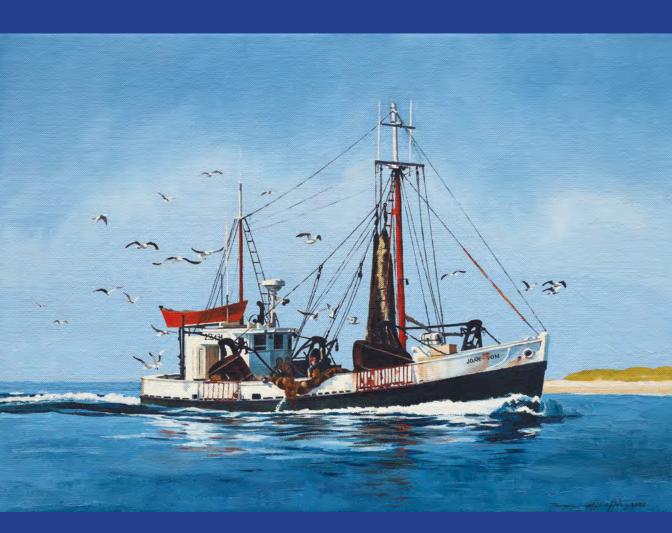
Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2020



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Portuguese Festival painting by Nancy Whorf



Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2020

A Captain's Son Reminisces
Recollections of the Joan & Tom, Her Early Years
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Growing Up In Provincetown
Harvesters of the Sea
From Fathers to Sons, They Continued to Fish
In Memoriam61



he Festival Commemorative Book Committee extends it's most sincere gratitude to those who have so generously shared wonderful family histories, fascinating information, beautiful paintings, and priceless memories with us:

Reverend Father Manuel P. Ferreira, Frank E. Cabral, Jack Rivers, Jr.,
Beverly Ferreira, Mary Lambrou, Thomas A.D. Watson,
Thomas L. Thomas, Michael Coelho, Sr., Michael Silva,
Mark Silva, Denise Kelly, Salvador Vasques

A Captain's Son Reminisces

THOMAS LOUIS THOMAS

here was a time in the life of Capt. Thomas and the *Joan & Tom* when he, his son, and his crew were, indeed, "lucky" to come home. According to Tom, the dragger was making a last tow before heading in on the night of Memorial

JOAN TON

Drawing by Jack River's, Jr., 1967

Day, in 1967. Without warning, and with no sense of impending danger, or any sense of having struck some unseen object, the lights on board flickered and died. Capt. Thomas yelled to his son to check the engine room, and what was seen there was a sight that all fishermen fear. The ocean was pouring in. Tom said, "We set out immediately to cut the dory loose from

the pilot house, and every crew member frantically climbed aboard. My father was the last one to get in the dory that fateful night." This was the final fishing trip that Capt. Thomas and his son would ever fish on their beloved *Joan & Tom*. According to Tom, the

Joan & Tom sank quickly, and in "ten minutes" she was gone. Fishing close-by, Larry Kavanaugh, captain of the Charles Beckman of New Bedford, rushed to the scene. He immediately radioed the Chatham Coast Guard who sent their rescue boat to the men's aid. Tom recalled how heartbroken his father was over the sinking, and sadly made the painful decision not to raise his boat from the ocean floor.

The dragger was salvaged by Mickey Varians from Maine, who successfully fished her for four years as a shrimp boat.

A special remembrance from the *Joan & Tom* was eventually brought to Tom and his mother Marion: a silver dollar that was found under the mast pad, apparently a placement requested of the boat builder by his father Manuel, in 1947. This was an old seaman's tradition dating back thousands of years, that a coin under the mast pad, preferably silver, would bring good luck and a safe journey. This relic certainly

had kept Manuel Thomas, his son and the crew safe on that fateful fishing trip.

Tom treasures that silver dollar and says today, "The *Joan & Tom* will be with us FOREVER!" In their hearts, it always will be.



Recollections of the Joan & Tom, Her Early Years

BY THOMAS L. THOMAS AND MICHAEL COELHO, SR., JACK RIVERS, JR.

IN COLLABORATION WITH

SALVADOR VASQUES AND NANCY B. SILVA

ishermen work around the clock for four and five days at a stretch without any let-up. It is this part of the fishing game that the men are separated from the boys and these young men become old men before their time. When they start a trip, they put their boots on and 90 percent of the time, they won't take them off until they get home, or are steaming to market.

When Tommy Thomas was fishing with his father, Manuel, on the *Joan & Tom*, he said the only time his father slept on a trip was when they were heading to the fishing grounds. He said his father would have everything figured out, the tides, the wind and weather, the depth of the sea, and what time they would arrive at their destination. "He would then let me take the wheel, and we did, exactly as he said, arrive when he said we would." We fished for days on end, living a hard and dangerous life on that wooden dragger so far from home. According to Jack Rivers, Jr. in *Meet Our Fishing Fleet*, the crew



Tom Thomas, "T.L.T."

Capt. Manuel and Marion Thomas's son

can usually catch some kind of rest, but the captain at the wheel takes the beating. After their first night, their efficiency is cut down tremendously, but they don't realize this as they continue to play the part of the iron man. Some fall asleep at the wheel and only the guiding hand of God keeps them out of trouble. How many times have they fallen asleep and towed a net over the rocks and hauled it back all ripped to shreds. The years have taken their toll on some of the skippers.

Again, according to Jack Rivers: One of the hardest working captains in the fleet is Capt. Manuel Thomas, 48 years old and captain of the Joan & Tom. He was born in the town of Fuzeta, Portugal, and moved to Gloucester when he was a youngster. At the age of 16 he went fishing with his father, the late Capt. Louis Thomas on the Evangeline D. In the early 1920's the family moved to Provincetown and until 1933 Manuel fished with his father. When Capt. Louis Thomas retired from fishing, Manuel took command of the dragger.

Once, while checking the engine, Manuel was overcome by the fumes from the leaky exhaust pipe. His younger brother Joe, noticing his absence from the deck, went below and dragged him into the fresh air. Joe started to apply artificial respiration. When the dragger's actions became erratic, the Richard and Arnold fishing close by came alongside and offered assistance. When it appeared that Manuel wasn't coming to, one of the fishermen thinking it was too late to save the captain thought that they should give up. Joe decided that they should keep on trying, so they made another effort and brought him to.

In 1940, Capt. Thomas made a trip to California to take a trial trip on a tuna clipper out of San Diego with the intentions that if he liked it, he





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The Joan & Tom of Provincetown, Captain Manuel Thomas, steams for home after a night of fihing near and around Half Moon Shoal, circa 1965. Photo courtesy of Salvador Vasques



Captain Manuel Thomas was known up and down the coast as "Dr. Foo"

In those days, it was out

in the open, long wheel

watches and many hours

of throwing and hauling

in the sounding lead, at

the same time studying



Tommy and his father Manuel
Thomas in the pilot house of the
Joan & Tom. Photo courtesy of
the Thomas family

would stay out there. Although he enjoyed the fishing end of it, the long trip that lasted three months and keeps a man away from home and family met with his disfavor.

Once when the boat was tied alongside Sklaroff's Wharf during a southwester, Manuel went to throw some twine aboard the boat at low water. In doing

so his fingers got entwined in the meshes making it impossible for him to free his hands and overboard he went. It's a good thing the boat was away from the end of the wharf or he would have been seriously injured.

Manuel is known up and down the coast as Dr. Foo or Doc. It seems that in his younger days he was an ardent fan of Charlie Chan and Doctor Foo Man Chu series. So as a joke one of the boys called him Dr. Foo and the name has stuck lead. It through the years.

Capt. Thomas married a Provincetown woman, Marion Henrique. In 1941, he bought the Aerolite, and kept it for seven years until he had the Joan & Tom built, which he and Marion named after their two children, Marion Joan and Thomas Louis. The dragger was built in McKinley, Maine by the Davis Boatyard. Measuring 62 feet in length with an 18-foot beam, it draws 9 feet of water. Powered with a new 255 Buda diesel it makes about 9 knots through the water. Carrying a crew of five men she can ice

down about 50,000 pounds of fish. Capt. Thomas fishes the waters around Cape Cod and Nantucket and is among the first money makers of the dragger fleet.

Jack Rivers continues: In those days you didn't become captain by listening to the radio-telephone. Either you had the qualifications, or you were a

peddler. Careful observation of the tides, the sounding lead that could tell a story and the locations of the best fishing grounds. It wasn't like it is today when the skipper sits in a gas heated pilot house, flicks a switch and in seconds can tell the depth of the water. In those days, it was out in the open, long wheel watches and many hours of throwing and hauling in the sounding lead, at the same time studying the samples of the bottom brought up in the bottom of the

lead. It also took an unmatched skill to set out the dories, then pick them up in the fog or a blinding snowstorm. All they had to navigate with was the compass to tell them the direction, the log to tell the distance, a clock for timing, and the sounding lead for depth and characteristics of the ocean floor.

The man who has been fishing with Capt. Thomas the longest is Frank Santos, 56 years old, a Navy man that saw service on a destroyer patrolling England, Scotland and the Azores. At 22, he shipped with his brother Lawrence Santos on the Mary P. Goulart. Later his father took command



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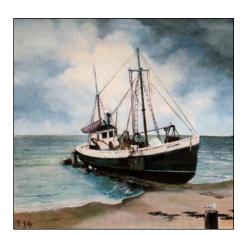
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Joan & Tom Painting courtesy of Denise Kelly

and it was under him that he learned the ropes. He matched the old timers in navigational skill and fishing ability, and although young to be a skipper, at 27 he was given command of the vessel *Rhodora*. He went trawling and dragging and in 1941, he shipped with Capt. Thomas and has been on the *Aerolite* and *Joan & Tom* for 14 years.

The cook aboard the Joan & Tom is Frank "Shieky" Rosa, 43 years old, born and raised in Provincetown. Before his years fishing on the Joan & Tom he was attached to the amphibious command and the 105th Rescue Boat Unit. He saw service overseas in the Mediterranean and the Aleutian Islands. It was on the Island of Corsica that he received a commendation for going out in a full gale, lashing boats, and saving them from certain destruction for which his unit received a Presidential Unit Citation. He delivered crash boats for the army, and one day had the pleasure of pulling into Provincetown Harbor with one of the 85 boats he transported. Capt. Thomas knew he was fortunate to have a fisherman like "Shiekie" on board.

The youngest man aboard is Anthony "Tony" Menengas, Jr., 35 years old, who like many of the boys his age had to leave school to help support a large family of which he was a part. His first taste of fishing was trawling with his father and grandfather in a gasoline dory. After his discharge from

the Army with the Aviation Engineers, he fished on the *Sea Fox*, then with Capt. Manny Macara on the *Victory II*, and finally with Capt. Thomas on the *Joan & Tom*.

The engineer on board was Antone (Tony) "Cheroot" Costa, 42 years old who was born in Olhao, Portugal, but at 14 months old came with his mother to join his father who was already here. Passage in those days was very cheap. Tony recalls that it only cost ten dollars for him, and forty dollars for his mother to come across on the steamer *Vanezia*. Leaving school at the age of fourteen, he worked on land until 1936 when he thought he would "try his lick" at dragging, and eventually made his way aboard the *Joan &Tom* with "Dr. Foo".

A "good old story" from Michael Coelho, Sr., a longtime fisherman, and Capt. of the Michael and Amy fishing dragger, recalls when a dragger owned by Joe Roderick, the Amelia R, rolled over out on the middle bank fishing grounds. The dragger had hooked up, and while trying to free the gear, found itself in a disastrous situation. The *Joan & Tom*, which was "brand-new" at the time, was fortunately fishing near-by. As the story goes, Joe was trapped in the wheel house of his boat and had to break his way out. Dr. Foo and Capt. Roderick were friends for the better part of their lives, and in this instance, one captain was able to save the life of his long-time friend and his crew. There is never a better ending at sea than that. And as the saying goes, sometimes fishermen are just "lucky" to come home.



Photo courtesy of Nancy Silva

Looking Back on 2019









PHOTOGRAPHS BY NANCY B. SILVA

























See you 2021!

Four days Festivities would begin Thursday, June 24 and finish with Blessing of the Fleet on Sunday, June 27, 2021







Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2020



Fishing boat Joan & Tom painting by Thomas A.D. Watson

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Sharing The Heritage



A young Manny Ferreira kneels in front on his beloved Vovoa Maria Trindade Duarte Ferreira and his cousin Shirley "Burr" Baker.

Provincetown: My First Visit

By Reverend Father Manuel P. Ferreira

It has always been a personal desire and challenge for me to write about my early youth in Provincetown, a challenge to Provincetown: recall and reminisce of my early life on that little plot of sandy soil jutting out into Cape Cod Bay.

People kiddingly used to call it, one big sand pile where the railroad company would come and fill its cars from the sandy dunes to be used elsewhere.

I would like to review P-Town once again with memory's eye unfolding what was where it all began, the place, the happenings, and the people who made my life worth living with family relationships and treasured friendships, all of which ran deep with warm love.

My very first visit to my beloved Provincetown began 84 years ago on January 24, 1930 when a 9 pound baby boy, was born to Geneveive M. Santos, daughter of Peter and Magarida Pavao and Johnny "B" (Burr) Ferreira, U.S.C.G., son of Manuel C. and Maria Trindade Duarte. I was the first grandson

born into the Ferreira family, and bear the first names of both grandpa's whom I never did personally know nor meet due to a fishing disaster that took the life of my Vavo Ferreira (41), who drowned at sea and a few months later of my grandfather Santos, Captain of the Schooner Mary C. Santos and its crew of 13 men who capsized in their dories in heavy seas and gale winds. Captain Santos died of a saddened and broken heart, having lost 13 crew men, that left 53 children without their fathers. Such a disaster which occurred on August 10, 1917 left all the town's folk devastated. From January 24, 1930, I made my first and following visits to Provincetown.

I grew up among the "Burr" family, as they were commonly referred to, a nickname until the present



Captain Josie Silva aboard The Linda & Warren being built in Plymouth at Frank Jessie's boat yard

In Loving Memory of Captain Josie Silva and his son Captain Al Silva



day. I was born at a home at 16 Montello Street where we lived for a few years. My "madrinha" (godmother), Amelia Burr was housekeeper of our landlord, Eddy Swett, through whom my parents rented the apartment. The apartment was small with 2 bedrooms, one for my parents and one for me, a small living room and kitchen. However, it worked out well for us. Dad, being with the U.S. Coast Guard, he spent most of his time at the various Coast Guard Stations and facilities in the area; Wood End Coast Guard Station and Race Point Lifeboat Station. Mom worked at local motels as a maid doing housekeeping service. My Vavoa Ferreira was my baby-sitter and loving companion most of my childhood. Vavoa was illiterate, unable to read or write, unable to speak English, nor understand it. As someone said, we spoke the international language of love. I had no difficulty communicating with her, nor she in understanding me.

My Portuguese continued improving each day we shared it. As time passed by, I applied myself more so, became self-taught so that gradually I could read and write the language. My incentive to improve my Portuguese was the reading of letters my Vavoa would receive from family members in Sao Miguel, Azores, and in return to respond to letters to the Azores. When Vavoa came to our house or when we went and visited neighbors and friends, we had the opportunity to listen to Portuguese radio programs or read Portuguese newspapers. Such aids perfected my Portuguese and gave me an "in" with Vavoa. She had a lot of common sense. I really learned a lot from her about Portuguese customs and traditions, even of my Catholic Faith. She often went to Holy Mass and Services or devotions - at that time conducted in Portuguese and English by the local Pastor, John A. Silvia. I also learned from her poverty and hard life.

Widowed since 1917 with 8 children to raise, the oldest a son (Manuel) of 14 years, the youngest a son, (Jessie) of 10 months, she did it alone. Vavoa was always used to the old ways, using the little furniture that she brought from the Azores was sufficient along with what she bought. She was used to "simple living", nothing modern, no electricity, only



Fr. Manuel Ferreira with his parents John "Burr' Ferreira and Genvieve Santos Ferreira

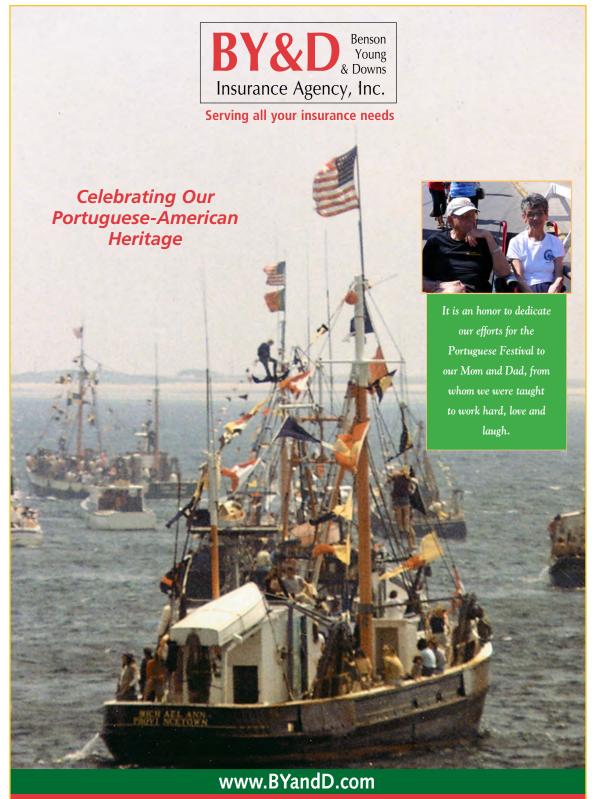


Beverley and Gordon Ferreira on their wedding day with Fr. Manuel Ferreira. This was the very first wedding that Father Manny officiated at.

kerosene lamps, no modern plumbing or bathroom facilities, only cold running water, an old ice box for keeping food refrigerated with home ice delivered two or three times a week.

The only bathroom facility was a "2 seater" outside. Hard to believe, but true. Only when the Town passed ordinances compelling bathrooms to be installed for health purposes, was it all changed. For heating and cooking purposes, Vavoa had a large coal/wood cast iron stove and a small two







Father Manuel Ferreira celebrates his first Mass by giving Holy Communion to his family (L-R) Manuel Ferreira, Vovoa Ferreira, his parents Genevieve and John Ferreira and godmother Amelia Ferreira. Co-celebrants are Fr. Francis Coady and Fr. Louis Joseph.

burner fueled by kerosene for frying foods and heating water; the larger stove had an oven for baking. There was a small dining room table and four chairs where she and my Aunt Amelia sat for meals. There were 3 bedrooms, although not all used, a sitting and living room rarely, rarely used and set aside for a family religious shrine - with statues of Saints, Santo Cristo dos Milagres, Saint Anthony, Our Blessed Mother Mary, and a few other religious mementos. These special rooms had very few fineries – furniture, small tables, a few chairs and a few knick knacks. The parlor or sitting room was for waking the dead, should someone die. In the early days of immigration many years before the days of my youth, families brought little of what they had with them and carried and treasured within their hearts and minds the love and memories of a homeland they left behind, of a strong and lasting faith in God that lived and swelled deep within all of them until their dying day.

As I mentioned before, after my Vavo's drowning, my Vavoa lived a hard, poor and wanting life style hardening her own spirit. That loving male

image of her husband and father of her children was unexpectedly taken away from her. The only male images remained in the presence of her sons whom she loved dearly in memory of her husband. I always loved my Vavoa and looked upon her presence in my life as a great blessing. Thinking back in a time span of 84 years, I never dreamed how the Lord was working miraculously in my life, preparing me for years ahead, Vavoa's teaching me the Portuguese language, a knowledge of Portuguese traditions and customs, even in the formation and solidification of my character and up-bringing.

At such times I was never aware of my priestly vocation. I was ordained a Priest for the Diocese of Fall River, Massachusetts by its Bishop James L. Connolly, at the Cathedral of the Assumption of Mary in Fall River, Massachusetts on April 2, 1960. My priestly ministry was lived out in Portuguese Parishes in Fall River, New Bedford and Taunton until my retirement in 2001. With pride and thanksgiving to God I am grateful for the many years I spent with my Vavoa. She was present at my Priestly Ordination and at the celebration of my







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Father Manuel P. Ferreira

First Solemn Mass. God called her to her Eternal Rest in 1963 at 98 years of age. How I did love her, my Vavoa.

Ever since I can remember my days in

Provincetown were awesome, meaningful, memorable, times worth living with my parents, my sister Elaine with both of my grandmothers, all of my uncles and aunts, and cousins, both from the Ferreira side and the Santos side. Together, we made up a loving large family. Provincetown was my place of birth and up-bringing. This little plot of sandy soil was where I first got "sand in my shoes" as the saying goes. To do so, is an assurance that you will come back again, sometime. I have to date, 84 years later, still come home to Provincetown where most of my life has been lived and shared with family, dear friends, and classmates. Over these 84 years so many of them have come and gone. Time waits for no one. In my periodic visits, I still spend time with them in a loving, homey visit. I meet with them, pray for them and with them, family, friends, the sick and the shut ins, either at their homes or at the local health care facility. I thank God for such a facility. My mom worked at the old facility – the Cape End Manor for over 20 years. To date there are not many Provincetown natives that I know there. However, I stop in most of the time to visit, time allowing. Even though it may be a limited visit I say hello or bless them. I will meet a friend, one whom I thought to be a stranger.

My visits to Provincetown are no longer as frequent, not as often as I would like them to be. I

used to drive myself down from Fall River, a journey of 105 miles, to visit my home by the sea. I still come to visit people and some of my close family friends. I make every effort to pay my respects and attend the Funeral Masses of dear friends.

Some of my close family friends I visit are Beverly Ferreira, my cousin Gordon's wife (Gordon is now deceased) and other family members.

Oh yes, Provincetown, I remember it well, what it was, what it is. My memories of her are precious, as are those with whom I shared them and treasure them as blessed happenings of days gone by.

You may be witnessing all that is Provincetown for the first time or after many visits. "There is an appointed time (and place) for everything, and a time for every happening under the heavens; a time to be born and a time to die; a time to tear down, and a time to build. (Book of Ecclesiastes Chapter 3: 1-8) Places change and develop from old to new – we make and share relationships, family and friends. We are living life – not always with the same person or a familiar face, but with someone who is here and now.

Many, many people come to visit Provincetown for reasons, likes, whatever. I personally have a love, liking, hankering, an affinity for the place. Here I was born, educated, had my up-bringing, my loving family relationships, my treasured friends. Yes, here in Provincetown – where I wish to be laid to Eternal Rest.

Fr Manny wrote this memoir in 2014 at the age of 84. He celebrated his 90th birthday in January 2020.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NANCY B. SILVA

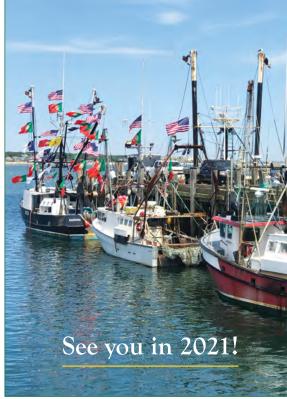




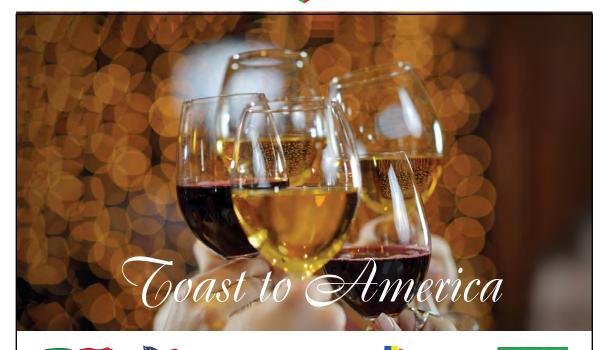








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Maureen Joseph Hurst, Susan Leonard, Chris King,
David Mayo, Tim McNulty, Donald Murphy,
Michela Murphy, Jeffrey Perry, Mike Potenza,
Shannon Sawyer, Nancy Burch Silva, Paul Silva,
Charles Souza, Rich Waldo

Cover: Fishing Boat Joan & Tom
Painting by Thomas A.D. Watson
Graphic Design: Ewa Nogiec, iamProvincetown.com

Provincetown Portuguese Festival

P.O. Box 559, Provincetown, MA 02657

ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival



April 2, 2020 A thank you letter to our dear friend, Napi (Anton) Van Dereck from Liliana de Sousa

Dear Napi

This letter should have been written long ago, when you were still with us, but we always assumed that you were going to be a part of Provincetown forever, as you seemed to be the very essence of ageless. We assumed that there would be more time, endless time. We assumed that you would always be sitting at the entrance of your restaurant, enjoying a drink, reading the paper, or doing your puzzles and welcoming your customers, sometimes with just a look or a nod, acknowledging that you knew we were there.

Almost twenty years ago when I joined the Portuguese Festival committee and was looking for a venue to do a Fado fundraiser, Donald Murphy and I walked into your restaurant, Napi, on a Sunday afternoon, and there you were, sitting with Helen, your beautiful wife. We approached both of you and made the proposal for a fundraiser we envisioned taking place upstairs in your function room. I was hoping for a luncheon, that would introduce Fado, the music of Portugal, to Provincetown and maybe a wine tasting featuring some of the best of Portuguese wines. At first, you didn't say anything about our proposal, but went on to talk about Provincetown, the fishermen and the fishing life of the community that we both loved. It was fascinating to hear you share your tales of precious history, the old way of life and glimpses of some of Provincetown's treasured characters. Donald and I listened enthralled, hopeful you would consent to our request.



Anton "Napi" Van Dereck enthusiastically shows his delight at the Fado performance.

We laughed together. Soon, Helen prepared and brought out some wonderful appetizers and you poured the wine. It was one of my most memorable afternoons since coming back to town on a regular basis.

You and Helen were both excited by the idea and were thrilled to run with it. That first event was marvelous and was far more than I expected, far more than I could ever have asked. It took place on a quiet Sunday in early Spring. Helen created the menu after researching authentic Portuguese recipes and a delicious 5 course meal was served highlighting some of the most popular dishes of Portugal. The wine flowed and the wonderful Fado music played, surrounded by your private art collection, which helped all in attendance to be transformed back to a simpler time, a time of cherished memories. New memories were made that lovely



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FLAD is a member of the national and international foundations network, namely the Portuguese Foundation Center (PFC), the European Foundation Center (EFC), the Council on Foundations in the USA, and the Bellagio Forum for Sustainable Development.

In February 2013, FLAD was awarded the status of Benefactor Member by the Portugal World Monuments Fund Association in recognition of the "generous and important support" granted to projects of great significance in the context of national heritage.

ABOUT THE BUILDING THAT SERVES AS THE FOUNDATION HEADQUARTERS

FLAD accepts its social responsibility to protect national heritage by making its headquarters in a seventeenth century historic house, and helping in its recovery and restoration. The "noble house" was built when downtown Lisbon was restored after the 1755 earthquake. It is a fine example of the Lisbon architecture from the first years after the earthquake.





Don Murphy and artist Jerome Greene present the painting of the Pat Sea to Napi who was the high bidder in the Portuguese Festival Auction in 2019.

afternoon, and fortunately for the community, this afternoon event at Napi's Restaurant was to be repeated for many years to come.

We can never thank you and Helen enough for these special afternoons. Not only were you very generous to the Festival committee, but also supportive of our fishermen and the Portuguese culture of Provincetown, a culture that was clearly as important to you as it was, and still is, to us. Your generosity continued not only by hosting the Fado fundraiser and making it your own, but by also purchasing the 2019 painting of the fishing boat PATSEA painted by the local artist, Jerome Greene, that was auctioned off to raise funds for the

Blessing of the Fleet and Portuguese Festival. You generously donated kale soup, for the annual "Soup Tasting" during the week-end festival, and have helped us in countless other ways. Our gratitude for your generosity, your appreciation of the local fisherman and your reverence of Portuguese culture is endless. I can't thank you enough for your kindness and the opportunity we were given to feature the music, food, and wine of Portugal in an establishment with a local history of its own, a place that is Provincetown. You have always honored Provincetown's history and it's Portuguese past.

And so, we thank you, Napi. I hope that as you look down upon us, you are sending us a high five



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(L-R) Liliana DeSousa, Celia Maria, Daniel Melo, Ruth ODonnell, and Tania daSilva Jose Silva is in the background playing Portuguese guitar

for our effort in trying to make Provincetown, for one week in June, a place that embraces the "old ways."

In conclusion, my friend, I would like to add a quote from another friend, Maureen Hurst, another long-time member of the Festival and Blessing Committee. She shared these thoughts when I asked her how she would remember you and your many gifts to us.

"Napi exemplified, through his support of the Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet, the strong tie between the fisherman and the artist in Provincetown.

It's part of our history that many an artist could not have survived the winters without the

generosity of the fishermen. Fish fed the artist and in turn, many fishermen's homes were graced with beautiful art given in appreciation.

Napi was a link between those two layers of Provincetown."

So, my friend, Napi, thank you for all that you have done for us. May your memory live on in our hearts...

With respect and admiration, Liliana DeSousa

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Growing Up In Provincetown

By Frank E. Cabral



Father Silvia leads a procession of the Knights of Columbus past the original location of Rush Fish Market located just to the West of the Provincetown Movie Theater.

remember the pristine four to five foot tall snowdrifts that were formed on the South side of our home as the southeast wind blew up the side of our home.

In the spring, when the snow started to melt, a little stream of rainwater would run down the side of the house. I would make very small boats out of the thin portions of shingles, add a sail and float them down the small stream.

Now, we are talking about 1936 or 1937, which was the middle of the Depression. My father, Frank and his older brother, Joe, had been quite successful businessmen and they had a wharf around where Montello Street intersects with Commercial Street. They had around sixteen powerboats called "gasoliners" fishing for them. The boats were between 26 and 34 feet in length and they had wooden tubs with long lines, with hundreds of hooks on each

line. All the hooks would be baited and strung out on the sea bottom and hauled in hours later. They would land the catch at the wharf and trucks would take the iced down fish to Boston. Of course, during the Depression the price and demand for fish declined dramatically and, unfortunately, they ended up losing the wharf and all but seven of the boats.

I remember that when I was five or six years old my father had just given me a new pair of boots. I was playing around with the little crabs and shells on a sandbar under the wharf. I was alone and didn't pay attention to the tide coming in. When I noticed it, I started to walk to the shore. However, the water was so deep it would have filled my new boots with water. So, I retreated back to the sandbar and probably started to cry. Fortunately, about that time my father appeared and carried me to safety.

The wharf was a gathering place for many



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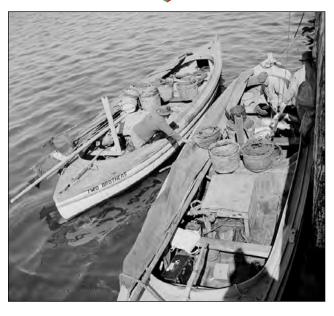


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Two "gasoliners" dock along side a Provincetown wharf. The Rush Brothers had a fleet of sixteen of this type of boat nearly half of which was lost during the Great Depression.

Portuguese fishermen and they did quite a bit of gambling upstairs. After losing the fish wharf, they opened up the Rush Fish Market near the movie theater and Central House Restaurant. The Museum across the street held interesting displays collected by Commander MacMillan, a famous U.S. explorer of the Arctic.

Just to the West of the fish market was the Colonial Cold Storage building, wharf and fish packing plant. Large coal trucks would pull up to the plant and use long chutes to guide the coal into the plant for power. Some of the coal would fall out of the chutes to the ground outside. That same day my father would send me over with my small red wagon. I would go across the driveway and pick the loose coal off the ground to take home to burn for heat. My father would also collect driftwood along the beach. When he had a large amount, he would load up my red wagon. I would then start up Commercial Street pulling that heavy load of wood. The pull was not too difficult until I approached the hill just leading to Ben Dyer's Hardware Store. Being around five or six years- old and quite slight, I would almost come to a halt half way up. Then, fortunately, some large Portuguese fishermen would

often see my difficulty. They would take hold of the handle of the wagon and easily pull it up the hill.

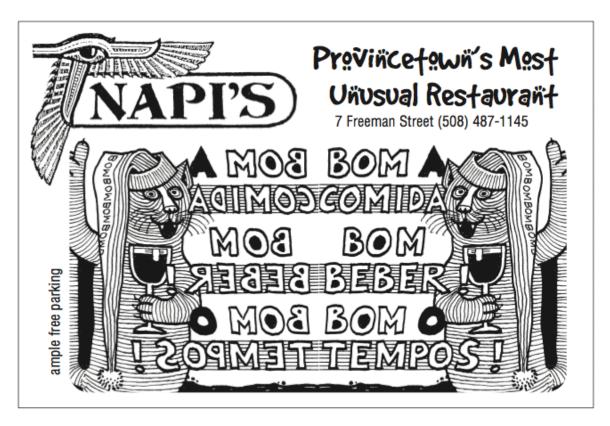
The smaller pieces of wood would be placed on crumbled up newspapers in the stove and set on fire. When the kindling was burning, larger pieces of wood were placed on top to ignite. Eventually, coal was added to the fire to provide heat and also for cooking on our large cast iron stove.

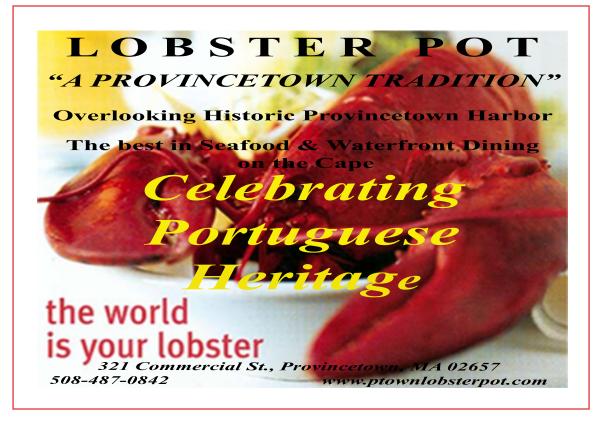
Behind the fish market there was a plant that bottled cod liver oil. The personnel were always generous and they would often give my father a few bottles and, unfortunately, he never ran out. My mother would make us take spoonfuls of that vile oil to keep us healthy.

There was a field behind our house and our neighbors had a goat. They would too often give my mother jars of goat's milk. Since the Depression was so severe and money scarce, we sometimes had to drink goat's milk which was far from my favorite drink due to its strong taste!

The Depression went on for years (1930 to around 1941) and hard times seemed endless. I remember









Frank Cabral and his gang during a "night on the town" in New York City on his Senior Class of 1949 Class Trip. L to R: Frank Cabral, Jr.; John "Peacey" Cook; Sumner "Shimmy" Robinson; Anthony "Junior" Leonard; Norman Rose; Kenneth Macara. Betty Volton Costa is thought to be sitting to Anthony Leonard's left. The other young ladies were not identified.

that one Saturday my father came home with the week's profit from Rush Fish Market and handed my mother \$5.00. Almost in tears, she said, "How can I feed four children and two adults on \$5.00 a week?

Often, we would have to go to Manny Cabral's grocery store on Bradford Street to buy food on credit! Manny also owned the Bonnie Doone Restaurant. Sometimes, when the amount we owed got too high he would underline it in red. My mother would make a point of showing those red lines to my father. This was probably the main reason that my mother started renting rooms during the summer months. Fish sales picked up in the summer and that, along with the extra income from renting rooms enabled my parents to pay off the food bills and the red lines were no more.

Behind our home on 6 Atlantic Avenue was an orchard. It contained a cherry, pear and black walnut tree, blackberry bushes and a few apple trees. Being young and active, I eventually managed to climb most of the trees.

The owner of the property was Mrs. Brown. She was quite old and grouchy. We nicknamed her "The Old Witch". She lived by herself in that big three storied house facing Bradford Street. It was later purchased by the Cody family who built 8 or 10 condominium style cottages. One day I was up in a large apple tree and Mrs. Brown came out of the ominous looking house carrying a big broom. She approached the tree, shaking the broom at me and demanding that I come down. Thinking that



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THOMAS A. LA TANZI DUANE P. LANDRETH LAWRENCE O. SPAULDING, JR. BENJAMIN E. ZEHNDER she might really be a witch, there was no possibility of leaving the safety of that tree. After what seemed to be an eternity, she finally returned to her house. She never ate any of the apples anyway so she shouldn't have been so angry. Many of the apples were not edible due to an abundance of tent caterpillars in the tree.

Across the field from our house was the home of the Motta family "Manuel" Motta, Danny Gomes and some other neighborhood boys and I often played ball in the orchard and an adjacent field. "Manuel" was a good friend and unfortunately was killed during the Korean War. (1950-1953) I also lost a few other friends during that War. Kenny Alves of the Alves Farm and Warren Witherstein.

In that field with blackberry bushes was the hangout for very large black and yellow spiders. A favorite pastime was capturing grasshoppers and tossing them into the large and intricate web. The spider would almost immediately approach and spin the grasshopper around and around in a circular fashion, entombing it for a future meal.

Particularly during the warmer months, there were always plenty of things to do. We would often pick a number of quarts of blueberries. My mother would make delicious pies with them. At other times my father would take me on long hikes across the dunes to a cranberry bog. We used his handmade wooden scoop to pluck a plentiful supply

of cranberries. My mother would mix them with raisins resulting in a delicious cranberry raisin pie.

Another treasure of the dunes was beach plums. When we had a few gallons, my mom would cook them in a large kettle until most of the water had evaporated. She would then place the beach plums in a large colander. My younger sister, Ruby, and I would then squeeze the pulp off the seeds. The flesh and liquid would drop through the holes in the colander into a large bowl. My mother would then make delicious beach plum jelly and jam from the mixture.

Near the North end of Atlantic Avenue was a short narrow unnamed road leading to some open fields. Walking across the fields led to some ponds and then to tree covered hills and then to sand dunes. I loved to walk this area and would often collect a wide variety of wild flowers to take home to my mother. Getting to pond lilies was often difficult. Sometimes it was scary because it involved walking over a mat of ground cover that would slowly sink beneath my feet. It felt like the ground was depressing under me because it seemed like it was floating! Sometimes, on my walks I was glad to find a lady slipper orchid that was seldom seen.

When I had gathered a nice variety of wild flowers, I would head for home. At the end of the field near Atlantic Avenue was a small building. On the



Frank Cabral, Jr."s childhood home #6 Atlantic Avenue in Provincetown"s West End

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second floor an Australian woman lived. We often referred to her as the countess. During the late 1930's some people even thought she was a Nazi spy. She would see me coming across the open field and would offer me some money for some of the flowers that I had. A little extra change was always welcome so that I could go around the corner to buy candy or ice cream at "Bessie's" store.

Nearby was what we called a juicy fruit bush (like a small tree). The berries were about the size of a large blueberry and very sweet.

Near Atlantic Avenue I had a number of close friends who were also my classmates. They were Sumner "Shimmy" Robinson, Anthony Travis, Leroy Valentine and John "Peacy" Cook Jr. who were like a mutual protection group. Along with me, we were referred to as the "Frank Smoke's gang. Provincetown is quite noted for giving different families and people nicknames.

My uncle, Joe Cabral, was called Joe "Smoke" probably because he started smoking when he was very young! Therefore, my father was called Frank ("Smoke") even though he never smoked. That nickname was handed down to me even though I was a non-smoker.

Being young and possessing wild imaginations, we visualized having war or battles with other local gangs of boys about our same age. We collected a number of small rocks that were used to repair the town roads. The rocks were stored under the porch at the front of my home. Other "gangs" were the Claude Gill Gang and the Janard Gang who were tough boys that we tried to avoid as much as possible. We found their hut out near the sand dunes but did not destroy anything for fear of retaliation because they were kind of mean and tougher than us. We relied on some of the older boys who lived near us, such as Joe Bent, "Junior" Rego and Manuel "Mannie" Brown for protection in case our fantasized war erupted. Fortunately for us, it never happened.

I still recall the disastrous hurricane of 1936 and

how the southern sky appeared very dull yellow. There was an eerie calm before the devastating storm arrived. Our home seemed to creak and moan and shake when the gusts of wind hit. My mother and three sisters were terrified by the resulting noise. Walking down to the waterfront the next morning was an awesome scene of devastation. Bulkheads, barriers, and sea walls had been undermined or destroyed beyond repair or in pieces along the shore or smashed against rocks of undetermined sea walls. We could not see my father's 30-foot cabin cruiser (lobster boat) anywhere. Fortunately, it was not up upon the rocks on the beach.

My father and I rowed out in a fisherman's dory to the mooring onto which the boat had been tied. Sure enough, it had been sunk on the mooring! In a few days, we were able to get the boat up on shore at high tide. We found that a large wave had smashed in the front of the windshield causing the boat to flood with water and founder.

Then came task of getting the boat seaworthy again and in shape for lobster season. The Buick Firewall engine had to be flushed out with fresh water. We removed the starter motor and generator to take home. Rinsed well with fresh water, they were then placed in our oven at low heat to dry them out.

My father bought a large heavy-duty truck windshield this time. It was reinforced so as not to shatter or break. The boat was now ready for the lobster season with an almost unbreakable windshield. A number of years later another hurricane hit Provincetown. For the second time the lobster boat sank. This time a large wave lifted a trap pole (the size of a small telephone pole), hit the windshield and pushed it in. The pole was still lodged through the opening when we raised the boat. The tedious task of repairing the boat and engine had to be repeated once more.

My father also used the powerboat for other activities; he would tow a sixteen foot fisherman's dory behind. Then from the dory he would string out gill nets to catch primarily mackerel. I



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remember one fall or early winter day going with him to harvest the fish from the nets. Fish would hit the net and the mesh was just large enough to catch and hold them behind the gills. Bare hands had to be used to remove the mackerel from the nets even though the temperature was near freezing.

Sometimes a large mackerel shark would hit the net, tear it, and roll up in it. The shark was often still alive, so my father would take a sledgehammer and hit it on the head to kill it before bringing it into the dory. If it was too large, it would be tied to the side of the dory and towed into port to be shipped to Boston. My father said that the Italians there really liked shark. We never ate shark then, but as time went on thresher shark steaks became very popular. Then came the task of mending the damaged net, which I soon became very adept at doing with a mending needle. I remember one day that my feet were so cold in my boots that my father took the boots off and massaged my feet to bring warmth back to them.

Sometimes when the tide was out, we would walk down to the beach before sunrise. The thin green seaweed would become phosphorescent when I threw it into the air, it would sparkle like sparklers children used on the 4th of July. Years later, when I was in the Navy aboard a destroyer during the Korean War, the wake of the bow cutting through the water would also initiate the same phosphoric effect. One morning when we were walking in shallow water towards our dories, my father stepped on a board with a rusty nail in it. It punctured his boot and went quite deeply into his foot. He went back to the fish market and put kerosene on the wound

and off we went to draw our lobster pots for the day. The puncture healed well without becoming infected.

When I was a young boy I would also collect sea and clamshells (at my father's urging). When I wheeled them home in my little red wagon the family project began. My two older sisters were Jane and Bernice, my younger sister Ruby. We would clean the shells and scrape off the rough edges on our back cement sidewalk. My father was quite artistic, so with a pen and India ink he could quickly draw a very realistic sailboat, a square rigger or lighthouse on the clean shells. During the winter months all the children would paint the shells with oil paints and label them "Provincetown Mass."

My older sisters would sell the shells on the wharf where the Boston boat docked and discharged tourists. I would sell my shells in front of the beautiful old mansion converted to the Historic Museum. I started selling shells at the age of six after placing a flat fish box lid on the top of my little red wagon. The shells were selling for 10-15 cents each. I also sold lighthouses set on a net cork. My father made the lighthouses on a lathe we had in the cellar. Sometimes a tourist would give me a one dollar bill and I was not able to count out change so I would pull out a handful of coins and let the purchaser take the appropriate amount of money. My father's fish market was across Commercial Street so he could watch me selling shells through the large front window.

Growing up in Provincetown was very special.



Governor Brasfors

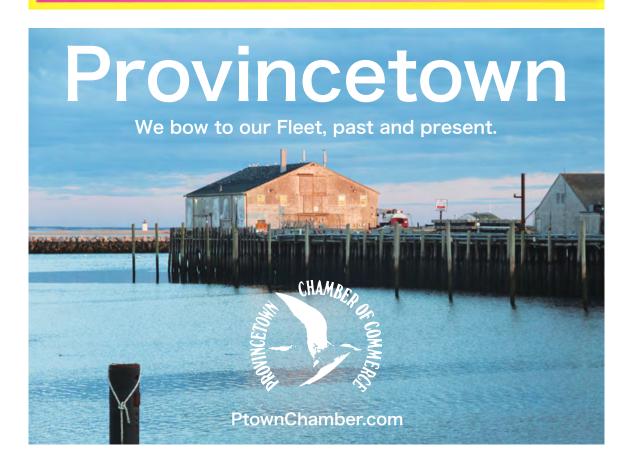
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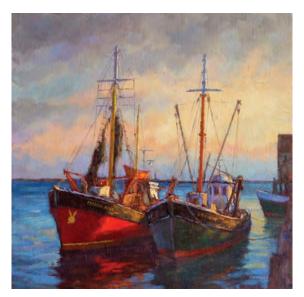






Fish co-op by Milton Moore

Harvesters of the Sea



Patricia Marie and Little Infant by Steve Kennedy



Gulls and Boats at the wharf



Sorting the catch on Little Chuck, l. Salvador Vasque's; r. Sherman Merrill (middle man unknown)



Boats tied up at Hilliard's Wharf





Fishing Boats by Samuel Chamberlain

Harvesters of the Sea



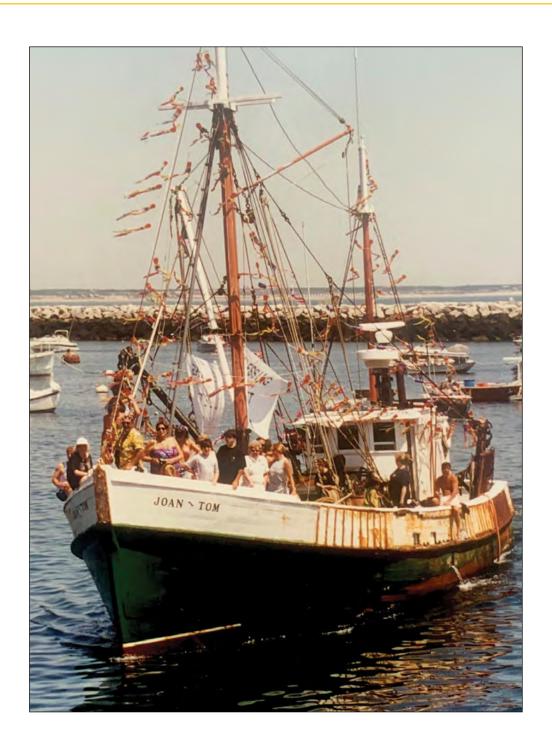
Two C's, Capt Tiss Souza by Nancy Whorf Courtesy of Charles and Susan Souza



Rolex, Capt. Bob Dutra



Papa Joe, Capt. "Joe Cow"



Joan & Tom



From Fathers to Sons, They Continued to Fish

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full of food, the nourishers of

kinds, Purger of Earth, and

medicine of men."

- Emerson

or many years, the Joan & Tom, successfully ┥ fished the sea with Capt. Manuel Thomas, his son, Tommy, as well as many skilled crew members. Capt. Al Silva, a long-time fisherman from North Truro, became the 4th owner of the Joan & Tom by, on June 9th, 1977, signing a bill of sale with someone from Boston, thirty years after this beautiful Eastern Rig dragger had been built in McKinley, Maine in 1947 for the Thomas family. The Joan & Tom was now to begin yet another life on the ocean.

As Tom fished with his father, so did Alfred's sons, Alfred, Jr. for a short time, and Michael and Mark,

both at a young age, and all through their Provincetown High School years. It was a familiar trend for sons and their fishing fathers in those years. Both sons had seen their father's determination to make a living from the sea, and they were willing to be a part of it, knowing full well the long days and nights and inherent dangers that would await them. They had grown up with

their fathers being away from home on fishing trips for days at a time, sometimes weeks, and Mark said he remembered how excited his brothers and sisters would all be when he would return home. Mark said he does not really know how his mother Doris, managed their family of five, his brothers Alfred and Mike, himself, and his two sisters, Linda and Nancy.

The boys did not hesitate to jump on board. They knew their father was an experienced fisherman that was always prepared, and always planned ahead. They trusted him, and he "worked them hard", as Mark said. Mike said his father taught him to use landmarks for visual navigation, for example

the Pilgrim Monument, to establish their bearings. These were not the years of electronics and radar and depth finders, but more hands-on years of watching the weather and the wind direction and the ever-changing conditions at sea. It became a way of life for Capt. Silva and his sons. By the time he was 18, Mike had enough interest in a fishing career, and enough experience on board the Joan & Tom, to have his father confidently hand over the captain's wheel to him. This was quite an honor for Mike to have this level of responsibility of a 62' dragger with a capacity of 60,000 to 65,000-pound fish hold at such a young age, with his brother and other crew members on board. I am sure that his mother Doris did not share the enthusiasm of her son Mike now overseeing this fishing dragger. Mark

> continued to fish with his brother, and if needed, their father joined them and would become part of the crew. When nets were torn, as they often were, Alfred was always there to help with the mending. Mark said they would many times go out on a trip for times longer, with no contact with home. They maintained a "six and six schedule", 6 hours

rest, if they were lucky, and 6 hours on watch and fishing. His father often suggested to his sons that pursuing a life on land was an option if ever they changed their minds, suggesting that maybe they might want to go away to school, but their hearts were here, in this fishing village, and they continued to fish.

five or more days at a time, some-

In 1994, Mike made a very important decision, and purchased the *Joan & Tom* from his father Alfred. The fishing tradition had now come full circle with the changing of hands within the family. Fishing safely for the next ten years as part of the large Portuguese fleet in Provincetown brought



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many rewards, but the Joan & Tom was aging from all its years battling the elements at sea, in spite of all the work that had been done to the boat at Flyer's Boat Yard through the years, and the constant maintenance that Alfred, Mike and Mark had put into it. Mark said that boat that was built by Sim Davis at the Davis Boatyard in Maine for Capt. Thomas, and was built incredibly strongly and made to last, and, indeed, it did. Even though the family boat was showing its years, Mike was not ready to give up his life on the water, so he headed to Jacksonville, Florida in 2004, in search of a new vessel. The *Joan & Tom* remained, no longer fishing, quietly tied up at the pier. What Mike found in Florida was a beautiful red steel-hulled boat named the Teri M. This was now going to be a far more modernized way of fishing than Mike had ever done. The Teri M was rigged to do hydraulic dredging for scallops and sea clams. It was a much different fishing life, dragging the dredge along the sandy bottom, bringing the swinging dredge up onto the boat and emptying the load of scallops or clams. It took skill and awareness in rough seas aboard a constantly rocking boat. The shucking that began then was tedious and time-consuming, a fisherman's art, none-the less, and was well worth the effort. Mark continued this new fishing tradition with his brother, Mark. It was their life. Due to increasingly stricter government restrictions, Mike Silva made the decision to retire from the sea and the Teri M when he was in his fifties. It had been a long career from his early boyhood fishing days out on the Joan & Tom, in the waters of the Pollack Rip, and Nantucket Shoals. He and his brother Mark are both proud to have continued the legacy of their father for so many years.

On land, Alfred was pursuing a hobby that he had begun back in the 1940's, even when he was actively fishing, and that was building models of the Eastern Rig Draggers of the Provincetown fishing fleet. He had an incredible talent for woodworking, and began crafting a detailed, totally accurate scale model of the boat he knew so well, the *Joan & Tom*. His brother Kenny Silva saw his work, and thought it was a perfect representation. From this point, Alfred began to construct other fishing vessels from



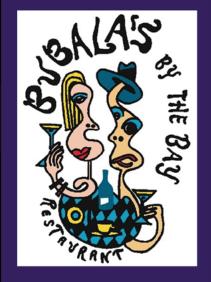
Alfred Silva Basic Training, US Navy, WW ll, circa 1942 Photo courtesy of Eleanor and Brother Costa

the fleet and went on to complete at least 15 scale models down to every exacting detail. It was his new passion. His son Mark took an interest in this craft of model making, and began to work with his father, while his brother continued to fish. Mark says that no less than 500 hours went into each of the perfectly crafted models, their masts, fittings, accessories, planking, painting, and every other imaginable detail. Mark continue to this day building models and has the model of the Terra Nova partially constructed, and is currently working on an exact replica of Eddie Ritter's red dory that has been often seen in the procession of boats being blessed by the Bishop at the Blessing of the Fleet. This is being done in honor of his old friend Eddie and his partner Stephanie. Eddie is now gone, but the model will carry his memory on. Mark works in his basement, unlike his father Alfred who built these incredible models on the island in his kitchen, with little complaints from his wife Doris.



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Models of Joan & Tom and Terra Nova under construction by Mark Silva. Photographs by Thomas A.D. Watson







Detail of Joan & Tom scale model by "Capt. Al Silva"

Captain Alfred Silva's models have been displayed at the Pilgrim Monument and Museum, and more recently by the Truro Historical Society in a show entitled "Draggers, Trawlers and Traps: A Century of Fishing On the Outer Cape: A Multifaceted Exhibit Celebrating the History and Legacy of Outer Cape Fishermen and the Unique History of Truro's By-gone Fishing Industry. The museum pamphlet says of the exhibition that it was featuring hand-built scale models by North Truro fisherman Alfred Silva and his son Mark.

In 2005, at 3 am. on a stormy night with heavy, downpouring rain, the Joan & Tom sank to the

bottom of the sea, so very close to home, at the pier, in Provincetown. Its long and industrious life of a proud fishing dragger had come to an end. The *Joan & Tom* and its three captains, Capt. Manuel Thomas, Capt. Alfred Silva, and Capt. Michael Silva had fished this boat long and hard, but fruitfully, through many years, fed their families and built their lives in this close-knit Portuguese fishing community. Now the memory of the *Joan & Tom*, whose painted name on its hull had never changed, will live on in the hearts and minds of the families sons and daughters that are here today... what they remember from the past, and what they can actually see today in Alfred Silva's incredible models.





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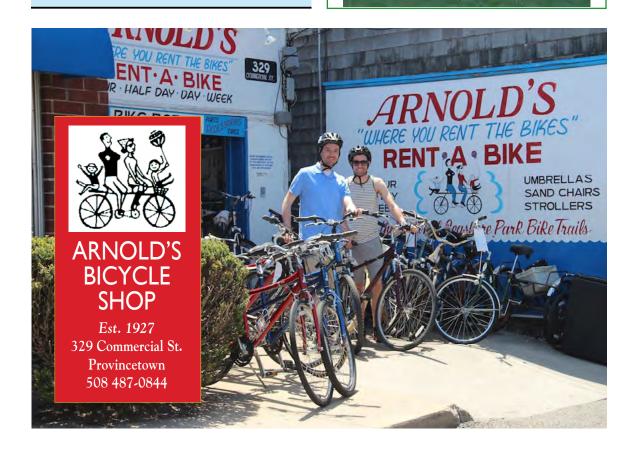
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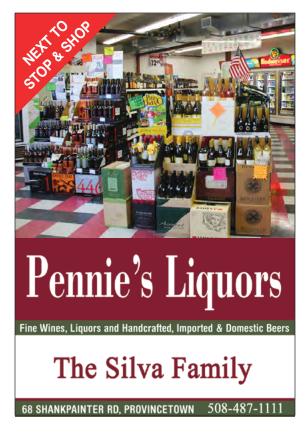


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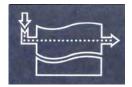
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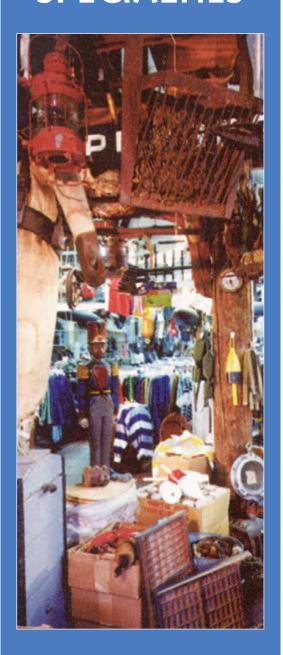
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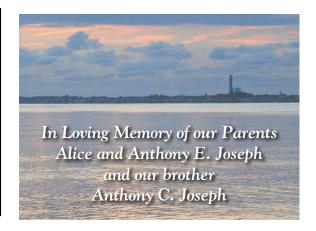
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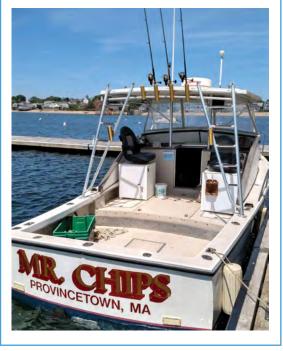


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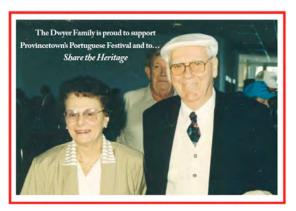




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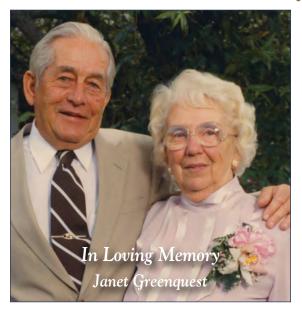
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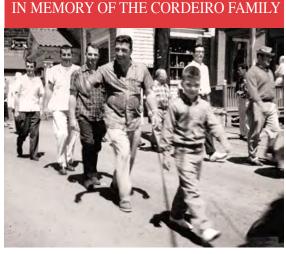
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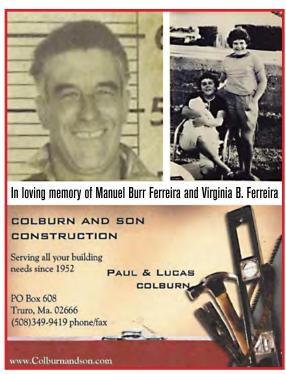


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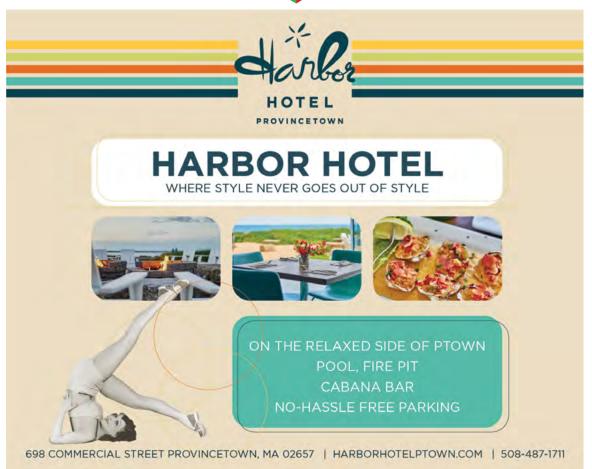




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