

28th Annual
Provincetown
Portuguese
Festival 2024

Sharing the Heritage

CELEBRATING THE 77TH BLESSING OF THE FLEET



"The Glutton" by Andrea M. Sawyer



Provincetown Chapter established February 1932

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**THE PROVINCETOWN LIONS CLUB
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Perhaps some day, your name will be here

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“Down on the Cape one hundred years ago, it was the custom for friends to drop in on one another to spend an evening. In each community, there was a separate gathering place where a room full of neighbors would meet. Here were told the old stories of Cape Cod, the unwritten masterpieces, practically all of which have been lost to the world forever. Many a young boy decided his life career should be the sea, as he sat entranced by the exciting adventures told by the sea captains of a former day.” -- Edward Rowe Snow



Courtesy of Lisa King

We are carrying on the tradition of passing on the stories that were told to us.

Jack MacFarlane - Capt. William O'Donnell - Capt. Charles Bennett

George P. Williams - Capt. Edward Newcomb - Frank Cudois

Frank Gracie - John Sants - William Field

Lyman Cook - Manuel Joseph - Emanuel Souza

ATLANTIC OCEAN

NATIONAL SEASHORE

RACE POINT BEACH

NATIONAL SEASHORE

RACE POINT

HERRING COVE BEACH

WOOD END

LONG POINT



Visitor's Center

Traffic Lights

Seaside Pk
Nelson St

Race Point Rd

Beech Forest

AIRPORT

Province Lands Rd

Jerome

Court St

St. Peter's

Winslow St

Jerome

St. Peter's

Winslow St

Conwell St

Brewster St

Young Ct

Lovetts Ct

Kiley Ct

Bangs St

Cook St

Howland St

Daggett St

Anthony St

Atkins Line

Hancock St

Kendall Line

Conway St

Law St

Washington Ave

Young Ct

Lovetts Ct

Kiley Ct

Bangs St

Cook St

Howland St

Daggett St

Anthony St

Atkins Line

Hancock St

Kendall Line

Conway St

Pearl St

Arch St

Johnson St

Freeman St

Standish

Ryder

St. Peter's

Gonsold

Masonic Pl

Carver St

Court St

Winthrop St

Central St

Atlantic Ave

Shank

Painter Rd

Central St

Winthrop St

Court St

Carver St

Masonic Pl

Gonsold

Ryder

St. Peter's

Freeman St

Standish

Johnson St

Arch St

Jerome

Cemetery Rd

Rail Road Ave

Winslow St

Alden St

St. Peter's

Jerome

Cemetery Rd

Rail Road Ave

Winslow St

Alden St

St. Peter's

Jerome

Cemetery Rd

W. Franklin

Creek Rd

Nickerson St

Cottage St

Mechanic St

School St

Franklin St

Pleasant St

Montello St

Conant St

Atlantic Ave

Shank

Painter Rd

Winthrop St

Bayberry

Kimberly

Nickerson St

Cottage St

Mechanic St

School St

Franklin St

Pleasant St

Montello St

Conant St

Atlantic Ave

Shank

Painter Rd

Winthrop St

West Vine St

Pilgrim Heights

Soper St

Nickerson St

Cottage St

Mechanic St

School St

Franklin St

Pleasant St

Montello St

Conant St

Atlantic Ave

Shank

Painter Rd

Bradford St

Howland St

Daggett St

Anthony St

Atkins Line

Hancock St

Kendall Line

Conway St

Snow St

Allerton St

Commercial St

Commercial St

Commercial St

Commercial St

Provincetown Portuguese Festival

Public Parking

Ryder Street is Portuguese Square



Parade Route



Provincetown Inn



Provincetown Marina



Provincetown Library



Pilgrim Memorial



MacMillan Pier



Bas Relief



Surf Club Restaurant



Motta Field



Fishermen's Wharf



Portuguese Square (Ryder Street)



St. Peter's Church



Town Hall



Crown & Anchor



2024 Provincetown Portuguese Festival Schedule
Celebrating the 28th Festival & 77th Blessing of the Fleet
June 28th - June 30th



SATURDAY, MAY 4

11:00am-1:30pm Meet 2024 Festival Artist Andrea M. Sawyer at the Red Inn

FRIDAY, JUNE 28*

10:00am-12:00pm Mermaid Menu Oyster Farm Tour at Pilgrim's First Landing Park
10:00am-4:00pm Art & Crafts Fair in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
11:00am-12:00pm Music by the Twisted Jukebox in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
12:00pm-2:00pm Captain Kenny Silva Fishing Derby at MacMillan Pier
12:00pm-3:00pm Knights of Columbus Soup Tasting at the Bas Relief Park
12:30pm-2:30pm Music by Beantown Buckaroos in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
2:00pm-4:00pm Portuguese Prose & Poetry Reading at the Crown & Anchor
3:00pm-5:00pm Music by Studio 2: Beatles Tribute Band in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
5:00pm-6:00pm Comedy by Steve Goodie in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
5:00pm-7:00pm Homecoming sponsored by Charles & Susan Souza at Bas Relief Park
8:00pm-10:00pm Music by LoVeSeXy: Prince Tribute Band in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29*

10:00am-12:00pm Field Games & Cookout at Motta Field
10:00am-4:00pm Art & Crafts Fair, Fishing Demos in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
11:00am-2:00pm Portuguese Dancers & Accordion Player in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
11:30am-7:00pm Lions Club Food Court at Bas Relief Park
2:00pm-4:00pm Toe Jam Puppet Band in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
4:00pm-4:30pm Performance by Capoeira Besouro in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
5:30pm-7:30pm Music by Eratoxica: Portuguese Rock Band in Portuguese Square
7:00pm-9:00pm Fado Music in Provincetown Town Hall
8:00pm-8:30pm Berkshire Bateria Samba Band in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
8:30pm-9:00pm Samba Viva Dancers in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.
9:00pm-10:30pm Berkshire Samba Drummers in Portuguese Square on Ryder St.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

10:30am-11:30am Fishermen's Mass at St. Peter the Apostle Church
12:30pm-3:00pm 77th Blessing of the Fleet at MacMillan Pier
12:00pm-4:00pm Tasca Cafe by the Squealing Pig at MacMillan Pier
12:30pm-1:00pm Collum Cille Bag Pipes at MacMillan Pier
12:30pm-2:30pm Portuguese Dancers in Lopes Square & at MacMillan Pier
1:30pm-2:30pm Collum Cille Bag Pipes at Provincetown Town Hall



**SEAMEN'S
BANK**

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

ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com
Facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival



**We are proud to
Share The Heritage
and**

Congratulations Blessing on your 77th year!

28th Annual
**Provincetown
Portuguese**
Festival 2024

Portuguese Festival Team

Charles Souza, *President*

Susan Avellar, Fran Coco, Lori DaLomba, Michelle DaSilva,
Katie Hegg, Lisa King, Chris King, Carol LaDuke, Jill Lambrou,
Tim McNulty, Michela Carew-Murphy, Mike Potenza,
Shannon Sawyer, Tim Seaton, Paul Silva, Nancy Silva,
Natalie Silva, Patrick Silva

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Provincetown Portuguese Festival

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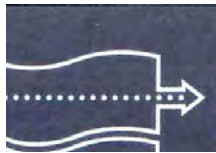


28th Annual
**Provincetown
Portuguese**
*Festival and 77th
Blessing of the Fleet*

Thank You

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

Share The Heritage



*Thank you, Jimmy, for 27 years of
service to the Portuguese Festival
and Blessing of the Fleet!*

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The Backshore is Beau Gribbin's Backyard

Selected Excerpts

CAPE COD COMMERCIAL FISHERMEN'S ALLIANCE

BY DOREEN LEGGETT, 2018

Beau Gribbin had been roofing and framing houses for more than five years, and his business – born when Hurricane Bob swept across the Cape in 1985 – was doing quite well.

“I hated it,” Gribbin said.

He had tried to pacify himself by going tuna fishing and catching striped bass, but it wasn't working. He was miserable. So Gribbin decided he was going lobstering off the backshore.

“You'll never catch lobsters there,” he was told.

“Bull****”, he returned.

The first day he went out in his new boat, Glutton, he set down a line of pots. He came back to a jackpot.

“I couldn't get them in the boat there were so many,” he said with a grin.

What the naysayers didn't understand was that Gribbin had spent almost his whole life in the six miles of ocean that rolled in against the dunes of Truro and Provincetown.

His father earned his living on draggers and Beau had been fishing commercially since he was 10. Like most Provincetown boys he had been messing around in boats long before that – everyone fished for fluke and had old boats that were constantly on the verge of breaking down or sinking.

Gribbin, wearing a grey shirt emblazoned with the name of his business, “High Pressure Fisheries,” told this story 18 years later while steaming away from Provincetown's MacMillan Wharf at 4:30 a.m. He and his crew were aboard a new iteration of the F/V Glutton, in part named for Gribbin being a glutton for punishment when it comes to fishing.

Three deck hands were quickly stuffing herring and codfish skins into red net bags to bait the lobster traps as the full moon hung in the air above the 48-foot boat.

Gribbin was in the wheelhouse. A big man in sweatpants and white oilskins, his stories of the past revolve around getting in trouble, but today he is a



Capt. Beau Gribbin





The Glutton Family Crest

BY ANDRÉA TASHA

The F/V Glutton is the boat that started the Gribbon's family's High Pressure Fisheries.

She's not fancy, but she's tough and resilient like the fishing community itself.

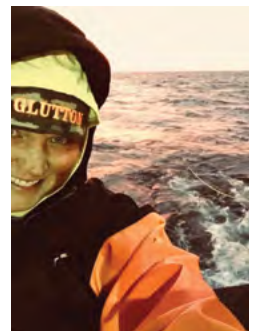
I felt my brother Beau needed a Family Crest to represent the intensity, the beauty, the danger and the sacrifice of his and other commercial fishing families. And the Glutton, this faithful vessel with a diesel heart who always brought them home safe deserved to be honored as well.

I drew the Glutton Family Crest some years ago and printed it on work shirts for Beau, Kathleen and Sarah Gribbin and the Glutton Crew and their families.

While my brother Beau Gribbin grew up fishing in Provincetown, he also earned experience as a teenage greenhorn on the Bering Sea, and the fierce, mask-like frame of the design honors the mentors and the inspiration he found in Alaska as well as here. The saying "They stand on the shoulders of giants" is so true in this industry, and my drawing had to be big, bold, and right out front in recognition of the legends that fished before him – and my brother's place in that proud history.



The Glutton fishing family



successful and respected businessman though still opinionated and feisty.

With the ride to his traps close to two hours away, he tells the story of the first time he went fishing. It was on Martin Luther King Day, and he had the day off from school. He was in fifth grade and aboard Arthur Duarte's boat, the *Taurus*, with his dad Andy.

"It was cold, but it was beautiful," Gribbin said.

They were dragging and kept bringing up thousands of pounds of cod and flounder.

"I was just hooked. I immediately knew this was what I wanted to do," he said. He loved the hunt for fish and the success of a great day on the water. Sometimes he'd be on the big draggers with metal doors that would scrape along the bottom and funnel fish to the nets, sometimes he'd go lobstering with his uncle.

He didn't talk with his dad much about those lobstering trips. His dad, like most draggers, hated the lobstermen who they felt got in their way. The feeling was mutual.

Back then, in the 1970's and 1980's, Provincetown was a big, thriving port, and there were lots of fish.

"I thought for sure that my whole life would be fishing, dragging," Gribbin said. "It was the best thing in the world."

Although he didn't appreciate it at the time, it was the community of fishing that drew him in. There was a hierarchy on the boat, and as the youngest he was at the bottom. The social structure, the fact that the younger members learned from the more experienced fishermen, stuck with him.

"I didn't realize how cool it was," he said.

And he has also grown to appreciate other experiences he resented at the time; moments emblematic of the fishing community that once was. Since the town was overwhelmingly Portuguese Catholic, no one worked on Fridays and customers would put out very specific orders to the captains – one haddock, no skin, for instance.

Gribbin had to deliver the fish on his bike with a "very uncool basket," pedaling home to home. He was able to interact with the true characters of Provincetown, many who were famous in their own small-town right.



F/V Glutton. Photo Todd Silva



Kathleen, daughter Sarah, and friends carry their boat's banners

The industry - and the town – is much different now, but similar ties are forged on the *Glutton*.

Gribbin's two mates, Eric "Rockey" Rego and Kevin Chase, have been working with him for more than four years. They have been through a lot together, including near-death experiences.

Rocky and Eric work hard, moving thousands of pounds a trip, hauling and resetting gear, most of the time on one foot as the boat and gear move.

"They are like my little brothers, our lives become intertwined," said Kathleen Gribbin, Beau's wife, helping as Beau nursed a hand injury, grabbing lobster after lobster, deftly putting green bands on waving claws.

Legal size lobsters were put in a five-by-ten-foot box with different compartments. Small lobsters, as well as undesired fish, were tossed overboard, virtually unscathed. Eric would grab the big yellow or white metal traps and stack them at the back to be set out again.

Gribbin checked every lobster in the various



Once upon a time, two kids fell in love and got married on a wing and a prayer. No money, no ring, no plan, just big dreams and big drive.

They welcomed a beautiful baby girl to the world and continued to carve, chip and grind away at building a life together.

Here we are 31 years later, and what an incredible honor this is. The Glutton, immortalized, representing a life of hard work, dedication and devotion to not only the fishing industry, but to our community and each other.

And they lived happily ever after.

*77th Blessing of the Fleet
Que Deus te abencoe.
Kathleen, 2024*

The Boat that Built Us

BY KATHLEEN GRIBBIN

Beau was only 10 years old when he first went dragging with his dad and Arthur Duarte on the Taurus. It was then that he realized fishing was in his blood. Fish dragging, lobstering, scalloping, fishing out of Alaska and the Bering Sea. It was a calling that couldn't be ignored. Over the next decades of Beau's life, there were many boats that came and went, all serving an important purpose. Each pushing us to adapt to changing regulations, to hone our craft in different fisheries, and to strive for not only success, but to build a life well-lived.

Fishing is unpredictable. You have to be prepared for the highs and lows. The haves and the have-nots. Constantly re-inventing and re-investing in the fishing industry.

The Glutton is the heart of our operation. She is Sturdy and Loyal. Gritty and Dependable.

She is the boat that built us.

In an ever-changing industry, the Glutton is a familiar reminder that hard work and dedication keeps you grounded, and all that glitters is not gold. ✦



compartments, to make sure they weren't v-notched or females with eggs. He also looked at the claws of some of the lobsters, noticing that the dark reddish brown had been scraped away to reveal the white underneath. That means the lobsters are on the move, coming in.

"That is what I like to see," Gribbin said.

When the water is warmer, the separation of the lobsters in the boxes isn't as important. But when the temperature drops the crustaceans are apt to get feisty and tear one another apart.

"Keeps the violence to a minimum," he said.

In amongst the lobsters, he pulled up a Jonah crab -marked with a thin, plastic green tag. Gribbin fishes for crabs, too, and this one he knows. Gribbin is working with scientists to see if the animals are staying local. He is also testing a scallop trawl that avoids catching flounder unintentionally and is working with the New England Aquarium on new lobster gear that won't entangle whales.

Gribbin enjoys having scientists aboard. He is a storyteller and unlike some other fishermen, he is not reserved. But he does have a stubborn streak and a strong sense of right and wrong, perhaps because he grew up fishing with old timers. He abides by a certain code of ethics.

He had gone to Alaska for three years and come back "to a totally different fishery" – a new raft of regulations and what many considered the government's over-involvement. Gribbin tried to

leave, did some building, but when the time came to get back to what fed his soul he chose to lobster where it had never been done.

Lobstering is very territorial. He sets his trawls as close as he can to one another without getting tangled up in a blow.

His family understands his tenacity; his daughter Sarah helped him for years before she went off to college.

She is really proud of being from a fishing family," Gribbin said. Kathleen, Gribbin's wife of close to 25 years, has her own profession, but has been helping out since Gribbin hurt his hand. She puts in time lobstering and also on Gribbin's second boat Hell Town.

It was Kathleen who was the angriest when the state almost didn't allow Gribbin to name his boat after an emblematic part of Provincetown's history. Centuries ago, Puritanical settlers thought the town was only good for cod, heathens, pirates and fishermen. The outcasts created their own community on the backshore, which was called Hell Town.

That long history of the town being a refuge and home for fishermen is not far from Gribbin's mind when he is on the water. Fishermen can always see the monument; it's a reminder of the town's tradition.

"It's in your genetic make-up," Gribbin said. ❖

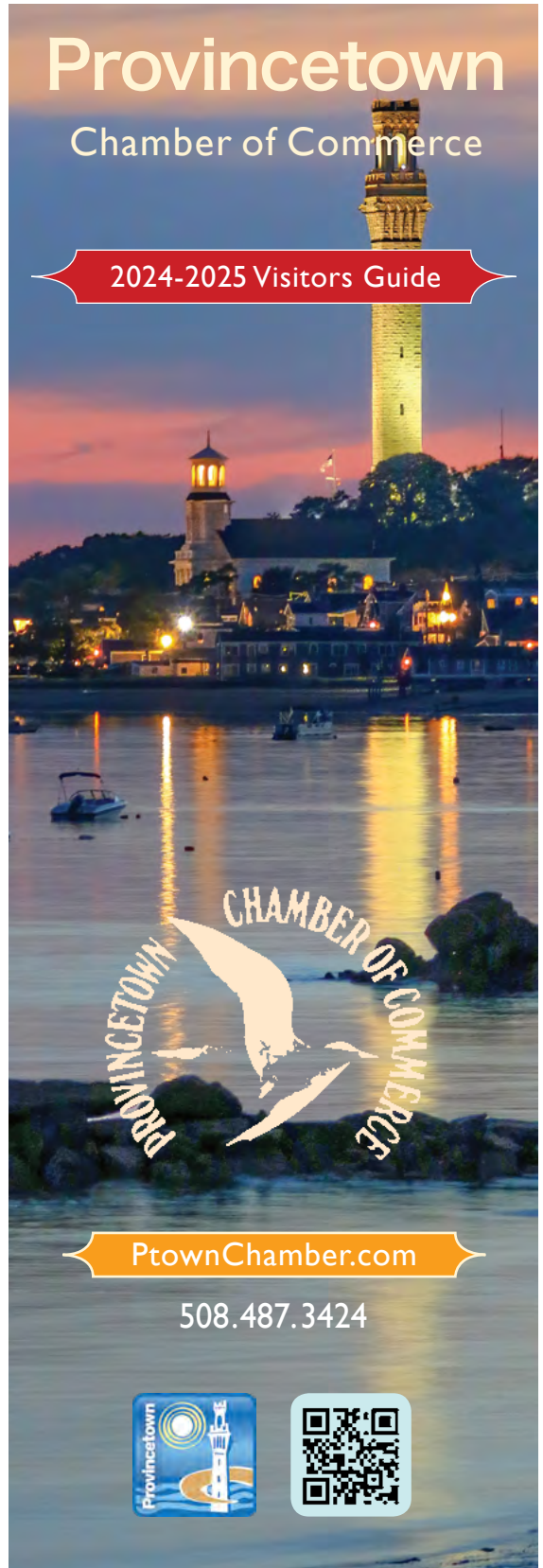


Kathleen and Beau, "Shipmates"

Thank You from the Festival Team

The Festival Team and its Volunteers extends its most sincere gratitude to those who have so generously shared personal stories, information, and photographs with us, especially David W. Dunlap, “Building Provincetown”, whose expertise and knowledge of the history of our community, its people, buildings and fishing heritage has been invaluable; Seamen’s Bank for their continued and generous support; The Lion’s Club; the Knights of Columbus; St. Peter the Apostle Church; Bishop Edgar DaCunha. S.V.D.; the Red Inn; Land’s End Marine for their generosity and donations for all the children’s games; Berta Walker; Stop and Shop; Graphic Smith Printers; the Provincetown History Preservation Project; The Provincetown Independent; the Provincetown Recreation Department; Lisa King and Salvador Vasques for historical photographs; Helen Valentine for her booklet, “The Day of a Provincetown Fisherman”; Ken Silva; Michael Coelho, Sr.; Chris Racine for the Festival lighting display on the Provincetown Monument and Town Hall; the Provincetown II; Provincetown Pier Management; Cape Cod Commercial Fisherman’s Alliance; Deborah Forman “Perspectives on the Provincetown Art Colony, mid-century to 2010; “ Edwin Dickinson in Provincetown, 1912-1937”; Irma Ruckstuhl, “Old Provincetown in Early Photographs”; John Whorf, “John Whorf Rediscovered”; Beverly Dwyer and family for our continued use of their property for the Festival Warehouse; and the town of Provincetown and its boards for their support of the Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet through the years.

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






Provincetown

Chamber of Commerce

2024-2025 Visitors Guide

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They Were My Grandparents

Growing Up with Nanny and Pumpi

BY RUSSELL SANDERSON



"Aunt Fannie"



"Nonnie" Fields with a load of tuna fish

When I was older, I was the dishwasher at the Coffee Locker, although, truthfully, I didn't wash a lot of dishes. A waitress named Delphine would come over and say to me, "Let me help you with the dishes as I see you are so busy." She even gave me a tip from her money!

Pumpi would be out back cleaning fish he had caught in his trap that morning. Dinners were ninety-nine cents and specials were one dollar and twenty-nine cents in those days. It seemed that during my restaurant career I could do no wrong in my grandparents' eyes.

When the Veteran's Memorial School opened in 1955, Nanny oversaw the cafeteria, and remained there until she retired in 1973. She loved all "her children", and they loved her back. It was here that she earned her name "Aunt Fannie". She was well-known to all by this name in her life.

She and her sister Nellie, 11, her mother Clara, 49, and her brother Jake, 13 posed for Charles Hawthorne's famous painting "His First Voyage". Nanny can be seen on the lower right of the painting, then Clara, Nellie and Jake in the center.



His First Voyage is a 1915 oil on board painting by Charles Webster Hawthorne, one of the iconic gems of PAAM's permanent collection.

(Photo courtesy PAAM)

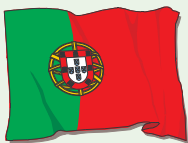
The children received 10 cents an hour, and adults twenty-five cents for posing. In 1999, at the Art Association Celebration of Hawthorne's founding of the Provincetown Art Colony, she told an Advocate reporter, "I was very proud of that painting, but I didn't have red hair!"

Pumpi was known around town as "Nonnie", captain of the trap boat CHARLOTTE. He was also Captain of Fire Station Pumper #5 in the West End of town. There were lively competitions among

Fishing Derby Sponsor



F/V Atlanta



F/V Nancy & Debbie

F/V Linda & Warren

Length 55 feet Tonnage 30 tons
Width 16 feet Capacity 30,000 lbs.
Draft 7 feet Powered by G.M. Diesel
Owned by Joseph B. Silva
Captained by Kenneth Silva

Crew Members:

Charley "Chaplin" Thomas
Alfred "Long Legs" Souza
Gilbert "Bretanha" Souza

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



Capt. Josie & Amelia Silva

Ken Silva
Bob & Eleanor Silva



Capt. "Nonnie"



The trap boat "Charlotte" after it's restoration

the five engine houses in town, peaceful most of the time, but fierce at other times. It was really exciting for young boys like me.

I tagged along at many of the fireman's feasts – fried fish, cod fish heads, clam chowder, squid stew, Canbuoy soup (hot dog soup), and, of course, Portuguese linquica. We also feasted on clams, quahogs and delicious "conkawrinkles", our nickname for periwinkles.

Hanging around the trap shed was nothing like hanging around Ma's Pantry. "You'll get a heist in the a** if you don't behave!" That was the greeting I got at the trap shed from my grandfather and the other fishermen who were busy mending nets and fixing trap poles, for the upcoming trap fishing season. A tar pit was outside where nets were dipped before taking them out and spreading them in the fields to dry where there were no houses, no condos and no paved roads at that time. The odor in the shed was quite unique as it was a combination of tar, cigars, cigarettes, and smoking pipes. The men always had some sort of liquid beverage as a "pick-me-up". All was tempered by the burning of a pot-bellied stove.

The setting of the traps was quite a feat. The crew would set up each year on a grant issued by the government. The trap fishermen had no GPS, only landmarks and a compass. In season, I loved sitting in the stern of the dory with Pumpi, while the crew rowed to the trap boat CHARLOTTE. Watching the crew working on the traps was quite a memory for me, although I got that heist that they spoke of more than a few times! Fish was plentiful, tuna,

horse mackerel, whiting, and sometimes even some sort of exotic fish was pulled up in the nets which was always a surprise.

My first job (sort of) was taking four mackerel to Nick the Greek for one dollar. His restaurant was where Sal's Place is now, at 99 Commercial Street. I also worked at Flyer's Boat Rentals as well as the Boatyard.

Growing up in the West End of town was a great experience. We had the West End Racing Club with sailboat racing which was fun and exciting. We had plenty of squid, crabs, bullbags, and conkawrinkles to be found on the beach. Fish gurry in the water along with remnants of the mainland floating around made for very sweet shellfish!

Both Nanny and Pumpi thought the world of my girlfriend Dorothy ("Dot") Fritz. Many times, I heard from Pumpi, "You'd better marry that girl before she changes her mind. Who else would marry you?" Dot and I did marry on November 4, 1972. Sadly, neither Nanny or Pumpi attended the wedding. Pumpi passed on the morning before the wedding, cleaning fish for our neighbor. My grandmother Nanny was grieving the loss.

They both have passed, but memories of Ma's Pantry and the trap shed are still with me. More memories of the past are opening, thanks to the members of our Provincetown Writers Group of which I am a part.

Thank you for reading my memories, and as Aunt Fannie would say, "God bless and take care of you all." ❖



The murals on view throughout the Provincetown Inn are authentic scenes of old Provincetown and its people. These murals depict the early settlement at Long Point. They were commissioned by owner Chester Peck and painted by Don Aikens of Weymouth in 1966.

Photographs by Nancy Silva



“The Settlement at Long Point”

32 houses • 20 stores • 3 saltworks

BY DEBORAH MINSKY



A fisherman's house being floated across the harbor to town.



This floater house from Long Point was moved from Johnson Street to Beach Point, 1905 Photo by John R. Smith

It's been said that the Portuguese women continued to cook in their kitchens as their house was being transported.

Long Point has been a symbolic focal point for pretty much my entire life. Ever since I was a little girl romping with my summer buddies on the Kendall Lane Beach in the East End of Town, up to current times when I enjoy the same space with my grandchildren, I've felt protected, even inspired by the comforting enclosure of Cape Cod's arm and the shining beacon of Long Point lighthouse. I am blessed living in Provincetown. The history of the Point's old settlement has always fascinated me.

What most people see now is a slightly distant, isolated sprit of land nestling around Provincetown Harbor. It is a great place to visit if you are looking for some peace and quiet away from the bustle of downtown. But be careful walking barefoot over the hot sand, and watch out for the poison ivy lining the paths. (I hate to admit I learned both lessons the hard way.) I have accessed this spot by walking across the West End breakwater near the Provincetown Inn, or as a “guest” in someone else's boat. More than once I have paddled my kayak clear across the bay from the Cape Codder beach, a great endeavor, except when I wanted to return to civilization and had to paddle back without much rest for my wearied arms. I am not an Olympic rower. If you consider re-enacting this



Houses referred to as “Floaters” are marked by plaques created in the 1970's by Claude Jensen for the Provincetown Historical Association

outing, wear a broad-brimmed hat, slather yourself with sunscreen, and bring some bottled water. And please, be sure to let someone know where you are headed and your approximate time of return.

In contrast to the Point's current solitude, there once existed a thriving, year-round community that began in 1818 when fisherman John Atwood built the first house on site. 1822 saw the Point's first birth, Prince Freeman, Jr. The settlement expanded amid a great deal of hard work, growing until the late 1850's when the population peaked at approximately two hundred residents. As David Dunlap tells us in his extraordinary book **BUILDING PROVINCETOWN – A guide to its**

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Social and Cultural History, “Long Point was not Helltown, though many people today conflate the two.” It was a populated settlement, built near, and for the fishing industry, back when “mackerel, shad and bass were plentiful and could be hauled in with sweep seines.” (B.P. page 62.) I also remember the nets, suspended on posts in the harbor and referred to as weirs, a practical yet beautiful reminder of Provincetown’s origins. I was sad when the “powers that be” authorized the removal of all Long Point weirs. Many people still consider this place a “fishing town” even though some of its intensity has been replaced by tourism, especially in the summer season.

Dunlap expands his Long Point narrative by commenting, “There was ample room for a salt evaporation works” – an industry vital to the Town’s economy. The first lighthouse was constructed in 1818, to be replaced in 1876 by the current structure – “a 38-foot- high tapering brick tower whose green beacon flashes a welcome to Provincetown harbor every four seconds.” Charles Derby, credited with being the original lighthouse keeper, as of 1830. (Please note: This person is not to be confused with the Provincetown artist, Charles Darby, who died in WW II and is commemorated by a cross created by fellow Beachcombers Philip Malicoat, Roger Rilleau and John Whorf.) The last known surviving resident on the point, Captain Ed Walter Smith, died in 1960.

The settlement on the Point gradually expanded to include a post office, a bake house, a wharf, and a general store. “By 1846 there were enough families to warrant a school, which doubled as a church.” (BP p.62.) Dunlap continues his narrative, “More than 50 buildings were scattered around a water body called the Lobster Plain, whose T-shaped outline can be discerned from the air.” At its peak in the late 1840’s, the community seemed to do well, earning a living through fishing and operating the salt works. However, any signs of prosperity were short-lived. Since there was no source of fresh water, cisterns had to be used to collect and store rain water for daily use. By the mid-1850’s the fishing grounds were exhausted and the settlement was abandoned. Homes were floated across the harbor to be re-sited, mainly in the west end of

Town. According to Dunlap, “By the mid 1860’s only the schoolhouse and two homes remained on the point.”

If you examine the murals painted by interior designer Don Aikens from 1966-1972 and displayed at the Provincetown Inn, you will see a vivid panorama of the original Long Point settlement, nestled into the narrow land mass that still defines it. Inspired by early 20th century picture postcards of Provincetown, Aiken depicted spacious yet cozy homes with fenced-in yards, a saltworks, and a fish shed close to the shore. This village landscape included the lighthouse with its adjoining buildings. One can imagine a hardworking, fiercely independent yet endangered community, threatened on all sides by the capricious waters and weather of Cape Cod Bay on the outer shore and the encroachment of Provincetown Harbor facing the town inside. Such a village was always at risk of an unexpected storm or tide-induced flood, a precarious life for all inhabitants. Imagine living out there through an actual hurricane. In her book, *Time and the Town: A Provincetown Chronicle*, Mary Heaton Vorse grimly noted in 1942, “This sickle of sand which encloses one of the finest harbors on the North Atlantic was so narrow that encroaching storms played havoc with it and threatened at one time to sweep the narrow point away. It was too valuable a harbor to be destroyed and the government took it over.”

During my research into the history of the Long Point settlement, I was pleasantly surprised by a cache of information in Wikipedia. This source indicates that reasons for leaving the settlement at Long Point differ. “It is also unclear whether there was a triggering event which caused a wholesale departure, or whether these was instead a more orderly migration. Sources all agree, however, that beginning in the 1850’s people began to leave and return to the main town.” The “floater homes” that were moved to accommodate the Point’s “evacuees” mainly in the West End of Town are designated near their doorway by a beautiful blue plaque created by Claude and Hank Jensen. The history of the Long Point Settlement is just more proof of the wonders of Provincetown, the place I will always call home. ✦



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Race Point Settlement

BY LISA KING

The Race Point fishing settlement was the first of its kind on the backshore of Provincetown. This colony sprung up around 1800 long before the Herring Cove settlement, known as “Hell Town” did about 1880.

The first bohemian fishing community was the area around the Race Point Light House and was very active with a cluster of fishermen, sometimes their families, and pilot huts as the picture shows. The Joshua Stickney Nickerson Oil Plant opened for business near Herring Cove in the late 1800s, forcing the remaining fishermen and their families to move closer to Herring Cove out of necessity and abandon the Race Point settlement.

I found this passage written in 1802 by James Freeman, whom the Humane Society Trustees hired to survey the backshore for the best spots to erect the first huts for wrecked seamen to find shelter.

“On Race Point stand about a dozen fishing huts, containing fireplaces and other conveniences. The distance from these huts to Provincetown, which lies on Cape Cod Harbour, is three miles. You travel over a sandy beach, without grass or any other vegetable growing on it, to the woods, through which is a winding road to town. It would be difficult, if not impossible, for a stranger to find

this way thither in the dark; and the woods are so full of ponds and entangling swamps, that if the road was missed, destruction would probably be the consequence of attempting to penetrate them in the night.”

There was a thriving fishing community on Race Point in 1802. In the 1830s, this little colony grew and soon a separate school district was declared because of the number of children living along the shore of Race Point.

The second fishing settlement, known as Hell Town, sprung up in the 1880s closer to Herring Cove. I believe the newer location was chosen for a settlement because it was still close to the fishing grounds and the Joshua Stickney Nickerson Oil Plant was built near Herring Cove around the same time. Also, it was quicker and safer to go over the dunes to bring their fish to market than to travel by boat, avoiding the deadly shoals of Cape Cod.

The photo depicts the second Race Point Light House, which was erected in 1876 and clad in black cast-iron sheets. The settlement is clearly visible, scattered around the Race Point beacon in this picture that was taken about 1880.

This moment in history was captured by George Hathaway Nickerson. ↩

Old Wharves of Provincetown

BY BONNIE STEELE MCGHEE

Between 1830 and 1880, more than 55 wharves were built. In 1846, Freeman and Joseph Atkins asked for an extension of their wharf. In 1848, John Atwood Junior, Solomon Bangs, James Chandler and Joshua Dyer built wharves along with Simeon Conant in 1847, and Samuel Cook in 1846. Jesse Cook extended his wharf in 1848, Parker Cook, in 1847. K.W. Freeman, Isiah Gifford, Jonathan Hill, & Joseph P. Johnson were granted permission to build wharves. Stephen Hilliard extended his in 1846, also Timothy P. Johnson extended in 1846, Thomas Lothrop in 1844, John Nickerson in 1846. Seth Nickerson built his wharf in 1848, Godfry Ryder in 1845, Daniel Small, in 1848, and Elisha Young, in 1848.

Thomas Lothrop was the first to build a wharf in Provincetown. It was located near Masonic Hall.

In 1833, “Union Wharf” was built. Jonathan Nickerson, Thomas Nickerson, Stephen Nickerson, & Samuel Soper were incorporated as the “Union Wharf Co.”

The “Central Wharf” was built in 1839 by Joseph Atkins. Later it was owned by John Atwood in 1858, and in 1864, by Nathan Young.

John D. Hilliard built “Hilliard’s Wharf” in 1846. Steven Hilliard sold it to T & J & H. Hilliard and Company. Freeman and Hilliard succeeded

them in 1859, until 1880, when John Hilliard continued the business.

Joseph Manta purchased “Manta’s Wharf” in 1882.

William Matheson purchased “Steamboat Wharf” in 1882. (This is where the Seaview Restaurant is now, currently Bubala’s).

“Market Wharf” was built in 1843.

Provincetown Wharves remained active throughout the 19th century but began to deteriorate at the turn of the century. Some were ruined from ice, and others were ruined during the Portland Gale in 1898.

In 1848, Freeman Atkins, Eben S. Smith, William A. Atkins and others were incorporated as “Provincetown Marine Railway” to construct a railway east of “Central Wharf”.

In 1852, Charles A. Hannum, Stephen Nickerson, and others incorporated “Union Marine Railway” with the power to build a railway at “Union Wharf.”

In 1864, Epaphras K. Cook, Ephraim Cook, Ebenezer Cook, and others were incorporated as “Eastern Marine Railway” to construct a railway of E.&E.K. Cook. This was discontinued in the winter of 1874-75.

Higgin’s Wharf,
Provincetown
Post Card





Sklaroff's Wharf, built in 1917-18 by S. Sklaroff and Sons, specializing in smoked fish, was sold in 1936 and purchased by the Monument Fish Company and renamed Monument Dock, a docking place of the Steel Pier from Boston. The wharf was damaged through the years by fire and a blizzard. The ruined wharf was subsequently purchased by Bob and Vaughn Cabral who turned it into a marina called Fishermen's Wharf for 46 years. It is now owned by Chuck and Ann Lagasse who operate it as the Provincetown Marina, a beautiful destination for boaters.

Beginning at the West End of Town:

1. **"Steve & Tom Nickerson Pier"** from the Western Parking Place 500 ft., mostly fishing for trap men and Grand bankers.

2. **"Jackson Williams Pier"**, 300 ft. long, part of shipyard with buildings for storage. (**"Capt. Jack's Wharf"**)

3. **"Myrick Atwood"** at the foot of Nickerson Street where the former **"Wharf Theater"** stood, 300 ft., now the West End Racing Club.

4. **"Union Wharf"**, a 1,000 ft. pier, once was one of the most

important, with blacksmith shops, block makers, sheds, sail lofts, rigging yard and marine railway. One building was used just for packing mackerel. **"Sal's Place"** is now in front of it, 99 Commercial.

5. **"J.L.N. Paine Wharf"** just east of **"Union Wharf"**, 700 ft. long, provided docking space for Grand Bankers.

6. **"N.C. Brook's Wharf"**, 400 ft., foot of Kelly's Corner, lumber, schooners unloaded, heavy timber from Maine woods and Nova Scotia.

7. **"James Burch Wharf"**, with a 200 ft. pier, housed storage for nets and fishing gear.

8. **"Frank Freeman's Pier"**, 600 ft., later called **"Cape Cod Cold Storage Wharf"**, fish wharf for packing, buying and selling to out-of-town markets. The pier was rebuilt twice and has now disappeared. This pier was probably at 125 Commercial Street near the location of the present Coast Guard Station.

9. **"Nathan Freeman's Pier"**, a 300 ft. pier. Nathan was brother to Frank Freeman. This wharf was used to unload fish. The brothers

Arrival of the Boat, Provincetown, Mass.



Returning to the deck we discover the shores of Cape Cod lying low on the horizon — just such a sight as the Pilgrims saw, approaching their first landing place in the new world. The tall tower of Pilgrim Memorial Monument raises its clear silhouette against the sky and Race Point is soon abeam. We are

Rounding the Cape

the tip end of Cape Cod, the scene of many historic wrecks and heroic rescues, but the light-house and coast guard stations seen plainly on the beach, stand as our sentinels of safety. Rounding the tip of the Cape we are entering Provincetown Harbor, the only fully protected deep water anchorage on Cape Cod, and the haven for thousands of hard-pressed vessels in the storms of more than 300 years.



Pilgrim Memorial Monument
Provincetown



Mural from Provincetown Inn by Dan Aiken

connected the two wharves with a bridge to make it easier. This wharf was later called the **“Puritan Cold Storage Plant.”**

10. **“David Smith Pier”** a 300 ft. wharf at the rear of 111 Commercial Street for unloading and shipping fish.

11. **“Artemus Paine Wharf”**, a 500 ft. wharf, was at the foot of Conant Street.

12. **“Central Wharf”** at the foot of Central Street, between the old Grozier Estate and Adam’s property. This pier was 1,000 feet long and housed a sail loft, blacksmith shop, rigging, ballast rooms, etc.

13. **“B.H. Dyer Wharf”**, at 300 ft. was at the rear of present B.H. Dyer hardware store, used for fish packing.

14. **“Joseph Manta’s Wharf”**, formerly by Crocker & Atwood, was 600 ft., and similar to **“B.H. Dyer’s Wharf.”** From this pier the Manta Fleet rigged out.

15. **“J&E&G Bowley Wharf”**, next to and just east of **“Manta’s Wharf”** (where the Sea View Restaurant was, and now currently Bubala’s.) Later this was known as **“Fishermen’s Cold Storage Wharf”**. **“Bowley’s Wharf”** was very active. Whalers were outfitted and rigged there. The **“S.S. George Shallick”**

docked at this wharf carrying passengers and freight from Boston.

16. **“Joseph Atwood Wharf”** at the rear of 205 Commercial Street, was a 600 ft. lumber wharf. George Allen Sr. was in an import lumber business. It was also called **“Market Wharf.”**

17. **“Seth Nickerson Wharf”**, located where the Post Office building is now located. It was used as a fishing pier with shops and storage space.

18. **“Charles Nickerson Wharf”** was a 400 ft. long fish pier where **“Cape Cod Garage”** was. This was an unloading and flaking wharf for cod fish vessels.

19. **“Benjamin Lancy’s Wharf”**, later **“Colonial Cold Storage Plant”**, was a lumber and coal yard. (The Old Reliable Fish House was there at the time.)

20. **“Charlie Cook’s Wharf”**, a 400 ft. fish wharf with fish sheds, boat room and storage, was later used as the Artist’s Theatre, probably where the Provincetown Playhouse was located, at the foot of Gosnold Street.

21. **“Frank Joseph’s Wharf”**, a fish wharf, also known as **“Monument Dock”**, and **“Sklaroff’s Wharf.”**

22. **“Alfred Small’s Wharf”**, was located next to the Board of Trade, at the rear of old Land’s End Marine. This was a lumber



Manta’s Wharf owned by Joseph Manta, the “fishmaker”, the purveyor of dry salted cod



A typical “flake” yard where split cod were spread out on wooden racks to dry in the sun. In the background, the stately home with the cupola, was owned by legendary Reggie Cabral, now home for his daughter April.

Photo courtesy of Lisa King, local historian.



Remnants of Lancy's Wharf, seen from the top of Pilgrim Monument. Photo by Nancy Silva

This wharf was built around 1850. The Lancy house at 230 Commercial Street is directly in line with the long access of the pile field. David Dunlap, Building Provincetown.

wharf, 300 ft. long, across the street from where the old Cutler's Pharmacy used to be. Near the Mayflower Café, was a large Flake Yard.

23. **"Railroad Wharf"**, **"Town Wharf"** was rebuilt twice. Years ago, it was 1,200 ft. long, and one of the most important wharves. It had a double set of railroad tracks and docking space for vessels.

24. *NOTE: All the above wharves were still standing until the Portland Gale in 1898.*

25. **"J.D. Hilliard Wharf"**, Higgins Lumber Yard (where Land's End is now), was 600 ft., and had fish flakes. It was a very wide wharf where fishing and canning were done. Later it was used as a lumbar yard, coal yard and hardware store.

26. **"George O. Knowles Wharf"**, at the foot of Pearl Street, was 600 ft. long, and was used to outfit whalers and Grand Bankers.

27. **"David Conwell's Wharf"** was 600 ft. long, and was at the rear of old "Quarter Deck Club",

east of Pearl St., and serviced a large fleet of Grand Bankers.

28. **"Ed Small's Wharf"**, at 500 ft. long was later a canning factory.

29. **"Kibby Cook Wharf"** was 900 ft. long, and part of a shipyard and marine railway. Whalers fitted out and came in here for overhauls. The Kibby Cook House was owned later by Mary Heaton Vorse. The C.L. Burch Grocery store was once Kibby Cook's store, now Bryant's Market. (Currently Angel Foods grocery store owned by Liz Lovati.)

30. **"Charles Austin Cook's Wharf"**, a 400 ft. pier behind Admiral Donald Macmillan's home (owned by the Bryant family at the time of this writing). It had space for fishing gear and unloading facilities for Grand Bankers.

31. **"H.S. Cooks & Sons Wharf"**, a 1,000 ft. wharf across from where the Figure Head House is located. Harry and Sylvanus Cook were brothers.

Henry owned the Figure Head House. This wharf was for the fleet of Grand Bankers.

32. **"Sam Swift's Wharf"**, later called "Consolidated Cold Storage Wharf" was a terminal for Grand Banker's. It was only 100 ft. long and was located where the Cold Storage Condos are now.

33. **"Phillip Whorf's Pier"** at 539 Commercial Street was used for loading and unloading, as well as outfitting Grand Bankers. Later it was used for trapping.

34. **"Bangs A. Lewis Wharf"** in the rear of what was John dos Passos' home, was 900 ft. long and operated as a Grand Banker, lumber, coal, ice and rigging wharf. The "Provincetown Players" used this wharf. "Sixes and Sevens Club" was in the large building at the end of the pier, behind 571 Commercial Street.

35. **"Conway's Wharf"** was 200 ft. and was used for tying up vessels. ↵



Bonnie S. McGhee, a 1963 graduate of PHS, was devoted to Provincetown's history and chronicled it, often in longhand. She loved to relate all that she knew about the town to anyone who was interested. We are fortunate to have this information of the history of the wharves to share in our Festival Booklet. We are sure she would be honored to know that her knowledge and research continues to be vital and significant today, 32 years later.



A view from the steeple of the Center Methodist Church, taken in 1889 at low tide, overlooks the Provincetown Cold Storage at the foot of Johnson Street. All of the white buildings in the foreground were part of the freezer plant facilities, the first to be constructed in Provincetown, in 1893. The trolley that brought fish from the trap boats directly into the plant is at the extreme right. Of the six cold storage structures once located in Provincetown, only one stands today, the former Consolidated Cold Storage opposite Howland Street; its use is now residential. "Old Provincetown in Early Photographs" by Irma Ruckstuhl.

A Legacy: the Wharves of Provincetown

BY NANCY SILVA

In the 1800's, the wharves in Provincetown were bustling with maritime activity, and were a vital part of the local economy as the fishing industry in Provincetown in 1831 was totally dependent on fishing. These iconic structures stood proudly on the waterfront, weathered and worn, stretching out into the harbor, each wharf with its own story to tell. Fishermen unloaded their catches of cod, haddock and mackerel, with seagulls overhead vying for the catch. Nets and traps were mended, the fishermen told tales of their last fishing trip, and the catch was sorted before being transported to market. The wharves shaped the identity and livelihood of the town in their heyday.

When whaling and fishing were thriving in 1845, Provincetown was bringing in over one third of the total cod caught off the Cape, or some 1000 tons a year. Ten years later, Provincetown would account

for almost twice the total of all other Cape towns, with an annual catch of almost 4000 tons. Shore industries grew along with fishing, providing the beginning of a stable local economy. During this period, the early 19th century, 225 men and boys from Provincetown, along with 75 from nearby towns, were employed on shore industries related to fishing. There were ten saltworks in town, which together distilled over 8,000 hogsheads of salt each year, all of it used locally to preserve cod and mackerel. There were five buildings for smoking herring and 90 buildings altogether for storing fish. Most provisions came from Boston, which also provided the largest market for Provincetown fish. The population increased from 812 in 1800, to 946 by 1802. By 1840, the settlement would grow to become the largest fishing port on the Cape.

**Provincetown History Preservation Project*



A damaged Union Wharf in Provincetown which was built in 1830-31 is seen here across from Paine's Wharf. Both images are from the collection of Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum.

There were over 50 wharves in Provincetown at this time, all eager to capitalize on all the opportunities the sea offered. Some wharves had sheds for storage of fishing gear, others had blacksmith shops, some had sailmakers. Others outfitted the Grand Bankers and whalers with provisions before they headed out to sea for long and dangerous voyages. Passengers embarked and disembarked at a wharf with railroad tracks, called Railroad Wharf, (MacMillan Pier today, named for famed Arctic explorer Rear Admiral Donald MacMillan), and freight from Boston was unloaded. Canning facilities processed fish on the wharves, fish was shipped, and wharves were stocked with lumber, building materials, coal and ice. Railroad tracks ran down one of the wharves. The community was thriving with the shipping, fishing and transportation of goods to and from Provincetown's waterfront which sustained the local economy.

It was a diverse mix of townspeople, workers, sailors, fishermen and passengers that created a dynamic atmosphere on the wharves which were teeming with activity every day for many years throughout the 19th century.

Many of the wharves were destroyed in the disastrous Portland Gale of November 26 and 27, 1898. The storm was dubbed the Portland Gale after the paddle steamer Portland, making its daily run from Boston to its namesake city in Maine, was lost in the storm claiming an estimated 192 lives after sinking over Stellwagen Bank. Overall, an



The Provincetown harbor waterfront saw extensive damage during the storm "Portland Gale" of November 26-27, 1898.

estimated 456 people died at sea during the storm. At the tip of Cape Cod, Provincetown was among the areas worst hit with dozens of ships piling up in its usually safe harbor. Between twenty-five and thirty vessels took refuge there. According to the U.S. Life-Saving Service, 'some foundered at their anchors, some drifted into shoal water and pounded on the bottom until water-logged, and others were driven high and dry on the land.' One of the fishing boats was found one hundred feet from the high-water mark. All but one of Provincetown's wharves was destroyed. Many acknowledged the waterfront devastation as a final death blow to Provincetown's once thriving fishing and whaling industry.

The wharves that remained became havens for artist's studios and theaters. Mary Heaton Vorse, who owned Lewis Wharf, produced with the Provincetown Players Eugene O'Neill's "Bound East for Cardiff" in 1916 in the former fish house. Charles Hawthorne taught plein air painting classes on the wharves, attracting students from all over the country.

Except for MacMillan Pier and Fisherman's Wharf the wharves are now gone. Only the memories and their legacy remain. It's a piece of maritime history that Provincetown will always be proud of... the hardworking Portuguese fishermen, and their fish-laden vessels. Remnants and pilings of these long-lost wharves are still visible today in the harbor, echoes of the past. ✦

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- 20-22 Book Festival at the Public Library
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October

- 11-13 Washashore Festival
- 11-14 O'Neill Festival of New Works
- 14-20 Women's Week

November

- 7-10 Provincetown Food & Wine Festival
- 11 Lighting of the Pilgrim Monument

December

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- 1 Polar Bear Plunge

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**FISHERMEN'S
MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
PROVINCETOWN, MA**

The Fishermen's Memorial Foundation is dedicated to honoring the memory of fishermen who lost their lives while pursuing their livelihood at sea, and to commemorate the sacrifices and risks taken by all who ventured out in their fishing vessels. The creation of a bronze sculpture being designed and crafted by sculptor Romolo DelDeo, the son of painter Salvatore DelDeo and writer and historian Josephine Del Deo is proposed to be 14' long and 16' high and will depict two fishermen sitting in a Grand Banks dory atop a rolling wave, where the names of the Provincetown men, women and children who perished on an unforgiving sea will be engraved.

The mission of the Fishermen's Memorial Foundation is to raise funds to erect this bronze monument on the waterfront at MacMillan Wharf in Provincetown to ensure that these courageous individuals will never be forgotten. The Foundation hopes to accomplish this goal through donations, grants and fundraising.

Lisa King, who is spearheading the memorial, along with a group of about a dozen people, says in the Cape Cod Commercial Fishermen's Alliance article by Doreen Leggett, "Provincetown has been a fishing town. If we

don't honor our fishing heritage, then the history is incomplete." King doesn't want to think of the waterfront without the sculpture. If it doesn't happen, "my heart will be done."

The Fishermen

BY TONY ADAH

When the seagull goes home
At twilight the fishermen will move
Seaward and prowl in the turbid water
Of the first to fetch.
They will lament that the night caught
Up with them and the reason why
They return empty handed
Time, daytime was in great need
And they plead that more time be given
To bring the fish home
And time is always not enough.

*Professor Tony Adah, from Nigeria, is a US
Fullbright scholar in Film studies at Minnesota State
University Moorhead.*



*Salvatore Del Deo:
A Tribute to the Lost
Fishermen of the F/V
Patricia Marie*

The Town Hall unveiling ceremony will be on Friday, June 28 at 11 am, during Provincetown Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet Week-end.

A Generous Gift to Provincetown

BY NANCY SILVA

Renowned artist, Salvatore Del Deo's painting titled "Homage to the Patricia Marie", painted 20 years ago, and dedicated to Billy King and his six crew members, Morris Joseph, his son Alton, Walter Marshall, Richard Oldenquist, Robert Zawalick and Ernest Cordeiro, who were lost at sea 48 years ago, on October 24, 1976, in a tragic event that devastated this community. The painting is a poignant, heartfelt tribute to these men, and a memory that Sal will never forget. The painting is filled with emotion, remembrance, and a sense of loss, and reflects Sal's close connection to the sea and to the fishermen, especially Captain Billy King with whom he was deeply connected. The artwork serves as a lasting reminder of the sacrifices made by these fishermen and the inherent dangers of the sea.

A benefactor has recently purchased Salvatore's painting, "Homage to Patricia Marie", and has graciously donated it to the Town of Provincetown, a wonderful and very generous gift. This painting, approved by the Art Commission and the Selectmen, will be permanently installed in the

Town Hall, ensuring that the memory of these men will be honored for generations, and their story will never be forgotten.

We thank Sal for his support and for his 75 years of painting rich canvases of this community, its fishermen and its people. Through his art, Sal has honored the legacy of the fishermen from the Patricia Marie, and all fishermen who go to sea. At 95, Sal's passion for painting remains strong, and he continues to paint every day in his studio.

"My studio is my church, my safe haven. This is where the mystery meets the romance. The artist and the fisherman share in that mystical connection. They both have an intimate knowledge of nature as it exists for each of them individually on their own terms, The result is a culture that created the physical and spiritual basis of this community and our unique heritage. It's the place I call home." (As told to Maureen Hurst and Kathie Meads in "Talkin' Fish", 2022 Portuguese Festival Booklet, available on-line: provincetownportuguesefestival.com) ✦



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An old newspaper clipping of the damaged Reneva fishing boat against the wharf at Tave's Boatyard.

THE PROVINCETOWN ADVOCATE ARCHIVES

Taves reached the apogee of its boatbuilding era with the construction of such large vessels as a 38-foot-10-inch lobster boat, designed by Joseph Andrews for Herbert Lovell of Barnstable. In the winter of 1965-1966, when fishermen on the Cape were prevented from going to sea, they would instead head to 129R Commercial Street from Orleans, Chatham, Yarmouth and even Barnstable, "to stand quietly around, smoking and watching the practice of an old art and craft that shows up best when men ply it by hand," The Advocate reported in January 1966



Tave's Boatyard by Harvey Dodd.

The illustration comes from "My Provincetown Memorabilia Collection" on Facebook, posted by Salvador R. Vasques III.

Tave's Boatyard ~ Provincetown, MA

BY ANIKA M. COSTA



Left: Head-on view of the marine railway at Taves Boatyard shows the tracks running out to the harbor and the cradle in which boats are hauled to dry land. **Right:** Frank “Bisca” Taves in an undated photograph from Bill Berardi’s “Faces of Provincetown” collection, assembled and scanned at Provincetown High School, under the direction of Judith Stayton, and held by the family of Gordon Ferreira.

Can you hear the splinters of the wooden cradle and the rust of the rails call out to the past? They sigh in the still beauty of an October day, yearning for the wooden draggers with their sea weathered crew to safely come ashore in the west end of town to Tave’s Boatyard.

Ashore to rest ... From bow to stern, starboard to port and from the top of the mast through the well trodden but solid deck boards to the saltwater soaked keel. Ashore ... To have the strong blistered and sometimes swollen, bruised hands of the crew, restore the beauty and ensure the safety of those houses of the seas. Each sharp, crusty barnacle tangled in seaweed vigorously scraped away, flying in the air to dock on the base of the cradle or to the earth.

Intermingled with wood shavings, paint chips, turpentine, epoxy, pulled nails, discarded discs of sandpaper and certainly the dried droppings of many seabirds. Cohesive with sweat, cigarette butts, stogies or a “dip” of chewing tobacco and the salty saliva of the fishermen. And back in the day on the railway at Tave’s Boatyard, might not these elements of boat repair be joined by an empty pint or two of fisherman’s liquid courage? The “ Hair of the Dog That Bit Ya. ”

Might a bandana hankie with it’s threads holding infinite molecules of salt, sweat and snot, somehow have missed a back pocket?

~ 2 ~

Each plank and its nails checked for a perfect union to the frame. Stripped of paint, gaps caulked and holes plugged and boards replaced and re-nailed as needed; eager to absorb the layers of fresh paint.

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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.



Inside and outside, above and below deck, all parts of the dragger are tended to with generational devotion. The floats and weights of the nets are secured and with the keen eyes of a tailor, the nets will be examined by the crewmen to mend any “escape” holes. Can the trawl doors be depended upon to keep the mouth of the nets open to catch the bounty of the sea?

Are the cleats and the wood of the rails closer than one’s skin is to their bones? Like synchronized swimmers are the motor, drum, cable, gears and other parts of the winch all in the best working order? An overlooked repair could not only cost the crew their catch but could take their lives.

Polish the brass bell and the ship’s wheel and take the barely used bedding from the bunks, home for a washing. The instruments in the wheelhouse and the engine room, as well as the appliances in the fo’c’sle are equally evaluated, for all are important for safe and profitable journeys on the sea.

As the sun sets and the moon rises on this October day, the cradle and the rails cry out into the harbor ...

“Oh, wooden draggers and the men of days gone by, where didst thou go?”

~ 3 ~

“We are here to bring you safely onshore to give you shelter while you are being restored.” But the cradle and the rails heard only the ebb and flow of small waves saying ... “Thank-you but we the draggers and their men are no more.” One day each of us, be it a vessel or a man, left the safety of your cradle and went off the rail, back to the sea. Some of us men boarded a dragger for what became our last trip, but we did not return to the pier nor did we stay on board.

Some of us would learn that the sea, that had been so generous for so many trips would cast her net and forever hold us and our dragger in a wet and salty embrace. Then there were men that had last trips that returned to the shore and there were draggers that never went to sea again. In tandem, the men and the draggers worked hard for many years but eyes, hands and legs ... Engines, radar and sonar were all too tired.

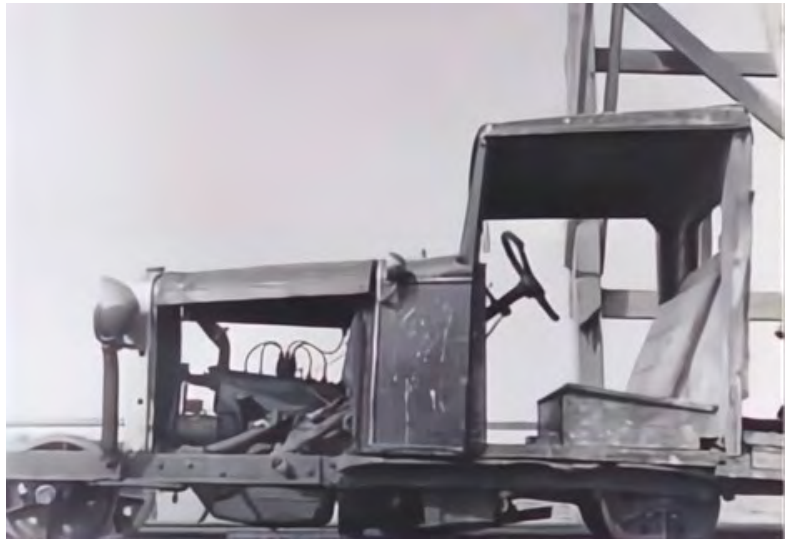
To their homes went the men and to scrap yards went the draggers ... All respected but soon to be forgotten. But the cradle and the rails of Tave’s Boatyard cried out ...

***“Oh, men and draggers, we will always respect you
and you will never be forgotten.”***

-- “Fair Winds and Following Seas”



The Ford Coup replaced the Model A in 1964



The Ford Model A, the original trolley



The tramway that's so prominent on the left was used to hoist buckets of fish from trap boats and draggers at the wharf up to the fourth-floor receiving room, where they were cleaned and prepared for freezing. Posted by Salvador R. Vasques III on his Facebook page, *My Provincetown Memorabilia Collection*, [25 March 2018](#).

The Trolley

BY MEL JOSEPH

Francis Grant Joseph was born on West Vine Street on February 18th, 1929. He grew up in the West End of town. He was the youngest of his group of friends called “The Chip Hill Gang”. It wasn’t long before he became known as Molly and his “Chip Hill Gang” friends made the nickname stick. It would be who he was for his entire life...and I would always be, “Molly’s boy”.

My father had dropped out of school only a few weeks into his 7th grade year and at the age of 15 moved completely out of his West Vine Street home. A job, pedaling fish for Rush Market and a galvanized bucket and a rake would become the tools of his self-made trade. A young teen making his way through life alone, on the back of his own hard labors.

His job (pedaling fish) led him to the “shine in the eyes” of one of the young Menangas girls

hanging out at the corner of Pearl and Bradford Streets.

They married in 1950, and I came along in August of 1951. He was only in his early 20’s when he would become the ‘engineer’ of The Trolley on Freeman’s Wharf, in the West End. The old Model A Ford, retrofitted with train wheels, navigated the rails on Freeman’s Wharf down and back, day after day, with the Provincetown shoreline and imposing Monument as his backdrop. His office would be the driver side seat of “The Trolley”. He would tell us kids that he was “Molly that drove the trolley”. Which was how I thought he obtained the nickname, long before I came to learn the true story from my mother and confirmed by Rachel White. A nickname acquired from a bohemian friend of Tennessee Williams, while hanging out around Cap’n Jacks Wharf as a young boy.

*“The Man”, my father Francis
“Molly” Joseph, the trolley
driver from 1951-1969*





***The Pint: inside the Col'
Storage plant***

*(l-r) Francis "Molly" Joseph,
Ralph Fields,
George "Meeley" Joseph,
Louis "Harmanaka" Jason*

In the early '50's we lived on Cottage Street. My mother would put my brother in the carriage or stroller, and I would walk alongside rattling a stick along the white picket fences. Up Cottage Street, across Bradford and down the south side of Cottage Street. Sliding out onto Commercial Street extension, for the short walk to the narrow beach, just west of the 'Col Storage tramway.

Here, up on the wharf at the gatemen's station, my dad would climb a rusty and rickety metal ladder down to the beach. He'd wave his hand at me to come over to him. I couldn't get there fast enough as he was going to teach me how to dig for quahogs with my little hands and to find a rock and smash the delicacy and slurp it down. Then a squishy walk, on a drying sand bar, out to his skiff, "The It'll Do". Bend in over the stern and grab the modified Clorox bottle bailer and scoop out the water that had seeped in overnight. A leak my dad just couldn't seem to successfully seal up.

***The 'clackity
clack, clackity
clack' of the
tramway
would be a Col'
Storage sound
all neighbors
would hear as
the music of
the shoreline at
work.***

If I was lucky, after these teachings, he'd push my little body up that rickety, metal ladder. What I remember about the wharf was its size, its coldness. Those rickety, rusty metal ladders barely hanging from the pilings. I hung on as tightly as the black mussels clinging to the wooden pilings just below the high-water mark. Once up on the wharf my dad would take off his sweatshirt, roll it up and place it under my bottom on the passenger side of the Model A trolley.

He'd 'sniggle' the trolley into gear and back down Freeman's Wharf with empty carts hungry to be filled. Under the guidance of last tie up foreman, Ralph Fields, he'd hop out and tell me, "Stay there..." There was a severe

danger of falling through the well-traveled and poorly maintained wharf decking. Not to mention the 3-inch-thick seagull poop I believe was holding the wharf together. I'd stay safe in the cab and get on my knees, peering out the back window of the trolley. Watching and listening for the exchange

of melodious nicknames and sips from pints pulled from their knee-high boots and passed around.

A scow could be seen sitting on its keel in low tide to the east and a long look across to the traps lie in front of my eyes, all a visual distraction from the offloading of the boat, tied at the end of Freeman's Wharf.

On the ride back (to my right) my eyes caught 3 boys dropping a line in the water off an outfall pipe. Jigging for whatever fish were schooling under the steady chum line of fish waste streaming out of the gurry pipe.

After a short stop we made our way back to the Trap Shed. The turnkey, left in the trust of the gateman, to open the bottom of the burgeoning cart dragged behind the trolley. A slow and deliberate 'hook' grabbed the bottom of the cart and the catch of the day plummeted into the waiting carts below, to be pulled up, "clackety, clack, clackety clack...", to the waiting, automated de-scaler, on an upper floor of the Col' Storage.

The fish were then dumped into a spinning basket of razor-sharp blades that spun the scales off. I was young, and what I remember was a lot of moving pieces, noise, and sharp objects. The few times I was in there, I never ventured too far from my dad's side.

The 'clackity clack, clackity clack' of the tramway would be a Col' Storage sound all neighbors would hear as the music of the shoreline at work. Kids, passing under the tramway would pick up their pace to avoid being hit by a fishy, smelly rain on their way to climbing in and over the rails of the adjacent Taves and Flyers Boat Yards. Looking up at the imposing figure of a 'dragger', drawn nakedly up on the rails. Soon to be pulled up to the awaiting cradle, for a dry hull repair. Fish laden tractor trailers plowing up Franklin Street with little Peter Cook and Johnny Fields in tow, dodging the smelly effluent trailing out the back.

Nonnie Fields, deftly navigating the low slung 'gunnelled' Charlotte up to the first tie up, at the Col' Storage trap shed. Molly, leaning over the railing, yelling down with a colorful quip or sharing a hand gesture in fun. Catching the bow line tossed up with a confidence that it would be secured with great care. Nonnie, using this convenient tie up location for a short walk to his home. His own trap

sheds being at a finger wharf at the end of Johnson Street.

It was a hard crew that worked all the different floors of this expansive fish plant. Harmanaka (Louis Jason), Ralph Fields, who lived on Franklin Street, my father's brother George 'Mealy' Joseph. Crapoo, Manny 'Blan' Souza to name just a few that worked the wharf and the cutting tables. Women like; Amela Burr, Mary Jason and Flo Souza ran the butterfly machine on the first floor. Ralph Fields told his daughter Jean; "Almena Alves was the fastest sniper (cutting tails off fish)."

The flash frozen fish were packed on the second floor. Joe Sax was a mechanic; Ernie Irma was a Chief Engineer. Manny 'Boy Blue' Santos worked the freezer and Joe 'DidIt' Jason was the floor manager. These are the names I remember as a little boy, listening to my father, living and working in a harsh, grown-up world.

From the memory of a young gateman that worked with my dad right out of High School (Dougie Wheeler); "In 1963 'Molly', guiding the Model A up to the trap shed, proceeded through the shed and onto the beach, opening his eyes when he hit the sand, and dumping over a half-ton of whiting in the process." One too many nips shared with the off-loading crew at the end of Freeman's Wharf...not his best judgement.

In the early 60's my mother would send my brother Kenny down to Freeman's Wharf with a homemade bag lunch. He'd hang out on the beach at the corner of the Flyer's Boat Yard building just east of the Col' Storage. He'd wait until he saw his father slip the trolley into gear and start rolling down to the end of the wharf. He liked hopping down the rickety wharf to catch up to the trolley. A dangerous adventure he endeavored by choice. You definitely felt small on the narrow wharf that jutted out well into the harbor. He cherished both the solo walk back and the more comfy trolley ride, with equal fond memory.

When I was old enough to get a summer job, I asked my father if he'd get me a spot at the Col' Storage. This elicited a cold stare that was firmly followed with a "no way..." His son was not going to get exposed to a dead-end job for the evil empire, Atlantic Coast Fisheries. Short pay and long hours,



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in exchange for hard labor and an uncertain future.

Many local kids got summer jobs at the Col' Storage. Leo Gracie remembers working one summer in 1963. His co-workers (that he could remember) were George "Bunjo" Santos. He was a "Zorro" with that long filleting knife. You didn't mess with Mr. Santos. Adrian "Chief" Boyer was his neighbor, on the line and on Central Street. Alminia Tarvers also lived on Central as well. Joe "Tillie" Andrews was "the box man". Always folding and taping white waxed, heavy-duty cardboard, with Swedish language pre-stamped on them. From Leo's memory, "strange, that goose fish was stamped 'ham' in Sweden".

Jean Fields Nadeau told me some time back that her father (Last tie up foreman, Ralph Fields) couldn't come home until all the boats came in and were off loaded. The later the boats landed at 'the last tie up' on Freeman's Wharf, the more the boat crew gave him for his efforts. Lobster, turned into big bowls in the middle of the table spooned into toasted rolls. She also loved the abundance of fresh mackerel broiled with lemon and butter. In her own

words, "We ate like rich people. The free seafood was a blessing, as the day before payday came, we would be 'FLAT' broke again."

The crew at the Col' Storage kept Perry's Liquors, at the corner of Franklin and Tremont, open year-round. A cheap Muscatel and the many whiskeys called Red-Eye, blood warming liquids of choice. Atlantic Coast Fisheries Plant Manager Frank Rowe was not above bribing the veteran workers with a pint discreetly slipped into a knee-high boot.

On some days Mr. Rowe hopped in the cab of the trolley with my father to take the trip down the wharf to rile up a boat captain with an absurd price for their hard-earned trip's catch. Colley's Seafood Packer's not being a better option, and Boston or Gloucester too far to go for pennies on the dollar. With heated negotiations done, a smug Mr. Rowe would hop back in the trolley as the boat captain flipped a familiar finger in response and yelled up to foreman Ralph Fields; "haul 'em up..." Another day's work at the old Col' Storage is done. ❖



The hard-working ladies of the Col' Storage Plant.

We can only identify the two kneeling women (l-r) Elizabeth (Dean Bent) Carreiro and Mary Towne

Photo courtesy of Laura Canterbury Parker and Shannon Patrick whose grandmother is the first lady kneeling on the left.

The Day of a Provincetown Fisherman

BY HELEN VALENTINE



F/V New England: Capt. George Valentine, Joe "Buckey" Cabral in white shirt, and Alfred Enos, 1958

Before draggers, schooners dotted our harbor. Double ended dories were used to row Capt. and crew from their mooring to the wharfs. The schooners had no engines and operated by sail only. Then comes the new era; the 40's 50's 60's and 70's. The decades of the Draggers, also called Side Trawlers or Eastern Trawlers.

Alarms go off at 3-4 am every morning, all over town. Later, when telephones came into play, captains phoned the crew. A call to the telephone operator was given who would then call the crew. She plugged in, by memory, a call to each crew's home telephone number. The telephone office was located at 100 Bradford Street. Sylvia Raymond Wolf recalls it well, as she says "It sure did bring back memories when I worked at the phone office. I worked the night shift. I called those guys to go to work in the am. I knew the Capt. and crew by heart!! Those were great times." Sylvia was born in Provincetown in 1930, and still lives on the Cape.

Going down the wharf, there was not much conversation. Something like, "think we'll go; what's the weather; who changed boats (men switched boats, not jobs for one reason or another); who died; where was the fire; etc", could be heard

between the men. No mention of world affairs, town politics, or economy was spoken. These things went on while they were out fishing, days and nights, and the men had no time to be involved in town or world affairs.

Down the "ladder" (boards nailed across two poles on the wharf) the men climbed to their boats.

After unloading their catch from their last trip, the boat gets stocked for the next trip. A phone call from the wharf to the oil company is placed and a delivery to the boat is done. Likewise, a call, when needed, is placed to the ice company. The ice came from local ponds. It is cut in the winter, and stored in straw to preserve it. It arrives in blocks. Eventually, that gets phased out and it comes from an ice machine in a truck. It gets shredded into the hold to keep the fish fresh. One more very important task - food. A list is dropped off at Fisherman's Market on Bradford St, which is now Gulf Express, and it would be delivered. Cold meats, etc. would be placed in the "ice box" which has a small door open in the galley, or kitchen, which opens up to the hold which is stocked with ice.

Also done the previous day, when the boat docked, was to ship out the day's catch. All the

fish caught was packed into baskets, and later years, into boxes. The catch is marked, sized, and weighed on the wharf by the captain and the fish buyer. It is then loaded onto the waiting trucks for the midnight run to Fulton Fish Market in Boston, New York City, and sometimes Pennsylvania. The truckers, Jimmy Enos and driver John Fay and Noons would drive the loaded trucks.

While they were steaming into port, the crew was also mending the nets on deck. Any nets that were “rim racked” had to be mended on the crew’s day off, Friday. Cable wire is used to keep the tow cables on the trawl doors and net at even lengths. It is used to hoist the heavy net and doors up and down and over the width of the boat. If any wire cable needed to be mended, that was done on the wharf while in port. The cable would be stretched out down the length of the wharf and looked over for wear and tear and kinks. If needed, “spliced” by an expert splicer. Marks every 25 fathoms were put into the cable using a Marlin spike. The “splicer” had to use this tool to separate the many twisted wires to loosen the rope of wires wrapped around each other. Hence, a rope of wires.

The engineer has the engine oil changed and inspected. The food and ice are aboard. The cook has the coffee (no Mr. Coffee or K cups then), going and had probably picked up flipper dough at the Portuguese Bakery and had the breakfast started.

Ah, the aroma of the percolator brewing to start the trip.

Ready to shove off!!

Ah, but not as simple as just letting the lines go and steaming away. If you were the first boat “in” the previous day and tied to the wharf, there could be 1, 2 or 3 more boats “tied up” alongside you. The crew from the boats on the outside would have had to climb over all the boats to get to the wharf. And for the first inner boat to get free, it meant loosening the lines of the other outside boats and then to retie them in order for you to slip out.

But, the coffee is brewing and off we go. There is no GPS to guide the boats. All the navigational aids came later. The Capt. knows the way from his lifelong experience. The crew also knows which direction they are heading as it would depend on the season. Certain seasons and certain “grounds” were learned over the generations. The Capt. knew when and where the fish would be: flounder, yellowtails, blackbacks, haddock, and cod. He would also have some idea of the price per pound for each fish. The going rate could be 10 cents for cod and haddock. Whiting would fetch 6-8 cents per pound, or 1½ cents for “round” (not cleaned). Every head and tail had to be cut by the crew. Not cleaned would mean the fish still had their heads, tail and guts intact. If cleaned, the rate would be 3 cents per pound. Lobsters were considered “trash fish”. There was no market for lobsters. The crew usually took them home for their own consumption, or to share with friends, or sell at local restaurants. The cash from the sale of lobsters was divided among the crew.



George “Val” Valentine (blue shirt) and “Olin” Warren Cabral working on the nets on Liberty Belle up at Flyer’s



George "Val" Valentine working on the Liberty Belle

THE NET

The net (made of a special coated cotton) has to be rigged up. The mouth of the net is 60 feet wide, with bottom rings sewn in along the edge. This chain scraped along the bottom and stirred up any fish buried in the sand. Whiting required 2" mesh and 4" for ground fish such as cod, haddock, flounder, yellowtail, black backs and hake. The only fish feared by the crew is the dogfish. A puncture from the horn on their backs could penetrate a rubber boot. A load of dogfish got the "Feng Shui". When these fish were killed, the blood on the deck



Helen pointing to a bail of cable wire at Taave's Boat Yard

would be washed out the scuppers. It was believed that the blood in the water from the dead dogfish would scare other dogfish away from the nets. As time passed, dogfish were sold to England for their fish and chips. This fish then commanded a good price.

In order to keep the nets spread out, they were attached to heavy "doors". These doors are hoisted

up and over the side of the boat by the wench. In earlier days, this was all done by hand by the crew. These doors weighed 700-800 pounds each. Each door has a 3"-4" strip of iron welded around the door. This strip was called "the shoe". The shoe would keep the wood of the doors from wearing out. Wide wings on each side of the net would create a funnel for the fish to swim in and get caught using the forward speed of the boat. Everything in its path would be forced into the bag at the end of the net.

With the net in place and dragging along, it is time for breakfast.

If an area has a rocky or unstable bottom, rollers, called "cartwheels", have to be threaded through the net. These wheels, made of hard pine, had a 3" hole cut out of the center for the net and gear to be threaded through. These wheels are rimmed with 3" strips of rubber tire. Its purpose is to act like a car tire and easily roll over obstacles on the bottom as the boat moves forward. The crew never liked this process. A picture of a bail of cable wire is attached. The size of the net predicted how many "cartwheels" would be needed, 7-8 for a 15 foot net.

LUNCH

While the net is dragging along the bottom, lunch is being prepared. A favorite of the crews was smoked shoulder. A lunch of fish was not a daily occurrence. A good cook could draw a crew to a boat. Some captains awarded a small extra to the cook in his share. A drag would take about 1 hour, more or less, so there would be plenty of time for a good meal.

HAUL BACK

After about an hour, it would be time to "haul back". The net is brought up by the wench. But, before the modern wench was developed, the net would have been pulled in by hand. An arduous task for the crew, but which they knew was a must. With the net bag hoisted high, the slip knot at the end of the net is pulled. The tying of the slip knot before the net enters the water is the most important procedure on board. Not everyone is given this great responsibility. If it is done properly, the bag will hold the catch! On occasion, if the bag is too full, it becomes almost impossible to release. In that case,

the net would have to be sliced open. It would then need to be repaired, either then, or at a later time on their day off. Everything in the bag is strewn on deck. The catch needs to be sorted, sized and separated by species. All debris would be washed out through the scuppers. Once everything is sorted and sized, it will be put into baskets, now wooden boxes. They would be stored in the hold, which is already full of ice chips (also used as the galley refrigerator) until they are back at the wharf. The net is checked for any holes or rips. If any are found, they will need to be “laced up” until permanent repairs can be made at the wharf on their day off. After the inspection, the net will go back into the water. There are generally two hauls a day. The day boats fished from early morning till late afternoon with 2 tows. This would leave time to unload the catch of the day. The “trip” boats are at sea anywhere from 2-5 days before they head home.

SCALLOPS

If they are dragging for scallops, a 5 foot wire chain rake will replace the net. (see picture) Scalloping work takes place while standing on deck, with usually no shelter for the crew. Once hauled in,



Scallop rake on MacMillan Pier

each scallop will need to be opened with a special knife. The guts and shell are thrown overboard. This leaves only the “eye” of the scallop. The eyes are then bagged and ready to be sold. A picture of the “rake” is attached. Each bag would weigh in at 40 pounds, less 10% for water.

HOME

After the last drag of the day, or when the hold is full, it is time to head home.

The net and doors are back in place and the deck is left spick and span for the next days trip. The fish buyer, from his office on the wharf, can see “his” boat coming around Long Point. “His” boat would be one of the boats loyal to him as a buyer. Once the boat is tied up, a scale is brought out to the wharf. The Captain and buyer will weigh and mark each box by species which has been hauled up from the hold. Each box gets recorded by the buyer and the Captain: less 10% for water. The box of fish is iced down and the lid nailed down and hauled aboard the waiting truck, usually Noons, Jason, or Fay Trucking. They would then head off on their midnight trip for delivery to NY, PA or Boston. Truck drivers wasted no time unloading since Boston was unionized and Provincetown was not so it was in and out quick.

SETTLE UP

The crew has some idea of their pay based on their hauls and the estimated price. It would never be exact until the buyer’s quote. A check is given to the Captain, which may include a 3-5% for his loyalty to the buyer. The crew would gather at the Captain’s house to “settle up”. Once the food bill, the oil bill, the ice bill and the small supplies bill, such as gloves, pitch forks, rope, cable twine, or any new electronics have been paid, the crew will get paid. It is then evenly divided between the Captain and the crew.

As fisherman Anthony Joseph said, “all this went on day after day. It was not always smooth sailing. The net may have gotten tangled up below. The doors may have twisted. The engine may have needed repairs. Injuries may have occurred. If the seas were too rough, you may have to return home and there would be no pay that day. These



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challenges were all considered a day's work".

Alice O'Grady Joseph (wife of Anthony Joseph) tried to organize fishermen here and the upper cape. She became a spokeswoman on land for all the fishermen. She lobbied in Boston on their behalf and for some recognition of their importance.

For my research, I interviewed 3 fishermen, Anthony Joseph, Sonny Roderick, and Norbert Macara. I pestered them many times for their expertise when I started these stories. These men fished all their lives and who have since passed away.

Vinney Paccelini and Mike Coehlo were also a tremendous help to me in explaining the intricate details of parts of this story. Vinney stopped by my house numerous times to fill in details, and Mike, and I have been talking on the phone for weeks.

These Captains and their crew built this town. The grocer, ice company, welder, equipment company, insurance agencies, Land End Marine Supply, the boatyards (Flyers and Taves), Kacergis the welder, and numerous other businesses were all sustained because of the draggers.

Take a walk down to the MacMillian Wharf and take a look at these draggers (as there are not many left). Take a look at the equipment aboard. Every piece of equipment was important to their day's work.

There is a beautiful anchor in the center of town at Lope's Square. This a monument to these men, all "out back" now. ✦



F/V New England. Photo courtesy Alex Brown



Helen Valentine



"Val" and Helen,
Easter Sunday

Helen Valentine, at 94 years, had a pen in her hand and a story in her heart. The tale she penned was not of grand adventures, but of the everyday life of a fishermen, particularly her husband George, who was the proud owner of the F/V New England that met its unfortunate end settling on an old piling stub and sinking at MacMillan Pier. George continued fishing on the Nancy and Debbie, and then with Henry Passion and later, Frank Motta on the Liberty Belle, until the Liberty Belle was nearly cut in two by a steel-hulled

Gloucester dragger in 1975. Capt. Frank Motta Jr., Ernest Deschene, and George were picked up by the Gloucester fishermen. The Liberty Belle was eventually raised from the bottom of the sea. George found a land job at this point at the Provincetown Post Office. As one of the last surviving fishermen's wives, along with Leona Caton, wife of fisherman Insley Caton, Helen's story has become more than a tale, but a tribute to a way of life that was fading away. This is a story of hardship and camaraderie. Helen, with her sharp mind and feisty spirit, has captured the essence of the fishing world in her own words. Her knowledge and experience as a fisherman's wife, enabled her to paint a portrait of the fishermen and a community bound by the sea. Helen has captured more than just a day in the life of a fisherman, but a piece of history that will long endure.

*For a full story of the sinking of the Liberty Belle, access the 2022 Portuguese Festival Anniversary Edition of the Booklet on provincetownportuguese festival.com

Roots of Resilience: Nostalgia and Memories of Growing up in Provincetown

BY PETER COOK



Peter Cook and David Dutra, childhood friends

Are you still friends with any of your friends from high school? How have we changed since then?

My answer is “Yes”, I certainly am. I was born in a small seaside fishing village, with a year-round population of approximately 4,400 people. We grew up in a close-knit community where everyone knew each other.

After completing elementary school grades, my classmates and I entered PHS, Provincetown High School. We began our first two years in Junior High School which was comprised of seventh and eighth grades. At the end of completing eighth grade, students were required to decide on whether they would attend the General, Commercial or College Courses before entering ninth grade, their freshman year of high school.

Provincetown High School also offered a four-year course in the basic fundamentals of Automotive Science. Boys who were interested in attending the Mechanic Course entered Provincetown Vocational High School and

graduated with a high school diploma and a Certificate of Completion in Automotive Science. I am proud to say that I graduated from Provincetown Vocational High School with High Honors, and because of this program, I have been able to earn a living throughout my life.

Our PHS graduation class members numbered 48, which was the average size of classes in those years, unlike my wife Tonya’s whose class numbered 1,200. Her school population likely equaled the population of Provincetown at that time.

We attended classes together from our elementary school years all the way through high school graduation. We were a close-knit group and miss those who are no longer with us.

The members of our PHS Class of 1964:

Mary Josephine Avellar, Roxanna Adams, Robert Arthur, Bruce Benson, Vincent Bonaveri, Louise Bostock, Karen Broderick, John Brown, Linda Codinha, John Colley, Peter Cook, Sara Cook, Susan Soult, Raymond Cordeiro, Michael Cyszowski, Frank Days, David Dutra, Linda Dutra, Pamela Francis, Susan Fritz, Frank Gaspa, Cheryl Gleason,

Christine Gonsalves, Richard Hauser, Francis Henrique, Janice Johnson, Irene Joseph, Michael Kane, Joseph Lema, Peter Leonard, Claire Macara, Alan Moulton, Deborah North, Donna Packett, Andrea Perry, Judith Perry, Carol Peters, Katherine Reis, Diana Santos, Peter Santos, Kenneth Segura, Christina Simmons, Carol Stott, Eleanor Thomas, Beverly Thompson, Robert Weisser, Mildred Williams, and Steven Zawalick.

Many students remained in our hometown to work, get married, and raise children. Others moved away to “greener pastures” to broaden their horizons, or to further their education, or to join the military. We all went on with our lives, wherever life was going to take us.

A unique celebration takes place in Provincetown every year on the last Sunday in June, the Blessing of the Fleet, held to honor the local fishermen and their fishing vessels. I always think of my lifelong friend, Capt. David Dutra who I started fourth grade with, and who I graduated with from Vocational School. The memories never fade. This is a time for all of us to reflect on the fishing industry that built Provincetown. The local fishermen fished for a living and fed a close-knit community of families with very little means. The Blessing has been a time-honored tradition for over a hundred years, and it brings everyone from everywhere back home to Provincetown. Along with the Blessing, the Portuguese Festival comprises three days of festivities that celebrate our heritage. During this time, we mingle with everyone who has returned home, enjoying traditional Portuguese foods, music and dancing. Many of our classes plan dinners, meeting places and times, and often, class reunions. On Sunday of the Blessing of the Fleet weekend, the fishermen, families, friends and community meet at St. Peter the Apostle Church to attend the Fishermen’s Mass, celebrated by Bishop da Cunha, of the Diocese of Fall River, and our pastor Rev. Philip N. Hamel. After mass, the congregation walks together in a procession carrying banners with the names of fishing vessels of bygone times. Four fishermen carry a statue of St. Peter to MacMillan Pier where it is placed on the boat leading the procession in the harbor, to be blessed by the bishop as they circle by him for a blessing of Holy Water



“Letter Sweater” slightly aged but still adorned with athletic accolades. Courtesy of Mel Joseph



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L to R: Mel Joseph, Russell Sanderson, Phoebe Otis, Anika Costa, Avis Johnson, and Peter Cook in the Halls of PHS
(all graduates except Phoebe)

and prayers for a safe and bountiful year ahead. The fishing vessels are decorated with colorful pennants and Portuguese flags and lay in wait for everyone to board, prepared for a day of partying and celebration.

It is wonderful that so many friends from high school return for this event in June, or to spend some time to enjoy a bit of our beautiful summertime. We are fortunate to have formed these bonds that have lasted so many years. Are you still friends with your classmates from high school? My truth is yes, I continue to have friends from high school still living in Provincetown. Whenever and wherever we meet with high school friends, it is always a lengthy conversation, reminiscing about our wonderful lives growing up in Provincetown. It seems as if we were just together at PHS, not so many years ago. Our conversations seem to pick up where we left off. As the song by Louis Armstrong, "What a Wonderful World" says, "I see friends shaking hands, saying 'How do you do?' They're really saying I love you." Provincetown's native-born people are a rare breed indeed. Our friendships are lifelong, and we love each other with a love that is immeasurable.

Have we changed? Well, the decades have certainly added many experiences to our lives. We are undoubtedly older and wiser. Many of our classmates have retired from their careers, and some are still working. I enjoy my family and my hobbies, and I love our Writers Group. A few of us still live in Provincetown. If we see each other at the Stop and Shop, it's best if we haven't picked up our frozen



Students at PHS were closely knit with the fishing community, and chose the F/V Plymouth Belle as their yearbook cover in 1964



foods and ice cream as our conversations are lengthy and filled with talk of our kids and grandchildren and favorite memories. We count our blessings and give thanks for our good lives, and for the opportunity we have had to live in this caring community. Life has changed. Modern medicine keeps us going and living longer lives, and everyone has a computer in their pocket. Our phones are filled with more information than we could ever imagine, and the camera option is first-rate for recording all of life's special moments.

We take life one day at a time and live it the best we can every day in Provincetown, this wonderful place we call home. Life is good, and I give thanks. ↵

Provincetown: Where Art Meets the Sea

BY NANCY SILVA



Harvey J. Dodd

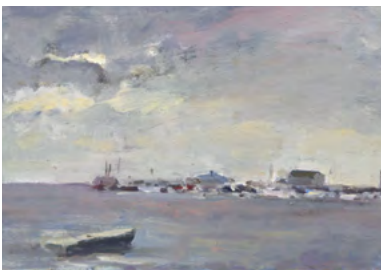
The relationship between artist and fishermen in Provincetown has always been a unique blend of tradition and creativity. The fishing industry has long been woven into the town's history, and artists through the years have been drawn to Provincetown for its natural beauty and unique light. It was inevitable that the convergence of the two would intersect, the artist inspired by the colorful waterfront, wooden fishing vessels, and the rugged way of life of the fishermen, and the fishermen equally intrigued by the artists. It is known that many artists joined the fishermen on their journeys at sea, in part because it was necessary to work and survive in this community, and also because they were intrigued with the fishermen's dangerous lifestyle and hoped to capture the experience of being at sea in their artwork, in their sculptures, and in their photography. Their art continues to serve as a tribute to the spirit of the fishing community, and the camaraderie and mutual respect they both shared. The artists and

fishermen were equally inspired by the sea.

As the artist Sal DelDeo so aptly phrased it, "From my studio I loved looking out on the water and observing the ballet of the fishing fleet. There was a rhythm to their day; the boats heading into the pier at Consolidated Fish Company with the gulls following them in. The men would heave the lines at the pier, each with his own particular stance; legs and arms coordinated by the memory of their repetitive daily motions. Yes, it's all part of the choreography learned at sea." ❖



Vollian Ramm



Rob DuToit



Claire Leighton



Bill Evaul



Jerome Greene



Derek Macarra



Nancy Whorf



Andrea M. Sawyer

The Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet Team is proud to announce Andrea as this year's Festival Artist. She painted the F/V *Glutton*, owned by the Gribbin's. This image, which embodies the spirit of the *Glutton* and the sea, is featured on the t-shirts this year, as well as the cover of the Festival Booklet. Andrea grew up in Falmouth, Maine and visited Provincetown for the first time in 1995. Entranced by the light, the town, the plethora of artists and galleries, she was determined to live here and paint. Andrea moved here full-time in 2012 where she purchased a studio on Hensche Lane. Working mostly in oils on canvas and linen, she paints everything from Provincetown night scenes, streetscapes, still life's and figurals, and often works in gouache, pastels, white line prints and printmaking. Andrea was chosen to create the cover of *Artscope Magazine* in honor of Ilona Royce Smithkin.

Andrea is honored to be chosen as this year's Portuguese Festival artist and we are equally honored for her wonderful contribution in our efforts in continuing to ***Share the Heritage.*** ✦



Paul Schulenberg



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Frank Milby



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Thank you, Michael Lussier!

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Thank you, Berta!

Berta Walker, a highly distinguished gallery owner for 35 years, has been a pivotal figure in promoting local artists. We appreciate her sharing with us a few of her maritime adventures connected to the Blessing of the Fleet. She was privileged to take trips on the Carlotta weir (trap) fishing boat, and relates that she was the first woman to board the F/V Michael Ann. She remembers well her youthful excitement aboard Manny Zora's fishing vessel for the Blessing of the Fleet tradition. (Manny Zora, widely referred to as "The Sea Fox", was Provincetown's renowned rum runner during Prohibition which adds a colorful note to the story). The Festival Team expresses gratitude to Berta for her continued support through her sponsorship of shows related to the fishing industry in her gallery, and for the generous use of images of artists for our annual Festival Booklet.



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Paul Resika, Blessing, Flag 1998

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T-Shirts will be for sale at Seamen's Bank Branches in Provincetown and Truro.

[ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com](https://www.provincetownportugueseFestival.com)

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*Festival Flags" oil by Lois Griffel

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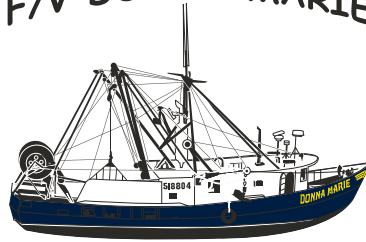
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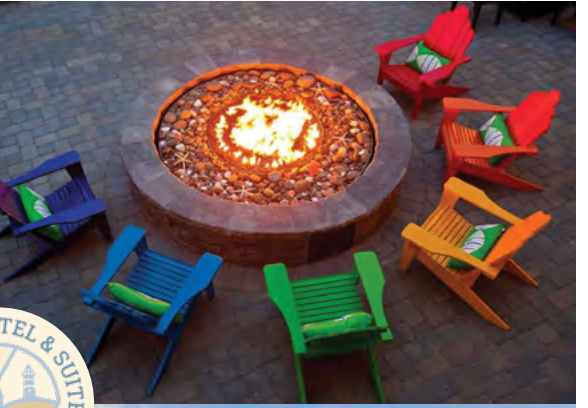
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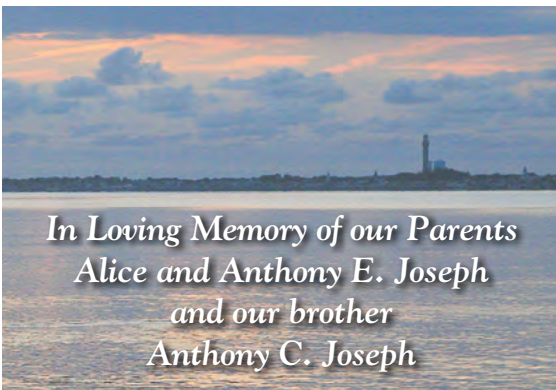


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*In Loving Memory
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Salt Hay

BY LISA KING



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Salt hay was harvested for feed and bedding for animals, as well as insulation for homes in Provincetown. The animals grazed freely during the spring and summer months; then, the farmers would harvest the winter's supply in August.

They timed the harvesting with low tide, and 'bog shoes' were fitted to the work animals' hooves to prevent sinking into the mud.

The harvested salt hay was placed on wooden platforms called 'straddles,' which were elevated off the ground by poles driven deep into the muck, allowing the farmers to return and reload their wagons before the next high tide.

The image of a farmer gathering salt hay was taken in the West End Marsh. ❖

In Loving Memory



Martha Roderick, born in Provincetown, married Arthur D., the love of her life, raised on Gale Force Dairy Farm in the West End of town, always involved with the Portuguese community.

Martha... the heart and soul of her wonderful family and friends and a pillar of strength.

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The Dwyer Family is proud to support
Provincetown's Portuguese Festival and to...
Share the Heritage



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

In Memoriam

*They cast their dreams
upon the tides
and will be forever remembered
for their spirit and connection
to the sea ...*



Martin Cordeiro

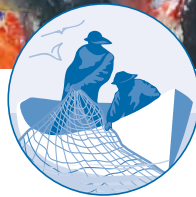


Molly Benjamin



Manny Macara

Celebrating the heritage and the future
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Portuguese Festival painting by Nancy Whorf