

# Provincetown Portuguese Festival

30TH ANNUAL  
PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL  
AND 79TH BLESSING  
OF THE FLEET



*"Miss Lilly" by Bill Fitts*



Provincetown Chapter established February 1932

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*Perhaps some day, your name will be here*



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*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; Bill Fitts, our Festival Artist; Eliza Fitts; João Magalhães; Mike and Rasio Rego; Marcene Marcoux; Arielle Tasha; Charles and Susan Sousa and the Lobster Pot for sponsoring Homecoming Under the Tent; Dennis Minsky; The Lion’s Club; the Knights of Columbus; St. Peter the Apostle Church; Bishop Edgar DaCunha. S.V.D.; Frazier Disposal Company; Stop and Shop; the Festival Warehouse Archives; Graphic Smith Printers; the Provincetown History Preservation Project; the Provincetown Independent; the Provincetown Recreation Department; Lisa King; Salvador Vasques; Harbor Hotel; Amy Whorf McGuiggan; Steven Roderick; Tracy Pease; Bill Evaul; Sherry Sherwood; Caitlin Townsend; 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; Beverly Dwyer and family for the 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 the Provincetown Police Department for keeping everyone safe during the festivities.

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!**



**2026 Provincetown Portuguese Festival**  
 Celebrating the 30th Festival & 79th Blessing of the Fleet  
 June 25th - June 28th

**SUNDAY, MAY 31**

1:00pm-3:00pm Meet Festival Painting Artist Bill Fitts at the Harbor Hotel

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24**

6:00pm-7:00pm Provincetown & Truro in Pictures at the Highland House Museum, N. Truro

**THURSDAY, JUNE 25**

2:00pm-4:00pm Mermaid Menu Oyster Farm Tour starting from Pilgrim's First Landing Park  
 5:30pm-6:00pm Raising the Portuguese Flag at the Pilgrim Monument & Museum

**FRIDAY, JUNE 26**

10:00am - 4:00pm Artisan & Craft Fair in Portuguese Square on Ryder Street  
 11:00am - 1:00pm Live Music by Catnip Junkies Band on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage  
 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  
 2:00pm - 3:00pm Comedy by Steve Goodie on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage  
 2:00pm - 4:00pm Portuguese Prose & Poetry in the Cabaret Room at the Crown & Anchor  
 3:00pm - 4:00pm Live Music by Donnelly & Richardson on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage  
 5:00pm - 7:00pm Homecoming hosted by Charles & Susan Souza and the Lobster Pot at Bas Relief Park  
 5:00pm - 7:00pm Live Music by Sarah Swain on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage  
 8:00pm-10:00pm Live Music by Fast Times on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage

**SATURDAY, JUNE 27**

10:00am-12:00pm Field Games & Cookout behind Veterans Memorial Community Center  
 10:00am - 1:00pm WCOD FM-106 Broadcasting Live from Portuguese Square  
 10:00am - 4:00pm Artisan & Craft Fair, Fishing Demos in Portuguese Square on Ryder Street  
 11:00am - 2:00pm Live Folklore Dancing in Portuguese Square on Ryder Street  
 11:30am - 7:00pm Lions Club Food Court at Bas Relief Park  
 2:00pm - 4:00pm Toe Jam Band live music for kids on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage  
 4:00pm - 4:30pm Performance by Capoeira Besouro in Portuguese Square on Ryder Street  
 5:00pm - 7:00pm Live Music by Portuguese band Legacy on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage  
 7:00pm - 9:00pm A Night of Fado in Provincetown Town Hall  
 8:00pm-10:30pm Live Music by Grooversity on the Seamen's Bank Main Stage  
 8:30pm SambaViva Dancers in Portuguese Square on Ryder Street

**SUNDAY, JUNE 28**

10:30am-11:30am Fishermen's Mass at St. Peter the Apostle Church  
 11:30am-12:30pm Live Folklore Music & Dancing in Lopes Square & MacMillan Pier  
 12:00pm - 4:00pm Tasca Café hosted by the Squealing Pig at MacMillan Pier  
 12:00pm - 1:00pm Procession from St. Peter's Church to MacMillan Pier  
 12:30pm - 3:00pm 79th Blessing of the Fleet at MacMillan Pier  
 1:30pm - 2:30pm Collum Cille Bag Pipes at Provincetown Town Hall

Portuguese Square is on Ryder Street between Bradford Street & Commercial Street  
 The Seamen's Bank Main Stage is in Portuguese Square on Ryder Street  
 Bas Relief Park is at the intersection of Bradford Street & Ryder Street  
 Emcee Steve Goodie will host the Seamen's Bank Main Stage in Portuguese Square  
 (Subject To Change)





*William F. Silva, 1964  
Painting by Samuel E. Oppenheim*

*Congratulations to Seamen's Bank  
on its 175th Anniversary,  
with gratitude for its continued support of  
the Blessing and Festival*



*Seamen's  
Saving Bank  
1982*

## Small Town, Big Dreams

*Celebrating Provincetown's Portuguese Heritage  
and its Fishing Industry through Art*

JOÃO MAGALHÃES



*Interactions*

I was born João Magalhães, (John Magellan in English), in Jacutinga, located in southern Minas Gerais, Brazil, and I am the oldest of three brothers. The inhabitants of the town are mostly of Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish heritage, as is my family.

As a young child, one of my favorite interests was drawing. I dreamed of learning how to paint with oils, but there were no opportunities for art instruction in my small town. Fortunately, when I was fifteen, my parents decided to relocate the family to Pouso Alegre, where my brothers and I would have access to better education.

After moving to a new town, I enthusiastically joined various extracurricular activities and started oil painting and attending classes for three years. I was in heaven.

However, as time passed, other responsibilities took precedence: mandatory military service and then college, graduating in 1987 with a degree in law. The summer of 1989, I was in school in California, studying techniques for teaching English as a second language (ESL). This was followed by a trip to Oklahoma in the fall, where time with friends helped me with language skills and the understanding of American culture. Upon returning to Brazil, I started

my own business, a school offering classes in English, Spanish, and art. Establishing the school opened the door to acceptance in a prestigious two-year educational program in small business administration, run by the government agency SEBRAE. While operating the business for ten years, I became increasingly compelled to further my education. In 2001, I launched my graduate journey in Teaching English as a Second Language at the University of Central Oklahoma. The move from Brazil to Oklahoma City in May 2001 was a bold leap—energizing my passion for learning and opening doors to new adventures.

## 30th Annual Provincetown Portuguese Festival and 29th Blessing of the Fleet

June 25-28, 2026

**PROVINCETOWN PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL**

39 Bayberry Avenue  
Provincetown, MA 02657

[ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com](http://ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com)  
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Sponsored in part by the  
**PROVINCETOWN  
TOURISM FUND**

The **PROVINCETOWN TOURIST BOARD** is the town's official body responsible for planning, funding, and promoting Provincetown's tourist strategy. It helps shape how Provincetown presents itself to visitors year-round.

tourism is central to Provincetown's identity — from its Portuguese fishing heritage to its arts community and LGBTQ+ history, the TSB ensures that the town's marketing reflects the richness while supporting the local economy and preserving Provincetown's character.

*Bringing the Catch Home**Books and Boats**Pressing Forward**Joao at the Portuguese Festival Art and Craft Show**Past and Present**Sailing Home*

Soon after graduation in 2003, an ESL organization, The Language Company, agreed to sponsor a work visa. They sent me to Pennsylvania in January of 2004 to work in one of their branches as the Director of Admissions and as an ESL instructor. I remained on the job with The Language Company until the end of October 2018. By that time, it had become clear to me that art should finally take center stage. This began a new chapter in my life as a full-time artist.

My artistic foundation was shaped by formal training in Philadelphia under John Cevcik, Henry Bermudez, and Giovanni Casadei at Fleisher Art Memorial. Provincetown serves as my wonderful summer residence and is a major source of inspiration, offering a vibrant art scene and nurturing my

creative growth.

My painting style is characterized by a focus on serenity, light, and an appreciation for the beauty of everyday surroundings. I draw inspiration from Provincetown, Cape Cod, rural Pennsylvania landscapes, and still life compositions. My works often evoke a sense of calm and historical awareness.

A distinctive element of my style is the recurring depiction of boats, the sea, piers and shores, which are influenced by the literary works of Brazilian novelist and composer Jorge Amado (1913–2001), and by the legendary Portuguese poet Luís Vaz de Camões (1524–1580). This influence is reflected in my ability to capture themes of the daily lives of sailors and fishermen, blending narrative depth with visual

tranquility. Their daily lives and resilience resonate with me and inspire my work.

My art is more than an abstract homage. The theme of boats and water is part of my DNA rooted in northern Portugal's Magalhães family. I am proud to say I share a lineage with the intrepid Ferdinando de Magalhães (Ferdinand Magellan), whose daring circumnavigation of the globe brought important economic, social, and political changes to the world.

Through my paintings, I invite you to embark on a journey—one that celebrates history, adventure, Provincetown Portuguese heritage and the fishing industry, and the quiet strength of those who call the sea their home. 🌊

*Ernest & Michael*



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**SCIENCE IN THE HARBOR TOURS** Led by scientists from the Center for Coastal Studies, this immersive harbor tour reveals Provincetown through the lens of science.

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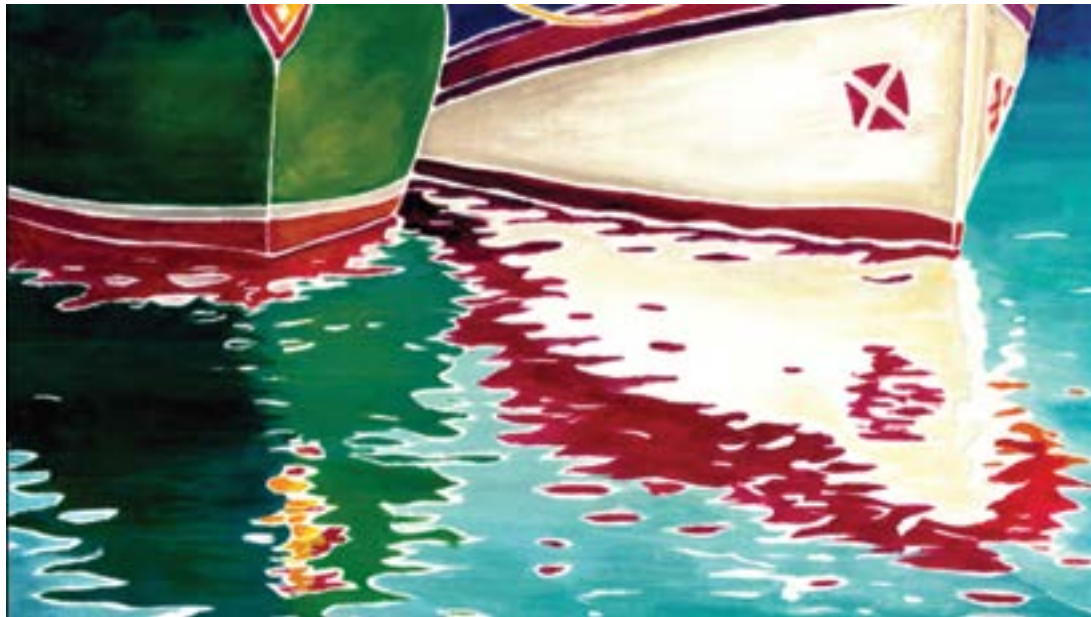
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## Of Blessings Past

A Tribute to Provincetown Fishermen, Past, Present,  
and Future and Those Lost at Sea

SHERRY SHERWOOD



*"Reflections" Sherry Sherwood white-line color woodcut*

With a long history of familial Provincetown connections, it seems fitting that I would find my calling in the Provincetown Print.

I am the descendant of several Mayflower pilgrims; my grandfather was born in Provincetown and my great-grandfather made waves as a founding member of the Beachcomber's Artist Club.

Growing up in this free-spirited town helped forge my artistic path flooded with brilliant colors and reflective energy. I have been a white-line color woodcut artist for over forty years and am well immersed in this world-renowned

artist colony of Provincetown.

The "White-line Color Woodcut" is a unique form of woodcut printing that was invented in Provincetown in 1915. The process uses only one block to achieve countless colors by the application of watercolors with a brush and then printing onto rice paper.

I learned this technique in 1981 from my stepfather Bill Evaul, the artist credited with the revival of the white-line color woodcut process. Bill has profoundly influenced my direction as an artist while encouraging my own style.

Focusing primarily on the white-line color woodcut, also known as

the Provincetown Print, has been rewarding, giving me an unusual and creative way to share my experience and my love for Provincetown and its rich traditions and sea-faring history, especially the culture of the Blessing of the Fleet.

In addition to my art career, having earned a BFA with distinction, I continue working to protect the world's fragile ecosystems, marine wildlife, and humankind through Greenpeace, the Center for Coastal Studies in Provincetown, Marine Mammal Stranding Network, and the New England Coastal Wildlife Association. [🌊](#)



*"Of Blessings Past" By Sherry Sherwood*

### SHERRY SHERWOOD ARTIST STATEMENT

Combining analytical cubism with the vibrant colors of Impressionism creates an easily understood abstraction of light, energy, and motion. All while transporting the viewer, through active and expressive compositions, to the experience of a certain time and place. Focusing primarily on the

white-line color woodcut (aka Provincetown Print) has been rewarding, giving me an unusual and creative way to share my experiences. The painterly freedom of this medium positively influences this traditionally restrictive printmaking process.

## A Legacy on the Water

*Mike Rego and the Miss Lilly*



During this past winter, the Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet Team were proud to announce that the lobster boat, Miss Lilly, owned and captained by local fisherman Mike Rego, was chosen as the boat that would lead all the fishing vessels and pleasure craft in a procession by Bishop Edgar DaCunha of the Fall River Diocese to receive blessings for a safe and prosperous year. Well-known local artist Bill Fitts was chosen as this year's Festival Artist who would bring the Miss Lilly to life in a painting, generously donated to the Festival. Mike and his family

are very proud and honored that they will carry the time-honored statue of St. Peter, the Patron Saint of Fishermen, on their lobster boat's pilot house. The Miss Lilly, named after Mike and his wife Tasia's daughter Lilly, represents not only his family's pride, but also the enduring spirit of Provincetown's fishing heritage.

There are people who choose a life on the water, and there are those who seem born from it. Provincetown fisherman Mike person is both. A fourth-generation fisherman, Mike clearly remembers being 10 or 11 years old when he

realized, without hesitation, that he would follow the path carved by his father and grandfather before him. Fishing wasn't just a job to Mike, it was the tradition of fishing that he had come to know so well, and "the only life he ever wanted."

His father, Tony Thomas, was a draggerman. His grandfather Anthony Thomas worked the weirs, the old fish traps, an art now lost to time. Mike grew up listening to their stories, watching their hands, learning everything he could from them. He fished on every boat his father ever captained, the Blue Skies, the PatSea, the Richard and

## Growing up on the water where family and fishing are the same thing



*Lilly*

*Mike and Lilly*

*Proud to parade with the Boat Banner*

Arnold, the Plymouth Belle, each one shaping him, teaching him, and preparing him for his own future at sea.

Mike continues not only to go lobstering today, but to serve his community. For 13 years he has partnered with the Center for Coastal Studies in Provincetown, using the Miss Lilly in the Ghost Gear Recovery Program to locate, identify and remove abandoned, lost or discarded fishing gear from the ocean floor. His boat's sonar identifies the debris, and Mike uses a grapple to bring up traps, nets, and lines, one more step toward

a cleaner, safer ocean. Mike said the Center for Coastal Studies has removed thousands of pounds of gear and hundreds of lobster pots which are often returned to their owners through identification of their ID tags, if possible. Much of the retrieved gear is often recycled.

Mike also participates in critical research on what is known as Ocean Hypoxia, a crisis where low oxygen levels cause dead zones which suffocate marine life, causing fish, shrimp, and lobsters to flee or die. Mike says that the information from the data hub posts hypoxia results once a week so that fishermen can be

advised to avoid those ever-changing areas. By collecting data for the Division of Marine Fisheries, Mike helps track these dangerous shifting regions so that fishermen can avoid fishing there, and scientists can better understand what is changing beneath the surface.

Mike is a proud lobster fisherman, spending his winters building his own traps, about 800 of them, each one crafted by hand. He loves the work, he says, even the hard parts. Mike said he does miss the "old" fishing days when the harbor was full of fishing boats, and the camaraderie of the fishermen was



*Heading out before the sun rises*

a part of everyday life, the nets being mended, and the way that Provincetown once revolved around the fishing life. Although that history is now gone, Mike continues to carry the traditions with him. He keeps meticulous logbooks of water temperature, air quality, and records all significant information that happens on his boat and below it. He says that he treasures the journals left behind by his father and grandfather, documents of a once mighty fleet and the men who kept it alive and flourishing for so many years.

Mike says his father was his “best friend”, and he would fish with him every chance he got, no matter what fishing boat his father was captaining. That bond, and that tradition, is the backbone of who Mike is. The choice was fishing or carpentry, and he couldn’t imagine not being on the water, so it was an easy decision. Now Mike Rego carries that legacy forward aboard

his beautiful red lobster boat. His daughter Lilly fished with him one summer, an experience he loved, but today she is an honor student in the Art Department at UMass Dartmouth as an Illustration major, making her parents proud in a different way.

The Regos built their lives on the sea, as did many Portuguese fishermen from the Azores. Their work ethic shaped Provincetown’s identity for more than a century. The Blessing of the Fleet, now in its 79th year, is one of the most cherished memories of that heritage. Boats once lined the harbor by the hundreds, each one carrying the hopes of families who depended on the sea for a living. Mike is a keeper of that tradition.

Mike says he “will always be a fisherman”, even with the challenges of a short lobster season, rising costs and changing ocean environments, and that nothing could “deter him from fishing.” He goes on to

comment that there is “nothing like standing on the deck of the Miss Lilly “with a cup of coffee, watching the sun rise over the ocean.” That moment, quiet and reflective, is what he loves so much.

Mike Rego is a proud man. He is proud of his family, proud of his heritage, and proud of the boat named after his daughter. The Miss Lilly is kept in tip-top shape at MacMillan Pier, all a reflection of Mike and how he feels about every part of his work.

Fishermen and community members hold a deep respect for Mike, for his skill and dedication on the water and the humility and heart he brings to Provincetown and his family. 🍷

Thank you, Mike for carrying forward the tradition of all fishermen, so that we can continue to Share the Heritage.

*-In conversation with Nancy Silva*



*Anthony Thomas, Mike’s grandfather, in the grey suit, marches with other fishermen after the Blessing of the Fleet Mass*



*Moored at the MacMillan. Photo by Nancy Silva*



*Ready to put pots in the water for another season*

## Bill Evaul and the “Dancing Draggers”



### Trap Shed Mural: “Blessing of the Fleet, 2016”

At a Portuguese Festival event at the Red Inn, artist Bill Evaul, was the guest speaker, introduced by long-time member of the Festival and Blessing Team, Maureen Hurst.

Bill, a master of the Provincetown white-line wood-cut tradition,

and in the spirit of the Festival and Blessing of the Fleet, brought along his 36x72 striking, life-sized representation print of the draggers of Provincetown’s historic fishing fleet, complete with nautical flags blowing in the wind. Bill’s oversized, impressive art honors the

generation of Portuguese and Azorean fishermen whose faith and hard work built this community. The fleet, always the living heart of the Festival and Blessing, continues today to be celebrated and is in its 79th year. The boats and the people who make their living from the sea



*Maureen introduces Bill at the Red Inn “Meet the Artist” event*



are honored on that special day when Bishop Edgar DaCunha raises his sacred aspergillum wand and blesses all the boats that pass by, while remembering all who came before.

Bill’s works capture Provincetown at its best and shows a deep respect for the traditions and heritage of a community where he has lived and worked since the early ‘70’s. He was intertwined with the boats, the families, the stories, and he reflected that is his art, especially the “Blessing of the Fleet.” When he created the life-size mural, it wasn’t just about boats but also the Portuguese spirit. We are grateful to Bill for keeping Provincetown’s artistic and maritime

heritage alive, especially with the installation of his Blessing of the Fleet, a public art installation, on one of the Trap Shed\* structures on MacMillan Wharf, a tribute to Provincetown’s waterfront history, its boats, its families, and its traditions, and those who make their living from the sea. He captured the town’s heart in many ways.

We thank Bill for his art and for sharing his incredible talent with Provincetown and with the Portuguese Festival, helping to continue to Share the Heritage. Bill Evaul’s “Blessing of the Fleet” mural was a perfect choice to be displayed during the Blessing and

Festival celebrations. [📄](#)

\*The MacMillan Pier Trap Shed Program was initiated in 2007 by the Public Pier Corporation, erecting four sheds at the entrance to MacMillan Pier for the use by artists as work studios and shop space, and whose art is related to “maritime themes or history or pertain to the cultural or marine heritage of the Town of Provincetown.”

\* The large-scale artworks on the sheds are part of a public art initiative led by the Provincetown Public Art Foundation, with support from Provincetown, the DPW and the Harbormaster’s Office, as well as many sponsors. [📄](#)



*White-line print master Bill Evaul working in his studio*



F/V Atlanta

### *Fishing Derby Sponsor*



### 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

**T**here 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.

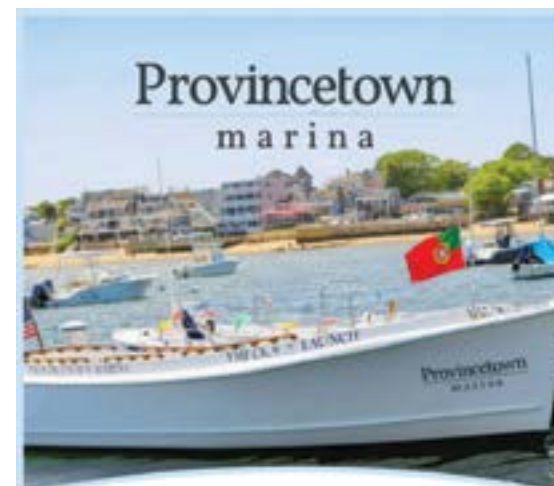


Capt. Josie & Amelia Silva

Ken Silva  
 Bob & Eleanor Silva



Outdoor Movie Night Returns On The Hill.  
 Tuesday, July 14, 2026  
 Conversation. Film. Stars Overhead.  
 Members get first dibs & discounts on tickets.  
 Details on our site.



**Proud Supporters of the Portuguese Festival!**

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# Provincetown Chamber of Commerce

2026-2027 Visitors Guide



[PtownChamber.com](http://PtownChamber.com) 508.487.3424



## Bill Fitts: A Gift To This Town

A man who knows how to live.

DENNIS MINSKY



*The lobster boat painting of the "Miss Lilly" by Bill Fitts*

To be in his company is a genuine delight: he is amiable and exudes an air of being absolutely comfortable with himself—and that makes you comfortable, too. He is soft-spoken, which makes you want to hear what he has to say. There is a simplicity about him that is powerful. He has the perspective of a Buddha. There is little ego in the man: he just exhibits the satisfaction of a life well-lived, and the joy of someone totally immersed in his own life, with few distractions.

Bill has spent his entire adult life here in Provincetown, and in the course of it has been at the heart of many of its core institutions and activities—the very things that make this town what it is. He was an early fellow at The Fine Arts

Work Center (studying with Phil Malicoat, among others), and is still involved there; a vice-president of the Provincetown Art Association in the 1970s; one of the founders of the Peaked Hill Trust, dedicated to preserving the Provincetown's dune shacks; an early member of the Provincetown Conservation Trust; part of the Beachcombers Club; a firefighter (and steward) on Pumper Five for 25 years; he served on the Town's Water Commission; and was involved with the To-Be Coffee House (that takes you way back!). This is admittedly a partial list of his involvements. Bill says that back then "people got involved in the town."

Of course Bill is known as a master carpenter, the "Top

Turtle" of the esteemed "Turtle Wood Works" which he founded and ran for decades, building and rehabilitating some of the most iconic buildings in town, and is especially known for his masterful bulkheads—he and his crew built dozens of them. "My luck was my crew," this modest man says, and, indeed that crew over the years included some of the most talented carpenters this town has ever seen.

Why did this Economics major, who was working in the business world before arriving here, become a carpenter? Well, he said, it was either fishing or carpentry, and he did not relish being out there winters on the water; ironically, he spent more winter-time days working outside than the average fisherman.

Bill tries to explain his methodology in building a bulkhead to this interviewer who does not know which end of a hammer to pick up – to no avail. He talks about "sweet designs" having "permanence in mind", "firm structures", "thinking about proportions." What I do get is the satisfaction, the creative pleasure, he derives from solving structural challenges. He talks about the "pure joy" he derived from building four different outhouses for the dune shacks of the Peaked Hill Trust.

Bill Fitts is something of a dinosaur, in that he comes from an era when a handshake was as good as a signed contract. He stresses how painstakingly he would explain to a prospective client the probable costs of a project, the details of what had to be done, and the fact that he would "do it right" – and he meant it.

When I ask Bill to describe himself, he takes a deep breath, a

long pause, and says "I was a Boy Scout." That's it! It suits him. Aside from the "nature boy" aspect which so definitely pertains to his life on the Outer Cape (especially his time in the dunes), Bill has the values of a Boy Scout: the doing good for others. Bill believes in those values. He is a straight shooter, with absolutely no malarkey. His word is his bond. He lives by trust. He is earnest in the best possible way.

When we talk about the old days and I mention seeing him cross-country skiing back in the 1970s, Bill says with a smile "I still have those skis!" while glancing over at his walker. But he does so not wistfully, but with a gleam in his eye. This guy is not stuck in the past, but totally immersed in the present: he discusses his art over the years, from painting in oils to water colors to print making and gouache painting. He is still learning, he says. His art has always been an important part of

his life and he approaches it with the same deliberateness and honesty as he would the creation of a bulkhead. He is definitely still doing: he published his illustrated "An Artist's Recipes" in 2022.

Bill has experienced great heartache in his almost 90 years: he lost his daughter Olivia at the age of 5 in 1981, his first wife Kira in 1984, and his second wife and long-time friend Hatty (Walker) in 2017, but he has persevered. He is a cheerful man. Part of this cheer comes from the bond he shares with his daughter Eliza: the two appear in seamless synchrony, and it is a joy to see.

Bill shows his work at the Berta Walker Gallery, and his work continues to amaze and delight. He doesn't mind selling a piece now and then, but, he says, "I am just happy doing it, honestly."

Bill Fitts shares this happiness with all he meets: he is a gift to this town. [👉](#)



*Our 2026 Festival artist Bill Fitts holding the gouache painting of the lobster boat "Miss Lilly" which he generously donated to the Portuguese Blessing of the Fleet and Festival, and which has found a home with Capt. Mike Rego, his wife Tasia, and daughter Lilly.*



*Bill Fitts and his daughter Eliza share a sunset moment with the dune shack Euphoria in the background*

## Azorean Soul and Provincetown Grit

*“I stood in Provincetown Cemetery in 2023, and my ancestors called me home to a place I’d never been. A Portuguese tradition, especially in the Azores, is a belief that the “spirit of the place” (Genius loci) calls to its children, a pull to summons me home. I traveled to Sao Miguel that year, and twice more since, and Lord willing, I’ll again be in Sao Miguel in September this year. Perhaps my ancestors were tired of being forgotten and reached out to pull me back to their birthplace.”*

### PETER COOK

On February 28th, in 1945 I was born on a cold wintry night and drew my first breath of Provincetown sea salt air. My father, Joseph Goulorte Cook was born in Provincetown on October 15, in 1908 and he died in Provincetown on August 28, 1980. When my father died, I was fishing offshore on the F/V Barbara Lee with Captain George Adams who was making 14 day back-to-back offshore fishing trips with the F/V Barbara Lee. Customarily we stayed in port for 3 days between trips. We fished approximately 150 to 200

miles offshore. This is how I got the news that my dad had passed away. I operated the winch on the starboard side of our boat, and we caught a lot of scallops in every tow. We also caught a lot of big rocks. As usual, I tried to bounce some of the bigger rocks out of the dredge before hauling it aboard to dump the scallops on deck. Young George, the captain’s son and ship’s cook, came to me and said, “The captain wants to see you.”

I thought I was going to catch hell for taking too long to get the rake aboard. I finished hauling back and went to see the skipper. As soon as

I entered the pilot house Captain Adams said, “Pedro, your father died. I knew him longer than you did. Most men would stay out here and finish-up this trip, but if you wanna go in, I’ll take-ya.” I answered George and said; “If I can make it to the funeral, I’d like to be there with my family. They will come home from California, Minnesota, and elsewhere.” After a long silent pause George spoke up. “It’s going to take a long time to get home from here. Take the wheel. I’ll set a course. I’ll go down to tell the boys to clean up the boat.”



Joseph Goulorte Cook



*Holding a photo of my grandfather in front of Sao Pedro Church where he was baptized.*



*My grandmother Viola Cook, father Joseph G. Cook, my sister Irene and her first born Michelle Sullivan deSilva*



*My wife Tonya and myself at the font my grandmother Viola Cook was baptized, holding a newspaper clipping of a celebration of my grandmother’s birthday in Provincetown.*

“He set a compass course and left me alone, with my own thoughts for a couple of hours. When he returned all he said was, “You can go.”

He wasn’t happy about leaving the rich fishing grounds on a broken voyage. Time is money and this would be a big expense in fuel cost. Captain Adams was tough and hard as they came, but he was also fair. On that day 46 years ago, he put my family’s tragic loss, and me ahead of everything else. My thoughts drifted back to the last time I saw my dad. Fishermen have routines. The crew must be on the boat before it leaves the dock. My routine as an engineer caused me to be on the boat one hour before departure time to start everything up to make ready.

I lived upstairs in our family home, and Dad lived downstairs. I always stopped in to see him before going out to sea on 14-day trips. Usually, he would be sitting in his chair in the living room, but that day he stood looking out of the front door with his eyes fixed on the boats in the harbor. We spoke for a while. My wife Tonya came in to ask if I was ready for her to drive me down to the boat. I didn’t

want to leave. I stretched out our visit as long as I could before saying, “Dad, I have to go.” My father reached out and shook my hand and said, “I love you.”

I wasn’t used to hearing that from him. The event that day wasn’t our routine. To my knowledge he hadn’t been sick, and looked good, but uneasiness settled over me. On my way to the wharf I said, “Tonya, if anything happens to my dad please do your best to get ahold of me.”

The F/V Barbara Lee departed for Georges Banks. I don’t remember how many days we were at sea when I received the sad news but surely, I have it recorded in my logbooks. Captain Adams never kept the ship’s radio turned on. He didn’t let anyone know where he was fishing.

As fate would have it, Kenny Silva, the owner of the Barbara Lee, also owned another boat named the Gerda Reva and had a good idea where George Adams would be fishing. Kenny sent the Gerda Reva in our direction with orders to flash their lights off and on as soon as they saw our vessel. George spotted the lights and turned the radio on

and that’s how he knew my dad had died. It was a long steam home. We arrived in Provincetown at pre-dawn on the day of the funeral. Waiting for me on the wharf were my wife Tonya, my brother Joe, and sisters Irene and Gracie.

All these years later I remember things my father told me about fishing. I can almost hear his voice. “I’m going to tell you something my-boy. If you’re going to work on the sea, don’t ever let that boat leave the dock without you being on it.” I had made it to my father’s funeral, and because of his words to me I was on the Barbara Lee the very next day headed back to the fishing grounds to finish up where we left off. Throughout my life I worked ashore as a mechanic. Many times, I said, “Dad I wanna go fishing.” He would say, “Fishing, a man doesn’t go fishing because he wants to go fishing, he goes fishing because he has to go fishing.”

I knew for sure that I would never go to sea without my father’s blessings. His words to me were, “If you go to work on a boat there are a few things you need to know: You’re

going to get sick at times and there is no shame in getting sick out there, but don't ever stop working. If you have to throw up, throw-up over the rail. Don't ever leave the deck to go lay in the bunk. Make sure you buy your boots 2 sizes too big because if you go overboard, you can kick them off because they won't fill up with water and suck you down. Don't ever quit at sea. If you don't like what you're doing, you keep working until the end of the trip. Never argue with the captain. You go to the captain at the end of the trip and say, "Thanks for trying me out captain, but it's not for me. I'm going to take my gear and get through. Maybe I'll try it some other time."

"Don't ever leave a boat on bad terms because all the skippers talk on the radio and they may be talking about you. Besides that, you may have to go back fishing on a boat you left before. You want the captains talking good about you." My father was a good man. He was only 15 years old when his father passed away. At that time his mother told him he would need to work a full-time job at Perry's Market. My dad's father was Manoel De Farias and he was born on the Portuguese Azorean Island of Sao Miguel in March of 1856. Manoel was a commercial fisherman who migrated to America like so many Portuguese fishermen before him. Many men took jobs on whaling ships working to pay their passage to America.

Manoel's older brother Francisco De Farias was also a fisherman who already made his own way to America on a whaling ship. Francisco settled in Provincetown and changed his name to Frank Cook. He was a dory fisherman. Some of you old timers

may remember a post card picture of Frank Cook standing next to a 270-pound halibut that he caught off of wood-end. He caught the huge fish on a handline. He was my grandfather's brother Frank. My grandfather Manoel De Farias changed his own name to Manual Cook upon reaching America.

The Cook Family, not our Cook family, were a prominent and influential whaling family in Provincetown throughout the 19th century. Their "dynasty" spanned over four generations building significant fortunes in the whale trade. They owned multiple properties and businesses related to the industry. Between 1820 and 1920 over 160 whaling vessels sailed from Provincetown making over 900 voyages. It was routine for whaling ships to sail to and from the Azores Islands and many fishermen from the Azorean Islands arrived in Provincetown through passage on whaling ships. Sao Miguel, Pico, and Faial, were the most prominent islands for whaling during the industry's peak. Numerous whaling factories and communities on those Islands were deeply dedicated to the industry. This all provided an opportunity for Portuguese fishermen, and their families to reach America. By 1895 a quarter of Provincetown's population was Portuguese.

My father and I were both born in Provincetown. My sons Peter and Michael and our grandchildren Tommy and Irene were born at Cape Cod Hospital, but they are Provincetown. We are a multigenerational Provincetown family. We are a family of Portuguese heritage. My grandfather

and his brother were born into the life of multigenerational fishermen in the Azores.

When my father went to work at Bert Perry's Market at 15 years old, he first learned the fruit and produce business. Soon he was delivering fruit and produce around town from a horse drawn wagon. Eventually he became a master meat cutter.

He chose the fishing life when fishing was lucrative. He earned enough money to put a down payment on his 21 Mechanic Street home that he bought in 1945, the year I was born. When it came time to go to sea, I gave up working a steady job ashore and I got on a boat. It was my choice to go fishing. I could never understand being born in Provincetown with so many fishing boats going out to sea and me never experiencing that life. I remember my Dad saying "I'm going to tell you something else about a fisherman's life. You always think you're going to get rich, but you never ever do, and sometimes you think you're going to starve, but you never ever do. The fisherman's life is like many others 'getting by'. I listened to my father, and he was always right.

In my early childhood my daily routine was work. My chores included emptying the ice-melt water from under the ice box before it overflowed. Taking kerosene cans outside to fill them from a drum to keep the kitchen and living room stoves from running out of fuel during the night. My father taught me how to take the stove burners apart to clean out the carbon and replace the wicks

My fun was to go to my friend's house to watch their black and



*The religious statue I brought home from Sao Miguel to watch over my grandparents at St. Peter's Cemetery.*

white TV. We didn't have a TV, or telephone, but I had a good life! My parents were like your parents. Hard-working people dedicated to making the best life they possibly could for their children. It's now the Portuguese Festival Blessing of the Fleet 2026. Provincetown today isn't the Provincetown we all grew up in. There is a special Portuguese word with a profound meaning. It's spelled S-a-u-d-a-d-e. It's pronounced saa-daydz. For all that grew up here, saa-daydz is our feeling of missing home. Even we natives still living in Provincetown, miss our home.

We miss our fishing village with parents, grandparents, children, friends and families. We miss "our once was life." In 2023, while at Saint Peter's Cemetery tidying up our Cook family lot where my grandfather and grandmother, and my mom and dad as well as many aunts and uncles now rest, I looked down at my own name on my marker stone. At that moment I decided to

go to a faraway place I had never been. The Azores and the Island of Sao Miguel were calling me. It was the homeland of my grandparents. In 2023 Tonya and I visited Sao Miguel Island for the first time, and for me it was a journey far back in time.

Long ago on Sao Miguel Island an infant was born. Unable to care for her little girl child, her forlorn mother left her baby at the big, beautiful Catholic Church with the name of San Sebastian Church. That baby in my lifetime would become my grandmother. She was baptized by the church's sexton Antonio de Lux and Violante Augusta Gabriel. They became the infants' God parents and gave her the name Violante Augusta. The child perhaps spent her early years in the Church convent and orphanage. She reached 15 or 16 years old while living on Sao Miguel Island. Under a pre-arranged agreement, on request of the Ferreira Family, she was tasked with caring for Manuel de Farias Cook's children in Provincetown. Manuel's first wife, Maria da Gloria Pereira died in Provincetown of typhoid fever on August 7, 1921, leaving Manuel Cook alone with 3 young daughters from their marriage.

In February of 1891, Violante made a passage to America. Possibly on the cargo/passenger ship the "SS Olinda," which was a popular ship for crossings at that time.

On some of her legal papers she used the name Violante Augusta Coracao. Pronounced (co-ra-sow) which in Portuguese means heart. Violante filled her responsibility. Upon arriving in Provincetown, she took care of Manuel's children. I vaguely remember my father telling me his mother lived on School Street

in our neighborhood before she married his father, Manuel.

Manuel Cook and Violante had 9 children together of their own. For a little infant girl who was left at a church in the Azores, she lived a long and fruitful life in Provincetown where she inherited a lot of names. Violante Augusta, Coracao Ferreira Cook. To me she was my Grandma Cook. She was Vo Cook to the family, and she was Viola Cook to the townspeople. She died in Provincetown at 85 years old.

Tonya and I fell in love with Sao Miguel Island. For me it was a blessing to be praying inside the Church of San Sebastian where my infant grandmother was christened. We visited the convent and explored the Island and spent time at the waterfront, speaking with the local fishermen and thinking of my grandfather I never knew. Tonya and I returned to Sao Miguel in 2024 and again in 2025 and hope to make the trip in 2026. My life is a time machine as I go ahead through the days and back through the years. My heart is divided between Sao Miguel and Provincetown. This story is dedicated to the memory of my father Joseph G Cook and his parents Manuel and Viola. 🌍

*Special thanks to my cousin Geneva Cook for sharing her genealogy information.*

*Thanks to the Portuguese Festival Committee and to Nancy Silva for making this 2026 edition Portuguese Festival Book possible.*

## Excerpt from My Provincetown Memories of a Cape Cod Childhood



*Railroad Wharf and  
Steamer "Cape Cod"  
from Town Hill*

### AMY WHORF MCGUIGGAN

Celebrated the last Sunday of June, the Blessing of the Fleet has been a Provincetown spectacle since 1948, a reminder of the livelihood that once sustained Provincetown. There are days of preparation before the big event, vessels hauled out and given new bottom paint; masts, crosstrees, pilot houses, and decks are spruced up with fiery reds, deep blues, hot yellows, and leaf greens. Colored pennants and streamers run up shrouds and stays and snap in the breeze. The hard work of fishing is suspended, and an excitement pervades the town as families coordinate their activities.

During one of my last summers in Provincetown, on Blessing Sunday, I rode my bike along Commercial Street crisscrossed with bright

orange silkscreened pennants but empty of traffic and pageant, rode to the eastern edge of town, swallowing draughts of the new morning, rode back through town and out onto the wharf. Families had begun to arrive, handing foodstuffs and bottles down to husbands, fathers, and sons on boats, who in turn passed the supplies over to the next boat. The boats were scrubbed clean, and the fishy odor that usually permeated the air around MacMillan Wharf was barely detectable. Portuguese, which I rarely heard, tumbled from the tongues of the older generation, whose broad, hearty gestures needed no translator.

Out on Commercial Street the flow of tourists into town thickened. Local families made their way in procession from the

end of the wharf to St. Peter's for a high mass of thanksgiving co-celebrated by Bishop Cronin and the local clergy. An uncharacteristic solemnity overcame the marchers in remembrance of those now in Neptune's care.

The church doors were thrown open to let in the glory of this early-summer late morning. The pews were full. I sat on my bike, draped over the handlebar, the sun beating down on my back, craning my neck to see in. After mass, families walked down the hill, following a statue of St. Peter, the fishermen's patron saint, carried aloft back to the wharf, where the bishop, on the reviewing stand that became his altar, prepared to give each boat God's blessing for a safe and profitable year.

I broke away from the crowd,



*Guiding light, Long Point. Harry C. Whorf produced these lantern slides. Amy is Harry's great grand-daughter.*

*Harry C. Whorf offered a glimpse of Provincetown in the past through his historic lantern slides, black and white negative images, printed on a sheet of sensitized glass, then hand painted with watercolors and transparent oils, likely assisted by his wife Sadie who was a porcelain painter. Sadie wrote notes, prepared talks, and took the slides on the road in Massachusetts, often to women's clubs where they were in great demand. Through digitized images by Harry's great granddaughter Amy Whorf McGuiggan, we are now able to return to the past, and who says "Whether those pictures are of one's own Provincetown or the Provincetown of a century ago, they are portals to the past, helping to fill some of the absence, if only in our memory and imagination. They capture Provincetown's genius, her spirit, and tell her story."*



*The old wind pump, Whorf's Wharf*



*Working on the flats at low tide*



*Eugene O'Neill's cottage, last days*



*Exploring the wreck*



*Inshore fishing weirs*



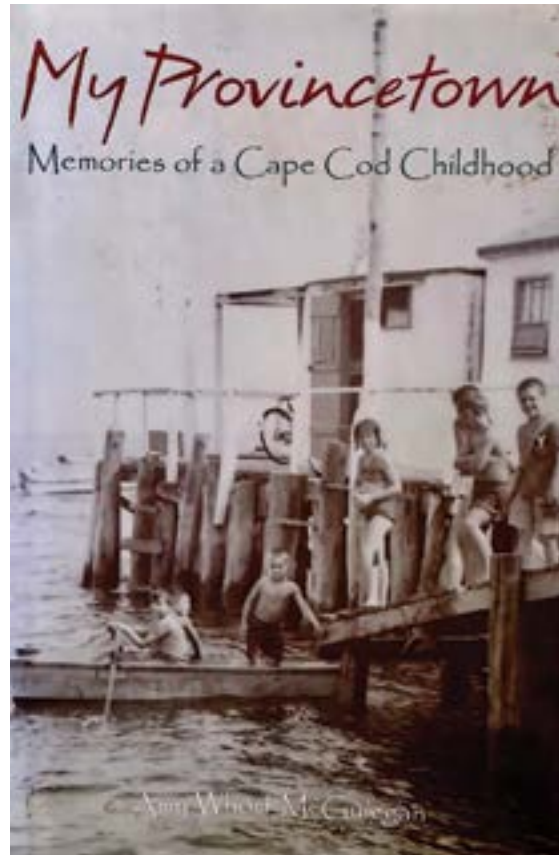
*Charley Cook's Wharf, Gosnold Street*



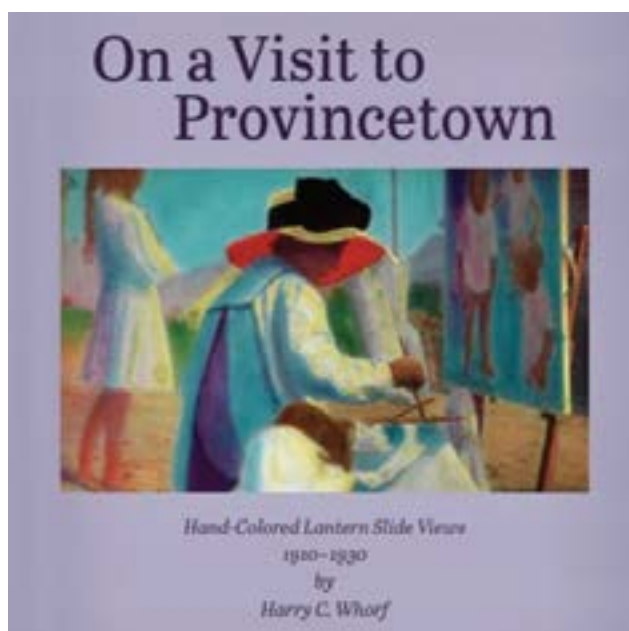
*Offloading at Railroad Wharf*



*Waterfront and Center Methodist  
Episcopal Church*



*Amy relates she is the young girl in the middle at the West End Racing Club "with all those handsome lads!"*



pedaling my fastest to the west end, where I retrieved my boat from its mooring and zipped across the harbor. Festooned draggers and trawlers clustered at the end of the wharf – Gerta Riva, Jimmy Boy, Liberty Belle, Alice J, Victory II, Cap'n Bill, Patricia Marie. Crowded to their gunwales with generations of families, friends, maybe even a lucky stranger who had endeared him or herself to a boat's owner, each waited to sail past the bishop for anointment. Afterward, they swung their bows around and steamed out to Long Point to link up in the cove for an open-air party.

Following the blessing of the commercial boats, all the other boats were invited to the altar. I took my place in line, with dinghies, Sunfish, canoes, and sport fishers towing rubber rafts, and received the holy water for my little vessel. Rendezvousing with friends, who were in their own boats, our flotilla made its way to the Point. There we joined the bacchanalia, invited to share cozinha, lobsters, corn on the cob, grilled linquica, kale soup, fava beans, stuffed quahogs, pork chops soaked in vinha d'alhos – a spice and garlic marinade – sweet potato-filled turnovers called trutas, fisherman's stew, sweet bread – and plenty to drink.

A succulent late night drenched Long Point and the harbor, while a tickling breeze chased away the heat of the afternoon. My shoulders, scalp, forehead and the backs of my legs were frozen with sunburn, my hair dry like tinder, my thoughts clouded by overindulgence, my body exhausted from lack of sleep. At dusk I headed in, the single naked light bulb at the West End

Racing Club my beacon, the din of the revelers trailing me across the harbor. Unable to find my mooring, I tossed my anchor over a short distance from shore and made certain it had grabbed the bottom. I dived into the dark water, blinded, deafened except for the thumping of blood in my skull, feeling my hands stub against the bottom, feeling my skin and scalp absorb the coolness as I swam underwater, surfacing a few feet from the beach. Across the harbor, a wall of fishing boats bearing families cradled in the bent arm of Along Point were rocked ever so gently by the lilt of the sea. A slivered moon reclined in the sky, a hook to hang a prayer on. Tomorrow the boats will return to sea – alone, vulnerable, and in a sea that might not be so friendly. 🌀

\*The "magic lantern," an early image projector developed in the 17th century, which used a bright light and lenses to project the image on a wall or screen. The images, which were often hand-painted, beautifully documented scenes of Provincetown and have provided a vivid record of early Provincetown.



*Fourth of July, John Whorf Watercolor (1903-1959)*



**Amy Whorf McGuigan**, author and historian, spent "idyllic childhood summers in Provincetown's West End", and is the granddaughter of famed watercolorist John Whorf, one of America's most admired painters, and a central figure in Provincetown's art colony, and co-author of the book *John Whorf Rediscovered* with John Whorf's son, John. The most recent book in Amy's collection, *On a Visit to Provincetown*, is a collection of remarkable hand-colored lantern slide views created by her talented great-grandfather Harry C. Whorf, from 1910-1930 who was drawn to the Provincetown shoreline, its boats and fishing culture.

Amy has preserved the Whorf family's artistic legacy as well as that of Provincetown, where her family has deep roots in this town. We are thankful for her work that blends Provincetown's history, genealogy, and family stories.

## Emanuel “Roll-Down” Caton (Caetano)

*Emanuel Caetano*

LISA KING, PROVINCETOWN HISTORIAN

It was after the turn of the century when Emanuel Caetano (1793-1882) left his home and family in Porto, Portugal. Life was difficult about this time as the country was impoverished by war with France. He was ready for an adventure like so many other boys his age and signed onto a merchant ship heading to America.

The routes linked the Americas, Europe, and Africa and were fraught with danger. Ships loaded with goods were up for grabs by vicious pirates hunting on the high seas.

The days at sea seemed endless, plodding one after another in a slow march toward a new life. Emanuel was fast asleep under an overturned dory on the deck when he was awoken by shouting and the crack and bang of a pistol piercing the morning silence. Thudding footsteps crossed the deck followed by shrieks from the passengers and shouts from the crew defending their vessel. The clash of cutlasses (a short sword with a slightly curved blade used by sailors), rang loudly as they cut down whoever stood in their way. Pirates roamed the Atlantic and violently took all that was in their path. Young Emanuel watched in horror as the evil men nearly killed the captain and crew before making the passengers walk the plank one by one, hands bound behind their backs. He squinted his eyes shut, terrified and repeated a whispered prayer “The Lord will protect you.” Suddenly, a hand grabbed his ankle and yanked him to safety. He was surrounded by the motley and dangerous crew which had taken over the ship. They stripped the vessel of all valuables, food, and anything else they found useful before scuttling it. Making the boy their slave, they taunted the child to pass the time. He worked long days, had little sleep, and even less food, while being abused by the horrific men.

When the pirate ship neared the treacherous bars off the backside beach, the anchor was dropped and two pirates rowed the ailing captain and Emanuel ashore. The pirate captain was near death, so Emanuel was sent to find a doctor. It was too dangerous to have a pirate ship offshore so Emanuel watched as the vessel weighed



*Emanuel Caetano*

anchor and sailed away, disappearing.

The small Portuguese boy left the sick man on shore and wandered the lonely shore, weak, scared, cold, and crying and looking for help for his captain. He sat in the sand drowning in despair while the wind blew his tears away.

Capt. Gamaliel Bowley (1776-1836), was traveling on a wagon over the beach to the Race Point settlement, when he saw a small child crouched on the sand and approached him. He stretched out his large, calloused hand asking “How you faring boy? You seem to be in a bind?” The boy looked up with pleading eyes; he understood little English. The child was able to lead Bowley to the sick man on the beach.

Capt. Bowley took the child and the pirate to the Race Point settlement on the beach, which was nothing more than shacks erected for shelter, gear work, and storage.

The captain was taken to town to be cared for. When the day’s work was done, the boy jumped on the back of the captain’s cart, and they began their trek through the dunes to Provincetown. They traveled on a well-worn path originally made by the natives who inhabited the land for thousands of years before the European settlers arrived. The ruts in the sand didn’t inhibit the wide iron wheels on the cart from moving forward. Provincetown had about 250 residents during this period and was sparsely populated. No wharves would be built for another 25 years along the shore. It was considered a wild place where nothing grew from the sand, but the bounty of fish and fowl made it a busy place for commerce. When the pirate captain recovered, he told Emanuel they would catch a Packet boat\* to Boston and catch the pirate ship near there at a predetermined spot. Emanuel demurred and said he will stay in Provincetown as he liked the place and people. The captain left without him.

Young Emanuel was taken to Gamaliel’s home and

### NOTES:

\*Packet boat: a medium sized boat designed mainly for domestic mail and freight transport


It was Capt. Gamaliel Smith Bowley who found Emanuel Caton (Caetano) on the back shore about 1805. It is said his son Freeman Mayo Bowley found Caton (Caetano) on the beach, but Freeman would not be born until 1819, 14 years after Caton arrived in Provincetown.

Lisa King: I have relied on Federal and State census reports, Provincetown birth, marriage, and death records, books, and newspapers to corroborate the timelines.

placed in the care of his wife Temperance. As Emanuel grew, he worked as a laborer to earn his keep.

He lived in Provincetown and attended church services and became a bit of a zealot most likely due to his childhood trauma. He was known for never missing a Sunday sermon where he would fervently repeat, “The Lord will protect you” during each service.

Emanuel “Roll-Down” Caton (Caetano) grew into a swarthy and ruggedly handsome man with a head full of jet-black curly hair. While in Wellfleet he met and courted Jemima Atkins. The two were married January 14, 1823, in Provincetown by the Reverend Epiphraas “Kibbe” Cook in the Methodist religion. They lived in Provincetown where Emanuel became captain of the fishing schooner Sea Fox and was known for wearing thick brass hoops in both ears, something he acquired during his time on the pirate ship.

On February 26, 1882, Emanuel Caetano, the first Portuguese person to settle in Provincetown, drew his last breath. 



### Lisa King, Provincetown’s Keeper of Stories and Portuguese Memories

*Lisa King is a local historian, well known for preserving the town’s history through her documented stories, and all that defines Provincetown and its fishing village roots. Her effort to catalog local nicknames of Portuguese fishermen and families is extraordinary and captures the personalities of local characters who are long gone. In this photo, Lisa is holding a Civil War sword during a demonstration of historical artifacts.*

Steven Roderick and Tracy Pease, Provincetown.com

## Joe: Part 1

I don't know too much about the Roderick side of the family, only the Sousa side and on the Valentine side, which was my mother's side of the family, I know my grandmother and most of her sisters and brothers were born in Provincetown. I think my grandfather met his wife in Provincetown. They were married in Provincetown, and all the children were born in Provincetown. We're going way back to at least the 1870's. I remember my grandfather and my grandmother. My mother was born in 1899. If my grandmother was born in Provincetown, it had to be at least 18 or 20 years before.

I don't know how they came over here. I do know that my grandfather went out of Portugal on a whaler. He took a whaler. I've never been able to find out what whaler it was. It was out of Nantucket. It went over and took part of the crew from the

Azores. He was gone for two years, and winds up in New Bedford. He jumps ship in New Bedford, comes to Provincetown and marries my grandmother.

I don't know why he came to Provincetown. He must have had some idea of people being in Provincetown he could get associated with. Our family goes back at least to the 1870's. I don't know if they lived on Long Point. I do know that my mother was born in a house way up in the West End of town. They were practically the only Portuguese in that area when my mother was born. The Azoreans lived in the West End of town and the Mainland Portuguese in the Center. They never got along. And they did that with fishing boats when they first came over. Then it transformed. Then they changed over. Just like my wife and me. All my grandparents are from the Azores. All of Emily's side was Mainlanders, from the Algarve, a

place called Aljezur. I don't think I would have been married to my wife if my father-in-law hadn't gone to Portugal.

When I graduated from high school, I went fishing with Emily's uncle. That was the first boat I went on. I didn't go fishing in high school. I tried to raise \$250.00 to go onto college. I could have gone to Bates College for \$250.00. There's no way my father and mother could afford to send me. Alton Ramey and Tony Duarte were from Bates. Tony was my coach in high school. I couldn't get the \$250.00. There was no money in the family. At one time there were ten children. My brother Steven never went. None of us went to college. Arthur probably went to school the most. Even after he came out of the service he wound up going to school. I had no money.

The only job I had was working on the pier, on Sklaroff's wharf. Before I went fishing, I went to



*Painting of the Jimmy Boy by Kristen McDonald  
Courtesy of Steven Roderick*



*F/V Jimmy Boy*

## First Vessel Hauled Up by New Railway

*Joseph Roderick's Jimmy Boy is the first vessel to be hauled up the new railways at Flyer's Boatyard at the Cape Tip.*

*The craft is one of Provincetown's largest fishing boats measuring 65 feet.*



work there in the summers. I started working on fish when I was 13 years old. I was paid 25 cents an hour. I remember the first week I worked for Sklaroff's wharf. I brought home \$23 at 25 cents an hour. My mother and father gave me \$3... \$3, what I couldn't do with \$3. That was a lot of money. Sklaroff was the name of the people that owned that pier, not the town wharf, the other one. They were the ones that built it. It was in their family for years. The Sklaroff's were Jewish people. There was one man that used to run it. He had one arm. He had lost it in some kind of an accident. His name was Bill Sklaroff. It was taken over by Boozy and Lamb.

At one time down there at the pier, they used to have seiners going

out for fish. They'd bring it in the afternoon. They had to dress that fish because they weren't shipping it out iced. They would split it, salt it, and put it into barrels. The cold storages were open. But this was another business that used to be carried out by Sklaroff's wharf. They shipped salted fish all over the country. The fish was packed in salt in Irish barrels. The barrels would either go out in trucks or they'd go out on the railroad. The time I'm talking about, if I was 13, it had to be in 1935. The first job I had was working there.

Then, the next job was when the government came out with Social Security. I was employed by Atlantic Coast Fisheries to work on whiting. I was 16 at the time. We were doing

different jobs pertaining to frozen whiting. They used to take and make a butterfly out of them and shove them into the quick freeze. That was one of the big businesses they had at Atlantic Coast. It was the last big business they had. And that was even before they made a cannery right alongside it. They owned the Cape Cod Wharf and others, too. They took over other cold storages.

Atlantic Coast Fisheries came in and took over from the old cold storages. The old ones, the original ones, the old cold storages, were strictly sold by shares. The first two cold storages were the one near Flinksie's Barber Shop. The other one was over here in North Truro. Those were the first two cold storages on the local level. That was back in '93. The railroad came



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*Postcard of fishing dragger Jimmy Boy in Provincetown Harbor  
-Salvador Vasque*

in 1873. After that is when they started to build those other cold storages. Most of the cold storages in Provincetown were all built after 1910, from 1910 to 1918. And Sklaroff's wharf wasn't even built before they put the town pier there. There was no pier there at the turn of the century. Matheson's Wharf was there. I remember all the cold storages along Commercial Street. All the cold storages had trap boats. Their trap boats used to have five weirs out all the way around the bay. That's the first part that I remember about fishing. Colonial Cold Storage was in the East end near Howland Street. Puritan Wharf was right next to Cape Cod Wharf where Flyer's Boatyard is now.

In front of the Colonial building there was a track that went down to the water. That's where they used to

unload the boats. The water wasn't deep enough for draggers to come in beside the wharf. When they built on the end, we were able to come in and unload.

At that time the draggers started going fishing. They would land fish at the cold storages because the traps weren't catching the amount of fish the cold storages needed to operate. It was a good deal to go out and get 50, 60 barrels of whiting and bring them in and take them out. We used to take them out round. Then the cold storage would treat them and use them to meet the demand for frozen fish, but it had to be fresh. You couldn't go out and stay overnight. You had to come in the same day. We didn't have refrigeration, just ice in the hold. Even then we didn't have that much ice because we couldn't afford to pay

for the ice. I had no choice but to go fishing. There weren't that many jobs around where you could make any money.

I tried to go to school. I took a PG course at Cambridge High and Latin. My sister Ida was working in Cambridge at the time. She was working for Judge Fort and I was living with her. I started to go to school there. I went to school at Cambridge High and Latin. I went there for about a couple months. Then I had some trouble at one of the places where I was working. I was working in Harvard Square, right in Cambridge. I was working in a little shop there. It was called Highlers. They served lunches and all. I threw a glass of water back at one of the college girl's faces, so I came home. She sent me back three times to rectify her order. There



*Anthony Menangas and Dickie Rowe returning to MacMillan Wharf*



*Young Joe Roderick sitting atop the mast on the Amelia R.*

were some of them that were son-of-a-guns. She was a Radcliff girl. I was 17 at the time. That's when I came home. I came back to Provincetown and got a job with Emily's uncle, Manuel Thomas,

Dr. Foo. On the Aerolight. Dr. Foo used to say about dogfish, "Damn it you kill one and thousand come to the funeral." Dr. Foo was Emily's mother's brother.

I was 17 years old in the late 1930's. Dr. Foo was the first one I went out with after I came out of high school. I hadn't been out fishing before. When I first came out of high school, I went fishing with him for the summer. Before I went I decided that I was going to go to school and work in Cambridge. I started to do that, but I only lasted about a month, a month and a half.

At the time when I came back to Provincetown—that was in October—summer was already over and Dr. Foo didn't need any more men. I went on Edwin Gill's boat. He used to live on Conant Street, I went

with him. In 1942 I went with Ernest Tarvers on the Mermaid. It was a dragger and a hard-working boat. It was one of those little sailboats, the big round and full type boats with a single mast in them. They used to go sailing with them. It was like a catboat. That's exactly what it was like. They were very close to the water. They didn't have much free board. In fact, you couldn't even go into the fish hull. My size, I'd be half out. You had to go down on your knees to load the fish. It was a dragger with a small net. At that time they still had gasoline engines when they first went dragging.

We'd go fishing right around the Cape here, mostly in the bay and around the Cape. Later on, they started to get more power and diesel engines, they started to go further down. They'd go down off Chatham, down off Nantucket. When I started fishing with my second boat, that's where I used to fish. It was a job. I also got a break. I was fishing with my father-in-law when I first got married. My father-in-law had to go

to the hospital for an operation and turned the boat over to me. He let me run it. That was before I went in the service. I went in the service in '43 so I think, at the end of '42. I'd only been fishing with him a couple years. He let me take the boat. He trusted me. And that was the first break I got.

## Joe: Part 2

I was in the service from '43 to '45. I went to the submarine service in New London, went cross-country by train and took transport to Pearl Harbor. And from there I went all the way to the Marshall Islands. I was on a submarine tender. I volunteered for it because my wife at the time was having a baby. I got extra money for hazard duty. I wanted to go to any school. Then I'd be in training for a long while and I would be able to come home. I could have her come up. The first time I went in for an examination, I was going in for PT boats. I had gone out the night before and had a few drinks. I had high blood pressure. They

wouldn't pass me. A couple of weeks later, the navy wanted volunteers for submarine duty. Submarine duty would have been even closer to home. That was as close as I could get. Before, it was Davisville, RI. for PT boats.

Submarine training was in New London. I finally went there and they passed me. My wife had just had the baby. She came back to New London while I was going to school.

I was in New London for about sixteen weeks. I went to diesel school there. When I came out of book camp I had gone to diesel school. I used to run the engine, which was a diesel engine, on the Amelia R when I was fishing with my father-in-law. The first experience I had wasn't as the skipper of the boat. I was the engineer. In fact, that's where they put me in the Navy. I was the engineer.

I got out of the navy in '45. In fact, the only reason I got out so quick was we were bombed in July by a Japanese plane. I took a photo of the northern part of Japan. We were going between two islands in the northern part of Japan by a point, Kamshafka, that sticks down from Siberia. We were going in there to sink fishing boats. That was going to be our job, to go in there and sink fishing boats. We got caught on the surface going between two islands. The plane comes out of nowhere and drops a bomb right on the side of the sub. Well, it did enough damage to make us turn around and come back out. We went all the way back to Pearl for repair. We were in there being repaired and were just about ready to go out on another patrol

back to the Yellow Sea when they bombed Hiroshima. I was in Pearl Harbor at the time. They sent us home right off. We were one of the first Navy ships that came home. We were all ready to go out to the Kuril Islands. We had picked up two downed pilots. In fact, at one time I thought that maybe one of them was President Bush, but it wasn't.

When I came back I bought the Ameila R from my father-in-law. I owned the boat in '48. All that summer we weren't able to operate the boat dragging. (Another boat I lost on October 20, 1942)\* (We hooked up on something on the bottom when we were hauling back. That's why the boat looks so neat there in the picture.)\* There was a hopper down in front of the cold storage over in North Truro. I used to bring men over here to build her. These men lived in Provincetown. They'd be here all week. They had no means of transportation over to that hopper. We used to take them over with the fishing boat. Then we'd go out and go tuna fishing all that summer. Then we'd come back in at 4 o'clock, come over to the ramp, and take them back to Provincetown. That was a job I had. I couldn't go fishing because the engine was all shot. I started harpooning tuna, but then we started using hooks. At that time they didn't have hooks strong enough. That's when they were developed. It was over 50 years ago, in 1948, when all that big tuna was around here. It was just to survive. I put in an engine that Fall. I got a surplus engine for \$5,000. That's how much I had to spend to go out, buy the engine and put it in. I had to go and get a mortgage, a \$6,000

mortgage.

I had gone to the insurance company. I had insured the boat. Seven days after I had put the engine in the boat, I go out fishing. We were off the west side of Stellwaggen Bank. The first day I set out and was towing along the bottom. I was hoping to go for flounders, but I hooked on something on the bottom. I think it was an anchor that was attached to a wreck. And I got it up so high the doors were up, but the net and the cables were still down underneath. They used to use 15 to 25 feet of cable from the net down to the doors. Whatever was on the bottom was more than the boat could handle without capsizing. So, when I got it in a certain position, I was paralyzed. I mean, there was nothing I could do really, about releasing, given the kind of rig that we had. We were at the point when what was coming up off the bottom couldn't come up any more without turning us over. And when she came, it just flipped us right over. The thing was still hooked to the bottom.

My younger brother Sonny and Gus Reis were fishing with me. Gus Reis climbed up the bottom of the boat and sat on the keel. Didn't even get his feet wet. My brother Sonny, to get away from the boat, dove off the side of the boat as it was going over. I was caught in the pilothouse. We had an old, small pilothouse. It was only half a pilothouse. On one side was a wooden door, just a small half a door. On the other side was a full door. Up in the rigging we used to have a spare net. That net came right across the open door. There was only one place that I could get out. If I got bumped in the head or

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*Joe Roderick, owner and Capt. of  
the Jimmy Boy*

something and I couldn't unhook this door on the side, I would have been right underneath the net. I don't know what would have happened. I got out. I dove and came out underneath. I had to wait for the engine to stop. The engine was still turning even though the boat was upside down because the air was trapped in it and it didn't fill with water. I dove and I came out and I sat on the keel with the other two fellas, my brother and Gus Reis. And then while we were sitting on the keel, Manuel Thomas comes alongside. That was the same year that Manuel Thomas bought the Joan and Tom. He was the one that picked us up. I think he'd been fishing for three or four days. It was his third day. When we went out, he was just going out, too. He came alongside while I was sitting on the keel. We jumped on the boat without any trouble. A few seconds later one side of the boat come up, lets the air out and down it went. It stayed right there. It was too

deep at that time to salvage.

The Insurance company paid off. I hadn't paid one red cent to them. I had a piece of paper saying that the boat was insured. It was. I always remembered because it wasn't from the fellow that owned the insurance company. It was from his secretary and her name was on it. I always remembered her name was Agnes Asperin, always remembered it. And I was a friend of the fellow that owned the insurance company. The \$6,000 insurance money more or less took care of what I originally put in the boat, but I was \$3,000 or \$4,000 more in debt. Well, \$3,000 or \$4,000 then was a hell of a lot of money. I bought the boat originally for \$6,000. That was a lot of money. It was almost two or three weeks out until I got the Amelia R. straightened out and finished what I had to do for the Coast Guard. Then I went with Manuel Thomas on the Joan and Tom as one of his crew members. The next December I decided maybe we ought to go to California.

## Joe: Part 3

**E**mily had a lot of family out there in California that went tuna fishing. They were in a good business. I thought maybe I could get a job on one of the boats out there. What kept coming into my mind was the \$4,000 I owed. How in the heck am I gonna pay off this \$4,000? At the time, right after the war, they were making big money tuna fishing. So, we went out there.

I was out in California, I got a call from Henry Passions from Provincetown. He had the Liberty

Bell and wanted somebody to run it. It was late '49 or early '50. I had already lost the boat and then a year later in 1949, I lost my son, Jimmy. I was almost lined up with a site when I got the call from Henry Passions. He wanted me to run his boat the Liberty Belle. He was going to Florida for the winter. So, I did. I came home. That's the boat I ran and started with. He knew I had been fishing a while. I'd had the Amelia R. At that time his son-in-law, Frank Motta, wasn't fishing with him. That boat was built in '47. I ran it in '49. I was the captain and I ran it for five or six months. In the spring, there was a boat for sale up in New Bedford. That's when and where I bought the Jimmy Boy.

I didn't have it built, but the boat was rebuilt. She had blown up in New Bedford Harbor. When she did, they rebuilt her. They added another ten feet onto the bow. The bow had split open from an explosion of bottled gas. The same thing happened with my brother Sonny. They were using propane for cooking but had a leak in the line. A fella went down and turned on the switch. When he turned on the switch, boom, she blew right open. They fixed it all up. We bought it.

After I lost the Amelia R, I went fishing. I did make a few dollars. When it came time I could buy the boat, you can't imagine how many different people from Gloucester loaned me money on a share basis. They owned 16ths of vessels and went for three or four years like that. Finally I needed another engine in the boat and I had to buy them out. That's when I went looking for



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*Joe and his wife Emily christen the Jimmy Boy*

another investment. But I cleared up most of the bills that I had. The fishing was very good.

There's a lot of difference between different types of fishermen. If you're fishing with your father or if you're fishing with your brother or whoever, you could be taught but they don't want to teach you anything. They don't want you to get too interested in fishing because they don't want you to object to the work you are doing. I just don't know how they could go do what they did. The only way that they could operate the boats was if they had sons working with them. The owners weren't making that much out of their own share unless they had somebody with them who'd take the boat fishing if they weren't there. That's the way the boats were run for years. They were family affairs.

When I stop and think about families, I can remember when my father used to be a trap fisherman. He was in Madison's Wharf. He was there for years. He took over as captain of the trap boat from old man Joe Lucas who lived up on Commercial Street. Bill Lucas used to be at Madison's cold storage.

When my father became skipper, I had four uncles and my father on one trap boat: my Uncle Arthur, my father's brother-in-law, Manuel Brown, Arthur "Deeda" Roderick, my uncle Joe Souza, my mother's brother, and my Uncle David Souza who was married to my aunt Juliana.

I had as many as six or seven men on the Jimmy Boy. The big thing about any fishing vessel then was you had to be able to handle the fish you could catch. You had to catch so much fish in order to make any money. It wasn't a case of just bringing the fish in. You have to dress and clean the fish and keep them iced and keep them cool. If you leave them on deck too long, they spoil especially in the summer. So, we always felt whatever number of men were aboard could always find work. They probably didn't share as much as five or six in a boat. Accordingly their share would probably be greater on a boat that might be run by four men, but how much can they handle? It isn't like what you have today.

I went on a whale watching boat and I saw the Joan and Tom. He's fishing out there all alone. He's one of the sons of Alfred Silva who

owns the boat. He's got a son that's fishing that boat alone. I always said it wouldn't surprise me someday if he runs into a little accident. He's all alone trying to run the boat, run the engine, run everything, and run the winch. If he ever falls overboard and the boat is moving he's a goner. Anything can happen.

Business was very good until, I'd say, the beginning of the 80's. The last good fishing when you got a good price, I'd say, was around 1980. The 70's were very good. After that, I think it was fished out plus, I think that's when we were starting to get the effects of the foreign fisheries. When I first got this boat, the fuel bill for the year at that time was \$3,600. I used to buy fuel from Marcy's Oil. Marcy went into business around the same time that I got this boat. It was around 1950. He was with his brother, Chris. Chris ran the Cape Cod garage. The last year that I can remember, I paid \$36,000 for fuel, ten times what I paid in '50. And then there was the price of ice. We didn't need much ice. Ice would go for 1 or 2 cents a pound. You'd get four or five tons of ice before you started fishing. At that time, we no longer had any icehouses. They



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*People aboard the Jimmy Boy at the Blessing of the Fleet, late 1950's*

weren't making their own ice. We were having it brought in. It was at the East End Cold Storage where they were making ice. That's where we used to get most of the ice. The cost of all the gear went up.

Insurance though, was the thing that really hurt you. The price of insurance went way up. There's always been something wrong with the insurance companies if you compare the fisheries to businesses

on land. Any insurance company could cancel you from one year to the next. If something happens, you had some accident on the boat, even though you're paying, and they're being well paid to cover the accident, they could refuse to take you on the next year, just cancel you out. If you had a big claim against the insurance company, if it was even one-third of what you were paying as a premium, the next year they would probably double up the premium. And you

had no guarantee you could get the insurance. And if they didn't want to take you, they didn't have to. And nobody would take you. They'd only take you at the same rate. And knowing that you had been with another company and you were a risk, they'd just cancel it. You had to have insurance. Suppose somebody gets hurt or suppose you need to go to the bank to borrow money on the boat. Do you have insurance? No, you don't have insurance. If you don't have insurance, you can't get a loan from First National Bank or Seamen's Bank. The Seamen's was the first one, I always remembered, to refuse loans to a boat, provided you didn't have a house to mortgage. That's the way it went. They had you right in a bind. You either had to have insurance to go out or to borrow money? What else could you do? I had people get hurt. I was at a point where they were gonna double my insurance, and I went for seven or eight years without insurance. I couldn't afford it. If I were to pay the additional premium that they wanted me to pay, I might as well forget it. I wouldn't have made one red cent out of the boat. It would have been all for the insurance. The only thing I could do was to fund the corporation. The corporation owned it.

Before I got the Jimmy Boy I was in a position where I was straddled. I gotta make up this \$4,000 I've got to make it on the side. To make \$4,000 above what you have to live on was quite difficult in those years. You're talking \$4,000. When I kept thinking of that debt, I'd say to myself how in the heck did you ever go out and borrow \$30,000

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*Sketch of Jimmy Boy by Steve Kennedy*

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to purchase the Jimmy Boy. That's what I paid for it originally. I didn't have any money. I got different people to loan me something. I wanted to pay off my debts. In other words, I didn't want to be just getting by. I felt that if I'm gonna be working at this, and I don't think fishing at that time was very good, you make money if you get your own boat and you get it paid for. But it was a big stipulation, the upkeep and all the insurance got to be too much.

### Joe: Part 4

I stop and think back to '50 when I bought the boat. In '54 I got caught in a hurricane in New Bedford putting a new engine in the boat. That's another deal where I went backward again. That happened almost right after I purchased the boat. I had to pay off the people down in Gloucester that owned the 16ths. In 1968 I put in the next engine. In '68 the boat sunk alongside the wharf. She got punctured with a pole. An old pole, with a big spike, come out of Skarloffs Wharf and drifted against her on Christmas Eve. I went to Christmas Eve Mass. I went down the wharf after Mass. It was Midnight Mass. I went down to the wharf. I saw the boat there. It was right on the end of the wharf, right on the end of the T. I went home and went to sleep.

Next morning I get a knock on the door. My brother Sonny came over and told me, "Joe, you better come now." The boat was sunk alongside the wharf. There she is laying away from the wharf. It was on a cold, cold day when we brought the boat up.



*A proud moment for the Jimmy Boy  
Roderick family collection*

We brought it up with the mast against the wharf. When she fell, when she got full of water, she laid over away from the wharf but was still fastened to the wharf. So, we took a tackle from the top of the mast and pulled the boat to the wharf so that she would be level. When the tide went out, we could see the deck, but the boat was all-full of water inside. We got pumps to go down there and started to pump it out. We were able to pump out the water because she had watertight bulkheads. And when we got a little water out of her, we were able to bring part of it up. That's the way we moved her. The next day, after we moved her into the short water, two or three boats came near to my boat. They helped, too. It was all community spirit. Everybody helped.

First, we put it alongside the pier. At that time you didn't have to worry about putting oil and water from the bilge in the harbor. I don't

know what would have happened with the boat if I couldn't have been able to recover it. We had the engine running in a couple of days. We had to flush it all out, but it was brand new. It had gone in the Spring before. It was a Caterpillar, cost \$15,000. We took it to Flyer's afterwards. It was about three months before I went out fishing with the boat again.

I was up to Flyer's. We had a little damage, but it wasn't much. The biggest damage was to the engine. All the electronics had to be replaced. That was like another \$10,000. But at that time, I had insurance. Now that's the part that always got me. It cost the insurance company \$24,000 to pay off what I had done to that boat. The next year they wanted to double the premium that I was paying before. I think at that time I was paying almost 10 percent interest on that boat. I had the boat insured for \$50,000 or \$60,000 at the time. So, can you



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imagine what I would have to pay? I could not. That's when I stopped. I stopped having insurance and I formed a corporation. That's the only way. The next seven or eight years were very, very good. Then things started getting bad.

There's a long period when the foreign vessels started to come over. Before you know it, they were catching more fish than all the boats in the United States put together. There was no comparison. They'd have one big mother ship and all these big beam trawlers would be going out and supplying these mother ships with all the fish they wanted. They were right along our coast. We wrote our Congressmen. They didn't respond. Kennedy didn't respond. The only one who did was Congressman Hastings. We wrote three letters and some friends of ours wrote letters. They never heard anything.

I remember being in the Provincetown Inn talking with Ted Kennedy. He was down here one time. I told him about the insurance and the problem we were having with insurance. It must have been in the '70's. It was after I had the trouble in '68 or '69 when I started fishing again. It had to be in the early '70's when he came down here and I had run into the problem with insurance. What was I gonna do with the vessel? Here I am stuck with the vessel. I just put the engine in. I invested at the time \$44,000 or \$45,000 to put in the new engine and new tanks and everything else I had to do to the boat. I was almost to the point where I would have been better off if I went and bought

another boat given the money I was gonna have to put into the Jimmy Boy. It was a really expensive deal. Teddy Kennedy didn't say a word. So, I said, "I hope you do something about this insurance. We shouldn't be any different than the Canadian government." The Canadian government covered all Canadian boats. They would supply with the insurance, and the boat would be under the government's supervision. But you couldn't do it in this country. I don't know why.

You know the part that I've always been against. What ever happened to the marine fisheries when we had to have insurance? Look how many years we used to have fishing boats. We didn't have to have insurance on the boat or on the crew. Why? You had a marine doctor. You had a marine hospital. Everywhere you could go for nothing. Then they turned around and stopped that. Can you imagine what has happened through the years as a result of having insurance for crewmembers? It was to a point where it was impossible to supply the insurance for five or six men. There was no limit under marine law to what you are entitled for any injury you might get. If you were on a fishing boat or a marine boat, it's unlimited what you can sue for. If you're working ashore and you're a carpenter or you're some worker and you chop off a finger, there's a limit to what you can receive. But when you do it on a fishing boat, it's unlimited. It goes way back in marine law to the 1770's or 1780's, and that's never been changed.

## Joe: Part 5

**T**hey changed the regulations on the nets. You would have to disregard the net that you were working with and make it to the government's specifications. We had a driveway full of different nets that you could not use. The mesh must be six inches. A pretty good-sized ground fish might stay in that net.

I started fishing with the Jimmy Boy in '50. I fished until '87. And I started fishing in '39 with Manuel Thomas. I fished for almost 50 years. I tried to make a living. I know I did a lot of fishing, but I had to do a lot of fishing because I had so many men on the boat.

That was really the joy that I got out of it. I didn't have any children, but I liked to see that the families of my men on my boat were doing well. The crew that was with me the longest were Tony Menangas and Junior Leonard. He fished with me for a good many years. His wife remarried Rocky Taves. In fact, Junior just died not very long ago.

I took boys that went to college. I took Joe Taves. I took Joe Corea, Annie Corea's nephew. He graduated and went on. He never went fishing anymore. He's a school teacher up in Portland. I took Arthur Reis, junior. It was a family thing, but there were additional ones that I would take. I'd only take them for the summer. They were going to school.

I don't have any regrets. I don't have any regrets to this day. If somebody wants a piece for them,



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and I can get it for them, I will give it to them. I don't expect to go out and go sell it to somebody. I would never do that. When I owned the boat, I would give fish to anybody. I didn't care who they were as long as I knew that they weren't gonna take that same fish and go out and sell it. Frankie Bottles was one of them. I could write a book about him. I was very happy. I was very happy in what I was doing. I know that from '50 to '87 I don't think there was a man that fished with me whose family wasn't living as good as anyone in Provincetown. That was the big satisfaction. If I didn't have that satisfaction, I don't know what would have happened.

Emily: "He was thinking of going fishing out in California.

Joe: "I'm glad that fell through because I know I wouldn't have been happy doing that.

Emily: "I didn't want you to stay out fishing for three months at a time. It's just the two of us. He certainly could make enough money around here for the two of us to survive rather than me sitting by myself in California for months."

What I see here, the whole business, and I'm only talking about the history of Provincetown. Just take Provincetown... Can you imagine what used to be here in Provincetown with fisheries and how many people were concerned with the fisheries? That was their only means of livelihood. And I can't understand how they could have had so many boats going out of Provincetown. They were manned mostly with Provincetown people, and they all must have made a good




*Joe Roderick, his sister Ida and his brother 'Sonny' Roderick*



*Emily Roderick, wife of Joe Roderick, at their home on the bluff in North Truro where she watched with binoculars for the Jimmy Boy to round Long Point, heading home after days and nights on the fishing grounds.*

living. I know the boat owners made good livings. You did for years. The old Yankees first started the fishing business. Look how long they were in power. Then we Portuguese came. How long did that last? I always remember when I was a boy, the old sailing captains, the old

schooner captains. Captain Manuel Gaspar, captain of the Valerie. You can still see their homes around Provincetown.

I'm glad to see the ones that own them now have restored them. It's all unbelievable. 

## Breaking Barriers on Land and Sea

*“Everything I’ve ever done in my life is because of Provincetown Harbor.”*

CAITLIN TOWNSEND

**“My goal is to preserve, protect and empower the fishing industry.”**



*A daughter of the sea, working the same waters that raised generations before her.*



*“The changes I’ve seen in our fisheries and coastal towns have driven me to dedicate my life to advocating for fishermen, American seafood, and the communities that depend on them.”*

Everything I have ever done in my life is because of Provincetown Harbor. I’ve had the privilege of exploring and working in fishing communities across the country. I’ve fallen in love with some of them, but when it comes down to it, nothing compares to my little hometown. No matter where I go, Provincetown is the place I measure everything against.

I grew up on the docks, climbing all over the boat from my childhood, the F/V Trevor Kane a boat my dad built piece by piece in Maine. I also learned the ropes early inside my family’s fish market and restaurant, Townsend Lobster & Seafood, at 9 Ryder Street, at the base of Cabral’s Wharf in Provincetown. Both of its piers were my playground, and they were also my classroom. I learned about the fishing fleet from my father, Chris Townsend as well as my grandfather, David Townsend, and from the fishermen around

them. Sometimes it was through stories, but often my learning came from quietly observing. I loved and still do love watching how people worked, how they solved problems, how they showed up for each other.

I learned what it was like to run a business in Provincetown, even if it meant selling lobster or fish at the age of eight. I still meet people who remember me as a kid, reaching in and pulling out the biggest lobster I could find from the tank. I learned what it meant to depend on the water, and what it meant to be part of a community. Most importantly, that upbringing made me who I am today. As a kid, I sometimes felt left out because I didn’t come from a Portuguese family. But my dad and grandfather always told me, “We’re Portuguese by association.” meaning we can still celebrate life the way our community does, the Blessing of the Fleet, the food, the family.

I was lucky enough to start fishing with my dad as a young girl. Around twelve, I began lobstering more regularly. We upgraded boats over time, from the F/V Three Seas, a 37’ Osmond Beal to our current boat, a 40’ Wayne Beal, the F/V Heidi Lyn named for my stepmom. It was on the back deck of the Three Seas, hauling trap after trap, that I decided the direction my life would take.

I went on to continue my education at Massachusetts Maritime Academy, where I studied Marine Science, Safety, and Environmental Protection, with a concentration in Shipboard Health and Safety. At the time, I thought I wanted to go to the Gulf to work on oil rigs as a safety officer. But I graduated during COVID, and that path didn’t unfold the way I expected. Instead, I found my way back to where it all began, the Provincetown fishing fleet.

A series of events led me to meet Laura Ludwig from the Center for Coastal Studies. Through her, I worked on beach clean-ups and most importantly, Ghost Gear grappling, which is retrieving lost lobster traps from Cape Cod Bay, partnering with Provincetown Fishermen’s boats and skills, sometimes even finding traps of those we ourselves have lost.

That experience led me to Net Your Problem, where I’ve spent the past few years helping recycle end-of-life fishing gear from fishermen across Cape Cod and New England. Working out of a New Bedford warehouse, we collect old, retired gear and send it off to be turned into plastic pellets

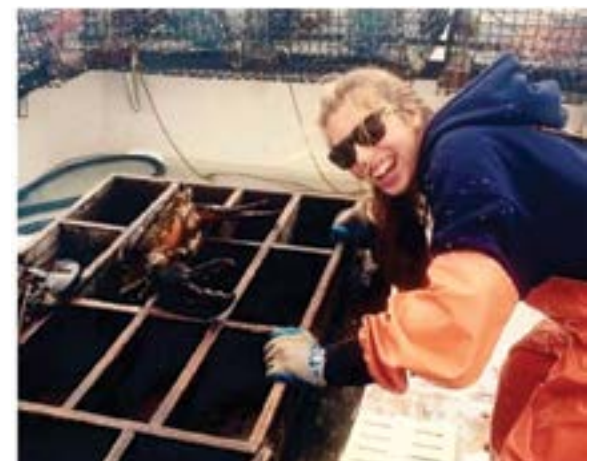


*Caitly and her dad Chris Townsend*

used in manufacturing or used in artwork by talented artists, sometimes even Provincetown artists! That job took me everywhere, from Alaska to fishing ports across the United States. Since 2017, Net Your Problem has collected and properly disposed of over 2 million pounds of end-of-life gear. I’ve spent time in nearly every major commercial fishing harbor in the country, meeting fishermen from all walks of life who are now friends. And no matter where I went, I found the same thing: the same pride, the same challenges, and the same desire to keep fishing.

I found myself constantly comparing those places to Provincetown.

Along the way, I found myself in Bristol Bay, Alaska. Following the footsteps of a few Provincetown fishermen, who I admire, and who have made their way to the Bering Sea, bringing the grit and love from Provincetown. I work aboard the F/V Leila M, a drift gillnetter owned and operated by my friend Jessica Normandeau. Jess is a first generation fisherman, and the hardest worker I know. We fish for sockeye salmon in the river mouths during the run, mid-June to late July, living on the boat for up to six weeks at a time. It’s a completely different fishery than anything I’ve ever experienced here. It is extremely fast paced, tightly managed, and we operate on little sleep and face constant bad weather. A typical day of fishing means paying very close attention to the openers whichever district you are fishing in, and coming up with a game plan of



*Caitlin “Caity” Townsend has a long history in the industry and she just came aboard as our Working Waterfront organizer for the Cape Cod Fishermen’s Alliance*



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how you will fish that day. Bristol Bay Sockeye is one of the most well-regulated and sustainable fisheries in the world. We know exactly how many salmon swim up each river every year. Early in the season, the managers will open the fishery based on tides. Sometimes just the ebbs, or some of the ebb and some of the flood. We fish every minute of the opener. As soon as we can, we head to the tenders, usually Bering Sea crab boats, to deliver our fish. The tenders are our lifelines and bring us all we need to keep fishing: fuel, fresh water, pre-sorted provisions, hydraulic hoses, care packages from home and sometimes, ice cream. The tenders head back to our homeport of Naknek, Alaska where the fish is processed, and where our boat is stored over the winter, then hurry back to the district to buy fish. The community who fish Bristol Bay is also amazing, I have made lifelong friends, and meaningful memories. The fishery is full of young fishermen who often ask me what it was like growing up in a small fishing community, or what it's like to fish the North Atlantic.

Jessica also founded Slipstream Sockeye, a business that brings salmon back to our home communities

in New England, as well as to Wyoming, Idaho, and New York, connecting people directly to the fish and the fishermen who catch it. That connection, from the harvest to people's plates, is something I first understood in Provincetown.

Eventually, I realized I wanted to do more for the fleet that raised me. That realization led me to my current role at the Cape Cod Commercial Fishermen's Alliance, where I serve as a Working Waterfront Community Organizer. I work with fishermen and our community to take action on shared issues, from fisheries policies, to protecting working waterfronts. The work I do now is rooted in everything I learned growing up in Provincetown. It's about making sure that the kind of place I was raised in, and the opportunities it gave me, are still there for the next generation. When I look back, every step I've taken started in Provincetown Harbor. I'm often asked what the public can do to support fishermen, whether in Provincetown or across the country. My answer is always the same: *"Eat wild, American-caught seafood and know your fishermen, tell our stories."*



*Off to a great start in Bristol Bay, Alaska*



*Long lining for invasive blue catfish in Chesapeake Bay*

**Places like Provincetown don't stay working waterfronts automatically. They stay that way because people choose to support them, especially in times like these where the hard work and grit of the fishing fleet is slowly being hidden away, but I will continue to work tirelessly to support my homeport, forever. 🌊**

If you would like to learn more about Slipstream Sockeye and would like to purchase salmon, go to <https://slipstreamsockeye.com/>

If you would like to support Net Your Problem's mission to keep fishing gear out of landfills, go to <https://www.netyourproblem.com/>

If you would like to learn more about what the Cape Cod Commercial Fishermen's Alliance does or would like to support their efforts to ensure the viability and future of Cape Cod's fisheries go to <https://capecodfishermen.org/>

## Fado: The Soul of Portugal

*Provincetown, A unique Sense of Place*

MARCENE MARCOUX



*Performance at Fishermen's Wharf, 2005*



*Fado concert at the Historic Provincetown Hall, 2011*

If you've heard it, the voice draws deep from dark regions, descending down and further down, until you shake with sadness or shiver with sorrow. Then, the sound rises again, ascending up and higher up, until you begin to smile knowing life is good.

If you've heard it, the song echoes from inside dark clubs at night, as women wrapped in black shawls sing mournfully, men wearing black suits bend over Portuguese guitars, and the smoky yellow lights of stages and nightclubs reflect back in time.

If you've ever heard it, the song sears your skin and your soul. You listen and are marked, captive to the music that takes you wherever it must go. You hear it, you follow. It is Fado.

It is this haunting power that emanates from the songs that flow today from the stunning young Fado

singer Mariza, just as it did for so many years from Fado's brightest star, the incomparable Amalia Rodriques. It is sound as essential to Portugal as breath and the sea itself. And it is this melancholic voice you hear in the young Fado singer Catarina Avelar, and in the experience Celia Maria, who come regularly to Provincetown to add their powerful voices to key Portuguese events.

With Fado, tears remain heavy on the surface. Sadness is the grammar in which life is written. Missed possibilities, tragedies, and absence move the voice deep from a throbbing soul, until our spirit vibrates with the enormity of our own losses. What could have been, what was possible, now lays shattered by time. Fado sings of our fate as humans, as frail beings who cannot change our destiny. To live is

to suffer, even amid joy and ecstasy.

As always with Fado, there is the longing for Lisbon, as saudade reverberates in one's memory. This yearning, this painful absence, and these sad remembrances are the edges along which the music lives – the raw rim on which emotions take shape, then move out to touch and embrace the listener. It finds your soul; it shapes your spirit. It's a moan, a sigh, a piercing cry of the heart in a minor key. It makes you, too, long for this distant Portuguese land, as if you, too, had lived in Lisboa or Porto, and the Iberian absence marks your soul.

It's the spirit of Portugal that sings: a wrenching of the heart, a searing passion, a truth that life's disappointments teach. This is the deep reach of Fado. The Fadistas return again to Provincetown {this Saturday night}\* to perform in the



*Soulful vocalist accompanied by Portuguese guitar, 2011*

now-celebrated Portuguese Festival. Celia Maria, Ana Vinagre, Carlos Furtado, and also the riveting Jose Carlos will fill our sea-washed air with longings and add to our salt-washed nights that will again soar and fill us with nostalgia, as much as they fill us with song. Come, hear, and be transported. 🌀

**\* A Night of Fado in the Provincetown Town Hall will take place on Saturday, June 27th, from 7-9**



*A powerful moment of Fado, 2017*

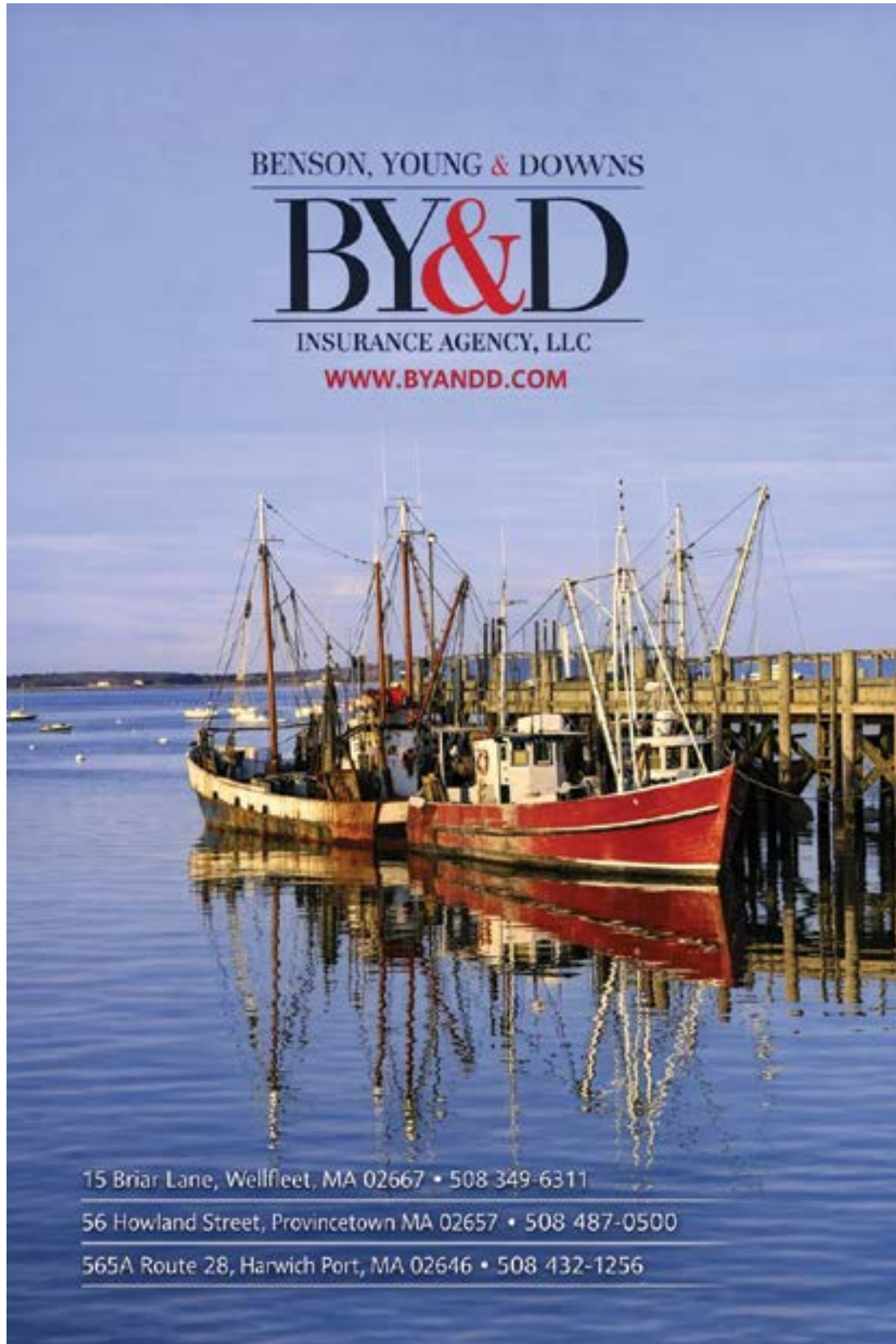


*Keeping the soul of Portuguese saudade alive*



*Marcene Marcoux is an explorer and a thinker who thrives on compelling ideas and brilliant writing. As a cultural anthropologist, she passionately studies people while also embracing the beauty and mystery of nature. She is particularly drawn to the confluence of sea, sand, and the vast stretches of dunes. Writing brings her immense delight, a pursuit she has joyfully embraced throughout her life.*

## The F/V Kahuna's Next Generation



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*Dylan Leonard, crew member,  
inheriting a way of life*

Capt. Beau Gribbin, from a long lineage of working fishermen, runs the fishing vessel Kahuna, part of his High-Pressure Fisheries, Inc. fleet of fishing vessels, with the precision of a man who has spent his life on the water. This season, the Kahuna will be inheriting a new set of hands, Beau's nephew Dylan Leonard. When Dylan stands on the deck of the Kahuna, the history of his family's past will settle on his shoulders, and he will be stepping into a way of life that is going to ask something of him, more than he ever expected. Dylan is ready to learn what fishing really means, and it will be far more than perhaps he knows at this point, but he will be shoulder to shoulder with his Uncle Beau, and it will be something that he will never forget. The experience will be life changing. The Kahuna will have a willing young man, a new set of strong hands, and the Atlantic will be waiting to test him at sea. Dylan is more than ready to meet the challenge.

**Dylan has joined the  
Kahuna Crew and is  
Carrying  
the Tradition  
Forward**

ARIELLE TASHA

I have always been very proud of my heritage, of our family history, and of my town's humble beginnings. I tried to teach Dylan as much about it as I could. I took



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*Capt. Beau Gribbin*



*The Kahuna all decked out for the Blessing*

him squid fishing down to the pier at night. I showed him pictures of the past, and my mother would tell him stories about the old boats, the fish houses and the history she knew. He was little and probably doesn't remember much about the F/V Southern Cross or the other boats she talked about, but he grew up with all of this as his bedtime stories, as did I. When it comes to fishing, they say "it's in your blood", and for this kid, my son, it really is. Dylan is carrying on over a hundred years of our family's history and tradition.

And fishing with his uncle Beau Gribbin is probably the proudest thing I could imagine. Now my brother is teaching him how to LIVE IT. That's what family is all about.

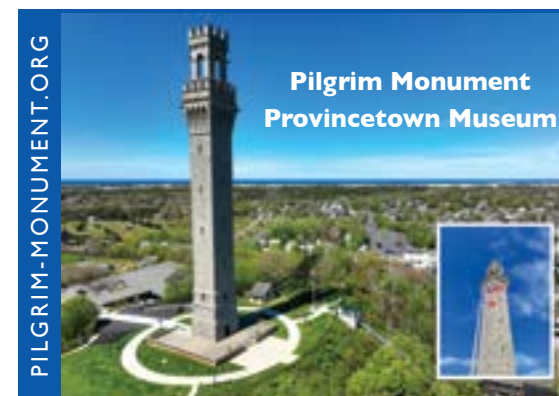
Fishing on days that others couldn't imagine leaving the comfort of their homes, leaving the dock in the middle of the night when they haven't even had a chance to close their eyes from the last trip, building a second family with the other guys on the boat, is all a part of what Dylan's life will be now. That's what my kid is doing.

He is carrying on OUR tradition, OUR legacy.

Honestly, the truth is, I can't even muster up the right words to say. I am so overwhelmed with emotions looking at this photo I just received of Dylan, but to say "I am PROUD of this kid", would be an understatement.

*May God watch over him and the others that face the waters and the winds, and always carry them safely home.*

*That's my heart right there. 🍷*





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*Painting by Paul Schulenburg*

*Courtesy Nick & Lucy Brown*

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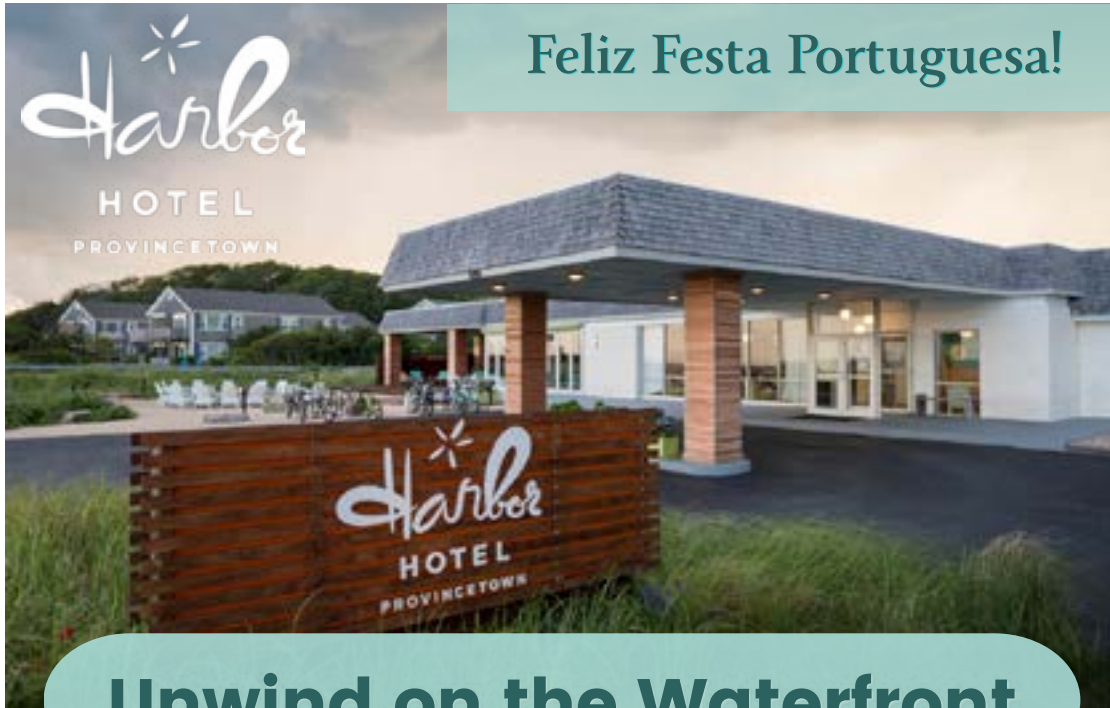
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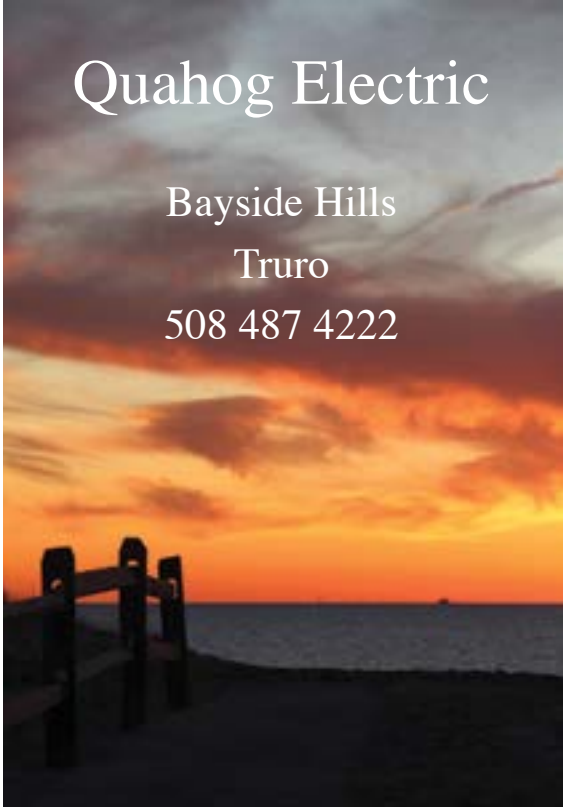
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 Five great-grandchildren on their grandparent's Leo and Tracey Rose's boat, waving to "Grammie" Beverley Ferreira on the pier. Aiden Dorr, 5, Brooklyn Rose, 4, Leo LaMarco, 3, Lucia La Marco, 2, Emory Dorr, 1.

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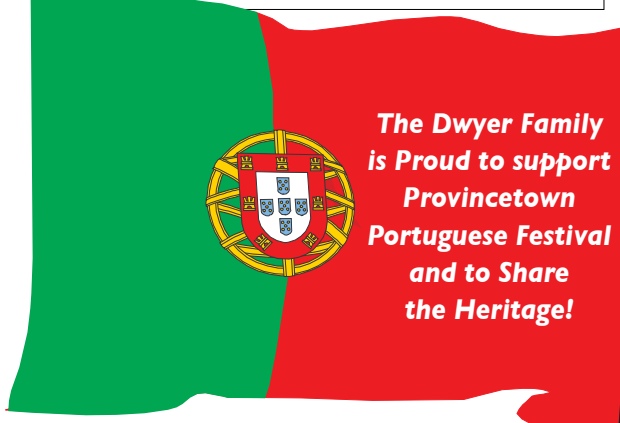
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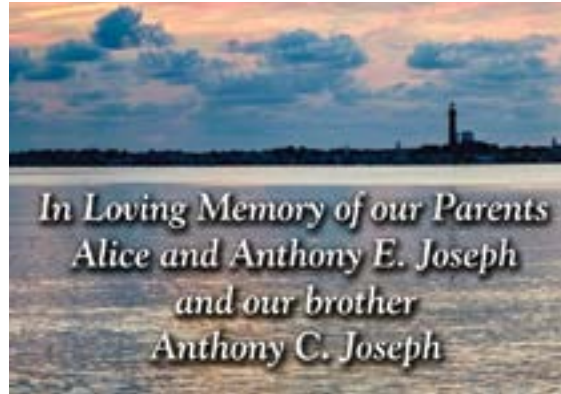


**The Dwyer Family is Proud to support Provincetown Portuguese Festival and to Share the Heritage!**





*In Loving Memory  
From the Santos Family*



*In Loving Memory of our Parents  
Alice and Anthony E. Joseph  
and our brother  
Anthony C. Joseph*



**HAPPY BLESSING OF THE FLEET!**  
IN MEMORY OF  
HOLLY, XAVIAR AND GORDON  
Beverley Ferreira and Family



*In loving memory of Manuel Burr Ferreira  
and Virginia B. Ferreira*



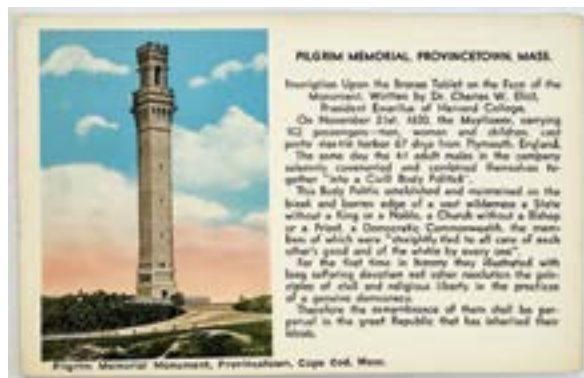
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**PILGRIM MEMORIAL, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.**

Investigation Upon the Bronze Tablet on the Face of the  
Monument, written by Dr. Charles W. Eliot,  
President Emeritus of Harvard College.

On November 21st, 1620, the Mayflower, carrying  
102 passengers—men, women and children, cast  
anchor in the harbor 27 days from Plymouth, England.  
The same day the 44 adult males in the company  
solemnly covenanted and signed the famous  
"Mayflower Compact".

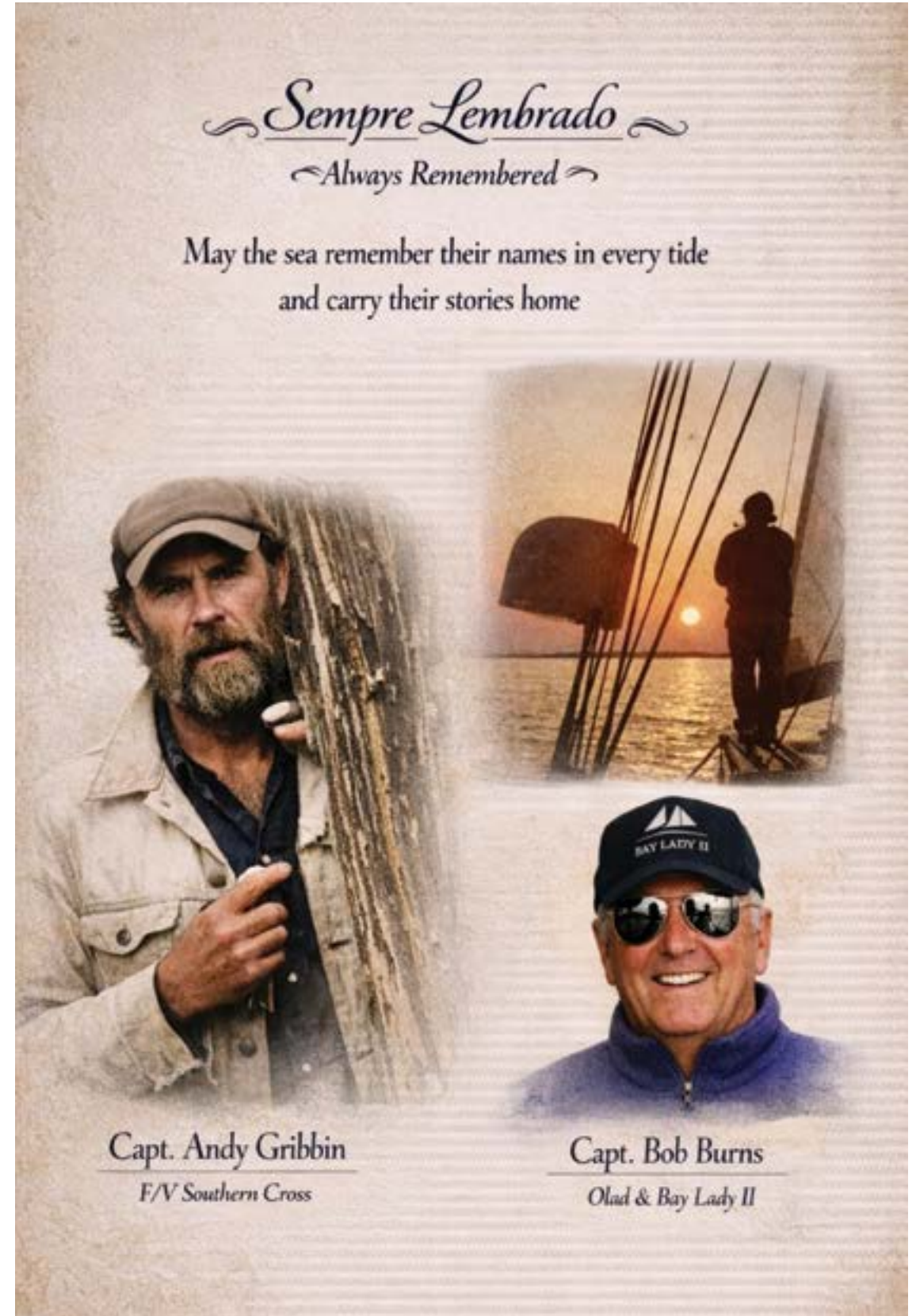
"This Body Publicly assembled and gathered in the  
name of God, do hereby certify that we, the undersigned,  
do hereby covenant and subscribe to the following  
articles, which we do hereby bind to all care of each  
other's good and of the whole by every one."

For the first time in history they illustrated with  
long suffering devotion and other resolution the  
principles of civil and religious liberty in the practice  
of a genuine democracy.

Therefore the descendants of these shall be per-  
petual in the great Republic that has inherited their  
deeds.

Pilgrim Memorial Monument, Provincetown, Cape Cod, Mass.

*From the postcard  
collection of Helen  
Valentine*



*Sempre Lembrado*  
*Always Remembered*

May the sea remember their names in every tide  
and carry their stories home

**Capt. Andy Gribbin**  
F/V Southern Cross

**Capt. Bob Burns**  
Olad & Bay Lady II



*To honor the brave fishermen lost at sea, a poignant new memorial is in the final stages of planning for Provincetown's MacMillan Pier. The 16-foot bronze sculpture, featuring an empty Grand Banks dory atop a granite wave, will serve as a lasting tribute. Its base will be inscribed with the names of every local fisherman lost since records began, finally realizing a goal decades in the making.*

*fmfo2657@gmail.com*



*Margie and Donald Murphy*

**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.**



*Bob and Veronica Silva*



*Lily Jean Crew Members (January 2026):  
Captain Accursio "Gus" Sanfilippo,  
known Gloucester fisherman  
Paul Beal Sr.  
Paul Beal Jr. (son of Paul Beal Sr.)  
John Paul Rousanidis  
Freeman Short  
Sean Therrien  
Jada Samitt, federal fisheries observer*

*"Provincetown has a long and proud maritime history, and fishing has always been a central part of our community's identity," said Town Manager Alex Morse in a statement. "The fishing community is a close-knit one, where the dangers of the sea are well understood and deeply respected. We know the loss of these fellow fishermen will no doubt be deeply felt by many here who share that bond."*

*Provincetown Independent*

The fishing community of Provincetown joins the families in the shared grief of two vessels lost at sea recently, the Lily Jean from Gloucester, and the Yankee Rose based in New Bedford, and fishing out of Provincetown. Seven fishermen from the Lily Jean, and two from the Yankee Rose were lost at sea, an unspeakable tragedy, and families forever changed. Our community feels every loss as its own. We will carry their names, their courage, and their absence with us.

*The two fishermen tragically lost were  
Truett "Gene"  
Holcomb, Jr., and  
Angel Luis Nevis*



*Photo courtesy of Steve Kennedy*

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and celebrating  
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