

20th Annual
**Provincetown
Portuguese**
Festival 2016

Sharing The Heritage

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS



**CELEBRATING
THE 69th BLESSING OF THE FLEET**



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celebrates the heritage and future of the community we serve.

ON THE COVER

**CONSTRUCTION CREW
CAPE COD COLD STORAGE**

The Cape Cod Cold Storage located at 125 Commercial Street was one of several projects funded by Joshua Paine. It was erected in 1912 and was the last functioning cold storage in Provincetown. It was torn down in January 1975 and is now the site of the U.S. Coast Guard Station.



- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Bill Days | 11. Steve Perry |
| 2. John "Peacy" Cook | 12. Charlie Rich |
| 3. Joe Days | 13. Leon Rogers |
| 4. Frank Days | 14. Manuel Prada |
| 5. John "Partsy" Silva | 15. Justin Veara |
| 6. Jim Callahan | 16. Tony Bent The Carpenter |
| 7. Chic Roderick | 17. Jesse Meads |
| 8. Albert Silva | 18. _____ Cabral |
| 9. Frank Silva | 19. _____ Paine |
| 10. Manuel "Pooper" Silver | |

**Provincetown
Portuguese
*Festival 2016***

*The Festival Booklet for 2016 honors the 40th anniversary of the loss of the **Patricia Marie** with the re-issue of Seth Rolbein's article about the tragedy in the 1976 issue of Yankee Magazine.*

We follow the progress of the re-building of the RANGER as reported in THE SAGA CONTINUES by Captain John Francis Santos.

The focus of the Festival Booklet 2016 is the Portuguese Carpenters and Builders of Provincetown. Most of these men came from sea faring families and chose this profession for a variety of reasons. Many found it necessary to leave school and work to support their families due to the fact that their fathers were lost at sea. What emerges is a dedication to their craft, a desire to help others, and the willingness to take a different direction than was offered by the fishing industry. Their love for the sea remained evident in the way many supplemented their incomes by fishing.

As Dick Henrique told his sons, "If you could fish, swing a hammer or paint, you'd never go hungry in Provincetown".

2016 FESTIVAL TEAM

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

Booklet design Ewa Nogiec

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Provincetown Portuguese Festival
P.O. Box 559, Provincetown, MA 02657

Thank You!

*Helen Valentine, Jeremy Pilone, Provincetown Postmaster
Joe and Cindy Days, Joan Cordeiro, Chris King, Lisa King Marrou
Joe Andrews, Beverly Ferreira for the Bill Berardi photos, Steve Toomey
Seth Rolbein, Mylan Costa, Martha Henrique
Jay Critchley, William Costa, Nancy and Larry Meads
Doug Johnstone and the Provincetown History Project for photo on p. 25
Special Thank You to Miriam Martin Collinson for her hard work!*

PROVINCETOWNPORTUGUESEFESTIVAL.COM



Consulado de Portugal em New Bedford

Message from Consul of Portugal in New Bedford, Pedro Carneiro, to the 2016 Provincetown Portuguese Festival

Keeping the traditions very much alive, the Provincetown Portuguese Festival will once more take place, June 23-26, in that beautiful town at the very end of Cape Cod.

In 2016, we will be celebrating the 20th anniversary of the Festival and the 69th anniversary of the Blessing of the Fleet in an always joyous and family friendly atmosphere.

During these four festive days, Provincetown gets filled with people, from all over the country, of different origins, of different backgrounds. All these people flock to Provincetown to experience a rich cultural experience, to share moments of genuine friendship and discovery, to have a better sense of the contribution of the Portuguese community to the region – I can recall with great fondness that at this event, unlike anywhere else, one can see hundreds and hundreds of fluttering Portuguese flags.

When I am asked to explain the Provincetown Portuguese Festival in a nutshell, I try to point out that it is an event open to all, that embraces diversity, accepts the modernity, respects the old traditions, values culture, that is built upon the idea of sharing, that warrants hard work and team work fundamental for a strong society, promotes comradeship, enhances the richness of the past to project the future and recognizes the role of the Portuguese in this country. To encapsulate all this in four days is really something.

Hence, I would like to convey to all the Organizing Committee of the Provincetown Portuguese Festival my sincere congratulations and wishes of success for the 2016 edition. Also please accept, on my behalf and on behalf of the Portuguese Government, the sincere recognition for your decisive contribution in promoting the image of Portugal, its History, and its People in this beautiful region of the United States of America.

Pedro Carneiro
Consul of Portugal in New Bedford



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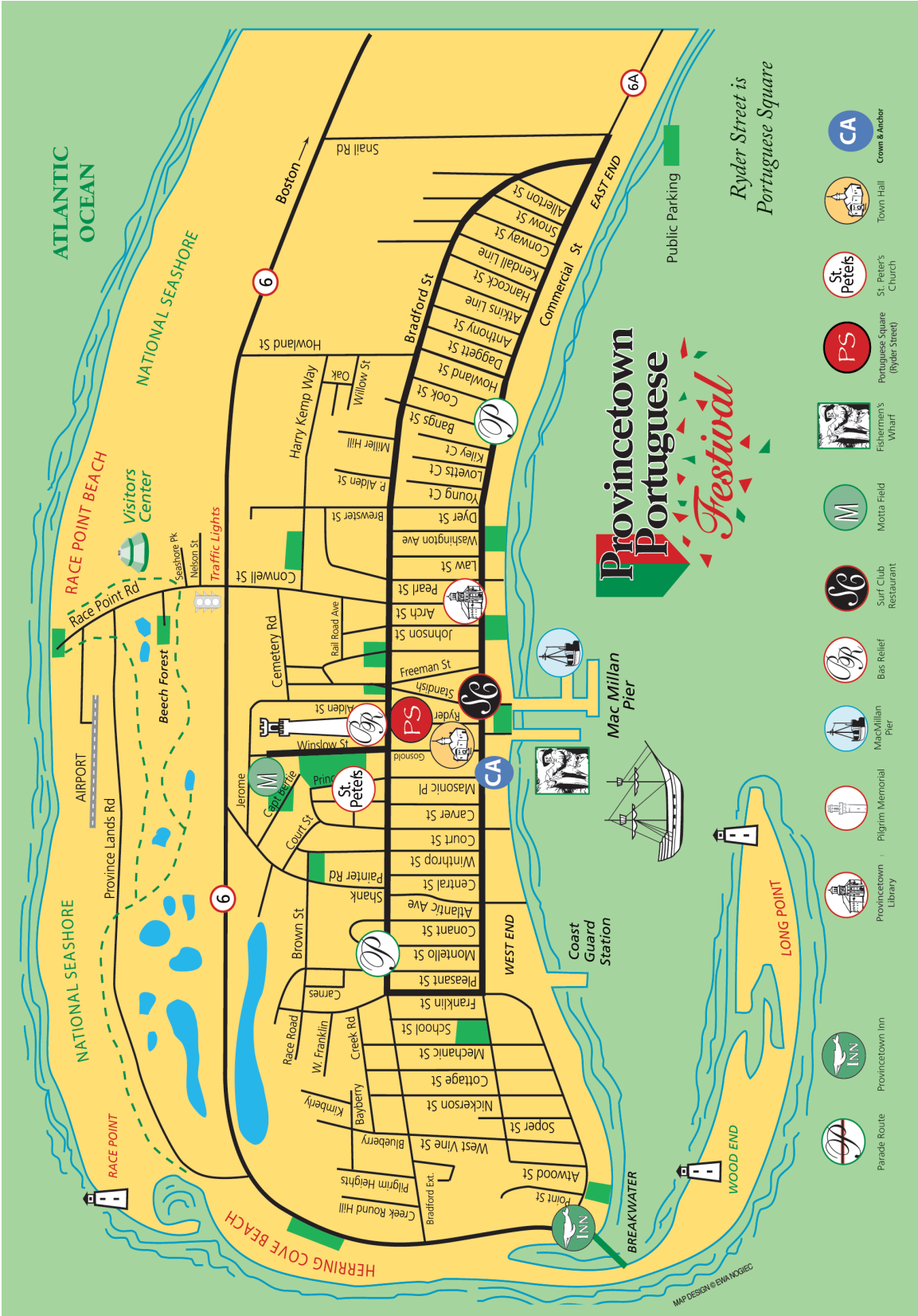


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Thank you!

Seth Rolbein, Mylan Costa and William Costa, Robert Henrique, Patricia Silva Benatti, Francis John Santos, Josephine Breen Del Deo, Avis Kaeselau, Mark Perry, Miriam Martin Collinson, Cheryl Brown Jackson, and Emi Briet for your literary contributions.

PROVINCETOWNPORTUGUESEFESTIVAL.COM



Ryder Street is Portuguese Square

Provincetown Portuguese Festival

-  CA Crown & Anchor
-  Town Hall
-  St. Peter's Church
-  PS Portuguese Square (Ryder Street)
-  Fishermen's Wharf
-  M Motta Field
-  SC Surf Club Restaurant
-  BPR Bas Relief
-  MacMillan Pier
-  Pilgrim Memorial Library
-  Provincetown Inn
-  Parade Route

Provincetown Portuguese Festival – June 23-26, 2016

JUNE 23 (THURSDAY)

5pm – 10pm **SEAMEN'S BANK COMPARTILHE NA NOSSA MESA ...**

“Share Our Table” A showcase of Provincetown’s best restaurants

UNDER THE SEAMEN'S BANK TENT AT THE BAS RELIEF • *Reservations are required*

8pm – 10pm ~ Dancing with Rick Anthony DJ under the tent • \$5.00

JUNE 24 (FRIDAY)

12pm – 2pm ~ Capt. Manny Phillips Fishing Derby for Kids at MacMillan Pier • Free

2:30pm – 4pm ~ Lobster Crate Race behind the Surf Club • Free

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

12pm – 5pm ~ Face Painting in Portuguese Square • Free

2pm – 4pm ~ Portuguese Writers and Poets Read at the Harbor Lounge, 359 Commercial Street • Free

3pm – 6pm ~ Music, Dancing & Entertainment on stage in Portuguese Square • Free

5pm – 8pm ~ **THE LOBSTER POT PRESENTS THE LOBSTER BAKE AT THE BAS RELIEF**

Beer and Wine cash bar, Oyster, Clam, Shrimp ~ Cash Bar

6:30pm – 7:30pm ~ Music for all ages with Rick Anthony on stage in Portuguese Square • Free

8pm – 10pm ~ Music for all ages with the band FAITH on stage in Portuguese Square • Free

9pm – 1am ~ Homecoming Get Together with The Old Jug Band at the Surf Club

JUNE 25 (SATURDAY)

12pm ~ **EXPLORE THE COAST GUARD LIFEBOAT CG36500** ~ This lifeboat rescued the crew of the tanker Pendleton in 1952 when it split in half off Chatham. It was reconditioned and used in the film *The Finest Hour*. It will lead the Blessing Of The Fleet on Sunday.

10am – 12pm ~ Motta Family Kids Games and Cookout at Motta Field • Free

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

11:30am – 2pm ~ Live Entertainment and Portuguese Dancers in Portuguese Square • Free

1pm – 3pm ~ Capture The Flag Race ... behind the Surf Club • Free

2pm – 3pm ~ Entertainment for kids of all ages by the Toe Jam Puppet Band in Portuguese Square • Free

3pm – 5pm ~ Portuguese Festival Parade on Commercial St. from Harbor Hotel to Franklin Street

4:30pm – 5:30pm ~ Entertainment continues with the Toe Jam Puppet Band in Portuguese Square • Free

6:30pm – 7:30pm ~ Enjoy comedy by the Portuguese Kids in the Lions Club Portuguese Food Court under the tent at the Bas Relief • Free

7:30pm – 9:30pm ~ **PROVINCETOWN BANNER FADO CONCERT IN PROVINCETOWN TOWN HALL.** Contributions appreciated. Handicap access elevator available behind Town Hall.

9pm – 12:30am ~ Dance to the SAMBA Band on stage in Portuguese Square • Free

JUNE 26 (SUNDAY)

10:30am – 11:30am ~ Fishermen's Mass at St. Peter the Apostle Church

Celebrant: Bishop Edgar M. DaCunha S.D.V.

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

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

1pm ~ 69th BLESSING OF THE FLEET *Celebrant: Bishop Edgar M. DaCunha S.D.V.*

1pm ~ Judging of boat decorations

12pm – 4pm ~ TASCAs Portuguese Café at MacMillan Pier Beer and Wine cash bar.

1pm – 3pm ~ Portuguese Music and Dancers at MacMillan Pier • Free

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

4pm – 7pm ~ Finish Up Another Great Festival with a quick get together at the Surf Club with Ed Sheridan and friends • Free



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Compartilhe Na Nossa Mesa
or “Share Our Table” – This taste of Provincetown is the
Festival opening night food event on
Thursday, June 23, at the Bas Relief.

Thursday
Opening
Night

We would like to thank the Outer Cape food establishments that donated signature dishes in past years. They were...

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Angel Food | Far Land Provisions | Mayflower Café |
| Black Fish Bistro | Flying Fish Café | Montano's |
| Cafe Edwige | Governor Bradford | Napi's Restaurant |
| Café Maria | Jimmy's Hideaway | Portuguese Bakery |
| Chach | John's Foot Long | Purple Feather |
| The Coffee Pot | Lobster Pot | Dessert Café |
| Connie's Bakery | | Red Inn |
| East End Market | | Relish |
| Edwige at Night | | Ross' Grill |
| Fanizzi's | | Vorelli's |



FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 5-8PM • BAS RELIEF

LOBSTER BAKE

WITH THE LOBSTER POT'S CHEF

TIM MCNULTY

- Clam Chowder & Salad
- Lobster - Steamers
- Corn on the Cob - Roasted Potato
- CASH RAW BAR
- Shrimp - Little Necks - Oysters
- CASH BAR
- Beer - Wine - Soft Drinks



ONE MORE TOW

BY SETH ROLBEIN

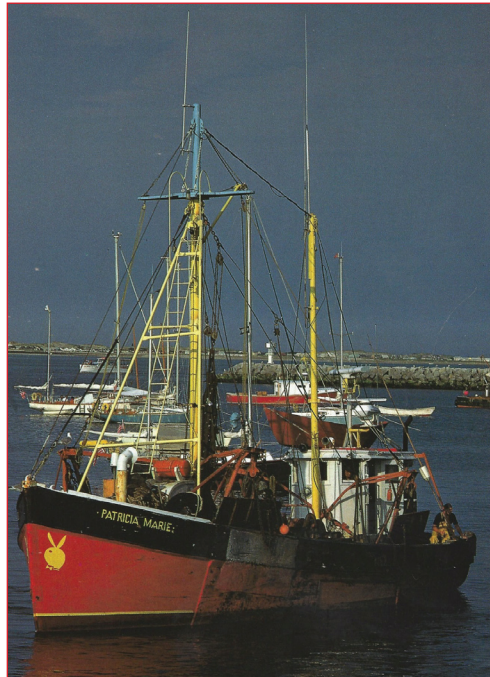
ORIGINALLY PRINTED IN "YANKEE MAGAZINE" OCTOBER 1991

Nobody had ever seen anything like it, and it couldn't have come at a better time. Fishermen around Cape Cod had a solid, predictable year in 1975. So there was no warning for 1976, when the codfish suddenly vanished — who knows why, who knows where. Fishermen were nervous that year, looking ahead and wondering how to get out from behind the eight ball of the winter season, when catches would drop even lower and expenses would climb yet higher.

And then one day, only ten miles or so off the arm of Cape Cod, around a place known as Pollock Rip, one of the local boats pulled up the belly of its fishing net, and instead of the usual catch of cod, or hake, or flounder, the net was full of something else: scallops.

Scallops are the only shellfish that move around rather than settling or burrowing on the ocean floor, squirting water out of the opening in their shells to spurt them along. In this way they join the finfish of the world, coming and going, unpredictable. And the small round muscle that makes their shell snap shut and moves them on their way commands as high a price per pound as any fillet from any species.

It didn't take long for people to realize that something truly extraordinary had happened. A mother lode of scallops had been found in their watery backyard. It was almost impossible to conceive how many were there, so thick, as one fisherman remembered, "that you could throw a bushel basket into the water and catch them." So thick that a couple of hours of towing would put enough scallops on a boat to keep five men shucking for 22 hours to get the



meats out of the shells. So thick, as another fisherman remembers, "that you could get solid scallops for as long as your body — and the boat — could hold out."

There was a fortune sitting in the water (even in 1976, fishermen could get \$2.50 per pound for shucked scallops), and Billy King was not the sort of fishing boat owner and captain to let a fortune go untouched. He was a Provincetown native in his mid-forties, hardworking, hardheaded, a self-made fisherman. His grandfather had been a dory man, but his father had stayed ashore

and driven a truck. There had been no inheritance for Billy King; it was through his own efforts that he came to own the *Patricia Marie*.

She had been built in the early 1940s and she wasn't that big, 50-odd feet long, yet in everyone's memory she loomed bigger than that, more like 65 or 70 feet. Maybe it was because she was so sturdy, drawing a full ten feet of water, the wooden planks of her bows and deck made out of the same wood used on the decks of aircraft carriers. "She was one rugged baby, no denying it," remembers Marion →



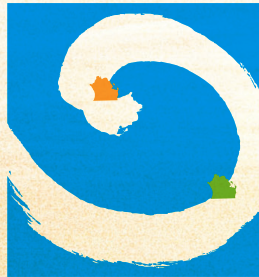
Capt. Billy King

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Dicky Oldenquist, Walter Marshall,
Ernie Cordeiro



Alton "Buddy" Joseph and Captain Billy King



Maurice "Mott" Joseph

"Rocky" Taves, who aside from being a selectman in Provincetown for many years also did repair work on boats like the *Patricia Marie*. "There was no rot at all on her. She was certainly one of the best in the harbor."

Then again, maybe it was Billy King's flamboyant personality that made the boat seem bigger than life; the Chinese red paint he used on the bow, the Playboy bunny head that became the boat's insignia, the way he'd stream the most colorful flyers and banners off the mast during the annual Blessing of the Fleet. One year he'd gotten a little carried away during the blessing and rammed the dock on which the bishop stood to sprinkle holy water on the boats. From then on, Billy King was known to one and all as Captain Crunch.

King had been one of the first to find and go after the scallops, outfitting the *Patricia Marie* with dredges and bags to replace the nets that usually dragged the bottom to scarf up yellowtail flounder. There was work for seven men aboard, and it was a seasoned crew that summer of 1976. Sometimes King's teenage son Chris made the trip, earning a full man's share with his hard work. The steady crew included Maurice "Mott" Joseph,⁴⁷ as mate, while his teenage son Alton "Buddy" Joseph, one of the best athletes in town, had joined as a hand. Walter Marshall, 55, Ernie Cordeiro, 45, and Robert Zawalick, 25, also filled berths.

And then there was Richard "Dicky" Oldenquist, one of the town's real characters. Part dreamer and part drinker, part white and part black, all hardworking fisherman, Dicky had captained several boats in Provincetown over the years, but the combination of bad luck, bad judgment, and little money had conspired to put him back on someone else's

crew. One minute he'd wax philosophical, full of visions and prophecies; the next he'd be sitting on a bar stool like a tortured soul; and the next he'd be walking around the pier sounding his refrain. "Doin' the best I can," he'd say. "Doin' the best I can." Everyone agreed that on the water, Dicky's best was pretty damn good. "He had a natural instinct to find fish and handle that equipment," remembers Dicky's friend Paul Tasha, himself a lobsterman. "He really could make it work."

In fisherman's parlance, the *Patricia Marie* really "pounded" that scallop bed through the summer of 1976. "We'd fish for four days at a time," remembers Chris, Billy King's son. "We'd drag for ten minutes, and I mean big drags, and we'd fill them with scallops. After three hours of towing the deck was completely filled with scallops. Then we'd steam off two or three miles away and cut for 22, 23 hours. We'd do that for four days, and on the fifth day, we'd come home. We'd have 6,1100, 7,000 pounds of scallops on board."

The money was incredible. Chris King remembers that in five months his father had grossed \$125,000 — and those were 1976 dollars. "Everybody was making big bucks," remembers Paul Gasek, who fished at that time from the port of Chatham. "I mean \$1,000, \$1,500, \$2,000 a day. There were a lot of guys pushing it to the max. People had a lot of dreams, and people were stretching for those dreams." Many days there were 50 or 60 boats of every description, from 100-foot draggers out of New Bedford to 30-foot Broncos from Harwich, combing the same few square miles for scallops. "We'd chuck eggs at each other, fooling around," remembers Gasek. "That's how close we were to each other while we towed."

Yet still the scallops stayed. There was something al- →



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Bobby Zawalick

Walter Marshall in Pilot House
Ernie Cordeiro on deck

most supernatural about it, how boat after boat would pull tens of thousands of pounds out of the water week after week — and there would still be more. A feeding frenzy set in, everyone wanting to get as much as they could before the valuable morsels vanished as mysteriously as they had come.

Fishing boats like the *Patricia Marie* are built to handle a lot of catch, to load thousands of pounds into the hold below their decks and still remain seaworthy. But as tow after tow of scallops poured into boat after boat, captains piled their catch on top of the decks rather than moving the shellfish down below. It saved a lot of work, not having to lug the things down and lug them back up again when you got to shore. And for the bigger boats that did their shucking at sea, it increased the haul because you could fill the hold to overflowing, then fill the decks with mounds more.

Greed played a part and so did the natural competition between fishermen. Who was going to make the most money? Who could pile the scallops the highest? Call it hubris, call it macho, call it getting it while you can. “Fishermen can’t help themselves,” says Paul Tasha. “There’s always one more tow. “Indeed, the refrain of the season became, “One more tow, we’ll lay it on top, and then run for home. One more tow.” At the end of a trip, as the boats headed for port and profit, sometimes their gunwales would barely rise above the waves, they would be so loaded

down with catch. “It got to the point,” remembers one fisherman. “where you’d be standing in one little place on deck, and look around, and all you’d see was scallops piled up around you.”

Billy King wasn’t much worried about being overloaded. Hell, the *Patricia Marie* wasn’t some little leaky dragger bobbing around the waves. She was deep and she was solid. She could take just about any weather there was to take, and so could her captain. King was so sure of his boat, and the money was so good, that at the end of the summer of 1976 he made some additions to the *Patricia Marie*, adding what are called a “whaleback” to the front of the boat and a “turtleback” to the rear. The idea was to make the bow and the stern even higher in the water, so the work and storage space in the middle could be deeper still. Top-heavy? Not the *Patricia Marie*.

By October, newly fitted, she was back in the water, back pounding those scallops. But not everyone was happy with the way things were going. No one could say that Dicky Oldenquist was afraid of the sea—he’d done everything from saving a boat about to run aground to running offshore in the middle of a hurricane. But Dicky didn’t like what he felt on the *Patricia Marie*. “She stumbles,” he told his friend Napi Van-Dereck, sitting at Napi’s bar one October night. He meant that when she took a wave, with all the weight on her deck she didn’t straighten up smoothly. “She stumbles,” he muttered again. “I really don’t →

want to go back out again.” “Then don’t go,” Napi remembers telling his friend.

Dicky weighed it long and hard, and he decided to take one more trip. The money was too good to pass up. Like everyone else, he was pushing to the max, pushing for his dream. He had just finished a three-foot-long scale model of a fishing boat, a sweet little thing, the boat he wanted to build with scallop money. It would be a side-trawler, called the *Panther*. One more trip, Dicky told his friend Napi, and I’m off the *Patricia Marie*.

“School had started,” remembers Chris King. “I played football and tended to my studies, so I wasn’t out there with the boat as I’d been during the summer. But for this trip, it was off and on whether I was going to go. My father needed a guy, he didn’t need a guy. I was going to take Dicky’s place, I wasn’t going to take Dicky’s place. At the last minute, Dad said, ‘Don’t bother. Stay at school; stay at football practice.’”

It had been a cold October but not so rough during that third week of the month. By the evening of

October 24, the *Patricia Marie* was mounded high with scallops, and it was time to run for home. Captain King was at the wheel; apparently most of the crew had turned into their bunks down below.

The boat was only a few miles offshore, moving north along the arm of the Outer Cape. It was a following sea, meaning the boat was running with the waves. Sailors sometimes call this “a fair sea” because usually it means a safer and smoother ride than trying to beat and bang against the waves. But the seas were picking up; by the time the sun set, the wind was whistling at 25 knots, the waves were running ten feet, and it was starting to get nasty. Not horrible, but as fishermen would say, “snotty.”

Billy King was talking on the two-way radio, a constant pastime for many fishermen. A string of boats was heading in, and the radio chatter was idle, the usual jawing about the catch, the weather, and the family. Everyone could hear everyone else, so when King told his friend Joe Lisbon that he’d be right back, he had to check on something, everyone knew he had stepped away from the wheel



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for a moment.

And then, with no more warning than that, the *Patricia Marie* was gone.

She was on the radar screen as a blip, and then she wasn't. Paul Gasek was out that night with the radio on. "He was talking," Gasek remembers, "and then he just wasn't there."

One of the boats closest to the *Patricia Marie* that night was named the GKB, skippered by Michael McArdle. In a newspaper report at the time, McArdle said, "We heard men screaming in the water for help. But by the time we got there, the men and the boat were gone. She went down in a matter of seconds." The water temperature was around 50 degrees.

The town held its breath during a 12-hour search that Sunday night, but given the circumstances, there was little hope. By morning an oil slick three miles off Nauset Beach was all there was to see of the boat. Not until midday was King's body found, still clinging to a buoy; he had died of exposure, not drowning. It wasn't until the next Saturday that Walter Marshall's body was dragged out of the sea by another fishing vessel, a ghastly event fishermen dread.

A team of divers went looking for the wreck and sure enough located the *Patricia Marie* in about 135 feet of water. The boat was sitting upright on its keel, listing only a bit to the port side. There was no damage that the divers could see; it was eerie how much she looked like her usual self. As ever, she was loaded with scallops. Even her dredges were full, according to reports at the time. But the bodies of the five remaining crewmen were not found.

The only scenario that seemed to explain the tragedy was this: Running ahead of the following sea, an unusually high wave broke over the stern of the *Patricia Marie*, which was low in the water to begin with. Suddenly, tons of seawater poured forward along the deck of the boat.



A deck full of scallops – Dicky Oldenquist

Usually when something like this happens the water escapes through openings along the rails of the deck and pours back into the sea. But this time there were so many scallops loaded on top that all the holes were plugged. The water had nowhere to go. It pushed the nose of the boat down, adding its tons to the massive weight already on the deck, weight that had been multiplied by the whaleback and turtleback just added. In seconds the powerful diesel engines were driving the boat toward the bottom rather than riding her over the waves. There was no time for a life raft or even a mayday call. She was gone.

All along the arm of the Outer Cape, people were in shock that seven lives could have been lost so fast, so near to land, so near to other boats. And this was no fool of a sport fisherman in a rotten dinghy. This was Captain Crunch, with six good seamen on board the *Patricia Marie*. He hadn't been doing anything different than anybody else for the past six months, he'd just been doing it better.

"That accident sobered a lot of people up," remembers Gasek. "It brought everybody back to their senses, and people stopped being so stupid. Everybody had been doing really crazy stuff, reaching beyond the abyss, reaching for their fortunes →

Portuguese Soup Tasting

Friday 12 noon to 3:00

Fanuzzi's
By The Sea
Lobster Pot

Mayflower

Surf Club



Top Mast Cafe'

Truro

Napi's



Red Inn

Bookstore
Restaurant
Wellfleet



John's Foot Long
Governor Bradford

PJ's Family Restaurant



Alton "Buddy" Joseph shucking scallops. This photo was taken on the trip before the boat was lost at sea.

and dreams. Everybody realized how, with a little human error and a bad break, the ocean is pretty unforgiving."

Along the coast, in coffeeshops and bars, along wharves and piers, people speculated about what had happened. Landsmen shrugged and recited lists of reasons: Human error, overloading, Dicky's premonition about a "stumble" that led to a fall. But people who knew fishing were not so quick to judge. The scallop bonanza and the calm summer season had lulled people into a false sense of security. For a while, they had forgotten that pushing your luck on a fishing boat is a bad gamble, that the sea plays by its own rules. It is one of the hardest lessons of all, taught to every generation, always learned at the cost of life.

The town of Provincetown, home to the boat and the crew, mourned the hardest. A collection for the surviving families was taken up, and there was talk of a memorial. When the Roman Catholic bishop from Fall River came to say a special commemorative mass, 60 fishermen dressed in plaid wool shirts escorted him into the church.

Yet it was almost as if the sea didn't want the town to forget the *Patricia Marie*. A few months later, just as people began to put the tragedy behind them, a dragger from Rhode Island working Cape Cod waters found a body in its nets. It was Robert Zawalick. "It opened up the wounds all over again," remembers

Chris King. Another three weeks passed before Ernie Cordeiro was found by a New Bedford fishing boat; he still had his housekey attached to the belt loop of his pants. It took another ten days before Mott Joseph was found off Chatham. Two bodies, those of Buddy Joseph and Dicky Oldenquist, never surfaced.

"There are those of us who like to think that Dicky didn't really go down," smiles his friend Napi VanDereck. "We figure he said, 'Aw, to hell with it,' and took off. We'd like to think he's still out there somewhere."

It's been 15 years now, and life has gone on, yet reminders of the *Patricia Marie* still haunt Provincetown. At the town hall a photograph of the boat graces a public wall. At the Heritage Museum, which opened the same year the boat went down, a special display case with a model and pictures stands at the top of the stairs. At the high school gym a photo of Buddy Joseph in his basketball uniform remains in place. And at Napi VanDereck's restaurant in the center of town, a finely crafted model of a fishing boat is mounted above the bar; it is Dicky Oldenquist's last dream, the *Panther*.

Chris King has followed in his father's footsteps, fishing the waters of Alaska as well as New England. He has had his share of close calls since the *Patricia Marie*—washed overboard once, saved from a burning vessel another time. But the sea is a part of his life, and he wouldn't be content if it wasn't. "Sometimes people around town talk about the *Patricia Marie* and the crew like they're still here," he says. On the inside of his forearm Chris has placed a reminder of his father and the boat named after his mother: A tattoo of a bunny.

Looking back, it has become plain that 1976 was a fulcrum year in the recent history of fishing. The 200-mile limit finally went into effect, forcing foreign boats to stay far off American shores, creating a boom that lasted for a decade, until the revived local fleet, pounding the fish as hard as any foreign factory ship, overfished the waters.

And surely it was coincidence, but it was not long after the sinking of the *Patricia Marie* that the scallops disappeared from the shores of Cape Cod as mysteriously as they had come. Maybe they were finally fished out, maybe they moved away, but to this day they have not come back. 🐰

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MALINE COSTA AND THE MOORS

BY MYLAN COSTA AND WILLIAM COSTA

Maline Costa was the son of Ginevieva Periado from Sao Jorge, the Azores and Manuel N. Costa from Sao Miguel. His father was among 20 men who were tragically lost at sea aboard the Grand Banks schooner Cora S. McKay off of Newfoundland on September 12, 1900. It was the worst maritime disaster of the new century for the tight knit community of Provincetown. Ginevieva Costa was left a widowed mother with several children to support, resorting at one point to hiding 3 year old Maline and his brother under the stairwell of their home in Provincetown for fear that the Welfare Department would take them away.

Maline left school as a young boy to help support the family. In the mornings he delivered milk for Horton's dairy and afternoons he went to the wharf to ask for fish as the boats were unloading. No one was ever denied fish, especially widows and orphaned children. He shoveled coal for his neighbors, who let him take home the dust and smaller chunks at the bottom of the delivery wagon. "He knew

what it was to scrape for heat and food" his sister Janet said. Maline left Provincetown at the age of 14 or 15 to learn the carpenter's trade in Cambridge. Always watching and learning from the master carpenters he taught himself to read blue prints. He became a master carpenter in his own right; looked up to by the younger men just entering the trade. A special kindness was extended when he took on a young Dick Henrique, a Pearl Street neighbor as an apprentice, who like Maline had been forced by circumstances to start working while just a boy to support his family.

Maline married Vivian Marshall of Provincetown in 1921 and together they started a small restaurant called "The Shed" in the center of Town. He decorated the restaurant with relics he had collected over time from the old days of wooden ships and canvass sails... a veritable museum of whaling artifacts! They did very well and the place was beginning to feel too small so Vivian, as a surprise for Maline, bought a plot of land at the far West end of Bradford →



Maline Costa building Lands End Marine Supply, 1946


Street for \$1200. Vivian was not only a good cook, she had a good business sense and knew that an opportunity lay in the newly opened road out to New Beach (Herring Cove) which was previously only accessible on foot, over sand. Maline was sensitive to “need” in others from personal experience of hard times. He was not above giving a free meal to someone and slipping a few dollars in their pocket after he fed them. His generosity would be repaid in full not too many years later.

In 1939 Maline dismantled the “Shed” stick by stick and rebuilt its replica, along with all the treasured marine memorabilia at the new location. Over time, the restaurant grew, built with wood Maline found combing the “back shore” in his trusty, old jeep “Hi Ho Silva”. He completed building the kitchen and a traditional dining room. At the beginning of World War II business declined, there were blackouts and the Navy took over part of the restaurant as a storage facility used by the Coast Guard at Wood End. Maline needed to keep food on the table for his family so he went to work as a longshoreman at Castle Island in Boston during the war. He returned home


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The Moors Restaurant after the fire, May 28, 1956

whenever he could, picking up his favorite pastime scavenging the beaches for artifacts to be used as décor at the Moors.

When the War ended and the Moors had been completed, business picked up in the spring and summer, but the winters were difficult. The post-war building boom was taking hold and his carpentry skills were in high demand. The landscape of Beach Point was being transformed and Maline and his crew were a part of it. Over a period of years, he built Kalmar Village owned by Alton Ramey, the Breakwater Motel owned by John Van Arsdale, Pilgrim Colony owned by John Williams and in town Lands End Marine Supply owned by Joseph Macara, to name a few. He also tore down the West End Cold Storage practically single-handedly! Many Provincetown men learned the trade while working with Maline – John Mendes, Peter Maruck, Russell Perry, Basil Santos, Matt Costa, Don Langely, Tom Pires, “Tiny” Rivard and Dick Henrique among others. In 1950 Maline built Nelson’s Market on the corner of Conwell and Bradford Streets for Clarence Nelson (Farland’s today). This was an important building because Maline was the first contractor in Provincetown to use plywood as a building material. Nelson’s Market was the first building in Provincetown to be built with it!

Maline’s wife Vivian passed away in 1951. Sever-


al years later he married Naomi Dayton, as able a business-woman as was Vivian. The Moors continued to flourish and Maline built a group of stores in the parking lot, renting them out to various crafts people. Clifton Perry, a very good carpenter in his own right, operated a wood working shop there. Maline also had the dining room decorated by Peter Hunt, the famous owner of Peasant Village in Provincetown, but few ever had the pleasure of seeing it because of what happened next.

On the Morning of May 28th, 1956 a devastating fire leveled the restaurant. Maline had just finished renovations and improvements to the kitchen getting ready for the new season. The fire chief said the fire was due to a defective floor furnace,

but Maline said it was turned off when he left that night. Interestingly enough, two other fires had taken place in that area in the period of about two weeks ... the “Castle”, home of Dr. and Mrs. Carl Murchison and another house close by.

The Town was shocked when they heard of the fire that burned the Moors to the ground and rallied around Maline, promising to get him back in business for the Summer. Dozens of Maline’s friends and neighbors worked night after night work by the light thrown from parked cars after working their own full days. They rebuilt the Moors in 30 days, just in time for the start of the busy summer season. Almost all of Maline’s treasured nautical artifacts were consumed in the fire. Phil Bayonne, the empressario of Weathering Heights hosted a benefit for the Moors. The whole town was invited; the price of admission a piece of nautical memorabilia, an old oar, buoy or hank of line.

The Moors was noted for its Portuguese specialties on the menu and many people remember the famous Moors “happy hour” in the late 50’s and early 60’s. It was a raucous drink and song-fest every afternoon as people walked into town from the beach.

Maline never participated in the fun at happy hour – he remained content behind the bar with his pet owl, “Scooter” quietly enjoying what he had created. 

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BACK IN THE DAY

BY ROBERT HENRIQUE

“If you could fish, swing a hammer or paint, you’d never go hungry in Provincetown” – Dick Henrique

My grandfather, Manuel Henrique, came to Provincetown from St. Michael’s, the Azores, Portugal in the early 1900’s. When he first arrived he worked as a fisherman, as he did when he lived in St. Michael’s. He eventually decided to join the Life Saving Service, predecessor to the Coast Guard, and served at the Race Point Station in Provincetown.

My father, Dick Henrique, was born in 1929 in Provincetown. His first jobs were delivering milk for Horton’s Dairy and groceries for the A&P, but found the work uninteresting. He started working as a carpenter at a young age and learned his trade from his next door neighbor, master carpenter Maline Costa, who took him under his wing. He also worked for Arthur Avila.

My first job was with Bryant’s Market – I lasted five days! I decided to learn how to do carpentry with my father around 1965-66. My mother pleaded with my father to “go easy on him” when I first started. I had my first real job in construction with Jimmy Souza. My father worked with him at the time. I met Alan Souza, Jimmy’s son, who had just gotten out of the Navy and was working for his father. The crew at the time was made up of Eddie Gonsalves, my dad, Dick Henrique, Bill Allison and Johnny Mendes. I learned a lot of swear words and how important a coffee break was those first weeks of work. Back in those days you did everything from the ground up, there were no specialists as there are today.

I also have a brother, Richard, who is a few years younger than me. When we graduated from High School we started working for my father full time. He had decided to start his own business. This lasted for about eleven years and during this time my brother Richard and I met a lot of builders who were friends of our father.

I had the opportunity to work with Russell Perry,


Sr. He was a very good builder and skilled craftsman and as the years went on I went to work for John Rice, Inc. That was a very important time in my building career because I was able to incorporate the new ways with the old ways of construction. In Provincetown you are not always working on new construction. Lots of time you CAN LEAVE THE LEVEL ON THE TRUCK! That is when all that you have learned from the old timers comes in handy. The trade that my brother Richard and I learned from our father could take us anywhere in the world!

Many other builders in Provincetown inspired me as a carpenter over the years: Bill White, Jimmy (Pitaca) Souza, Philly Meads, Matt Costa, Bruce Tarvers, Richard (Tarts) Meads, Francis Meads, and Jesse Meads. Rocky Taves and Larry Meads were carpenters from the boatyards who were also inspirations for me. Over the years I worked on many buildings in Provincetown. Nicholas Wells was one of the people who developed

many properties that I worked on over the years.

Back in the days, lots of the builders had other jobs to supplement their incomes. My dad drove the Lower Cape Ambulance in the 60’s and fished for striped bass. Matt Costa built and owned the Meadows Motel; Bill White did the same with Bill White’s Motel. These men were “jacks of all trades” and masters of carpentry.

I think that the reasons why I choose this trade and stuck with it is due to the scenery of Provincetown and the challenges you face with each new job. The rewards of what I have built and repaired with my own hands over the years will remain long after I have gone.


If it wasn’t for my father, Dick Henrique, showing me which end of the hammer to hold, and the other old timers before me like Joe Ramos, Ralph Santos, Al Carter and Ronnie White, **NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.** 





Dick and Robert Henrique renovating Vorelli’s Restaurant, former Matta’s 5¢ & 10¢ Store.

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CREATIVE CARPENTRY

BY PATRICIA SILVA BENATTI

Frances Silva fixing the roof for Ray Wells

Like most children his age, my dad was born into a fishing family. His parents, John and Mary (Mamie Meads) Silva owned the dragger “James M. Burke”. My father, Francis, his older brother John, and their uncle Frank Meads were the crew members. All was well until my father married my mother, Mary L. Donovan, in 1948 and began to raise a family. He wasn’t happy getting up early to fish when his two little daughters were asleep – only to find us asleep again when he returned home. Because he wanted to stay on the water, he decided to go lobstering with his own boat. Soon afterward, his father sold his dragger and joined my father as a crewmember, but a few years later, my dad gave up lobstering because his father was getting older and wanted to retire.

My grandmother’s brother, Jesse Meads, had a carpentry business and their younger brother, John worked with him, and so, my father decided to stay ashore and work for his Uncle Jesse. It was a family business because over the years other family members joined the work crew, including John’s son Richard, Yvette Roderick’s husband Otto Freller, Francis “Moko” Medeiros and Moko’s brother-in-law Philly Meads. My dad and Moko became very close friends and eventually worked together on their own. You always knew where they were working because you could hear the radio playing country western music. They both began work as fishermen – my father as a crewmember on his family’s dragger and Moko as a member of a trap boat crew. These were two different methods of fishing that involved a lot of hard work but helped the men provide for their families. Besides the actual fishing, everyone also learned to mend nets and to repair equipment.

One summer day in the early 60’s, my dad asked Moko if my sister and I could ride with the crew when they checked the traps. Moko was very concerned that a crewmember might swear in front of us, but my dad assured him that we would be fine. We had to be at the trap shed by 4am or the boat would leave without us. It was a calm morning so the crew stayed in the bow and the three of us stayed in the stern with the engine room between us. There were two traps to check and the first one in the east end was empty. However, the trap in the west end contained nine tuna. As the men pulled in the net to make the trap smaller, the tuna were →



*Francis and Mary Silva with their daughters
Patricia and Pauline*

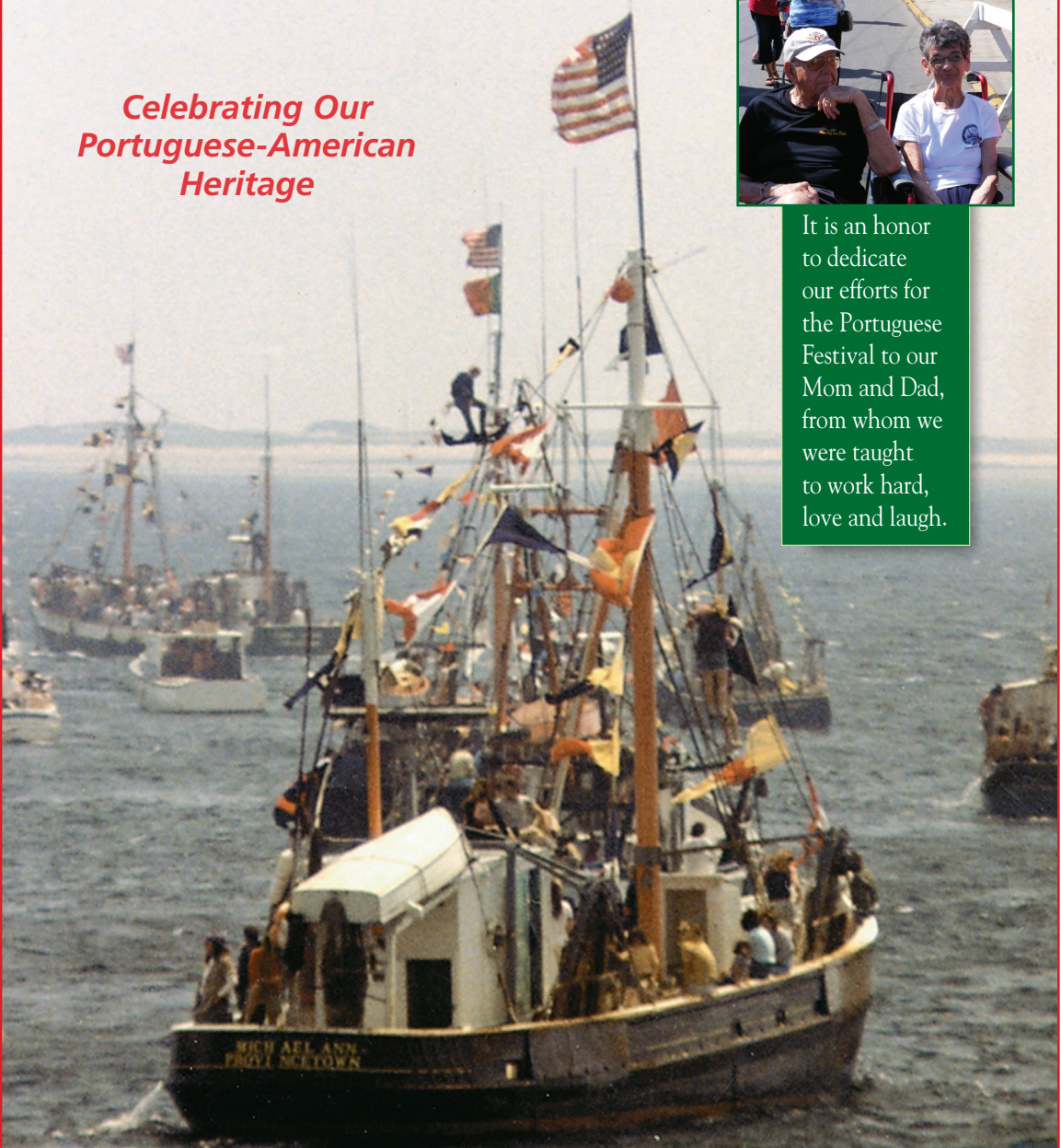
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struggling to escape and soaking us with water. When a tuna was gaffed, another man fired a shotgun at its head to still the fish so it could be hauled into the boat. My sister and I didn't know about the shotgun part so my dad quietly explained what the men were doing and why. Then we got to "hold" one of the gaffed tuna and I remember how heavy that tuna felt even when it was still and in calm water. I'm glad we had the chance to experience trap fishing because a few years later, it was history.

Jesse was a very good carpenter who also could do plumbing, heating and electricity, and he taught his workers well. When he died in 1965, John took over the business. One year they got a job to change a two and a half story building to a one story. At the time, the property belonged to Margaret Roberts, and the building had two stores. This building housed the Town Camera Shop and the liquor store where Manny Lewis worked. They built the new roof frame and shingled it before taking down the top story. Even in the rain, they could continue working because they were inside the building. The project generated intense curiosity as people walking by would stop to watch the activity. The day they started to remove the second story, there was a traffic jam as walkers and drivers stopped to watch the new roof appear.

The crew did work for many of the artists in town and became friends with them. I remember my father mentioned Chaim Gross, Mischa Richter and Nathan and Marjorie Halper.

They also did many projects for Nicky and Ray Martin Wells. One summer, the entire crew and their families were invited to the Wells' dune shack for a cookout. My sister and I were the only young children invited. About five and eight years old respectively, we had the "riot act" read to us about being on our best behavior. It was a beautiful day and my Uncle Johnny was a very good cook. I can still remember the enjoyment we all had that day.

Lily Harmon, who owned the east end waterside property later owned by Norman Mailer, always had John Meads and company do all the maintenance



Look at the building on the right... the Meads brothers changed this building from 2 and 1/2 story to 1 story. To find out how they did it! Read the story!

on her home. They became good friends over the years. One time she had the crew at her house for a clambake, but this time, kids weren't invited. The men dug for clams on the beach, and with my Uncle Johnny at the helm, they steamed the clams and cooked all the fixings. That day was a comfortable memory for years afterward.

This essay covers about fifty five years, roughly 1930 to 1985, when family took care of family, when everyone worked hard, and when money was scarce. There were good times too, and it was those times which provided such wonderful memories for the participants and such great stories for the following generations. 🌿



Francis "Moko" Medeiros building his son's house

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THE SAGA CONTINUES

BY FRANCIS JOHN SANTOS

Francis John Santos and Joe Andrews inspecting the restoration of Ranger's hull.

MY friend Donald Thibeault, a master boat builder, joined me last Summer. We first rebuilt Columbia, my brother Jim's pride and joy. Columbia was hit by a 50 ft Sea Ray while on the mooring in early September 2014 with massive damage to the forward area. Columbia is 47 years old. The damage done brought us to a point of decision about the extent of work to be done. As we progressed her age brought us to realize she needed a complete rebuild.

Upon completion of Columbia we started to get into Ranger's repair where we left off in the Summer of 2014. We started by making the keel, the main back bone of the boat, and added a center board trunk. We followed by cutting away the covering board to expose the deck beam ends and timber heads. After installing the keel we steam bent the timbers for installation. We removed the bad planking as needed. We were joined by my friend Mark Faulstick who ran the steamer and kept the timbers hot. When the timbers were limber enough from

the steam, we bent them into place and fastened them to the planking with clamps and nails to hold them in place until they held the shape. Later we came back and fastened the new timbers.

Omar was instrumental in providing the youth need for a project of this magnitude. Several times during this period I had questioned the project. Ah, but I made a commitment to Dad and Joe to restore Ranger, so what is a man to do! First week in September we had her refastened and it was a good time to put her aside. November 1st we moved her inside the shop and started the rest of the work in earnest. It's hard to envision how much we have progressed so the pictures are a big help to see the timing.

Omar, Jim and I worked through November plugging holes and replacing planking. The 6th of December Omar headed back to Jamaica. Ranger had all the hull work done on the port side and only the sheer plank and the covering board to replace on the starboard side. Oh, what a difference without →



New ribs for the Ranger



Days' Cottages
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Gabriel's Guest House

Omar! Progress slowed but Jim bailed me out by showing up every morning! Shane Costa came around and finished the painting of the inside and the bottom of the deck. He had the floor boards painted and we installed them.

I was out of cedar and I went to Mid Cape Center in Dennis where I hand picked the covering boards and sheer planks out of their select pine stock. We fashioned the sheer planks and installed them. Next we did the covering boards, which completed the planking. Next came caulking the seams with caulking cotton, sanding, fairing, putty and paint. By the 22nd December the toe rails and ribbons, which is the hull finish work were installed with 2 coats of varnish.

Over Christmas break Jessica Kent one of our counselors at the West End Racing Club joined us. We fashioned a block for the rudder post and bored this piece. We fashioned the rudder out of three pieces of white oak, installed, and aligned it, Thus allowing us to screw in the rudder pipe into the block and keel. This is quite a lot of precision



Refastening planking and plugging nail holes

work in boring fitting! This really was a major progress!

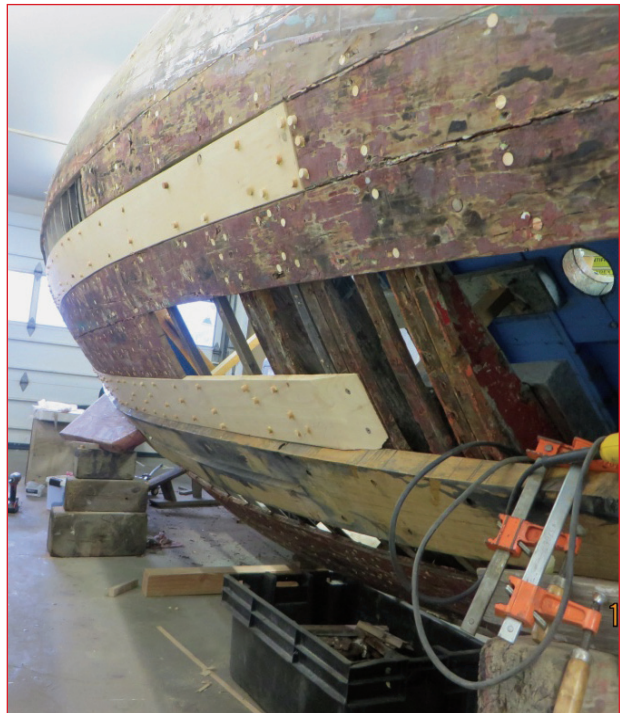
In the first week of January, I made and finished the centerboard trunk and installed the center board. I cut the last floor timber that supports the floorboards. We continued to repair floor boards, paint, and install them. The seats are in the process of being repaired, replacing any soft or rotten wood.

I keep going over in my mind how far we have come. I see the light at the end of the tunnel. March will be dedicated to the finishing touches on Ranger's hull. April she will be covered and put outside until her launch at the end of May.

Joe Andrews and I have a date the first of June to step the mast and rig her!

We will be sailing this season and I hope to have Joe at the helm! Look for us out sailing in beautiful Provincetown Harbor.

Happy Trails, Capitan John Santos
Master boat builder 🌊



Replacing rotted planking on the Ranger

RICHARD MEADS

BUILDING OUTSIDE THE FRAME

BY JOSEPHINE BREEN DEL DEO

Richard Meads was a builder of great imagination and original solutions. He was an individual who gave his undivided attention to the task at hand, but was also able to think outside the frame. When undertaking several improvements to our home, which had been an artist's studio of modest proportions during the first days as a dwelling, he took up necessary renovations with a sometimes intrepid approach. Following our idea for a breakfast nook, for instance, which was plagued by the significant deterrent of the presence of a large, lone pine tree in the middle of the proposed window's expanse. Richard matter-of-factly said: "Don't worry, Sal, I'll just cut out the middle of the tree so that you can have a clear view." The tree is still with us, but a suggestion as hilarious as Richard's is nowhere to be found.

When you have known someone like Richard Meads as well as Sal and I, it is nearly impossible to put down, in a brief sentence or two, the circumstances which accompanied years of buoyant friendship, and unshakable trust. He made himself available in every circumstance where he could provide his assistance, often lifting difficult and sometimes boring jobs to a whole new stratosphere of laughter, ridiculing himself, and sundry sacred credos, turning them inside out and upside down to fit the rhythm of his hammer and saw. Reading his description, one might suppose a lack of attention to the work at hand, but such was never the case. He pondered a project after the manner of his legendary uncle Jesse Meads who never read the directions for a new item of equipment which he had not seen before until he had successfully installed it, afterward checking the instructions. It was that kind of characteristic self-challenge that made Richard Meads such a special builder, and carpenter. Nothing was too small for his inquisitive consideration or too big as a personal challenge.

After the successful acquisition by the Town, in 1975, of the Center Methodist Episcopal Church, built in 1860, which had been purchased by Walter

P. Chrysler, Jr. and turned into a museum to house his extensive art collection, between 1958 and 1972, a decision had to be made by the Board of Trustees as to what kind of exhibits would interest the public in the newly created Heritage Museum. What immediately came to mind was the idea that a replica of Provincetown's most famous fishing schooner, "The Rose Dorothea" which won the Lipton Cup in 1907 in the Boston-Gloucester Fisherman's Race would interest the visiting public more than anything else. The search then began for a qualified master boat builder to create the replica. The only person with the qualifications necessary to undertake such a challenge was, of course, Captain Francis "Flyer" Santos whose grandfather, John Paxon Santos, was aboard the "Rose" as a member of the crew in 1907. The immense undertaking, to make a half-scale model of a fishing schooner inside the museum that would be the largest such model in the world at 66 feet, was the subject of an extensive article in YANKEE MAGAZINE in its January, 1989 issue. In it, author Edie Clark spelled out the history of the construction and its successful completion after 11 years of effort in 1988. In the following quote, Richard Meads' place in the project is movingly described by "Flyer":

"Flyer didn't build the model alone, and he wants to be sure that everyone knows that. On the wall of his shop is a list of names of people who helped with the boat:

There was one volunteer Flyer won't forget. Richard Meads, a house carpenter, would just show up on his way home from work and help Flyer with whatever needed doing. Richard was Portuguese and, Flyer loved him like a son. Richard Meads died without seeing the project completed. "Thirty nine years old and dead of cancer", Flyer said, as if the injustice of it could be righted by pointing it out." He loved to come down and work an hour or two. The last thing he did for me was to cut out that ceiling." Flyer cannot speak of it without tears coming up to




Richard Meads raising the mainsail of the Rose Dorothea

his eyes. “First day I got down here to work on the boat after that – everything I touched, everything I looked at reminded me of him. I’d look at the ceiling.” The death of Richard Meads slowed Flyer.... It was the only time he lost enthusiasm for the “Rose”.

The “ceiling” that Flyer referred to was the false ceiling that spanned the entire sanctuary of the original church on its second floor. Chrysler had put this in place to provide indirect lighting for his art exhibits and storage space for much of his art not on display. That false ceiling needed to be removed to make room for the masts of the “Rose Dorothea” which would rise to the full height of the original ceiling. Flyer, therefore, depended on Richard for the job to be completed before the project of the “Rose” could begin.

On a day which I shall long remember, I walked

into the museum and heard the thunderous sound of falling timber in the sanctuary. With some alarm, I hastily climbed the stairs to seek the source of such a storm of sound. Entering the large sanctuary, I looked up to see Richard walking blithely across a beam destined for demise with his circular saw in hand deftly managing a high-wire act with perfect calm and infinite poise. He was whistling, as was his usual wont, and cheerfully reminded me to stand clear as he separated another timber from its mooring. With deafening protest, the floor received the lumber, and I felt, somehow, as if I were in Dresden during World War II. Richard, however, laughed at my concern for his safety and the survivability of the sanctuary floor and proceeded to detach the next timber with a kind of cheerful abandon. It was hard to imagine anyone but Richard Meads accomplishing such a feat, and I think of him often when life presents the seemingly impossible job that somehow has to be done.

Looking over the PROVINCETOWN ADVOCATE obituary of Richard on May 7, 1987, I was reminded of that day, and I allowed myself a moment of returning emotion when I read the description of the museum’s tribute to Richard by way of the ringing of the historic bell in the belfry, cast in 1837. The bell was rung fifteen times by our custodian, Steve Perry, and the museum doors were draped in black as were the display windows of Sal’s Place where Richard brought his skills to ameliorate our varied functional exigencies over the years. I recalled his ardent love for his family, his dedication to the community in so many substantial ways, and his perennial passion for the sea which floated some of the most meaningful aspects of his legacy in Provincetown. Although his life was abbreviated, he early acquired that balanced apposition between the head and the heart, usually associated with age and experience. You might say, in retrospect, that Richard Meads was a builder who constructed the architecture of his life outside the usual frame of reference with unusual, spiritual grace. . . 

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STEPHEN JOSEPH PERRY

BY AVIS KAESELAU

Stephen Joseph Perry was a designer, builder and carpenter in his day and built many houses in the area. The only house that I am certain he built was our own home which was stucco and had three arches in the front and three in the back, both areas used as porches. Very Spanish looking to me.

Our house was one of the first to have an indoor bathroom with a tub and shower. It also had an upstairs bathroom.

We were lucky but were not allowed the luxury of a bath, use of the tub or of the shower because it used up too much water and would fill our cesspool! The cesspool would fill up with water from the Bay at every high tide, leaving little room for its intended purpose. Because of this we learned to bathe in the sink from the top down all of the years we lived in the house. Bathing in that way used far less water. At that time all sewage was then piped into the bay!

My dad had a motorcycle which he was very proud of. I recall him saying that he would sell hot dogs from a portable cart in the summer to supplement his regular income. He worked hard, helping his own mother and family with their needs. He was well liked in Town and was well known and



Stephen Joseph Perry

respected by all.

We only had a Ford truck so dad would take us for rides in the open back in the summer. He would drive down to Day's Cottages where we would quickly try to read, out loud, the names of the cottages which were named after flowers.

In the back of the truck we would sing and eventually MAY get an ice cream cone. It was fun until cold weather came, dad had to work, or we got older!

Being the fourth and last child, Dad would take me to church every Sunday. Since he was expected to deal with

the collection basket, he would tell me to sit down after I put my twenty five cents in the basket. One day he noticed that I didn't put my twenty five cents in the basket before I took my seat with the other children. When he asked me why – my answer was "if God wanted me to go to church, he wouldn't make me pay for this"! Needless to say, my dad went back to the church and made me put my quarter in!

He had emphysema badly from years of smoking and died at age sixty two, after years of struggling to breathe. He was one of thirteen children and was born in St. Miguel, the Azores. 🌿



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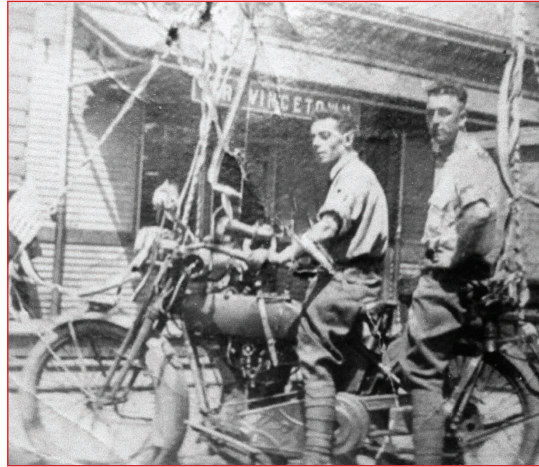
STEPHEN J. PERRY (MY GRANDFATHER)

BY MARK PERRY

Stephen Perry was the son of Mary Candida Medeiros (Perry) and Joseph Jesse Perry (Perreira). He was one of 13 children and was born in San Miguel, Azores in 1897. The family moved to Provincetown, Massachusetts with 7 children in 1905 when Stephen was 13 years old. Five of the children had died in Portugal and Stephen's younger sister, Frances (Raymond), was born in Provincetown, February 7, 1905.

When he returned from the War, he bought the family home at 9 Pleasant Street in Provincetown before he got married. He rode a motorcycle. He was quiet, soft spoken and friendly and loved to dance. He became a builder and finish carpenter. He built his own stucco home with archways on Bradford Street across from the Patrician (now the East End Market). He also built many other houses in Provincetown and nearby Truro. He was one of the few that would do repairs on the tall Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown. He married Eva Mae Tasha in 1925 who worked at the Patrician until she was 73 and was famous for her clam chowder.

Stephen and Eva had 4 children; Clifton Stephen (my father), Russell Joseph, Patricia Carlos and Avis Frances. Clifton and Russell took up carpentry and building, as well as fishing. Later on Clifton set up his own woodworking shop, the Knot Hole Shop, at the west end near the Moors. He made wooden bowls and sculptures from rare woods like mahogany, teak and Brazilian rosewood. My father got a job in Stuart, Florida as the construction supervisor to build a new housing development call Seminole Shores on Hutchinson Island and we (the family) moved down in 1957. I was 5 years old and didn't have much to say in the matter, but I am glad we moved to this




Stephen J. Perry on his motorcycle with a friend.

beautiful place. Russell stayed in Provincetown and became a well-known master builder. My brother, Chris, and I would sometimes work for Uncle Russell in the summer months. Russell's sons, Russell, Jr., Brad and Scott all worked with their father in carpentry and building, at times, in their life. Russell moved down to Florida with his family and set up a construction business and his

son, Russell Jr., became a contractor and set up his own construction company building fine homes in Florida. Russell Jr. has since moved back to Truro with his family where he is still a master builder and carpenter.

I learned about carpentry from my father, Clifton, and he taught me and my brother a lot about building things right. He taught us simple elements like how to use a hand saw and how to pound a nail without hitting your thumb. When I was in my 20s I brought his woodworking tools down to Florida and he taught me how to make bowls and about working with different hard woods. Chris and I worked many years in construction as carpenters but it did not become our profession.

My grandfather, Steve, died in 1959 at the age of 62. He smoked a lot and died of emphysema. I was young but I remember his gentle spirit. Over the years, I have built two of my own homes in Florida and used my carpentry skills when I built our horse barn and helped my brother Chris on his house. I have even had the opportunity to pass carpentry skills on to young people in our youth group as we go on mission trips with our church to help repair homes of those less fortunate. I am glad my grandfather taught my father, who in turn taught me the skills of rough and finish carpentry so I could pass them on. I am truly blessed. 



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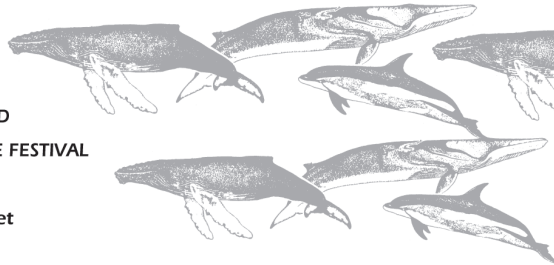




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Drawing by Steve Toomey

RAY AND “SPAWNS” ~ PARTNERS AND FRIENDS

BY MIRIAM MARTIN COLLINSON

Raymond A. Martin was born on March 1, 1912 at home at 23 Conant Street to Manuel Martin, a fisherman, and Amelia “Rego”, a seamstress. In the 1800’s, Ray’s parents were teenagers when they immigrated from Portugal’s San Miguel Island in the Azores to Provincetown. Ray’s sister, Mary Isabel, a teacher for many years, became a nun in the Lord’s service after Amelia’s demise. His sister Jenny, a seamstress, married John Holbrook of Wellfleet, an employee of the Old Colony Railroad. Unfortunately, his sister Georgianna died young as did three infant brothers. Ray is my Dad and this is a small part of his story.

Growing up in Provincetown, Ray attended Provincetown schools. A typical boy, he loved baseball, reading, music and mathematics. But, back then, times were tough for everyone. Ray worked and had to pitch in to supply food for the table. He hunted for wild game, fished and dug for shellfish – an activity both necessary and enjoyable!

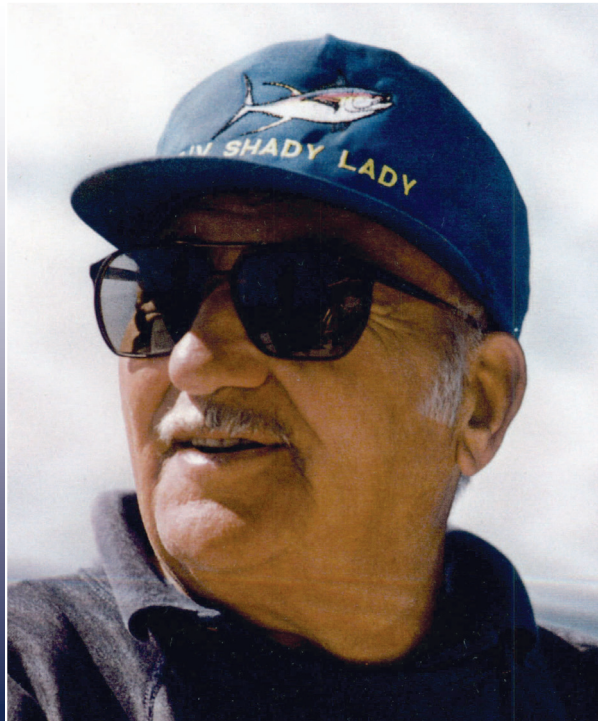
Ray became a fish cutter at the Cape Cod Fish

Plant. His dream, though, was to join the marines and become a musician in the U.S. Marine Band. He bought a mail-order trombone for fifty cents down and paid fifty cents a week for it. He learned to play the trombone aided with the use of a ruler. Ray played the trombone in the backyard chicken coop serenading his “chicken audience” because his sister, Mary Isabel would not let him practice in the house. His great disappointment came when the Marines did not accept him because of his hearing disability resulting from Scarlet or Rheumatic fever, which he contracted as a child. He eventually became a great, self-taught musician able to play several different brass instruments.

Ray’s passion for music led him to join the Provincetown Band, a social outlet for many Provincetown men and women who loved music. Many Band members were Provincetown tradesmen. They enjoyed great camaraderie and entertained the community on Memorial Day, Fourth of July and the Blessings of the Fleet parades. The →

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Dick "Spawns" Medeiros and Ray Martin at work

Band held Sunday concerts on the green at the Bas Relief and at Railroad Wharf, then called Town Wharf, which the town purchased in 1928. Town Wharf was razed and replaced in 1956 with a new pier dedicated to Admiral Donald B. MacMillan.

Ray left the Fish Plant to pursue an occupation in carpentry. Mentored by the old masters of the trade, Ray also became a master carpenter. In those days, carpenters were actually "jacks of all trades" working on all jobs from "the roofs to the sills." There were no specialists. At that time, most work was renovations, repairs and interior finish work. There was little new construction in the town.

Over the years, Ray taught carpentry to several young men who, in turn, became craftsmen and entrepreneurs. Phillip Meads, Ray's nephew, worked with Uncle Ray after returning to Provincetown having served in the army during World War II. Phillip next worked with Jesse, Johnnie and Richard "Tarts" Meads. After several years Philly started his own construction company.

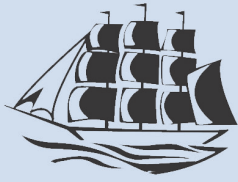
A lifelong Provincetown resident, Ray worked for forty two years with his business partner and friend,

Richard "Spawns" Medeiros. Richard was born in 1907 to Manuel and Angelina. When he was nine, his dad, a fisherman on the Grand Banks Schooner, the Mary C. Santos, perished with all crewman on board when the ship exploded and sank in South Boston harbor. Angelina was left a widow with six children. To help support the family, Richard left school and became a fish cutter at the Cape Cod Cold Storage, now the site of the United States Coast Guard station in the West End. The older employees nicknamed him "Spawns". He married Frances Souza and moved to Boston to work as a fish cutter for Bird's Eye Foods. At night, he attended Rindge Technical School and earned a diploma in industrial arts. After returning to Provincetown, Spawns and Ray formed their partnership which lasted until Ray's demise at age 63. I fondly remember Spawns coming to our house every morning around seven a.m. to check in for work and plan the day. Ray and Spawns rode their bicycles back and forth to work, carting tools, ladders and materials. An image that many Town People had of Ray and Spawns is the two of them peddling their bikes while holding an extension ladder between them. At 72 years old, Spawns retired from carpentry, but still enjoyed bass fishing and clamming until his passing at age 82.

Many carpenters supplemented their income by bass fishing in the warmer months when folks did not want work done on their houses. They also had extra jobs to see them through the lean winter months. Joseph "Shaukus" Enos, Ray's brother-in-law, a master builder and cabinet maker, depended on extra income from sharpening saws for local tradesmen. To help with the finances, my mom Rosie, along with other women in town, rented rooms, took in laundry, were housekeepers and cooks for summer boarders. →



Ray Martin



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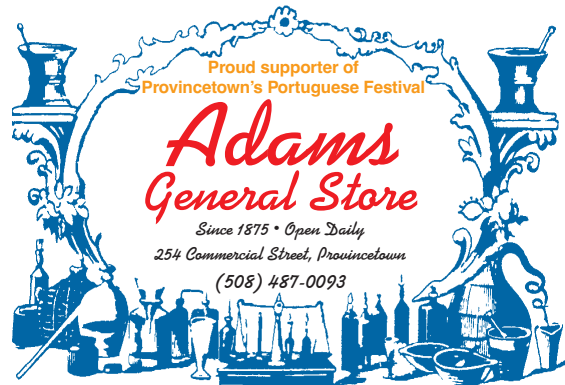
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Celebrating a successful hunt. (l-r) Dick "Spawns" Medeiros, Irving "Deeda" Roderick, Philly Meads, Reggie "Bull" Enos, Richard Meads (behing Reggie) and Bobby Meads (standing by the house)

Off season, the tradesmen would work on their own home repairs. One winter, my dad dormered the house and made two rental apartments to supplement our income.

The carpenters of town took care of everyone like a good neighbor. No job was too big or too small. They advised the home owner how to save money without compromising the quality of the job. I remember my Dad going to the dump to get materials to build his workshop and a small cottage in our backyard. The town dump was a salvage yard of building materials, furniture, auto parts, machine parts, and many useful items. "One man's trash is another man's treasure." It was always a fun experience to celebrate Labor Day at the dump. It signaled the end of the summer season.

As hard as everyone worked to make ends meet, they always had time to enjoy Provincetown. In the late 40's or early 50's, my Dad Ray bought his first car, a black Model A Ford, at Paige Brothers Garage. It was a work and recreational vehicle equipped with huge doughnut tires. Ray drove our family to the beaches and woodlands of Provincetown and Truro – what a car! The Paige Brothers Garage was sold to the Gleason family and became the Provincetown Marine Aquarium, now known as the Aquarium Mall.

Provincetown's richness of the sea and land provided us with shellfish, fresh seafood, beach

plums, blueberries and wild game. Ray and his friends were avid hunters and fresh and saltwater fishermen. He tied his own flies and raised and sold beagles for rabbit hunting. On Saturdays and holidays during the winter, Ray, Spawns and the Meads brothers would hunt from Provincetown to Orleans for rabbits. When Cape Cod was "discovered" all the vacant land was soon developed and "No Hunting" signs posted everywhere - the signal for the end of an era. (After the hunt, Ray locked up the guns and made sure he taught us gun safety.) I clearly remember the rabbit in Vinho d'Alhos, a Portuguese marinade, and the wild game feeds - very much a part of our Portuguese culture. Sometimes, I had to watch out for "BBs" in the succulent meat!

The "old timers" instilled in us a great work ethic and respect for the land, but also taught us to be proud of our Portuguese heritage and to be proud Americans. My Dad Ray, was a man of deep faith, had a wonderful sense of humor, loved his friends and family, and was an amazing craftsman. He died too soon at age 63 in 1975.

To this day, I miss the noon whistle that beckoned home the tradesmen for a homemade lunch and quick nap. I miss the boisterous Sunday meals with family and our Sunday drives in the Model A Ford. As busy as everyone was, they always had time for family. 🌿



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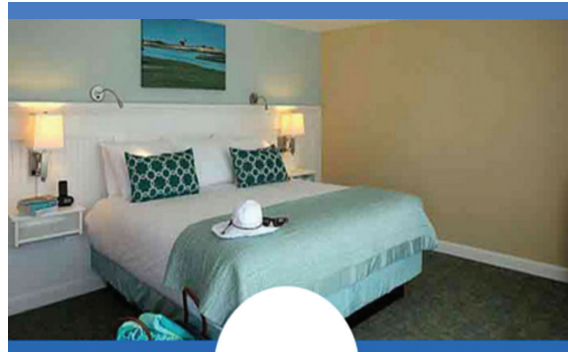
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MANUEL FRANCIS BROWN

HOW WE LEARNED THE VALUE OF HARD WORK

BY CHERYL BROWN JACKSON

Manuel Francis Brown was born in Provincetown on April 18, 1924. He was one of the seven children of Manuel Enos Brown and Lucy (Roderick) Brown.

He joined the Navy on August 14, 1941 at age 17 and served on the USS NUTMEG (a net laying ship) in Boston and Bar Harbor, Maine. In 1943 he was transferred to the USS WASATCH, a Flagship, bound for the Panama Canal.

On July 3, 1944 the ship made passage through the Panama Canal, crossing the equator on the way to New Guinea, where they helped with air strikes before the troops landed on the beach. This is where he met up with Joseph “Tarts” Bent during the invasion of Luzon Island, the Philippines. The two men were aboard separate landing craft and recognized each other just before their boats hit the beach together. Boatswain’s Mate Brown (Manny) wrote to his parents telling of the meeting, and said that he also met a Standard Times correspondent in the Philippines. His brother, Robert, was also serving in the Navy in the South Pacific.

He saw action in the Philippines and Surigao Strait while on the Wasatch and took part in the occupation of Wakayoma and Nagoya Japan until 1945, when his ship returned to the United States by way of Pearl Harbor.

Manuel left the service on January 18th, 1946 after receiving the WWII Victory Medal, the American Area Medal Ribbon, the Philippine Liberation Ribbon - two stars, the American Defense Ribbon - one star. He returned to Provincetown, where he married Shirley Veara of North Truro. They had two children – Cheryl (Brown/Cook) Jackson-Harper and Dianne (Brown) Peters. Our mother and father taught us the value of hard work.

Manny (as locals called him) worked with Beaty



Manuel Francis Brown

Davis and Tiny Rivard, where he was trained in carpentry and electricity. During this time he acquired licenses in plumbing, electricity and oil burner repair. He was also a maintenance man for the Groziers on Commercial Street and mowed some cemetery lots.

When we lived in Ginny Tasha’s lower floor on Atlantic Avenue, Dad decided to build a pen in the side yard to keep his rambunctious kids from getting into the street. He and a friend spent most of one day building this pen and when he put Diane and me in it, we climbed out

immediately! This was one of his many home projects like building a patio, a play gym, and anything else he felt was useful. He would always recruit Dianne and me to help in any way that we could.

He built cottages on Shank Painter road and named them Northern Lights. The plot of land →



Manny Brown and Joseph “Tarts” Bent meet in the Phillipines



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*Diane and Cheryl Brown
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had to be filled with dirt up to street level first and to save money, he acquired lumber from the Town dump or from tearing down old sheds from around Town or up the Cape.

One summer, I guess my sister Dianne and I were about 11 or 12 years old, Dad stacked up a pile of lumber with all kinds of nails in them. He had us girls pull the nails out of these boards, in anticipation of an English 3 speed bike when we finished. We worked most of the summer but some of the nails were so hard to get out that we stacked the boards with nails under the clean ones. When Dad was building one of the cottages, he reached the bottom of the pile. To his surprise, were the boards with the nails still in them. He made us pull the nails from those boards. As the years passed, I think the whole Town knew about our surprise. Dad would tell the story many, many times with a great big smile and a hardy laugh. Even as we married and left home, he would still tell the story with a smile and a laugh.

As kids, my Dad taught us how to hold up the 2X4 walls so he could secure them, to hang sheetrock with a T, to pull wire, to do plumbing, the names of tools and their use. The most important thing that he drilled into our heads was the use of a tape measure.

In the winter my Dad would rig up flood lights on the pond so we could go ice skating at night. Sometimes he would let us start a bonfire and Mom would bring out hot cocoa. Dad would strap on his skates and we would play "crack the whip".

In the late 1950's Manny worked at the Chrysler Art Museum (now the Library). He was hired by the Chryslers to repair and refurbish the old Methodist Church into a Museum. Over the years, Manny would take a few Town kids under his wing and teach them the basic carpentry skills. Manuel Duarte and his older brother were two of these men that I remember.

In 1961 Dad started working for the National Sea-

shore Park, repairing and building pavilions for overlooks of the dunes and ocean. The crew would build walkways and stairs for people to walk to the ocean. In doing so the beach grass, which was planted, kept the sand from blowing around.

As Provincetown Fire Department Captain of Pumper #2, he and his crew would go house to house canvassing for funds to offset the cost of the annual Christmas Party the Fire Department sponsored for the Town youngsters. I remember Dianne and I dressing up as elves to help hand out candy canes and help the little ones up on stage to sit on Santa's lap.

From 1965 to 1969 he was employed as a Supervisor for the Job Corps of the Cape Cod National Seashore. He took quite a few kids from Cape Towns under his wing, as he did with my sister and I, and introduced them to tools and the use of them. He was also a "bouncer" for the Town House Restaurant during this time!

He was a WG-10 maintenance man and his call sign was E-13. When he retired from the National Park Service on October 4, 1985 as a Supervisor, they also retired his call sign. 🌿



Cheryl mixing cement

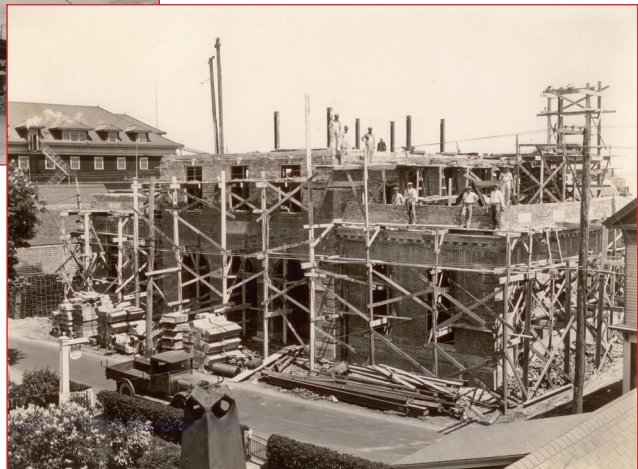
Construction of the Provincetown Post Office begins, 1932



The future site Provincetown Post Office. On the left is Colonial Cold Storage and its wharf. On the right the building still exists. On the ground floor was Rush Fish Market, named for their speedy service, owned by the Cabrals. Today there is long time tenant Christina's Jewelry.

Local businessman Horace Watson was awarded the contract to excavate the foundation hole.

Many other local man were employed on this project. It only took 300 days to complete the building



Laying the cornerstone of the Provincetown Post Office



Photo courtesy of Helen Valentine

1. Joe Ramos 2. Wells Rego 3. Steve Perry 4. Dr. Heibert 5. John Cook
6. Jack Leonard 7. Mrs. Malchman ? 8. Pete Jennings or Jim Barnett ? 9. George Snow



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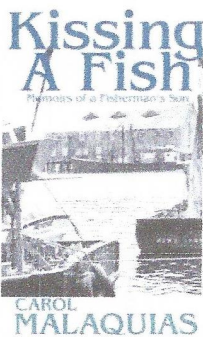
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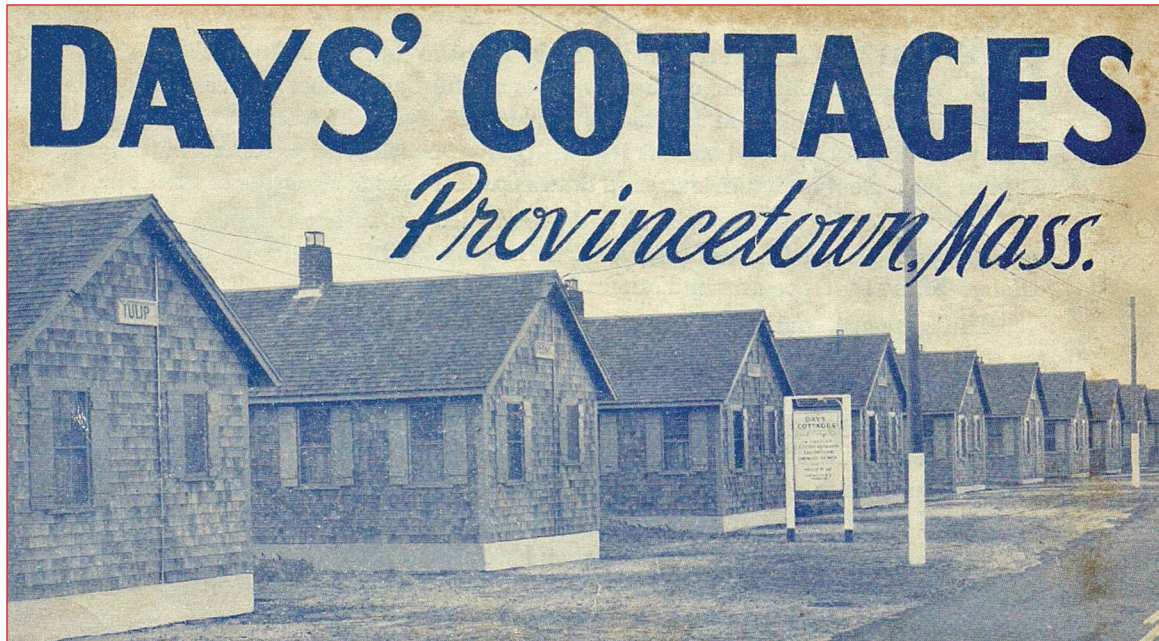
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JOSEPH A. DAYS HAD A VISION

BY EMI BRIET

In the mid-1910's, an enterprising young man named Joseph A. Days had a vision. He wanted to move his home in Provincetown to the beach along the state road in North Truro, and to help realize that dream, he purchased a strip of land along either side of the street, ready for the future.

The people of Provincetown thought he was crazy! "It's just a bunch of sand!" they would tell him, "What do you want THAT for?" At the time, the state road that would later become Route 6 (and still later Route 6A) was itself just packed-down dirt and beach sand, and the road was desolate for miles! But Joe kept his vision in focus while everyone else kept going on about the purchase that would come to be known in the 1920s as "Days' Folly."

In October 1929, the bottom

fell out of the stock market, and work was drying up! Joe's dream seemed dead once, after having his house in sections all ready to move, decided it wasn't worth it, and turned the house into a massive bonfire on the beach.

But Joe had another idea ... the one that would forever change the history of North Truro's Beach Point...

By this time, he was in charge of the F.A. Days and Sons construction company, and this industry was also hit hard by the Depression, as crews were idle due to no customers available to purchase their services. One day, he surprised his workers with his idea. He wanted to build some small cottages on the strip of land he owned, noticing that a couple other people were starting to do the same on the scenic 2-mile strip of Route 6. →



Joe Days and his wife Amelia

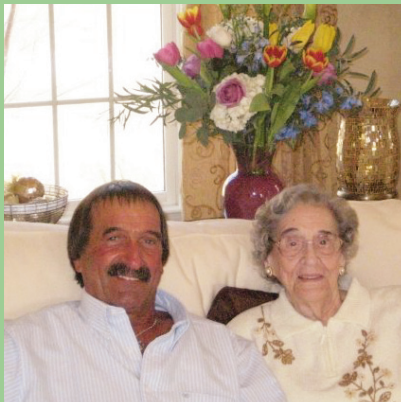


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He offered to buy all the materials needed. He did, however, tell his workers that they would have to take a pay cut for the work. Basically, Joe became his own customer.

Being the Depression, his crew jumped at the chance to work again!

In the fall of 1930, the crew of F.A. Days and Sons went to work on the first of what was to be five cottages. Each cottage was to be built with a bathroom, full kitchen, 2 bedrooms, a small living room with fireplace, and an open-air porch overlooking the water. It was to be the perfect little summer community, and everything seemed right on schedule.

But there was one problem...Joe realized that not one of the cottages-in-progress was actually on his land! That problem was quickly rectified with the purchase of more lots along either side of Route 6 to cover the 5 cottages already built, and he found out he still had room for MORE! By the time the cottages were ready to be opened, a total of 9 had been built. Across the street, he had 2 other buildings built. The first was built right along the highway, and housed the rental office, a small summer residence for himself and his wife, cellar space, and a small seasonal grocery store called Days' Self Service Market. The second was built just downhill from the highway, and was a storage garage with 9 bays, and was much more space than he needed at the time, but he knew the future would prove the extra space useful. The leftmost bay would later house a generator for those stormy days when the power goes out.

So not only did Joe have his summer house on the beach, he now had a new business to attract the new breed of Cape Cod vacationers. Most importantly, he gave many, many Provincetown families a livelihood during the depths of the Depression because he supplied work to all of those unemployed people in the building trade. Days' Cottages & Self Service Market opened up for its



first season in July 1931. Some people who stayed that season continued to come back every year for decades on end!

1931 proved to be a profitable first year for Joe's new business, and his mind was at work again. In 1932, Joe started the plans of building even more cottages on the beach to compliment the nine already standing, and had already started to purchase more lots along Route 6 on either side of the cottages, building the new cottages as he purchased the land. In all, he built 4 more to the south, and another 9 to the north, keeping to the same cottage design as the original nine. He also built a small diving platform in the water just south-to-center of the new row of 22 cottages.

The opening of the 1933 season marked the first season to rent out the newer cottages. By this time, the windows were trimmed in green paint, wearing green shutters, and the bottom trim of each cottage was painted white. The green-and-white color scheme would spread along the entire property in waves. By this time, the row of cottages stretched far enough north to come across the street from a small gas station situated next door to Days' Market. In the late 1930s, this gas station was bought by Joe. He had the pumps and tanks removed, and he noticed something about the size of the building that housed the service station.... It was about the same size as... a cottage!! A bit of remodeling, and Joe had his 23rd cottage!

Soon after, Joe's wife, Amelia, had an idea of her own. In order to give the cottages their own individual identities, she brainstormed the names of 23 different flowers, one for each cottage. After the list was made up, Joe had yellow signs made up with black lettering for the flower names, and another tradition was born.

In the infamous Hurricane of 1938, the cottages weathered the storm with no major damage. Given the severity of the storm, it was a testament of survival for the days to come.



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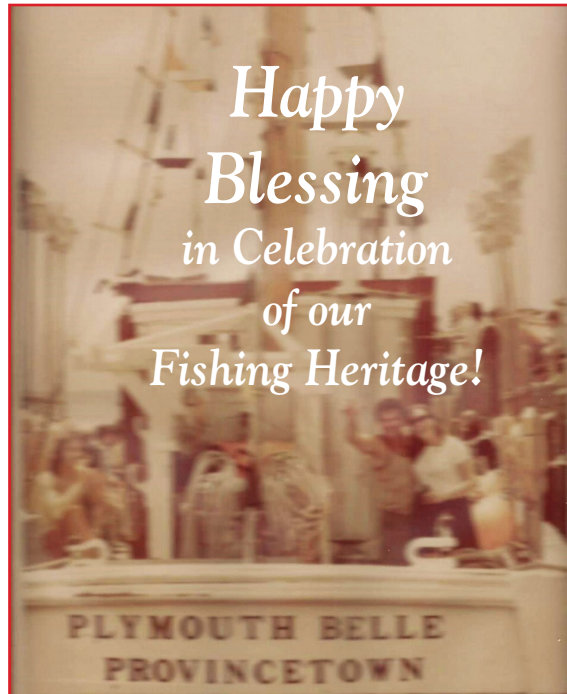

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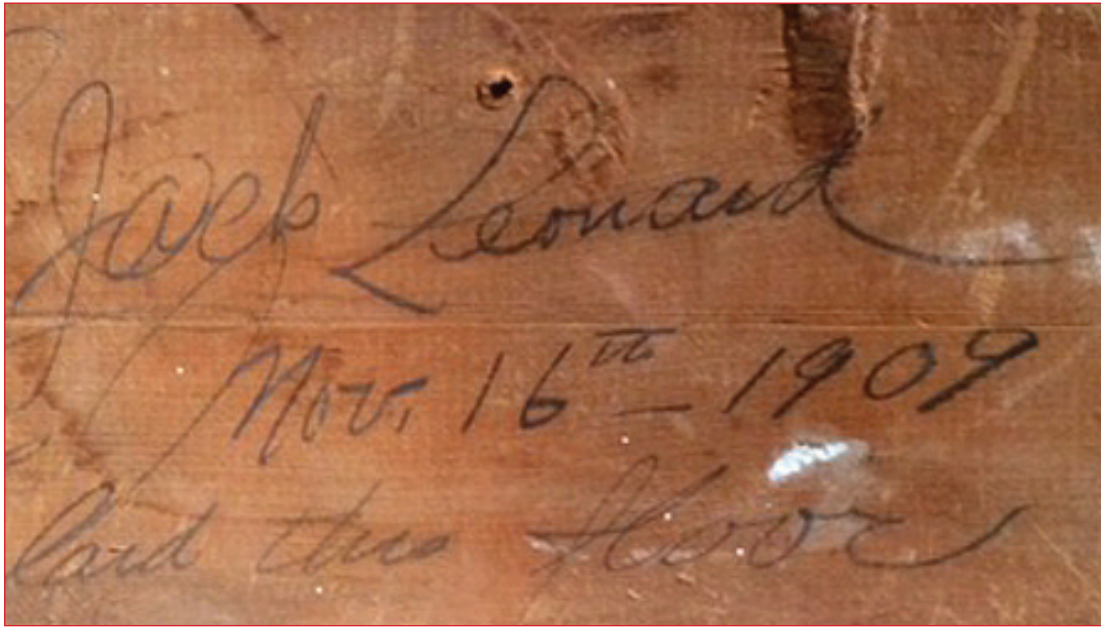
Mary Moore

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Jack Leonard liked to sign his work ... This floor board was found during renovations at 15 Montello Street. It was gifted by Chris Dipre and Allyne Samuelson to Susan Leonard, Jack Leonard's great granddaughter.

THE ADVOCATE

Provincetown Advocate, May 13, 1943

When Bruce McKain and Phil Malicoat tore down the old building opposite the Figurehead House

Incidentally, when the old building was torn down a shingle was found stuck in the eaves and on it are written the names of Jack Leonard, James E. Callahan, and Solomon D. Nickerson, each name dated August 19, 1905. On the other side is the terse inscription, "Go to Hell, per order, F.A. Lewis." Jack Leonard, assistant chief of our fire department and its chief axe-wielder, said he is the only one of the first three who signed that shingle 38 years ago who is still alive. Mr. Callahan bossed the job of putting a new roof on the building and Mr. Lewis, now in Lynn, but then a trapper with a store in the place. Jack couldn't remember whether his remark was a result of a walk-out for suds on a hot day in August or because they wanted more money.



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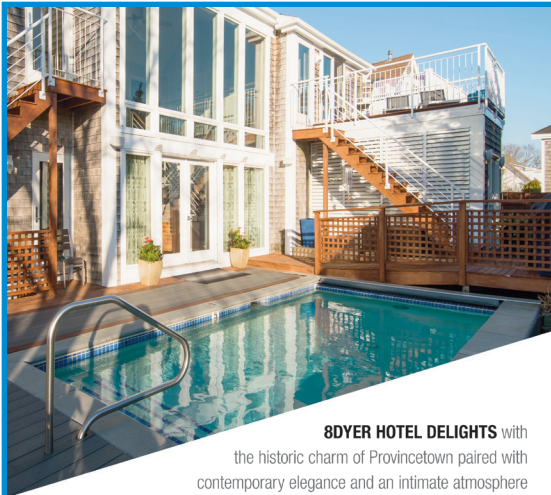
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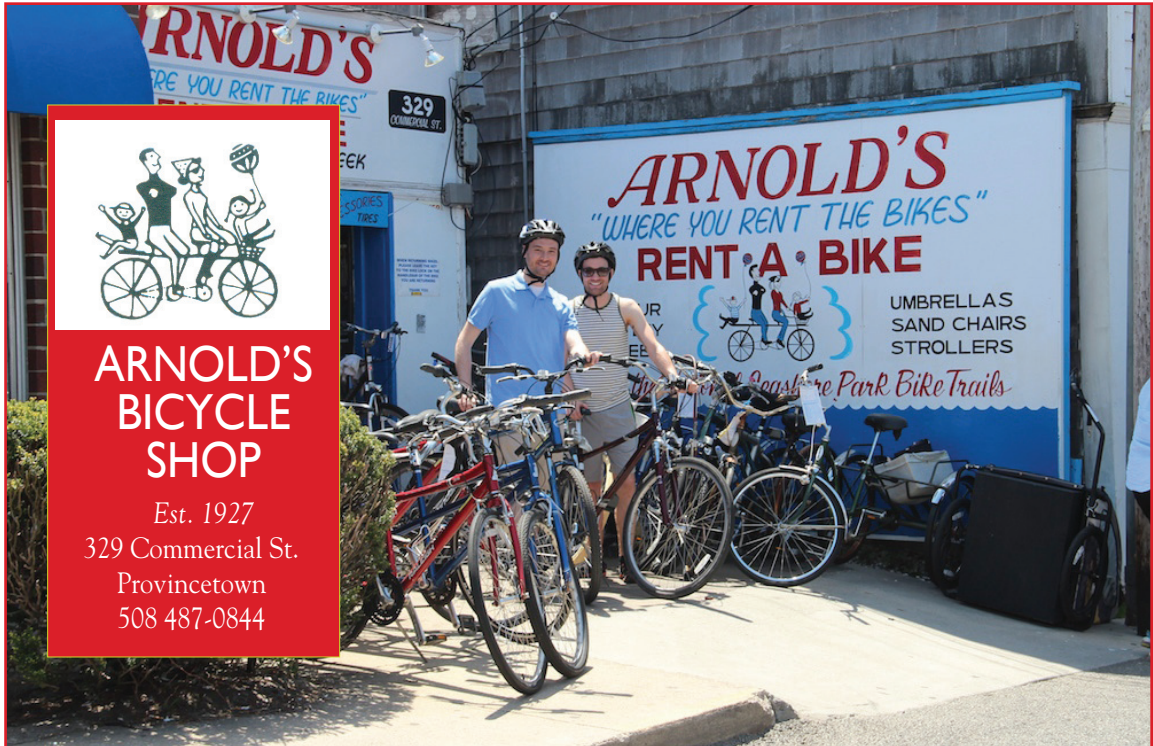
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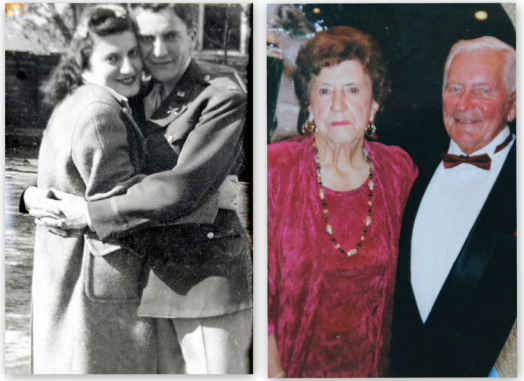


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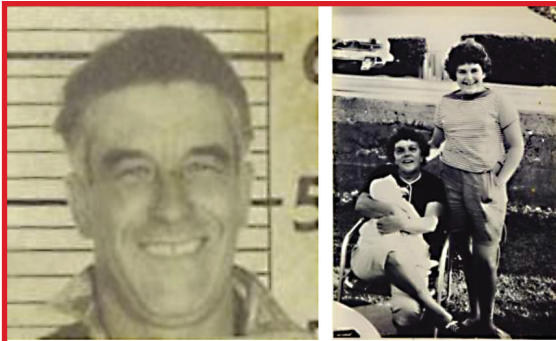
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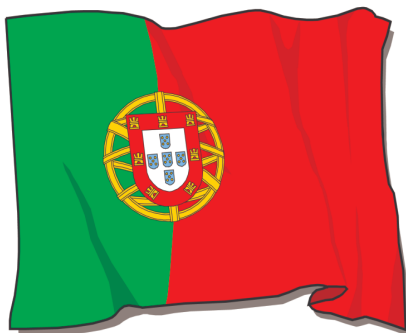
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