

Provincetown
Portuguese
Festival 2007

*Celebrate the 60th
Blessing of the Fleet*



1948-2007



The community of Provincetown remembers its fishermen lost at sea
with the lighting of Ryder Street on June 21, 2007,
the 60th Blessing of the Fleet.

We proudly support the
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*in honor of our Lions members who
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The year 2007 is a significant year for our community; it marks the celebration of the 60th Annual Blessing of the Fleet.

To have flourished without interruption for this span of time has been and continues to be a labor of love. The original inspiration came from the Portuguese community and throughout the years it has grown to encompass the entire town. For countless numbers of volunteers over these years it has become a shared passion for Provincetown as a way of life.

In 2007 we remember the fishermen lost at sea with the lighting of Ryder Street. This solemn event frames the rest of the Festival with its music, dance, art and camaraderie.

The Blessing of the Fleet remains the constant as the Portuguese Festival continues to embrace the many facets of our shared Portuguese culture.

The 2007 Provincetown Portuguese Festival Team

Susan Avellar

Liliana De Sousa

Maureen Joseph Hurst

Susan Leonard

David Mayo

Donald Murphy

Paul Sikoa

www.provincetownportuguesefestival.com

Provincetown Portuguese Festival Commemorative Book Design:
Barbara Mullaney

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The Blessing

In a history of St. Peter's Church from 1874 until 1948, Beatrice Brown writes of the first Blessing of the Fleet "This ceremony, it is hoped, will be repeated yearly. It adds another to the many diverse attractions which taken together, constitute the special charm and appeal of the fishing village".

Sixty years later two words are enough to bring a flood of memories and emotions to anyone who lived or vacationed here from 1948 until the present. The Blessing.

It has been said that there are no atheists in foxholes. Perhaps the same could be said of fishermen, alone or with a small crew in the middle of the ocean. With no land in sight, a sudden squall, a leak or fire, or the loss of radio contact can result in a feeling of utter helplessness. It is no exaggeration to label fishing as hazardous. This, then, was ample reason for the early fishermen to invoke the blessing of God upon their endeavors.

With origins in Portugal the solemn rite of blessing is often coupled with a celebration of the Portuguese heritage.

Having witnessed the festivities in Gloucester with Domingo and Edith Godinho, Arthur Bragg Silva was so impressed that he vowed to bring the custom to Provincetown. He took notes during a conversation with the Gloucester Chairman and brought his information home to share with the local fishermen. They were quick to embrace the idea.

Serving on the first committee with Mr. Silva were fisherman Domingo Godinho, Salvador Vasques, Frances Segura, Louis and Fred Salvador, Joseph Roderick, Joseph Lisbon, Manuel Henrique, Manuel Macara and George Adams with Frank Taves and Ernest Carreiro as volunteers. George Adams and Joseph Roderick still participate.



Father Raposo and Cardinal O'Malley

Willing workers, they were joined by others as the years went by.

Anyone who has been involved in the planning for this annual event will attest to the large amount of work that goes into it. Through the years, volunteers have worked tirelessly to collect ads, contact marching bands, arrange children's games and plan the different events that have been a part of the festivities. Different highlights such as Arts and Craft Fairs, Wind surfing Regattas, softball games, net mending and wire splicing contests, senior dances and fishermen's quahog parties are but a few of these.

For many years, the statue of St. Peter was lovingly decorated by Florence Menangas, whose late husband Tony was one of the men who carried the statue in the procession. In recent years, Florence Alexander has fulfilled this role with dedication. Although in some countries St. Anthony is honored, in Provincetown the fishermen revere the patron saint of the local church, who was also a fisherman.

On the day of the blessing, the men of the fleet marched to the church, sometimes carrying banners with the names of their boats. The Mass was celebrated by the Bishop with fishermen acting as lectors reading from the scriptures and also as



Parading down Commercial Street.

altar servers. Often Priests who had been at St. Peter's returned and took part in the celebration. At the conclusion of the Mass, there was the procession to the pier for the blessing ceremony.

The wives and families spent days planning and preparing food for the parties that followed

the blessing. The boats had been cleaned, painted and decorated with flags and banners and were a colorful sight as they anchored off Long Point.

There have been many somber moments as the years have gone by. Giants of the industry and beloved priests are no longer with us. Three vessels, the Patricia Marie, the Cap'n Bill, and the Victory II sank with the loss of all crew members. These tragedies rocked this entire community and the loss is still felt.

Frequently in evidence at some of the related festivities was the Linguica Band. Clad in embroidered vests these men entertained tirelessly. With Frank Aresta on the concertina, Anthony Russell on the mandolin, and Loring Russell on the guitar this group was a hit at many gatherings. Jack Edwards often joined them on the bass fiddle.

Throughout the years, the roster of fishermen has changed as have the types of fish and the methods of fishing. Smaller crews have meant adapting the old ways. Once known as a whaling

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I hope I will go to the Portuguese Festival this year, if it doesn't rain! – Arielle Kiefer, Grade 10



Rev. Msgr. John A. Perry and Rev. Henry Dahl

town, Provincetown is now known as the foremost place for whale watching. Trap fishing is a thing of the past. As fishing stocks have dwindled, regulations have multiplied. Some of these, while meant to preserve and nurture future catches, are especially hard on the small wooden boats that make up most of the Provincetown fleet. Weather is a constant factor and quotas seem unfair to some.

As the 60th Blessing of the Fleet approaches, we might ask ourselves if the original intent of the Portuguese Festival to enhance the annual blessing has been realized. The answer is a resounding yes. Perhaps nothing unites this community quite like the festival and the Blessing of the Fleet. It is a celebration and a destination for many former residents and, increasingly, for vacationers who have come back each year often first enjoying the festivities. Activities for all ages and educational opportunities abound, making each year memorable.

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The culmination of the Portuguese Festival is, of course, the fishermen's mass and the Blessing of the Fleet. The tragic fire that consumed St. Peter's Church on January 25, 2005 with the loss of the stained glass windows and the mural depicting St. Peter saddened the entire community, the entire Cape and places beyond. While the parish hall has served as an interim chapel, it does not seat as many people as the church had.

Through the generosity of the Cabral family, the large building at the end of Fishermen's Wharf was made available for the mass. With the doors open, and the harbor as a backdrop, it was the site of an impressive and moving liturgy. Hundreds attended and there were many who stood when all seats were taken. This year will be the third year the mass will be held on the pier as the new church has not been completed.

One of the nicest traditions that has been resurrected is the carrying of banners with the names of the boats. Some of the original banners were found and many more were newly created. Families of the boat owners embraced this project willingly and carry the banners after the mass in the procession to the pier. While many of these boats are no longer in the fleet, the names bring back memories of former ceremonies.

A resurgence of pride in the Portuguese heritage is evident throughout the festival and the blessing.

To all who have had any part in the planning, Obrigado

— Betty Costa

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"Because of the constant Portuguese attitude my father brings to my life every day, I try to participate and be proud of my heritage. After all, I am half Portuguese!"

— Katy Ward, Grade 12

Strange but True- A Few Provincetown Sea Stories

By Yvonne de Sousa

A town could hardly call itself a fishing village without a few great stories of the sea to its name. There is always the story of the one who got away, the biggest catch, the best prank pulled at sea, the wildest rumor, etc. And fishermen are known to be a breed that tends to embellish just a tiny bit, maybe due to the long hours they have at sea to think and conjure. Yet, it is also true that the ocean does provide authentic mysteries great and small due to its vast

and still somewhat uncharted depths. Here is just a small collection of some of my favorite strange Provincetown stories of the sea and all of them are reportedly true- some even have documentation to back them up!!!

Is there a Sea Monster in Provincetown Waters????

It has been widely reported and thus will probably not be of great surprise that the then Provincetown Town Crier, "Professor" George Washington Ready reported an 1886 sighting of a sea serpent off of Herring Cove waters. But it is lesser known that two other sightings also occurred before and after Ready's viewing. As he was walking, Ready first noticed a commotion in the water resembling a large whirlpool. He then noticed jets of water spraying fifty feet in the air when a large head surfaced and began to swim towards the shore and towards Ready himself. He hid behind some beach plum bushes and watched the creature who he judged to be approximately 300 feet long and twelve feet in diameter. The creature was covered in blue, green and red scales and "had six eyes as large as good-sized dinner plates, and they were placed at the end of moveable projections, so they were, at least, three feet from the head". According to Ready, the creature's nose consisted of a tusk, eight feet in length. The tail was v-shaped and sharp so that as the creature continued his

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George Washington Ready

approach on land, his tail cut like a dagger the underbrush below him. He smelled of sulfur and produced a heat that burned the now cut underbrush. The serpent passed within thirty feet of Ready and disappeared into what was called Pasture's Pond, which dissolved after the serpent submerged, leaving a small hole with no visible bottom. It was so important to Ready that people take his account seriously that he swore in an affidavit that "the foregoing statement is correct. It is a true depiction of the serpent as he appeared to me on that morning and I was not **unduly** excited by liquor or otherwise."

Prior to Ready's descriptive experience, a serpent was seen in Provincetown waters in 1719. This account is less descriptive but is lent some credibility by the witness, Benjamin Franklin, uncle of one of our country's greatest patriots. This Ben Franklin was a reporter and upon visiting town witnessed the creature and the attempts by locals to capture it. The attempts were unsuccessful as the serpent got away after being both shot and harpooned, according to Franklin. He described him as having a lion like head with large teeth and a very long beard. While this creature was only 16 feet long, Franklin stated none present had ever seen anything like it before. There seems to be no other report until the 1970's, when local well known fishermen Henry Duarte (now deceased) was alone in

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the Charlotte G off Nauset when a creature the size of a whale but definitely not a whale surfaced alongside his vessel. Captain Duarte said the creature had one huge eye in the center of its head. He had never seen anything like it before (and Captain Duarte had seen it all) and he told his son Raymond "if I ever see anything like it again, I am taking off my boots and hanging it up for good."

Crazy Catches

The wildest catch by a Provincetown boat seems to be that of a baby. Not a baby whale or a baby shark or baby tuna, but an actual live, human baby. You could also call this catch the catch of a bride. "There are many fish in the sea" never seemed a more appropriate phrase than as it applies to 10 year old Peter Rider who was a cabin boy on his first voyage on his uncle Ned Rider's schooner *Polly*, out of Provincetown in 1803. The schooner was fishing off of Nova Scotia when young Peter swore he heard a child's cries. The crew teased Peter and told him as a greenhorn he had mistaken the sound of gulls. But young Peter was

insistent and Captain Rider, thinking he would teach his young nephew a lesson about the sea, let him take one of the dories out to explore. Peter rowed to a nearby group of rocks in the water and there he found a three year old girl, sobbing uncontrollably. While there was slight wreckage nearby, nothing else of significance was noted. Peter rowed the girl back to the ship and the *Polly* proceeded to Cape Breton to ascertain her origins. They never did. No late ship was documented, no child listed as missing, no person or family who could provide any history. The young girl was raised in Provincetown by the Captain and his family and was named Ruth. In 1816, young Peter took over the ship for his uncle and continued his uncle's many inquiries as to how Ruth wound up in the water (she had no recollection herself). Shortly after taking over the *Polly*, Peter and Ruth wed and remained in Provincetown the rest of their lives.

More recent than 1803, several other bizarre catches have been caught. In 1966, while scalloping aboard the *Little Infant*, Jerry Costa brought up a boot, with a skeleton foot still in it. But the catch that Jerry really

Governor Bradford

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Codfish Swallows Rosary

Louis Salvador of the Provincetown fishing dragger "Stella" holding the string of wooden rosary beads he found in a codfish.

considers incredible happened when he was working as a mate aboard the charter boat *Tradewinds 4*. An out of town sport fishermen chartered the boat frequently and loved fishing so much he had gold plated hooks with a small initial custom made for him. At the start of the season, he hooked a cod at the Ledge, a shallow area about 17 fathoms deep $\frac{1}{2}$ between Provincetown and the Cape Cod Canal. The over 25 lb cod was hooked, fought with and later lost on one of the first trips of the season. Irked over the loss of his hook and the fish, he continued fishing and had a decent trip. He returned on the *Tradewinds 4* several months later and while fishing in the same area, a member of his party caught and landed on board the cod, with the hook still attached.

While dragging on the *Reneva*, Raymond Duarte snagged a 1200 foot, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch Russian net, which, when laid flat off the *Reneva* was almost the entire length of MacMillan Pier. That catch was significant as Russian vessels were 700 feet long and were not allowed to fish in waters so close to shore. The net further emphasized that these vessels were likely sneaking in to fish here and being so huge, were likely doing more than their fair share of depleting the local fish stocks.

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Que dia tão bonito!...What a beautiful day!

Captain Louis Salvador fishing the *Stella* brought up a very religious fish, for when it was gutted it contained a whole string of rosary beads. Anthony Jackett, Captain of the *Plymouth Belle* had some very large catches such as a cement block of unknown origins ½ the size of his own boat and a 350 lb sturgeon that he was quite proud of as the usual sturgeon weighed only thirty lbs. One time, Captain Jackett and crew emptied the nets on deck and as they were sorting the catch mixed in with the fish were several \$1 bills, \$2 to be exact. Under the catch was a man's wallet. After unloading the fish the captain and crew went to the Surf Club where they proceeded to drink up the bills. After a couple of rounds they remembered the wallet and discovered an ID and a room receipt from Bill White's motel. Through contacting Bill, they were able to contact the owner of the wallet who was so relieved it was found, said he wasn't worried about the money and was glad the crew had a drink on him. Jack Macara, Captain of the *Liberty*, found many useful things in his drag, from the 2 five gallon drums of Army Surplus yellow paint (he painted the boat yellow that summer) to the 15 foot long, completely intact/outfitted outboard motorboat that he was able to pump out and sell. But the most interesting

thing he caught was a mermaid, several actual, twenty in one net. They weren't real of course, they were a child's toy complete with magic markers that came out of a container that had fallen off a barge in the area. This was in 1992 and the container carried over 30,000 of them. Crews were picking up the little mermaids for months. And in the prank department, Captain Macara also pulled up a life-size coffin with bones inside. A closer inspection revealed that the bones weren't human and were most likely a prank pulled by some of the lobstermen with which the draggers had been feuding.

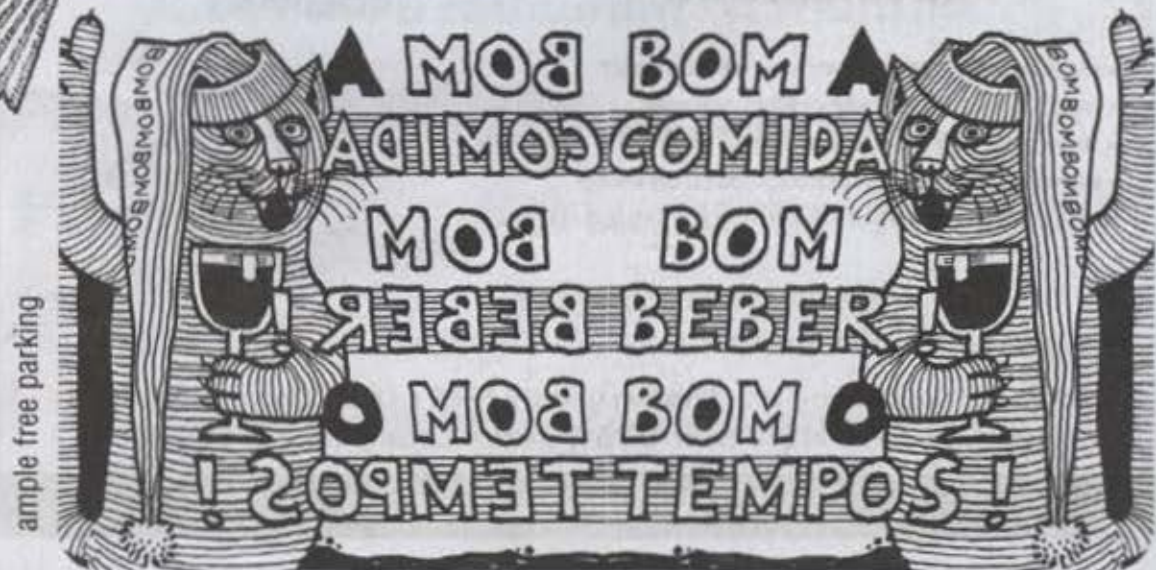
Man Against Beast

While working as a mate on board the charter fishing boat the *Ranger*, Jerry Costa developed a reputation as being just crazy enough to keep the visiting fishermen coming back. When hauling cod, sharks would often bite the cod body off the line and then be hooked themselves. Jerry knew the shark wouldn't fight the line until it was out of the water and so to impress the paying sport fishermen he would often put the line around his neck, tease the shark and do other things to make the fishermen think he was very brave or very crazy but either way very fascinating. That was once



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they were on the boat but Jerry and the rest of the crew still had to get them to book the trip with the *Ranger* in the competitive charter market. While tied up at the pier (and after a trip when they had hauled a shark) Jerry got the idea to throw the creature overboard while they were docked at the pier. He then jumped in after it with a knife between his teeth and came up under the body. The motion of the current kept the tail moving and Jerry proceeded to fight and stab the shark. As he supported the body he was just dramatic enough to make it look like him and the shark were in a duel to the death. Tricky, since the shark was already dead but many a tourists walking the pier signed up to board the boat with the mate who wrestled sharks and thus protected all nearby.

Ever hear the tale of the man who found cash falling from the sky and landing in his backyard? Well this next strange but true is a Provincetown version to beat all. Ernest Carreiro lived on the water side of Commercial Street and liked to say the beach and the harbor were his backyard. As some keep a ride-on mower to explore the far reaches of their yards, Carreiro kept a small skiff. One September afternoon in 1993, while looking at the bay, he noticed a commotion in the water. Closer inspection

revealed the commotion was a 76 inch bluefin tuna in about 10-12 inches of water. As any mariner knows, tuna are incredibly valuable and this was too good an opportunity to pass up. But Carreiro wasn't really a fisherman and so didn't have any gear. He did have hip boots (which he put on) and a rope in his skiff (which he grabbed). Thinking quickly he fashioned the rope into a lasso and proceeded to lasso the confused fish. (The tuna seemed to have trapped itself in between Carreiro and a line of dories and wasn't able to find its way back out to sea). On the fourth try, he got the fish by the tail and with the help of Jimmy Santos (who in an even greater stroke of luck was nearby at Flyer's Boat Yard and who had a tuna license and could thus legally sell the fish) he dragged the fish first up on a sandbar and then, with heart still beating, to the nearest fish dealer. Dressed out, the fish weighed almost 200 lbs and wound up netting each man \$850 dollars. Not bad considering Carreiro was taking a quick stroll in his backyard before his Lion's Club meeting which he was able to make that night as the whole event took less than 1 and 1/2 hours. A townie's dream windfall to be sure.

The Man Who Walked Under Water

While working as a mate under Captain Eddie Gaspa



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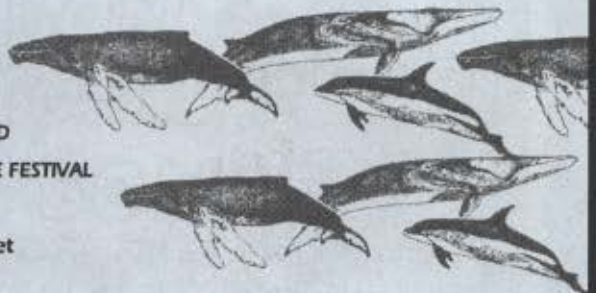
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"We decorated my dad's boat and loaded it up with food, friends and family for the day."

- Katie Silva, Grade 10

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aboard the Schooner *Constance* in the 1960's, Anthony Menagas was on the 100 foot mast of the schooner when a block fell from the ship, into the harbor waters below. Only Menagas had seen where the block fell. The problem was, Anthony couldn't swim. But the crew needed that block or Captain Gaspa would have their heads for sure. It was up to Anthony Menagas to save the day and apparently, his fear of drowning was not as great as his fear of Captain Gaspa. Working with his fellow crewmates, they came up with a plan. They weighed Anthony down and tied a rope around him. They then lowered him into the water where he walked along the bottom, tugging at the line every time he needed a breath and in this manner he eventually found the precious block. His friends lifted him back on board where, like a true mariner, he resumed the task at hand.

Wild Rides

Just out of the Navy in 1956, and before he joined the police department, former Police Chief James Meads was trap fishing off of Beach Point. When a 40 foot basking shark was caught in the trap, he and fellow fishermen cut a hole in the netting to let out the greatly

thrashing shark. The plan was that fishermen Manny Brown was to tag the shark with a flying gaff in order to help guide the shark out. It worked, too well. Manny, who was still in the trap and still holding the rope attached to the gaff, went out the hole after the shark and was trailed after the madly swimming beast for a 200 yard ride around the other traps before he was finally able to cut the rope.

While on his fast sojourn, Manny was probably reminded of another Provincetown wild, but terrifying ride that happened eight years previous. Seventeen year old Frank Cabral Jr. was in a dory pulling lobster traps about three miles out from Wood End. His father was also in a dory and pulling a separate string of traps several yards away but could see and yell to Frank Jr. Both were aware of a 70 foot Finback whale that had been regularly seen in the area, but as it was a clear day, and whales weren't aggressive, neither was too concerned. In fact, when Frank Jr. heard the whale surfacing and spouting nearby he was cautious but didn't think much of it. The next thing he knew, his father was shouting at him to watch out and the water underneath the dory grew very dark. He then heard "a

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loud cracking of timbers and planks beneath my feet" and he and his dory were thrown 10 feet in the air. The Finback had risen powerfully under the small boat. As Frank Jr. came down from the air after the impact, he landed on the whale "feeling the slick back of the whale moving under me." According to Frank Jr. "he was moving forward and I was sliding backward. The few seconds I remained on his back seemed an eternity. It felt as though I were on a roller coaster and the whale's back seemed like a mile long slide. I was amazed and terrified at the same time." What sounds like a story that Disney might make into a movie, the experience became incredibly dangerous. As the whale dove into the depths, Frank went with it, catapulted down by the suction of the whale's dive. His boots filled with water and even though he fought to get to the surface, it seemed he would be dragged further down by the weight of the water. Seconds later, he was able to break the surface where his father grabbed him and pulled him aboard his own dory. Father and son then towed the remains of the wrecked dory back to land where they fixed the broken wood and several days later returned to the scene to pull traps once again. Clearly no malice was intended as the whale probably didn't realize a seventeen year old boy was not an appropriate

playmate. But as Frank Jr. again pulled traps, whale and boy greeted each other but chose not to make contact this time around.

These are just a few of the Provincetown strange but true stories that have lasted throughout the years. Whether completely true, or even just slightly true, it is these glimpses into a way of life that not only entertain us but describe a hardy, robust history of those who make their living on the sea and they are important to share. Let us not lose these great stories in the generations to come.

Thank you to the following for sharing their stories with me; Alex Brown, Frank E. Cabral Jr, Ernest Carreiro, Jerry Costa, Raymond Duarte, Anthony Jackett Sr., Jack Macara, James J. Meads, Florence Menagas and Victor Pacellini. For more info, or some documentation, please refer to the following sources; Cape Cod Companion and Cape Cod Voyage by Jim Coogan and Jack Sheedy, New England's Strange Sea Sagas by Robert Ellis Cahill, Cape Cod Stories edited by John Miller and Tim Smith, Provincetown, or Odds and Ends from the Tip of the Cape by Herman Jennings, The History of King Hiram's Lodge website, Yankee Magazine, June 1996, the Provincetown Banner, the Provincetown Advocate, and the Cape Cod Times, September 1993.



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makes you fly

here in this green world.
You fight to stay down.

Your hair rises like soft weeds,
your hands cup
in rigid prayer,
your heart falls to your throat
And sings, *Breathe,*

as the thing touches your skin
and your fingers close
around it.

How the surface is like
a perfect sky
when seen from here,

how you rise to it
on your beating legs.

Over and over
it is all there for you,
all you could ever want:

They reach into their pockets
and stars fall around you.
You scoop them from the world
while the quiet longing

comes to you, aching deep
in the lobes of your chest.

— Frank X. Gaspar

KING HIRAM'S LODGE OPEN HOUSE

23rd June 10am - 1pm

Honoring the First Master of

King Hiram's Lodge born outside of North America:

RW Emmanuel A. DeWager

Born: Graciosa, Azores 6 Sept 1878

Master - King Hiram's Lodge 1915 - 1916

In conjunction with the 2007 Provincetown Portuguese Festival, King Hiram's Lodge will hold an Open House, Saturday June 23rd, from 10am to 1pm at the Lodge Hall at 2 Masonic Place, Provincetown (A-House

Alley). This Open House is in honor of King Hiram's first master born outside of North America - Emmanuel Aloysius DeWager.

The Lodge will participate in the parade later that same day.

Rt. Wor. Emmanuel Aloysius DeWager was born in Graciosa, Azores, September 6, 1878. He applied for the degrees in King Hiram's Lodge December 6th, 1909; and was elected January 3, 1910; initiated, January 24, 1910; passed, February 21, 1910; raised, March 28, 1910; and departed July 13, 1953.

Brother DeWager was Worshipful Master in 1915 and 1916. He was appointed District Deputy Grand Master for the Provincetown Thirty-second District in 1926, and again in 1927 by the Most Worshipful Grand Master Frank L. Simpson."

From the Minutes of King Hiram's Lodge June 1953

Brother DeWager was a member of the Joseph Warren Royal Arch Chapter, Wellfleet, the Aleppo Temple of the Shrine, Boston and, the New Bedford Council of

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Royal and Select Masters.

Dr. DeWager was educated in Provincetown and graduated from Tufts Dental School in 1901. He practiced dentistry at 90 Bradford St, Provincetown (now the Fairbanks Inn) until shortly before his death in 1953.

He was pre-deceased in 1948 by his wife the late Gertrude Lancey Snow DeWager. She was the founder of the Provincetown Historic Museum, a member of the DAR and the General Society of Mayflower Descendants. She was Past President of the Research Club, Past Matron of the Chequocket Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star and a Grand Nobel of the Rebekah Lodge.

At the Open House the public will have an opportunity to tour the lodge room which is one of the finest examples of an extant mid-Victorian lodge room. A number of artifacts including the original Paul Revere Charter and handcrafted Paul Revere silver Officers Jewels will be on display. The Lodge also has a gavel made from the beams of the HMS Somerset and the original trowel that



Emmanuel A. DeWager

Bro. Pres. Teddy Roosevelt used to help lay the Cornerstone of the Pilgrim Monument whose 100th anniversary the Lodge will be celebrating Monday, 20th August this year.

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"I wear the T-shirts, I put up the poster, and try to ignore that a pale, blue-eyed girl looks a little odd holding a Portuguese flag." — Candice McGaugh, 11

The Portuguese Festival

BY ANDREW F. SOUZA

GRADE 12 - Provincetown High School

From the top of Engine Company Number One, as we are all dressed in our Provincetown fire attire, I can see the Portuguese dancers in their colorful clothes and marching bands with all of the instruments playing a classic Portuguese tune. At the beginning of the parade I can see the Bishop followed by the fishermen carrying Saint Peter with their families behind them. When I look to the rear of the truck I see all of the young kids with smiles on their faces as they proceed through town. As I look even further behind us I can see the line of fire trucks: Ladder 2, Engine 3 and Engine 4. As I look to the end of the line of trucks I can see Engine 5 in the distance.

In this community the Portuguese Festival has been on going for almost 60 years. In the beginning it was just the boats being blessed but as the years went

on, more of the town started to join and help out the festivities to make it that much better. When I walk through Provincetown in the last weekend of June I recognize all of the flags down Commercial Street and then I realize how proud I am to be part of this ritual. As I drive down the wharf, I see all of the fishermen cleaning and decorating their boats for all of the guests to go on. Then I say to myself, I guess I better get started on my boat for the Blessing of the Fleet. I think that having the Portuguese Festival is one of the greatest things to be a part of in Provincetown because the entire town joins in and everyone celebrates together, kind of like the Fourth of July. The other great part about the Festival is people who had grown up in Provincetown always seem to return for that special weekend.

My view is that yes, it was a very large fishing community fifty years ago, but even though we have grown smaller, our fishing spirits are always going to be alive to make the last weekend in June worthwhile.

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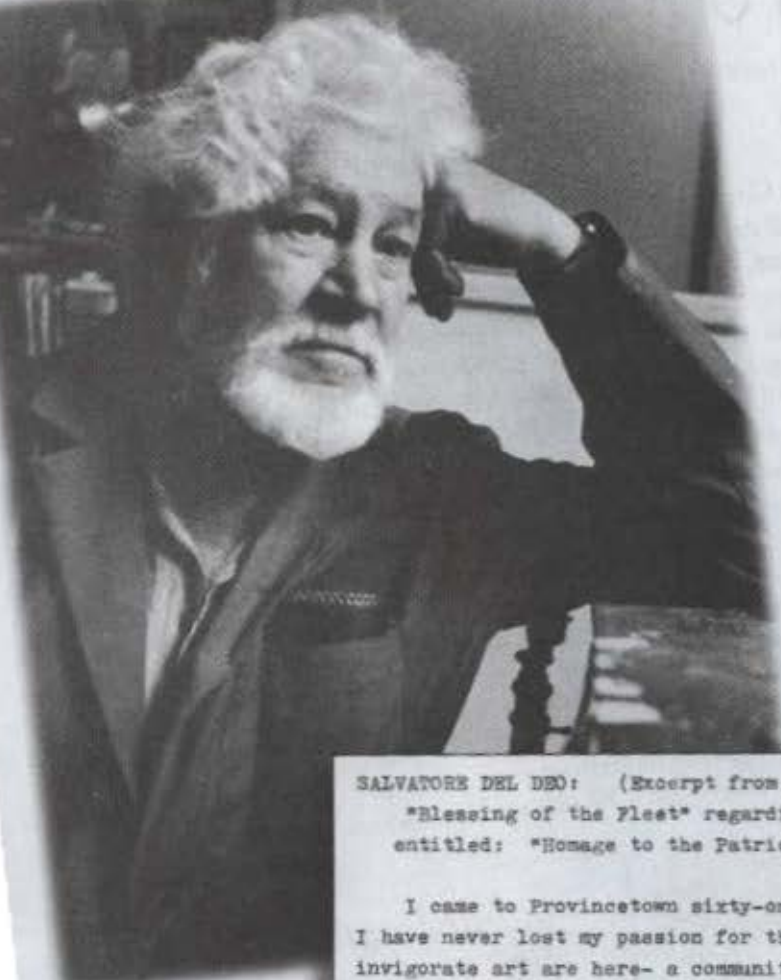


PHOTO PAUL KOCH

Salvatore DelDeo

SALVATORE DEL DEO: (Excerpt from the presentation for the "Blessing of the Fleet" regarding a series of paintings entitled: "Homage to the Patricia Marie,"

I came to Provincetown sixty-one years ago as a painter, and I have never lost my passion for this place. All the things which invigorate art are here- a community sustained by a working ethic and a landscape of perennial possibilities. That community which has always had at its center a fishing tradition and lives on the most intimate terms with the sea is still here. I have shared that intimacy myself in many ways, and I continue to represent it in my work. Long before the tragedy of the "Patricia Marie", men and women in the town paid the ultimate price for their way of life, but, in my time, those distant tragedies were made profoundly immediate by the loss of the "Patricia Marie," and it took me twenty-five years to express fully what I experienced in relation to those men lost at sea. I hope my paintings may be seen, therefore, in the light of all of the men lost to this great fishing community over time, and that my "Patricia Marie" series may memorialize those Provincetown captains and crews forever more.

Salvatore Del Deo

Salvatore Del Deo
4/23/07



Alice Joseph
APRIL 24, 1925 - MAY 21, 2004

July 16, 2001
117 Bradford
Framingham, MA

Dear Sal,

Thank you for your painting of the Patricia Marie. They evoke the memory of a tragic event we all shared as a community. It was truly awful! I don't know how anyone of us would have survived that winter if all of us were not there for each other.

I particularly responded to the painting of the Easterners taking the news with the headless figures of the Patricia Marie and all of the fishermen frozen in attention. The little boy was particularly significant - we were all so busy hoping and praying that we forgot about the children whose fathers were still out there. How frightened and bewildered they were in their own little world.

Again thank you for this picture of the community that we need to be.

And thank you for that beautiful picture of Josephine with her parcel on the beach.

Our lives had many happy days as well as the tragic one.

Rita Joseph





The Story Of Three Generations Of Provincetown Portuguese Fishermen

Antone Cabral 1859 - 1924
Frank E. Cabral, Sr. 1893 - 1970
Frank E. Cabral, Jr. 1931 -

Frank Cabral's father, Antone Cabral, was born in Sao Miguel, Azores in 1859. Like so many thousands of young men of the Azores and mainland Portugal, he turned to the sea for his livelihood and adventure.

The Portuguese fishermen departed on tall three or four masted sailing schooners across the Atlantic Ocean. Their destination was the Grand Banks fishing grounds off the coast of Newfoundland.

Arriving at the Grand Banks, the fishermen would fan out from the mother ship in small fourteen to sixteen foot boats called dories. The mother ship might carry between forty to sixty dories nested together in stacks on deck.

Antone Cabral, like the other fishermen, would be

alone in his dory. If there was enough wind, he would hoist a small sail; otherwise, he had to row for up to a mile. Then, he would drop an anchor line to which he attached a buoy and a long-line. This line might have up to eight hundred leaders with hooks attached to them. The line was gradually let out and the hooks baited with mackerel or some other fish. The long-line could often be over one half mile in length.

When the line was later drawn, he might haul more than one thousand pounds of codfish on a good day. Care had to be taken to not overload the dory because a wave might wash over the gunwales and swamp the boat. This could be a fatal mistake in the icy waters.

Other dangers included sudden violent storms or if a dense fog rolled in the small dories could drift or be blown away from the mother ship. The captain would sound the fog horn or burn lanterns as beacons to try to guide the dories home. It was not uncommon for a dory to swamp



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or drift off into the vast stretches of the Atlantic never to be seen again.

Once the codfish were landed aboard the large vessel the day's work had not yet ended. The cod had to be gutted, split, and salted before the day's work was complete. This often entailed working up to eighteen hours a day. The cod livers were saved to make cod-liver oil. The fish heads were thrown into a brine vat for codfish soup the following day. The cheeks and tongues were fried for a gourmet snack. The men's favorite dish was dried salted cod called "bacalhau". This was brought with them from Portugal and was preferred over fresh codfish fillets. To break the monotony, the cook would prepare the fish in dozens of different ways with special sauces spiced generously with garlic, onions, and tomatoes, etc.

After months at sea, or when the ship was loaded with fish, they would sail home to Portugal. The seamen were often greeted at the dock by their families and often by

babies born in their absence.

Antone Cabral settled in Provincetown in 1881 at the age of twenty-two. He continued fishing in the Grand Banks aboard his uncle's three masted schooner, the ninety foot, "Rosie Cabral" whose home port was Provincetown.

With enough money saved up, his wife, Maria da Luz Cabral, took the long journey from the Azores to join him. They settled on Conant Street and Marie had thirteen children. Eight of the children lived to adulthood. The five boys were Joe, Frank, Arthur, Alfred, and Albert and the girls were Maimie, Almema, and Georgie.

After a stint in the Navy during W.W.I., young Frank started fishing and was successful enough to have a wharf built at the foot of Pleasant Street. Eventually, he had eighteen small boats fishing for him using long-lines in the local waters. The boats would land the fish at his wharf where they were gutted, and placed in wooden boxes that were well iced. When the tide was low, Frank would go to

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1915 – *THREE-MASTED*, 90 FOOT Grand Banks Portuguese fishing schooner, “Rosie Cabral”.
Antone Cabral, 1859–1924, pictured first row, far left. Antone’s uncle, Captain Cabral, is standing far right.

the water’s edge with a horse drawn wagon to retrieve the fish from his boats. The iced fish were then shipped to Boston or New York by two of his own trucks.

The fishing wharf and business thrived until the depression of 1929. The price of fish fell steadily and the demand decreased: It was difficult to make ends meet and pay his men. Then, a devastating fire destroyed most of the wharf. Rebuilding in such hard times was not feasible.

Therefore, Frank and his brother, Joe, established the “Rush Fish Market” next to the old Provincetown Movie Theater. He still had seven 25 to 30 foot power boats

fishing for him in Cape Cod waters. They supplied the market with fresh fish daily. Excess fish was shipped to Boston. He also resumed fishing and his brother, Joe, ran the market.

Frank equipped his 30 foot boat for the different seasons. During the fall he would set gill nets in Provincetown Harbor to catch mackerel. At other times he used a long-line with strings of hooks to catch cod and haddock.

In the wintertime he and his son, Frank, Jr., would make lobster pots in the cellar of his home using a potbelled stove for heat. Later spring and summer was the lob-



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INTREPID TUNA
Truro, MA

Estamos aqui de férias... We are here on vacation

ster season and he would set the lobster traps off Wood End, Herring Cove, and off Race Point Coast Guard Station.

Sometimes when returning from "back of the Race" he would stop at Herring Cove. A sea clam drag was dropped and towed behind his boat. The sea clams, which could be made into a delicious soup, supplemented the varieties of seafood sold in the market.

During the depths of The Depression, Frank now had four children named Elizabeth "Jane", Bernice, Frank, Jr., and Ruby. To help make ends meet, the children gathered, cleaned, and scraped scallop and sea clam shells. Frank Sr. drew pictures of sailboats and lighthouses on the shells. Then, the children painted them with brightly colored paints. In the summer, the children would sell them to tourists for ten cents each as souvenirs of Provincetown.

Frank's wife, Christine, also supplemented the family income by renting rooms to summer tourists. This was

an occupation that she enjoyed and pursued for fifty-eight years.

When Frank Jr. was in high school he spent summers lobster fishing "back of the Race" with his father.

Frank Sr. continued to operate his fish market which was now located next to the Post Office. For many years old Portuguese fishermen would stop by the market to swap yarns of hardships and experiences during their long years at sea. In 1965, at age seventy-two and having spent fifty-one years in the fishing business, Frank closed the doors of his Rush Fish Market for the last time.

Submitted by:

Frank E. Cabral, Jr.

Editor's note: Read all about Frank Cabral Jr.'s adventure while pulling lobster traps off of Wood End as a seventeen year old in "Strange but True- A Few Provincetown Sea Stories" compiled by Yvonne deSouza on page 11.

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Fado

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The word fado (loosely translated as destiny or fate) comes from the Latin word *fatum*, which means fate, the inexorable destiny that nothing can change. This is why fado is usually so melancholic and sad. It has been the tradition that the woman fado singer or "fadista" always sings in black, with a mournful voice, and usually wears a shawl on her shoulders. Men also sing fado, but women "fadistas" are better known.

But from where did fado come from? According to scholars its origins go back many centuries, maybe even to times before the existence of Portugal as an independent country. The most commonly accepted explanation, at least when speaking about Lisbon Fado, is that it came from the songs of the Moors, which kept living near Lisbon even after the Christian take-over. The sadness and melancholy of those songs, that are so common in fado, are a good base to explain the rhythms of Fado. This music become identified with the music of Portugal. (The History of Fado/Lisbon Guide)

However, all agree that fado is the oldest urban folk music in the world. Some say it came as a dance from Africa and was adopted by the poor on the streets of Lisbon. Others believe that its roots can be traced to Brazilian immigrants who brought it to Portugal through the port city of Lisbon under the form of Lundum, the music



Natalie & Tania, the next generation of Fado singers.

of the Brazilian slaves. After a while Lundum started to change, until it became the fado. It could have also arrived in Portugal with the homesick sailors as they returned from their long sea voyages of the discovery of the New World. Supporting this belief is the fact that the first fados were sung not only about the sea, but also about faraway lands. During that period the lyrics of fado can also be traced to the poetry of the 15th century Portuguese poet, Luiz Vaz de Camões. In the 19th century fado was modified from its original form. It was adapted to sound more like the poetry of Fernando Pessoa, a Portuguese poet of the early 1900's, and ballads written by some of the more popular song writers of the day.

During the early twentieth century, fado became a bohemian art form in Lisbon's working class districts. It became a part in their everyday life. It was played both for pleasure but and also to relieve the pain of life. Talented singers known as "fadistas" performed at the end of the day

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and long into the night. Fado became the earthy music of taverns and brothels and of the street corners in Alfama, Mouraria and also the Bairro Alto, the old poor sections of Lisbon. Today, fado is usually sung in Casas de Fado. (Fado Houses).

Whatever its origins, fado's themes have remained the same. Considered a sad music, the theme of most fados is usually about hopeless love, betrayal, destiny, despair, sorrow, and the life of longing for home. However, there are fados written about other much happier topics. There is also a version of the fado that blends with folk traditions. It is called the popular fado or "fado popular", this type of fado tends to be lighter in spirit and it is often ad-libbed.

The legendary Maria Severa began singing fado in her mother's tavern in the Alfama district in 1836. She is often referred to as the mother of fado. Severa, as she is known among the Portuguese, lived a very tragic life and died at the young of age of 26. She had a very turbulent illicit love affair with a Portuguese aristocrat. Ironically, her lifestyle is the essence of most fados. Severa begun the tradition of female fadistas and was also known for wearing a black shawl when she sung. Most present day female fadistas honor her by continuing the tradition of wearing a black shawl whenever they perform.

The great figure of fado from the 1940's until her death in 1999, was Amalia Rodrigues. She was known as the "Rainha de Fado" or Queen of Fado. Her interpretation of fado made her the unquestionable, influential person in popularizing fado and bringing it to the worlds stage. She became known as the ambassador and symbol of Portuguese culture. She was revered at home and celebrated abroad. She has been credited with redefining the style, as it is known today for herself and for future generations. When she died, the Prime Minister of Portugal called for three days of national mourning.

There are two basic styles of fado: Lisbon and Coim-



Amalia Rodrigues was known as the Queen of Fado.

bra, both cities in Portugal. The Lisbon style is the most popular, and it is always sung by a solo performer, while Coimbra's style is more refined. It is often performed by groups of male university students. However, today you can hear Coimbra fado sung in the Casas de Fado and a solo male performer, who both sings and plays guitar, usually sings it.

The essential element of fado music is "saudade" a Portuguese word that it is almost impossible to translate into other languages. The difficulty comes from the fact that the word saudade expresses a range of emotions - long-

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ing, yearning, nostalgia and unrealized dreams. Fado often speaks of an undefined longing that can't be satisfied. For Portuguese emigrants fado and "saudade" are the expressions of homesickness for the place they left behind.

"Like other forms of folk music such as American blues, Argentine tango, Greek rebetika and Spanish flamenco, fado cannot be explained. It must be felt and experienced. They stand on emotions" says Mariza, (one of the newest generation of fado singers) "it is an emotional kind of music full of passion, sorrow, jealousy, grief and often satire. Yet fado differs from its musical cousins in its poetic mystery and its ability to fuse dichotomous traits: impossible pain and fervent joy, life's cruelty with love's intensity. A fado singer must have the soul to transmit the feeling existing in this very Portuguese form of poetry."

The traditional accompaniment for the fadista is one

or more Portuguese guitars, or guitarras Portuguesas, and also one or more bass guitars or violas. The Portuguese guitar, as it exists today is indigenous to Portugal, and has a unique sound that is the pride of Portugal. Modern day fadistas have updated their accompaniments to include the violin and the piano.

Even as a child growing up in Portugal, the haunting sounds of the Portuguese guitar drew me in to the beauty of Fado.

I became aware of the music as a very young child, whenever I listened to my sister-in-law sing to my brother on many evenings during their period of courtship. Even though I was very young and unfamiliar with its sound, I knew then, this was the music that I would become passionate about. Many years later, returning to Portugal, after

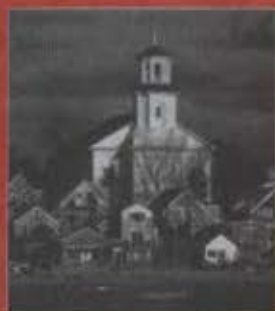
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The entertainers are from left to right Jose Silva, Portuguese Guitar, Daniel Guerra, Celia Maria, Natalie Pires, Tania, Manuel Hilario.

living in the United States for a few years, I visited Casas de Fado and remembered the music that I had so long ago thought so enchanting and could now identify it with the music of my homeland. I have made it my personal mission to teach my friends and others about fado. To teach them to appreciate the styles, emotions and the sounds of this lovely form of expression that resonates within us all and brings us to the depth of the soul, even if they don't

understand the lyrics. As people around the world share in the love of music, so does one who witnesses the passions of a fadista and share in the heart and experiences of which they expound.

Composed by: Lilliana de Sousa

Edited by: Yvonne de Sousa

References: World Music Central (www.worldmusiccentral.org)

Portugal Online (www.portugal.com/portugal/Fado)

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The Provincetown Tourism Office extends a very special welcome to everyone visiting the eleventh annual Provincetown Portuguese Festival.

This celebration of Provincetown's Portuguese heritage also includes the 60th annual Blessing of the Fleet, a colorful ceremony honoring Provincetown's long history as a fishing port.

The Portuguese Festival is an important contributor to our tourism economy, and the Visitor Services Board is pleased to join the many sponsors and volunteers by providing a grant from the Tourism Fund to help support this event.

Whether you are a Provincetown native returning for a reunion, a frequent visitor, or discovering Provincetown for the first time, we hope you will enjoy your stay here and return again often.

Bill Schneider
Administrative Director of Tourism
Provincetown MA

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*Gostei muito de estar em Provincetown e vou voltar para o ano.
I loved my stay in Provincetown and I will come back next year.*



The Blessing Of The Fleet

By JOE LAZARO as written in his column
*PROVINCETOWN FOLKLORE: AN ENDANGERED
 SPECIES. PROVINCETOWN MAGAZINE*

Acolades go to the Blessing of the Fleet Committees, past and present, who have survived under threats of cancellation because of failing interest.

I'd like to dwell on the first Blessing which was deemed so highly successful that determination was made for it to continue into perpetuity—notwithstanding the health of the originators.

How it came about? My memories are pretty vague. The names that come to mind as the originators are Arthur "Bragg" Silva and Domingos "Four Master" Godinho, who stirred up the enthusiasm, primarily, of younger fishermen in the fleet. At a guess, I would say

that over four dozen boats participated, including the trap boats. Of course, we've always had some small craft wishing to be blessed along with the rest.

Then there was the rowing dory race between the piers (Railroad Wharf and Sklaroff's), swimming races, and the "Greased Pole" climb. Prizes were awarded for each event.

One of the things I enjoyed was the dory race. There was Steve Roderick and Karl Goveia in a single dory loaned by the Charlotte, representing the trap boats and, I think, Billy Segura and Tiss Souza, representing the Draggers. The dragger crew had the slim-trim, well-kept dory from the Coast Guard (on borrow), and Roderick and Goveia had the well-kept trap dory, but...they had "borrowed" oars too small for the job. It was fun to watch the trap crew dipping oars so fast and furiously to keep up with the powerful thrust of the well-prepared dragger men. Needless to say, the "Dragger" won out by a boat length. Second prize,

"But above all the greatest part of the Portuguese Festival has got to be the lingua!" —Dimitri Papetsas, Grade 12

however, amounted to \$15 each.

What fun they all had! The kids had a ball on the greased pole, and there were also other games throughout the three-day affair. Throughout the years, Saturdays were field days at Motta Field with cookouts and baseball (the fishermen versus whomever). In the evenings, there was Block Dancing and a Portuguese Night at Town Hall.

A note: I may stand to be corrected in my somewhat "forgetful" stage of life in all the aspects aforementioned. Also, too many names can be mentioned - or left out.

Anyhow, the Blessing allowed us all to let our hair down and have a good time, meet old acquaintances, party and gorge ourselves on lobster, crab, delicious sandwiches, hot dogs and the like, along with tonic and beet, etc. The Captains and crews I went with, along with their wives, were the best of hosts. They prepared such wonderful victuals and exuded total friendliness.

Side note: I was told that Captain Manuel "Wells" Rego's HARBOR BAR trap boat was the first ever blessed, which resulted in it establishing a record

earning that year, to that date.

That was really a fun year. The weather was beautiful and the decorations on each boat were fabulous. The whole atmosphere was terrific. Swimming at The Point was a must.

Thinking back, there could be much more to say. Maybe next year we'll be able to cover some of the following Blessings.

There really is so much to add: The participation of the crewmembers who carried St. Peter through the years: the attendance of the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus: the financial backing of the businesses and local people: and, especially, the fishermen and captains who gave up their fishing days and would be earnings. The fishermen supplied all of the "goodies" and exemplified the spirit of giving which made P'town a mecca for artists, newcomers, summer repeatees and, in general, appreciative people.

How about the yearly quahog feed at the VFW?
We miss you, "Barshie".

J.L.

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What's in a name?

Manuel "Cul" Gouveia was a native born son who had a wonderful memory for all things Portuguese. As part of his enormous repertoire of local folklore, he made a record of the nicknames that people were known by. Many town residents had no idea whom you were talking about unless you used the person's nickname. In one of his stories "Cul" mentioned how a town person was frustrated while trying to contact a friend by phone when operators still manned the system. He resorted to using the person's nickname and he was immediately connected. To this day, many of the "old timers" will refer to people or families by their nicknames. The following is a partial list compiled by "Cul" over the years:

Barshie, Bushy Bill, Boozy, Belo, Blackie, Buggy, Brownie, Bishka, Burgundy, Arthur Bragg, Bum, booa, George Briar, Blaney, Bill Hi, Bull, Bing, Barrone, Colonel Korn, Cucumber or Cukie, Crapoo, Cat Link, Custanella, Cheroot, Cabbage, Cow, Caneesa, Chick, Chickadee, Coca Dirty, Cuddy

continued on page 43

KATHERINE O'DONNELL

**PROVINCETOWN
TROLLEY**

37 Court Street, Provincetown • 508 487 9483



"Popeye" Scott



"Tarts" Bent



"Zeke" Tasha & Steve Perry of the Carlotta.

"The past two years of celebrating the Portuguese Festival I have been chosen to read at the Fishermen's Mass on Sunday. Even though it is excruciatingly nerve wracking, I still enjoy doing it. Not many people get the chance to read in front of 300 people and show their Portuguese pride as I do."

— Brandi Weber, Grade 11

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Moon, Cheenie, Chagas, Champy, Clark Gable, Cabesa, Carnie, Cockroach, Clarkas, Cookie, Careel, Charlie Max, Charlie Chaplin, Carpie, Crow, Crabby, Cul, Cat, Ducky, Dr. Smiles, Dr. Foo, Dory Plug, dirty Neck, Deacon, Daddy Long Legs, Ding, Doc, Dummy, Didit, Dinah, Deena, Doc Blaney, Ding Dong, Delilah, Echo, French, fatty, Friday, Fats, Foo-Foo, Four Master, Flour Fingers, Flitters, Flyer, Flash, Flam, Fat Francis, Flinx, Flip, Farmer, Friggidy, Fokes, Glory, Garsupa, Goldie, Greenie, Guinea, Green Hornet, Gypsy, Goonie, Greasy, GotoHell, Grassy, J&K, Jiggs, Foe Carpenter, Jupigter, Joe Bob by, Jocko, Jockey, Jacketta, Jimmy Eddie, Foe Crow, Jiggums, Jazzy, Jazzgarters, Jack the Ripper, Joe Ducks, Kakki, Kitty, Lucky, Libbie, Lizzie, Little Big He, Liv, Light Finger, Ladacoma, Lickety Split, Mealy, Mon Zora, Mal Dsente, Mickey Mouse, Moxie, Montega, Macaque, Malarts, Magic, Molasses, Malook, Mare Shiek, Moon, Mona, Moose, Maboy, Massasava, Mamie Fasha, No Neck, Nick the Greek, Nartchie, Nazare, Nee Webb, Oinky, Ozzie, Oakie, Ollie, Pimp, Pee Cee, Piggy wee, Piggy, Peanuts, Pragiera, Pie Alley, Pajamas, Paiga, Penny, Pond Lily, Pidge, Peewee, Pinky, Puggy, Pansy, Plumby, Pill, Putt, Pata, Panella, Patzi, Patakas Pilhasaka, Pordy, Popeye, Queenie, QAUaley, Rudy, Rube, Red, Rat, Rocky, Rip, Rapouille, Rajgamau, Skunk, Shiekie, Shikes, Sweet Keese, Sam the Greek, Shockers, Snorkel, Speed, Sunny, Snonga, Shrimp, Squeakyk, Shag,



Stanley "Pidge" Carter

Spanker, Sou, west Harbor, Shiney, Stinky, Squash, Snowball, Swede, Swifty, Small Tony, Smatter the You, Smalley, Scarry Jack, Spinach, Skunchie, Sparwns, Sissy, Sandy, Sparchie, Sibby, Squinty.

The list goes on and on!!

"Cul" always signed off with *Viaba Com Deus!!*

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The Portuguese Festival

BY PATRICIA SENDAO

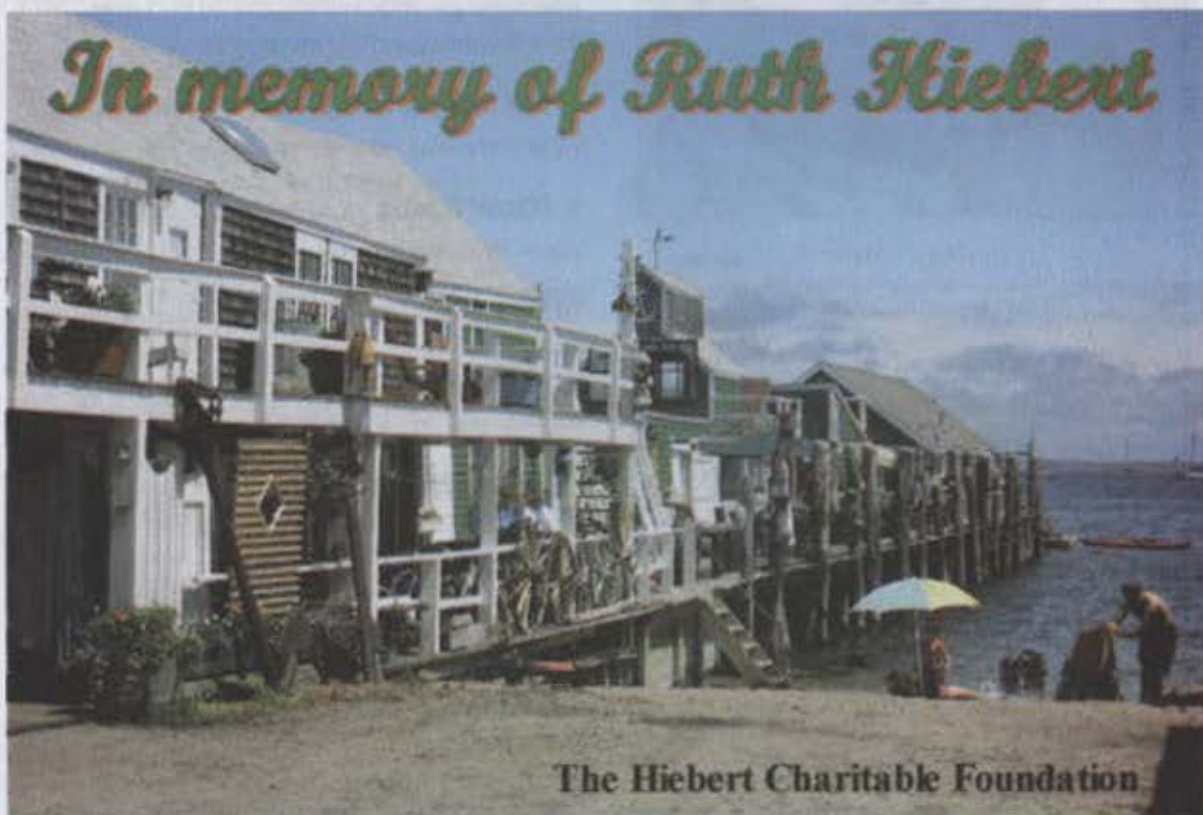
GRADE 8 - Provincetown High School

Portuguese immigrants voyaged to Provincetown for a better life. My parents were two of them. They have lived here 25 and 14 years respectively and although we visit often, my parents love to reminisce about the "old country". There are many in this town that are not of Portuguese descent but some of its culture has affected them. The Provincetown Portuguese Festival is essential to remind Portuguese immigrants, their descendents, friends, and the tourists of the unique culture of the Portuguese.

"Vive para viver e tu aprendes como viver" or "live to live and you will learn how to live". This is a Portuguese proverb, which illustrates the Portuguese culture, to appreciate life. For the last two years my family and I have gone to hear the fados. The fados are the Portuguese blues, passionate and emotional. If you observe the audience it is not difficult to see that many don't understand the lyrics. They are relating to the singer's voice, powerful and beautiful which doesn't need translation. In the background the violas and guitarras strum in the traditional manner that hasn't changed for years. Sidewalks are crammed during the parade to see Portuguese

dancers in their native outfits. When I visited Portugal in the summer there were two things I could rely on, excellent food and excitement at any hour. I could wander around a carnival, watch a parade in a Saint's honor, have ice cream at a café by the beach, or admire old churches and forts. The Festival ties into that spirit by giving musical entertainment, food tents to enjoy Portuguese cuisine, and parades.

The Portuguese Festival began with the Blessing of the Fleet. In this Portuguese tradition, fishing boats are blessed by the local Bishop in hopes of a successful and safe year. Although Provincetown's fishing fleet is diminished, the Blessing is still important. Two years ago I was asked to read the liturgy at the Blessing of the Fleet Mass, in Portuguese. It's a rule in my family to speak Portuguese but I didn't have vast experience in speaking it in public. I was embarrassed my Portuguese would not meet the standards of the Portuguese in the audience but my parents said that by reading in my family's native tongue, it would teach the community a vital lesson. The Provincetown Portuguese Festival isn't celebrating a memory but this community's past, present and future. The Town owes a tremendous amount to this celebration and hopefully it will be a tradition that lasts for many years



The Hiebert Charitable Foundation

On The Ship To Ship Telephone

This is taken from the 17th Annual Blessing of the Fleet

Booklet, June, 1960

When fishermen speak to each other on the radio, their conversations should never be taken literally. What they say does not necessarily mean the way it sounds. Following are a few samples of conversations...



Anthony Thomas

HILARY BAMFORD

A proud supporter of the Portuguese Festival

The Portuguese Festival is a long time tradition and it reminds our town of its great heritage of Portuguese culture and fishing.

-C. Eli Enos, Grade 8

WHAT THEY SAID:

1. **Manuel Henrique** "This is disastrous. No fish at all. After this drag, I'm going home."
2. **Anthony Thomas** "Come this way boys - plenty of fish here."
3. **Alfred Silva** "My propeller is loose on the shaft - I am broke down. Better come and tow me in." (*To his brother, Kenneth*)
4. **Salvador Vasques** "Doesn't look like much fish - about three bushels or so."
5. **"Tiss" Souza** "I don't know what we got that time. It looks pretty good, and then again it doesn't. Maybe it isn't as good as it looks."
6. **Charles Bennett** "Silence"
7. **Joe (Cow) Corea** "We are looking good here. I have these grounds well marked on my Loran Chart. We will have a good day's work today."
8. **Fred Salvador** "There's nothing here - we are steaming somewhere else."
9. **Manuel Thomas** "Nothing, nothing at all. About two lousy boxes."
10. **Arthur Reis** "Why, of course, I believe you."
11. **Anthony Jackett** "Well, it isn't too good and it isn't too bad. We'll try again."
12. **Charles Malaquias** "Got a pretty good tow that time and it's a nice day for a change."

David & Anita Butler

WHAT THEY ACTUALLY MEANT:

1. Very good fishing. A day and a night like this and we will have a nice trip!
2. There ain't a damn thing here. Right now I'm listening to some Elvis Presley records!
3. We are loading up on haddock. Hurry up and get over here before they play out!
4. We are getting between three and twenty bushels a tow. Figure out how much we are really getting, if you can!
5. If you guys think Salvador Vasques is the only one who can speak in riddles, that's what you think!
6. Silence
7. We are starving to death – it's foggy – my Loran doesn't work – and even if it worked, I wouldn't know how to read it. I think I'm lost!
8. There is no translation. I mean exactly what I say!
9. We are loading up. Multiply the two boxes by four and to make sure, add three more!
10. All fishermen are liars, except you and me – and I'm damn sure about you!
11. Doggonit! The Red Sox lost again. I dunno – I dunno!
12. Boy, it's some rough! We aren't getting a thing, but I can't go home before Billy Segura and Clarence Santos, or my wife Louise will give me hell!!



Manuel Henrique



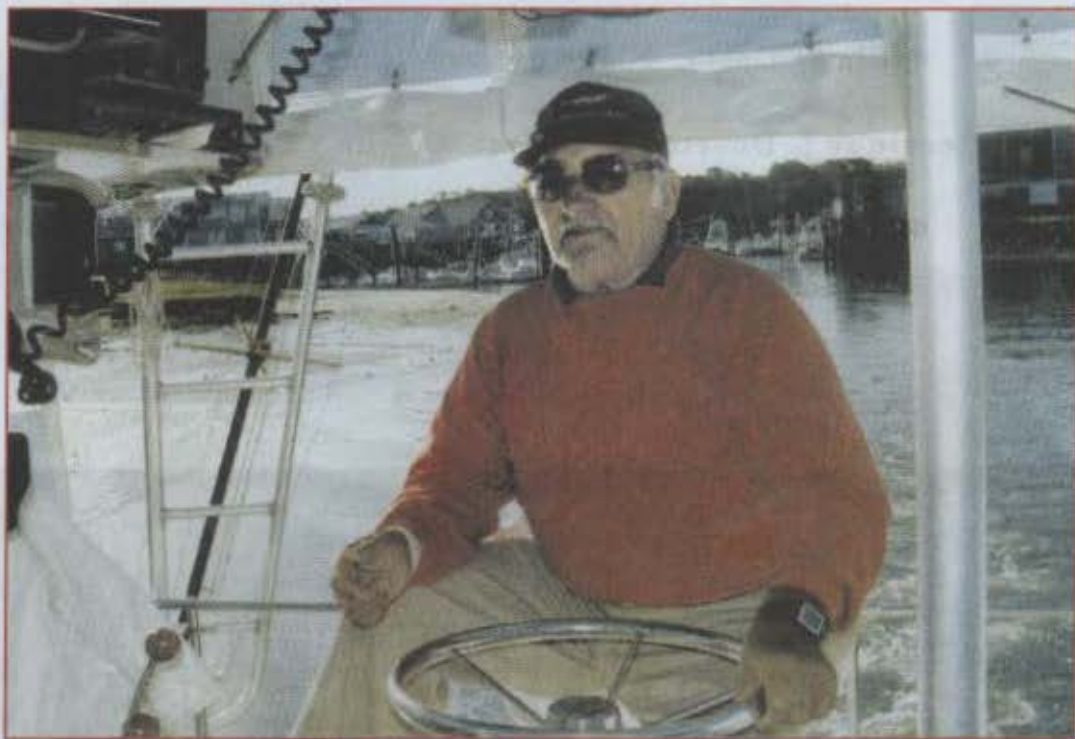
Alfred Silva

1807 HOUSE

Mary Moore

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