

Provincetown
Portuguese
Festival

*& Celebrating the 61st
Blessing of the Fleet*



Saint Peter's Church window 2008.



*Saint Peter's
Church
procession.*



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Provincetown Portuguese Festival

June 26-29, 2008

JUNE 26 (THURSDAY)

11-8 pm – Portuguese Festival Exhibit at Provincetown Art Assoc. & Museum (PAAM)
5pm-10 pm – Festival 2008 Opening Night (B)
• Join your class or group reunion - Cash soda beer and wine bar 5:00 to 10:00
• Dinner 6:30 ...
Reservations required Call 508 487-0086
• Music and Dancing to the Do-op sounds of X-CAPE 6 to 10 pm

JUNE 27 (FRIDAY)

10 am-12pm Capt. Manny Phillips Fishing Derby for Kids (FREE) (F)
11-10 pm – Portuguese Festival Exhibit at Provincetown Art Assoc. & Museum (PAAM)
12-3 pm Portuguese Soup Tasting with entertainment (B) **FOOD**
3-4 pm Music and dance On The Stage Fills Portuguese Square (FREE) (P)
4-6 pm Sing and Dance with Live Entertainment From The Stage At Portuguese Square (FREE) (P)
5-8 pm Compartilhe Na Nossa Mesa (*Share our table*) ... A showcase of Provincetown's best restaurants (B) **FOOD**
6:30-8 pm Music for All Ages with Michelle Romeiro From The Stage at Portuguese Square (P) (FREE)
7-9 pm Paintings of the fishing fleet and other local scenes featuring Brenda Silva at the Gallery at Whalers Wharf . Brenda did the art displayed on this year's Portuguese Festival T Shirt. (WWW)
8:30-10:30 pm Music for All Ages with Nelia returning To The Stage at Portuguese Square (P) (FREE)
10 pm-1 am Homecoming Get Together with the "Old Jugs" at the Surf Club (FREE) (S)

JUNE 28 (SATURDAY)

9 am-12 pm Kids Games and Cookout (MF) (FREE)
11-5 pm – Portuguese Festival Exhibit at Provincetown Art Assoc. & Museum (PAAM)
11:30 am-7:30 pm Lions Club Portuguese Food Court (B) **FOOD**

12 - 2 pm Entertainment at Portuguese Square (P)
Portuguese Dancers (FREE)
1 pm Judging of decorated boats. (M)
2-3 pm Entertainment at Portuguese Square (P)
Toe Jam Puppet Band (FREE)
3-4 pm Entertainment at Portuguese Square (P)
Miracle Fish Puppets (FREE)
3 pm **2008 Portuguese Festival Parade** (On Commercial St. from Cape Inn to Franklin St.)
4:30-5:30 Entertainment:
Toe Jam Puppet Band (FREE) (P)
6 pm-7:30 pm Entertainment: Chris and Shawn With Dancers On The Stage. (P) (FREE)
7:30 pm-9:30 pm Entertainment: Fado Concert On The Waterfront, The music of Portugal with Celia Maria, Natalie Pires, Tania, Jose Carlos and Daniel Guerra (F)
9 pm -12 pm Entertainment: Bossa Triba and the Berkshire Bateria Samba (FREE) (P)

JUNE 29 (SUNDAY)

10:30 am Fishermen's Mass at St. Peters Church. (SP)
12 pm—1 pm Procession from St. Peters Church to McMillan Pier. **PROCESSION ROUTE...Prince St. to Bradford , west to Winthrop, to Commercial, east on Commercial St. to McMillan Pier**
12 pm Entertainment by Grupo Folclorico Coracoes Lusiados, Rancho Folclorico Madeirense and St. Anthony's Band, Cambridge (LS) (FREE)
12 pm-4 pm **FOOD** - Tasca do Pescador (M)
1 pm-**61st Annual Blessing of the Fleet** (M)
1 pm-4 pm Band Concert—St. Anthony's Band, Cambridge (M) (FREE)
4 pm-7 pm Ed Sheridan at the Surf Club (S) (FREE)

Location Key:

B = Bas Relief • P = Portuguese Square (Ryder St)
MF = Motta Field • LS = Lopes Square
F = Fishermen's Wharf • L = Library
M = MacMillan Pier • S = Surf Club

See Map on the next page



This year, 2008, we celebrate the diversity of the Provincetown Portuguese Community. We come from the fishing villages of the Algarve, the Northern Coast of Portugal, and the Islands of the Azores, Madeira and Cape Verde. The traditions celebrated in the Provincetown Portuguese Community today are a mixture of our unique cultural backgrounds. We learned to cook each other's favorite recipes, to understand our various dialects, and to share our cultural differences. A unifying force was the Church of Saint Peter the Apostle of Provincetown. In recognition of this and as we read what follows, let us think about where we come from and how we arrived at calling Provincetown our home.

The 2008 Provincetown Festival Team

Susan Avellar

Liliana DeSousa

Maureen Joseph Hurst

Susan Leonard

David Mayo

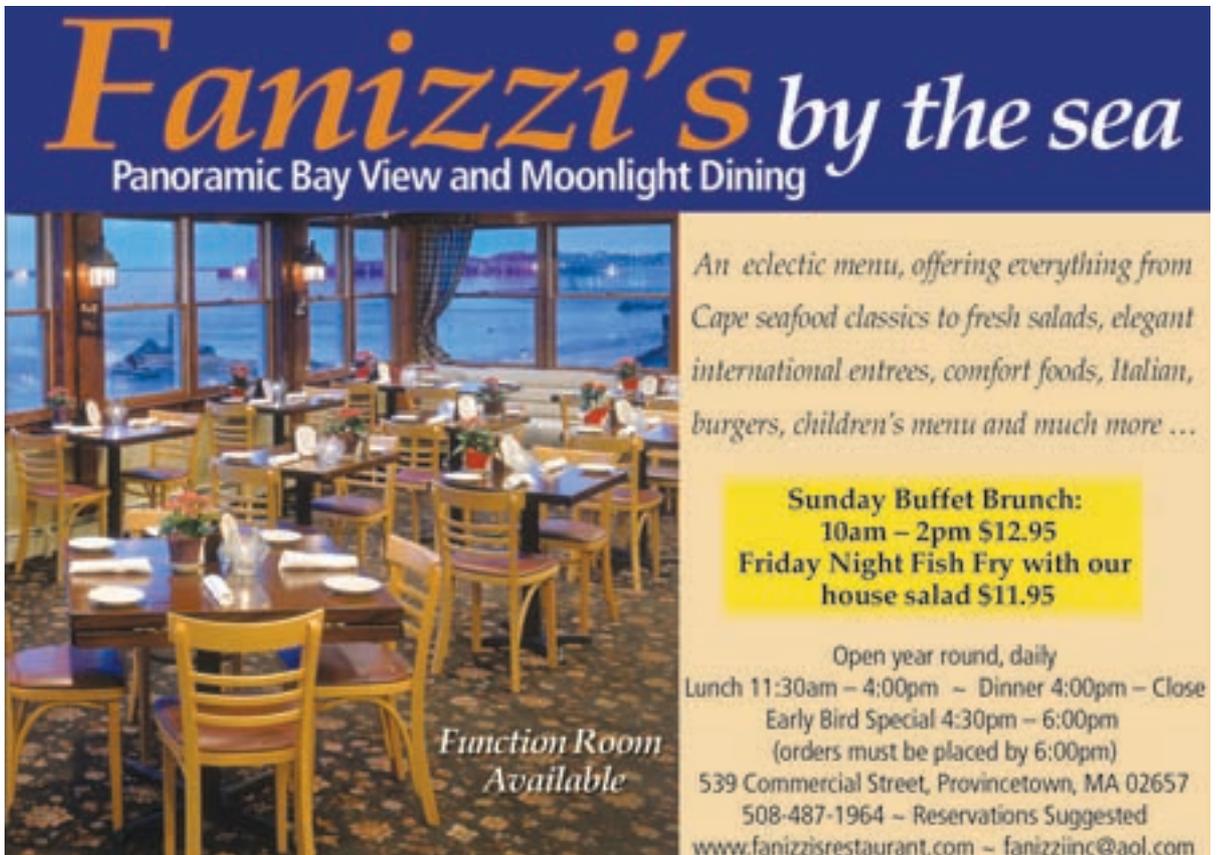
Donald Murphy

Jeffrey Perry

Paul Silva

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Provincetown Portuguese Festival Commemorative Book Design:
Barbara Mullaney



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Hand in Hand - A wondrous connection

By Yvonne deSousa

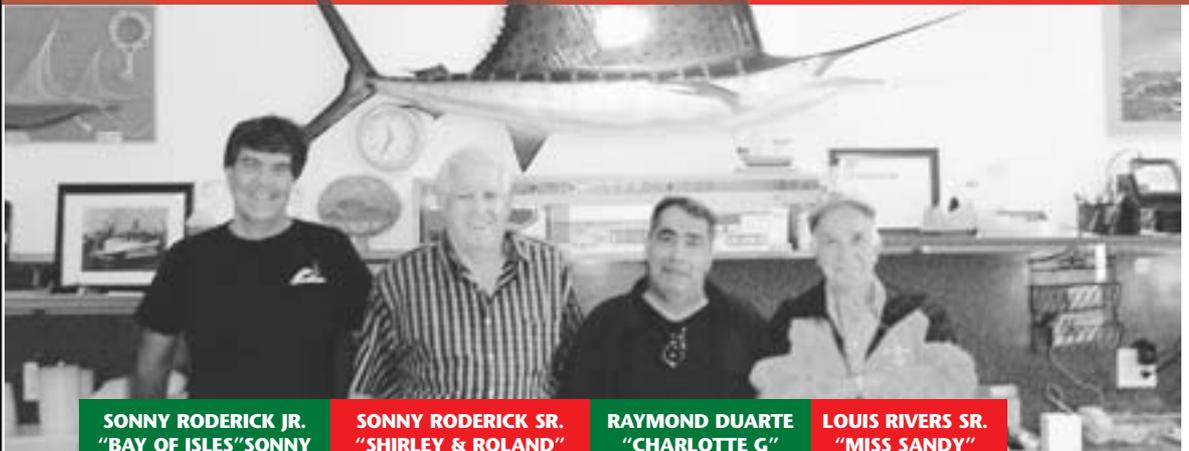
In 1852, there was no Catholic Church or Portuguese community in Provincetown, MA. By 1880 both had not only developed, but were thriving. The fact that each established itself simultaneously is no coincidence. And one would be hard pressed to picture one without the other in the sea-faring heyday of twentieth century Provincetown. Portuguese descendents and our Catholic community are the very core of our history in the early 1900's and the heart of two events we will celebrate together this June 2008, the dedication of the new St. Peter the Apostle Parish Church (re-built after a devastating fire in 2005) and this year's Portuguese Festival and 61st annual Blessing of the Fleet.

Prior to the 1860's there was a small group of Irish settlers in town and their religion was Catholicism. The local Diocese sent a priest to town three to

four times a year to hear confessions, perform marriages and baptisms and say Mass and offer blessings to this small, devout group. They would gather in the homes of parishioners to conduct service. The 1860's brought the first large immigration of Portuguese settlers. With them came their lucrative yet dangerous fishing and whaling professions and their extreme faith. Our community by the sea was conducive to their lifestyles but the lack of a main parish for their worship was not. As careers at sea were flourishing they could afford to generously support their faith and they did. Building of St. Peter's began and on October 11, 1874, Most Reverend Thomas E. Hendricken, Bishop of Providence, RI dedicated the new church. From here the connection continued aided by our first parish priests with Portuguese ties.

Father James Ward served from 1880-1886. He had studied in Portugal and was fluent and the ability to communicate directly with the new settlers was greatly appreciated. The next three main priests are well known

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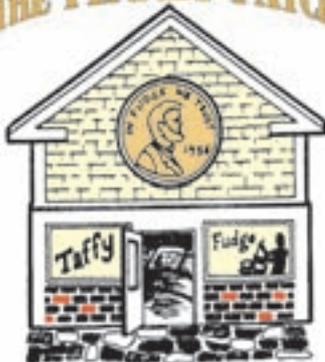
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*“Happy they who dwell in your house! Continually they praise you.
Happy the men whose strength you are! Their hearts are set upon the pilgrimage”
– Psalm 84*



May 16, 1936 The tradition of the procession of Senhor Santo Christo, brought to Provincetown by the families from Sao Miguel, Azores. The statue of Santo Christo is highlighted in the center of photograph partially obscured by the American flag. On the left marching along with the procession are Mary “Mamie” Corea and her husband John; their daughter Florence can just be made out behind them.

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in our parish history, made great contributions to our church and were all of Portuguese heritage. The first, Father Manuel C. Terra, served from 1893-1924, was much beloved by his parishioners and was known for being an integral leader in St. Peter's Aid Society. This group helped local families with sick, funeral and living expenses after the death of the family patriarch, usually at sea. While this was a time where fishing was prosperous, most of these settlers didn't understand insurance and when the ultimate tragedy struck, they were often at a loss as to how to fend for themselves financially. As they head of households generously contributed to the church, St. Peter's Aid Society, with Father Terra at the forefront, would in turn generously help their families. The saddest moment of Father Terra's service here was during the flu epidemic of 1918 where he was forced to

bury 40 members of his parish in only three months. He was known for being very generous and very dedicated.

Next came Father John A. Silvia, who many locals still remember. Also of Portuguese heritage, he had studied in the Azores. While it was under Father Silvia that a few extraordinary additions to the parish came about, it was also who he served during the racial intolerance of 1923. At that time, the Ku Klux Klan came to

town to protest Portuguese immigration. While actual violence was fortunately minimal, the hatred expressed by burning crosses marked a sad period in a community known for welcoming all. Instead of dividing the town however, it made the community stronger and was the force behind the establishment of the Knights of Columbus, a society of Catholic men, dedicated to the total protection of their church, faith and parish. The society exists today. Father Terra was proud to see three locals enter the vocation during his time. In September of 1951, he dedicated the shrine to Our Lady of Fatima, honoring the Blessed Virgin's appearance to children in Fatima, Portugal. This shrine was donated by the Provincetown chapter of Catholic Daughters and local fishermen and the dedication ceremony included a living rosary. The greatest act of Father Silvia however, was establishing our local Blessing of the Fleet tradition. Approached by Arthur Bragg Silva and Domingo Godinho to form the event after witnessing one in Gloucester, MA, a committee was formed and Father Silvia, Silva, Godinho and other fishermen with names reflecting their Portuguese heritage began the planning process. The first Blessing of the Fleet took place in 1948. To this day, it is hard to imagine a June without this beautiful, heartwarming custom.

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“O olho do dono é que engorda o cavalo”

“The owner's eye fattens the horse”



Blessing of the Fleet procession led by Brian Cabral and Fr. Thomas Maybew. Altar boy Wesley Medeiros escorts Fr. Leo Duart pastor of St. Peter the Apostle Church.



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Share the Heritage*

“O Sol quando nasce é para todos” “The sun rises for everybody”

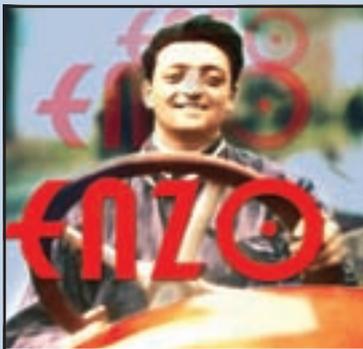
While I am not old enough to have personally known Father Leo J. Duarte, just hearing his name and the stories that linger of him, brings a sense of warmth. He is spoken of very fondly by many current members of the parish. He assisted Father Silvia for a bit but became the parish's main priest in 1951 and served for over twenty-three years. He was responsible for renovating the church itself, the grounds, the cemetery, and being responsible for the building of the Parish Hall, the short lived parochial school and the cemetery chapel. He commissioned local artist Eugene Sparks to create the church's famous mural of St. Peter. While he was parish priest, the St. Vincent de Paul Society was formed and local youth, Manuel Ferreira entered the priesthood. Father Ferreira was ordained in Fall River in 1960 and a large contingent from Provincetown made the trip to be present during the ceremony. "Father Manny" visits often and has presided over mass many times at St. Peter's, including marrying his cousin Gordon Ferreira to his wife Beverly shortly after being ordained in 1960. Father Duarte was so well known I remember a young local boy who was learning the Lord' Prayer for the first time insisting that the first line was "Our father, Duarte in heaven..."

While these three Priests did their great part in keeping the Portuguese connection alive, the towns-

people did so in their own right too. Current Pastor Rev. Henry J. Dahl, says "the gifts the early Portuguese settlers brought with them from their homeland remain today; a love of their faith and a strong family life." They brought their spirit and their customs too. In the 1930's, settlers from the Azores celebrated the San Miguel tradition Santo Christo, which included a procession for and with Christ the King, a procession similar to how we carry our statue of Saint Peter to the pier for the Blessing today. On Christmas Eve, the custom of honoring Meninho Jesu, little Jesus, would take place. Families would put a candle in their windows and set up an altar in their living rooms. The altars would be decorated with sprouted wheat (to celebrate the living body of Christ), candles (to represent the Resurrection and the Light), flowers, and family heirlooms. In the center would be the family's personal statue of the Baby Jesus. Visitors would go from door to door singing carols, sitting with friends and strangers alike, and honoring the Baby Jesus.

More than their customs however, the Portuguese community (with its numerous descendants) support the center of their faith in many ways, ways that include the changing of the times. Take the Ferreira family for example. Gordon grew up next to St. Peter's, was an altar server and followed in his father's footsteps in the

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position of ringing the church bells. At the age of seventeen he became a member of the Knight's of Columbus and is an active member to this day. Beverly Ferreira (along with Alice Cook) became the first female lectors in the early 1970's. The irony is not lost on Beverly that while she is very proud that all three of her grandchildren became altar servers, her granddaughters were also the first female altar servers in our church. Both she and her daughter Tracey taught the First Communion Religious Education Class at different times for six years. And when the Ferreira family had their restaurant, it was they who annually served a grand meal to the Bishop after the Blessing of the Fleet.

Florence Corea Alexander has made it her mission to decorate Saint Peter for his annual procession to the pier for the last six years now, taking over for her friend Florence Menagas who had the role as far back as most can remember. When Maria Lomba and her family came to this country in the 1970's during a cold, snowy winter, it was the church who first welcomed them. St. Peter's was her home in the new world and Maria was so grateful that she made it her mission to decorate the altar with fresh flowers. Even when times were tough, she would find a way to give back in this way. Today she is a Eucharistic Minister and gives communion both at



Florence Alexander and Florence Menagas decorate St. Peter for the Blessing of the Fleet procession.



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mass and to the homebound.

These are just some examples of ways the church and the community has continuously supported each other. We turn to the church and our many dedicated pastors for worship, faith, and spirit and they are there for us, good times and bad. They turn to us for support in many ways and we are humbled in our response. Over the years, change occurs and often we are not happy about it. St. Peter's Aid Society and the Catholic Daughters are no longer in existence. But in their place we are extremely lucky to have St. Vincent dePaul and the Kitchen Angels doing work similar to these societies of the past in the way the current times need them. When the first Blessing of the Fleet came about after the fire, it was a new shock to think of holding the mass anywhere else but our church. The wounds of the fire were only just beginning to heal when the time to plan the 2005 event came about. How could we have a Blessing of the Fleet Mass without Saint Peter walking on water on the altar? But then the Cabral family generously donated their wharf and warehouse for the mass, and with the back doors of the building open to the bay

and the tools of the fishing trade in the wings, the setting couldn't have been more appropriate that beautiful Sunday. With our own Father Dahl at the helm, and under magnificent Saint Peter's eye, that year's ceremony was more relevant than ever.

The connection of those first Portuguese settlers is so strong it will remain forever in our history in the form of present and future generations. While many of the volunteer firefighters who fought so bravely in the bitter cold on January 25th 2005 had Portuguese names, when the parishioners gathered in the icy parking lot as the flames were extinguished, the names mattered less. As we hugged and cried together, we were a family of faith no matter our heritage. The rich Portuguese history is so strong it will thankfully be with us always. But as in the very nature of Provincetown itself, we are a community first, no matter our origins. The first Mass in the new Saint Peter's Church will be the Fisherman's Mass to celebrate the 2008 61st Blessing of the Fleet. We will pay our respects to the old, welcome the new, and be very glad for the inspiration of our ancestors.

*“How lovely is your
dwelling place Lord,
mighty God”
- Psalm 84*

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An abandoned house in the center of Cedros, Flores.

Photo by Oona Patrick

The View from Flores

By Oona Patrick

Across the airplane aisle from me, an elderly woman wearing an overly warm tweed coat rubbed her white stone rosary as we approached the island. We were out over the expanse of ocean between Faial and Flores Islands in the Azores archipelago, and I felt terribly unprepared. I was traveling alone and headed for a pair of islands more than 100 miles of open ocean from any other land, and 1,000 miles from any continent. I had an opportunity to stay for several weeks in a house for artists and writers on Flores, but there was another reason I was headed there. From the Provincetown town records, a relative's genealogy, and a notebook passed down in my family, I knew that my great-great-grandmother had left Flores for Provincetown in the early 1860s. An apparently insignificant speck at the far end of a little-known archipelago had the

potential to mean a lot to me. Being only half Portuguese and far removed from that generation of immigrants, I knew I was in for culture shock and unlikely to find much that connected directly to my family. But I found something there I didn't expect: visiting Flores for the first time was like coming across an antique version of Provincetown afloat in the middle of the Atlantic.

Flores, the westernmost of the Azores, so western that, unlike the other islands, it is actually on the North American tectonic plate, is really the tip of an extinct volcano on the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. Out the window of our new commuter jet, Corvo Island, with its single village of only 300 people, appeared to me first. It was a single low mountain in the sea with a frail-looking line of white houses at the base. Then I saw the larger island of Flores, which was much more mountainous than I'd expected. Flores (literally "Flowers") was a steep green land of craggy peaks and cliffs, fields, and a few low flat areas on the rocky coast where multiple settlements clustered.

I knew what I was looking for—a village near Santa Cruz—but I didn't know what it looked like. All I knew was the phonetic spelling of its name written in pencil in the brown pages of the family notebook in an unknown hand. Cedros was the only village on the island whose name sounded even close. While parallel to the coastline, I looked over at a village on a cliff at the height of our plane. Then we dipped below the cliff top and at the sight of a church I heard a cry go up from the elderly woman with the rosary and her friend: "Fazenda!" They were coming home. Daring myself to look at the jagged black rocks beyond the tip of the wing, I suddenly stared into the arched opening of a massive sea cave below the cliff, where waves broke bright aqua and white against the dark entrance. We glided lower still, over crashing breakers and rocks, before our eventual bumpy touchdown on an airstrip that seemed a little too short.

Flores is about 88 square miles and takes the shape of a long rough oval. I stayed in Lajes, a town proud of being the westernmost European municipality. Settled in the 16th century, Flores is now home to about 4,000 people, a steep fall from its nineteenth-century peak of

10,000. Tourists come mainly in July and August, when the thousands of hydrangeas that line the fields are in bloom. Still, the famously changeable weather can still be warm in the off-season. There is swimming here in rock pools and from a few small black sand beaches as late as November, which is when I visited.

The Azores are not at all the poor, bleak places of expatriates' memories, despite the inevitable rows of ruined houses in a place whose population has declined so dramatically. Remittances from the diaspora, retired returnees, tourism and foreign investment, and even E.U. funding for infrastructure have changed the Azores. In Ponta Delgada on São Miguel, I visited an English class at the university. The students told me that they disliked the way Luso-Americans thought the Azores were still backward and undeveloped and that only rural people lived there, driving stereotypical ox carts. A young man answered my question "Do you want to leave, or did you grow up wanting to leave?" with "Yes. To travel for a few weeks. Then I'll come back." They have all the accoutrements of modern life: new Toyotas in driveways, satellite dishes, good Internet connections even on Corvo, gleaming hotels and brand-new planes, and new roads. These

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When I found out on my first day on Flores that the locals all still had a village nickname for life—that the old Provincetown custom had not only originated in such villages, but had never died—I began to feel sure that this trip was going to be worth it. In the next few weeks, the locals we met invited the residents of our house, two writers and a painter, over to their homes so many times that they literally supported us with homemade linguça, seafood salad, beef in orange sauce, bacalau, fruitcakes and flan, the dense local corn bread, famous São Jorge cheese, tea, coffee, and Pico wines. They gave to the point that I had uncomfortable thoughts of the free fish given to visiting artists in Provincetown when the art colony was just getting started there.

"Massa sovada," I said when a baker appeared at our house one evening to take our order. He beamed and nodded. This was one of the first and only times I had spoken Portuguese and been instantly understood. Sunday afternoon he appeared at my window with a huge round loaf of sweet bread, still warm from the oven. Massa sovada—the words carried me home. I had

passing fantasies at moments like this of feeling more authentic, more Portuguese, but then I would realize that that was not what this trip was going to be about. I stood at the window and looked at all the little white houses with green trim in that village that sloped down toward the sea, and I couldn't really decide if it was my land in a small way, or if it was completely foreign still. But I liked imagining the lives of the emigrants, picturing them pulling up stakes and setting off by boat for an extra-long island hop to Provincetown. In my first week, I felt that I had glimpsed not just the origins of Provincetown's generous and tight-knit community, but also the roots of some of its pain. There was a legacy here, real but no longer visible, of utter isolation, food shortages, and deep poverty.

In another example of the hospitality of the islanders, a local woman, a poet and teacher, gave me an all-day tour of the island in her car. She told me stories of the old days as we drove over the hilly grazing land in the center of the island, stopping to peer down at the dark waters of crater lakes, or up at one of the many waterfalls. She was only around 50, but could still remember



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"The habit doesn't make the monk"

the last days before the telephone system and good roads. She shared a childhood memory of going to the dock to wait for the mail boat with the rest of the villagers. A woman who had been waiting for a long time for news from her son in America stood there. This woman could not read, so when a letter was found for her, someone else read it aloud to her on the dock. The young son she had such hopes for, from whom she was expecting good news, was dead. My host described watching this woman's tears, and how the entire village had gathered around to comfort her. My host soon changed the subject, and she told me a detail I haven't been able to forget. When emigrant families sent back their first photographs from America, they invariably pictured one thing: a freezer or refrigerator with the doors held open to show that it was stuffed with food.

After hairpin turns on a winding mountain road lined with moss, giant yellow flowers, and the scrub plants from which Cedros takes its name, I saw my great-great-grandmother's home for the first time. It turned out to be the same town on the cliff I'd seen from the airplane.

Behind me lay Santa Cruz, and out beyond the edge of the cliff I saw that Corvo lay directly across the strait. Farms spread out behind the town, and towering over it all was the cement shell of an unfinished modern house. As far as I could tell, my ancestor Delphine Silver (or Silveira) had been born here in the 1840s. I didn't make it to São Jorge Island, where her husband originated, and I had no village name for another side of the family, the Patricios, who came from São Miguel, so finding her village was the best I could do on any island in the Azores.

But my host did not like it there. We quickly drove through Cedros, with its two or three winding streets and rows of houses built on a slight incline looking down toward the edge of the cliff. When we passed a church that looked to be from the 1970s, she said, "The church has no padre." She continued, "And that school has no teachers. The students have to go to school in the larger town now." The village had lost its center. I could tell she wanted to move on. On the way out, she pointed to a row of tidy houses with drawn lace curtains or closed shutters and said, "The owners just left them there, they're

Lobster Pot

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all in Canada or the States.” A young farmer in tall rubber boots glanced at me as I got out to photograph the street and an empty house with trees growing out of its roof. I realized that with the size of the Azorean diaspora, there may be many more like me coming to towns like this in the summers with their notes and their cameras. We don’t know each other but we’re all connected to this small, unlikely part of the world.

When I got back to the U.S. I ordered the birth records for Cedros on microfilm. (A Flores native, Francisco Gomes, has also compiled two books of Flores records.) I scanned as much as I could over several days, comparing the text to a sample translated birth record, and looking for Delphine’s parents’ names, which I had from the Provincetown records. And then I found them. The mother was from Flores, and the father had come across the strait from his birthplace on tiny Corvo to marry her. I had learned little new while on Flores, but I gained something I could never get from records: a memory of my fleeting visit to Cedros, and of the view

from there of Corvo across the strait on a clear day.

One of my last nights on Flores was American Thanksgiving, and we invited the locals to the artists’ house for chicken, as that was all we could buy. In a quiet moment, the poet and former teacher began reciting the famous opening lines of Fernando Pessoa’s poem “Tabacaria” (Tobacco Shop) in Portuguese, and then in English:

Não sou nada.
 Nunca serei nada.
 Não posso querer ser nada.
 À parte isso, tenho em mim todos os sonhos do mundo.

I’m nothing.
 I’ll never be anything.
 I can’t even want to be something.
 Apart from that, I have within me all the dreams of the world.

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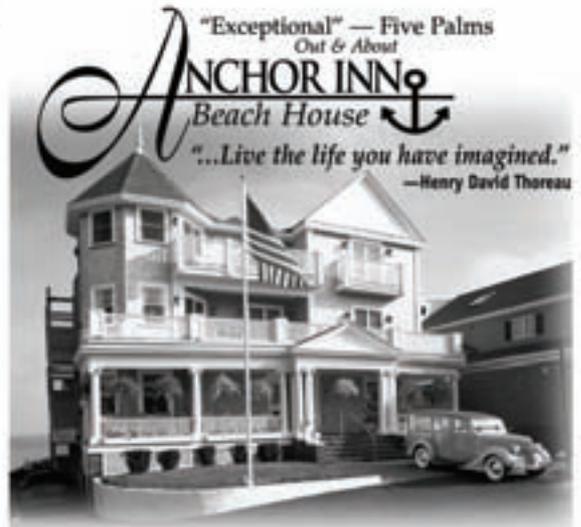


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Grace Gouveia Collinson

Reminiscences of Grace Collinson

By Laurel Guadazno

Many in the Portuguese community will have fond memories of Grace Collinson. While searching some archives I came across an article written for the Provincetown Advocate in July 1975: “Reminiscences of Provincetown, Collinson: an Immigrant Recorded.” At the time the article was written Grace Collinson was the director of the Council on Aging. She was in the process of collecting a series of reminiscences of the town from elderly residents. The newspaper thought it would be interesting to turn the tables on Grace and ask her for some of her recollections.

Grace Gouveia Collinson, long-time teacher, and aide to the elderly died in 1999 at the age of 89. Her

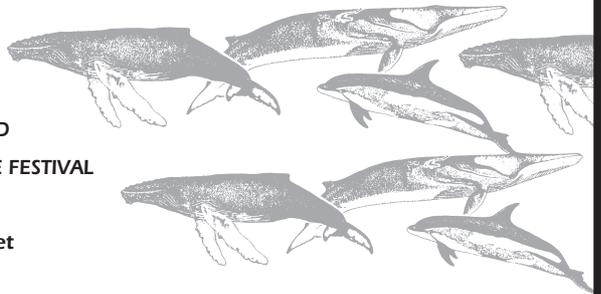


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obituary records that she graduated from college with highest honors. She paid for her education by picking blueberries, with the help of her parents, brother and friends. During World War II she volunteered to tutor more than 80 local immigrants from Portugal, Greece, Italy, and Spain in English to help them earn their United States citizenship. Her teaching career in Provincetown began in 1936 and continued until 1963. Anyone who went to school in town will remember her. Grace Collinson's service to the people of Provincetown earned her wide and lasting respect. As a tribute to her, in the 1980s, the former Cape End Manor Building was renamed the Grace Gouveia Building.

The following are Grace Collinson's memories of coming to Provincetown as a young girl. "I remember that we landed in Providence, and I looked down from the boat to find my father. I had never seen my father, because he had come ahead. He had been fishing aboard a schooner on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland where he had talked to some of the Portuguese sailors who told him about Provincetown. He jumped ship, and in 1905 came to Provincetown. My mother had described my father to me. My father had brought with him an interpreter, a Mr. Manta, who had done more for people who were immigrants in this town than any other that I know of. I had visualized what my father would look like, and when I came down from the boat, I went straight to the other man. Mr. Manta was the epitome of what I wanted a father to look like."



Grace Gouveia in native costume.

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“We went to Provincetown by train. That was the only way to go then. There were very few cars. I remember my first impression of Provincetown. I was frightened because the houses were separated, and there were yards. I had never seen yards. In the village of Olhao where I lived in Portugal, on the street there was just one straight façade, and the houses were separated only by the structure of a door and a window.”

“I remember my first days in an American school. It was at the Community Center building, and my first teacher was Angie Swett, the mother of Robert Patrick who owns Marine Specialties. My mother, with the utmost respect for education, always dressed me in my best pinafores. I was isolated by the language barrier, dressed in a special way, and was the object of abuse and ridicule.”

“One of my best friends was the mailman, Charles Rogers. He used to take me with him, and I learned to read English just from reading the envelopes. Dr. Cass used to help me, too, how to speak English. He gave me a little mirror, and he would give me exercises on pronunciation. The b’s and the v’s were very difficult, and the final consonant sounds.”

The train . . . we used to play near the railroad tracks

at Pearl Street. Many a penny did I put on the rail. We used to listen for the trains coming by putting our ear on the rail. Then we used to have a very nice man by the name of Baker, I think, who was the engineer. He would give us rides from where Conwell Street is today. (He stopped there because it was a through street.) We would get into the cab, and just ride the rest of the way and some of us were bold enough to ride on the cow catches. I did that until my mother saw me. Somebody must have reported to her, and that was that.”

“My father, meanwhile, was sailing aboard the vessels that were Grand Bankers, and would be gone for months at a time. My mother would get word that the vessel was sighted off the back side, and without stopping for anything, she’d grab me by the hand, and take me down to the beach, where other women were gathered. They waited in silence for the two-masted ship to round Wood End and the Long Point light, and watched to see if the boat was coming in at half-mast. Once they saw it was not half-masted they knelt and blessed themselves, and went home to prepare for their men. If the ship came in at half-mast, as it often did, there was weeping and wringing of hands, and prayers were offered to the Holy Mother and St. Peter.”



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Our Olhao Roots

Have you ever looked back and wondered how fate has a way of taking your hand? Our trip to Olhao, Portugal was one of those events for my sister, Maureen and me. It started as just a remote possibility, the thought that we may actually have the time and the resources to find our way to our Vo-Vo's (Grandfather's) grave. This was, after all, a group trip with twenty-six fellow Provincetown travelers most of whom were of Portuguese descent. We were all the eager charges of Lilianna DeSousa ; each with our own agenda and none of us with a good herding instinct. Let it suffice to say, Lilianna had her hands full with us and accommodating our specific requests was not, understandably, her first priority. Call it coincidence, karma, what have you, but Fate was about to intervene on our behalf.

The trip Lilianna had planned for our group highlighted the best of Portugal. Not only did we get to see Portugal but we also felt Portugal and discovered through our wonderful guide, Eduardo, a new pride and recognition of our Portuguese heritage. We toured Lisbon, then north as far as Porto, then south again to the coast and



Kathie Joseph Meads, Cousin Joao and Maureen Joseph Hurst at the grave of their Vo-Vo (grandfather) Antone Joseph.

east as far as the border with Spain. The trip culminated at a resort hotel in the Algarve along the Mediterranean not far from my Vo-Vo's home in Olhao. Quite a number of our group could claim roots in Olhao. Lilianna herself was raised in Olhao until her family immigrated to the

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United States. A one day side trip was planned for those who wanted to see Olhao. Ten of our group took her up on the offer. When we arrived in Olhao, Babe Carreiro and Lilianna reminisced on how things had changed since their last visits. Maureen and I had only the address of our step grandmother, Maria and hoped the group would bear with us to see if we could locate her home. Once again, we were so thankful for Lilianna's guidance. It was Palm Sunday and large green fronds waved in the street as parishioners processed to mass. She led us to the Town square and started reading the names and addresses on all the buildings until we thought we were at the right house. My Aunt Leona had written down the apartment as #4 and Lilianna could not find a #4. For quite awhile we prowled around the square always returning to the same building. We debated in English how we had managed to confuse the directions and admitted this was as close as we were bound to get. Enough of everyone's time had been spent on our quest. At least we had tried. Just then a gentleman dressed in his Sunday best approached Lilianna. He asked her in Portuguese if we were looking for Maria Joseph. He had heard us mention her name. Lilianna began an animated conversation with him while we all looked on. The gentleman, it turns out, was our cousin, Joao. Maria,



Karen Silva with cousin Joao.

he explained, was at Church. She would be back shortly. Lilianna interpreted for us as she made the introductions. Maureen and I knew he was indeed who he said he was when he mentioned members of our family by name. He knew Aunt Leona, our cousins and my late Grandmother, Louisa. Lilianna explained that we had hoped to see our Vo-Vo's grave. No problem. He would lead us to the cemetery and knew where Vo-Vo was buried.

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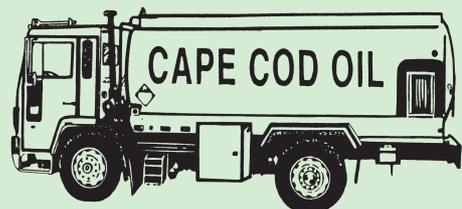
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Liliana DeSousa with newly found cousins Joao, Maureen Joseph Hurst and Kathie Joseph Meads met in Olhao, Portugal.

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Off we went through the back streets of Olhao. The cemetery was compact with lots of tiny paths and twists and turns. Still skeptical, we weren't convinced he would lead us to the right grave until he made his final turn and pointed to the stone. The doubt was gone, the mission fulfilled for there was Vo-Vo staring right at us. He wore his old, familiar smile in the picture on the stone and the twinkle in his dark eyes brought a tear to our own. Time for a picture of all us here, newly found, Cousin Joao included. On the way back to Maria's house, Joao acted as tour guide and Lilianna interpreted. Maria, although taken by surprise to see us, extended her gracious Portuguese hospitality to all of us. As our time drew to a close and we prepared to say good bye, Karen Silva wanted Lilianna to press Joao further for some information on her grandfather, Antone Costa. Joao was glad to answer her for he had known Tony only too well. It turns out, Joao was his cousin too. In fact, he seemed puzzled as he pointed from Karen to Maureen and back to me, "Your Uncle. Your Cousin. Your Aunt". "No" we answered, "Her Uncle. Her Cousin. Her Aunt". Lilianna was listening to him intently. The Portuguese words were being hyphenated by raised hands in the air and insistent facial expressions. Finally, an "Ah" from Liliana as she turned to the three of us and announced, "Didn't you know, you three are cousins?" Those Provincetown-Olhao roots run deeper than any of us had realized.

So call it luck, or coincidence or karma . . . all I know is the hand of Fate was on the shovel when we went digging for our roots.

Kathie Joseph Meads

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Acknowledgment: an earlier version of this poem was published in *Paragraph Magazine* (www.oatcity.com) in East Providence in 2002.

Provincetown Portuguese Bakery

By Maryjo Avellar

Long time Provincetown residents, especially those who grew up in the 1950's and 1960's, have vivid memories of freshly baked Portuguese bread wafting through the early morning air. East Enders, like me, who daily walked to the Veterans Memorial Elementary School or to the high school, could barely resist stopping in and buying a fresh loaf of bread on their way to school, even though they may have already downed a nice big breakfast. The smells from that bakery were that irresistible.

And at least once or twice a week, my mother would give me a quarter and send me down to the bakery for a Viana loaf, the loaf still made today that looks like a short baguette that put on some weight around the middle. That particular loaf was named for the Portu-

guese town in northern Portugal near where Mr. Antonio Brito, the baker's founder, was born. Of all the bread still baked in the bakery today, the Viana loaf is still my favorite. I used to have a hard time bringing it home without having eaten a sizable chunk from the end of that warm, crusty loaf.

Mr. Brito, who opened the bakery in 1932, retired to his hometown of Britello, Portugal in 1971. But the tradition of baking excellent Portuguese bread and pastries continues in the same location to this day under the capable hands of Ofelia and Tibor Bago, her parents Jose and Arnaldina Ferreira and Ofelia's sister Helena, a kindergarten teacher at the Veterans Memorial Elementary School. They took over the bakery following the retirement of Mr. Antonio Ferreira (no relation) who moved to Florida after having run the bakery for more than 30 years.

Ofelia Bago said her family came to Provincetown



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Ofelia Ferreira Bago and Tibor Bago baking sweets at the Portuguese Bakery

in 1992 because her grandmother, Ofelia Costa, the late Matt Costa's step-mother, lived here. Mrs. Bago's father, Jose Ferreira went to work for Matt Costa and eventually wound up at the bakery, working for Tony Ferreira.

"We weren't bakers," Mrs. Bago said of her parents. "My father was the general manager of a company in Portugal that sold motors for boats and other aluminum products."

Her husband, a Hungarian, is, however, a professional pastry chef. He too went to work for Tony Ferreira. Mrs. Bago said that when Tony Ferreira retired, taking over the bakery seemed "the logical thing to do."

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Jose Ferreira cooking up a batch of malasadas.



Outside the Portuguese Bakery at 299 Commercial Street are Tony Ferreira, Jose Ferreira and Tibor Bago.

have done extensive remodeling to both the kitchen and the bakery space itself. All of the kitchen equipment has been updated to modern stainless steel. The floors have been replaced and the bakery itself has been painted a bright cheerful yellow.

“We really made a commitment,” said Mrs. Bago, whose two daughters Sarah, 8, and Emma, 4, both attend the Provincetown school system. “We wouldn’t have it any other way.”

The pastry case has also been expanded. Not only are the traditional breads and authentic Portuguese pastries still baked on premises, Mr. Bago has introduced individual pastries, whole wheat and 7-grain breads as well as birthday and wedding cakes.

Like Tony Ferreira before them and Ernie Carreiro who also ran the bakery for one year, the Bago-Ferreira family leases the business from Michael Janoplis and his family, who own the Mayflower Restaurant across the street from the bakery.

Mike Janoplis is the son of Sammy Janoplis and the late Maria Brito Janoplis, Mr. Brito’s daughter. The couple actually ran the bakery for a couple of years when Mr.

Brito moved back to Portugal.

Mike Janoplis said that when his grandfather owned the bakery, it was more of a bakery and grocery store, sort of like the old L&A Market (now Farlands). When his parents took over, they introduced deli style sandwiches. It was Tony Ferreira who brought in soups, the fryolater for those scrumptious malasadas (fried dough) and rabanadas (a kind of Portuguese French toast) and the grill for hot sandwiches like burgers and linguica rolls.

It was also Tony Ferreira, Mike Janoplis said, who expanded the bakery to include authentic Portuguese pastries like pasteis de nata (small custard filled tarts that are heavy on the egg yolks) and trutas (fried sweet potato crescents) which local Portuguese families only bake during the holidays.

Mike Janoplis is thrilled to have another wonderful family continuing the bakery, something neither he nor his sister and brothers have any desire to do.

“They seem to be great,” he said of the Ofelia Bago and her family. “They are expanding into new frontiers and upholding all of the old traditions all at the same time.”

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“Sonny” Bernard Roderick, Sr. and “Sonny” Bernard Roderick, Jr.

Sonny Roderick

By Betty Costa

Looking through the high school yearbook of Sonny Roderick, it is abundantly clear that this was no ordinary individual even as a teenager. Voted the most talented by his classmates, he was involved in every phase of school life. Like the previous generation of Rodericks, he was an athlete. Basketball, softball and track were his choices. But his interest did not stop there. Musically inclined he was in the school band and glee club and participated in the Cape Cod Music Festival. Drama and the arts were also a part of his high school years.

A mention of the name Roderick would cause long time Provincetown residents to think of two things, sports and fishing. Indeed, during high school and college years,

Sonny fished on his father’s boat the Shirley and Roland with his Dad and Uncle David.

After graduation he went to Fitchburg State College for a year before transferring to the University of Rhode Island to enroll in the Fisheries course. There, he met a young nursing student, Susan Flynn who was to become his wife. They both graduated in 1971 and a year later were married in Tiverton, Rhode Island surrounded by family and friends.

Sue started her nursing career and Sonny became a full time fisherman, ultimately buying his own boat, the Bay of Isles in 1980. Perhaps foreseeing what was to happen in the industry, he sold his boat in 1986.

During the time that Sonny fished he became more

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“Só se dá o devido valor, àquilo que se perdeu para sempre”
“You will know what something is really worth when you lose it forever”

and more active in the planning of the Blessing of the Fleet. Recruited by the late Frank Motta, he dove into this undertaking like everything he did. Often with Sue's help he cajoled many into becoming helpers. His spirit was contagious and few could say no to him. Sonny and those like him have made the Blessing of the Fleet the treasured event that it still is.

Plagued by illness for a good part of his adult life, Sonny refused to play the part of invalid. One might say that after fishing, he embarked on the next phase of his career. He enrolled at Cape Cod Community College to study accounting and received an Associates Degree. Through out these years he held jobs at Flyer's boatyard, J&E Produce and as nighttime assistant harbormaster for the Town of Provincetown. He enrolled in Southeastern Massachusetts University in Dartmouth to pursue his Bachelor's Degree. During his last semester, the seriousness of his illness caused him to drop out.

On July 6, 1991, Sonny had a heart transplant. It surprised few that he took this in his stride, and he made lasting friends of the transplant team.

In the eighties, Sonny had become active in the Truro Recreation program. Beginning as an assistant baseball coach, he later became chairman of the Truro's Recreation Commission. When he said he knew little about soccer, Sue bought him books and a tape and he soon was a qualified coach. Summer and after school programs flour-

ished under his leadership and his activities were geared to all ages from kindergarten through high school. Grateful Truro parents saw to it that the school's baseball field was named for him. It did not stop there; The Lighthouse Charter School and the Pop Warner League were placed where he coached. Sonny was involved in a serious automobile accident when a head on collision caused major injury to his chest. All who knew him were worried about his future. Once again he surprised few with his recuperative powers. When he wanted to resume coaching for the Pop Warner League, Sue said no to driving.

Parents jumped in and drove him. From wheelchair to walker and with his body weak, his voice was strong, and once again he worked with youngsters. The booming voice was a Roderick trait. His grandmother once said that if the wind was right, she could hear a Roderick voice at the school field from her yard on Montello Street.

During the days after his surgery he learned to cook and it again surprised few when he became more than adept at that skill. He surprised his classmates at a beach party reunion. With his best high school pal, John Encarnation, he created a gourmet feast and those who were expecting burgers were astounded. This year is the fortieth anniversary of graduation and plans that had been started by Sonny have been turned over to others. One classmate said she never realized how much work was involved.

Sonny and Sue had two sons, Kurt, a teacher and

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"Hunger is the best seasoning"

doctoral candidate at the University of Massachusetts and Alex a senior at the University of Hartford.

When Sonny began to work at Cape-Tip Seafoods with his father, a new career blossomed. Along with dispensing seafood to customers, he gave advice and recipes. On school breaks Kurt and Alex joined them and there were four Rodericks on board. Many new friendships ensued.

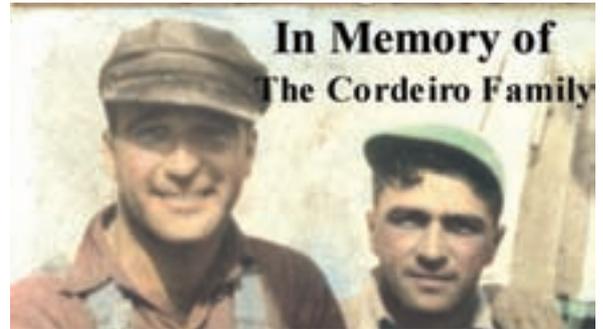
On March 15, 2008, at the Wellfleet Elementary School Gym there was another ceremony honoring Sonny. The Wellfleet Recreation Department and the Cape

Cod Lighthouse Charter School named the Billingsgate Charter School Basketball Tournament in his honor. Once again this proved that his interest in and love for young people knew no geographical bounds.

There is no one trait that stands out above the others. Sonny Roderick was multi-faceted and multi-talented. There is no one who ever met him who was not affected by him. This includes the medical professionals in Boston who cared for him.

While his life was far too short, he packed more living into it than most that live to an old age.

In past years, the commemorative book has recognized many local fishermen. Sonny is now a part of that group.



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The Portuguese And Their Contributions To Provincetown

By Bezie Legnine

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The Portuguese have contributed many of their traditions to our community. They include food and the fishing industry, which has sadly declined over the years. Provincetown is known for its Portuguese population and community and, the truth is, without these immigrants, Provincetown would not be known all that well. We should be proud of our heritage and let it be known that the Portuguese helped Provincetown become what it is today.

During the Portuguese Festival is the best time to be in Provincetown. Gentle currents drift through the air, carrying the scents of many Portuguese delicacies. The Portuguese have contributed many types of food: linguica, kale soup, and malasathas, yum! Kale soup is known to

pretty much everyone on the Cape. It consists of kale, linguica, potatoes, and red kidney beans. Portuguese food for me, being Portuguese, gives me this this warm, filling pleasure, unlike any other food in existence. It is unique (shrimp ice cream), original, and delicious. The Portuguese spices add just the right amount of flavoring.

The fishing industry has slowly, and sadly, declined since the time the Portuguese first settled here. Fishing was a difficult and dangerous occupation and now has become mostly a sport. At one time fishing included net weavers, salesmen, fish skimmers/cleaners, and boat makers. It also included lobstermen with their traps, shellfishermen and whalers. The Portuguese were truly amazing and they clearly knew what they were doing.

The Portuguese have donated many of their ideas and creations to our community. If you are Portuguese or if you live in Provincetown, you should be proud of their contributions. Foods, the fishing industry, songs, dances, what else could these brilliant minds think of? The Portuguese came here for the beautiful fishing waters (they were great explorers) and Provincetown still is a beautiful place. Provincetown evolved around the Portuguese and we should be proud of their contributions to our community.

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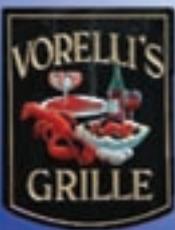
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ONE OF PROVINCETOWN'S BEREAVED FAMILIES

Mrs. Manuel Ferriera and her eight fatherless children. They had begun to purchase a home into which to move from the dark cellar in which they now live when the father was drowned in the gale. The mother is holding five-year-old Antone and little Jessie, 10 months old. The others, left to right, are: Joseph 10, Edith, 7; Mary, 13; Amerlia, 2; Manuel, 15, and John, 8 years old.

Newspaper clipping after the gale that took the crew of the Mary C. Santos.

Consider well the men who go to sea

Consider well the men who go to sea
Consider well the tales they have to tell
Which often touch the heaven top
Or deeply strike the pits of hell.

I tell the tale of Peter Santos
A captain brave of noted skill and rank
Who sailed his schooner "Mary C. Santos"
On her twentieth trip to Georges Bank.

With twenty-three all seasoned men aboard
Who planned to bet their previous meager stake
And dreamed and talked of things they wanted done
And extra projects they might undertake.

Jules F. had plans to build a shed
Joseph C. to make a fence with railroad ties
Antone G. to visit his family in Portugal
Joseph S. to operate the cataracts in his eyes
Manuel F. to buy a house on Pleasant Street
Remizo N. to marry the Widow Anna Doane
Frank A. to send his son to an academy
Bento V. to have a gasoliner all his own.

Each day they lowered the ten dories down
Two men assigned to each to set and pull the trawl
Aboard the ship remained the captain and three men to cook and chore
All trained on what to do should come the sudden fog and squall.

Then came that Friday morn at eight o'clock
When southeast breezes burst and swiftly turned to hurricane
With twists of winds aswirl and disastrous ocean swells
To make a three hour sweep of kill and awesome evil reign.

Then followed fast the sudden shift to gale northwest
To make the mountain waves and valley troughs to churn
And pull into the ocean fold – the boats, the men, the trawl
Another hour would have sealed the point of no return

As fast as it had come – so fast it did subside
To leave the mother ship with battered deck and her sail all torn
And the captain terrorized for the twenty men out there
Made frantic calls by bell and conch and horn.

Seven men did hear and seven men were saved
And three additional days were used to scour the sea for more
But nothing showed; no boats, no men, no bits of life astray
But empty sea, and absent bird and shark to zero in the score.

The men voted to return and blessing the ocean grave
They left the fishing grounds and thirteen flags to the half mast
Captain Santos' hair suddenly turned white completely white
His crew of ten all in suspended shock and spirits deeply cast.

And Jules F. built no shed
Nor did Joseph C. buy his railroad ties
And Antone G. took no trip to Portugal
Nor did Joseph S. save his weakened eyes
And Manuel F. bought no home on Pleasant Street
Nor did Remizo N. marry Annie Doane
And Frank A. no son to school
Nor Bento V. a dory of his own.

Twenty parents were left to mourn
Seven widows were left to weep
And thirty-one children made fatherless
For town and Church and God to keep.



Carrying the banner of the Mary C. Santos in the Blessing of the Fleet procession are Lucas Colburn and Leo Rose great, great grandsons of Manuel Ferreira one of the dorymen lost at sea in the tragedy of the Mary C. Santos

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Finding Santo Antão

With my father's index finger tracing the distant line of the horizon offshore from Race Point, a line distinguished only by the subtle change of hue where ocean meets sky ... the story begins. It was in 1954 or 1955, I was old enough to remember and keep the essence of the lesson intact for another fifty years, referring to it often as proof of my origin. For a better vantage point he gave me a boost up on the bumper of his '52 Ford with the "two-toned" paint job. Bumpers offered more than mere protection then; they were expressions of chromed substance and artistry.

"Straight ahead, off in the distance in the Atlantic Ocean, on the other side of the horizon, further than you can see, is Portugal. That is where we came from", he explained. It was my first defining geography lesson; a ritual of primal importance instructing the next generation in who we are. What was left behind in order to get here is still part of you. I strained my near sighted eyes until they ached, hoping to grasp a glimmer of that Portugal that lay across the ocean. Sure in the fact that I would only have to peer hard enough and long enough into the blue expanse



Susan Leonard and cousin Alberto Silveira Leonardo.

and it would appear; I didn't succeed. My father did his job. The seed was planted.

Do you have any idea how long it took for me to realize the error in my father's pronouncement? Obviously, it was meant to be a grand gesture to impress a little girl. The Atlantic Ocean part of it was correct. However, if I had followed his directions, I would have wound up in Boston.

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As it turned out, that's exactly what happened.

I flew out of Boston headed for São Jorge, Açores this February. I took along with me a few sketchy family facts, a hiking staff and a lot of determination. I was intent on finding where we came from. I was going to find the village and – in my wildest dreams – perhaps even a cousin. Thanks to my Uncle Bob I at least knew which island to head for and, in a stroke of luck, just days before leaving I got an answer from cyberspace. A woman who was a Leonardo, born on the island of São Jorge, assured me that just about everyone with that name was originally from the village of Santo Antão.

I hop-scotched across the Açores landing first in São Miguel, then on to a layover in Terceira, flying the last leg to São Jorge in a steady rain with the rare glimpse or two of ocean below. Suddenly, looming out of a shroud of fog the steep, sheer cliffs and verdant pastures of São Jorge revealed themselves. I was close to tears. I knew in that moment that I had fulfilled a promise made more than 130 years ago to return home.

Ilha São Jorge seems more akin to the half submerged, scaly back of the dragon than the sainted slayer it is named

for. It grew over the millennium from East to West with each successive volcanic eruption to its present day length of about 35 miles long and 5 miles wide. One can stand atop the heights at the center of the island and view both coasts. Traversing the island in the past centuries had been so difficult because of its craggy landscape that the inhabitants of one end of the island had little contact with those of the other. Many villages were and still are connected by a network of cow paths etched into the terrain. To this day there are remote locales only accessible on foot.

The ocean was the route taken to neighboring towns, much like the residents of Provincetown who built their front doors facing the water, shunned its sandy streets and rowed from one location to the other. It must have seemed quite natural to the immigrants from São Jorge who landed here to continue to do just that.

Along with my partner, Rosie, I gave myself a week to explore and soak up the essence of the island. The best way to do that was on foot, along the ancient, well-trodden

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paths. São Jorge is developing a worldwide reputation for hiking and experiences a surge of hikers during the summer. In February we reveled in having the lush countryside in solitude to. With the help of a dependable cab driver, Angelo Neto, whose business card reassuringly stated “English Spoken” (sort of) we tackled steep switchbacks, washouts, slippery slopes and suffered from shin splints. One trail to Fajã João Dias was intriguingly understated in the guidebook as a “steep, but not vertiginous cliff path”. After two hours we arrived at the partially abandoned village which was built upon the rubble sheared off of the cliff faces over thousands of years. The only way out is straight back up the way you came. And so we did.

After several days of tramping around the island and a caution from Angelo the cab driver not to attempt it after a night’s rain, I was ready to take on the “big trek” of the trip and go to Santo Antão. I informed Angelo—first we are going to find my cousin and then you can drop us off to hike Fajã da Caldeira de Santo Christo. He gave me

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his signature raised eyebrow in disbelief and accepted the challenge. Santo Antão is about the size of downtown N. Truro. A meandering, narrow two-lane road ascends with the landscape, bisects fields of grazing cows, passes a linguça factory and ends just short of the sea at the easternmost end of the island. Short distances take an inordinate amount of time to travel because of the serpentine roads. We sat back and enjoyed the ride exchanging comments in fractured English and my half Spanish/ half Portuguese. Hey! It worked.

“Do want coffee?” Angelo asked as he pulled up in front of a small cafe. This was one of those “opportunities that presents itself” that shouldn’t be passed up... if you know what I mean. Standing around the bar at the cafe

were about ten men drinking shots and coffee at 9:30 in the morning. “Typical”, I thought.

I had dreamt of this exact moment which I had rehearsed and visualized over the years,

“Angelo ask these men if they know anyone by the name of Leonardo.”

Now it begins. Every one has something to say while scrutinizing me. Even though I can see in their faces the familiar faces of Provincetown they seem to question placing mine. But it is settled finally. The consensus is that we go to see the priest. Good idea. Just as we step into the cab another of the crowd runs out and adds something which sounds like “major and he speaks English “with directions

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to his house. Angelo puts the car in gear and we're off to see the priest. It's just a few blocks away, but he's not home. Angelo then assures me "We go to see this other guy, o major. You know what I mean, o major? I know his house, I know him." "I think so," I answered, even though I didn't.

Five minutes later we make a left turn and as Angelo points out a house on the corner I see that someone is backing out of the driveway. "Don't let him leave!" I shouted. In true cab driver form Angelo blocks the driveway with the car, jumps out and strikes up a conversation. Curious looks ensue and then Angelo beckons me with a wave to the other car. The window rolls down and in curiously perfect English the occupant says, "I understand you are looking for the Leonardos?"

"Yes, yes", I say.

"Well, I am a Leonardo." he responded.

"That's what I was hoping for" I said, realizing the

scene in my mind's eye is actually playing out.

After filling him in on what I know about my family that left so many years ago, Alberto Silveira Leonardo, introduced himself. He had emigrated to California as a young boy with his family and had just retired as a major from the U.S. Marine Corps.

I ventured to ask "Does this mean we are cousins?"

"Yes, he said. ... all the Leonardos are related.

I couldn't have imagined it any better. Oh, wait a minute. I did!

Sometimes dreams do come true.

Susan Leonard

May 2008



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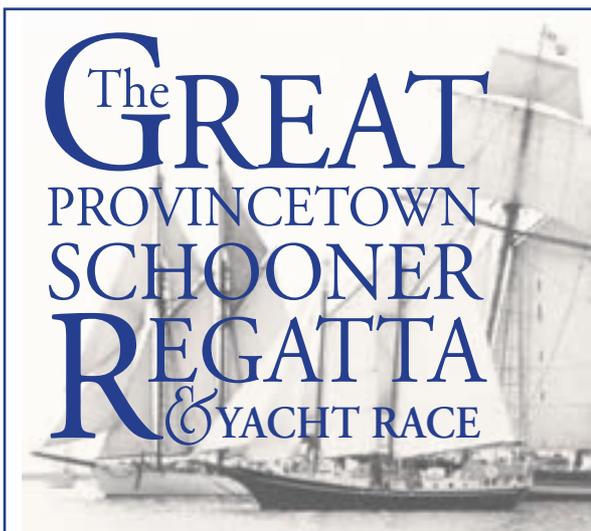
The historical contribution made by the fishing village of Olhao, Portugal to the fabric of Provincetown is undeniable. Numerous fishermen found opportunity on our shores and rich fishing grounds. Eventually, they sent for their wives and children spawning a great wave of Portuguese immigration to our town. The names are many and can still be found, carried by the grandchildren and great grandchildren of these intrepid souls.



This year we chose to commemorate the expertise and courageous nature of the fishermen of Olhao, Portugal by including the image of the fishing vessel “Bom Sucesso” on the 2008 Portuguese Festival T-Shirt. The “Bom Sucesso” represents a significant event in the history of Portugal and a point of pride, in particular, of the town of Olhao.

Two hundred years ago, in 1808, 17 fishermen from Olhao successfully crossed the Atlantic Ocean, without charts of any kind, in their small fishing boat the “Bom Sucesso”. They took upon themselves a perilous voyage to Brasil to alert the King of Portugal, Dom Joao VI of the defeat of Napoleon’s invading French armies. Without this knowledge, the safe return of the King to Portugal would not have been assured.

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John C. Corea ...

1911-2007

*a gentleman
Fished aboard the
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Wood End Station
1934-1954*

Frank Reis

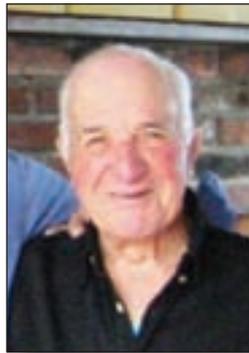
*He spent his fishing career
first aboard the "Brother Joe"
and then the "Stephen R"
with his family. Known
for his sense of humor and
for lighting up the whole
neighborhood at
Christmas time.*



John "Powerful" Patrick

1908 - 2007

*Once worked on the
wharf, where he got his
nickname from hefting
200-pound bags of salt.*



Louie Rivers

1924-2008

*Louie Rivers, a friend to all, was the
very essence of Provincetown. We will
hold in our hearts the sight of the "Miss
Sandy" proudly rounding Long Point
with a Christmas Tree at her mast. He
fished aboard the "Francis Elizabeth"
with his father "Jackie" Rivers and later
in his career he bought and captained
the "Johnnie O" and the "Miss Sandy".*



Edward "Babe" Carreiro

*He came from New Bedford to make
Provincetown his home. He fished
as a crew member of the "Shirley &
Roland", bought and ran the "Jennie
B" and created the Provincetown
institution "Tips for Tops'n". He will
also be remembered for his skill and
talent as a model boat builder.*



"Sonny"

Bernard Roderick, Jr.

1950-2007

*No ordinary individual.
He fished on his father's boat the
"Shirley & Roland" before he bought his
own, the Bay of Isles.
Husband, father, athlete, coach.
Sonny will be missed.*

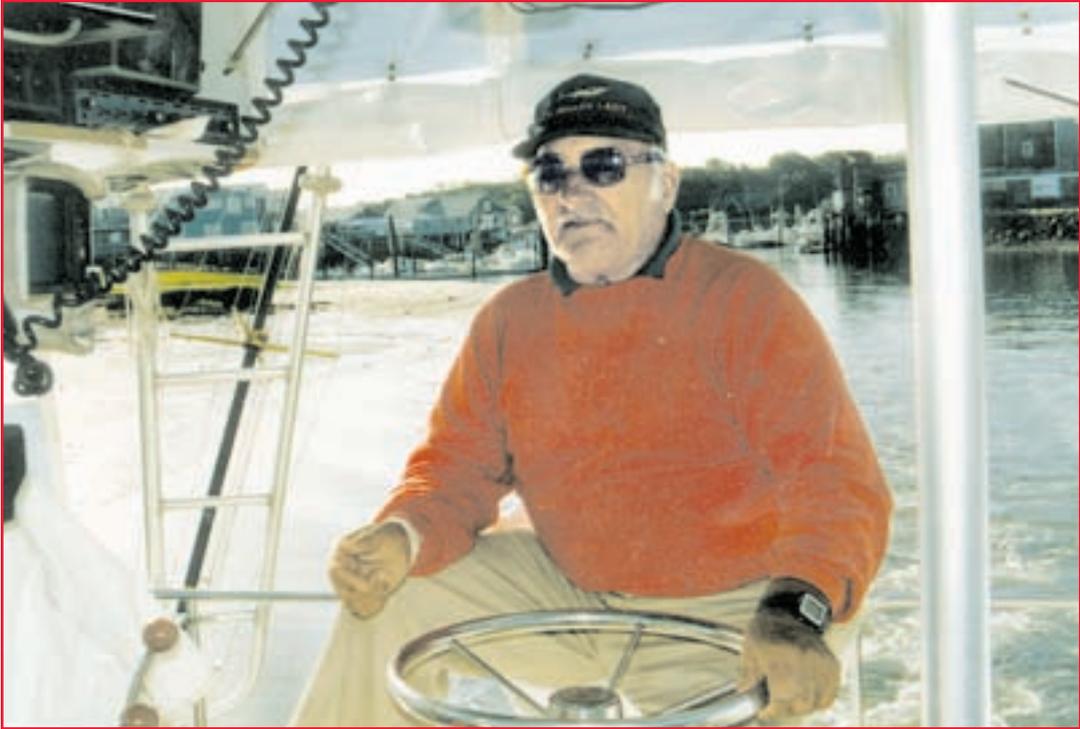


Victor Pacellini

1923-2008

*Victor spent his career fishing aboard
the "New England", the "Peter and
Linda" and also on the
"Jennie B" with Babe Carreiro.
A highly decorated veteran, he could
tell a good story, enjoyed celebrating
the Blessing of the Fleet and was a
fabulous dancer.*

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