

Bottles has added much to his unique image. He has had his front teeth yanked and set in gold as a pendant, and he sports a diamond in one of the new front teeth. When he goes stepping, he's sharp. I can remember Bottles strutting downtown dressed in a full suit, tie, and a starched shirt. He would have an eye out for the "summer girls." He would be advised to appear in fishy clothes (boots and maybe a fishnet slung over his shoulder as better bait), but Bottles liked his formal dress. In the daytime fishclothes were his garb, a red Vespa his transport, and a pet fox his riding companion.

Francis "Bottles" Souza was born Christmas night. He was the fifth survivor, following Elsie, Margaret, Joseph, and Jesse. Tony, the youngest, followed Francis. He started school at the Westend School at the parking lot on Tremont Street with Mrs. Williams as his first teacher. His second-grade teacher was Miriam Cora, and in third grade his teacher was Mrs. Watson. Myrtle Kelly was his fourth-grade teacher, and while in the fifth grade, he went to the Bradford Street School. He was dubbed "Bottles" but doesn't know exactly how

the name came about. "It was something they just put on me," Francis said. "I was certainly too young to drink."

For the sixth grade Francis went to the Conant School where the Bonnie Doone Restaurant was located, and Catherine Jason was his teacher. In the seventh and eighth grades Francis was taught by Nina Williams and "Miss" King, respectively, and King later became a nun. I don't know if Frankie claims credit for that. His ninth grade teacher was Mrs. McCurie and Miss McIntyre. "She was tough," he said. "She used to hold people out the window. Rugged." Just before graduation, Bottles was expelled "for gettin' blamed for what another guy did." Nina Williams visited the house and tried to coax Frankie to go over to the school and get his diploma, but he was off to the pier to fish. School was over for him.

Frankie is a World War II Veteran; was in the air corps, and went to Iceland. His brother, Jesse, was in the Coast Guard and stayed on as a career man. Joseph was in the Navy during World War I and he died a hero.

As I was jotting notes on Bottles' sketch pad, and his sketches are good, he wanted me to know that he was the first man in Provincetown to be arrested for marijuana. He was found "not guilty" on four charges by a direct verdict. Cowden of Framingham was his lawyer. He was arrested twice on the same charges, and the case went to Boston—Not Guilty. "I never sold it and didn't have to," said Bottles. "I made good money and blew it. I enjoyed it until my legs went to hell."

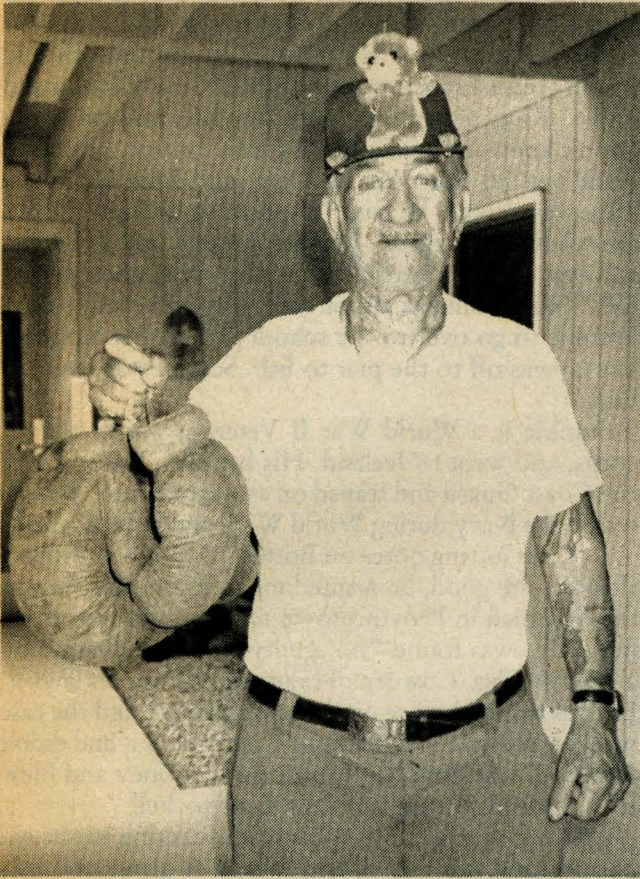
Another story involved his father coming to the aid of a visiting sailor in World War I. A grove of locals had ganged up on the sailor and threatened him not to come ashore. A runner went and told Frankie's father, Anton Souza, "Jack the Ripper". He was called that because he cut two fingers with a bait knife. He couldn't close his hand to make a fist, so he used to tuck them back with elastic bands when he got into any trouble. A talented amateur boxer, he was petitioned by the Buckley Stables in Boston where Jack Sharkey started. You've seen Jack Sharkey's bar at North Station, Boston. "Longest Bar in the World." Our own Tom Somes was golden gloves and trained at the Buckley Stables, Anton married an Irish-German woman and returned to Provincetown to fish.

Well, Anton appeared at the scene of trouble and escorted the young sailor through town and back to the ship. The young sailor was Daniel P. O'Connell of Albany, New York, who later became the staunchest guardian of the Democratic Party. Never entering politics himself, he ran Albany from his living room. He was of the greatest aid to Harry Truman and Truman's quote is well known, "Give that man in Albany anything he wants."

O'Connell worked hard campaigning for Truman against Thomas E. Dewey. He was vigilant in changing the defeatism of the Democratic Party at that time. He said, "There are three kinds of people who cannot be President: a Roman Catholic, a Jew, and Thomas E. Dewey." This patriarch of the Democratic Party who



Frankie "Bottles" as a babe



Frankie Souza today

died convinced that cock fighting was the best sport in the world because it was the only one you couldn't fix, visited Provincetown again eleven years after his incident as a sailor. He stayed at the new Central House where the Crown and Anchor now stands. On the last day of his visit, O'Connell visited Anton Souza saying, "You did a favor for me once and now I want to do a favor for you." He paid the \$2000 balance of the Souza's mortgage. He paid a \$1000 "grub" bull at two grocery stores, and he gave a \$100 gold piece to each member of the family. O'Connell did this on the last day of his vacation.

Twenty-two years after the initial visit, O'Connell repeated his visit and generosity. When Frankie returned from a trip to Portugal he stopped off in Albany to visit the ageing, but still sharp, Daniel P. O'Connell. A police escort to Whithall Street was the necessary method.

Coming back to the present, Bottles told me, "Life is like a bowl of cherries now. I'm enjoying my last few days or few years. What the hell? Now I'm working on my little boat to enjoy what I've always enjoyed. Fishing. I'll go mackerel and flounder fishing. Now I live with my little parrot, "Pretty Boy". After fifty-six years of working at fishing, Now I'll play at it."

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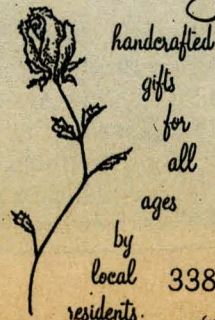


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