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Portuguese Festival painting by Nancy Whorf





Friday, Saturday and Sunday June 25, 26 and 27, 2021

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he Festival Commemorative Book Committee The Festival Commemorative Book Committee extends its most sincere gratitude to those who have so generously shared wonderful family histories, fascinating information, beautiful paintings and priceless memories with us: Seamen's Bank, Provincetown History Preservation Project, Provincetown Advocate Public Library Archives, David Dunlap, Building Provincetown, Kenneth Macara, Darlene Macara, Joel Macara, John Francis Santos, Noah Santos, Michael Silva, Lisa King, Helen Valentine, Salvador Vasques, Truro Historical Society, The Janoplis Family, Carol Leonard LeDuc, Mel Joseph, Judy Dutra, Mary Jo Avellar, Chuck Stanko, and George Carroll.







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Festival 2021

Portuguese Festival Team

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Cover: Fishing Boat Victory II Painting by Derek Macara Graphic Design by Ewa Nogiec, iamProvincetown.com

Provincetown Portuguese Festival

P.O. Box 559, Provincetown, MA 02657 ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival



By Mary JO Avellar, 2008 Commemorative Booklet



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

ong 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 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 the 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 Portuguese 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 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 under the capable hands of Ofelia and Tibor Bago, her parents Jose and Arnaldina Ferreira and Ofelia's sister Helen, a kindergarten teacher at Veteran's 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 in 1992 because her grandmother Ofelia Costa, the late Matt Costa's stepmother, 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."

Under their stewardship, the Bago-Ferreira family 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 the 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 when his grandfather owned the bakery, it was more of a bakery and grocery store, sort of like the old L&A Market (now Far Land Provisions). 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 linquica 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 Ofelia Bago and her family. "They are expanding into new frontiers and upholding all the old traditions all at the same time."

Note: The ownership of the Bakery has remained in the Janoplis family since the very beginning, which continues to this day with siblings Mike, Mark, Michelle, and Mylan Janoplis, with Chuck Stanko and George Carroll as the current stewards of this time-honored business.



John Collier, Jr., taken for the War Department Courtesy of Lisa King



(l-r) Savana Vida, Shannon Sawyer and Jill Lambrou paint the traditional Portuguese Rooster, 2020

Share the 7 Heritage A Taste of Portugal

A PROVINCETOWN TRADITION CONTINUES

In a long line of family, descending from grandparents to parents, Sam and Maria, and parents to children, Mike, Mark, Michelle and Mylan, the Janoplis family has owned the Provincetown Portuguese Bakery at 299 Commercial Street in downtown Provincetown for an exceptionally long time, and continues to do so in remembrance of their family. Even though the Janoplis siblings are not involved in the day-to-day operation of the Bakery, which has been the nucleus of their family for generations, they know that the crafting of Portuguese pastries and breads will continue in the capable hands of Chuck Stanko and George Carroll.

Chuck and George are the new "torchbearers" (as they like to refer to themselves), of the iconic Provincetown Portuguese Bakery. They say that they are fully cognizant of the responsibility to keep this beloved tradition going, and they are going to see to it that they do exactly that. They have made all the necessary changes to repair all that was needed, as well as a myriad of other up-grades that have kept them occupied since early spring.

For 20 years, Chuck Stanko had a career as Production Manager of the Cape Cod Chronicle in Chatham. He and George in their life together, before taking on the Bakery, owned Dolce Bakery and Coffee Shop in Milford, Delaware for 10 years. They are incredibly pleased that the community of Provincetown has given them such a warm welcome, and so much support and encouragement, as they begin their stewardship of this time-honored business. They are, without a doubt, very excited and eager to continue the next phase of their lives together here in Provincetown, a place that has been very special to them. It is evident that they are continuing the tradition of the many Portuguese recipes that have been passed down to them from everyone who has been a part of this bakery for so many years. One "old" recipe that never needs changing, and they don't plan to, is that of the Portuguese malassada, a favorite of everyone. A delicious, tasty Portuguese tradition, it is a specialty of the island of Sao Miguel in the Azores that was first settled by the Portuguese in 1427. Balls of dough are deep fried, and coated with sugar, which becomes a wonderful combination of a soft inside and a crispy sugary outside. In the Azores, malassadas are often eaten on Terca-feira Gorda, the day before Ash Wednesday. In Madeira, malassadas are eaten during the Portuguese Carnival of Madeira. Malassadas were created with the intention of using all the lard and sugar that a person had in their home prior to Lent. Chuck and George are hoping that in Provincetown, malassadas will be eaten every day during the up-coming summer season!

Chuck says, "George and I are so excited and humbled to be the new torchbearers of the iconic Portuguese Bakery. The Bakery has meant so much to me as a child, and to us as a couple visiting Provincetown from Chatham. We are so lucky to be able to do this and hope to do right by the name and its predecessors. The uniqueness of the Portuguese people has made Provincetown so special to so many. We hear it and share it every day. Whatever memories this great institution conjures, we share them and hope we can live up to the standards set by so many, and ourselves."





Desejando-lhe successo a felicidades na sua Aventura na Padaria Portuguesa!







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J. J. DUTRA

f the many cultures that have built Provincetown, it is the Portuguese that developed the fishing industry. They brought their inventiveness, their optimism, and their knowledge of fishing with them when they immigrated from Portugal and the Azores. They shared their heritage as well as the fish they caught. Fishing continues to be a major commercial endeavor in Provincetown, right alongside tourism.

My late husband was a fisherman with Portuguese ancestry. Every family has roots, a tree with branches full of interesting characters. I married into a family with deep roots in the community. David's great-grandmother, Amelia Costa was a widow who came from San Miguel in the Azores with three daughters: Mary, Amelia and Rose. She married a widower named Joaquin Silva. They added Helen, Florence and Clara, as well as Albert and Louis to their blended family. Both sons became fishermen and then lobstermen. Each daughter married local men with names such as: Silva, Cordeiro, Costa, Reis, and Diego. As you can see, it is difficult to keep track of all the relatives.

To quote my husband, "Be careful what you say about someone, they may turn out to be a relative." David's grandmother was also named Amelia. She married Miguel Diego a fisherman born in Lisbon, Portugal.



Amelia and Miguel Diego



The Sousa Family, Juliana, David, Robert, and David Sousa

There has always been a question about his last name. Some say Diego, but on the headstone at St. Peter's Cemetery it is written Diogo. In the 1938 Provincetown Fishermen's Association 's First Anniversary Ball booklet it is spelled Diego. No matter the spelling, he was a Portuguese fisherman and owned the Fanny Parnell.

Many families in Provincetown were large, some with ten and twelve offspring. Amelia and Miguel had six children: Mary, Frank, Emily, Juliana, Caroline, and Michael. Mary married Richard Davis from Wellfleet. Emily married Joseph Silva, and Caroline became Mrs. Joe Dirsa. More surnames were added to the family tree.

Juliana, my husband's mother, married David Sousa a fisherman from the Azores. He went fishing with Juliana's father. When Captain Miguel Diego died suddenly, David Sousa had to earn money with the Fanny Parnell to support his family and his motherin-law, Amelia. Another odd family story is that Amelia later remarried a man with the same last name as her first husband. She married two men named Diego.

Life was not easy in those days. There was hardship, illnesses, and sadness. They had endured the Spanish flu that killed sixty people in Provincetown. WWI, the Great Depression and WWII brought more hardship, but the families endured through fishing. The work was demanding, arduous and dangerous. Fisherman measured their income in pennies per pound.

Life in the 1930's and 40's had few conveniences. Still Juliana and David Sousa were able to save enough for a down payment on a house on Pearl Street. The price of their home was five thousand dollars. Juliana and David had three boys. Their first son died at five years old in a childhood accident. The second son Robert was born a few years



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David Sousa reclining in boat bunk

later and then along came David. Tragedy struck again on a June afternoon when a fire broke out aboard the Fanny Parnell. David Sousa put out the fire, but suffered from toxic smoke inhalation. He died leaving Juliana and two sons. She had no job, no insurance and a house that had a mortgage. She was told by the bank to sell her house. Her brother Frank was a Provincetown businessman and supported her financially until she married Herman Dutra.

Over the years, Frank Diego owned many Provincetown restaurants including the Ancient Mariner, Scott's Chowder House, and Peter's Hill, where the current Seamen's Bank stands in North Truro. He was a generous, flamboyant gay man who supported his family and community.

Michael Diego, the youngest son in the family was a remarkable man. He was the driving force behind the Provincetown Airport, going to Washington, DC with a petition. Captain Mike used to land his seaplane in Pilgrim Lake, the body of water next to Rt. 6 in North Truro.



Miguel Diogo And on a few occasions he was known to land in Provincetown Harbor, bringing his seaplane up to the dock at Angel's Landing, named for his daughter, Angel Diogo. He served his country in two separate branches of the military in two different wars. Michael was a pilot in the Army Air Corp during WWII and when the Korean Conflict broke out, he came out of retirement. and joined the U. S Air Force as a pilot. Captain Michael Diego was buried at Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors in 2018. "Thanks for your service great-uncle Mike." (Bob Dutra)



The Diego family was tight knit. They visited each other, went to Saint Peter's Church together, and celebrated holidays together. And they mourned together when Mary died in a plane crash off Race Point on her way home from a doctor's appointment in Boston. She was six months pregnant. Sadness seemed to follow the family. Juliana lost her second son Robert when he was eighteen years old. A private in the US Army, his death was ruled an accident. Juliana's second husband, Herman Dutra was kind, gentle and a thoughtful dad. He adopted David and taught him about mechanics and how to build things.

Iuliana never wanted her surviving son to be a fisherman. She felt it was too dangerous. Instead Dave (Sousa) Dutra went to a trade school to learn mechanics and auto-body repair. David worked for a short time in the car repair business, but the desire to be a fisherman never left him. Maybe there is a gene that is inherited, maybe it was how a young man defied his parents, or maybe it was the Portuguese ancestry, but he wanted to be a fisherman. Growing up in Provincetown surrounded by water and boats, David hung around the wharfs. He made trips with the weir fishermen in their dories and went out on the fishing boats whenever he had the opportunity. David worked as a fisherman for over fifty years.

I'm happy to report that the fishing gene has been passed down. Our son Robert Dutra owns his own fishing boat, the Rolex. It is named after the next generation of children in our family: R for Ryan, OL for Olivia, and EX for Alex. Bob works hard and loves fishing, just like his father, grandfather, and greatgrandfather before him.



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"The Town That 'Grew' Me"

BY MEL JOSEPH





Dad and son

Over the years I have always referred to Provincetown as: "the town that grew me". This is a short list of people, places and sounds from my Provincetown youth of the 1950's and 1960's. These influences watered my roots, pruned my limbs, and helped me to bare life's fruit.

"THE PEOPLE"

My father [Molly], rowing me and my mother out to 'The Point' in his shallow draft dory, aptly named; 'The It'll Do'...these summer adventures sadly came to an end once my brother was born.

Jimmy Dalpe: my best friend, and why I survived my childhood. I was his left hand, and he was my right. Within the narrow bubble of our friendship, nothing could go wrong. Or was it that everything would go wrong, and we would rise or fall together as best friends.

My Va Va: Love wrapped up in

PaPa and VaVa

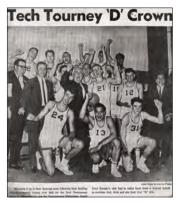
a smock apron and old 'grandma' shoes.

Veterans Memorial Elementary School 'cook', **Aunt Fanny**: my father's godmother, but a 'grandmother' figure to every child she served and touched. No matter who you were, she made you feel like you were in your grandmother's kitchen. Love; cradled in a spoonful of meat covered mashed potatoes.

VMS custodian, **Jimmy Sants**: what kid didn't feel safer with his caring presence in their lives. He was more than just 'the guy' that kept the boiler running.

Miss Jean: my Cub Scout Den Mother. She guided me through social growth and forced this painfully shy boy out of his shell. A scout is "trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent". These words memorized, and to be guiding cornerstones for a lifetime.

5th grade teacher, **Mrs. Grace Collinson**: her quirky teaching



PHS 1964 Class D Championship

methods. Who remembers the classroom game; 'Can I' or 'May I'? Use it correctly and she would serve you up a wish of your choice as a reward. "Conventional" teaching methods be damned.

Freeman Watson: guiding the Little League White Sox through losing season's and teaching me to accept defeat with grace, but to never let myself get used to it. And a good effort rewarded with a Dairy Queen soft serve ice cream.

Steve Goveia: From summer 'Morning League', to swimming lessons to Coach Goveia's PHS football gauntlet drills. He taught us much more than 'sports and competition'. He taught us to earn respect and give respect.

The entire **1964 PHS Championship Basketball team**: what young Provincetown boy didn't want to have a jump shot as sweet as Johnny Colley, or the bullheaded tenacity of Kenny Segura in the paint? Or Eddie Veara's smooth jump shot from



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Cheerleaders

the corner? We all got to dance [as PHS fans] on the Boston Garden parquet that day.

Doc Hiebert: whose not so gentle repair of a broken nose, shot a flaming pain up my forehead, down my back and out my butt...before his usual gruff response; "You'll be OK now, son".

Arthur D. Roderick, Recreation Dept.: recognized that this young boy had a vision problem and arranged for this poor kid to get a pair of glasses from Dr. Berman...charity, from a caring man, presented to my proud parents with a discreet dignity. Now I could see Pony League catcher Jimmy Dalpe's signals behind the plate.

Paul Days: an inventive young man that masterminded the

'crime' of my life [14 years old] and a caper, that still to this day, is fondly embellished by Jimmy Dalpe and me, with smirks, smiles and belly laughs. All of this at the expense of old man Nelson's [Market] pocketbook. We didn't get hired back the next summer.

English teacher, **Phebe Rogers**: I may have been befuddled by the prose of Lady of the Lake or the overly wordy Ivanhoe, but I heard her loud and clear when she preached that you can say more with less. One or two well-chosen adjectives, over many repetitive descriptions. And for those that still say, 'these ones', shame on you...it's 'these and or those' and drop the 'ones'.

There was **Ronnie Holmes**/ A&P Manager: the summer of Adam's Pharmacy

'68, he said something to this 16-year-old young man that has stuck for a lifetime; "I treat my employees well because they will then treat my customers well". I have worked for employers that both understood this and those that did not. Which ones do you think were the best?

The entire town folk of Provincetown: a working village of families; those of the same blood...or otherwise. "I know your father", meant I was in trouble.

"THE PLACES"

Perry's Market, Cabral's, Joe Marshall's, Nelson's, Kermit's, and Tillies: If one didn't have your needs, the other did. And



Graciette Leocadia "Grace" Gouveia Collinson



Phebe Rogers



White Sox

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Coach Goveia





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

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all done with a smile and a pat on the head or a playful 'shooing you away' from the candy counter. Well worn, random pine board floors and the sound of a slamming screen door. Hires Root Beer, Orange Crush, and a Twinkie. A handful of pennies or a nickel still went far.

Adam's Pharmacy: meeting at Adam's was the place to be, the place to meet your friends... your girlfriend. To have a vanilla or cherry coke and split some Nabs. Spinning endlessly on the soda fountain stools, to the hum of the celeste green frappe machine whipping up its concoction. A clear sight through the on-street windows, looking for a passing '57 Chevy, full of high school friends, cruising Front Street on a Friday night.

The Point: here comes the Jimmy Boy, Sea Fox, Capn' Bill and more. Steaming in to off load their catch. The melodious sound of the gulls following them in.

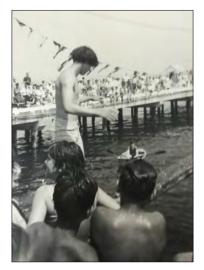
The Community Center: Saturday afternoon 10 cent movie thrillers; The Scorpion, The Werewolf and The Day the Earth Stood Still. After school crafts. Papier Mache giraffes and woven 'gimp' into jacket zipper pulls.

The Provincetown Movie Theater and the smell of popcorn and bubble gum rubbed around on the bottom of my sneakers.

Freeman's Wharf: the 'gurry pipe and the pungent smell of our childhood ambrosia and a hot fishing spot for dangling a line by local boys. The trolley clacking its way to the 'last tie up'. Molly [my father] at the wheel. Old school trap fisherman hard at work at end of day.



The Monument: go anywhere in town and it can always be seen. Within our 3-mile by 3-mile existence, it casts a shadow of safety.



Grease Pole '68

It is our granite rock, as much as the family that helped us to stand on our own two feet. All our lives were played out in the shadow of the Monument.

"THE SOUNDS"

The 'clackity clack' of the carts filled with fish climbing the tramway to the third floor of the West End Col' Storage.

The sounds of the Town hall clock chiming noon and running home for lunch before the 12th clang. The long wail of the noon whistle fading as you take your last strides into the kitchen.

The rumble of a dragger's diesel engines on idle, echoing through the morning fog.

"Don't be shy, don't be cheap, chuck your nickels so I can eat". "Chuck a nickel 'ovah". Tourist entertainment, a local kid's funfilled employment.

Saturday PHS football games and the sweet sound of loyal cheerleaders: "We are the fisherman, the mighty, mighty fisherman, everywhere we go, people want to know who we are..." And we were always proud to tell them!



Jimmy Boy







Fishing Boat Victory II Painting by Derek Macara

Festival T-Shirts will be available for sale at Marcey's Oil Booth on MacMillan Pier starting in June, and at the Festival Booth in the Stop & Shop parking lot from Memorial Day Week-end until Festival Week-end, June 25, 26, and 27. Festival T-Shirts will then be available in Portuguese Square when the booth moves to the corner of Ryder and Commercial Street by Town Hall.

> provincetownportuguesefestival.com/ facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival/





WILLIAM DEARBORN HERSEY, FROM INSIDE PROVINCETOWN, 1966

Ourage and creativity constitute the real character of Provincetown. Unseen to the casual visitor who may form his impressions by the observation of the people that crawl out of the nation's woodwork and walk the streets of Provincetown in the summer, this courage and creativity were nurtured here long ago and still send the powerful influence of their silent example throughout the world.

First, there is the courage of the men, who as the Bible says, "go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters." They must be prepared to face sudden and unpredicted storms and to make it back to port on their own. They share an experience that few others are called upon to face in our mechanized age – the bare-handed encounter with the furious forces of elemental nature. They dredge the deep in constant competition with the Russian fleet, and summer and winter there flies from every masthead the unseen banner "Courage."

Many of the landlubbers of Provincetown have the unusual background of the seafarer. Some have come ashore and now operate motels, restaurants and other establishments. The ancestors of others were sailormen as far back as sixteen twenty when the Mayflower made her first landing in Provincetown. In the great sailing days of the nineteenth century, their grandfathers and fathers were captains of whalers and of clipper ships roaming distant seas and ports in search of commerce. Many a house in Provincetown holds relics of the days when sails and whales shared the throne of commerce.

The exploits of Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, a native son of Provincetown have filled minds and museums with memories and mementos of a lifetime of daring arctic exploration. At the age of ninetyone, his sharp eye still scans the harbor as his alert mind does its history.

The courage and ingenuity of the seafarer have their counterparts in the minds of the artists and writers. They set sail upon the uncarted seas of the mind. Here "ingenuity" is described as "creativity", and it is this creativity and courage that has become increasingly evident since the great painter, Charles Hawthorne, came under the spell of the unique light in the Provincetown area and founded a school of painting over fifty years ago. Today Provincetown is one of the great art centers of the world. At about the same time that Hawthorne was doing his early work, a young playwright, Eugene O'Neill was bringing his courage and creativity into focus in Provincetown. Fifty years ago, one of his plays was produced for the first time on a wharf in Provincetown.



Hawthorne teaching on the pier; Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Town Hall in the background.

The challenge facing the seafaring man, the



The explorer Donald MacMillan, 1926 Photograph by Leslie Jones, Boston Public Library





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Harry Kemp



artist and the writer were captured and capsuled strikingly by the great poet of the dunes, Harry Kemp, in his poem "Ultimate Challenge." He wrote:

Especially if their lading by a dream Ships must go lonely if they'd voyage far; Feeling the upsurge, through each brace and beam Of fuming oceans; top and a shrouded spar Set to the following of a single star! There's no safe compass when the hidden gleam Sits behind clouds, and when blind tempests stream, Except the guiding laurels faith would wear! There often bide black gales and bursting beams, And sails that fly in rags from broken spars: There are no charts for ships that follow dreams And crowd up sail against the beckoning stars: Don't sign aboard – unless you're certain you Can dare a wreck, and deem it glory, too."

The prolonged influence of the land and the sea is another powerful yet unseen influence of this unique area. I say unseen because the casual visitor rarely gets a chance to enjoy the solitude as well as the might of the sea and the dunes. When the dunes have lost their summer sprinkling of humanity, you



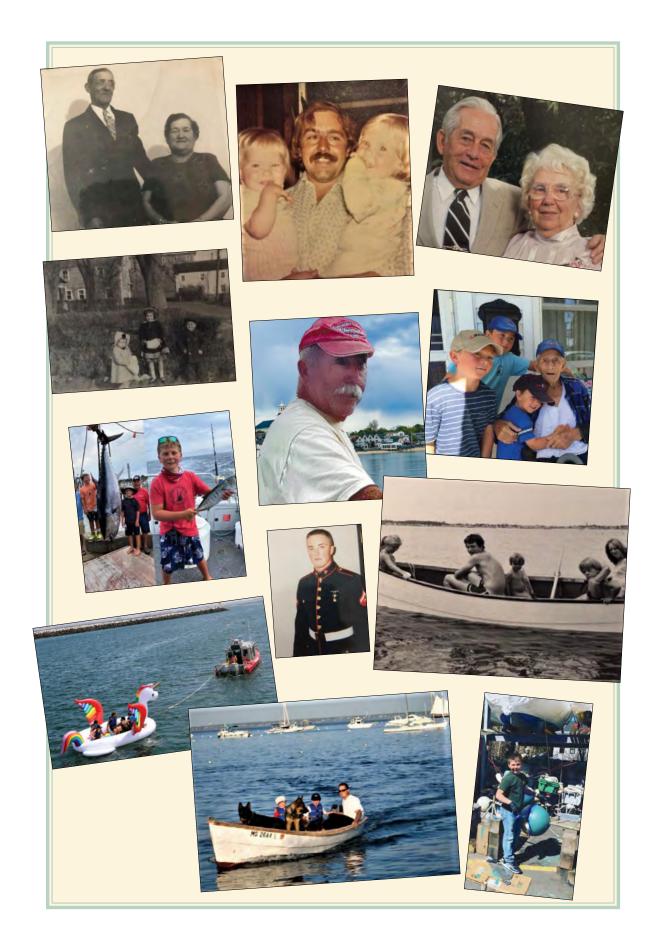
Eugene O'Neill

can lie on a dune with the entire mass of another earth beneath your body and with no focus for the eye in the blue above this side of infinity. In the spring and fall you can stand alone on the great beach pondering the inevitable and eternal tides, sharing the fury of the storms, witnessing the ancient battle of the sea against the land, of the elemental against the emerging and feel that peace of mind and spirit that come from the contemplation of solid and grand ideas and elemental forces.

In my profession, I travel up and down the Cape, but always the road leads at last to Pilgrim Heights and the unsurpassed view of Provincetown cradled in the crescent of sea and land with the Pilgrim Monument standing like a queen surveying her domain.

And always I think, "Here indeed is a modern golden crescent of creativity and courage, the narrow town with the broad mind still sending forth its constructive and unseen influence into the ideas and ideals of the entire world."

William Hersey chose Provincetown as a place to live and work for many years. He was an investment salesman by vocation, and a memory expert by avocation.





Flyer's Boat Rental and Boat Shop Continues with Noah Santos at the Helm

he Santos family has a long and rich history in the boating traditions of Provincetown. "Flyer" Santos, a custom boat builder, and master sailor began this family's journey on the water by renting sailboats and motorboats, building a home at 94 Commercial Street, as well as a marine railway and cradles on the beach across the street from his house. He lived with his wonderful wife and life's partner, Irene, until she was into her late 80's. It was in this rambling house that they raised their growing family, his sons James, "Jimmy", Arthur Joseph, "AJ", Francis John, "Grassy", and daughters Janet, Dorothea, "Dora", and Patricia. Francis "Flyer" Santos lived in this house across from the sea until he was 100 years of age, a life welllived.

The success of his business led to the purchase in 1949 of Good Templar Place which became known as Flyer's Boat Rentals. "Flyer" was a legend in his own right, and his love for Provincetown, and his contributions to the community he loved, as a selectman, fireman, and board member of many organizations, are unrivaled. The West End Racing Club was one of his favorite endeavors and countless numbers of children have learned to sail and have a love of the sea in their lives because of his dedication in making sure they knew how to swim and be safe at sea.



In 1978, Flyer retired, although he kept continually busy. He says, "No one ever sees me sit still. When no one could find a job, I had, five, six and seven. I was always flying around," Santos said. "My nickname Flyer means day and night worker, always on the move. Always". He did work, day and night, building, by hand, the half-scale model masterpiece of the well-known Provincetown haddock schooner Rose Dorothea. It proudly occupies today, the children's section of the Provincetown Public Library.

Flyer's son, Francis John had grown up in the family business repairing and using boats, even at 5 years old, running a skiff with a 3 horsepower Evinrude. "Grassy" eventually built his own beautiful sailboat at his father's boatyard called the "Shrew". "My childhood was unique" he said. "Dad

and his crew worked out of our back shop. The building behind 94 Commercial Street was filled with tools, machinery and a beehive of activity! Repairing boats and renting them in the summer. Across the street was the beach. Who needed a playground when you had all that!" In 1978, Francis John took over the business, becoming president, and bringing a new and different energy into the running of the boatyard. He created the Long Point Shuttle, expanded the rental fleet and mooring field, and made the transition from a commercial enterprise to leisure boating. Flyer's Boat Rentals continued to flourish through the dedication and determination of Francis John, with help from his son Noah. In 2007, "Grassy" Santos suggested that his son Noah, take over the business, continuing the family tradition of his father and his grandfather. Noah had graduated from Cape Cod Technical High School, then joined the Marine Corps Infantry in 1998. In 2003, he attended Cape Cod Community College, receiving a degree in Criminal Justice. He taught for a while, then became a dispatcher for a police department. It was at this time when he was working as a dispatcher that his father Francis John offered him the position at Flyer's Boat Rentals. With his family's maritime background, and his life as a child on the water, which Noah says about his boys





now, is that it is "the only way to grow up!", Noah felt that this opportunity would be a perfect fit for him.

Apparently, Noah, the third Santos to run the boatyard, has become exactly that right fit as V.P. at Flyer's Boat Rental and Boat Shop. Noah has added to the fleet of rental boats, expanded the daily Long Point Shuttle, with sunset cruises and as well as special event options, added pontoon boats and kayaks, and has expanded the boatyard's dock storage facility. This 150-foot dock expansion completed over the past two winters, which involved the addition of 60 more boat storage spots, makes way for the next generation of boaters.

Noah has become a part of the National Fleet of **TowBoatsUs**, a rapid response marine assistance program serving Cape Cod Bay and is president of TowBoatsUS which he established in Provincetown in 2010. in Chatham in 2014, and Bass River in 2016. Captain Noah Santos competently services these boating areas 24 hours a day, 7 days a week aiding and offering assistance for whatever your vessel's needs may be, whether it's to be recovered, re-floated or towed. With its sophisticated equipment, the company is able to contain spills of fuel and oil. His grandfather would be immensely proud of his grandson's very high standards on land and sea.

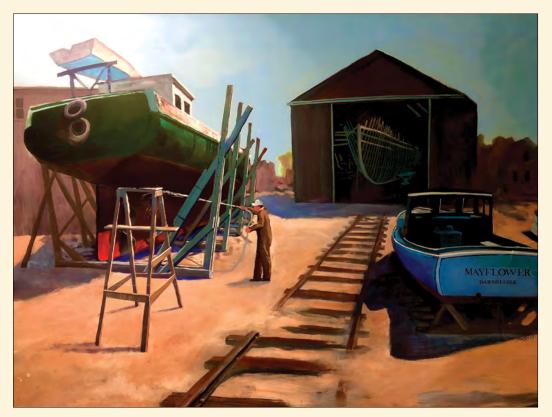
Noah is definitely a "hands-on" businessman and is consistently at the boatyard with his uncle Jim Santos and his three sons, Myles, 15, Mason, 14, and Max, 9, except when he is called in as a member of the local Volunteer Fire Department. Noah's father Francis John is usually around as an interested bystander, as well as all the people who are part of this thriving business. Noah says the boatyard is, and always has been, "a very positive place to be, and everyone involved here shares a healthy respect for the work ethic and the boating life."

With Noah at the helm, Flyer's Boat Rental and Boatyard is in very capable hands, and likely his young sons, with all their experience at the boatyard, in sailboats, motorboats, and tow boats, have learned by example, from one generation to the next, and may one day be interested in carrying on the family tradition that their great-grandfather began so many years ago.



The murals on view throughout the Provincetown Inn are authentic scenes of old Provincetown and its people.

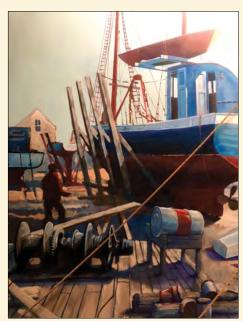
Flyer's Boat Yard: The constructed boat model was here in 1935. Don Aikens of Weymouth, Mass., who was in charge of the Interior Design and Decoration, completed the painting of the mural around the boat in the 1960's. Pictured is a Trap boat, a Cat boat, and traditionally constructed Scallopers and Trawlers.



Photographs by Nancy B. Silva









H Letter from Josephine Del Deo to Francis "Flyer" Santos

Today, the 100th birthday of Francis "Flyer" Santos, I am copying a tribute I wrote 10 years ago on his 90th birthday in anticipation of his being cited by Portugal for his lifelong contribution to the community of Provincetown and to his Portuguese Heritage.

he Portuguese community of Provincetown is one of the oldest and greatest fishing communities in America. It boasts a long history of the men who have gone down to the sea in ships, and their combined record is extraordinary. None of them, however, have had a record that is more interesting, varied or productive than Francis "Flyer" Santos who will be ninety years old in September 2004. He is a man for all seasons; a man for all times. He is a native of Provincetown. but a citizen of the world like his famous Portuguese ancestors, men of discovery and of incredible skill. He has been enamored of the sea all his life. Although his parents were born in this country, his grandfather came from the island of San Miguel in the Azores and arrived in America as a striker aboard a whaling schooner at the beginning of the 20th century.

In his long life in Provincetown, he has served the town in a number of official capacities and in many meaningful ways. He was a selectman at a critical moment when the town Flyer's Birthday Celebration September 10, 2014

wharf needed rebuilding in the 1950's, and his knowledge and expertise were brought into play in its supervision.

His lifelong career as a master boat builder in the town and his operation of a successful boatyard, over many years, made an enormous contribution to the fishing industry. He has either built or repaired, with great skill and integrity, a large portion of the fishing fleet.

Late in life, in 1977, he brought his experience in boat building and his love for his heritage to the building of the half-scale model of the famous Provincetown fishing schooner, "Rose Dorothea," the largest halfscale model of a fishing schooner in the world, which he completed after eleven years of arduous labor and which was dedicated to the Provincetown Heritage Museum on June 25, 1988. The story of this Herculean task was given without recompense as a memorial to his Portuguese heritage and to the people of Provincetown, past and present.

"Flyer" Francis Santos believes in people and has never ceased in his attempts in every aspect of his life, to make the world a better place. No stronger proof of this could be demonstrated than by his fifty-year commitment to maintaining a sailing and swimming club for all the young people of the community not far from his home on the water's edge. Here, he has lectured and demonstrated the skills needed to be able to sail and to swim to the young people from the ages of 8 to 14 every summer for fifty years. Today, the West End Racing Club membership averages approximately 150 during the months of July and August. The wonder, for him, of teaching the young the moral values of life, while at the same time, giving them lifelong aquatic skills is totally rewarding.

To this man of unceasing energy, enormous vision and integrity and personal pride in what he does and in what he has accomplished, the town the nation, and his ancestral home of Portugal owe him both recognition and gratitude, for a man such as Francis "Flyer" Santos who points the way to a better future, to a sounder way of life, and to an enduring humanity.

In 1968, I dedicated the following poem to "Flyer" on the occasion of the launching of his boat, the "Columbia", a beautiful sloop which he had crafted for many a sailing Saturday in Provincetown Harbor. I include it here as my personal tribute to a man with whom I shared the dream of building the "Rose Dorothea" and for whom I have the most profound respect.

- Josephine Del Deo



A Man and His Boat

Josephine C. Del Deo, Founding Chairman of the Provincetown Heritage Museum to Francis "Flyer" Santos

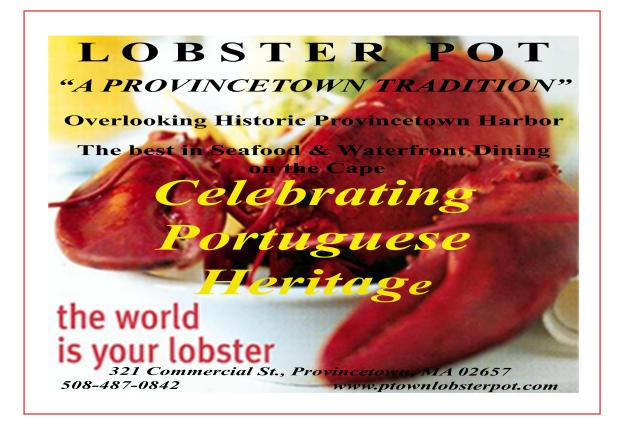
His world begins here in an empty cradle Holding the shape of hulls against the sky. Waiting to snuggle up a boat then slip it back to sea.

Rib-cage poppets rise above a maze of yard, Deliberate confusion of the trade Where the sea gulls stalk at ease, And where he talks, talks of the sea.

The tools that lie in readiness, as if awake, Live by his summoning to make the dead oak Quake beneath the quick and shivering sail. Nothing he keep sleeps, But speaks the dialect he taught them – Ship's talk – to build a ship.

The man is true, Heart's keel beneath him, Balanced by work, he lives close to the wind. The ship he made, he launched, he loves, he sails. I cannot tell you more that needs my telling.









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VCTORY II BLESSED IN 1981







Painting by Provincetown artist John Mendes. Courtesy of the Seamen's Bank.

The Victory II

LIFE AND LOSS at SEA

"The sea that calls all things unto her, called them..." -Kahlil Gibran

STORY BY NANCY B. SILVA, IN COLLABORATION WITH THE MACARA FAMILY

Blessing of the Fleet Breaks All-time Attendance Record

"One of the largest crowds ever recorded thronged McMillan Wharf Sunday for the 1965 Blessing of the Fleet, as the gaily decorated fishing fleet passed the wharf in procession to receive the blessing of the most Reverend James L. Connolly, Bishop of the Fall River Diocese. The Bishop's visit here was a surprise since Auxiliary James J. Garrard who has conducted the ceremony for a number of years, had been scheduled to officiate this year.

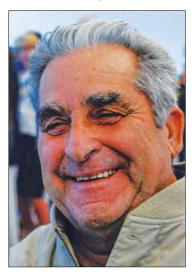
While crowds jammed the wharf, other guests on the fishing vessels or in small harbor craft, added numbers to the many thousands congregated here for the colorful event. The Victory II, skippered by Capt. Manuel Macara, led the procession of the vessels, that one-by-one slowed to receive the Bishop's blessing." (Provincetown Advocate Public Library Archives)

n these bright and beautiful days of the Blessing of the Fleet, when everyone's hopes are so high for the safety of their loved ones and their vessels, it is very difficult to comprehend some of the dangerous and life-threatening conditions



that many Portuguese fishermen encounter in their daily lives on the sea.

"A southwest storm with roaring winds and raging seas, battered this Cape town Friday night and Saturday morning, leaving in its wake three fishing boats blown ashore, tree limbs and debris washed in by the high tide cluttering low-lying places along Commercial Street, flooded cellars, and damage along the beach Point section of Provincetown and Truro such has not been known for many years. A high course 11-foot tide driven higher by gale winds reported at Race Point Coast Guard Station at 70 miles, and clocked unofficially, in town, sent huge waves battering the shore. At times during the storm the East End breakwater was completely underwater. Total damage to Provincetown from the storm has been unofficially set over \$100.000 but the full extent will not be known until summer cottage owners return to check on damage to their property.



Kenneth Macara, 2011 Festival event Courtesy of David Dunlap

The Victory II, grounded near the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor, was refloated Saturday morning with the assistance of Race Point Coast Guardsmen who braved heavy surf in their DUKW to put fishermen aboard, and later assisted in refloating the craft.

Joan & Tom, captained by Manuel Thomas, grounded a short distance east, was refloated without difficulty, and the *Queen Mary*, Captain Anthony Russell, blown ashore at beach Point was refloated Sunday morning on the high tide, assisted by the Race Point Coast Guard and towed off by the DUKW. A bulldozer had dug a trench to assist this operation. Captain Anthony Russell's *Queen Mary* was refloated on a high tide, assisted by the Race Point Coast Guard and towed off by the DUKW. A bulldozer had dug a trench to assist this operation.

Earlier Saturday, Coast Guardsmen launched their DUKW through heavy seas and put the skipper and men aboard the grounded 60' *Victory II*. Captain Manuel Macara's 60-footer foundered close to the church of St. Mary of the Harbor. The combined effort of Coast Guardsmen and seamen aboard the *Victory II* floated the vessel free and tied her up to MacMillan Wharf.

However, the vessel had developed extensive leaks in the seam



Courtesy of Lisa King, My Grandfather's Provincetown

Governor Bradford Eat, Drink and be Merry!

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VICTORY II model built by Alfred J. Silva and his son, Mark S. Silva. An eastern Rig Dragger that was rigged on the starboard side only. Built in 1944 by Manuel G. Macara in Stamford, Connecticut, it fished for ground fish, including flat fish, cod, haddock, and pollock. Victory II model is currently at the Highland House Museum, Truro Historical Society.

Photos by Nancy B. Silva

area, and the Coast Guard were forced to put aboard a pump to work with the dragger's equipment." (PROVINCETOWN ADVOCATE PUBLIC LIBRARY ARCHIVES)

Captain Ken Macara, who will be 90 years old at the end of this year, speaks of his life-long love of fishing, his days at sea, and his wish to always come home. At nine years old, he said he "forced" his father, Manuel, Sr., to "let me go fishing." And, indeed, he did fish with his father on the Victory II every time he had a chance, as did his brother Manuel, spending most of their young years out at sea. Kenny graduated from Provincetown High School with the Class of 1949. He was a good student and was accepted at Boston University to continue his studies. After a year and a half, he said that he had enough of academia and college life. He longed for the sea, and it was calling him. He joined the Navy.

Kenneth Macara, "born and bred in Provincetown", sailed all over the Atlantic Ocean in his four years of service to his country during WWII. He spent time in Casablanca, a chief port in the central western part of Morocco, bordering the Atlantic Ocean. Another port of call was United Kingdom's Scotland, again surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean to the north and west, and then African's Algiers on the Mediterranean Sea, in the north-central portion of Algeria. A local young man was seeing the world in a much different way. Kenneth recounts how he witnessed the loss of many men during the dark, nighttime hours, in horrendous weather at sea that was many times life-threatening, sometimes disaster striking even during practice sessions on board ship. Kenneth Macara from Provincetown became part of the elite Antisubmarine Squadron in the United States Navy, where he had also become an electrical technician.

When his four years of duty

was complete, all Ken wanted to do was to "come back home" to follow in the family tradition of fishing as his grandfather, father, and uncle had done. When his father Manuel became unwell, Kenneth took over the business for his mother Inez, according to Michael Coelho, Sr.

Kenneth Macara became what fishermen commonly refer to as a "high liner". The National Resource Council describes a "highliner" as having a fishing operation with high catch and profits. When a boat is filled with fish, it is quite an unbelievable feeling, and there is no doubt that the *Victory II* filled the boat, and everyone's expectations as well as a very successful fishing vessel.

Kenneth Macara felt it was time to turn over the helm of the *Victory II* to his son, Kenneth II, as he knew quite well the love his son had for the open sea. He, himself, would continue to fish, but it would be on his new boat, the Ruthie L that he had re-built



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and re-furbished by Eldredge in Eastham. Kenneth Macara was proud of his fishing record aboard his vessel the Ruthie L, named after his wife, with whom he had three children, Kenneth II, Joel, and Gene. Kenneth referred to his new fishing vessel, the Ruthie L, as the "Queen of Provincetown." The family lineage was continuing the tradition aboard fishing vessels. Kenneth says his history "goes all the way back to the Mayflower."

Kenneth became very involved in and took an active role in the politics of fishing, becoming part of task forces that dealt with the Federal Government's 200 mile limit, as well as with State fisheries and the issues of diminishing fish stock. He said very often that Federal and State officials would board his boat to go out on fishing trips with him and his crew to experience first-hand what local fishermen deal with every day, and the issues they were concerned with for fishing and its economic future.

Fishing for a living is dangerous work, and no one knows this better than the local fishing fleet in Provincetown who has seen more than their share of tragedies and lives lost pursuing a life that defined them and their Portuguese ancestors from so many years ago.

On May 1, 1984, Kenneth Macara was fishing on his boat the Ruthie L about 5 miles away from his son on the Victory II. As fishermen do, he called out on his radio to his son to say he was heading in, and to check on the day's catch. He was very disturbed and extremely distressed with no response from his son. He continued on into MacMillan Pier. Darlene Macara was on her way to the pier to pick up her husband Kenny as she always did when he came home after a fishing trip. It was at the end of the pier that she learned the devastating news that her husband's

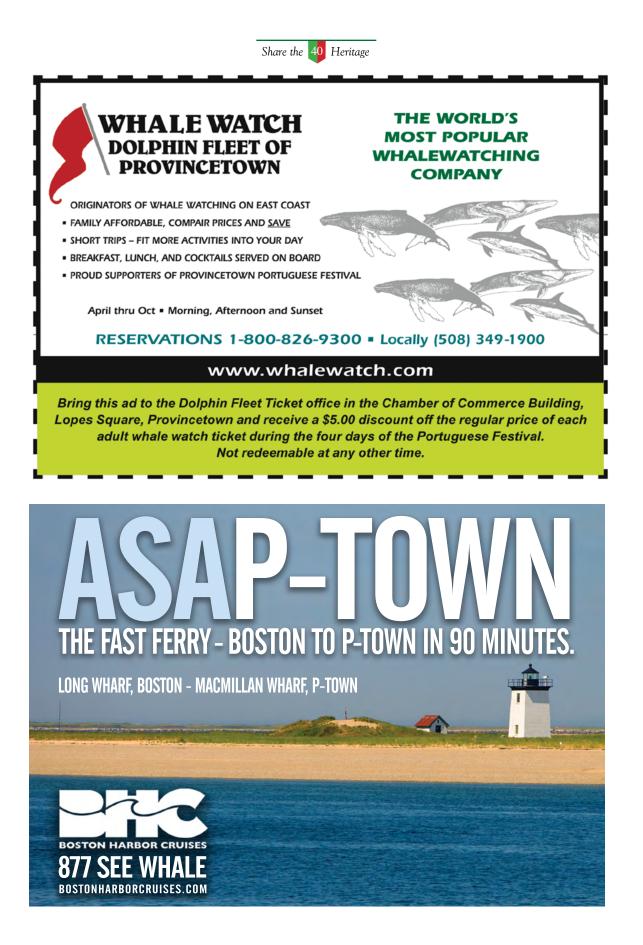
boat had not returned vet to the pier. In her recollections of that fateful day, Darlene Macara, said that she had woken with a "very weird feeling" that she couldn't explain, just a melancholic heaviness. When she drove down the pier, she said that there seemed to be more fishermen there than usual, and they all appeared to be looking at her with a sadness that caused her a feeling of apprehension and dread. Darlene met her father-in-law Kenneth at the end of the pier, and it was then that he spoke the words she never wanted to hear. The Victory II was missing. She was overwhelmed at this disastrous news. Darlene and Kenny had two young children at the time of this tragedy, Crystal, 6, and Kenneth III, 4.

Although Kenneth said that "no one will ever know what happened that day, but all I know is that it was the worst day of my life". In the 1985 Coast Guard

"Victory II went down on May 1, 1984, in the last of a tragic triumvirate of accidents that had claimed the lives of 14 fishermen in eight years. The victims this time were Captain Kenneth R. Macara II who was -at 28- the youngest man aboard; John Dorf, 36; and Benjamin Fernandez,33. The Victory II was active as early as 1948 under Captain Manuel Macara. That year, the boat found the wreckage of a Navy test plane. The Victory II was blessed by Bishop Cassidy in 1948. Manuel Macara was still the master in



1955, but by the time of the Vessels/Owners log (http://www.provincetownhistoryproject.com/archives/ view 4979, he'd been supplanted by his son Kenneth Macara of 72 Franklin Street. The Victory II had been blessed by Bishop Cronin in 1977, 1978, and 1980, and again in 1981 and 1983. At the Seamen's Bank are pictures of all three vessels in the triumvirate the Patricia Marie, Captain William King, the Cap'n Bill, Captain Ralph E. Andrews, and the Victory II, Captain Kenneth R. Macara II." --David Dunlap, BUILDING PROVINCETOWN





Report states that the boat's nets, which were being dragged along the side of the *Victory II*, became entangled in a chain attached to an abandoned concrete mooring on the sea floor. It appeared that the crew was hauling in their nets and had pulled up the chain to within 10 feet of the boat, the report said.

Young Kenny's father said what happened next is unknown although it is likely that the boat rolled on its side and sank with the three young, hardy, able fishermen aboard. Their lives were lost that day, and Captain Kenneth Macara said he will never forget that momentous day. Darlene recounted that because their children were so young it was difficult for them to comprehend the tragic loss of their father at the time. Their daughter Crystal lives in Chatham with her young family, and their son

Kenneth III, is a scallop fisherman today on the Isabel and Roland. He says, "It's in my blood." Apparently for the Macara fishermen that has always been true, but it causes Darlene a feeling of dread triggered by a painful memory, every time she hears the sound of a helicopter fly over, hoping that they are not looking for a missing vessel.

The well-built, beautiful fishing dragger Victory II was found sunken in 30 feet of water off Billingsgate Shoal, when a Wellfleet fishing vessel snagged its nets on the submerged 60-foot boat. It had been last seen on May 1st, 1984.

As sorrowful it is to hear, the partial skeletal remains of Kenneth Macara II were caught in the net of a dragger in 1985.



Photograph by John W. Gregory

Darlene Macara said for a reason she cannot put into words, this brought some sense of closure to her for the most enormous of tragedies in her life, and the lives of her young children.

Note: Kenneth Macara and his wife Francesca, presently live in Del Ray Beach, Florida.





Courtesy Lisa King



Painting of the Liberty II by Frank Milby. Photograph courtesy of Darlene Macara





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Share the 43 Heritage

Stormy Harbor – Port of Portuguese Guisine

By Jim Hildreth originally printed in Provincetown Magazine, 1986

S tormy Harbor is a restaurant with something for everyone. Breakfast, lunch and dinner at the eatery are an enjoyable and affordable experience whether alone or with the entire family. The restaurant offers authentic Portuguese cuisine, giving their customers a taste of what Outer Cape ethnic food is all about.

Beverley and Gordon Ferreira opened the restaurant fourteen years ago. "We purchased the restaurant in 1973 and opened for the Blessing of the Fleet weekend," said Beverley. "Our family had been operating several food businesses in town for years, and although we were green when we bought the restaurant, we've built a good reputation. We see a lot of repeat customers, as well as



new customers every day." Stormy Harbor has become locally famous for its squid stew, a Portuguese specialty. "The squid stew has become our calling card," Beverly said. "The secret is in the sauté. We sauté onions in garlic, salt, pepper, red crushed pepper, and oil. The squid is added, and you have to be careful not to add too much water because squid makes its own water. It cooks for about an hour and a half to make it nice and tender, and then the potatoes are added. Many people think that squid is stringy, but its only stringy when it's undercooked."

The Portuguese fish is another local favorite. Try it with tomato topping and simmered onions and ask for a dab of ketchup in the sauce for

a true Portuguese touch or enjoy the vinegar recipe if you like your food hot and spicey.

The restaurant offers the full gamut of entrees. The seafood is bought fresh, supplied by their son Kevin, of the Cape Cod Trading Company. You can also choose meals from the chicken, veal and Italian selections. The marinated pork chops melt in your mouth and all of the entrees



Gordon Ferreira with thumbs up at Festival event, 1998

Beverley Ferreira









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come with baked potato, French fries, or choice of rice, and your choice of vegetable and coleslaw. Try the Portuguese rice made with linquica and chourico.

Big sellers at lunchtime are the lobster roll and crab rolls, but you'll also enjoy the large variety of sandwiches. Kale soup is just what the doctor ordered to shake the cool weather from your bones.

Breakfast begins at 7am and Stormy Harbor is one of the most popular breakfast spots in town. Omelettes are big sellers, the ever-popular linquica omelette has a Provincetown accent. You can also order a variety of pancakes including apple/walnut pancakes. Steak and eggs make a heaty breakfast or order eggs any way you like them.

Stormy Harbor is truly a family operation. The Ferreira's daughters, Holly and Tracey have been working there for years. Beverly's cousin Carol has been there for 7 years. Other longtime employees include, Carol Flores, Al Wacher, Gordon Hayward, Shirley Cabral, and her daughter Linda.

The well-knit team at Stormy Harbor will see to it that you enjoy a delicious meal at affordable prices in a casual, comfortable setting. The restaurant is located at 277 Commercial Street right across the street from Town Hall, and its open from 7am until at least 8 pm through Columbus Day.

Note: The Stormy Harbor closed its doors for the final time in 1995. Beverley has been a member of the Portuguese Festival Committee for many years. Her husband Gordon, who became proprietor of the barber shop that his father Jesse "Burr" Ferreira purchased in 1949, and which was a favorite local destination for hair clipping and conversation, continued to call it "Burr's Barber Shop".





Bev

Jesse Burr with Gordon Ferreira giving his grandson Leo Rose, Jr. his first haircut. Photo courtesy of the Ferreira Family.



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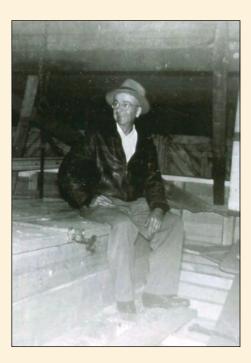
"Festival Flags" oil by Lois Griffel

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



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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.

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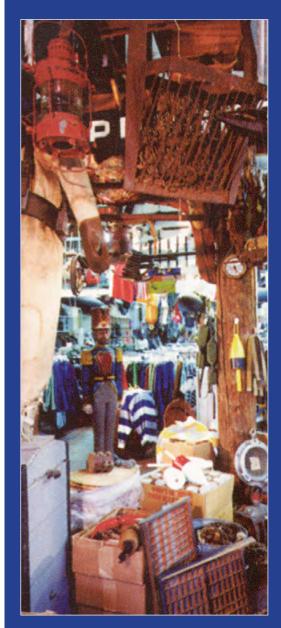
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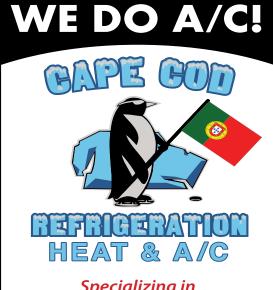
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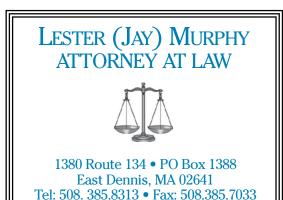
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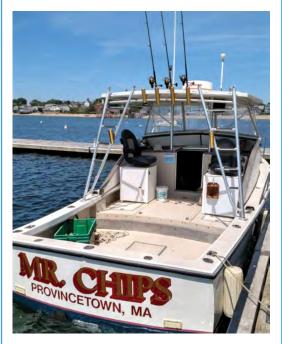
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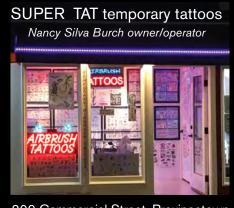




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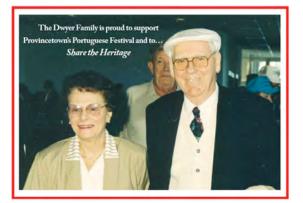


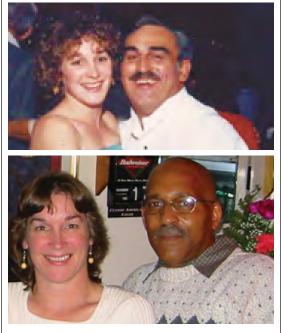




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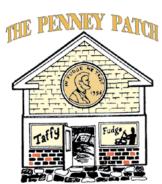
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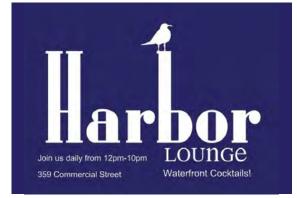




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Joe and Ginny Andrews Much loved and missed.

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IN MEMORIAM

Joseph "Joe" Corea Bruce "Brucie" Corea Russell Laporte Bob "Titmouse" Silva Rick Torrey

Let not the waves of the sea separate us now, And the years you have spent in our midst become a memory. You have walked among us as a spirit, And your shadow has been a light upon our faces.

Kahlil Gibran





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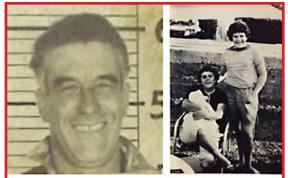


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