homecoming Under the Tent; Yvonne deSousa; Doug Wheeler; Dennis Minsky; Bill and Eliza Fitts; Liliana deSousa; Todd Silva; The Lion's Club; the Knights of Columbus; St. Peter the Apostle Church; Bishop Edgar DaCunha. S.V.D.; Frazier Disposal Company; Stop and Shop; the Festival Warehouse Archives; Graphic Smith Printers; the Provincetown History Preservation Project; the Provincetown Independent; the Provincetown Recreation Department; Lisa King for sharing her extensive historical photographs; Salvador Vasques for his Provincetown Memorabilia Collection recently donated to the Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum, and his willingness to share artifacts of Provincetown's history and historical photographs; Ken Silva; Michael Coelho, Sr.; Chris Racine for the Festival lighting display on the Provincetown Monument and Town Hall; the Provincetown II; the Provincetown Inn; Provincetown Pier Management; Beverly Dwyer and family for the continued use of their property for the Festival Warehouse; and the town of Provincetown and its boards for their support of the Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet through the years. And the Provincetown Police Department for keeping everyone safe during the festivities.

With sincere appreciation and gratitude to ALL the artists whose beautiful images have greatly enhanced this Festival Booklet. Thank you for helping us to continue to *Share the Heritage*!



ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com Facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival

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2025 Provincetown Portuguese Festival Schedule

Celebrating the 29th Festival & 78th **Blessing** of the Fleet

SUNDAY, JUNE 1

1:00pm-4:00pm

Meet The Festival Painting Artist Paul Schulenburg / Provincetown Inn

Raising the Portuguese Flag / Pilgrim Monument & Museum

THURSDAY, JUNE 26

5:30pm-6:00pm

FRIDAY, JUNE 27

10:00am-4:00pm	Art & Crafts Fair / Portuguese Square
12:00pm-2:00pm	Captain Kenny Silva Fishing Derby / MacMillan Pier
12:00pm-2:00pm	Live Music by Studio 2: Beatles Tribute Band / Seamen's Bank Main Stage
12:00pm-3:00pm	Knights of Columbus Soup Tasting / Bas Relief Park
2:00pm-4:00pm	Portuguese Prose & Poetry Reading / Cabaret Room At the Crown & Anchor
3:00pm-5:00pm	Live Music by The Real Deal: Hits from the 70's-present / Seamen's Bank Main Stage
5:00pm-7:00pm	Homecoming sponsored by Charles & Susan Souza & the Lobster Pot / Bas Relief Park
6:00pm-7:00pm	Comedy by Steve Goodie / Seamen's Bank Main Stage
8:00pm-10:00pm	Live Music by Fast Times 80's / Seamen's Bank Main Stage

SATURDAY, JUNE 28

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8:00am- 10:00am	Mermaid Menu Oyster Farm Tour / Pilgrim's First Landing Park
10:00am-12:00pm	Field Games & Cookout / Behind Veterans Memorial Community Center
10:00am-4:00pm	Art & Crafts Fair, Fishing Demos / Portuguese Square
11:00am- 2:00pm	Live Folklore Music & Dancing / Portuguese Square
11:30am-7:00pm	Lions Club Food Court / Bas Relief Park
2:00pm-4:00pm	Live Music for Kids by the Toe Jam band / Seamen's Bank Main Stage
2:30pm-3:00pm	Folklore Dancers / Seashore Point Nursing Facility
	Event exclusively for Seashore Pointe residents and their guests
5:00pm-6:30pm	Live Music by Nelia Moreira / Seamen's Bank Main Stage
7:00pm-9:00pm	A Night of Fado / Provincetown Town Hall
8:00pm-10:30pm	Samba Band Marcus Santos / Portuguese Square
8:00pm-10:30pm	Samba Drummers / Portuguese Square
8:30pm-9:00pm	Samba Viva Dancers / Portuguese Square

SUNDAY, JUNE 29

10:30am-11:30am	Fishermen's Mass St. Peter the Apostle Church
11:30am-12:30pm	Live Folklore Music & Dancing / Lopes Square & MacMillan Pier
12:00pm-4:00pm	Tasca Café by the Squealing Pig / MacMillan Pier
12:00pm-1:00pm	Procession from St. Peter's Church to MacMillan Pier with Collum Cille Bag Pipes
12:30pm-3:00pm	78th Blessing of the Fleet / MacMillan Pier
1:30pm-2:30pm	Collum Cille Bag Pipes / Town Hall



* Emcee Steve Goodie will host on the Seamen's Bank Stage in Portuguese Square







Paul Schulenburg

We are proud to announce that Paul Schulenburg has been chosen as the **2025 Portuguese Festival Artist** whose painting of the *Pam and Todd* lobster boat is the image featured on the t-shirt this year, as well as on the cover of the Festival Booklet.

A leading New England artist, Paul Schulenburg is widely praised for his captivating images of the working waterfront. His ability to touch his audience derives from a lifelong passion for expression through art.

Paul Attended Boston University College of Fine Arts in the late 1970's for classical art training. He received his BFA degree in painting in 1979.

In the 1980's and '90's, Paul created award winning artwork for publication. His work won awards and has been published worldwide. Former clients included Digital, Cigna, Fidelity, Hewlett-Packard, IBM, Sunoco, TIME, US News and World Report, the Wall Street Journal, Cahners, Prentice Hall, Houghton Mifflin and Ziff-Davis. Paul was commissioned by the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum to create an official portrait of a museum trustee.

In 2000, Paul transitioned into working as a full-time painter. He has had solo shows at the Cape Cod Museum of Art and is in their permanent collection. His painting of a Cape Cod fisherman entitled "Shoveling Ice" was the cover art for American Art Collector Magazine in 2007. Fine Art Connoisseur Magazine featured an article about his work in 2021.

Paul is represented by the Addison Art Gallery in Orleans, Massachusetts and the George Billis Gallery in New York City, and throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, and Hong Kong. *

29th Annual Provincetown Portuguese

Festival and 78th Blessing of the Fleet Portuguese Festival Team

Charles Souza, *President* Susan Avellar, Fran Coco, Christian Costa, Lori DaLomba, Michelle DaSilva, Katie Hegg, Lisa King, Chris King, Carol La Duke, Jill Lambrou, Tim McNulty, Michela Carew-Murphy, Mike Potenza, Shannon Sawyer, Tim Seaton, Paul Silva, Nancy Silva, Natalie Silva, Patrick Silva

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Thank You

to all our SPONSORS in recognition of their valued support and dedication, and for making it possible to





Provincetown Portuguese Festival 39 Bayberry Avenue, Provincetown, MA 02657

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Jerry's Looking for You

DOUG WHEELER



The old West End Freezer plant was a landmark, or eyesore, depending on who you talked with. The greyed, cedar shingled building, streaked from decades of seagull strafing's, towered some 4 1/2 stories high. The 'Plant,' as it was affectionately called by us townies, was a fish processing, freezing and storage facility, built in the early 20th century.

At the end of an era, the Plant was the last of six such facilities in town. All necessary to handle the burgeoning fish business in New England. Part of it was built on pilings right on the beach and was connected to a narrow, 600-foot wharf that reached out into the harbor, where fishing vessels tied up daily to off-load their catch.

A line of train tracks stretched from the 'T' end of the wharf to a small, weathered shed at the beach end. Boats would off-load their fish into a small gondola-like railroad car and a small Model A locomotive would hook up to the gondola, and pull it beachward, at a walking speed. The engineer of this run-away fish train was Francis 'Molly' Joseph, an uncommon motorman who knew the route so well that he could travel the entire distance with his eyes closed, and he sometimes did.

As a matter-of-fact, he once proceeded through the shed and onto the beach, opening his eyes when he hit the sand, and dumping over a half-ton of whiting in the process.

When he did stop in the shed, the bottom of the gondola car was opened and the fish dropped into a large bin under the tracks. A T-handle outside the shed was manually pulled up, opening a gate, funneling the fish into a large square wooden bucket. This was attached to a cable that pulled it up a tram-way into the main processing area, where the fish were descaled and weighed and began the various processes to produce whatever fish products were desired.

I first met 'Molly' in the summer of 1963, after graduating from high school. I applied and got a job at the Plant as the gateman.

As I watched the train slowly approaching the shed, Molly sat atop the locomotive. He was a powerfully-built man, about 35, with a very large well shaped nose and ill-fitting false teeth, which he periodically forced out between his lips into a smile...or maybe a wince. He was dressed in a grey hooded sweatshirt, dungarees and rubber, knee-high boots.

He introduced himself and extended a thick-fingered working-man's hand, that gripped mine in a sincerely "glad-tomeet-you" handshake. I liked him immediately. From the depths of one of his boots, he produced a pint and offered me a hit. Trying not to be surprised, or judgmental, considering it was 8 AM, I politely declined, saying; "I was strictly a beer man" (I was seventeen). He said, "Me too." And took a swig from the bottle.

He grinned (or gave me a side eyed wince) and asked me if I fully understood all the complexities of being a gateman. I said; "I pull up the gate, fill the bucket, close the gate, and give the official signal (wave my arm) to Joe Didit, up in the Plant." He grinned (and gave me that side eye again) and jumped up onto the locomotive. Then I asked him when I might get an opportunity to drive







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SPECIALTY EVENTS

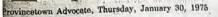
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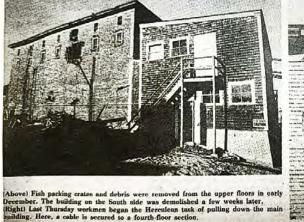
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The End Of An Era Cape Cold Storage Comes Down

Photos by Dan and Janet Boyn





The last of Provincetown's fish processing plants which flourished during the early 1900's will soon be gone. In the early clays, bait fish caught by local fishermen were frozen in one of Provincetown's four prospering fish plants, then packed on beard cod-fishing boats bound for George's Banks. Recently, the Atlantic Coast Fisheries has processed So. African rock lobster tails and butterfly whiting from Japan to supplement

So. African rock looser tails and obterry whiting from Japan to supplement dwindling local resources. The fisheries company closed their doors a year ago, and Labor Day the 62-year old building began to collapse. Last Thursday, as the sagging building

was being assaulted by buildozers, a few neighbors came out of their houses to watch with feelings of nostalgin. One spectator commented, "My father used to be a foreman there. He saw it built, and

w he's watching it come down." Yards of rusty freezing coils were stre lards or rossy treading cons were serven about like grain strands of spaghetti. As the relentless, buildozer pulled down great chunks of the building's walls. A fishorman, passing by the half-demolished building shock his head and said sadly. "It's the end of an era."

the train. He looked at me real seriously and said, "Never...unless I die."

As I got to know Molly over the next few months. I came to the conclusion that the call could come at any moment. After all, perched atop his locomotive, he could carelessly lean back while taking a hit off his bottle and tumble off. Especially at night, when no one would know he was gone, until the locomotive crashed through the flimsy barrier that was erected after he went through the wall the first time.

Molly had been driving the train for a long time, probably seven or eight years. He had quit high school when he was fourteen to support his family. Taking a job on a commercial dragger, he started a career of more than 20 years during which he had done just about everything in the commercial fishing industry.

I never got to drive the train, Molly never again crashed, and he never fell entirely off the locomotive. I left that job less

than a year later to join the Navy, and Molly continued to drive the trolley until the Plant closed in 1973. But what happened during my remaining time there was memorable.

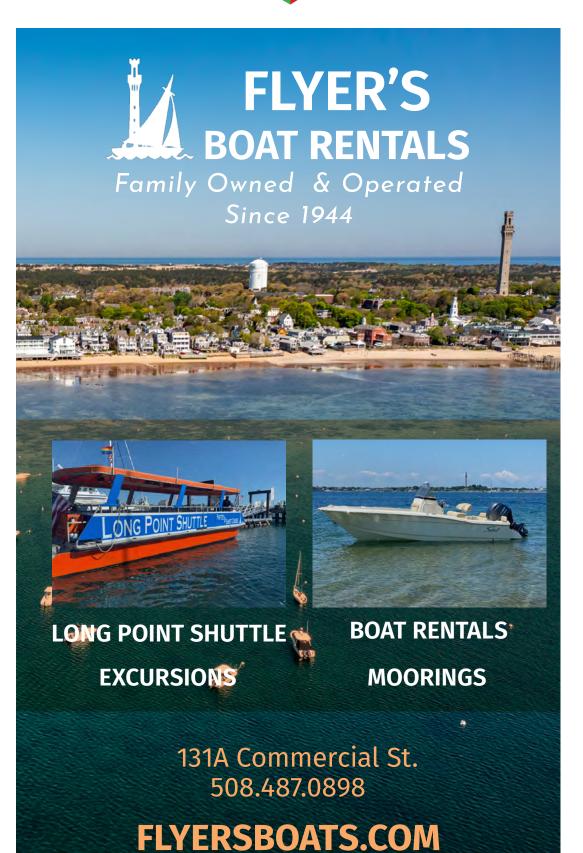
The cast of characters at the West End Freezer was like a Dick Tracy comic strip. There were eighteen of us in all, and most had some sort of nickname, like Joe Didit, Sarge or Molly. I never found out how they got them? Most of the old-timers had two names; one given at birth, and one that they earned at some point in their life.

When I wasn't working the gate, I was cleaning or packing fish, loading or unloading 18-wheelers, performing maintenance somewhere or defrosting the giant freezers. Within the bowels of this decrepit structure, was a honeycomb of rooms where the processed and packaged seafood products were kept in frozen storage. There was always an ammonia like smell present in these rooms. The temperature was

kept between zero and ten below, and we would frequently have to go into these rooms with picks, shovels, scrapers and wheelbarrows to defrost the walls, pipes and ceilings. The ever-present odor of calcium chloride brine was bad enough, but when someone lit a cigarette, it would drive us out for a coffee break. Of course, a dozen or so of the guys had beverages of choice other than coffee. What did I know? They told me it kept them warm.

The worst job in the Plant went to me...the new guy. It was the gurry detail. Gurry is fish offal. That is what's left after all the good stuff is removed. The gurry room was a very cold, damp concrete area of the Plant where this waste was stored in wooden barrels awaiting disposal. The barrels would be about ³/₄'s full of the worst-looking, pungent smelling, maggot-infested remains imaginable. The Plant had an old beat-up stake body truck, and it was my job to dispose of the offal.

I'd learned to roll the barrels





on their edges, without tipping them over. When the truck was loaded, I'd fill the barrels with water to the level of the goop to loosen the mess up while I drove to the landfill where the town had dug a pit with a bulldozer. I'd precariously back the truck to the edge of the pit on $2 \ge 12$ planks, climb onto the back of the truck, and one at a time tip the barrels and roll them back and forth. dumping the gurry into the pit. Then I'd return to the Plant for more loads and do the barrel dance again.

After the last barrel was dumped, I'd clean them out with hot soapy water and lye to make them 'fresh' for reuse. After sitting around the cooling room for a week or so, the gurry would get exceptionally ripe, and even in a fish plant, a distinct bouquet followed me around. I quickly discovered who my real friends were.

After I had worked there for about two months, some large corporation from New Jersey bought the Plant and sent a new plant manager, a company man, to run the show. His name was Gerald P. Balcar. "Jerry", as he preferred to be called. He was a bespectacled, well-spoken, already balding, young (30ish) man, who was immediately liked by most of the crew. Some of whom had worked at this place longer than Ma and Pa Balcar had been parents. Being accepted was a major accomplishment in itself. Most of the crew had never even gone to high school and looked down their considerable noses at anyone who wore a tie and had an



West End Cold Storage freezer plant and filleting department. Photo Annual Town Report Collection, 1962

education.

Jerry had a degree in something that most of us couldn't pronounce, but he didn't know the difference between a scallop and a scrod. Not too long after he arrived, someone asked him what he was doing here, considering his education and all. He explained that his company planned to institute some changes, turn a quick profit, and re-sell the operation for another profit.

One idea that he came up with immediately changed my life. Jerry had calculated how much it was costing to use a local trucking company to ship some of our orders. He decided to purchase a real truck and asked me if I thought I could handle the job.

As a kid, I would stand alongside roadways and wave to truckers. My toys of choice were trucks. And now, at the ripe old age of 18, this company was going to buy a truck and they asked me if I thought I could handle the job? "Did Sherman handle Atlanta?" "Is the Cisco Kid a good guy?" Come to your senses, man! I've been driving a stake-body truck for two months to the gurry pit and back ... these hands are ready for the open road. Then I calmly said; "yes, I can handle it."

Nothing else was said about it for about a month. Then one day,

Joe Didit tells me, "Jerry's looking for you." He was in the office when I found him, and he told me the truck was ready. "We'll be driving up to Boston Friday night, and you'll be driving it back".

Underneath my excitement, a wave of fear bubbled up. I thought the truck would be delivered 'here'? So the first time I drove it, I'd be on familiar roads. Now I have to go to Boston, a huge city, and drive the truck out of there. I was so excited and scared shitless. The night before we left, I hardly slept.

Finally, Friday arrived, and late in the afternoon, Molly told me; "Jerry's looking for you". I went over to the office and we left for Boston about ten minutes later. The conversation on the two and a half hour trip was pretty animated. Jerry was very excited about his decision... I know I was...and scared.

When we arrived at Everett Truck Sales & Service, it was just dusk. When we pulled into the parking lot, a man in overalls came out of the office, walked straight over to Jerry and they shook hands. After Jerry introduced us, we went behind the small office building to a large, two-story garage with an oversized garage door. We walked in through a side door and I saw the biggest truck I'd ever seen ... a 1954 White Mustang with a 20-foot refrigerated box that rose nearly to the ceiling. It was painted bright red and it was huge.

Jerry, beaming at the sight of his 'decision-come-true', asked me what I thought. As I stood there in stone silence, trying not to show my frightened embarrassment, I sort of squeaked, "It should do the job." I later found out that Jerry knew less about trucks than he did about scallops and scrod. He had purchased this 'decision-come true' for a song. It had been a city truck, with very low gearing, and was not really set up for higher speeds on the open highway. So what? It was a real truck, and I had to figure out how to drive it out of Boston and navigate a multi lane highway, all the way home...at night.

The man in overalls must have sensed my anxiety, because he asked me if I'd like to take a tour of the truck. He offered to answer any questions I might have. Questions? Oh, maybe just a billion. "You bet," I replied. So for the next hour, he explained everything, from tire pressure, to the refrigeration unit. Then he said, "Let's go up in the cab and check out the gauges and how to shift by the tach."

I stood beside the door on the driver's side, reached up to head level for the door handle, climbed up a short ladder over the fuel tank and swung awkwardly into the seat. My confidence level, about handling this truck, now on an upswing after walking around the outside of it, plummeted again at the sheer size of everything. I felt



"Untitled (West End Cold Storage) Marjorie Halper (Windust) 1908-1996

like I was in a two-story building. The man in overalls went over the gauges; up-shifting, down-shifting, braking, RPMs, and the multiple fuel tank switching system. We adjusted the mirrors and the seat. He asked me if I had any more questions, shook my hand, wished me good luck and jumped down before I could even thank him. I now felt very small and alone.

Meanwhile, Jerry had signed the paper-work. so we were ready to roll. He climbed up onto the driver's side fuel tank and said, "OK Cannonball, why don't we stop at the Howard Johnsons in Quincy for dinner." I said that sounded good and asked him to keep me in sight, because I might be a little slow getting used to this thing in city traffic at night. (I would have had a problem on a deserted four-lane highway in broad daylight!)

I started the diesel and it made that raspy, barking roar. I love that sound! I watched the gauges spring to life and the air pressure gauge slowly building up to normal. I checked the mirrors and then another panic attack struck. I realized that I had to BACK this monster out of the garage through that 'TINY' door-way behind me. I was sure it wouldn't fit ... No way.

I switched on the lights, depressed the clutch, found reverse, glanced at the gauges like I knew what I was doing, and slowly let out the clutch. The truck bucked and the engine quit. "Oh no [I thought], I broke it!"

"Release the parking brake," someone yelled. (I knew that) I re-started the engine and pulled the red knob, releasing the parking brakes with a loud hiss. (another sound I love!) I rechecked the mirrors and I was sure the doorway had gotten smaller.

As I eased out the clutch, the truck rocked slightly and started to slowly move backwards, while I tried to aim the giant red box for the diminishing opening. It fit! With the man in overalls directing me, I inched through the darkened parking lot and out into the street. I shifted into first and with a blast of the airhorns, waved thanks and goodbye.

Grinding through the first few gears (I hate that sound!) and stopping and starting at a few traffic lights, seemed to ease my nerves and buoy my confidence to the point where I actually began to believe that I could do this. After driving a couple of miles, I realized how great it felt to have this vantage point, high up overlooking traffic. As the hair on the back of my neck rose, I truly felt I was 'King of the Road.'

The trip home was relatively uneventful, with the exception of the chili aftermath following dinner. Every sound in this truck was a new experience. The air compressor cutting in and out.

Share the 13 Heritage

The wind howling through the side mirrors. The 'popping' sounds created by the wind over the roof and sides of the box. When certain speeds were reached; the rumble of the diesel going through the gears; the humming of the tires. It was all music to me.

These were the first of many hours I would spend in this truck and it was a dream-come-true at that point in my life. From that day onward, I spent a lot less time in the Plant as I was usually on the road 4 or 5 days a week. When I was around the Plant, I enjoyed being with my friends even though I had this new identity. They made work fun (most of the time) and although most had problems in their lives far beyond my imagination, they never complained about the hands they had been dealt or how they had played their cards. At eighteen, I was 'King of the Road' and I didn't see beyond that.

It seemed during those days someone was always telling me, "Jerry's looking for you." It often had to do with scheduling loading the truck or coordinating delivery dates or times. But I loved it. I set my own schedule and I was on the road to new adventures every week.

I left that job and my friends and joined the Navy seven months later. After my enlistment was over, I moved away and only returned 'home' to visit family and friends. Jerry's company turned a profit and sold the company in 1968.

The Plant closed in 1973 as the new owners couldn't compete in changing markets and couldn't afford the upgrades to meet new safety regulations. So, in 1976 the Old West End Freezer was torn down to a mixed review from townsfolk and a modern Coast Guard facility was erected on the site. The old wooden wharf with Molly's train was replaced by a new concrete pier, to provide berthing spaces for Coast Guard vessels.

Over the years, when visiting, I would periodically run into some

of the old crew. Most had retired from the fishing industry. Others had passed away and I would read their obituaries in the local weekly paper, that I'd continued to subscribe to. Joe Didit, the Dummy, Howdy Doody and Sarge all had their names in print, listing their modest accomplishment's in life. They were all good men. All hard-working, honest family men who would give you the shirts off their backs without hesitation. I even learned how some of them got their nicknames. But I never heard or read anything about Francis 'Molly' Joseph.

Then one day, twenty-nine years after leaving that job, I was visiting Provincetown and found myself in need of a restroom. Finding a public facility, not far from where the old Plant had stood, it had a custodian. It was Molly. I recognized him instantly, as if time had stood still. I walked up to him, extended my hand, introduced myself. He smiled, and winced abit, and said; "Jerry's been looking for you..." *



Doug Wheeler

Doug Wheeler spent his early childhood years living on Beach Point in North Truro from 1950 to 1964, graduating from Provincetown High School in a class of 42 students in 1963. Following high school, he dedicated four years to the Navy, serving in Vietnam in 1966, during which he began to explore his interest in writing. In the 1970's, Doug drove 18 wheelers, an experience that contributed to his adventurous spirit. He graduated from art school in Pennsylvania in 1974, which paved the way for his career in graphic design. From 1980 to 1989, he successfully operated a graphic design business in the Washington, D.C. area. In late 1989, Doug made a significant life change by moving to Southern California where he eventually retired in 2018. Doug married Janice Wolf in 1993 and became a father to a growing family which included biological children, stepchildren, foster children and adoption.



The Life and Times of George Washington Ready

STORY AND IMAGES COURTESY OF LISA KING



George W. Ready

Provincetown Town Crier George Washington Ready may have only been about five feet six inches tall, but he was bigger than life in this place he called his home port. After learning as much as I could about this memorable character, I wanted to tell his story to you.

George's biological father was named John Swarmsley, an immigrant who came from Burmingham, England, settling in Brooklyn, New York in the early 1800s. He was a ship's mate on the frigate North Carolina for a stretch and made a trip to Boston where he met and married Rebecca Elwood, settling into domestic life near the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was employed in one of the finest shipyards in America building warships for his new homeland. I am sure that when Rebecca became pregnant, they were very excited to welcome their first child into the little family. On January 1st, 1832, baby boy Swarmsley made his entrance into the world, his home being close enough to the shipyard to be lulled to sleep or kept awake by the cacophony of that place. A few months after his birth, John Swarmsley tragically fell from the yardarm of a square-rigger at the

shipyard and died. His body was carried home to his young wife, but it was too much for her to bear. She gave up on this life and tragically went to meet her love on November 4th, 1832. At 11 months old, George was an orphan relying on the kindness of strangers to survive.

Soon after his mother's death, a man by the name of Nathaniel Ready took pity on this little lost soul and took the baby into his home, bestowing the patriotic name George Washington Ready on the infant. This would be the name he would use throughout his life. George stayed with Ready until he was about five years old. In 1837 Capt. George Little, master of the Provincetown schooner Elemar saw the wretched state of the little lad. A deal was struck with Ready to allow the captain to assume the care of the small child. He took him aboard his ship and headed home for Cape Cod where young George would live with the captain's family.

From a young age, George had a restless spirit which yearned for the sea, distant shores, and adventure. So, it wasn't surprising that in 1842, at the tender age of ten years old he left Provincetown, signing onto the ship Young America as cabin boy

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The port-side view of the iron hulled square-rigger JASON where Readey served as Quartermaster for many years.

to Capt. Cummings. He regularly traveled across the Atlantic Ocean to Europe and back delivering passengers, mail, and cargo. By the time George was fourteen years of age he was a skilled seaman, earning his keep sailing on the fully rigged packet ship Wizard King.

By the age of twenty-five, after fifteen years at sea, George secured his place as Quartermaster on the British ship Jason. This ship traveled to Belgium, Wales, Australia, Egypt, and around the Cape of Good Hope to Bombay delivering its cargo and expanding George's world far beyond the borders of Cape Cod.

As chance would have it, while he was on leave in Liverpool, George ran into his friend Capt. Lavender of Provincetown, who was looking for a crew to man his ship. At this time George hadn't settled up yet for his trip on the Jason and had to travel to Antwerp, Belgium to collect his pay. Capt. Lavender gave him seven days to get his affairs in order, but he arrived late to find that the captain and his schooner had set sail without him. Eventually, he was able to work his way back across the Atlantic to his home port, Provincetown. When George ran into Capt. Lavender again on the street in town, the captain asked him why he was late for the boat. It is said George became very serious and would never speak of what had befallen him to anyone. He worked for a short time on a whaling ship before retiring from the sea life for good.

In 1886, George Washington Ready made national news when he made up an elaborate story



1905 - Ready in his sou-wester gear



Pub. by The Provincetown, Advocate



which caused quite a stir on the Outer Cape. He was so convincing in its telling that many were very frightened. According to the tall tale George first saw the behemoth when it spouted water 50 feet into the air offshore. His description of the incident is as follows, "He was fully 300 feet long and about the middle, he was about 12 feet through. The body was covered with huge scales as large as a barrel head, and these were regularly tinted red, green, and blue. He had an enormous mouth with four rows of teeth. On the end of his snout was a long tusk, something like the sword of a swordfish, at least eight feet long." The creature smelled strongly of Sulphur, clearing a path with its huge belly and tail as it dragged itself to a kettle pond where it disappeared in its depths. He eventually admitted to fabricating the story which caused a panic on Cape Cod and had everyone on edge for months. His reputation for spinning yarns was so well-known that he was asked to give an affidavit stating: "I, George Washington Ready, do testify that the foregoing statement is correct. It is a true description of the serpent as he appeared to me on that morning, and I was not unduly excited by liquor or otherwise. George W. Ready."

George courted then wed Mary Williams on November 24th, 1889, who was described as an attractive young woman in her early days. She lived in a white house at the end of a lane bordered by hollyhocks that meandered off Pearl Street. When George spoke of her after her death in 1915, it was



1910 - George and Mary Ready

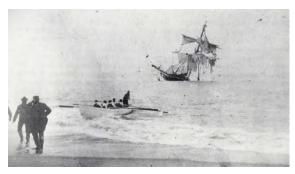
with tears in his eyes, he loved her very much. The house he shared with Mary at the end of the little lane is where George called his home until his dying day.

On land George worked as a general laborer, making a name for himself as the best mackerel splitter in town. It was said "his hand was more deft than any other." Eventually he was hired as the Town Crier serving in this capacity into his 80s and cementing his name in Provincetown lore as the most famous Provincetown Town Crier. George was particularly well-suited for this position with his outgoing personality and the clear, booming timbre of his voice which he honed as Quartermaster on the Jason. This made him very successful and a town favorite.

On December 5, 1893, calls went out from the Nauset Life Saving Station to all the Outer Cape stations to keep an eye out for the English ship JASON. The gale was blowing from the southeast creating massive waves no lifeboat could withstand. They knew she would ground but were unsure of where, so all the life savers on the back shore from Eastham to Provincetown made ready for the inevitable tragedy unfolding before their eyes.

Loaded with jute to be delivered from Calcutta to Boston, the JASON never made it to her destination. They were helpless to prevent the staggering loss of life from the beach and could only watch as twenty-six men went to their graves in Davey Jones's Locker. The waves and wind battered the vessel and drove her up on the backside bar near the Pamet River in Truro, word came to George that the ship he served on as Quartermaster for many years had foundered on the deadly Cape





Lifesavers heading in from the wreck of the JASON which broke in half on the Pamet bars in Truro Cod bars and met her end; the iron hull sunk deep into the sandbar far offshore.

George Washington Ready arrived at the Pamet River Life Saving Station in the early morning after the wreck to speak with the sole survivor, nineteenyear-old seamen Samuel Evans, who was pushed to safety on a bale of jute by the tempest; he barely survived the freezing temperatures. George asked the young man if that was indeed the Jason stranded offshore. He answered that it was, and George then told him he was familiar with the ship as he served as Quartermaster for many years on her. Because George was well known for spinning tall tales, no one believed him initially. He told them, "I knew her, I sailed on her to Bombay and to Australia, and a fine ship she was. If you don't believe it go down into her fo'cas'le and look up on a beam overhead near the bow and see if you don't find the initials 'G.W.R.' cut in the oak." When the storm died down sufficiently to get to the ship, there they found George Washington Ready's initials right where he said they would be.

As Town Crier he traveled on foot in all weather ringing a heavy bronze bell up and down Commercial Street with a genial demeanor and brisk gait. His booming voice reverberated down the side streets shouting the latest news from abroad and in town, keeping the denizens well informed. George served Provincetown in this capacity into his 80s. His ability to spin a yarn was unsurpassed and he is considered one of the best storytellers to have ever lived in Provincetown. This raconteur had the ability to tell a story about far off lands or magical creatures which captured the imagination and held his audience spellbound. I am sure his 40 years at sea helped perfect this talent as he passed the time aboard ship on so many long journeys. He was so convincing that people had a difficult time telling between truth and fiction in those superstitious times.

George Washington Ready, world traveler, fisherman, town crier, and teller of tall tales passed away at the age of 88 on February 20th, 1920, leaving big shoes to fill on the streets of Provincetown. Sometimes I imagine him walking the dirt roads of Provincetown, ringing his bell and crying the latest news for all to hear. A Town Crier has traversed the streets of Provincetown for over 200 years and is an important part of the village's legacy and traditions. *



According to David Dunlap in Building Provincetown, "town criers have long had a formal or informal connection to the Provincetown Chamber. They have included Amos Kubic (left), Arthur Paul Snader (center), Napoleon 'Gene' Poyant (below), and Kenneth Lonegan (right)."



Candice Peters Blakely in the Portuguese Festival rooster costume and Daniel Gómez Llata, current Town Crier, during the festivities

Napoleon E. Poyant, Town Crier of Provincetown from 1983-1987. Gene was the well-known proprietor with his wife Lillian of Gene's Pastry and Cafe' Poyant next to the Town Hall.







Echoes of Tradition A Journey Through Time with Town Criers from the murals of the Provincetown Inn.

IMAGES: NANCY SILVA















Historic murals at the Provincetown Inn commissioned by Chester Peck, owner, and painted by Don Aikens, who was inspired by old photographs of Provincetown.

III

Fishing Derby Sponsor



F/VNancy & Debbie

F/VLinda & Warren

 Length 55 feet
 Tonnage 30 tons

 Width 16 feet
 Capacity 30,000 lbs.

 Draft 7 feet
 Powered by G.M. Diesel

 Owned by Joseph B. Silva
 Capatained by K=reth Silva

 Crew Members:
 Charley "Chaplin" Thomas

 Alfred "Long Legs" Suza
 Gilbert "Bretanha" Suza

here was a wonderful sense of pride in the fishing community of Provincetown many years ago, which still exists today. Family, friends, and fishing were an integral part of every day life, especially my

F/V Atlanta

Capt. Josie & Amelia Silva

life. I am grateful for all of the years that I lived and worked here in Provincetown, on the land and on the sea, where I developed a deep appreciation for all that existed in the ocean. I have no fonder memory than being born and raised in this wonderful Portuguese fishing village, and growing up to be a fisherman for my entire life. My family and I are grateful that this heritage is still being kept alive by the Portuguese Festival and the Blessing of the Fleet Committee, and their efforts and determination to preserve and to **SHARE THE HERITAGE** every year. It is a privilege and an honor to be a part of it all to this day, and I will always be grateful for the opportunities that this community has given to me and my family.

Ken Silva Bob & Eleanor Silva



The Heavenly Town

Alma Martin, included in Nancy W. Paine Smith's The Provincetown Book, 1922



Iconic Commercial Street



Glimpse of Harbor from Hollyhock Lane



Bradford Street. "The Back Street." Looking East



The Oldest House in Provincetown

"A heavenly town is Provincetown. Its streets go winding up and down, Way-down-along, way-up-along, With laughter, mirthful jest and song, Dark Portuguese From far-off seas Their ships in bay Pass time of day With friends who wander up and down The pleasant streets of Provincetown. "Hello!" the friendly children call To high and low, to great and small. Bright blossoms gaily nod their heads, Strong zinnias, yellow, purple, reds, Gay marigolds and hollyhocks Whose hues are matched by artists' smocks. Dark laughing boys, Dark smiling girls, With here and there a native son With blue eyes full of Yankee fun, Go up and down the village street; Gay words for everyone they meet, And fill the summer air with song, Way-up-along, way-down-along. The air is crisp with briny smells, The time is told by chime of bells, The painters sketch each little nook, In colors like a children's book. Yellow shutters, windows pink, Purple shingles, trees of ink. Front street, Back Street, Narrow winding lanes, Many colored fishing boats, Sails and nets and seines, East End, West End, High sandy dunes, Wonderful by moonlight Or in shining noons. Oh, heavenly town is Provincetown Whose streets go winding up and down."



A Collector's Journey

The Legacy of the Provincetown Memorabilia Collection of Salvador Vasques

 remarkable story has unfolded in Provincetown of generosity and an act of pure goodness.

Salvador Vasques has made a profound contribution of Provincetown Memorabilia from his collection of over 65 years, by donating this extensive collection to the Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum, under the guidance of Courtney Hurst, Executive Director.

From a young age, Sal was captivated by Provincetown's history, and his love for the town led him on a lifelong quest to gather artifacts, photographs, vintage postcards, local art and souvenirs, books, and much more. Sal's keen eye for detail and history allowed him to discover treasures that reflected generations of the town's vibrant past and fishing heritage. We are fortunate that Sal's passion was not just accumulating this incredible number of items for his personal use, but that he had an eye toward preservation of the essence of life in this community across the decades, and his willingness, and responsibility, to share it.

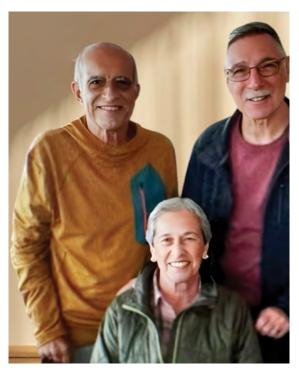
It is not possible to thank Sal enough for this incredible compilation of his life's work and his passion for collecting that will become a bridge between the past and the present. It will allow future generations to discover the beauty of Provincetown's colorful and historical past and its culture, safeguarded in the Museum.

These shared treasures will be a testament to Salvador's dedication and love for his hometown, as well as surrounding communities, and will be shared and celebrated for many years to come.

Thank you, Sal, for safeguarding the beauty of our rich heritage and preserving the town's soul.

We owe you a huge debt of gratitude.

- Nancy Silva, Festival Team member



Sal, John and Margie

In Salvador's words:

I have My Provincetown Memorabilia Collection, which I have been collecting for 65 years, scattered throughout my house in San Diego, where I have lived for 50 years. My Provincetown Memorabilia Collection consists of thousands of Provincetown, Truro, North Truro, Highland Light, Wellfleet, Eastham, Orleans, Lighthouses, Life Saving, Art and Gallery, Admiral MacMillan and his schooner Bowdoin and miscellaneous postcards.

My Provincetown Post Card Collection is housed in a thirty-two-drawer oak library file cabinet, and the other post cards are housed in sixteen miscellaneous sized oak file cabinets. Also, cabinet cards, stereoscopic views, matchbook covers, business trade cards, photographs, glass negatives, sterling silver spoons, artwork, maps, novelties, trinkets and "tchotchkes", souvenir plates and pitchers, scrimshaw, and everything and anything



else of Provincetown. Also, over 2400 books and pamphlets, including collections of Mary Heaton Vorse, Susan Glaspell, Eugene O'Neill, Harry Kemp, Admiral and Miriam MacMillan and the Schooner Bowdoin, Norman Mailer, Frank Shay, Provincetown plays, and writings by other numerous authors that lived in Provincetown.

Now that I am in my eighties, I felt it was time to find a new home for my Provincetown Memorabilia Collection. On a trip to Provincetown in May 2024, I arranged an appointment with Courtney Hurst, Interim Executive Director of the Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum to discuss donating my collection to the Museum. Courtney is now Executive Director, and her answer was "Yes!", and I had found a new home for my extensive collection.

Arrangements were made to ship my collection to Provincetown, only 3,105 miles away! In October 2024, I contacted Mini-Moves and made arrangements to have My Provincetown Memorabilia Collection shipped to the Provincetown Museum, bittersweet in all regards. The movers arrived and packed up the collection in sixty-five various sized boxes.

I also donated four lawyer-barrister stacked oak bookcases, one thirty-two draw oak file cabinet, and 16 assorted oak postcard cabinets. The collection travelled from San Diego to Poway, California for re-packing for shipment across the country to Boston, Massachusetts, and then delivery to the Provincetown Museum.



I started collecting Provincetown Memorabilia

Fishing vessel Reneva



Part of Sal's collection, now at Pilgrim Monument and Museum. Photo by David Dunlap

after I graduated from Provincetown High School in the Class of 1959. On a visit to a family friend, Nellie Frade, who lived next door to the Telephone Office on Bradford Street, gave me an old postcard album filled with 1910 era postcards, and I was hooked on collecting anything and everything related to Provincetown. I joined the Cape Cod Post Card Club, the Bay State Post Card Club and the Rhode Island Post Card Club. I attended postcard shows on Cape Cod, and in Pasadena, and Los Angeles, California. On visits to Provincetown, I would search out Provincetown postcards at gift shops and anywhere they might be sold. Other sources of Provincetown postcards were Hilary Bamford, Irma Ruckstuhl, Althea Boxell, Kent Edwards, Burt Stranger of Dorothy's Gift Shop, John Edwards, and Clive Driver. Then I discovered e-Bay as a source of Provincetown postcards.

I had mixed emotions about passing along My Provincetown Memorabilia Collection, but I am now content to know that it has found its new home at the Provincetown Museum to be enjoyed by others who have an interest in Provincetown and its past history.

I continue to post to my Provincetown Memorabilia Page on Facebook from photographs I have saved on my computer.

Wishing all a great Provincetown Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet! *

Best regards, Salvador Vasques 2025

Share the	2 <mark>4</mark> H	leritage
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Dedication to Salvador Vasques, Sr.

BETTY V. COSTA



Salvador with his Brownie camera

S alvador Vasques was born on October 3, 1910, in Fuzeta, Portugal. As a youth in Portugal, he worked in a local boatyards as a ship's carpenter. He had visited the United States when he was nine years old and at the age of nineteen, he returned to stay. Living in Glouster, he worked at the Story Boatyard in Essex. He helped to put the finishing touches on the Gertrude Thebeaud, the famous fishing schooner which was converted to a racing ship.

After a year or so, he went to sea, swordfishing on the Jorgina Silveira. He then moved to Provincetown which was to become his home. He resumed his fishing career on the Seraphina with Arthur Duarte. On the Fannie Parnell, he went dragging and bluefishing out of New York and as far south as Norfolk, Virginia. He crewed on the Beatrice S., the Frances and Marion, and the Emilia R. On the Aerolite, he fell overboard by the Pollack Rip Lightship. The quick action of the crew saved his life.

On June 14, 1939, he married Marguerite Thomas. Their children are Sal Junior who runs a company that outfits tuna boats in San Diego; Marguerite, who is married to Ronald Lopes, and has two children; and John, the owner-captain of the fishing vessel Gale, which is named for his wife.



Salvador and Marguerite during a Blessing of the Fleet





According to Sal, this St. Anthony shrine hung in his parent's home

Sal's brother John with his wife Gail, Executive Assistant at the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce. John was a fisherman aboard his F/V Gale for 35 years and is now a captain with the Dolphin Fleet. Photo courtesy of Ed Graber

Sal was a quiet man who was devoted to his wife and family. His grandchildren were a special delight to him.

He bought the Reneva in 1947 and ran it until 1966. He then fished on various boats until 1975. At that time, while out fishing, he suffered a heart attack and was no longer able to go to sea. He was, however, a frequent visitor at the boatyards and at the wharf where he kept in touch with all the things concerning the fleet. He also helped his son John with repairs and chores on his boat. From 1978 until 1982, he worked as a parking attendant for the town during the summer.

Always interested in canaries, he spent even





History and Nostagia at Sal's home in San Diego

more time in his retirement collecting, breeding, and raising these colorful birds. Sal also had the proverbial green thumb, and his beautiful garden attested to the prowess in this area. His pleasures were simple, and his wants were few. He was a man grateful for the life he had lived. He had travelled, he had achieved, and he was happy.

(It is unclear who the other fisherman is that Betty refers to in this last segment))

There are many similarities between these two men. Both were quiet and reserved; both were devoted family men; and both were experts at their craft. Their purpose in life was direct and uncomplicated. They had livings to make and families to raise. They worked hard, became the best at what they did, and were fulfilled. Their careers spanned years of change, and they adjusted to these changes and learned from them. They have left memories and challenges to their families, to the fleet, and to the town. Not only were they gentlemen, they were gentle men. Those who knew them are better people for it. May their families take comfort in this and may the rest of us emulate the traits that made them who they were. *



Sal: "My father being lowered in a fish barrel onto the Reneva at Sklaroff's Wharf during a storm. I took this picture."



Margie, Salvador Sr. and Marguerite Vasques



Betty Volton Costa

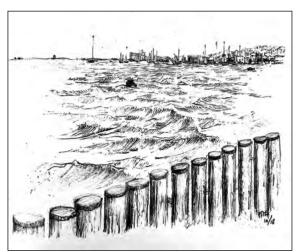
For many years, Betty was an active member of the Festival Committee. She wrote and also edited articles for the booklet. She loved the energy and sense of pride the Festival brought out in Provincetowners, native born and wash-ashore alike. Picture her in the booth at the corner of Ryder Street and Commercial Street handing out booklets and giving a short history course on Provincetown and its heritage -talking and gesturing at the same time- talking being something she truly enjoyed.

Remembering Betty Costa by Betty Steele Jeffers Festival Booklet, 2010

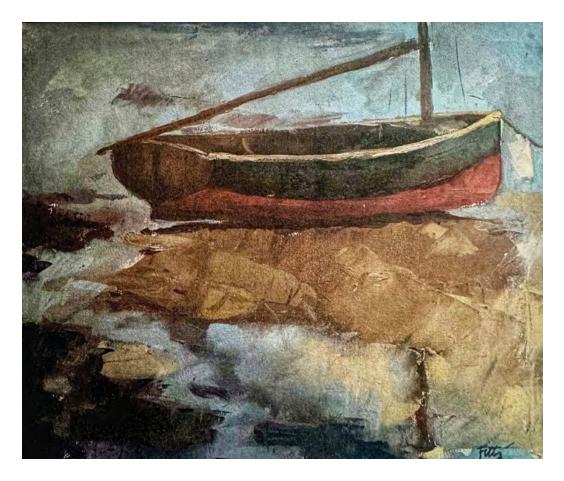




Bill and his daughter Eliza at his cookbook signing



"Every artist dips his brush in his soul, and paints his own nature into his pictures." -Henry Ward Beecher





The Artistic Journey of Provincetown Artist Bill Fitts

IN COLLABORATION WITH ELIZA S. FITTS AND NANCY B. SILVA

B orn in New York in 1936, William, affectionately known as Bill or "Top Turtle", began his artistic journey from a young age. In his childhood, he revealed his innate talent by sketching comics under his bedcovers, a hobby his parents did not support, considering it a frivolous hobby. However, his neighbors, Hudson and Ione Walker*, saw the creative spark in Bill and encouraged him to follow his heart.

Bill enrolled at Columbia University where he had the opportunity to study Chinese calligraphy with Chiang Lee while earning a more practical degree in Economics. Soon after graduation, Bill was called into military service but remained close to his artistic passion by continuing his art education at American University.

In 1964, again following his heart, seeking a new life, Bill decided to move to Provincetown, which would become his "forever home". He has never left, and continues to paint today in his home studio and at the COA in Provincetown.

Bill was an early Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center where he immersed himself in his art under the valuable mentorship of Phil Malicoat,* who had studied with Charles Hawthorne* and Henry Hensche*, notable artists who contributed significantly to the rich artistic heritage of Provincetown.

With a young family to care for, his wife Kira and their two daughters, Eliza and Olivia, Bill chose to make his living as a fine woodworker, specializing in wooden bulkheads, a skill he learned by working with Tom Somes. Bill's bulkheads carried something very unique as each one had a distinctive carved turtle to represent his 'Turtle Woodworks, Inc. crew. Bill had many talented crew members through the years. In the early days, some of his crew members included Moe Van Derek, Jimmy Noones, Gordon Peabody, Bruce Deely, Blackfish Torelli, and Joe Burke. In later years, crew members included Scott Dunn, Joe Notaro, Danny Notaro, Mike Coelho and Mike Anderson.

When Bill hung up his toolbelt, he was ready to dedicate himself to his art exclusively. For many years he was a fixture in the Fine Arts Work Center* Summer Printmaking Class. As an artist, his media included printmaking, etching, aquatint, dry point, monotype's and such. Bill was instrumental in helping to build the Print Studio, in addition to working closely with Michael Mazur* and Bert Yarborough*, long active teachers and supporters of the Fine Arts Work Center.

In the 1970's, Bill became vicepresident of the Provincetown



Bill's art on display at the Mary Heaton Vorse House



CHICKE



CORNISH GAME HENS

AN ARTIST'S RECIPES



Wintergreen Press, LLC

Eastham, Massachusetts

Art Association* and played an active part in Provincetown's local art scene. In addition to his prolific artistic career, he unselfishly dedicated twenty-five years as a volunteer firefighter on Pumper #5, as well as captain of the Forest Fire Squad. Bill's contribution to the community and town government extended even further, serving on the local Water Commission for seven years. He is a founding as well as current member of the Peaked Hill Trust, created for the preservation of dune shacks, and was a member of the

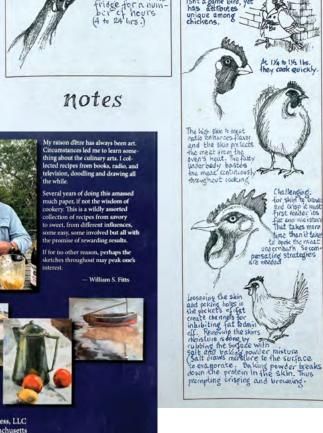
Bill's cookbook: front cover, back cover and one of the inside pages.

> Conservation Trust for many years. Bill has been a member of the Beachcombers* for many years as well.

Recently, Bill released a beautiful cookbook titled "The Recipes of an Artist", where he combined his passion for art and his interest in cooking, reflecting on his life rich in creativity and dedication. The cookbook is nothing short of a work of art, richly edited with hand-written recipes and hand-drawn detailed images. Bill says "Now, about the book: friends who saw or heard about my scrapbook asked when

it was going to be published. My stock reply was that it just isn't in my purview. Friends seem to have a way of pressing on, and with the urging, guidance and encouragement from my daughter Eliza, Dana McCannel, Kitty Werner, and Odale Cress, here we are, a published cookbook, and my pipe dream had become a reality!"

According to Bill, "This recipe book all started innocently enough. One could say its source dates to when I moved to Provincetown and married Kira in 1964. I was blessed by





At 89, Bill paints every day in his home studio. His work can be seen at the Berta Walker Gallery, 208 Bradford Street in Provincetown.



Watercolor of fishing dragger run by Capt. Keith Rose



The dune shack Euphoria

her fine cuisine throughout our marriage, The Boston Globe was interested enough to do a piece on her pies, prompted by our local celebrity chef Howard Mitchum's high praises. Several years after her death, I married Hatty (Walker), who also knew her way around the kitchen, cooking for a husband and three boys. I was spoiled. Though I'd grown accustomed to good food, I was by no means a cook. Hatty coached me and I must say, I became intrigued with the process. I liken some of the facets of cooking to alchemy. I began

reading cookbooks and watching cook shows on the" telly" with pen and paper in hand, collecting recipes."

Bill Fitts's art conveys a powerful message about creativity and inspiration throughout life, reminding us of our shared humanity. His art reflects a journey, marked by decades of commitment, and perseverance, a reminder that art evolves with us, and that it's never too late to create, contribute, and make a difference. With all his remarkable talent, Bill continues to have a lasting impact on his family, his friends, the Provincetown community that he loves, and the art world.

Notes:

*Hudson and Ione Walker, founders and benefactors of the Fine Arts Work Center and long-standing members of the Provincetown Community, were the first to recognize Bill's talents as a child.

*Charles Hawthorne was an American portrait and genre painter and a noted teacher who founded the Cape Cod School of Art in 1899.

*Henry Hensche, an American

BENSON, YOUNG & DOWNS

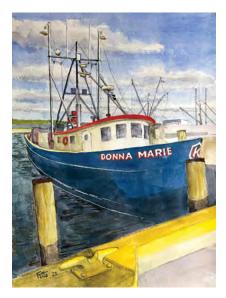


It is an honor to dedicate our efforts for the Portuguese Festival to our Mom and Dad, from whom we were taught to work hard, love and laugh.



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Watercolors of Provincetown fishing boats by Bill Fitts.

painter and teacher who studied the old masters and their techniques but was drawn to the work of the Impressionists, traveled to Provincetown and met Charles W. Hawthorne, who became his mentor.

*The Beachcombers, a group of artists, met in the summer of 1916 in a small building on what was then Knowles Wharf. A century later, the group continues to meet in what was once a sail and rigging loft at the foot of Bangs Street which they bought in 1918. -CapeCod.com

*Philip Malicoat, a founding member of The Fine Arts Work Center, and a trustee of the Provincetown Art Association, often painted in plein air on the back shore, placing his easel not far from the family's two-room dune shack. In an interview in the Smithsonian Institution's Archives of American Art, Phil speaks of the pleasures of the studio, his retreat and fortress. But the ocean gusts and solitude of the back shore were perhaps more primal sources of energy."- Susan Rand Brown, Provincetown Independent (2022).

*The Fine Arts Work Center "supports emerging artists and writers through its worldrenowned Fellowship Program. The restoration and amplification of the year-round vitality of Provincetown lies at the heart of the Work Center's mission." fawc. org

*Michael Mazur, an American artist who was described by William Grimes of the New York Times as "a restlessly inventive printmaker, painter, and sculptor. "He was long active as a teacher and supporter at the Fine Arts Work Center.

*Bert Yarborough's "long contribution to the arts in Provincetown and Cape Cod includes a two-year fellow residency with the Fine Arts Work Center, where he has also served as Visual Arts Program Coordinator for four years and as Chairman of the Visual Committee as well as on the Board of Trustees. Provincetown Art Association "was established in 1914 by a group of artists and townspeople to build a permanent collection of works by artists of outer Cape Cod and to exhibit art that would allow for unification within the community. PAAM embodies the qualities that make Provincetown an enduring American center for the arts and serves as Cape Cod's most wide-attended art museum." info@paam.org *



Bill always carved a turtle on all of the bulkheads he built, and other woodworking projects in honor of his crew, Turtle Woodworks, Inc.

- from Mike Coelho, a member of Bill's crew

Share the	32	Heritage
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What I Didn't Know I Knew (about my hometown)

YVONNE DESOUZA

Peter and I were heading to Provincetown. We liked to get coffee, (latte for me please-I'm not much of a coffee drinker but he turned me onto this sweet, fattening concoction that only tastes a little like coffee,) at a fancy little coffee shop, no Starbucks anywhere in sight thankfully, and walk around, explore, maybe people watch some. Before meeting me, he had only come to town once over 25 years ago for a day trip. But the memory stayed lovely in his heart for it was the occasion of his daughter's first ice cream cone.

Three years into our relationship then, I had yet to introduce him to the experience of climbing the monument. But this early October day was just right for it, with clear bright skies and a perfectly gentle breeze. You know the kind of day; not so hot you'll get sweaty on the way up as the cool stones will help you feel comfortable. We are walkers. He does better on steep hills while I do better on distance.

(He may argue this point as I am only referencing a birthday trip we took to Newport, RI where I was having such a great time exploring another beautiful seaside community, that I was still raring to go when he was ready to pass out at dinnertime.)

For this climb I insisted we trudge up Winslow Street. I told him that as a native I don't believe the monument climb is complete without hiking up the hill first.

(For the record, we did take the funicular down. The views are also gorgeous and there's a reason why the word 'fun' is in funicular.)

As we ascended, between gasping breaths I pointed out my old high school and the spot where the cool kids gathered to smoke before class.

(Not me though. When I started smoking I always did it far away from the school grounds to retain my good girl reputation.)

When we got to the very top of Winslow Street, in front of where my favorite Portuguese baker lived-I know Mr. Ferreira worked hard and earned his retirement, but I still miss his fabulous rabanadas- I stopped and commented "wow, that walk never gets easier."

Peter responded, "yep, that's a steep one. How come you went up so fast?"

"I was trying to keep up with you."

"But I was trying to keep up with you!"

What? How was that possible? Then it clicked. Thirty-five years out of high school and my brain, my body and my legs immediately returned to days of being late for school, when getting up the hill as fast as possible was the only way to avoid detention. Once you entered the school, you had to go up one flight of stairs to your locker and often another flight to your classroom. I didn't get a lot of detention so I must have been in decent shape then, despite those Portuguese delicacies. As we ventured up High Pole Hill, I realized how much the memories of my days at PHS were ingrained deep within me.

Even as a kid growing up in Provincetown, I knew I was fortunate. So what if we had to drive 30 minutes for pretty much everything but the basics of groceries, hardware and Cape Cod touristy gifts. It was a whole hour to get to the mall for back-toschool clothes and don't even get me started on the trek to look for prom dresses. The plus was that in Provincetown, it was also less than ten minutes to your choice of beaches. How many other kids can say that?

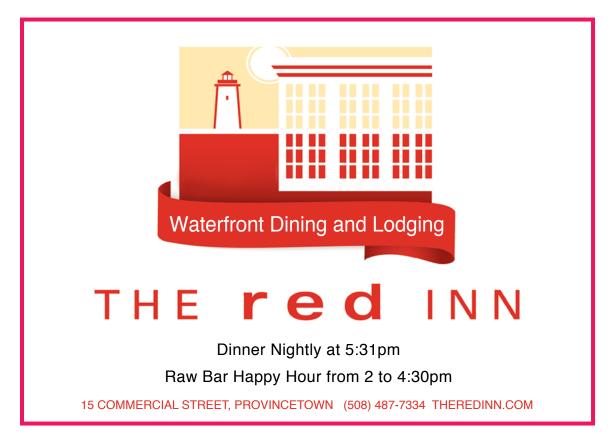
(If your parents can easily move your June birthday party to a beach playground with no planning, no costs, no foresight and only one of your big sisters for chaperoning, you may have grown up in Provincetown.)

I'd watch television reruns of the 70's and though I loved them, I would look at their surroundings and think yuck. The Brady's had to go to Hawaii to get any beach time and even then, found a bad luck tiki instead of cool shells young town entrepreneurs like me sold for penny candy money. Welcome Back Kotter opened with an ugly, dirty train. No thank you. I'll take Commercial Street. I knew what I had was unusual, but I didn't quite get how or why.

I assumed I would keep my friends from town forever, but I didn't know that was partially because our shared unique experience would always be a connection. That's why years later, when I visited St Peter's or a Portuguese festival event or even a restaurant in town, there is always someone you want to say "hi" to and a conversation starter like no other. It goes beyond "how is your family?" In the case of a Provincetown native or a long term washashore, it is more like, "how is aunt so and so doing after her operation? Does she miss running the guest house? Have you been in touch with soand so- I've been meaning to call him. I have a great story for him."

I knew that my hometown was a free one- one where people could mostly be who they wanted, when they wanted, and they would be welcome. What I didn't know was that for the rest of the world, that was not quite so. College and employment outside of Boston were eye openers, but they challenged me to see different perspectives and reasonings. Always, always I would return to the values that surrounded me as a child.

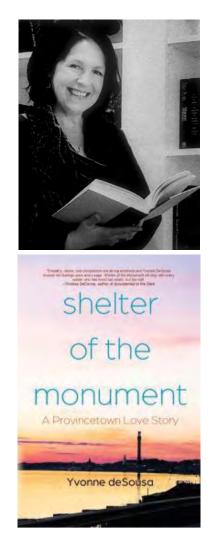
I knew I loved Provincetown, but I didn't know the joy I would get introducing it to new friends who had never experienced it before. Bay beaches, ocean beaches, the breakwater, the monument, favorite haunts, Beech Forest that we all called Beach Forest even though it was more like sand dunes near a very small forest with a great trail running through it, locations of the best stories, and on and on. Once when my visiting friends joined me and a local host with an ORV on the back shore, he stopped the truck on the sandy road and asked if



anyone wanted something to drink. One city friend looked around and then asked "really, is there a 7/11 out here?" He meant he was stopping to open the cooler in the bed of the truck of course, but, wow. We gave her a hard time about that one for quite a while.

Peter and these friends find joy in the magic that is Provincetown, both from me but also from their own sights, sounds and stories. They appreciate the intimacy of the community as they get to meet residents and recreate their own stories. Another friend loves to tell of the time one local mistook her for another local over me! They try to claim the town as their own and I smile to myself as I let them. They are just discovering something I was born knowing; this little town can capture your soul and never leave. I knew this. What I didn't know was that this capturing of one's soul, the beauty and enchantment of this charming spit of land was an offering to everyone, no matter when they made the discovery.

I didn't know that when I set up to write a story of coming of age here that was meant to be a tribute to my first romantic love, it would also naturally be a tribute to my first love ever, my unusual, beautiful, eclectic hometown... *



Yvonne deSousa was born and raised in Provincetown and is a 1987 graduate of the now defunct, Provincetown High School. She has a Bachelor of Arts from the University of Massachusetts in Boston. After college, she returned to Provincetown and worked for the Provincetown Public Library and the Provincetown Recreation Department and volunteered for Independence House, a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping those experiencing domestic violence. This led to a career working with crime victims for the Middlesex County District Attorney's Office.

After several years, when she began to miss life on Cape Cod, she returned to the area and worked as an administrative assistant in a periodontal office. When she was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, she found a healing outlet in writing about her life with MS in an amusing way. She eventually published the well-reviewed, MS Madness! A "Giggle More, Cry Less' Story of Multiple Sclerosis and started a medical humor blog that details the idiosyncrasies of life with a chronic illness and later, surviving a breast cancer diagnosis and its treatment. Yvonne believes that "giggles are good for you" and enjoys sharing her inner humorist.

Her writing has also appeared in 2 of the Chicken Soup for the Soul editions, Finding Your Faith and Listening to Your Dreams, as well as the 3 Something on Our Minds anthologies, the Cape Cod Times, and 5 of the Provincetown Banner's yearly Portuguese Festival Booklets. Her latest book, a comingof-age memoir set in her beloved hometown, Shelter of the Monument: A Provincetown Love Story was released by Black Rose Writing on 11/16/23. You can learn more about her work and subscribe to her chronic illness humor blog at yvonnedesousa.com.

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Lines Cast, Bonds Forged

MICHAEL 'BEAR' COELHO, CAPT. OF THE FISHING DRAGGER 'MICHAEL AND AMY'

IN COLLABORATION WITH NANCY SILVA



"The sea is their home, the waves their rhythm, and the fish their everyday companions – Portuguese fishermen embody the spirit of resilience and harmony with nature."

ichal Coelho was born into a family of fishermen, to his father Manuel, 'Pop Rabbit', and mother, Adeline, in Provincetown, where he grew up amidst fishing boats and nets and seagulls soaring overhead. Little did he know that one day he would be a commercial fisherman in this town he loved so much. It was the golden age of fishing, and Mike became an integral part of it.

Michael Coelho, with a love for the ocean, entered the Navy in 1967, spending time in the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean for four years. In this time period, because he had always had a love of music, he auditioned and was accepted into the Navy Band School of Music and Unit Band. He recalls playing at many ceremonies and in front of dignitaries aboard the USS John. F. Kennedy aircraft carrier, named for John F. Kennedy, the



Painting by Michael's son Mike

35th President of the United States. It was quite an honor, according to Mike, who still plays the trumpet today, and is asked often to play taps.

Mike Coelho was sword fishing with Kenny Silva, a knowledgeable fisherman who fished in high winds and gales, on the Barbara Lee, when he received a call saying that a boat he had seen in Yarmouth, Nove Scotia, was for sale. His immediate thought was, "Oh, wow, how can I buy this boat?"

He recalls how much help

Joe Roderick and Manuel Thomas of the Sea Fox were to him in this process. Joe was a commercial fisherman and Capt. of the Jimmy Boy in the 1950's who fished until 1987, and was a seasoned fisherman, having fished in 1939 with 'Dr. Foo', Manuel Thomas, who owned the dragger Joan and Tom...and if anyone knew about fishing and boats, it was Joe Roderick and Manuel Thomas. Mike said their help along with Henry Duarte, and Kenny Silva enabled him to begin his own fishing career,

Share the 38 Heritage

Mom's Best



Treasured family recipes from Pam

along with a great amount of community support for his new venture. At this point, Mike had not only fished on the Barbara Lee but also the Charlotte G, the Cap'n Bill, the Liberty Belle, and the Sea Fox, developing great friendships along the way. Mike recalls how rough a ride home to Provincetown it was with his new boat. He wasn't unhappy that the boat's captain had come along with him for the ride in the windy and icy sea that day, arriving safely home.

Mike relates in a conversation with Steve Kennedy who asked him about rigging: "When I bought her, the Sandra Ann, (which became the Michael and Amy, although it wasn't her name at the time), she was rigged on the starboard side. After a year or two, I rigged the port side. We fished 21" rubber rollers on the starboard side to fish on rock or what we called 'pounding hard bottom'. Depending on the time



Michale and Amy during the Blessing of the Fleet

of year, the port side had either a space net or whiting net. A lot of times we'd fish the whiting net by day and move inside to the hard bottom at night for ground fish and flounders. Usually, the ground fish went down on the bottom at night and the dogfish would move out. The roller net had steel doors and the other nets usually wooden Wharf Forge doors. By being rigged both sides, there was no wasting time 'jackassing' nets to the bow, etc. All we had to do was unhook the different length cables from one side to the other and we were in business. Yes, it gave you time to put a net together if we ripped up, but most of the time we just patched or laced things up to keep going"

It wasn't long before George Colley of Seafood Packers brought in a trailer load of sheathing, and they re-did the boat entirely over with this oak sheathing while rigging the port side. It is the nature of the fishing community and fishermen in Provincetown to help each other. Mike's care of his dragger was above and beyond average in the way he maintained it, repairing nets, and organizing gear. The Michael and Amy was always kept in excellent condition, tip-top shape in every way...the nets, the winches, the pulleys, the decks, the galley, all ready for the next fishing trip. Everything was always in 'ship-shape' order and was admired by all who went on board.

"My first day fishing on my new boat, the engine blew and, and while tearing down the engine, dropped a full V12 head on my toes which crushed four of them." So began a fishing journey for Michael Coelho who fished for 8 years aboard the Michael and Amy, named for his son and daughter. His daughter Amy was born when Mike was out on a trip aboard



the Barbara Lee tile fishing* off New York (*tile fish are quirky fish that live in extremely deep waters and require specialized fishing gear to reach them), and he didn't know about her birth until he received the exciting news two days later by radio out on the fishing grounds. Their family shared many memorable moments on board, especially during the Blessing of the Fleet when the boat was decked out with flags and filled with food and friends in preparation for being blessed by the bishop for a safe and profitable journey in the coming year. Mike is nostalgic about those days on board with his young family at the time but always took the time to remember those who were no longer part of the fishing fleet and from whom he had learned so much. He remembers fondly Martin "Marty" Cordeiro who fished with him all the years he had the Michael and Amy. Mike says," There was no better man on a boat." Other crew members through the years were Dana 'Skinner' Santos, Bob Harding, Tony 'Cheroot' Costa, and Jerry Carreiro.

Mike had married Pamela Coelho in 1971, and they raised their family in both Provincetown and Truro. Together they operated their successful fishing business, and when that part of their lives was complete, and fishing became less viable, his beloved Michael and Amy was sold to a captain in Stonington, Connecticut. Mike and Pam went into business on land this time and owned and operated Cape Breeze Motel and Cottages for



Manuel "Pop Rabbit" Coelho, Mike's dad

25 years, and later Southwind Court Cottages in North Truro. Here they made friendships that reached far and wide. Mike also worked with Bill Fitts's Turtle Woodworks, along with Mike Anderson, Dan Notaro, Scott Dunn, and Joe Notaro, building structural bulkheads on beachfront properties, again a connection to the ocean, but in a much different way.

Both of Mike's grandfathers had fished, using a gill netting technique where walls of netting hung in the water were used to catch fish by their gills, and also drag fishing. In gill netting, the mesh size was designed to allow the fish heads to pass through, but not their bodies, which caused their gills to get caught in in the netting as the fish attempted to back out. It was a popular way of fishing in New England as gill netting was



'Big Mike' in the early days of fishing

adaptable to smaller boats and did not require large crews, and did not need powerful engines. It seemed like a natural progression for Mike to follow the family tradition, although his mother Adeline, a nurse at Mass General for 17 years, did not approve. Manuel Coelho, Sr., who had fished with Anthony Thomas on the Richard and Arnold and Antone Joseph, his mother's father, had been lost at sea on the Lady of the Rosary off Gay Head.

Mike has a treasure trove of fishing tales, and a "good old story" that Mike related was about a dragger being hooked and rolling over in the middle banks fishing grounds. This dragger was the Amelia R., captained by Joe Roderick, who, in attempting to free the gear, disastrously rolled over. The Joan and Tom, captained by Manuel Thomas, known as 'Doc



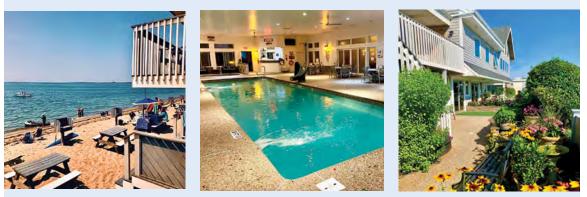


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Sharing the Heritage of 78 Years of the Blessing of the Fleet topmastresort.com • vacation@topmastresort.com • 1-800-917-0024 Foo', whose dragger was "brand new" at the time was fortunately fishing nearby. Joe was trapped in the wheelhouse of his boat and had to break himself out from an upside-down position. Capt. Thomas was able to save the life of Joe Roderick that day, a fellow fisherman, who he had been friends with all his life. There is no better ending at sea than a story like this.

Mike Coelho is a humble and modest man, an incredible fisherman and woodworker, someone who has never hesitated to give his time and energies to anyone in need, especially on the Provincetown Fire Department as an EMT. He joined the Fire Department in 1971 as a firefighter on Engine 195, and then the Rescue Squad in 1984. The service to his local hometown has been steadfast for many years and continues to be so. The Fire Department says, "Mike 'Bear" Coelho is one of the best. A great man and invaluable member of the community and our Fire Department." Mike's son Michael Jr. was also a firefighter on Engine 5 before he retired several years ago. Now his son, Gabe, who was a wrestler on Nauset High School's team, was recently doing a field internship at the Fire Department through Massachusetts Maritime where he is a student. Michael Coelho, Sr. is a dedicated family man to his children, Michael, Jr. and his wife Heather and their children. Gabe, Sophie and Zach Coelho, and his daughter Amy and her husband Paul, and their children Michaela and Devin Cokinos.



Michael holding a hand-carved dory plaque

Michael's grandchildren are all athletically talented, taking after their grandmother Pam who was a rover on the girl's high school basketball team and a Cape league All-Star. Goaltender Zach and his Nauset team just decisively won the MIAA Hockey State Championship, and Devin skates for the Cardigan Mountain Hockey Team where he just scored a goal in Finland to match his mom Amy's from years ago on the USA Team. Amy's sports minded daughter Michaela, who was a valued member of the All Lakes Region Field Hockey Team, is now playing Field Hockey at York College. Sophie Coelho, an outstanding high school hockey player, is now at Clarkson University as an Engineering Major.

Mike has always been the rudder in their lives and continues to steer them forward today.

Mike, Jr. says he was always happy to hang around the kitchen and watch his mother Pam prepare Portuguese pastries. She told him that if he didn't learn to do it, no one



Model of the Michael and Amy by Alfred Silva of North Truro



Mike and Pam

would make them, and the art would be lost. He said he spent hours with her, listening to not only information about the ingredients, but the 'how and the why'. The tradition is, thankfully, carried on.

Amy says her parents were the best role models, "together through the good and the tough. Always ready to lend a hand, listen, teach and give us a good kick in the rear! You've provided us with the template for success as individuals and couples. Thank you for spending your days at hockey rinks! We love you and are so thankful to be yours."

Michael Coelho, Sr., aka 'Big Mike' and 'Bear', has always been the rudder in his family's lives, and continues to steer them forward today with support and stability. *

Burshei Sunters . Rudybento Rudy Sontas Joe Perry

Photocopied photos, (photographer unknown) of the crew aboard the Frances and Marion



Aboard the Francis and Marion with Captain Sylvester Santos

FROM THE PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL WAREHOUSE COLLECTION

ne of the fishing fleet's finer small boats is Captain Sylvester Santos's *Francis and Marion*. With a registered length of 43.5 feet, 14.7-foot beam and drawing 6 feet of water, she was built in Somerset, R.I. in 1925. Powered by 165 h.p. General Motors diesel engine, the dragger can maintain a speed of 8 ½ to 9 miles per hour.

While the *Francis and Marion* is presently working with the scalloping fleet, she can also work with the dragger fleet out of Provincetown.

Capt. Sylvester Santos, 33 years old, lives on Bradford Street. For five years before he started fishing in 1941, he drove trucks for local trucking companies. He got his first "sight" with Capt. John Russe, who was then skipper and owner of the dragger. Later he fished on Capt. Manuel Zora's *Sea Fox* and Capt. Salvador Vasques's *Geneva*.

In 1944, he purchased the *Francis and Marion* and has skippered it ever since. Capt. Santos, who is always up among the highliners of the small boats, is also known for the tip-top shape in which his dragger is always maintained.

He is married and has a son



'Barshi' Santos in the galley of the Francis and Marion

Michael, and a daughter Debbie Lee.

COOK PLAYED WITH CHAMP TEAM The man on board who is responsible for the happy wellfed looks of the crew is Francis "Moko" Medeiros, 28, who lives at 19 Center Street. A graduate of the class of '47, he played basketball on the Cape Cod Champs team of 1947. In 1948, Francis went into service when he joined the Navy and served aboard the New Kent (APA-217) and the submarine tender Orion (AS-8) which took him to South America and other ports in the Caribbean.

After a 4-year hitch, "Moko" was discharged and did odd jobs around town before taking his first chance at trapping by shipping aboard the *Pond Village* trap boat. When Hurricane Carol came along and cleaned out the traps, or in such a state that it left all the traps out of commission, he tried his hand at scalloping on the *Francis and Marion* and has been there ever since.

KOREAN VET The hold man is John Souza, 25, who is also a teammate of "Moco" on the Cape Cod basketball championship team in 1947-48. In 1948, John joined the Marines of the First Marine Division. He was sent to Korea to take part in the so-called police action. When the Chinese Reds entered the war, they caught the Marines in a trap out of which they had to fight for a month and work their way to the town of Hamburg where the Navy evacuated them. From the Korean government they received the Korean Unit Citation and from our government, the Presidential Unit Citation. While in the Chosin Reservoir trap when the temperature was 40 degrees below zero, his fingers became frostbitten. In 1952 after serving his four-year hitch in the Marines he was discharged and shipped with Sylvester and has been with him ever since.

John is married and has a daughter, Gail Marie. *





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Photocopied photos, (photographer unknown) of the crew aboard the Frances and Marion



A Tribute to Provincetown's Fishing Heritage

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COLLIER FOR THE OFFICE OF WAR DEPARTMENT



Chow time aboard the Frances and Marion, a small "side trawler" or dragger fishing out of Provincetown in Cape Cod Bay in 1942. The skipper, second from left, is John Russe, Sr. From the dock in Provincetown, their harvest will be trucked to the market in Boston.



Crew members painting



Winchmen hauling in the trawl



Provincetown Portuguese Dory fisherman rowing out to his boat at 4:30 in the morning to leave for the Grand Banks off Cape Cod.



"Doors" which when lowered slide over the bed of the ocean like sled runners, dragging behind them the purse seine which scoops up miscellaneous fish, rocks, crabs, lobsters, and a great deal of slime.



The trawls are constantly being repaired. While one net is down, all hands turn to mending a second one.



Frank Henrique is setting the "doors" on the Francis and Marion



Portuguese fishermen aboard the Frances and Marion



Homeward bound from the banks, the drag nets are hoisted to dry.

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The Corea Menino Jesus

Yvonne deSousa

irca 1910, Maria Conceicao Chagas Corea left Fuzeta, Portugal, traveling alone across the Atlantic to join her husband, Frank Corea, in Provincetown, MA.

Packed ever so gently in her steamer trunk was her Menino Jesus (little Jesus,) an 18 inch Christ child statue with staff and base.

The Portuguese tradition of a family having their own Menino Jesus was especially poignant as it was often thought that the Christ child, not Pai Natal, brought the Christmas gifts. Conceicao's Menino Jesus did land safely in America and stayed in her home on Arch Street until her passing. At that point, it was moved one street over to Johnson to reside with Conceicao's daughter Leona Corea Mendes. That was where I first met him, and even as a child, I found him to be absolutely stunning.

He had lost his crown by then, as evidenced by the little holes on the top of his head, and his staff was slightly bent. But he came to live with me when my Nana Mendes passed, and I have treasured him ever since. We have been on adventures as he was photographed on the West End beach for this same booklet in 2012 and then later, took up residence in the main case of the Provincetown Public Library for a time, briefly displacing the Lipton Cup. This year I realized that after at least 115 years, he



The next generation to revere Menino Jesus, Yvonne's great-nephews, Daylen and Dayton Green

needed a bit of an upgrade to keep him looking his best. I was able to find a specialist in art restoration named Peter Boardman who carefully cleaned him up, re-gilded his golden blemishes, straightened his staff and overall preserved him for hopefully many more years. Mr. Boardman discovered that he could be removed from his base, leaving holes in the bottom of his feet. I had never known this and shivered at the thought that the holes mimic the ones the adult Jesus would suffer at his crucifixion. Did the original artist intend this?

I feel quite blessed to have this inheritance passed down from my great grandmother who died when I was just a baby and then my grandmother. This treasure continues to shine on and bring joy to new generations in our family.

Additionally, on one of her visits to the homeland, Conceicao also purchased and returned with this religious icon, a piece of wall



Maria's little Jesus



A religious icon made with gold and silver

art made with gold and silver Portuguese foil, that also lived in her Arch Street home and continued to live there as a gift to my mother, Dolores. When the home was eventually sold, it was donated by my Uncle, Paul Mendes, to St. Peter the Apostle Roman Catholic Church where it now resides in the vestry. *





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In History's Path

The Blessing of the Fleet by Dennis Minsky From "Peculiar and Superior", A Year-Rounder in Provincetown Provincetown Independent Books



Blessing of the Patricia Marie, in the past. Photo: Portuguese Festival Archives

he things we celebrate reveal a great deal about us: who we are or who we would like to be.

This week-end is the Portuguese Festival and the Blessing of the Fleet*. I have written before about the historical importance of the Portuguese in Provincetown, and there is an aspect of their character that still defines this town. Alas, like so many other things, the Portuguese presence is not what it used to be. There has been a diaspora, caused by the housing situation and the lack of employment. Even the Portuguese who remain are less Portuguese than they used to be, not as definable a group as when Mary Heaton Vorse, in *Time and the Town*, described them: "*They are* so much a part of the town that today one could not imagine Provincetown without them. Good looks, gaiety and daring are their inheritance..."

This is what naturally happens in the melting pot that is this country. But against all this, a valiant and hard-working group of men and women and men labor each year to focus on the Portuguese days of old.

The blessing, too, is an artifact of a century's old tradition. It has been going on for decades here in town, but, where once dozens of draggers lined up to pass the wharf and be blessed, now there is a much smaller number, along with lobster boats, charter fishing, and whale watch boats, and pleasure crafts of all kinds, including kayaks. There is, of course, a connection between these two things being celebrated, the Portuguese influence and



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539 COMMERCIAL STREET, PROVINCETOWN MA 508.487.1964 | FANIZZISRESTAURANT.COM the fleet being blessed; fishing quickly became a predominantly Portuguese activity.

But they were blessed against danger, these mostly Portuguese seamen, because danger has always existed when men dare to go out on the open sea. In *Cape Cod*, Thoreau quotes the inscription from a Truro graveyard: "Sacred to the memory of 57 citizens of Truro, who were lost in seven vessels, which foundered at sea in the memorable gale of October 3rd, 1841.

Since then, hundreds of lives have been lost, as mortal men pursued their livelihoods. In my own time there was the the Patricia Marie, 1976, with seven lost (including Dickie Oldenquist, whom I knew}, the Cap'n Bill, 1978, four lost; in 1984, the Victory II, three lost; and the Twin Lights, 2012, with the loss of Jean Frottier. (*Names of fishermen lost on these vessels at end of article.*)

We who live on land but delight in our proximity to the angry sea and the men who go out into it, we who think we have some understanding of this ancient and honorable way to wrest a living – we have no clue. We absolutely cannot relate to the dangers they face daily.

I can't talk with the dead, but in conversation with four different fishermen today, I could not get any to admit the reality of the terrors they face. One told me that in one situation, "I thought I was done," but quickly followed with "it is what it is." Another told me that "every boat has close calls" but shrugged it off: "It's the nature of the beast." Another related this time in a life raft after an engine fire - his third such experience in 16 years of commercial fishing. But he "wasn't scared."

Mary Heaton Vorse wrote, "Men who fish for a living must have an easy courage...men grow well in Provincetown."

Perhaps we are all Irish on St. Patrick's Day and all Mexican on Cinco de Mayo. But in such a more fundamental way, let us acknowledge the special gift of the Portuguese to our shared culture and the meaningful heritage of fishing to the very essence of our town. *

Note:

*Patricia Marie, 1976, lives lost: Capt. William W. 'Billy' King, 45; Ernest L. Cordeiro, 46; Alton Joseph, 19; Maurice Joseph, 47; Walter Marshall, 52; Richard 'Dickie' Oldenquist, 35; Robert Zawalick, 23.

*Cap'n Bill, 1978, lives lost: Captain Ralph Andrews, 57; Edward Hoenig, 21; Ernie Tasha, 22; Robert Sullivan, 30.

*Victory II,1984, lives lost: Capt. Kenneth Macara II, 28; John Dorf, 36; Benjamin Fernandez, 33

*Twin Lights, 2012, the loss of Jean Frottier

*The Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet is traditionally held on the last week-end in June.

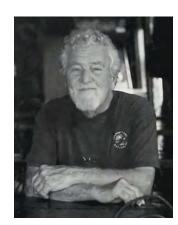
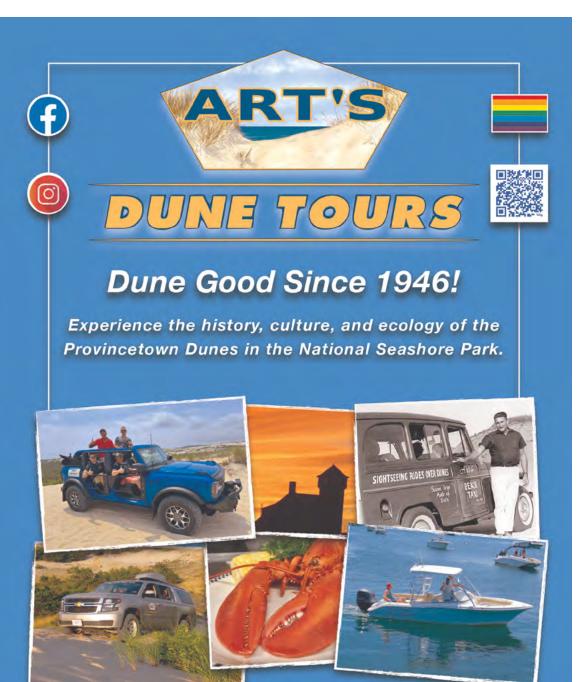


Photo copyright Elias Duncan

Dennis Minsky hitchhiked to Provincetown in 1968 and has been here, mostly, ever since. His first job was waiting tables at Ciro &Sal's. During his early years he was also a member of the volunteer fire department (Pumper 5) and a cabin boy at the Beachcombers. A lifelong student of nature, he has worked as a wildlife biologist with the Cape Cod National Seashore, as a guide with Art's Dune Tours, and since 1995 as a naturalist for the Dolphin Fleet Whale Watch. He has also been a member of various conservation committees. His column, "The Year-Rounder," has appeared in the Provincetown Independent since its founding in 2019. He has also written for Provincetown Arts and contributed to WCAI's "A Cape Cod Notebook." He lives in Provincetown with his wife, Deborah, and their two cats and faithful dog Dory, who, sadly, has recently passed, and looks forward to visits from four grandchildren.



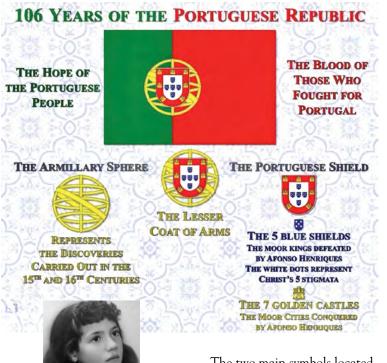
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A Bandeira de Portugal

The Story Behind the Meaning of the Portuguese Flag

Liliana deSousa



When I was in third grade in Portugal, I began learning and understanding my roots. In our classroom we were taught about the history, culture and pride of our flag, and we learned the stories behind the colors and symbols. It was a wonderful way as a child, to know the meaning of Portugal's past.

The current flag of Portugal was issued in 1910.

The two main colors of the flag are green and red.

The green color represents hope for the future of the country, the red represents the blood of the nation. The two main symbols located in the center are the Armillary Sphere in yellow, and the Portuguese Shield, the Coat of Arms, in red.

The Portuguese red shield lies at the center of the flag, on top of the sphere.

In the outer red area, there are seven yellow castles representing the seven castles that Portugal took back from the Moors during battles.

The five smaller blue shields in the white area of the Coat of Arms represents the five Moorish kings defeated by Alfonso I, the first king of Portugal.

There are also five white dots in each blue shield representing the five wounds of Christ suffered during the crucifixion. *



Liliana has been an integral and essential part of the Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet for many years. She has received recognition from Portugal for her dedication to promoting its heritage and culture. Notably, the Order of Merit, the Ordem do Merito, a Portuguese Honorific Order of Civil Merit awarded to those responsible for meritorious acts or services, in the public and private sphere.

Liliana is very deserving of this award, and her tireless efforts are very much appreciated by Provincetown's community.



Anchored in Tradition

A Fisherman's Story Unfolds

IN TODD SILVA'S WORD





Young Todd in his first dory

y grandfather, Joaquim Silva (Goularte) lived on the Azorean Island of Pico in the Village of Lajes, a whale processing town. He jumped aboard a New England Whaler at a very young age as New England whalers would pull into the Azores for picking up crews and supplies on their long whaling trips. He ended up in Provincetown where he met and married his wife, Amelia (Costa) Silva. She came to the United States on a steamer with three children from the Island of St. Miguel in the Azores after her first husband had passed away. She and Joaquim were married here in 1899, and had seven more children, the youngest was my dad, Louis ('Ding') Silva. He completed his elementary school education, but was not interested in attending school any longer, so his father gave him a choice: go fishing with him or go back to school. He chose fishing. I have chosen fishing, as well, and I continue to

fish today on the lobster boat Pam and Todd, named after myself and my sister Pam, as we were the two youngest Silva children.

My father Louis married my mother Luene Ellis from Dennis. Massachusetts. She moved to Provincetown with Louis, to work alongside him selling lobsters and shellfish out of their home while raising eight children. Our family was her priority. She did everything for us and with us. aboard the boat fishing or in the woods hunting. My mother was a direct descendent of Lt. John B. Ellis who came from England on the Mayflower's sister ship Abigail. John married Ed Freeman's daughter Elizabeth. John was very instrumental in the settlement of Sandwich, Massachusetts. His offspring settled in towns like Harwich, Dennis and Brewster. He died fighting in King Phillips War against the Native Americans.

My mom and dad had eight children, Marjorie, Elizabeth,

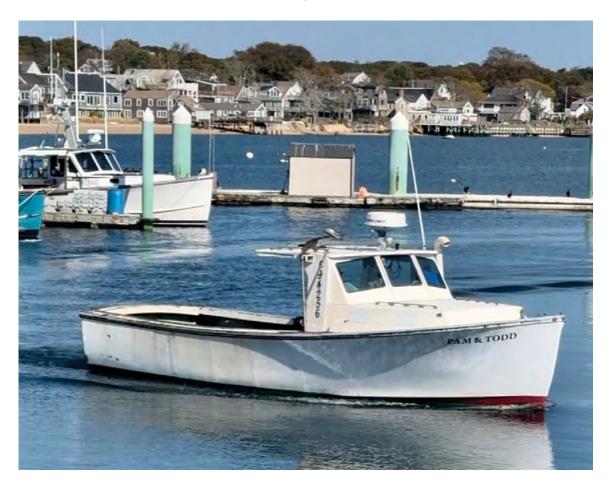
Todd lobstering today

Luene, Jacqueline, Louis, Sharon, myself and Pamela. I was born a year after the tragic loss of my brother, "Little Louis' as he was called.

In a very worn and folded newspaper copy that Todd shared with me, is the following account of the devastating event that altered the family's life:

According to the Provincetown Advocate, July 9, 1959, My brother, Louis Joaquim Silva, named after my father and grandfather and the first son born into the family:

"was swept overboard, with his father, from the latter's dory last Thursday, and although Mr. Silva made heroic efforts to save his son, the boy died from exhaustion and exposure, according to Dr. Daniel H. Hiebert, medical examiner. Father and son set out shortly before noon in a dory powered by an outboard motor, to tend lobster traps off the Truro shore, near Corn Hill. They had just left one lobster pot and were going to another



when a choppy following sea hit the boat, and both occupants were thrown overboard. Mr. Silva made desperate attempts to catch the boat but to no avail. With the engine still going, the boat raced off. Mr. Silva then told his son, a strong swimmer, to push off his boots, and both began to swim for a fish weir which was about one-half mile distant. When the boy began to tire, his father told him to put one hand on his shoulder, and with his father's help, they reached the weir and began shouting for help. Because of fog, persons on Corn Hill Beach, who heard their shouts, could not see them. A short time later, Mr. Silva, with one arm around his son, saw the boy suddenly go limp, and realized he had died.

The father, not wanting to lose his boy's body, tied him to the weir, and began to swim for shore, a mile away. When he reached the beach, his legs were numb and he was helpless in the surf. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Goodman, occupants of a nearby cottage, saw Mr. Silva in the surf, and helped him ashore. At his home. Mr. Silva was treated for shock, over exertion, and heart strain, and his wife and one of his six daughters were also under treatment by Dr. Hiebert, the family physician. Louis was the only son in the family. Coast Guardsmen manned the motor lifeboat and brought the body of the boy to MacMillan Wharf. Dr. Hiebert said Mr. Silva was probably in the water over two hours."

Born a year later in 1960 after this tragedy, Todd said his father gave up lobstering for an extended period of time and instead went drag fishing on the Magellan II. Todd said he wanted to go fishing with his dad when he was young and still in school, hoping to fish weekends and school vacations. but was always told by his father, "Ask your mother..." Neither parent wanted to commit, understandably, considering their family's tragedy. Todd said he was persistent enough that his father finally gave in. Todd continues to fish today on the Pam and Todd, a testament to his deep-rooted ties to his father's legacy.

Todd relates, "I eventually did







Louis and Luene

go fishing with my dad, as well as all my sisters, AND my mother, and said, "I guess you could call it a family business."

My father gradually went back to lobstering in the summer and fishing the Magellan II in the winter. The Magellan II was a 42-foot scalloper that my father purchased in 1956. After her moorings let go in a storm, she was wrecked on the breakwater. Todd says that he believes that lobstering was his father's favorite fishery. We built up the number of traps we had, and at that point realized we had too many to work out of a skiff. This was the time that my father had the Pam and Todd built in Dover, New Hampshire in 1978, a 26-foot

scalloper. It was a Sisu, no longer in business but a few around. She was considered a good-sized boat back then, but now she is the oldest and one of the smallest lobster boats, and I'm proud to say that the *Pam and Todd* is still getting the job done after 47 years, and we have been in the procession of boats during the Blessing of the Fleet every year since then.

My father, Louis 'Ding' Silva suffered a severe stroke around 1985 and was bed-ridden for 13 years until he passed but received the best care imaginable from my mother Luene. It was a difficult time for the family, seeing him grow weaker over the years, as he was known to be one of the



Luene and Little Louis

strongest men in town.

Todd continued, saying that he continues lobstering during the summer months on the Pam and Todd, usually getting jobs on a dragger or scalloping boats during the winter months, and fishing on the B. Trio with Captain Bruce Caton, the Michael Ann with Captain Ken Gregory, the Joan and Tom, with Captain Mike Silva, and the Second Effort with Captain Chris King. My three children, Jessi, Jade, and Jaime, with my former wife Lisa (King), were the last generation to live in the "old homestead" at 485 Commercial Street where my grandparents had lived when they arrived from the Azores. They were the last generation to



Family and friend outing during the Blessing



Louis 'Ding' fisherman extraordinaire



The Magellan II



live in this house. They helped on the boat, as did my nieces and nephews, until they were grownup enough to start their own lives.

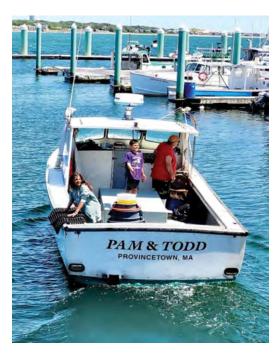
The *Pam and Todd*, the 'old girl' as Todd lovingly refers to his lobster boat, continues to fish today with his mate and nephew Shawn Silva.

The 'Ding' legacy continues and is a testament to Todd's hard work, unwavering strength and enduring spirit in a life shaped generations ago by his grandfather and his father. Todd knew he was going to carry on more than a profession. He was going to carry on the memory of his father and his brother Louis and never underestimate the power of the sea. *

In Todd Silva's Words - as shared with Nancy Silva.



Blessing festivities back in the day

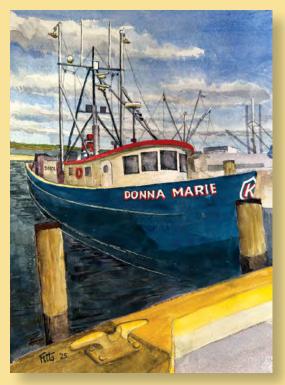


Todd with grandchildren Ava and Ronan



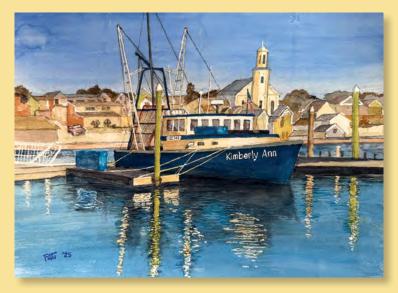
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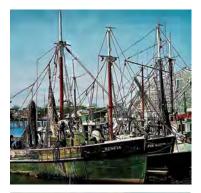




























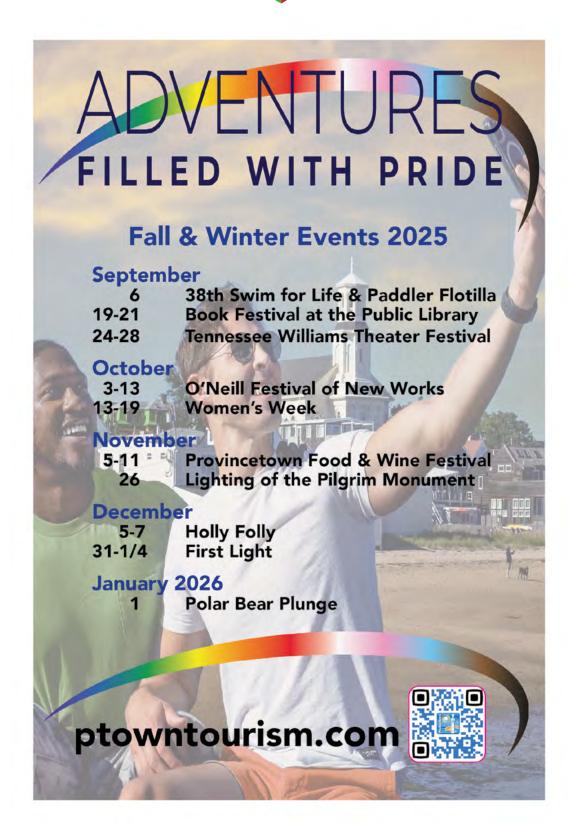












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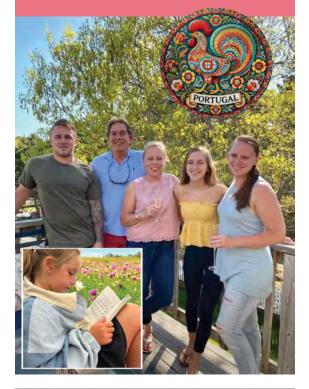
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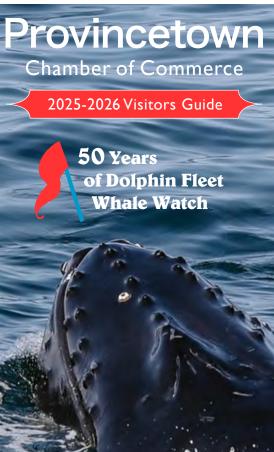


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ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com https://www.facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival/



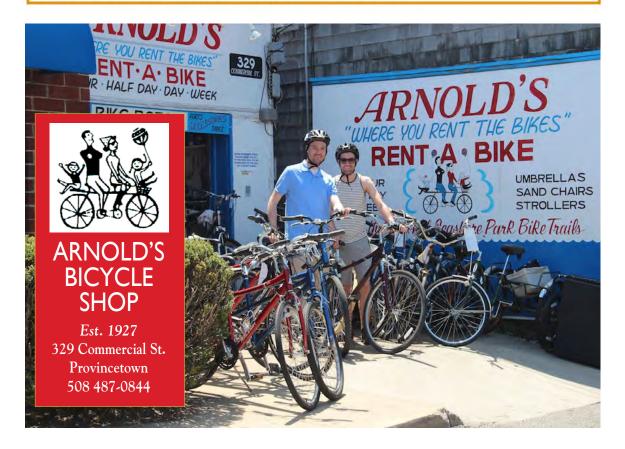


o greatly further research leading to treatment and a cure, in honor of Veronica and Mark Silva and their courageous journeys

"Festival Flags" oil by Lois Griffel

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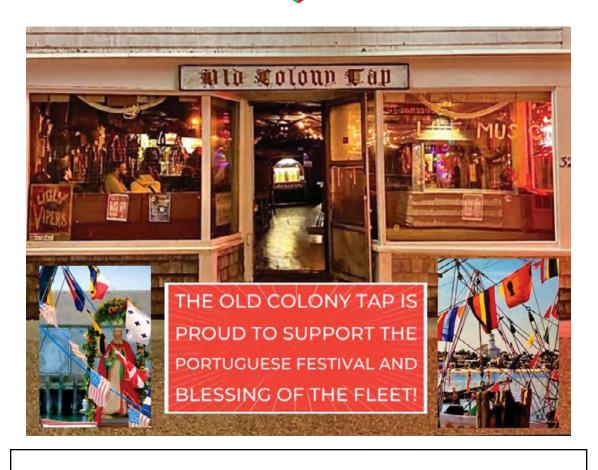
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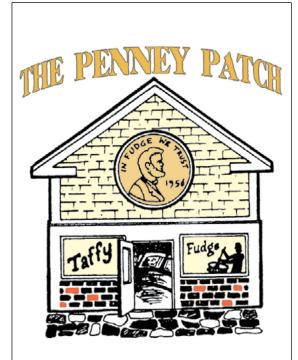


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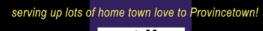




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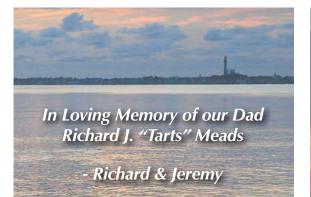
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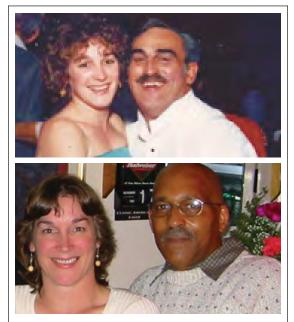




Kay, You are forever in my heart -- Carol Nickerson





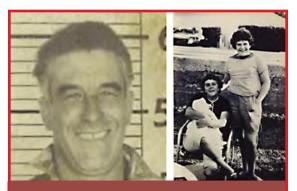


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The Blessing of the Fleet and Portuguese Festival Committee honors the memory of Msgr. Perry, who peacefully passed to his eternal rest on October 24, 2024 at the age of 87.

Reverend John Perry was ordained to the priesthood in 1963, and in 1999 was named chaplain to His Holiness by Pope John Paul II, a papal honor with the title of Reverend Monsignor. He assisted the Bishop as his deputy in the administration of the Diocese. In 2012, Pope Benedict XVI named him a Protonotary Apostolic, the highest honorary title awarded to a priest. Through the years, he was a chaplain, a diocesan secretary and a dean.

Msgr. Perry celebrated the Fishermen's Mass for the Provincetown fleet many times during the annual celebration of the Blessing of the Fleet. His sermons were always inspiring, and his compassion and sense of humor touched everyone he met. He loved being a part of this celebration in a town he loved so much.

Msgr. Perry officiated countless weddings and baptisms in Provincetown that united generations of families. He will be forever remembered for his warm and caring ways that have endeared him to this community.

We will remember Msgr. Perry always for his devotion and his love. *





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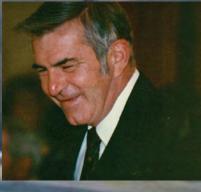


John "JB" Browne Courtesy Salvatore Del Deo





Lawrence "Lorenzo" Chuster



Lawrence "Larry" Meads, Sr.

Background painting by Phillip Malicoat, November Gale, 1954







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