

OBITUARIES

Manuel "Cul" Goveia, 78

Manuel "Cul" Goveia, a Provincetown native and Navy veteran of World War II, a man who tried to capture in words his memories of the Provincetown he knew as a boy and a fisherman, died November 18 at the Cape End Manor after a long illness. He was 77 and would have turned 78 on December 23.

His son Stephen Goveia, a Provincetown native who now lives in Centerville, was with him when he died. Born to Carlos and Barbara (Lazaro) Goveia, who came to Provincetown from Portugal, he and his younger sister Grace (Goveia) Collinson, who survives him, grew up in Provincetown during the hard years of the Great Depression.

He got his nickname "Cul," the Portuguese word for cockroach, as a joke, from his sister Grace, a woman he loved and admired for her accomplishments.

At a time when girls hardly ever completed high school, Grace graduated from Provincetown High School, then went to Mount Holyoke College where she graduated cum laude. She spent 25 years as a Provincetown school teacher, often working with immigrants who could not speak the language. That the town would name after her the annex on Alden Street, which houses the senior center, was a source of great pride to him.

A former fisherman, bartender, auxiliary policeman and parking lot attendant, Cul tried his hand at writing down his memories of the old Provincetown he knew when weirs dotted the harbor and the most of the townspeople were Portuguese Catholics.

He wrote columns in several local publications, always ending them with "Via com Deus," Portuguese for "Go with God."

Monday his family and friends gathered at St. Peter the Apostle Church in Provincetown to say "Va Com Deus, Cul," during a Memorial Mass of Christian Burial celebrated by Father John Raposo, pastor.

His body was cremated and the ashes will be buried in the church cemetery at a later date.

"He was nice kind man," said Jimmy Sants, a native whom Cul considered to be his best friend. "I admired so much about him. I visited him every day he was in the manor, and I tried to talk to him on the day he died, but he didn't seem to hear me. But when he died that night, his son Stephen called me and told me that he had asked for me and for Marion, his second wife, just before he died. He was a kind man who did a lot of things for people that no one knew about.

"Every Christmas he would go to the cemetery and put red berries on the grave of my brother Joseph, and he would put the red berries on the grave of Frenchie, who was well-loved in Provincetown, too. I told his son that when Cul's ashes are buried, I'll put red berries on his grave too for as long as I live and I'll make sure that masses are said for him at St. Peter's every year for as long as I'm around."

Cul graduated from Provincetown High School in 1937, then went to work at the Cold Storage plant until 1941 when he joined the Navy. He served with the special services doing underwater training, but he never talked much about the war, his son Stephen said.

When he returned home in 1946, he went trap fishing aboard his own fishing vessel, Agnes & Stephania, for several years and owned his own trap fishing company.

In the 1950s, he served as a Provincetown policeman and in 1960, he was a charter member of the VFW Lewis A. Young Post #3192. He was a lifetime member of the VFW and a past commander.

He worked as bar manager at the VFW from 1960 to 1973, and after retiring from full-time work, he continued to work part-time for the town parking department and at St. Peter's parking lot.

He had looked forward to seeing the new Veterans Memorial Honor Roll, on which his name is listed in bronze, dedicated on November 11. But that was not to be. He was hospitalized at Cape Cod Hospital at the time.

Selectman Custodio J. Silva Jr. said, "Cul is related to me on my mother's side. I knew how much Veterans Day meant to him. When I found out that he wouldn't be there, I faxed a letter to him at the hospital which the nurse got to him. I told him how when I was a boy of six or seven I remembered him and the other veterans at Memorial Day and Veterans Day ceremonies as being 30 feet tall. I remember they were like giants. Now, even though I'm 38-years-old and six-feet tall, Cul and these veterans are still 30 feet tall to me."

Cul was delighted to take part in the Portuguese Festival this past June. He was one of the first up the stairs of the Heritage Museum for the kick-off ceremony. He walked through the museum pointing out photos of himself and other fishermen on display on the walls.

He relished that festival, his son Stephen said. "That was one of the last events where he was really active, but then his health started deteriorating," he said.

Cul was dedicated to getting down the memories that flooded his brain, his son said. "Anytime something would pop in his mind, whether it was the middle of the night or whenever, he would sit down and write it down. He was greatly concerned with the historical significance of the Provincetown of his youth and young adulthood," he said.

"We're going to miss him. He lived a full life. He enjoyed people and he was a very trusting man. In some cases, I think people took advantage of him, but he was a very trusting individual."

In addition to his sister Grace, who is a resident of the Cape End Manor, and his son Stephen, he leaves his son Carl Goveia of Eastham; and five grandchildren; Lisa DiPalma of Franklin, Laurie Goveia of Centerville, Stephen Goveia of Mashpee, and Ross Goveia and Nicole Goveia, both of Eastham.

Memorial donations may be made to the Provincetown Rescue Squad, Box 109, Provincetown MA 02657.

"Sand in your shoes" syndrome

[Editor's Note: The following excerpt from one of "Cul" Goveia's columns for the Banner does a better job of illustrating his outlook than anything we could say about him. We will miss his sweet nature, boundless energy and love of life. Viaha Com Deus, Cul.]

I am a firm believer of the "sand in your shoes" philosophy. I have made friends with so many newcomers and wash-ashores to warrant the feeling that, basically, we shall be in good hands in the years to come. These friends profess a love of our town for ever so many reasons, depending mostly on associations, the new acquaintances, their work force, and most of all, the acceptance of us natives that are still hanging around.

There is an aura around our town that won't let go. I say it's a catchy theme: Help thy neighbor in his/her hour of need. It was prevalent, as I know, back in the '20s. Of course, I only have the Portuguese version. Our mothers and "fisher" fathers took care of the less fortunate, and not just the Portuguese. Also, it was a good idea to "treat" your favorite doctor! My mother played the nurse's part so many times with the staid thought in mind: Some day, the shoe may be on the other foot.

My generation gave away more fish than ever before because we were the easiest targets as trap fishermen, coming into land in the morning hours. Our "customers"



would be waiting with their buckets. Our "special customers" would get their fish all filleted and cleaned, ready for the frying pan. Choices yet! Mackerel, whiting, butterfish, bone squid, sardines, and the list could go on. How many times we would exchange a bucket of mackerel for a haddock (one-on-one) when the timing was right. Note: lobsters and crabs we kept to ourselves on a turn basis. Oh ... those good old days!

Today, I can vouch for the fact that there are people out there who care for their fellow man. Maybe I have that kind of face, but I've had friends bringing me food, be it on a whim or whatever. It gives me that kind of warm feeling that I'm being thought of. I have been most fortunate in that

department. It so happens, said food was brought to me while at work through the years and always a surprise. All I can think of is, what comes around goes around.

Now I cite the caring of newcomers for those afflicted with AIDS, be they or not of the same persuasion as me. That is beside the point. These are humans that need help. We learned a lesson from them in being organized and de-

termined. What faith and patience. I wish us cancer patients could have been so organized, but, then again, we have family care, for the most part.

So, dear readers, in summation — we are blessed with caring people, at least in my lifetime. Provincetown has been a Mecca for Portuguese immigrants, vagabonds, gypsies, artists, "flower people," and many other denominations — all colorful in their own right, yet coexisting. We have been multinational, multi-lingual, multi-everything, a mongrel in life's society yet getting along. I ask you why. Answer: "Sand in your shoes," and the basic friendship extended by mutual consent.

Viaha com Deus
— Cul.

[Editor's note: We're happy to welcome back columnist "Cul" Goveia, who is back at Cape End Manor after undergoing surgery at Cape Cod Hospital.]

This column is dedicated to my aging Portuguese friends and to "Jody," who represents my young pen pals.

Follow me in my travels during WWII. Sworn into the Navy, spring of '44 in Boston. Training camp: Sampson, N.Y. Picture a cold training area with dampness wafted down from Lake Geneva. Four to six weeks "training." Next stop: Two weeks at Solomon Islands, Md. Nicer, warmed weather, pleasant atmosphere. There we had choices to make: options for hazardous duty, etc. I jumped into a Roger II group which hinted of "scouts and raiders," 300 of us raw recruits into that "package."

We had four months of rigorous training at Fort Pierce, Fla. Except for hours of training daily, it was vacation land. I felt at home, quartered next to the Atlantic Ocean, with balmy nights and hard beach to run on. We were all hardened, physically and mentally. Fort Pierce had a well-designed approach to its inner circle, through a maze of structured entrances directly from the ocean for small craft only.

After our training, it was off to the West Coast via train. We had one stop at Waco, Texas — dry, arid country with "tumblin' tumbleweeds," then on to our destination, San Pedro, Calif. Two weeks there, and we made daily trips to L.A. and Hollywood — much gaiety and shows and music. Saw a Bob Hope show and listened to Gene Krupa's band.

We were on standby for shipment overseas. After a waiting period,

our group and another settled into two waiting ships. Both sailed off together, bound for the Orient, New Year's Day 1945. Our sister ship went on its course about 200 miles south of us in the broad Pacific. She was sunk by a Japanese sub, all hands lost

Although it took us 44 days at sea on our zigzag course to reach Calcutta, we made it without incident. We landed there sometime mid-February. First thing: we were assailed with smog. Calcutta, a land of mystery and history — a tour was a must. Among the sights we saw were the Taj Mahal, the "Burning Ghats," and the infamous "Black Hole."

The "Burning Ghats": According to ritual, the type of wood used for the pyre was dedicated by the status of the deceased, as was the food in their mouth for the trip to the great beyond. The Ghats were like a stone courtyard, with room for several funerals. There was always a haze in the air. The female corpses were dressed in their finest finery.

The "Black Hole": That's just what it was. It was a bordello with cave-like openings. No light in evidence

ging was the mainstay of the economy for the poor. What hurt me most was seeing abandoned children on the curbside just waiting to die of malnutrition or other means.

Calcutta left me embittered. The only good feature to me: this city offered the most beautiful fiery red opals anywhere, ever.

Kunming, China was our next stop. We came from India, "over the hump," the Himalayas, in B-46 transports. One plane crashed, but

on (room for two on the top). These Chinese lived simply. Nothing went to waste. They could cook eggs in so many ways. Everyone had a "green thumb." I must cite their watermelons, which were sweet and came in five colors: white, pink, yellow, orange and red.

There was not a tree in sight in that vast expanse. The youngsters were sent up into the mountains, about 12 miles away, to collect wood. I knew of this because four of us took a hike up that way. We swam in a mountain pool — cool, but refreshing.

We spent four months in Nieu Dong and learned basic weather-watching details and how to send and receive radio messages via a hand-cranked radio outfit. To make better use of our time, we also taught the Chinese infantry the use of small arm, which the U.S. supplied the new recruits in Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist army. Our trip back to Kunming was uneventful. It was there we got word of the bombing of Nagasaki, Japan. "Scuttlebutt" had it the war would soon be over. In fact, we were still there on V-J Day. My trip around the world touched on the Indian Ocean, the Pacific, the Atlantic and Mediterranean Sea. Sorry, there were no pics taken!

Best ever to all
— Cul

A trip around the world

MINHA PRAIA



— good thing! For 10,000 rupees, one could spend the night with these beauties. Whoever could be so hard up? To me, it was a "disease incorporated" structure.

The Taj Mahal: A beautiful ancient edifice, ornate in its typical Asian influence, a monument to a bride. It was situated well over 100 yards from the iron fence surrounding it. A classic structure.

Nowhere have I seen such poverty as on the streets of Calcutta. Beg-

all hands survived; it took them two weeks to "crawl out," according to a friend of mine who was one of the survivors.

Welcome to the village of Nieu Dong, situated 20-odd miles southeast of Siam, the original old capital of China. Nieu Dong was a village in every sense of the word, inhabited by peasants who worked the fields nearby from dawn to dusk. Our quarters were right in the village proper so we saw how the peasants lived. First off, they used rocks for pillows.

In most of these one-room cubicles, we had a clay oven about six feet long, two feet deep and three to four feet high, for cooking and sleeping



Photo Vincent Guadagno

Cul Goveia circa 1993, proudly wearing his VFW cap.

Columnist Cul Goveia dies at 77

By Hamilton Kahn
BANNER STAFF

Manuel Lazarus Joseph "Cul" Goveia, a retired fisherman, Navy veteran of World War II, and well-known chronicler of Provincetown's bygone days, died last Tuesday, Nov. 18, at Cape End Manor after a long illness.

In columns published in the Banner over the past two years (and before that in Provincetown Magazine under the byline "Joe Lazard"), Cul served as a living link between Provincetown's more recent arrivals and its fading past — a time when Portuguese immigrant families comprised a large portion of the population and fishing was the primary means of making a living.

In addition to his highly personal
continued on page 6

Cul continued from page 1
alized accounts of local history, Cul was also a philosopher of sorts whose "sand in your shoes" outlook welcomed people from near and far and of all stripes to the town he declared to be unique above all others (see excerpt on page 7).

"Definitely count your blessings — especially in Provincetown, a community that has always allowed, in my memory, the choice of living a style of one's choosing as long as it's not offensive," he wrote in a column last year outlining his own personal code of conduct.

The specifics of Cul's life were well-known to his readers, who eagerly awaited his often-elliptical excursions through both the town's and his own past. He was born in Provincetown in 1919 to Portuguese immigrants Carlos ("Ti Carls") and Barbara (Lazard) Gouveia, who had five children, three of whom died at an early age.

His nickname, which means "cockroach" in Portuguese, was given to him by his sister, Grace, who was born in Portugal. She is 10 years older and currently lives at Cape End Manor. A term of endearment, he returned it by dubbing her "Pata," which means "duck."

The family first lived at 95 Bradford St., then moved to 325 Commercial, upstairs from Leah Crawley's Ocean Breeze Cafe. Railroad Wharf (which later became MacMillan Pier) was the center of his youthful activities, which included diving for coins, playing marbles, running foot races, and watching the comings and goings of ships large

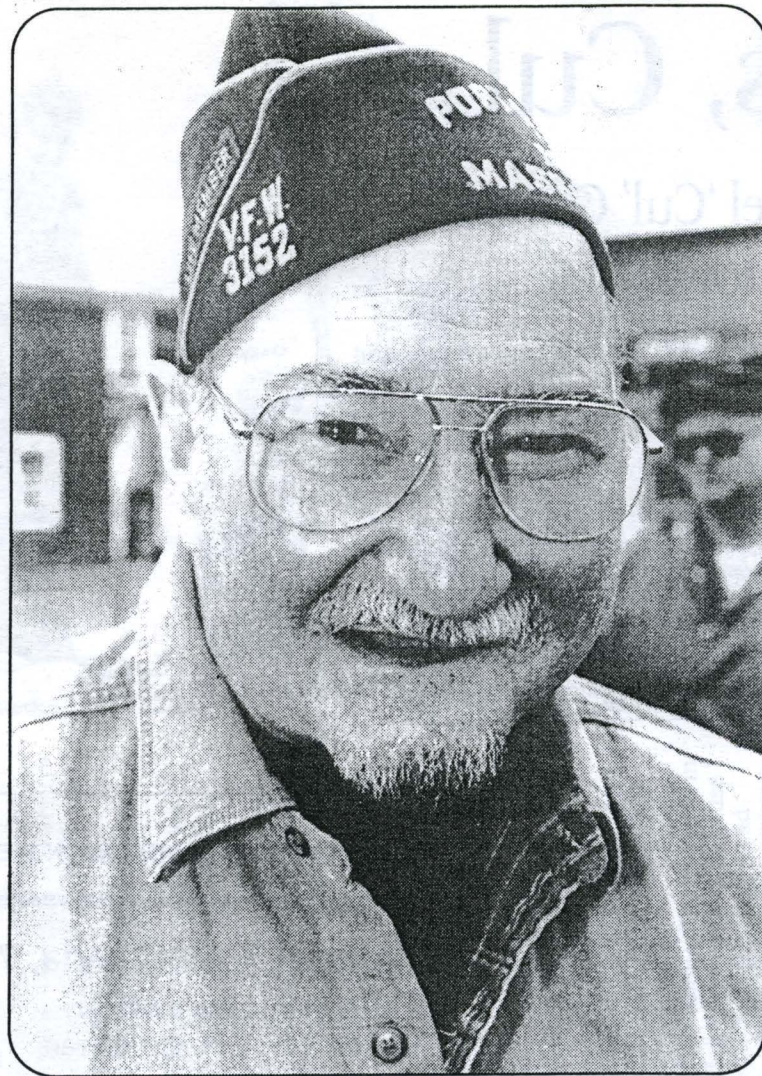


Photo Vincent Guadagno

Cul Goveia circa 1993, proudly wearing his VFW cap.

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The family first lived at 95 Bradford St., then moved to 325 Commercial, upstairs from Leah Crawley's Ocean Breeze Cafe. Railroad Wharf (which later became MacMillan Pier) was the center of his youthful activities, which included diving for coins, playing marbles, running foot races, and watching the comings and goings of ships large

and small, including vessels smuggling booze during the Prohibition era. At age 10, he worked at a local speakeasy, the Club Rendezvous, cutting up lemons and oranges and preparing hors d'oeuvres in the early morning hours. He also earned money delivering newspapers and clamming with his father.

He attended Provincetown schools — the Eastern and Center schools and then Provincetown High School, where he excelled in sports and graduated in 1937, the same year he got married for the first time, then worked at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries cold storage facility and aboard the trap boat Harbor Bar, before joining the Navy in 1944. He trained in Sampson, N.Y. and Fort Pierce, Fla. before being shipped to the Pacific, where his stopovers included Calcutta, India and Nieu Dong, China.

Back in Provincetown in 1946, he returned to trap fishing aboard the Harbor Bar, which was the first boat to be blessed at the first Blessing of the Fleet in 1948. Following a back injury that required hospitalization, he worked for the town police department from 1951-'53 before buying a weir trap outfit with which he enjoyed financial success before being wiped out by Hurricane Carol in 1954, after which he and his crew worked on the rebuilding of Railroad Wharf.

After his boat, the Agnes and Stephania, was irreparably damaged in a gale of the fall of 1956, Cul got out of the fishing business altogether and went to work on dry land, first as a salesman at Arnold's appliance store, then as a handyman at Day's Cottages on Beach Point, and later as night watchman at the Moors Motel, a bartender at the local VFW post, and as a parking attendant at the Municipal Parking Lot and the Catholic Church lot.

Among his fondest memories were those associated with his years
continued on next page



Cul and the Agnes and Stephania crew in 1953 (above), and aboard the Harbor Bar in 1948 (below).



NOVEMBER 27, 1997

continued from previous page

as a Little League coach (1960-'79), when among his players were Steve and Michael Mailer, the now-grown children of famed author Norman Mailer and his former wife, the actress Beverley Bentley.

He began his writing career in the early '90s as a columnist for Provincetown Magazine, moving over to the Banner in 1995, where his column was titled "Minha Praia," or "My Shore." Written in his distinctive hand with a ball-point pen, the columns filled up four or five lined pages from a small notebook, although occasionally he would go on for another page. Most of them ended with the sign-off, "Viaha com Deus," which translates to "Go with God." After being sidelined by illness this summer, he continued to contribute columns whenever possible.

In addition to writing columns, Cul was a compiler of numerous lists — of favorite sports figures, movie and television performers, and even local nicknames, which he compiled in alphabetical order. (The list was published in the Banner this past summer.)

Cul was especially proud of his military service and was an active and loyal member of the Lewis A. Young V.F.W. Post # 3152, where he served as Commander in the early '50s. In 1959, he served as chairman of the post's building committee which oversaw construction of the post building on Jerome Smith Road that year. He remained active in that organization and was a long-time proponent of building a memo-

rial for the town's WW II veterans, to replace a wooden plaque that succumbed to the elements in the late '70s. Before that occurred, he copied down the names of the veterans listed and gave it to the committee that oversaw construction this year of the new Veterans Park on Town Hall grounds, which lists the names of residents who served in armed conflicts from WW II to the present. Although he deeply wanted to be present at the dedication on Nov. 11, Cul was hospitalized the week before and was unable to attend.

A longtime resident of Pleasant Street, where his small home was filled to the rafters with items and publications he used to collect (and several beloved cats), Cul moved to the Cape End Manor this summer, where he was pleased to be reunited with his sister, Grace. He had hoped to move to the Maushope housing complex as soon as space became available there, but those plans were put on hold after he was hospitalized following a heart attack. He was able to return to the Manor on Nov. 14, four days before his death.

In addition to his sister, Grace Goveia Collinson, Cul is survived by his two sons, Stephen Goveia of Centerville and Carl Goveia of Eastham; and five grandchildren. A memorial Mass was held Monday morning at St. Peter the Apostle Church, followed by a memorial gathering at the VFW post.

Memorial donations may be sent to the Provincetown Rescue Squad Association, Inc., Box 109, Provincetown, MA 02657. □

FROM PAGE ONE

'CUL' GOVEIA

To his family's distress, Cul's love of history was not limited to memories or words.

Cul was a collector, said Stephen Goveia, his eldest son. If he liked a story, he would keep six copies of the newspaper. Stephen said his father kept copies of TV Guide back to the 1970s. Such was the extent of his collection of books, papers, cartons and cans, that his home was only navigable via carefully carved aisles.

"He was a character, no doubt about it," said his son.

I know about Cul's desire to pass on history. He called me this spring at the Times' Provincetown office to introduce himself. He said he wanted to meet me for lunch. He told me to bring a pen and paper.

"I want you to pick my brain before I lose it," he said.

Over many lunches at his favorite restaurant, the Mayflower Cafe, it became clear that Cul wanted me to understand Provincetown's history in the way most accessible to us both: through his life story.

His parents both immigrated from Portugal in 1915. His beloved sister, Grace, for whom Provincetown's senior center is named, worked tirelessly to help create a nursing home so the elderly of Provincetown could be near their relatives.

Cul, a Provincetown native, was his parent's first child born in the United States. His nickname came from Grace, "my silly, wacky sister." It's short for the Portuguese word for cockroach.

He called her Pata, or duck, because he said she walked like one.

He said when he grew up in Provincetown 75 percent of the people were Portuguese Catholic. It was the Depression, and his parents did not speak much English.

Life was good without money. Riches, he always said, only made people greedy.

His mother lost three children in a flu epidemic and she had three miscarriages, he said. He suspected that because he and Grace were the only two who survived, his mother, Maria Barbara Lazaro Goveia, was extra affectionate and protective.

"My mother was a worker," he said. "She worked in kitchens, and as a cleaning woman. She was busy as all hell."

Cul talked about his sister, Grace, in reverent terms: He said she was the most intelligent person in Provincetown.

At 16 she graduated early from Provincetown High School. She attended Mount Holyoke College, graduating cum laude, and returned to Provincetown where she taught school for 25 years.

Through her work with immigrants who did not speak English, she got citizenship papers for 83 people, he said.

She taught English. But she also made it a point that English people knew about Portugal. She always kept a booth with Portuguese artifacts at the Blessing of the Fleet ceremonies each year.

A resident of Cape End Manor, she survives her brother.

Cul was also highly intelligent, said his son Stephen, 61, the athletic director for Barnstable High School.

But Cul married at the age of 16, and had Stephen a year later. It was the Depression. Cul had to work.

He often told me about fishing on his father-in-law's trap fishing boat.

"These were the happiest days of me, and the hardest working days, but I loved it," Cul said.

Stephen remembers his father as "strong and good-looking. He loved to go fishing."

A bad back ended his fishing career. But like his mother, Cul was a worker. He worked in ice houses, as a police officer and for many years as bar manager for the Veteran of Foreign Wars post in Provincetown.

Besides being a worker, he was a historian and an interpreter like his sister. He felt a responsibility to pass on the old culture to the new.

One day he gave me an envelope with two cards inside: one contained a sketch of a weir trap, because I had asked for a description. The other had an address and phone number of a "devout female friend (married)," by the name of Bobbie Finnerty.

It said, "In case something happens to me . . . I have asked permission to give you her address and telephone number, just in case."

When he died of pneumonia and heart failure on Tuesday evening after several months of declining health in the Cape End Manor, I dialed her number.

"He was a very communicative man," said Bobbie Finnerty, of Dennisport.

She said they met 12 years ago when she was researching her Portuguese grandfather's history.

She contacted Cul to learn more about his sister. Since then, Finnerty said, they wrote each other letters weekly.

"He loved his Provincetown, and wanted people to know what it was like in the good old days," she said.

After getting to know him at the Mayflower Cafe this summer, it's a pleasure and an honor helping him do that one last time.

Cul, va com Deus.

A memorial for Cul Goveia will be held at 10 a.m. Monday at St Peter the Apostle Church, followed by a reception at the VFW in Provincetown.

Manuel 'Cul' Goveia, 77

Fisherman; police officer;
writer; WWII Navy veteran

CAPE COD TIMES

PROVINCETOWN — Manuel "Cul" Goveia, 77, a retired fisherman and Provincetown police officer, VFW bar manager, writer and historian, died Tuesday at Cape End Manor after a long illness.

Born in Provincetown, he graduated from Provincetown High School in 1937, then worked for the Cold Storage fish-packing facility until joining the Navy in 1941. He served as a Navy SEAL during World War II and received an honorable discharge in 1946.

Mr. Goveia then owned his own trap fishing company and the fishing vessel Agnes & Stephania for several years.

In the 1950s, Mr. Goveia served as a Provincetown police officer. He was a charter and lifetime member and past commander of the Veteran of Foreign Wars Lewis A. Young Post No. 3152 and worked as bar manager from 1960 to 1973. After retiring from full-time work, he worked for the town parking department and St. Peter's

Church parking lot.

Mr. Goveia was best known for his weekly newspaper articles, first in the Provincetown Magazine and then for the Provincetown Banner. He wrote of the old days in Provincetown, of trap fishermen, family trees, the east- and west-end neighborhoods and growing up without many creature comforts.

While he wrote for Provincetown Magazine, he used the pseudonym "Joe Lazaro."

Surviving are two sons, Stephen Goveia of Centerville and Carl Goveia of Eastham; a sister, Grace Collinson-Goveia of Provincetown; and five grandchildren.

A memorial Mass of Christian Burial will be held 10 a.m. Monday in St. Peter the Apostle Church, Provincetown. A memorial friendship gathering will follow in the VFW Hall, Jerome Road, Provincetown. His ashes will be buried in St. Peter's Cemetery at a later date.

Memorial donations may be made to the Provincetown Rescue Squad Association Inc., Box 109, Provincetown, MA 02657.

This obituary is reprinted from yesterday's edition of the Times to correct an error and include additional information.

Va com Deus, Cul

■ A collector of memories, Manuel 'Cul' Goveia told the story of Provincetown.

By K.C. MYERS
STAFF WRITER

PROVINCETOWN — Manuel "Cul" Goveia, the 77-year-old columnist who died on Tuesday, wanted to preserve his memories of the Provincetown he knew, from the 1920s onward.

For the past seven years, he would rise at 3 a.m. to write his column for the Provincetown Magazine and later the Provincetown Banner. These essays contained more than the usual stories of by-



MANUEL
'CUL' GOVEIA

gone days, sledding in the Province Lands dunes and fishing on trap boats.

Perhaps from all of those years as a fisherman, his brain worked like a net, spilling details onto a page: History would be mixed with the astrological sign of his son, the names of his father's dogs. The columns carried long lists of names of friends, fellow war veterans, classmates, his favorite families. He would record nicknames, for which Provincetown's Portuguese population is famous, in alphabetical order.

Each column ended the same way: *Viaha com Deus, Cul* — Portuguese for "Go with God."

Please see **'CUL' GOVEIA** /A-14

■ A 1948 photo of a trap boat at Provincetown's blessing of the fleet shows Manuel "Cul" Goveia, left, Joseph "Tarts" Bent and Manuel "Tram" Bent.



Trap fishing was once a way of life

Hello — I'm back "in the saddle" again!

The first thing I thought to write about? Yep ... you guessed it: my love of trapping. To you newcomers, I am speaking of weir trap fishing, which supported a majority of workers in the town for many years. Fish handlers, cold storage workers, truckers and other subsidiaries enjoyed the fruits of our labor. However, the "frosting on the cake" was to have a trap fisherman friend, and then you were assured of a meal of mackerel, whiting, butterfish, sardines, squid, and a variety of groundfish, plus a lobster now and then. Mind you, 90 percent of the time the fish were cleaned and ready for the frying pan. The smiles on the faces of the recipients was payment enough. I don't think we had a "starving artist" on our hands if he and his family liked fresh seafood. Lobstermen, too, were gratified at times to cull the fish and get bait.

The "Guinea" boats from ports up the line sought us out when the herring season came around.

Our natives would know that fish would soon be in the offing, when the smell of boiling tar wafted its magical aroma throughout town. You see, by March we soaked our new cotton netting in boiling tar in

our designated "tar pots." Then our trucks would ride us out back to special fields, where we stretched the twine out to dry. Therein, more aroma, no matter from what quarter the wind blew!

January to March we spent mending twine and making up new



nets. It was a very dusty atmosphere at times, from the dried up substances flaking off in the handling. I feel sad, at times, that more pictures of our operation were not taken.

On reflection, more sadness enters the picture when one thinks that the industry has become obsolete. We have had cold storages razed and piers wasted away. A bustling-hustling and very interesting way of life is no longer with us.

Little things often come to mind. There was this smallish man who came to the pier almost daily with his 8-10-quart bucket — for fish. I presumed he was an artist. He was clever enough to "play" the different traps boats on different days. I think

he was delegated by his artist friends to "go fishing." This man had only two words in his vocabulary "Thank you!"

Then we had a fish buyer who offered a \$500 prize to the trap boat that caught the largest "horse mackerel" (tuna) in the month of October.

We missed out by about five pounds, so we were told. It seems an up-Cape outfit landed a fish that went over 1,000 pounds. Ours weighed in at a mere 998 pounds. What a cute parlay of figures. We never did see that 1,000-pounder. (As I recall, tuna was going for four cents per pound.)

Oh, the good old days. This trap "bizness" made men old before their time — not in looks but in bodily fatigues, injuries, and general wear and tear. Ah, but the mind, the recollections, stayed as sharp as ever! The virility of a "trapper" showed through. Hard work, yes, but pride in accomplishment. Too bad that, back in them days, we weren't armed with camcorders. What pictures could be taken. For instance, the day we caught a school of "baby" tuna — 635 count, to be exact, with an average weight of 135 pounds, all in one trap. I can vouch

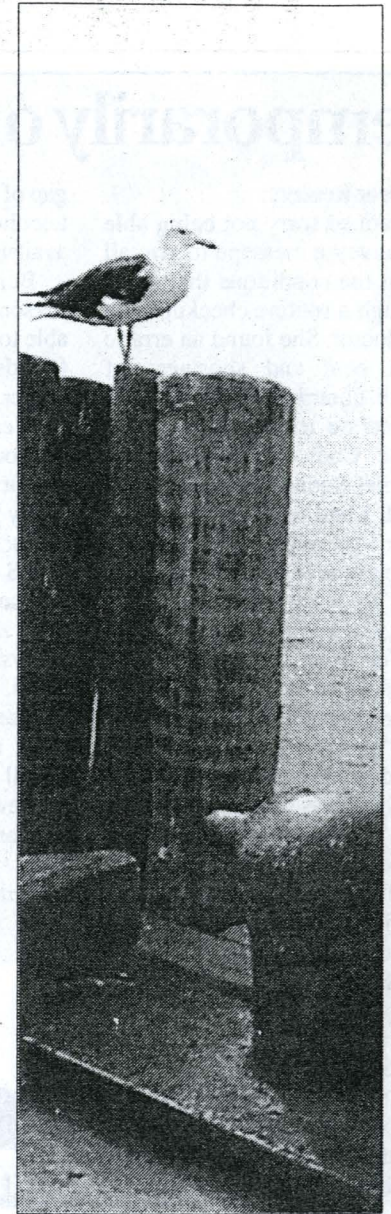
for a fact that, when through, we could not raise a glass of beer!

A little side issue: That day we landed our catch at the Cape Cod Cold Storage, we had a "bucket" tip over a load of 13 tuna. Even at four cents per pound, that mess was not going to get away! I got down to my "skivvies," dove down into about 12 feet of water, and recovered those would-be truant tuna!

Another anecdote: Today — I'm guessing: I believe to rig up, from scratch, four traps, trap boat, scow, seine boat and dory with moorings, plus miscellaneous equipment, would cost half a million bucks or more. I forgot to add about 60 poles per trap and 60-75-pound anchors — 17 per trap, plus two spares. Anyway, you get a rough picture of the setup.

I bought into the "bizness" in '53: five traps, used, of course, with boat, scow, seine boat, dory, ready-made mooring and backup equipment, all for \$7,500 — what a buy! Fortunes so dictated. Success, not to be. I was making damn good money, all bills were paid and good fortune was smiling — until August 31, 1954, when gruesome Hurricane Carol interceded. I was wiped out. Attempts to recover — nil. I filed bankruptcy in 1957... end of tale.

Viaha Com Deus — Cul.



Gull on the wharf.

Photo Elwood

Temporarily on "hold"

Dear Readers:

I am so sorry not being able to convey a message to you all about the conditions that arose through a routine checkup with my doctor. She found an erratic heart beat and shortness of breath, contributing factors to an immediate trip to the hospital (Cape Cod). In minutes, the Rescue Squad ambulance arrived. I had no time to pick up "gear" or make any calls because of the urgency! They went right to work at the hospital. Lucky me, in the interim, waiting for heart reactions, it was found by a nurse that I had a stomach problem. The usual "pics" were taken and I was found to have a mess of polyps and that I was bleeding. Now we have "double trouble" ... August 18 was the tip-off date, and from the 19th I've been placed on "hold" at the Cape End Manor —until recall by the C.C.H. I've been combating weakness and shortness of breath with close monitoring by the Manor staff. My friends and two sons have filled the

gap of communications, etc. The telephone is at times not readily available.

Being a very independent person, I am at a loss, not being able to run my own errands. My friends tell that's what friends are for.

Meanwhile, I intend to put my house up for sale and, should my luck hold out, spend the rest of my years at Maushope. Wish me luck.

P.S.: I shall continue writing for the Banner as long as I am able ... and acceptable. Lord knows, I'll have time on my hands.

I am so very thankful the mind is working pretty good. You'll be hearing from me. However, keep in mind, I may have an operation coming!

Viaha Com Deus — Cul.



All about the Gouveias ... and a bit of history

A challenge to my readers: Take the time to review your family history without going back to the "dark ages." To me, it is a fun thing! I would suggest keeping on the positive and think of the good times. Upon reflection, you will be surprised what fond memories can be conjured up. Remember that sadness and bad luck now and then is part of life. Take a little effort — good luck!

Before I "run out of ink," let me say how proud I am of the family name.

Firstly, I pay homage to my mother, the backbone of our family: Maria Barbara Lazaro Gouveia. She went to 7 a.m. Mass at St. Peter's for years, walking and near blind. She relied on me to make descriptions and prices in Sears Roebuck catalogs. Old Duncan Matheson had to suffer my mother's wrangling, for instance about the price of sneakers for me. If it were \$1.50 a pair, she would get them for \$1.25. Now, here's the cute part, a little-known fact: my mother was a gambler. Every quarter she saved in that manner she would

invest in the ongoing numbers games — long shots at best. I'll refrain from names, but this "tout" came weekly to our door. Anyway, Duncan Matheson was the kindest gentleman and always prepared for my mother's "onslaught." He was Spanish. His comments to me: "Pressa far schola." He owned the old schoolhouse brought from Long Point, which later became Arnold's (arsoned in '48).

My father: Carlos Maria Gouveia — "Ti Carls," he was known as. He was one of eight boys (it was never stated there were any girls). He was strictly a fisherman all his life, up until his 80s. Always had a dog by his side. He taught me how to fish and how to dig clams, where to find mussels and "conkerwrinkles." I have a patch area for clams, out of the way, that he seeded many, many years ago. Our clam warden at the time and top clam digger claimed that my father was the best ever out on the flats. John Gaspa, of eloquent fame, praised my father no end. I could beat my father digging clams. I would have 18 buckets' worth, he would have 16. How come at the end he would have 24 buckets and I

MINHA PRAIA



would have 22? Stopping to rest cost me. Father was steady.

In his lifetime, Father always had a dog by his side, from Brownie to Nicky #1, Nicky #2 and Nicky #3, who died when Father was at the old Manor.

Now we come to the biggie: Grace Leocadia Gouveia. I have always been known as her "little brother," understandably since I am 10 years younger. How many times she used me and my influence with Mother, who held the "purse strings," just to go to the movies. No question, I was Mother's favorite, being the youngest (born to her at age 38).

Sister Grace and I would have a lot of arguments in our lives together. I found her to be too outspoken. She found me to be too reticent. She told me once that I missed my calling, that I should have been a priest.

To me, my sister was the most intelligent person in the town of Provincetown, bar none. She was a doer, an innovator, a creator, an idealist, and certainly had a way with children. All the school children she had that I know of spoke very highly of her. She originated field trips. She tutored all her life, young and old alike and all nationalities.

Now we come to me, Manuel Lazarus Joseph Gouveia. I'm known as "Cul," a nickname given by my sister. In retribution, I have called her "Pata." These are endearing terms. Me, I think I'm well-known, be it as "Joe Lazaro" or "Cul" Goveia.

This family of mine is all Portuguese. Mother to my children: A "hot" Azorean. Steve: my oldest son, approaching 60 years of age come August 15, a Leo. Much can be said of his success in life. His "push" has gotten him "wreathed" in laurels for his accomplishments — more to come in his life. Carl: Our local business insurance agent at BY&D in town. Carl was "our" try, for me, to have a girl. He was so fair I thought I had it made. Wrong! Both of my kids are so handsome and somehow or

other they married Irish girls — beautiful! Another invasion of the Nordics into Portugal. This is what life is all about! Grandchildren: three from Steve, two gals, one boy; Carl's one boy, one girl.

What more could one ask out of life...

I had two wives. No. 1, the "hot Azorean," for 34 years, mother of my children, 17 years apart, still alive. Wife No. 2: Again of Azorean extract. She was the most compatible partner in my life and she filled the gap, since Wife No. 1 sought "greener pastures." We lasted eight years of compatibility, 14 years overall. I really screwed this one up! Mea culpa!!! So hey ... This guy had the best of life, the best of cooking, the best of ... (use your imagination). Forty-two years is not bad for a difficult guy to get along with (total, 46 years of marriage).

I do not wish to demean anyone at any time in my writings. I just want to impart my thoughts as I write.

This is Goveia history. Of course, I could write a book, but lack the patience.

Viaha Com Deus — Cul.

Portuguese eateries past, and present

I just can't let Portuguese "ways" go away. Let me savor Portuguese cooking. Not once have I been dissatisfied.

My mother's cooking was subtle in nature. It was like a "melt in your mouth" continental approach. Later in life I had new experiences. I had two wives of Azorean descent. They both were excellent cooks. With them, I learned what the word "gusto" meant. My palate was weaned on a gentle attitude, then along comes fire and brimstone! The change I liken to a swim in a nice warm pool followed by a swim in the cold Atlantic. So hey, I rode with the culinary tides.

Which brings me to the Portuguese restaurants and/or eateries, if you will. I can cover from the '30s on.

The first I knew was the Lobster Pot, owned and operated by Ralph and Adeline (Santos) Medeiros. This restaurant was predominantly Portuguese. (The present Lobster Pot is in the same building). To my knowledge, Ralph did extremely well.

Remember, I lived next door to the Lobster Pot. That same area first held Maline Costa's "Shed," a popular hot dog stand. From there, Maline "graduated" to the Moors complex, which he built from the ground up. Maline was a grade A carpenter and contractor. He furnished the interior with fishing artifacts, netting,

until that fire in '56 burned a lot of the interior. The town people pitched in to replace the seafaring items that



were lost. I gave him some trap gear (old blocks, worn gate rings, used twine). Maline gave me a job at the Moors Motel as a night watchman and clerk, 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. Some mornings, we would gather for chitchat with mutual friends "Fat" Alves and "Tiny" Rivard. My immediate bosses were Billy Costa and his wife, Janet. This family treated me royally! May I add, that in time Mylan (Maline's oldest son) was groomed to take over the restaurant, and what a marvelous job he has done with help from his wife, Regina. She being a Roderick, has to be a cousin to my two boys ...

The Moors cuisine is definitely set up as Portuguese cooking at its best. Another thing — The Moors is also famous for its soups and chowders. Many years ago, Mylan did a smart thing when he hired Lenny Grandchamps to hold up the entertainment program. Lenny is now very well-known throughout town. He has done a lot of benefit performances — to wit, piano renditions at birthdays at the Manor and particu-

larly, for years at the Business Guild fete for senior citizens at the VFW before Christmas.

How well I recall during those few years at the Moors Motel, watching Marvin Hagler taking his six-mile run every morning around 6 a.m. I used to watch him in training at the P'town Inn when I got through work. I have his autographed picture somewhere in my files.

To go along: We have the Harbor Lunch, run by Joe De Costa and Ina MacFarlane, another primarily Portuguese-flavored restaurant.

Oops! Would you believe I was about to forget Leah Crawley's Ocean Breeze cafe? And here I lived over her restaurant for eight years. Leah was head chef and had all her sisters and a brother working for her. We have Edna, Leah's "aide de camp," and as waitresses: Anna and Helen, along with Mary Lisbon. Francis helped wherever he could. Outside of Mary, they were all Crawleys, Lawrence "Scarry Jack's" offspring. My mother was often pressed into duty in the kitchen. How good was the food? George Donnelly, a New York trainman, kept coming down when he had time off. Result: he married Leah. Same for James Lynch, he married Edna, and they had one child, Ronald Lynch, whom I babysat for one or two summers. Ronnie became a colonel in the service during WWII. And then we have Anna,

who married a trucker and long-haul contractor. He did well in the business, Tom Cote was his name. Oh, that Portuguese cooking! Helen, to my knowledge, never got married.

I swear, at times Wong, next door, experimented with Portuguese dishes at his Chinese-American restaurant.

More Portuguese? I give you Manny and Mary Cabral, owners of the popular Bonnie Doone, chef "Flip" Ferreira, head waitress Mary Roderick, and bartender John Farroba. Portuguese throughout, for the most part. When you get repeats, you know the food is good.

Now where? Oh yes, "Friday" Cook's Tavern. Frank "Friday" Cooks ran a popular bar for years. His wife Clara pitched in. I can vouch, personally, that no one on earth made better squid stew. And her spiced favas could not be equaled. I suspect a few of the customers went to "Friday's" not to drink but to savor the squid or the favas. At times there were other Portuguese specials.

Needless to say, the other bars put out their version of Portuguese delicacies. Frank deMello's Pilgrim Club, Joe Lewis' Sea Dragon, the Atlantic House, and the Foc'sle.

Let us not forget Mary's Snack Shack, operated for a few years by "Mary Spaghetti" Souza. This was our after-hours snack shack, an oasis to us bartenders and waitresses from various clubs. I was bartender at the VFW. Invariably, most of us gathered at Mary's on a Saturday

night. I never counted heads, but I would guess she shoehorned at least 30 into that small area with tables and chairs that could be tailor-made to seating arrangements. We didn't mind — we were hungry, voracious in fact. Mary had a special license to operate after 2 a.m. What a great relaxing area. We met old friends and made new ones. To my way of thinking, the '60s and '70s were the golden years of Portuguese cuisine artistry.

One of the last bastions of Portuguese flavor was Gordon and Betsy Ferreira's Stormy Harbor, a smooth steady operation and a lot of hard work. At the present, with years of success behind them, we have "Babe" Carreiro and his wife, Eva, who own Tips For Tops'n, still as popular as ever. I'm drooling at the thoughts of what these "agencies" can do with seafood!

Now, dear readers, our producers of the Portuguese culinary persuasion (mark the names, be they chefs or owners): Medeiros, Crawley, Costa, Cabral, Roderick, Farroba, DeCosta, Cook, DeMello, Lewis, Perry and Santos, Enos, Souza, Ferreira, Carreiro. I need a Silva in there. We have Custodio Silva, Sr., who has "cheffed" around for many years.

Me, I am proud of my background, but do not hesitate to state, could I afford it, I would go out to eat at one of the restaurants mentioned every night!

Viaha Com Deus — Cul

Early years remain vivid in memory

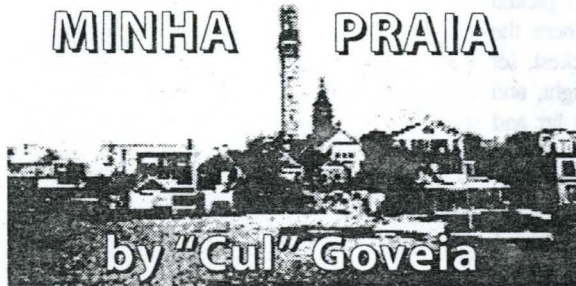
Let us see how far back we can remember of our youth. I can remember back to four and a half years of age.

I lived at 95 Bradford St. We lived upstairs and the Malchmanns lived downstairs. I can remember Lawrence practicing on his violin. Next door east was the Santos family. Anthony "Malarts" Santos was my idol at the time. He taught me how to play marbles, which I became very good at. When I reached the age of five, I would practice in any outside space available. I remember so well Tommy Francis and Nat Brown working on the Odd Fellows Hall. They saw me playing marbles and gave me a large, deep cigar box full of marbles, with some agates in it.

Next, my family moved to 325 Commercial St. I was age six. We had an apartment over Leah Crawley's Ocean Breeze Cafe. Wong's Chinese-American Restaurant was next door, upstairs. My bedroom window was two feet away, and I heard their music every night. It was a little weird at first but I got used to it and it put me to sleep with no problem.

Back to marble time — I "cleaned up" the Alden and Standish street areas and ended up with a wash-tub full of marbles. In later years, I used the marbles as fodder

MINHA PRAIA



for the slingshots I made. I could reach the building on Hilliards Wharf, no problem. Which reminds me that I was so intrigued on visiting Maguire's sail loft in the topside of the building. The "old man" was an accomplished sail-maker. Back in the '20s and '30s, we had a lot of sailboats.

Too bad: Gone are the days of the rowing dories. I remember Flyer Santos many years ago asked me to teach his school kids' class how to row. Unfortunately, at that time I had a hip operation (one of two) and could not perform. I could also teach them to scull — again, no dories! Flyer's was the last bastion to teach our youngsters the rudiments of seamanship in sailing craft or rowing dories. Dories and "pungos" were handy for fishing in mid-harbor. "Pungos" — now that's a word not found in the dictionary. Today, they are known as skiffs. I wonder where the name originated, and how. When I was six, we had a "pungo" that my

sister painted like a crossword puzzle, with black and white squares.

My writing in the first person is to stir up memories of those of us who remember the '20s and '30s. I miss our Town Crier; Gene Poyant was our last. Many years ago, my old friend "Ty Cobb" gave me a bell, presumably left in the Town Hall "loft" by a former Town Crier. "Ty" was Town Hall custodian at the time, and he knew I was a collector of sorts. Also, Joe Souza, former custodian of our town dump, gave me a sepia print of Abraham Lincoln that I prize highly. On top of that, John Bell gave me certain photos for keepsake.

Two friends that I had and put up in emergency status were John Bell and Bob Cuff, both "gone" years ago. Through Bob Cuff I met Pat Bradley, female golf star.

So dear readers, memories are what I'm starting to impart. I go back to the "chamaritas" in the Town Hall basement (ice cream for us kids) with "Scarry Jack," the caller. Then remember how we stood on the approach to Town Hall to watch the parade of costumes to the Beachcombers Ball and the Artists Ball, back in the good ole days.

I recall the last time we had a semblance of a Naval fleet in the

early '50s. Sgt. Billy MacFarlane got beat up one night. That ended Navy visits. (Our police department consisted of six year-rounders; four or five were added to the summer force.)

I was a census taker in 1952. Our population was over 4,000, year-round. I have a little blue book with records of arrests in my brief two years on the police department. "Billy Mac" was my dear friend, \$45 per week was my pay. A year later it was raised to \$50 per week. We had a very nice working crew but we all quit because of low pay.

Through the years I have made a lot of new friends. They all love our town! Why? Because, in my memory, since the '20s we have accepted the Bohemians, nourished our starving artists with fish freely given, encouraged them.

Note aside: Henry Hensche loved mackerel. My trap fishermen associates took care of their own artist friends. Phil Malicoat and I were fishing buddies on the Francis & Marian, and that's where I learned of the artists' plight. I'm sure all our fishermen filled in the gap in those lean years for the artists. I believe it was the late Capt. Joe Oliver of the trap boat Charlotte who broke whatever barrier there was between fishermen and artists. The late Harry Kemp would vouch for that!

Viaha Com Deus — Cul.

A mix of memories from the '20s and '30s

At the risk of repetition, I have to go back in time to recount stories I may have left out. (My memory is starting to fail me a bit.)

Firstly: I want to thank Anthony Roda, who fills in the gaps when needed. Thanks, "Moose"! ("Moose" was a postal clerk/worker for over 30 years.)

Now to the nitty gritty of the '20s into the '30s, from this writer's point of view.

Winter 1926:" I remember the Coast Guard cutter Morrill (or Morrel) parting her mooring east of Railroad Wharf and running into Pinkert's (?) Wharf, below Lucia Cross's home. Remember, I was short of seven years of age. Anyway, the cutter was OK, but the casino (as I called it) was badly damaged. I think it was called a "pavilion."

During the years I worked at the VFW, George Holmes, who sold us that large piece of land, used to come over for a chat now and then. He filled me in that his father, Joe Holmes (a tough old codger) sold his cranberry bog to the Navy. It became Evans Field, named after Admiral Evans, in that era.

What fond memories come back into focus. We have Evans Field, "Handy Andy's shack," the cinder-packed roadway to the field, especially when I delivered papers up/down that-away!

A note: Harold Wilson, a WWI vet, lived on the way. He owned the Tid Bit Cafe, which was a hole-in-the-wall operation with three to four stools and a counter, next to a bowl-

MINHA PRAIA



ing alley and a pool hall owned by Jesse Rogers, former Selectman of yore.

What next comes to mind is that half of the Atlantic fleet "parked" in our harbor in the '30s. Around that time we had a solar eclipse. I remember smoking glass to view this rare phenomenon. Those eight years on the beach, so to speak, were the happiest and most instructive years of my life. It is a wonder I survived for the daredevil chances I took to impress my friends. Excuse, me, no girls involved!

Boy ... back in the late '20s into the '30s, you should have seen the beautiful yachts in the harbor and at our wharf.

My father and I were clam diggers at the time. We picked 20-odd buckets each. In our dory we would stop by the yacht people to sell our wares to get at least 50 cents a bucket. Invariably, we would get \$5 from these people — they were so thankful.

Also — at times, the harbor was filled with sailing boats/yachts in preparation for a sailing race of sorts, a regatta, if you will. This town of ours was a busy and popular one.

A personal note, I believe of interest: I make up old Christmas cards in

this manner. I glue the lower section and spread beach sand from the New Beach (Herring Cove) picked at low tide, where the sand is the thickest, set the card overnight, and mail to friends far and wide — from Reno, Nev., to places in

Florida and inbetween. I have sent out a dozen or so of these cards. I wish I had kept a record. Being no longer modest, I claim to be the "sand card" king of Provincetown. An original idea with a "sand in your shoes" philosophy!

I want to share from my memories. I can remember watching Charles Hawthorne classes of painting with about a dozen students, seemingly mostly female, in attendance, years 1926-'27. (I was six and seven years old.) So I saw the establishment of our most notorious art colony. May I add I was great friends with Henry Henschel. He loved the mackerel I brought him while he was doing my wife's portrait. Henry was a Hawthorne student.

Sadly, I never saw a finished product of my favorite artist, Moe Van Dereck, sculptor, who I watched almost daily doing his thing — so concentrated! And, may I add he was an Adonis in build! Because I saw him go for his long distance swim. Today, "young" Moe Van Dereck is a "spitting image." Napi, you are a mix. I loved your mother. You guys have character to back you up!

In sincerity and wellness — Cul.

My blessing to what may be the best Blessing, ever

Every time the Blessing of the Fleet comes around, it brings back very fond memories — factual and personal.

There was a time of lack of interest years ago when there were thoughts about abandoning the Blessing, but we had hardy souls who picked up the slack and kept things going. I could give names but am fearful I would leave out some of import.

For years now, I have missed jumping aboard a boat due to physical disabilities — namely a back problem of a nagging nature and, following

two full hip operations. Today I am lucky if I can walk at all (the “warranties” on my hips are long past gone).

Who am I, you ask? I am Manuel “Cul” Goveia, born in Provincetown, Dec. 23, 1919, a “notch baby.” Sister Graciete Leocadia Gouveia (Collinson) still resides at the manor. My point is to bring attention to the Portuguese influence in town in my lifetime.

I have to state that I rubbed elbows with Harry Kemp, “Poet of the Dunes,” at Friday Cook’s Bar.

MINHA PRAIA



Somehow or other, I got a poem from him apropos to the Blessing back in 1955, I think. Here goes:

For his disciples Christ took fishermen;

And I can see the wisdom He showed then:

Men learn sure comradeship who fish at sea.

*In starry nights they feel eternity;
Of men whose brave clear eyes can
out-stare death.*

*They must look sharp and keep the
meshes clear;*

*They must move, careful of their
lines, their gear.*

*The Eternal Purpose to their lives
is near ...*

*The dear Lord knew in fishermen
he'd find*

*The constant heart, the strong
believing mind!*

Now, may I add my point of view: As an ex-fisherman, and I do wish I was a poet, I would encompass the rise of the sun, especially the October sunrise, and then the sunsets viewed from the new beach (Herring Cove) over Race Light. How about a full moon reflection on nights we have a calm harbor, mostly summertime.

I wrote some time ago about Provincetown being a place of dreams, a place where lovers meet for the first time, influenced by an atmosphere of acceptance from us natives, dating back to the '20s.

I've always said that word of mouth would be sufficient to fill our town up with visitors, be it by Boston boat or by rail. I have seen all the different approaches. Now, since we lost railroad services years ago, in the '40s, we have been serviced by boat, buses, plane and car.

Way back in the '20s, this lovely town of ours enticed people to revisit. We natives for the most part were of a friendly and giving nature. So I say the Blessing of the Fleet these past 50 years enhances the welcome to “outsiders” to come and visit this small community and put up with inconveniences when it comes to parking.

I am afraid that our town cannot handle the influx of visitors this year, in regard to parking places.

In continuation, about parking: I have not seen any determination by our Selectmen to alleviate a coming situation. In review, we have the main parking lot by our piers. We have the Grace Hall parking lot, the Catholic parking lot when available, off Shank Painter Road. Possibilities: the old A&P parking lot, the VFW in case of overflow. The National Seashore parking areas with bus service, and or a special area or areas that may crop up with deep thought.

With all our publicity, I envision the greatest Blessing of the Fleet we've ever had.

Mark Silva with brother Paul have been exceptional in their approach into the best-ever Blessing of the Fleet, assisted by Paul Seeley. In 1948, Domingus Codhino and Arthur “Bragg” Silva initiated the Blessing, to my knowledge. So here we go, Silva to Silva, 50 years later.

I am sorry, but I am kind of carried away with emotion — memories of the Blessing. The memories conjured by being Portuguese, and damn proud of it. I was brought up to respect our visitors: We, sister Grace and I, extended friendships for a lifetime. There is so much to be said about the cordiality extended by our Portuguese community.

For my part, as of today, I carry maps of our town and hand them out to groups and/or loving couples with the recommendation that they climb our Monument for the view of a lifetime and, if they are daring, walk the length of the West End breakwater and maybe walk to Long Point Light plus beachcombing.

In summation, I dedicate this article to those lovers of our town who have continued our Blessing.

Viaha Com Deus — Cul.

"Phonetic" nicknames in my memory

Alboo, Alagoa, Archie O., Ann Hi, Anika, Boca Ruta, Barsh/Barshie, Bushy Bill, Boozy, Black Flash, Big He, Big She, Bucket, Blue, Big Bertha, Benny Reglar, Below, Blackie, Babe, Buboy, Buggy, Beata, Broomy, Brownny, Balancia, Barber, Bishka, Buckey, Burgundy, Bragg, Beaver, Bum, Booba, Bunny, Blockie, Bronk, Bunjo, Banj, Bliney, Blaney, Baloney, Briar, Boca, Bear, Billy Goat, Bubba, Billy Hi, Boors, Bacalao, Bananas, Bull, Buster Brown, Bleekers, Butch, Barb, Barbie, Black Carrie, Brother, Boss Mc., Blondie, Bola Starr, Big Head, Billy Mac, Colonel Korn, Cucumber, Cukie, Crapoo, Catlink, Cat, Custanella, Cheroot, Cabbage, Cow Joe, Caneesa, Chick, Chickie, Chickadee, Chink, Caca Dirty, Cuddy Moon, Cheenie, Chocolate, Cee, Champy, Clark Gable, Cabessa, Carnie, Chuck, Chagas, Carpentero, Clarkas, Cookie, Careel, Charley Max, Carpie, Crow, Crabby Cul, Cullenbine, Cockroach, Charlie Chaplin, Cricket, Chicken, Cindy, Consuella, Citronella, Cabesa D'Fer, Ducky, Dr. Smiles, Dr. Foo, Dory Plug, Dirty Neck, Deacon, Daddy Long Legs, Ding/Dingy, Didit, Dinah, Deena, Doc, Dummy, Digger, Daisy, Daa, Echo, Elsie Hi, Estrella, Eeree Ha Fatty, Fats, Frenchie, Friday, Fou Fou, Four Master, Four Fingers, Flitters, Flyer, Flash, Flam, Flinx, Flip, Farmer, Figgidy, Fokes, Fasha, Garrupa, Goddam, Glory, Goldy/Goldie, Greenie, Guinea, Green Hornet, Gypsy, Goovie, Greasy, Go to Hell, Gladyum, Gilly, Gariella, Gabe, Gougie, Harmony, Hot Time, Hot Dog, Honka, Hysterics, Happy, Harmonaka, Handy Andy, Hompy, Hollywood, Hattie, Indian, Izzy, Iron Man, Jiggs, Jupiter, Joe Bobby, Jocko, Jacketta, Jimmy Eddy, Joe Crow, Jiggums, Jazzy, Jazz Garters, Jack the Ripper, Joe Ducks, Jizz, Jamal, Joe Rainer, Jao Monjoun Ho, Jamorra, Jimmy Korn, Jinx, Kakki, Kitty, Killer, Kippy, Little Big He, Lucky, Libby, Lizzie, Liv, Lamb, Long Legs, Mal Dzente, Many Zora, Mickey Mouse, Moxie, Montega, Macaque, Malarts, Magic, Molasses, Malook, Mare Shick, Moose, Maboy, Massasuada, Mamie Fasha, Mad Minnie, Matty, Mucker, Moochie, Meeka, Moon, No Neck, Nick the Greek, Narchie, Nazare, Nee Webb, Nippy, Nipper, Oinky, Ozzie, Oakie, Ollie, Pimp, Pee Cee, Piggy Wee, Piggy, Peanuts, Prageesa, Pie Alley, Pajamas, Psiga, Penny, Pond Lily, Pidge, Pee Wee, Pinky, Puggy, Pansy, Panella, Pumbie, Pill, Putt, Pata, Patzie, Parchie, Petaka, Pilhaska, Porkey, Popeye, Punchy, Powerful, Padheira, Phat Francis, Queenie, Quaily, Quail, Rudy, Rube, Red, Rat, Rocky, Rapouille, Rip, Rajgamau, Skunk, Sheikie, Shikes, Sweet Keese, Sam the Greek, Shockers, Snorkel, Speed, Sunny, Sonny, Snonya, Shrimp, Squeaky, Squackey, Shag, Spanker, Sou'west Harbor, Shiney, Stinky Lee, Squash, Snow Ball, Swede, Swifty, Small Tony, Shake 'n Bake, Smatter D'You, Skarry Jack, Spinach, Skunchie, Spawns, Sissy, Sandy, Sparchie, Sibby, Squinty, Spatzi, Schatzi, Skipper, Skippy, Simple Simon, Spats, Shorty, Sharkey, Squid, Slippery, Snifkens, Spaniard, Stinky, Snake, Scudder Key, Tarts, Tiss, Tootsie, Tram, Ti Karls, Timber Legs, Toofey, Three Fingers, Titmouse, Tillie Sakas, Tash, Thunder, Tarzan, Tantor, Two Guns, Uncle Sam, Vardee, Vacky, Vascellas, Violanta, Vinny, Vaca, Willy Mac, Winkie, Wells, Whitey, Whoopie, Willy Alley, Woody, White Wash, Winny, Widdie, Woodie, Yank, Zora, Ziggie, Zieke, Zip.

Sants & Santos: A family I love from the heart

Dear readers: You have to bear with me as I expound! I just must let my feelings out ...

I am talking about a large family that was so well brought up and whose mother I adored, who incidentally lived to be 100. Now we have: Francis, the oldest boy, Mattie the oldest girl, and in order after that (I can't swear to) the lovely girls, Elizabeth, Priscilla and Carol; the boys: Joe (alias "The Great J.P."), who I worked with in my hour of need, and my pal Jimmy, who presently is my closest friend. We keep in contact, each of us having medical problems, not being kids any longer. Jimmy lost his wife not too long ago. It's funny — he has two dogs for company, and I have two cats.

Now let's break it down. Francis is "Flyer," a very remarkable man, and at the age of 83, a most austere, very good-looking gentleman. Flyer has covered the waterfront since the early '20s. I remember once years ago writing about Flyer: "How in the hell can such a busy West Ender



find time to court that 'good-looker' at the East End, and a hair-dresser at that!" To this day, I've never found out. I was very fortunate years ago to become friends with his daughter, Dorothea (and where do you suppose that name came about?). Flyer has been Provincetown's greatest asset, politically and factually, to this date. Prior to him, my sister Grace held the reins. His family and I have had a mutual admiration.

Now to the Great J.P., Joe Sants, of Joe's Paint Shop years ago. He was my greatest friend. I painted for him, did his bookkeeping and helped him any way I could. Meanwhile, he kept me busy, to keep my

proud to say my best friend is Jimmy Sants. Again, an admiration thing. Like I say, this is a family to be loved.

Flyer is six years my senior. He is a doer and a talker. I am a writer. Between us, we covered the waterfront in our day. I bow to Flyer because he knows more.

It has been the greatest pleasure for me to have known this very unique family, a rarity in this day and age.

Mother Madeline was a love who exemplified the best in tradition, upbringing and importances in life!

In summation: I miss Madeline,

mind away from the breakup of my marriage. Joe died on July 4th while the parade band was going by. I was there by his side.

Now I am

and especially Joe, and I am still thankful I have Flyer and Jimmy to have as friends in my waning years.

How nice it is to reflect back on those years when Flyer hawked for Taylor's Emporium, and his brother Joe hawked popcorn for Patricks Newsstand, while I hawked for Wong's American / Chinese Restaurant.

What these eyes have seen and this mind has retained — there is no more prevalent family in my mind than this family. — Flyer with his

devotion to the waterfront and the kids wanting to learn seamanship. For Jimmy, for all those many years dedicated to our school system., imparting his wisdom to the kids passing by daily. And the Great J.P., who went unheralded. He gave of the heart and helped so many of the poor, the needy.

So you see, this was a giving family, not asking for returns. Madeline, you brought them up well!

Viaha Com Deus — Cul.

1997 Provincetown Heritage Museum Lecture Series

"Trap Fishing and Blessing of the Fleet Memories"



Presented by

Manuel "Cul" Goveia

Retired Fisherman and Writer of Local History

at the

Provincetown Heritage Museum

356 Commercial Street, Provincetown

8:00 PM, Thursday, June 12, 1997

Free Admission • Donations Accepted

Happiness, mostly, has ruled the VFW roost

I became a Veterans of Foreign Wars member at large when I was in Calcutta, India, back in 1945. Then when I came home in Jan. 1946, I was chased down by "Old" Danny McInnis, a retired Coast Guard Chief, who had me signed by early March. Danny was senior Vice Commander, filling in for the ailing "Friday" Cook Commander, who died later that year. So Danny was actually Commander for four years.

Anyway, if memory serves me correctly, Danny went on a drive to enlist dozens of returning WW II veterans, eligible overseas dutied, sign them up and reel them in! Danny was an infectious personality. He was genial and jolly and charismatic. With Danny's guidance, I became a "gung-ho" VFW member — no hills, no mountains too hard to climb.

Back then, our "quarters" were at the old Conant School Building in back of the Bonnie Doone Restaurant. There is a picture of that building in our present VFW Hall — sadly, the VFW sign is missing. I took it down as a keepsake when we sold out to Manny Cabral in 1958.

So many good memories float back to me. For instance, it's just like yesterday that I remember John "Bull" Enos, our custodian who kept our hall immaculate, and our two pot-bellied stoves a-going for



our meeting nights (Auxiliary included), and our whist party gatherings. "Bull" was a survivor of mustard gas used in WW I. When he quit, I took his job and loved it! By quirk of fate, I had become Senior Vice Commander. I became Commander in 1949-'51.

My proudest moment was when I chaired our so-successful minstrel show in 1947. We sold 854 paying tickets. My godfather, Frank Bent, emceed the show. It was the biggest hit ever in the annals of Town Hall history! I must add that we took part of our show to Pocasset for the shut-ins there. Tony Tarvers drove the bus for us — no charge. Tony was a very good friend of mine. The hit of the show in Pocasset was when "Jesse Burr" got down on his knees and sang directly to a female patient his rendition of a popular melody of the time. Tears came to our eyes, including Tony Tarvers, a hardened ex-cop. Mind you, this was all VFW-sponsored.

Now to 1951. Institution of a liquor license. I applied and got same. We set up a little bar in an

ante room entrance. I was the very first bartender — special hours, special customers who lived in the neighborhood. That license is in effect today, with renewals year to year, as law requires. Bartenders after that: Johnny Johnson of guitar-playing fame, then Peter Rocheteau, next door neighbor to the club.

When we moved out in '58 and were building our new quarters, our license was suspended. Never in the annals of Provincetown was there more volunteer work poured into a building. I call it a labor of love. Today no one can approach the dedication to such a building, which has provided such happiness. Every time I see our hall filled up, it makes me feel so good.

Happiness has ruled the VFW roost as far back as I can remember. We were hosts for the Blessing of the Fleet fishermen and guests, yea, these many years. How about "Barshie" and Billy Segura, who put in the time to handle the kitchen for so many years? Are they now forgotten? Not by me!

All in all, our building has been used for both happy and sad occasions. I am left with a comfortable feeling that our VFW has been in good hands since my retirement in 1979. My thanks to the late "Billy Mac," "Pick" and "Ozzie" for keeping the VFW up front.

Viaha com deus! — Cul.

Life by the sea has been perilous, plentiful

In my mind there is no greater force on earth than the sea. In time, a boulder will end up a pebble because of the endless pounding of the sea, the most relentless of our earth's force. Man can overcome rain, sleet, snow, fog, even hurricanes, but has the utmost respect for the sea around us with its occasional whims.

Fishermen can tell you many stories of how fickle our oceans can be. Yet the most beautiful settings are sunrises and sunsets, just posing for artistry. I have been at sea at times to see a fog bank or a bank of snow a mile away while we were in a sunlit area. The demarcation point was as if someone lowered a blind. There are so many other experiences at sea that will be left unsaid...

Now I'll cite my experiences at catching fish. At age six, I fished off the end of Hilliard's Wharf at least once a week in the summertime and invariably came home with 4-6 flounders. Also at the age of six, I fished with father off of Wood End for cod, via the long line system. It was amazing to see how adept he was in putting out the lines so methodically. Then how precisely he snapped off the "steaker" cod off the hooks.

Then in later years I fished off of Railroad Wharf. I was lucky if I caught one flounder. I caught plenty of perch. Next I used my father's dory and fished up in the cove area. There, with the use of my old

proverbial hand line, I was successful with catching fluke and "black-backs."

MINHA PRAIA



After working for years in cold storages, Railroad Wharf and Sklaroff's, I got my chance to go trapping in 1942, therein starting a career that I enjoyed immensely. The whole program, start to finish, was composed of hard (dusty, dirty) labor, but I thrived on it. It was a challenge, and the happiest I was in my line of work. Eventually fate judged it was not for me, as events gave me a "message."

In wintertimes I worked as a transient on our draggers, which gave me another look at a different method of fishing. At one time I worked a full year at dragging when whiting was prevalent.

And I worked as a hand on a scalloper, another interesting occupation.

Need I say that in all types of fishing, I took samples home — what delight and what variety!

I'm sorry I never got into lobstering.

Then there were the years of

sportfishing with "Billy Mac" on his sport boat for bass and whatever. I caught flounder with my hand line — never used a rod and reel, being old-fashioned.

May I add that between trapping and dragging, we all had turns at lobster catches.

In that era, we had seiners come into the harbor area and just outside, for mackerel and tuna, all the way from California. They would cut off the catch the traps would have made.

Oh! One other thing I forgot — that off of Colonial Wharf I would catch smelts at high tide with a dip net I borrowed from Freddie Salvador. They are delicious.

If the timing was right, draggers and trappers would exchange fish. We, the trappers, would give a bunch of mackerel for a few had-dock. And since the fish we landed were so cheap, we used to supply the handy lobstermen with bait. I would venture to say that in my years as a trap fisherman, we gave at least a ton of fish away.

I remember that day when we caught hundreds of school fish tuna. I, and my mate, brought two fish home — one went to a friend who wanted to jar the cuts and "put them up," and the other person was family, who did the same thing. From her I got the most delicious tuna cuts so nicely pickled (two jars). Ah, sweet memories!

Viaha com deus! — Cul.

Pier area was a bustling hub back in the '30s

I feel like saying, "I cover the waterfront." Railroad Wharf was the hub of activity in my youth. "My beach" was next door to this now most famous pier named for Donald MacMillan, native of our town, who "tripped" the Arctic Circle several times on his ship, the Bowdoin. I remember so well the lectures given by Commander MacMillan along with the pictures, at our High School auditorium in the early '30s. The Bowdoin was often parked at Railroad Wharf.

Our pier then was wooden planked — a hazard in a way for us barefoot kids because of splinter chancing propensity — ouch!

My readers: visualize, through my eyes, the goings-on in that area from 1926 to 1934 and later.

Railroad tracks ran the length of our wharf to pick up freight, mostly fish, in special cars. We had a fish house there. At the time, I remember mostly the weir trap boats landing their catch there.

A few of us remember that old ship, the Dorothy Bradford, which provided the fodder for us "diving kids." I do know it is hard to believe, but our mouths were our "pouch" for coins. I do not recall when diving for money first started. It was already established when I got there. It must be remembered that on foul weather days — no diving — we carried baggage instead.

I spent a lot of time watching what went on at the pier, mostly during the summertime. I lived through the era of rumrunners and "rum-chasers" (the Coast Guard). Speakeasies were prevalent and attracted a mostly New York crowd, who caught on quickly. (Prohibition, as I recall, was repealed in 1933.)

All those in authority looked the other way, with much wisdom. Why rock the boat when the "action," as a whole, was of benefit to the whole population in so many ways, offer-

ing jobs outside of the cold storages and/or work on the fish piers. I worked for a speakeasy at age 10, preparing cutup lemons and oranges and hors d'oeuvres at early morn for the "Club Rendezvous" in the early '30s.



It was a two-minute walk on Commercial Street from the pier to hit the two main speakeasies established in what is the rear of the present Lobster Pot and the Old Colony Tap.

I remember those very happy days in the environs of Railroad Wharf, where at Will Taylor's one could get everything in "explosives" to celebrate the Fourth of July. Also, I recall there were races held the length of the wharf, from the railroad bulwark to a marker on Lopes Square. To those who can remember, I cite one outstanding foot race on a challenge, namely Joe "Didit" Jason vs. Frankie Silva. I cannot recall who won — it was a photo finish.

Other things I recall: Seeing the last of our schooners tied up at the wharf with the dories all neatly stacked. One name stands out, the Mary P. Goulart, and then, vaguely, the Francis P. Manta.

How about when the Coast Guard confiscated about 500 cases of booze from a rumrunner and stood guard over same for two days? I often wondered what happened to this "loot."

How about when Eddie "Marcey" hawked for Wong's

American-Chinese Restaurant at the head of the wharf?

How about our stalwart characters who stood watch in front of the New York Store day in and day out, namely Howard Slade and "Willy Alley"? And who remembers Gus Rich?

Then we have two of my friends hawking away with their wares — "Flyer" Santos for Taylor's and the late, great J.P. Santos for Patrick's

Newsstand across the way, all in the wharf area.

At the wharf fish landing area, the names that crop into mind: Capt. Manuel Enos and Joe Dears (managers). This was a terrain that was inhabited daily by our three entrepreneurs of fish skullduggery: "Scarry Jack," with his madeover, old discarded fire truck, Frankie Andrews with his Model T truck (?), or Jimmy "Peak," with whatever!

Back to diving at the pier — we often had partners on a given day. The biggest competitors were the Peters brothers. We had Joaquim, Victor and Francis. Francis, who we called "Darky," is still alive and with my admiration, because of how long he could hold his breath under water.

Viaha com deus — Cul.

A Bonus Message: There is a song somewhere that uses the words, "Those were the days my friend, I thought they'd never end!" How apropos.

I feel so happy that I have such a nice following. The caliber of comments I get surely builds up my morale.

My concern these days is my failing physical health. My hips, legs

and backs are giving me big trouble. But as long as my mind is clear, my eyesight is good and my handwriting is readable, I shall remain in your midst.

By now you all must know that I love my town! I know that if I don't bring a smile a day, I have failed. And I can "see" a smile over the telephone! — Cul.

Monument opens for season

The Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum have opened for the season as of April 1. The museum features the history of Provincetown and the Outer Cape, exhibits on the Pilgrims and the Mayflower, Provincetown's theater history including Eugene O'Neill and the Provincetown Players, artifact collections brought here from distant

lands by sea captains and much more.

Hours are from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. seven days a week. Admission is \$5 for adults, \$3 for children ages 4 to 12, children under age 4 are free. Last admission is 45 minutes before closing, at 4:15 p.m. Year-round Provincetown residents are admitted free with photo identification or voter registration card.

for all the good you've done

Subject: Graciete Leocadia Gouveia. This is your "little" brother speaking. I, of all people on this earth, know of the good you have done in your lifetime. Were there more like you, Provincetown would be a haven for the downtrodden who need a push!

The Portuguese among us well remember such things as getting 83 citizenship papers for the aliens in our town during WWII. Those hours of teaching were a labor of love. No question, teaching for young and old was your profession — 23 years teaching the young, add two more years for the old, be they Portuguese, Greek, Italian, Swede, German, French and even Chinese. (Remember Wong!)

How about those years in the Peace Corps? And the time in the Appalachians, and the time spent in Harlem — little known facts again known only to your brother. Dear sister, I "lost" you for six years. I alerted the police departments on the entire Eastern Seaboard for a missing person. Through an old friend of yours, a female minister, I located you in Cos Cob, Conn. Yes — guess what you were doing? Tutoring!

I can't remember the year you came back home. But, what did you do but start up the Council on Aging, and stipulated the hiring of seniors at the parking areas as a source of income, with first preference for veterans. How about Meals on Wheels? I suspect that was your idea.

You were fortunate to have

"Fran" Sutura as your "right-hand man." Now, both of you are now at the Manor. Your brother is doing his thing, and Lee, Fran's daughter, is and has been indispensable at the COA for many years.



Do you see? All the good you have done carries on. You have left a legacy.

You always introduced me as your "little brother," but now I am your big brother and you are my little sister since you shrunk so much!

I miss the arguments we used to have. You were the liberal and me, "Hey, wait a minute!"

Be it known that, through you, I have met very interesting people, going way back to Mary Heaton Vorse, working with Heaton Vorse in the Meals on Wheels era, getting to know Charlie Mayo that much better, and my favorite, Justin Avellar, when we worked together. Wherever he worked, humor abounded.

So many memories, sister. You so well represented the Portuguese in our society.

I feel so very sad that there is a "fortune" locked up in that brain of yours that will never come out. You can't talk, you can't write, you can't walk. But you can still

express yourself. We have our own communication system. Seems like old times when you point your finger at me.

So many things I remember about growing up. You and Mother had a lot of arguments. Most of the time being me, I sided with Mother. You were a rebel.

There was one time I sided with you. That was when you were practically promised in marriage to a rich Portuguese man who wanted to wed when you reached 18.

Now, "Pata" (my nickname for you), on to pertinent data. You arrived here in April 1919, aged 6. You were accepted in the first grade. You were a very fast learner. In a year or less, you mastered the English language. You got "double-promoted" twice (they did that in them days), graduated with highest honors at 17, worked your way through American International College, magna cum laude, and then did another two years at Mount Holyoke. (Boy, did you pick a lot of blueberries in the summer to sell to Burch's Bakery!)

I would venture to say that Provincetown had no more intelligent person than you, my sister. But at times, I can remember my mother saying, "How can anybody so intelligent be so stupid?" That was when you were floating on Cloud 9 — being courted for six years and completely unaware. Mother was exasperated!

— Cul.



Grace in 1948, and at the Manor in 1990.

Banner 3/20/97

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The town's artists, from Hawthorne to

How could I possibly forget the artists I have known?

Phil Malicoat fished with me aboard the Francis & Marian. Henry Hensche loved mackerel and did a marvelous portrait of my wife at the time.

Presently, my best artistic friends are Sal Del Deo, a student of Hensche's, and my pal "Jo" Del Deo, a writer and proponent of having us all experience the best of what artistry is all about. I truly love this artistic family. (A note aside: If I don't see Romolo or Giovanna shortly, I will forget what they look like. Take note, Sal! I'll accept pictures of these kids/adults!)

Back to a beginning: From where I lived, at age 6, I went east about half a mile to watch Charles Hawthorne's painting class. I marveled at the concentration these would-be artists had. I actually felt envious. I had much respect for artistry, even then.

My next admirable artist was Anton Van Dereck. He was a sculptor who worked daily. Evidently, he worked from memory. I never saw anyone posing for him. I watched him whenever I could. Another thing: he was an accomplished swimmer, and that's how he took his breaks. He was a handsome man, Adonis type (Mo, his son, has the same features). He worked just aside of my beach — "minha praia."

When I fished with Phil Malicoat, I worried that he would hurt his hands. Family: wife Barbara backed me up when I ran for School Committee. Conrad, our mason of original design, used to knock the hell out of me in ping-pong. Anne and I were on the School Committee together (in

1970), along with Sal Del Deo, and we all became fast friends.

MINHA PRAIA



And I must add, daughter Galen is a love; I wonder where she is now? I know she graduated from Oberlin College years ago.

Who can forget the caricatures by Spencer in the Mayflower Cafe, which have withstood the ravages of time? I marvel at the accomplishment and the devotion that "speaks out" from those portrayed. I think I knew them all.

The late John Bell, a friend from way back, was my number one photographer. I often wonder what happened to his stack of photos. He did leave me a few, thank god.

Next: John Whorf. I have some of his watercolors stashed away. Another handsome man, he. I think I managed to say "hello" to him once. Then we have Carol and Nancy Whorf, carryovers from Dad's enthusiasm, each with their own individual talent. How envious I am. Sea clam shell painting was my forte.

Of course, we have Norman Mailer in our midst. I was in a position to watch him working out with his two boys, Steve and Mike, at Motta Field almost on a daily basis. — baseball being taught by Dad. I had these two boys on my Little League team.

I cannot forget "Mamie Pad-

heira," our homespun artist, self-taught, who expounds in all fields of artistry, from weaving to painting. I believe she is in her 90s and walks a lot better than I do. What a wonder woman!

A little known fact: Francis "Iron man"

Joseph was an artist in his own right. I saw one of his works and was amazed at his talent. Such intricate design in his models. I wonder where they ended up?

We have the late "Rocky" Taves, noted for his ship models throughout town, of intricate design and built to scale. No way would I have his patience.

I have to add: Jim Crawley, our culinary artist, who for years brightened up the festivities at our VFW. Nowadays we have his pro-

MARCH 27, 1997

the present

tégé, Tommy Reis, fulfilling our needs in culinary art.

Others I have touched out of the past: Mary Heaton Vorse, Heaton Vorse and Joel O'Brien. Then we have Joe Oliver, an artist who built his weir traps and became the most successful captain in his era, and Capt. "Wells" Rego, who designed the best weir traps ever launched, year after year. That's my opinion of course — I was there as his right hand man.

Viaha com deus! — Cul.

A trip down memory lane, in the '20s

A test of sorts, for those around my age (77):

Remember when Mrs. Norman Cook had the pharmacy open by 3 or 4 a.m. in the '20s? A more genteel woman one couldn't find. I put her in the class with Mother Theresa. When I lived at 95 Bradford St., along with the Malchmanns, I would have occasion to chase after my father when he'd forget his "forking" (lunch bucket), but would stop at the pharmacy for cigarettes (Marvels at 10 cents a pack). At six years old, my mother trusted me to get the job done at that hour of the morning. In two minutes I was there, and that's how I found out the new pharmacy had opened! Fell in love with Mrs. Cook!

I was not allowed to go down any piers. The beach I was most familiar with at the time was the section in the back of the New Central House (later the Sea Horse Inn, now the Crown & Anchor). Now we come to the sewers that ran down the beach. They were for the most part wooden construction and were held down by granite stone piled on top.

In my early youth at five and six, I covered from Gosnold Street to Railroad Wharf (now MacMillan Pier). I remember the brothers Stanley and Morris Snow taking off in their sailboat almost every weekend in the summer months. I remember old Louis Snow had a music store around that time (1925-'26).

Names that crop up in mind in the '20s along Commercial Street: "Jimmie Eddies" hardware/paint store, opposite Adams Pharmacy, Burch's Bakery, a millinery store next to the movie theater. The name Jim Curran rings a bell! Next, west of the theater, we had Frank and Joe Cabral's fish market, Colonial Wharf and trap boat fishermen landing their fish at the Colonial cold storage with Frankie Edwards, engineer, who around that time went

MINHA PRAIA



fishing with Capt. George "Briar."

The Atlantic House — I was always familiar with the Pfeiffers. Then along the way we had Jesse Rogers' pool room and bowling alley. "Smokers" (boxing matches) were held upstairs, sponsored by the American Legion, Jack Connell in charge. The Mayflower Restaurant is the most constant establishment from those years until today.

We had Cutler's Pharmacy with Joe Dow and Dorothy Crowell and, of course, Priscilla Cutler back of the bar. The "Great J.P. Sants" also worked there! Across the street we had Barroza's tailor shop (he committed suicide). The shop became Robert's Liquor Store, which Manny Lewis managed for over 40 years (then it became the Provincetown Liquor Mart).

None of us can forget "Will" Taylor's Hot Dog stand. Also in the area: Tony Marshall's pool room (now the Governor Bradford complex). Part of that area was Silva's ice cream parlor, later the First National Store.

Up along the way, we had two shoemakers (another lost art), Justin Jason and Isadore Ferreira. Isadore had a large family, his wife was a Cordeiro, a well-respected family. Her brother Joe was lost at sea.

Ahh ... I cannot forget Duncan Matheson's — a former schoolhouse brought over from Long Point, which still had the bell tower atop. (It was purchased in time by Arnold Dwyer and burned down by an arsonist in 1948. It had been a clothing store, run for years by Mr. Matheson. As I recall, Joaquim

Russe and Raoul Matta worked there.)

Other places of note: Wong's American-Chinese Restaurant, Leah Crawley's Ocean Breeze Cafe, Mrs. Allen's Tea Room (which became the Lobster Pot), Ralph Medeiros, owner and

manager. In the rear, we had the White Whale and Club Rendezvous. Nearby on Commercial Street, we had Irving Rosenthal, photographer. The Ginter store became the A&P.

We had Higgins Lumber Co., Hilliards Wharf, Harry Maguire, sailmaker in the loft; Joe Agna, gun collector, sign painter and a very good artist; the New York Store, the Blue Moon Cafe (when the railroad tracks were gone), Patricks' newsstand and convenience store.

Can't forget Johnny Lambrou's barber shop! On the site that is the Town House, we had Nickerson's Masonry and Stone Works, with cemetery stone provided. My memory is vague, but in that vicinity, we had the Pilgrim theater. I remember because I saw a movie there that featured Fred Thompson (cowboy) and his horse, "Silver King." Ask me what that movie was about ... I can tell you!

I'm quite sure the Portuguese Bakery was established at that time. How about Joe and Ina DeCosta's Harbor Lunch Restaurant, which they ran for years?

Then there was Harold Wilson's Tid Bit Cafe, next to the bowling alley. I called it a "hole in the wall" — it was so small, with maybe three or four stools.

My goodness — I was forgetting Herman Robinson's clothing store, managed many years by Kitty Santos, "Piggy Wee's" sister. Herman was loved by the Portuguese. He would go house to house to "collect." Would you believe, Mother paid him 25 cents a "visit"? Talk about patience!

Blessing plans stir 50 years of memories

I cannot help but say that Mark Silva is doing one helluva job promoting the 50th anniversary of the Blessing. His promotional expertise is to be envied. One must understand that there were times when interest waned and the festival seemed to be doomed, but we had staunch defenders of the religious background that kept the "affair" alive.

I find it apropos to state that the whole idea started with Arthur "Bragg" Silva, originally. So here we have another Silva (no relation) take over 50 year later. Silva is a good ole Portuguese name in Provincetown.

We are fortunate to have had the younger Portuguese families take up the slack when the times were dismal. I would mention names but am fearful I would leave somebody out.

I was a participant in the first Blessing and proud to say I steered the first trap boat to be blessed, the old Harbor bar — Capt. Wells Rego.

At the time, it was so highly successful from all points of view that the thought entered our minds that an affair of this nature should be kept in perpetuity. It did falter at times, but someone always picked up the slack.

In the early years we had dory races. Nowadays not a rowing dory to be found. We had greased pole climbs, and if you fell, it would be into the water, invariably at high tide. Sports, mostly baseball, held at Motta's Field, along with cookouts.

Then there were Quahog Parties at the VFW. How well I remember the first one; I had to clean up. It was in the early '60s. The names that crop up of those that did the cooking (linguica and quahogs): Billy Segura and Francis "Barshie" Santos. Of course there were others, but those two stayed and helped me clean up. (I was the custodian.)

Those were the good ole days.

MINHA PRAIA



After a while, guests were brought in by the fishermen. I think it was the original Yearrounders.

As I recall, we had at least four dozen boats participate, including trap boats, all decorated. Eventually, visiting boats, small craft, canoes, etc. got into the act. The Bishop blessed them all.

I only missed one Blessing and that was in 1957, when I was working at Arnold's bike shop. That was the year the terrible squall came up. It really shook up the "passengers."

On the weekend there was block dancing and dancing in the Town Hall auditorium. I think it was called "Portuguese night." This was a "let your hair down" occasion.

I drool, thinking of the delicacies

offered by the fishing boats — thanks to the wives of the captains and also the women behind the scenes who did the preparation of such succulent goodies: lobster, crabs, various sandwiches, hot dogs and the like, with tonics and beer chasers. Truly, this was a festive occasion.

After being blessed, most of the boats went to Long Point, where allowances were made to go swimming while partying was going on. All in all, a fabulous time!

(I lied — I missed three or four more Blessings in these later years because of back and hip problems.)

I have to mention that for years, St. Peter's statue was carried from the church to the end of the wharf by stalwart fishermen. I do know it was heavy and somewhat unbalanced. With no disrespect for those who carried the statue, I do remember the late "Tony" Menangas up in the forefront year after year. I kidded him as the "runt of the litter." He would respond, "Hey 'Ti Carls,' I feel good doing my thing."

So many memories come and go with the Blessing. I imagine there are a few of us left that go back to the original Blessing. I know "Tiss" Souza was one, as was Steve Roderick (in California). Beyond that my mind is a blank. On second thought, may I add Louis Rivers and Vic Pacellini? It's hard to remember back 50 years! — Cul.

Hard work, but fishing days left fond memories

I recently came to the realization that I missed the waterfront action from early 1959 on. Gone are most of our old-timers, crew and captains, prior to that era.

I cannot possibly list all the crew members but out of the past can recall captains of whatever their persuasion, be it draggers, trappers, lobstermen, scallopers, or long-liners. I'm going to use nicknames for the most part and kind of stir up memories. What follows is from the top of my head, with no research, no further digging:

Dragger captains: "Jo-Jo," "Below," "Dr. Foo," "Khaki," "Pilhaska," Freddie Salvador, Louis Salvador, Henry Duarte, Arthur Duarte, Ernest Tarvis, Anthony Russell, "Tiss," "Joe Cow," Jackie Rivers, Louis Rivers, "Sera" Codhina, "Hysterics," Johnny Silva, "Sonny" Roderick, Tony Jackett, Frankie Silva, Vic Pacellini, Frankie Perry (scallopers). I must include Ralph Andrews and Billy King, who came to the VFW Club for their R&R while I bartended.

Mind you, these are the names that come to me as I write.

Trap captains: "Wells" Rego, George "Briar," Joe "Syreelia," Ernie Tasha, Sr., Zeke Tasha, "Manny Mugsy," "Spaghetti," Ulysses Simmons, Joe Oliver, "Nonnie" Fields, Louis Cordeiro.

Lobstermen: Louis "Ding" and son, "Billy Hi" Sr. and "Snorkel," Al Silva and his father, Manuel "Ding," the "Great J.P. Sants," "Frankie Jazz."

Long-liners: Joe Patrick and Joaquim Nascimento, Elmer Costa, "Ti Karls."

Our "beauticians" "Flyer" and "Beeshka," side-by-side boatyards

with their workers. In time, some worked for both yards. We have "Joe Barrone," Larry Meads, Ray Merrill, and of course "Rocky" Taves.

Now we come to my association with those listed — draggers I fished with, mostly winters as a transient, up to 1958.

With Jo-Jo Roderick on the Jimmy Boy, as mate and engineer. We fished in hard weather!



With "Tiss" Souza on The Three of Us, as mate and "killdevil" man.

With "Joe Cow" on the Francis & Marian, owned by Sylvester Santos, "Shorty Cavalla" Perry, cook. Phil Malicoat, artist, third member of the crew.

With Frankie Perry on the Marjorie M. She was a scalloper. Hard winter, but we made some money. Tony Joseph, Sr., and Bud Avila, crew.

(Had a stint with one or two others of short duration.)

Trapping: Weir traps were my first love. Capt. "Wells" Rego of the Harbor Bar was my first captain ever in my fishing experiences. He so happened to be my father-in-law. Being the youngest and most agile, I was used to full advantage. The thing is, I thrived on all the challenges. I climbed all the poles that needed tying up. I stripped and dove

down to clear our propeller whenever we got hooked up in foul weather, I was his watch out at the bow in the early morning dark. I was his bow man and his "killdevil" operator. In time, he recognized my worth, and believe me, he was a disciplinarian. Everything had to be just so. We had the straightest traps ever set up. He and I made up the team putting the poles down and in line. I was the upper "ginns" man — you know, where the poles wobble a lot and your head gets cracked now and then.

Our captain was a perfectionist.

I must say, I miss those hours of mending twine alongside the potbelly stove. Then later, with the new cotton twine ready to go, we would soak same in our boiling

hot tar pot just outside the door — drained a bit, piece by piece, and then loaded on a steel-bodied truck, taken out back to the fields owned by the Atlantic Coast, and spread out to dry.

The message sent, once the tar smell permeated the whole town, was that herring would soon be in the offing.

We got ourselves ready from mid-January to mid-March, more or less, depending on net tears and what new twine we would be breaking in.

It was all very interesting work. How we loved to take out one or two visitors to view our operation. They always went home with fish.

On slow days, we would take our visitors out by Wood End to watch the whales cavorting, for nada. Now it's a million-dollar industry! — Cul.

Hurricanes have left their mark on the town

I was asked not long ago what did I remember about hurricanes I have seen in my era — I figure roughly 10 to 12 through the years. A “goody” was the one in Sept. ‘38. I can’t forget that one because we lost three fishermen: Domingos Joseph, his brother Antone “Vendinha” Joseph and a friend, cousin Clarence Phillips at the age of 17. (I had an eyewitness report from the late Joe Perry who was fishing with us with his father and uncle on the Perry Bros. gasoliner.) No name was given that storm; at the time it was listed as a strong gale.

In Sept. ‘44 there was another “beaut” as reported by my wife. I was down at Fort Pierce, Fla. at the time (in training). When I got home I checked with the late Frank Aresta who kept records of hurricane strengths. That one was clocked as 129 mph, according to Frank.

Now we come to my not-so-favorite: Hurricane Carol in 1954, the year they started giving girl names to these storms. That was my second year in the weir trap business and I was making big money, especially with my outside trap about a mile north of Wood End. The large mackerel caught was bringing in 38 cents a pound. Mackerel was much in demand and I was the sole provider, by luck.

Hurricane Carol was devastating and flattened everybody’s traps on Aug. 31, 1954. Mind you, normally from September, October, into November, we would have kept fishing. Our season was gone!

Now that we have established names, the next “baddy” was Edna, with gusts up to 120 mph. (Carol was clocked at 135 mph.)

In August of ‘55 we had Diane. That was the one that flooded New England. At the time I was trying to recoup from the disaster of ‘54, with no success.

On Nov. 11, 1956, we had a freak storm wherein my trap boat parted its mooring and ended up on the



breakwater, where the bottom was chewed out on both sides. The cost to repair was far beyond my means — end of my venture.

A note of interest: On my suggestion, my equipment was used to help build MacMillan Pier. My crew, my scow, my dory, my boat provided invaluable service in the fall and winter of ‘56.

Hurricane Donna left her mark in Sept. 1960, with winds up to 130 mph. This was the storm that swept the entire seaboard, from Florida through New England.

The next one I have recorded is Agnes in June 1972. She’s the one that recorded flooding causing \$2 billion in damages on the Eastern seaboard, with rivers cresting inland, a lot of damage in Pennsylvania.

August ‘76 — Hurricane Belle. Considerable damage done to Crops Island with her flooding temperament. Up in our area, we got a spanking, yet it was a bona fide hurricane.

The first “male” hurricane we had was David in Sept. ‘79, another storm that ran from Florida up the coast to New England. It was rather weak when it reached us.

Gloria, in Sept. ‘85, was the one that did a job on some of our venerable trees, also wreaking havoc on our power lines. (A lot of damage depends on what quarter the winds are coming from.)

The last one we had was Hurricane Bob on Aug. 19, 1991.

Again, it’s hard to figure. This was the type that hit boats and trees. What I figure is, that was a storm that changed directions in force. We are lucky not to have had any devastating storms since the ‘91 blast. I recall my neighbor had two old trees come down, one on top of her house.

August and September seem to be the prime time for such storms. I have found these exciting except for that one or two times of personal loss. My fault for not having a camera along!

Viaha com deus, Cul.

Changes I have seen over 70 years — Part I

To my readers: I'm just touching the tip of the iceberg, so to speak. The following "peeled" off:

Grozier's Park (now occupied by The Boatslip) afforded us the best view of our harbor.

The New Central House: Later, the Sea Horse Inn, now the Crown & Anchor.

The Atlantic House: I worked there as host for Reggie Cabral back in 1957 and greeted Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd, the highlight of my career there.

Colonial Wharf: The fondest of memories remain with me to this day. The potbelly stove to heat the shed, mending twine, and just general satisfaction getting ready for the new season ahead. I recall toasting herring on the stove once we got started.

Provincetown Inn: The place to relax, Chester Peck, the host. The garden area "hum and strum" featured a three-piece band with Bill McCaffery, "Mitch" Mitchell and Larry Caton, dancing, and our "sunken bar" with Pearl Snow and Dave Murphy in attendance as barkeepers.

Motta Field: I had the pleasure of visiting Delphine Viegas Motta, mother to "Manny" Motta, the only casualty we had in the Korean War, just to let her know we were naming the baseball field for her son.

Clamming: Back in '43, one could pick 20 buckets of clams in a 24-square-foot area. When I came back from the service in '46, I couldn't find two clams after an hour of looking.

"Lobster Plain": My favorite spot for finding flotsam and jetsam of interest. If I had the legs, I would still visit there.

Dump picking: You would be very surprised at the items that were thrown away. A person could make a living selling this discarded "junk." To this day I have "keep-sakes" 50 years old.

Railroad tracks: I remember so well that the rails went all the way to Railroad Wharf, and I also re-



member us kids walking the tracks. (Did I ever tell you that I walked the tracks without falling, all the way to the Y?)

Higgins Lumber Co.: I used to watch the three-masted ships come in loaded with lumber and discharge their ware at Hilliard's Wharf, unloaded by "Jake" Smith and Joe "Garialia" Souza — a scene so familiar in my mind, like it was yesterday.

Pilgrim Theater: Where the Town House now stands. My last movie seen there: Fred Thompson and his horse, "Silver," in a tearjerker, back in the '20s.

Bowling alley: Good times bowling away your cares, your wor-

ries. Anthony Perry, your host; before that, Jesse Rogers, owner.

Taylor's Hot Dog Stand: The place where we bought our fireworks in July. Also, their hot dogs were out of this world.

Patrick's Newstand: All the papers available (those printed on the East Coast). Also, the best popcorn sold at the time by the great J.P. Sants.

The New York Store: An institution for so many years, with dry goods down to needles.

Mayflower

Restaurant: Owned, in my recollection, by the brothers Mike and Sam Janopolis, now run by young Mike. My favorite restaurant in town, the only restaurant

that started off Greek-ish and ended up Portuguese-ish.

Provincetown Liquor Mart: Owned by the Roberts family and run by Manny Lewis, manager for over 40 years.

The Lobster Pot: So named in the early '30s, after being named Mrs. Allen's Tea Room. Ralph Medeiros established this restaurant with his wife, Adeline Santos, and made a success of his venture. When he died, his wife took over and ran the place for years. (I missed the "trans-over" to Joy McNulty, who has done a great job with her children and her vocation.)

More to come — Cul.

A lifetime of changes seen — Part II

I shall never forget our fish-mongers of oh, so long ago — “Scarry Jack” (Lawrence Crawley), “Jimmie Peke” (James Souza, and Frankie Andrews. I wish we had them around today. Our fish was all dressed and ready for the pan. For my part, Scarry Jack’s old fire truck should have been bronzed as living memorial to an era that slipped by us. Fresh fish sales were so prevalent for yea so many years. Even fishermen’s wives bought the product. Why, you ask? They didn’t have to dress the gucky things. My father always brought home his fish all cleaned. The clams were washed thoroughly in salt water. We lived good off the sea ...

Ah! Ben Chapman’s ice cream wagon! “Mabel,” that pretty brown horse, was such a welcome sight. For a nickel, one could get a cone of ice cream out of this world — different flavors!

Another thing I can never forget:

falling asleep to Chinese music, summers on end. My bed was three feet away from Wong’s Chinese Restaurant, window to window, both open. Hey, how about those good years at the Foc’sle, previously Johnny Mott’s Tavern — no women



allowed. (Now it’s Fat Jack’s.)

Hilliard’s General Store: This is where we bought kerosene and vinegar, etc. Joe Agna was our clerk. That store had history written on its walls, everywhere. Joe had a collection of pistols dating way back. He was also a bonafide artist and sign

painter, a man of many talents.

Hatches Harbor: The best clams in this world, now under the protection of the National Seashore (no provisions were made for our picking).

Minstrel shows: I haven’t seen one at Town Hall since the late ‘40s. I chaired the committee that ran the affair sponsored by the VFW post. I was so very proud of the talent we had.

We packed the house, 854 tickets sold. We even took part of the show to Pocasset, to the shut-ins there. The greatest performance I have ever seen was given by Jesse Burr to a crippled young woman. Jesse knelt down in front of her and sang directly to her, emotionally.

There was not a dry eye in the place, not even Tony Tarvers, former police chief and state cop. (Tony had volunteered his services as our bus driver.) Frank Bent, my godfather, was our master of ceremonies and handled the cast as if he was born to it. Another highlight was Michael Whorf’s rendition of Al Jolsen’s “Mammy” and, I think, “Sonny Boy.”

Missing today are our Town Criers of yore and the very interesting “news” of the day ... personal items. I was given a Town Crier bell used prior to the ‘60s — a keepsake.

Not to be forgotten are our telephone operators of those years when one could say, “Hey, Mary, get me ‘Fat’ Alves, or (at 3 a.m.), ‘Hey, Jocelyn, get me that s.o.b. ‘Jockey,’ he’s late again, we got some fishing to do.” What loves they were. What memories. No waiting. Their last office now houses the Provincetown Advocate.

Gone, our high school gym with its low beams. Basketball shots had to have very low arcs, yet our teams managed to have players who could shoot from the middle of the floor and score.

Other changes I have seen that are now history: Burch’s Bakery, Mickey Finkle’s trap shed, Colonial trap sheds, Sklaroff’s fish sheds, Macara’s Wharf storage for dragger nets, “smokers” upstairs in Jesse Roger’s Bowling Alley, wrestling and boxing at Town Hall, and the many basketball games held there. And we’ve had no more homemade toboggans since the ‘30s. Our ponds, once a gathering place for ice-skating fun, are no longer used for free skating. I really could go on and on ...

Viaha com deus — Cul.

Provincetown Honor Roll for World War II service

[Editor's note: This list, which is not complete, was compiled by columnist and veteran Manuel J. "Cul" Goveia and includes several merchant mariners and other volunteers involved in the war effort.] (*) - Died in service. (+) - Women in service.

Arthur Avila	Francis A. Cook	Arthur F. Henrique	Robert E. Oliver	George R. Rego	Custodio J. Silva
Warren A. Avellar	William E. Cabral	Manuel Henrique Jr.	Arnold D. Oliver	Joseph M. Ramos	John C. Snow
Albert J. Avellar Jr.	Halcyone C. Cabral (+)	Robert A. Henrique	Manuel G. Oliver	Charles A. Ramos	Elmer G. Souza
John Allen	Kendall D. Cass	Frank S. Henrique	Francis P. Oliver	John W. Roderick	Louis H. Silva
John L. Atkins	Herman B. Chase	Anthony Holway	Edward A. O'Rork	Warren J. Roderick	Ernest Souza
Joseph Andrews	Sheila Chase (+)	Frank D. Henderson	William W. O'Donnell	James B. Roderick	Clarence M. Simmons
Anthony J. Avallone	Arthur Cooley	Robert A. Higgins	Gordon Pulver	Donald E. Rivard	Arthur F. Silva
Raleigh R. Avallone	Reginald Cabral	Manuel P. Henrique Jr.	Warren L. Perry	Ephraim P. Rivard	James T. Silva
Warren A. Alexander	Robert E. Cabral	Preston G. Hall	Sherman P. Perie	William M. Rogers	Jesse Silva (*)
Francis D. Andrews	Albert J. Cabral	Henry H. Hautenen	Ernest Prada	Charles N. Rogers	John J. Shaw Jr.
Ralph E. Andrews	James B. Carter Jr.	Charles R. Hannum	Joseph F. Perry	Frank. G. Roza	Anthony K. Souza
John R. Agna	Arthur J. Costa	Philip E. Hannum	Frank J. Perry	Arthur D. Roderick	Ferdinand R. Salvador
Lloyd C. Atwood	John J. Costa	William T. Hutchins	Albert D. Perry	Bernard Robinson	Anthony T. Santos
Harris A. Adams	Anthony J. Dutra	Charles H. Hayward	Eugene R. Peters	Frank N. Rosa	Victor Santos
Anthony M. Avellar	John A. DeCosta (Costa)	James J. Holmes (*)	Virginia G. Phillips (+)	Edward M. Rosa	Franklin B. Souza
George D. Adams	George DaRosa	Patricia Hallett (+)	Constance E. Phillips (+)	Francis E. Rogers	Thomas D. Somes
Richard E. Adams	Michael S. Diogo	Stanley K. Johnson	Anthony V. Perry	Clarence J. Santos	Joseph A. Steele
Francis J. Alves	Raymond A. Days	Mary J. Jacobs (+)	Francis Packet	Frank Souza	Mervin C. Steele
Frank S. Alves	Leonard W. Days	Reginald F. Jason	Clarence Pierce	R. Souza	Edmund M. Silva
Ernest J. Adams	Albert DeCosta	Anthony F. Jackett	Ronald A. Paige	Joseph A. Souza	Joseph B. Smith
John J. Alexander	Lawrence DeCosta	Louis Joseph	Harold Paige	Milton R. Steele	Cecilia C. Santos (+)
Ethele M. Bickers (+)	Charles Darby (*)	Anthony E. Joseph	Antone D. Pereira	Socrates Sethares	Malcolm G. Silva
Arthur J. Brown	Herman R. Dutra	Robert Joseph	Frank Perry Jr.	Hubert G. Summers	Emmanuel R. Silva
John L. Botello	Herman R. DeSilva	Raymond Joseph	Francis Peters	Joseph B. Santos	Antone Sylvia
Stanley Batt	Raymond H. Days	Alfred Joseph Jr.	Joseph C. Patrick	Basil P. Santos	Joseph P. Sants
Robert E. Brown	William A. Days	Lloyd P. Jonas	Aloysius Perry	Anthony M. Santos	Manuel J. Santos
Manuel J. Brown	Elizabeth L. DeRiggs (+)	William H. Joseph	Peter Perry Jr.	George J. Silva	James A. Sants.
Manuel S. Bent Jr.	Bernard A. Days	Emiles A. Joseph	William W. Perry	Alfred J. Silva	Anthony P. Tavers
Joseph S. Bent	John J. Dears	George R. Jennings	Raymond R. Perry	Louis A. Serpa	Joseph Tarvis
Joseph Bent Jr.	John E. Enos	Kenneth P. Jennings	Phillip S. Packett	George A. Santos	Thomas S. Taylor
LeRoy F. Bent	Raymond Enos	Joseph A. Janard	Clinton M. Patterson	Francis J. Steele	William S. Tasha
Anthony Bent Jr.	John S. Edwards Jr.	Herman Janard	Dr. Thomas F. Perry	Richard A. Steele	Anthony L. Thomas
Wallace J. Bent	Donald V. Edwards	George King III	Richard P. Packett	Albert W. Sheppard	John J. Thomas (*)
Ernest Bent	Dennis J. Encarnation	Albert B. Loring Jr.	Joaquim Peters	Manuel DeC. Souza	Lawrence A. Taves
George A. Brown	Robert R. Enos	Maurice H. Lopes	Chester G. Peck	Ernest L. Souza	Joseph J. Taves
Austin R. Banks	Leonard E. Enos	Manuel J. Lewis	Chester D. Pfeiffer	Joseph P. Souza	Marion Taves
Jean Banks (+)	Joseph A. Edwards	George M. Lemos	Clifton S. Perry	Edmund A. Souza	Richard A. Tavers
George A. Baker	Francis H. Edwards	Albert F. Lemos	Victor E. Pacellini	Manuel S. Simmons	Leonard E. Tavers
John E. Brown	William O. Edwards	Willis F. Leonard	William B. Pacellini	James S. Simmons	Richard L. Taves
Waldo J. Brown	Herbert S. Edwards	Joseph Lema	Robert Pigeon	Kenneth Simmons	Joseph A. Taves
Michael Bollas	Sears P. Edwards	Francis Lema	Lorenzo G. Paine	Edward L. Silva	Edward E. Turner
Roy F. Brown	Lewis S. Eton	Manuel S. Leal	George M. Perry	John P. Souza	Walter W. Turner
Franklin G. Brown	John Farroba	John Lambrow	Arthur C. Patrick	Arthur R. Silva	John Taves
Roger Bollas	Victor J. Ferreira	Gerard V. Lowther	Clarence M. Prada	William H. Souza	Francis A. Veara
John C. Corea	Jesse Ferreira	Charles L. Landry	Eugene J. Perry	William H. Souza	Arthur J. Ventura
Ruth M. Connor (+)	Antone Ferreira	Albert F. Meads	Arthur Perry	Frank P. Souza	Antone Viera
Philip L. Croteau	John Ferreira	Anthony L. Menengas	Donald F. Rock	James Souza	Manuel A. Veara
James J. Cordeiro	Albert C. Fields	Joseph V. Menengas	Theda W. Rogers (+)	Isadore L. Souza (+)	Alfred Volton
Frank Costa Jr.	John D. Fields	John Malhado	Rodney Rock	Philip S. Souza	Joseph Veara
Arthur J. Costa	John D. Fields	Norbert N. Macara	Joaquim Rivers	Oscar L. Snow	Manuel F. Viegas
John A. Costa (DeCosta)	Jesse L. Fratus	Antone Martin	Joseph J. Roderick	Francis J. Snow	Sherman Valentine
Henry L. Cordeiro	Gabriel P. Fratus	Joseph Martin Jr.	Herman H. Rivard	George N. Snow	Bernard F. Viera
Harold A. Crocker	Albert D. Fields	George Medeiros	Eldon S. Rose	William E. Sylvia	Arthur M. Ventura
Robert E. Collinson	William Fields	Francis A. Merrill	Alexander S. Roach	Antony W. Silva	Francis J. Ventura
Manuel S. Coehlo Jr.	Randolph N. Foster	Irving H. MacNayr	Edward S. Roach	Jesse E. Souza	Clara Watson (+)
Edward Cook	John A. Francis	Joseph F. Medeiros	Joseph J. Roderick Jr.	Frank N. Souza	Horace K. Watson
Matthew J. Costa	John A. Ford	John Meads	Raymond J. Roderick	Joseph P. Souza	John A. White
Norman S. Cook	Ernest T. Ford	Richard M. Meads	James J. Roderick	Raymond W. Souza	Robert W. White
John F. Corea	Alfred Ford	Philip A. Meads	Charles J. Roderick	Manuel P. Santos	Charles T. Westcott
Charles C. Carlos	Edgar W. Francis	Harold W. MacFarlane	Albert P. Regs	Manuel Sylvester	John F. Williams
Jospeh Cabral	John Gaspie	Leo C. Mitchell	Edmund Reis	Ignatius J. Sutura	John N. Williams
Stanley H. Carter	Emmanuel T. Gaspie	Raphael A. Merrill	Edward J. Reis	Frank J. Souza	Hong T. Wong
Clifton J. Crawley	John R. Gregory	John L. Merrill	Burleigh W. Robar	Alfred G. Souza	Stillman Weeks
Insley J. Caton	Matthew A. Gregory (*)	Donald B. McMillan	Frank L. Reis	Clement S. Silva	Maurice F. Worth
Ernest F. Costa	Leo F. Gracie	Francis H. Marshall	Joseph L. Reis (*)	John M. Silva	Alphonse F. Wager
William W. Costa	Elmer J. Gracie	Alan W. Moffett	Lewis Reis	Chester S. Smith	James M. Wilson.
Willis W. Carlos	Manuel J. Goveia	Nathan Malchmann	Anthony S. Roda	Churchill T. Smith	Katherine E. Young (+)
Manuel Cabral	Manuel Gomes	Arthur P. Malchmann	Remigio S. Roda	Richard H. Slade	Franklin M. Young
Joseph Crawley Jr.	John F. Guilfoyle	Irving Malchmann	Richard F. Roda	Robert M. Slade	
Frederick T. Comee	Joseph L. Gregory	Daniel C. McInnis	Leo J. Rogers Jr.	Frank Silva	
Louis Cordeiro	Mildred F. Gibbs (+)	Powell Murchison	Philbert Roderick	Sherman F. Sylvia	
Lucein P. Cross	Marian Gibbs (+)	John V. Morris Jr.	Manuel D. Rego Jr.	Emmanuel J. Souza	
Arthur B. Cross	Raymond J. Gaspie	Manuel Medeiros	Herman H. Rocheteau	Jere Snader	
Wilbur M. Cook	Walter J. Gaspie	Herbert W. Newcomb	Peter C. Rocheteau	Frank R. Souza	
Philip A. Cook	Edmund Gill Jr.	James S. Nelson	Ralph C. Rocheteau	Francis E. Silva	
Joseph Cook	Alton T. Harding	George Nunes	Stephen C. Roderick Jr.	Elmer J. Silva	
Viola F. Cook (+)	Richard Hopwood	Franklin J. Oliver	Anthony F. Rego	Wilfred G. Slade	
	Manuel Henrique			Albert M. Silva	

Fishing, movies and more — it was all kid stuff

I was recently asked by a “wash-shore” person of prominence to relate what I did as a kid growing up in Provincetown in that particular era. No doubt, I will repeat instances of what I have written before. At least it will have reference, for the most part, to “Minha Praia,” circa 1926-’34. I shall try to be concise and shorten my sentences; let your imagination fill the void.

Summertime, 9 am-6 p.m.: Tides and weather, plus chores to do, dictated my time spent swimming, rowing, diving for money and clamming with Father at low tide. In the area I lived, the world was my oyster. Fished for flounder off Hilliards Wharf. At the time, “my” beach and the beaches nearby gave us all the worms (“bloodsuckers”) needed for bait.

On so-so days, I combed the beach to the east as far as the Consolidated Cold Storage (now Ice House condos) to pick up hard coal for winter. One must remember that we often had coal barges use our harbor as a refuge when they were “loaded to the scuppers” with coal. Coal washed off and came ashore. The Lord provideth!

Saturday matinee movies put us through the cowboy and Indians and “swashbuckling” era. I had two friends who visited me daily and invariably it was I who dispensed old lathes with which to duel, and other “pirate stuff.”

We passed into a stage of “rum-runners and rum-chasers” — built

our own boats and ran along water’s edge chasing each other. Everyone wanted to be a rumrunner, it being

shot material. Remember when “hi cuts” were prevalent? Those jackknives in the side pocket sure came in handy! So we whittled our slingshots to size and scrounged up some bicycle inner tubes. Voila!

Beachcombing on the back side was a must, as was swinging from the mast of the Annie Spindler, a schooner wreck by the Race

Point Coast Guard Station. Sandskiing on Devil’s Dip, swinging in Tarzan Valley, blueberrying, picnicking on Long Point.

Center School was my home area, but for one or two years I had to go to Eastern School. Those years, rain or shine, 90 percent of the time I walked to school via the beach, except for extra high tides. I remember so well that “Louis Ding” was my “horse” when we had “horse wrestling.” We went undefeated.

At Center School: “Horse races” around the building. I supplied the rope — discarded fishing trawl. We had dodge ball, “Frig the bear,” “kick the can,” “whiplash,” hopscotch and marbles. Girls had hopscotch and jacks.

Snowtime: Discarded old sleds from the dump, repaired and usable. Used at all hills in town and Grand View Hill for extra thrill. We had homemade toboggans for 10 used on Bradford and “Medelly” hills, coded of course. Real fun times.

Viaha com deus, Cul.



more glamorous.

Our matinee idols: Tarzan, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Flash Gordon. Those damn serials kept us enslaved. Johnny Weismuller and Buster Crabbe had us hooked. Our comedian favorites: “Fat & Skinny,” Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel. Then we had Charlie Chase and Charlie Chaplin. I think it was later, around 1929, when we had “talkies.” First to be seen then was Al Jolson, a new thrill for us kids. The movies were our reward for whatever help we gave at home. Cost, 11 cents — 10 cents for the movie and one cent for candy.

As we grew older we went into dump-picking. Results: wheels from discarded baby carriages, pieces of two-by-fours added to fish boxes washed ashore, we made ourselves racing carts. Test area: Grand View Hill, both sides, no brakes. Test passed — we lived!

Now we are a bit older and going farther afield. Tromping through the woods. Finding the right tree. Chopping off branches with the best sling-

Armistice Day vets laid foundation for others to build on

On the 11th hour, the 11th day, the 11th month of World War I, an armistice was signed by France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy and the United States with the Axis powers at the time, primarily Germany.

I've had to do some research, as this was before my time. However, I was privileged to know all but one of the local VFW WWI charter members who started us off Nov. 11, 1934. They are all gone now. It was my great pleasure to have rubbed elbows with them, and I'm ever thankful they started us off with an organization our community can be very proud of. The Lewis A. Young Post 3152, VFW rose from humble beginnings, meeting at private homes and finally landing at the old Conant School building on Conant Street. We WWII vets brought new blood, vigorous ideas, culminating in our present quarters on Jerome Road. We opened our doors there on March 15, 1959. I am sure we have provided entertainment, civic involvement, catering, community services, dances galore, and in general much happiness to our young, to our seniors, and to those beyond the confines of the town.

I have made notes from time to time (and it's a wonder I can find them) to not forget Armistice Day, called Veterans Day today. So here goes, with research:



President Abe Lincoln established in 1862 a National Cemetery to honor those "who died in the service of their country." Since then, about two and a half million veterans have been buried in 130 National Cemeteries in 39 states, the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico. According to the data I have, 57 cemeteries are filled but two are scheduled to open — one in Dallas and one in Seattle.

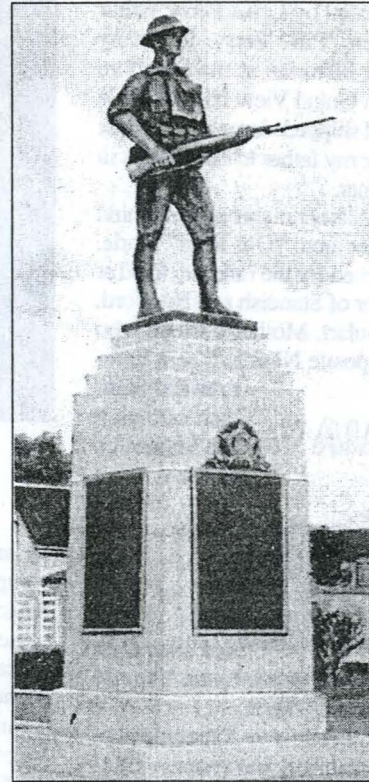
White marble headstones supplied by the government are 42 inches high, 13 inches wide and four inches thick, and they weigh 230

pounds. The graves are five feet wide, 10 feet long and seven feet deep. As I understand, members of the merchant marine are also entitled to burial there, along with some members of the National Guard and certain members of our government agencies.

"The Unknown Soldier" touches my heart greatly. I imagine the number of them must run into the thousands. I re-

member I was so taken by the memorial that France put up for its unknown veteran: burial beneath the Arc du Triumph with a perpetual flame.

It is now 75 years since our first unknown was buried at the National Cemetery in Arlington, Va., across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. A white marble sarcophagus bears an inscription: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God." It is my understanding that Unknown Soldiers from subsequent wars have found



WWI Memorial at Town Hall.

their way to this hallowed area. Sentries are kept there on duty at all times.

Now, I find it interesting that of

our six boys who died in the service, five were Portuguese and one an artist — John Thomas, Matthew Gregory, Joseph Reis, Jesse Silva, James Holmes and the artist Charles Dalby. Doesn't that paint a picture typical of our town in that era?

Well now, it took about 20 years since we lost our sign dedicated to WW II heroes to get some action. We now have a movement afoot to correct the situation. I think the year was 1976 when our wooden memorial was blown down. I took it as a personal challenge to write all the names down as listed before they were "lost." I ended up with 454 names. I took special note that we had 17 of the female gender as participants in WW II. I felt good about that. For a very small town, we were very well represented.

I do feel real bad for our Vietnam vets who fought a very unpopular war. Yet they died and suffered, as did their families, following the dictates of their government. Then we have the Korean War, called the Forgotten War, which also was a bitter pill to swallow. All the more reason that these wars' veterans and their sacrifices should be remembered.

Railroad yard area was rife with family ties

The railroad yard area holds a lot of fond memories for me from my formative years, ages six to 14. My life was mostly confined to the Alden and Standish street areas, plus the beach and wharf scene off of Commercial ("Front") Street).

First, I'll take a whack at the railroad area. Oh, how I miss the "juicy pear berries" on the bank east of the tracks, just below the railroad water tower. The comings and goings of the freight and passenger trains — the porters, the baggage, the yellow colored cars that carried VIPs, the Depot with its homey atmosphere. They

had the sidings for coal-bearing cars and a special siding sand car for shipment of sand from day's sand pit (where our DPW facility is now). There was a landing for dump trucks to unload the sand, just below Custodio Silva's home now on Standish Ave., which at the time was Manuel Zora's "Adobe Hacienda." What fun we had jumping down into the sand! Of course, we competed to see who jumped furthest.

In the area, we had the freight of-

fice operated by Louis Perry, father to Warren "Pill" Perry, for many years the historian at the Seashore center on Grand View Hill. Many is the time I shipped clams through that office for my father to our friends in the summer.

Names that run through my mind about that area: "Old Man" Slade, who worked for the railroad, lived at the corner of Standish and Bradford. Mrs. Goulart, Mother's friend who lived opposite Napi's, where Freeman and Standish convene; Joe Marshall's grocery store next to the Center School, where the brothers Louis Costa and Tony Costa worked for years. Later, 'Phonse Wager worked there.

I shall never, ever forget the happiness I received from the two Santos families that lived at 127 Bradford St. How many meals did I partake from Isabel Hinha, the mother to Cecelia, Olivia, Ralph, Sylvester and Rudolph. That's the way it was. I would sometimes eat meals there that I would refuse to eat for Mother, made the same way.

Then upstairs we had "Mamie,"

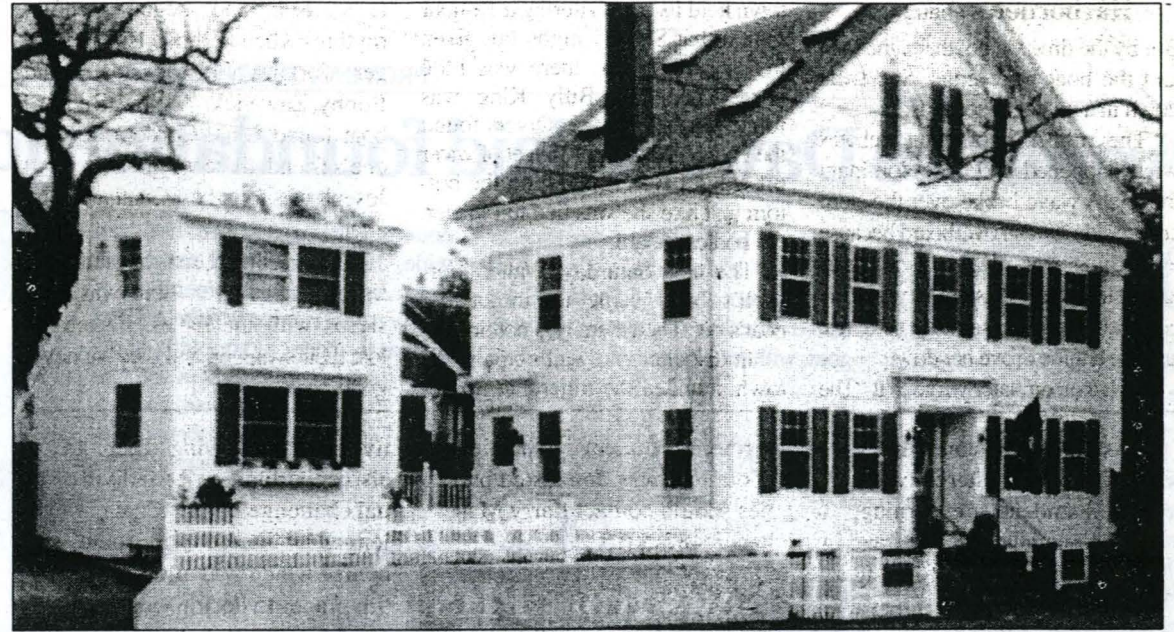
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Many was the meal enjoyed at 127 Bradford St., the former home of the two Santos families.

an angel of patience, who never complained, and her children, all boys: Anthony, the oldest (deceased), Victor (in California), Leno (deceased after many years at the Manor). Then we had "Barshie" (Francis), who later in life married Veronica Taves and had a large family. Francis was a twin. I think his twin brother died shortly after birth. "Barshie" died a few years ago.

Lastly, but not least certainly, we had Bernard, who made a name for himself as a star in high school basketball. In my opinion, he was/is the handsomest of the lot.

Mamie was married to Antone

and Isabelhina was married to Manuel — brothers.

Next door to the Santosos, going west, we had the Silvas, nicknamed "Skunchies." We have Malcolm, Emmanuel "Skunchy," Elizabeth, Norbert and my good friend, Rachel.

Given time, I could expound further on what these families meant to me. At times, I was a waif. Lord, if I took a trip up Alden Street I could cite the Rodas, the Olivers, the Costas, Guerriros, Pradas, Santos, Gomes, Edwards, Davises, Serpas, etc.

Standish Street had the Perrys and more Olivers. Standish Avenue,

on the hill, we had on either side of "Mon" Zora, the Allen family, "Skeeter" the nickname. Below, on the far side, we had the "Parchie" Nunes family. Mary Nunes was a good friend of my sister's.

Other thoughts: Victor Santos was the original "Barsh" — younger brother Francis became "Barshie." (If I remember correctly, "Barsh" (phonetic) means "short" in Portuguese.)

I just may hit on this subject matter again. Meanwhile, I'm working on an added list of nicknames.

Viaha Com Deus, Cul.



Wages and earnings, from 1926 to the present

There are not many of us left who remember the cost of living, as we experienced it in the past. So here goes my story:

When I moved to the waterfront in 1926, my first earnings in my first summer there was as a money diver at Railroad Wharf, compliments of the Dorothy Bradford, which unloaded all those nice tourists. I was aged six, an avid swimmer and diver. Learned to swim by myself at age four and a half (a sink or swim situation after falling overboard). Earnings would vary depending on the crowds' largesse. I did my diving

until the age of 14, when we moved away. In those years I would bring home \$10 to \$20 per week plus my earnings carrying baggage to the boat and from the train. I also sold sea shells and pond lilies as time would allow. And for two or three years in there somewhere, I delivered newspapers and maybe made \$2 or \$3 a week with pay and tips. I ranged far, covering Winslow Street, delivering to Harold Wilson and way down to "Handy Andy's" down by Jerome Road. My coverage was from Winslow to Pearl Street. My hardest trip was to "Colonel Korn's"

off of Conwell Street, especially when it snowed.

An important note: I was not alone in efforts to help support the family. Some of my friends quit school at an early age to help out. The girls in the family did likewise. What cruelty to note that some weeks I earned more than my father, until the day came he sold his "gasoliner" for \$75 and went clamming and fishing from his small rowing dory. He kept that up until he was 80. I followed in his footsteps and went clamming with him, summers only. It was an enjoyment.

reached my teens, my allowance was 12 cents, so that I could take in a Saturday matinee for 10 cents and two cents would be for "greenleaves."

When I reached my teens, the demand was great for fish sorters, fish handlers, fish packers and cutters. I did it all. Again, 33 and one-third cents an hour. Others my age swarmed both Railroad and Sklaroff's wharves.

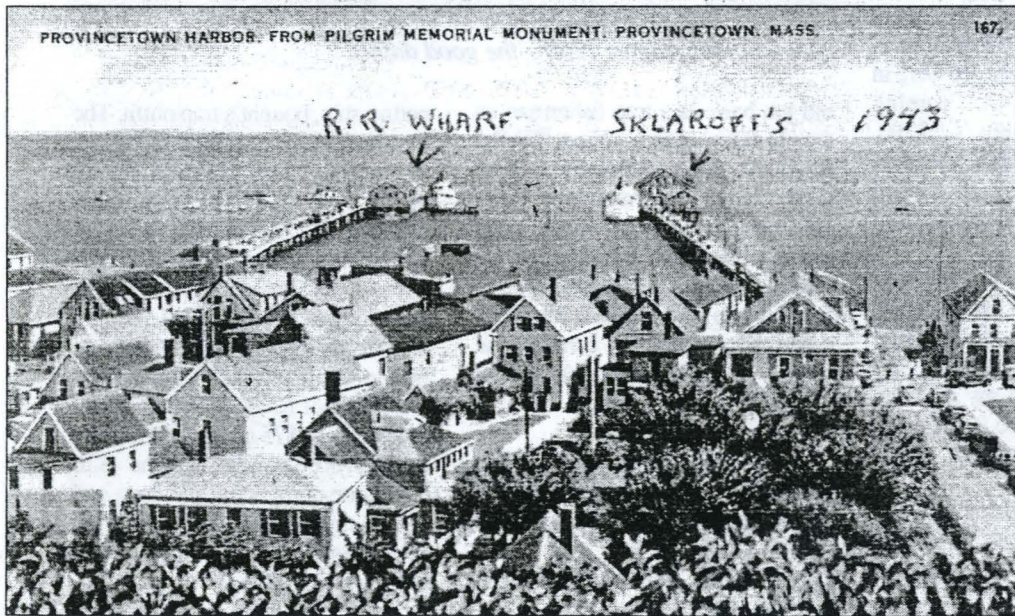
Some of us also broke into cold storage work. Those were the days that whistles and horns would signal "workers wanted." The cold storages alone hired well over 200 and included women packers and cutters whenever needed. We all went where there was a buck to be made.

The assistant manager at Atlantic Coast Fisheries liked my work habits, and he named me night foreman at the oil refinery plant on the Colonial Cold Storage property and pier. My assistant was old "Benny Regular" Chapman, a most humorous man and a delight to work with. This was most interesting work. Hey, I'm up to \$35 per week. Frank "Doc Blaney" Flores was day watch supervisor, and Johnnie Dears was



my immediate boss. Down at the end of the pier we had Bill McCafrey in charge, with Mike McGrath, second in command. They were the ultimate centrifugal refiners. Like I say, it was very interesting work. Then I was amazed to see the variety of fish livers and oils to be processed, stored at the Consolidated Cold Storage, now the Ice House Apartments. I recall that it was "rumored" that since Atlantic Coast Fisheries was making more money on cat food and the oil business as opposed to fish storage, they would be tempted to move to the West Coast, which they eventually did.

This job lasted three to four years and we come into 1942. We were at war and fish was in very great demand as a source of food for our service men. Al "Wells" Rego and "Joe Tarts" Bent jumped into the service and that left two vacancies on the trap boat Harbor Bar, Capt. "Wells" Rego. He offered me a job and I grabbed it because they were making good money at the time. Service wise, I had been deferred temporarily. (To be continued.)



Back to earnings. Clams were very plentiful and we averaged each 20 to 24 buckets to a tide at 25 to 50 cents per bucket, depending on demand and who we sold to. Yachts and restaurants were our best bets. Anything left over would go to the fish markets.

Until I

Wages and earnings — Part Two

I left you (last week) when I went into trapping in 1942. By 1944, the town was bereft of 99 percent of its able-bodied men. I'm guessing that we had about 20 of our young ladies who had volunteered their services in the armed forces, aside from the fact that locally, our "elder girls" had formed themselves into Red Cross workers and other helpful agencies. The town gave its all for the war effort — no pay! Now back to me.

In 1942-43, I made more money than I had been used to. In the early part of '44, we were making \$35 a week mending twine in our drafty shed. For some time I had been in anguish — here I was, deferred as an essential part of our war effort and torn between family needs and duty to my county as an able-bodied "youth/man." I had a devoted wife and a boy of six at home. The situation kept gnawing at me, so that I finally gave up my "job" to be released from my deferral. I went clamming, where I made twice what I had been earning for about a three-month period.

I finally was drafted on May 4, 1944. Along with me for physical exams went Dave Murphy, our high school phys. ed. coach, teacher

"Moe" Turner, and Ralph Medeiros, proprietor of the Lobster Pot.

I was the only one that passed the physical. My three partners failed for various reasons. I was 24 when inducted into the Navy. The pay had been upped to \$42 per month, from \$21 just two years before.

I ended up at the Naval Training Station at Sampson, N.Y., miles below lake Geneva. Boy, was it cold

MINHA PRAIA



there! After weeks of training, we were shipped to Solomon's Island, Md., for future referral. I was gung-ho and applied for hazardous duties, after failing the final eye test for range fighter operator on a "battle wagon." Then, for submarine duty, I missed — quota filled. Next: hazardous duty — scouts and raisers, Roger II Group, training at Fort Pierce, Fla. I made it!

I arrived there in September in a contingent of about 360 volunteers. Boy, did they harden us up. The

physical and mental calisthenics were out of this world! We received four months of this rigorous training. By late October, I got my wife and son to come on down. I found them a small apartment in Stuart, Fla. in the Hotel Victoria. My wife found work there at the local A&P. I had leave on weekends, a short commute away. My son, Steve, did well in school there. I remember him in the Christmas school pageant.

By New Year's. I was on my way to the West Coast. We ended up in San Pedro, Calif. Two weeks later, we were shipped overseas. Forty-four days later, we were in Calcutta — earning approximately \$290, playing cards (bridge, whist, hearts, honeymoon bridge and others ... I stayed away from poker).

I can't remember when and how much I started to get in per diem pay, but I recall it was good savings. I sent the wife \$900 and kept my card winnings. Also, I sold my cigarette rations, Pall Malls to be exact, since I didn't smoke at that time. (I did later.)

To wrap it up: I came home in January 1946 and was discharged by March. I joined the VFW and got my



New Pontiac, August 1950 — the good days!

old job back as a trap fisherman on the old Harbor Bar — Capt. "Wells" Rego, Al Rego (engineer), "Tarts" Bent, "Tram" Brown and me. From '46 through '48, we made good money. The first Blessing of the Fleet was held in 1948, and we were the first trap boat blessed. We established all records for earning that year — over \$9,000 net. We paid off our mortgage and bought our first car, a Pontiac.

Subsequent years were sailing situations, so that by 1951 I quit to find another job. I ended up at the Police Dept. at \$45 per week. Disillusioned, I quit in 1953, then, in

partnership, bought a trap outfit. The first year, we were \$5,000 in the red. The second year, we paid off all debts and were making good money, in the black, then — Hurricane Carol on Aug. 31, 1954, left me devastated! Recovery was nil. We tried, but no-go. I brought my remaining equipment ashore, and in 1956 offered it toward the rebuilding of Railroad Wharf. Offer accepted — \$75 per week for my crew, \$100 per week for me (\$20 daily), use of my scow and dory, and \$50 every time I anchored their equipment. (Next: Wages and Earnings, Part Three)

Coming ashore — Wages and Earnings, Part III

I left you last week in 1956 at the rebuilding of Railroad Wharf ...

It was my original idea to use my equipment to the advantage of the builders, once I found out for myself that my scow would fit in perfectly between the bays. Anyhow, we did a helluva good job. Cal, the boss foreman, so stated, when midway through the project we were terminated. It seems that our Mickey Finkle was a buddy to the construction company owner, and since I had no written contract, he was in and I was out. May I say that we were a far superior outfit. They were a careless lot, so much so that Irving "Snorkel" Rodrick and I saved Mickey's scow from damaging the pier and itself by dragging their light anchors in a southeaster. We could not see a good scow go to waste!

Came Nov. 11, 1956 — in an easterly gale, I lost my boat on the West End Breakwater. She parted her mooring and I found out later that the cable had twisted around so much by shifting winds that she simply snapped. My friend Flyer patched her up with canvas and towed her to his boatyard, but repair costs were too much to handle. I

burned my boat at high tide on Long Point. A vestige still remains there today, way up high and dry.

So ashore I am — to stay! I'm a believer in messages. My love of the sea had to be given up. Three strikes and you're out! Number one: Back injury, trapping, 1948; hospitaliza-



tion, three different hospitals; deduction: learn to live with it. Number 2: Hurricane Carol, Aug. 31, 1954. Number 3: Loss of the Agnes & Stephania, Nov. 11, 1956.

In 1957, I went to work at Arnold's as floor salesman at \$65 per week, plus commission. This year was the first time I missed the Blessing of the Fleet. That year we had a freak wind storm come up while the Blessing boats were partying. As I understand it, people panicked during that frightful time.

I went to work at Days Cottages in North Truro in 1958 as a carpen-

ter's helper, store clerk and where ever needed — a handyman, to say the least, at \$65 per week.

1959: I was chairman of the VFW building committee when we sold our property to Manny Cabral, owner of the Bonnie Doone, and bought the best property available from George Holmes. The VFW formed a board of directors and I was elected as the first VFW club manager. (Note: We had received a liquor license back in 1951, when I was Commander at the old VFW post.) My wage was \$75 per week, plus tips, as manager and bartender. We opened on March 15, 1959.

Cutting the ribbon was Mrs. Josephine (nee Young) McKennas, sister to Lewis F. Young, for whom our post was named. Mrs. Constance Reis, Gold Star Mother, dedicated the raising of our flag.

Since my retirement, I have battened about; I had several years as a night watchman and night clerk at The Moors motel (good pay; \$95 per week, plus yearly raises). Billy and Janet Costa, my immediate bosses, were very nice and considerate to me. I left only because they shortened their season. (More to come in Part 4.)



At the VFW Club in the 1960s.

Moor-ing to parking: Wages & Earnings, Part 4

My days working at the Moors Restaurant were fond days to be remembered. I was never ever treated better than by Maline Costa, Billy and Janet Costa, and later by Mylan Costa. (Therein lies another story by itself.)

Outside of the good pay then, I had meals out of this world, my choice, compliments of Maline, father to the clan Costa. Sometimes I think it was a thank you by Maline for the trapping objects I gave him when he rebuilt the Moors Restaurant after the disastrous fire leveled the "old Moors," but then again, it was his way of being a good person. Everyone loved this man!

While at the Moors Motel, I had occasion to watch Marvin Hagler do his six-mile run daily, rain or shine. What beautiful shape he was in. He always had an entourage of sparring partners, etc., accompanying him. I often watched him exercising at the Provincetown Inn. I managed to get an autographed picture from him. Marvin ("Marvelous") was world middleweight champion all those years he exercised in Provincetown.

I often thought that the fresh salt air did him wonders.

Because the Moors Motel shortened its season and I was earning less as a result, I reluctantly gave my



job up to seek improvement in earnings. Scuttlebutt had it out that there were a couple openings at the municipal parking lot (MPL). I immediately applied to Warren Crawley, who was manager at the time. The job available at the time was 2 to 8 a.m., seven days a week. I protested the seven days but was told to take it or leave it. I took it.

It proved to be the best shift for me. I had the incoming and outgoing paying customers. Starting pay, \$6.75 per hour plus extra for the two hours overtime over 40 hours. I was happy except for one thing — it

seems that all along in the previous years one had to "go to the bathroom" over the wall. I found this ridiculous, subjecting these workers to such embarrassment, often caught in the headlights of oncoming cars. I often voiced my opinions to one and all thusly: "Here we have a million dollar industry with no decent facility for the workers!" I guess I really rocked the boat. In my second year, Tony Martin, Assistant Manager, got me the key to our rest rooms, available to all in both booths. What a relief!

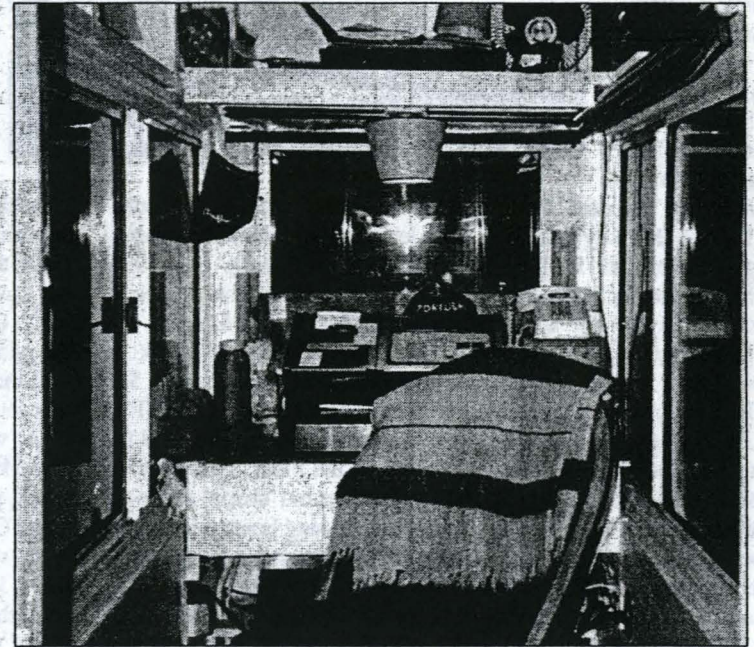
Yet I could not understand why our cubby holes were not built with facilities to ease embarrassments. Again I say, we're talking a million dollar industry (check your town reports for verification). There is no question in my mind that we were held in low esteem by the powers that be. Mind you from 1986 to 1993, my pay rose from \$6.75 per hour to \$7.25 per hour. Big deal. In 1994, I was demoted to the Grace Hall lot back to \$6.75 per hour. I gather the move was to shut me up since I was a vocal dissenter since they moved our successful operation

from the booth by Fishermen's Wharf to the mess it's been since, at a cost of thousands.

The past two years, I have worked the Catholic Church parking lot, averaging just over \$3,000, it being very good pay but a very short season. I regret leaving, but since I have been in ill health, I decided to

take the summer of 1997 off with no commitment. I feel, since the age of six with my diving money, it will be an experiment as to how far I can carry my S.S. check via frugal means. Assets: Home mortgage paid off. Car paid off this month.

Viaha Com Deus, Cul



"Cubby Hole" at the M.P.L. 1992

The joys of weir trap fishing

Friends of mine have suggested that I cover more of fishing experiences. This is a tender subject with me because I had a love affair with weir trap fishing.

It was a virile way of life and a man felt so good putting in such physical effort in a job well done. Those years I worked on the "Harbor Bar" were the happiest of all my working years. We had as good a crew as any going at the time, being prejudiced, I would say the best, from Capt. "Wells" Rego, Albert "Wells" Rego, engineer, "Tram" Brown, middle man, "Tarts" Bent, aid to middle man, and me, the bowman.

The work aboard had to be teamwork all the way from driving a trap, fishing the traps and hauling traps up for the winter. There were so many intricacies to such a laborious effort. I could write chapters on the labors involved. Just to cite a few: From late January to March we mended twine, made up new twine, reusing the leads from condemned rope. Please remember, nylon had not been introduced to the industry as yet. Being made of cotton we had to tar all the new stuff in our large tar pot next to the shed, then truck it out to fields out

back, where we spread the nets out to dry — composed of rims, bottoms, leaders, hearts and killdevil netting. I am talking first-class labor.

We worked for the Atlantic Coast Fisheries, which owned 90 percent of the industry at the time — the wharves for landing, the cold storages, the trap boats and all the gear. We were paid a wage, I believe \$30 a

MINHA PRAIA



by "Cul" Goveia

week, for our labors in and about our shed on Colonial Wharf. Our shed is now Old Reliable Fish House Restaurant.

Once we started fishing, we were on shares. May I add that we changed all the twine (four traps) once or twice a season depending on wear and tear, and the growth accumulated — no pay involved! Albert, our engineer, overhauled our engine every year, saving the company extra expense. Then he helped mending twine and spreading and tarring.

My way of life those years: Get up around 2:30 a.m. (not recommended for those who party), cup of coffee, maybe a bite, report to the shed by 3:30 a.m., then take in the aromas permeating the air from tar pot smells to the baking bread a few doors away. This is a fishing day approach. Sometimes we had to wait on our captain's decision for moderation in weather patterns. There have been times when it's been pretty tough getting into a trap through the narrow gates.

Our boat, as I recall, was 36 by 10 to 12-foot beam. I was bowman, "Killdevil" bailer, pole climber and emergency diver (to clear propeller of entanglement). What I remember so well about early morn was the beautiful sunrises, especially those in October.

We all pulled in twine until all the fish were cornered. I had the "Killdevil" and bailed the fish aboard. Albert handled the winch, Tram guided the net, Tarts "culled" the fish, and the captain helped wherever needed as he saw fit, besides issuing orders.

Fish caught: Mackerel, whiting,



My boat and first crew. Me in the bow, kneeling, "Boyzine" Cabral, Vic Alexander; standing (left to right) Jesse "Burr" Ferreira, Tony Dutra, Jack Papetsas.

herring, Butterfish, squid (Summer and Bone), tuna (school and giant), plus a mixture of flounder, tautog, "Spanish mackerel", "robins" and "salawags." Rare catch: Flying fish, bass, sturgeon, salmon, sea turtles and seals. Lucky catches: Lobster, crab, yellowtails.

Our bane: Dogfish, pilchards (they mesh), sharks (large and small), "baby whales," sunfish, skates, goosefish, and anything else that meshes and clings to twine like sea-

weed and "rosettes" and jellyfish. Fog may be included even though by simple compass, time, tide, wind considered, our captain never missed.

The picture featured is of the ill-fated attempt by yours truly to try his luck as a soloist. The venture lasted three years, from 1953 to November 11, 1956. There is another story to be told. Three events happened to me dictating that I should stay ashore, i.e., "Three strikes and you're out!"

Viaha com deus - Cul

Lobstermen are a much-unheralded breed

Camaraderie seems to be the appropriate word to be used in my knowledge and dealings with lobstermen, a much unheralded breed.

In my trapping days, whenever we could, we would save bait for these hard workers. Pure hard work back in them days. Pots were hauled up by hand.

In my era, in my memory, those I knew best: Billy "Hi" Souza Sr. and Irving "Snorkel" Roderick, partners; Louis "Ding" Silva, Al Silva and, slightly before my time, the "Great J.P." Sants and Manny "Ding" Silva. Louis, Al, J.P., and Manny "Ding" were all related. They were boom years but prices were not so hot.

Anyway, what brought this subject to mind was the recent news that there might be a closure of some lobster areas because of whale entanglements in lobster gear. I am surprised that, in this day and age, there is not foresight to avoid this with some means (here I go again à la Lorenzo Jones): whistle noises, sound waves, or anything attached to lobster pots, or lines to warn the whales of danger. Remember, whales are supposed to be highly in-

telligent! On any whale watch one can see they are real "hams" performing on their own "stage."

Anyhow, as memory serves me, Billy "Hi" and the "Snorkel" escaped disaster at least four times by my account, remembering that Billy could not swim. One escapade I remember was them being saved by a National Seashore Patrol off of the outer Truro beach, I'm guessing about 20 years ago. A sea knocked Irving overboard with his foul weather gear and boots on, into the surf, and being a strong swimmer he held on along with help from a Seashore ranger. Billy stayed with the boat, whose engine had failed, doused by the sea, and they were at the mercy of the sea after their mooring had parted! As I recall, there was a nor'easter blowing at the time. The water was not too cold, it being late September. Billy came out OK and the boat was saved!

Irving was also a diver, thus earning the nickname "Snorkel." Billy "Hi" was my next door neighbor and what I didn't learn from

MINHA PRAIA



"Snorkel," I got from him. Bill died in 1986. Our mutual home ground was Colonial Wharf. These two partners were together well over 30 years, as my guess. They also dabbled in seining for mackerel and long-lining with tubs of troll.

I like to think that through our lobstermen's efforts a lot of people were made happy to have the most succulent of meals, *avec bibs* and all.

A note: Irving ("Snorkel") is the model in the dory one sees on entering the Heritage Museum. Billy "Hi" has two sons who are lobstermen, also — Bill and Ronnie, with a few years under their belts and of course more modernized. The youngest son, Shawn, is working off-Cape in the industrial field. Car-

ol and Faye, his two daughters live away. Ann, his wife is still my next door neighbor. She is "old school" and still working. "Old school" is a compliment, known only to those of us who know the meaning!

Louis "Ding": One of the strongest men I know, suffered a paralyzing stroke years ago. Picture his anguish when he

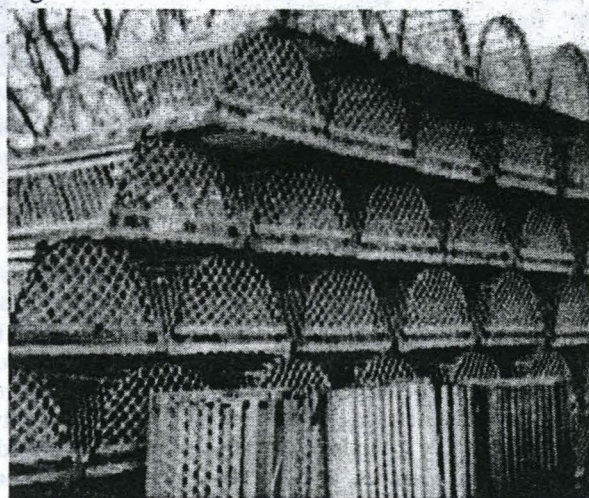
lost a son overboard in some rough seas — tried his all to save him and lost out in the battle. (A story in itself!) Louis and I go back to school days at the Eastern School — he, the "Horse" and me the "Jockey" in our school yard games back in the '20s.

Fond and poignant memo-

ries are still retained in this mind of mine, my regret being that I can't write as fast as my mind dictates. That is very frustrating.

So I bid good luck, good health to the two lobstermen that I know best ... young Billy "Hi" and Ronnie and also Ann, the matriarch of the clan, who still does her part in keeping the family ties! Me ... I'm just a friend.

Viaha Com Deus,
Cul



Lobster traps stand ready.

Short stories about some talented artists

My view on artists: How I envy them, with their talents.

Back in the '30s, it was a revelation to me to watch drab pieces of furniture being brought back to life through the efforts of Peter Hunt. I also remember a young would-be artist was doing a fancy piece of work while I watched. That was you, Nancy Whorf, I believe.

In 1937, being a helper in the building of the present-day Flagship Restaurant, I had the occasion to watch William Boogar perform his art. He made beautiful iron sculptures. I loved his seagull models and his different art forms.

Other artists I have met and spoken to:

Henry Hensche, who did a beautiful portrait of my wife. Henry loved mackerel — couldn't get enough. Phil Malicoat and I fished together on the Francis and Marian. Dorothy Gregory: a talented musician, piano and organ, also a painter. Francisco Jerome: A family friend whose first love was his harmonica. He could listen to any music just once and play it to its last note — just as if it was recorded. Amazing retention!

The Pfeiffers: I remember well their studio on Commercial Street. I get confused remembering their names — I think the father was

Heinrich and the son, who my sister knew well, was Chester. We often exchanged pleasantries when I walked by. Also daughter Grace I knew fairly well as wife to the late John Bell.

John Whorf I knew slightly. He was a very handsome man (his wife was also good looking) as evidenced



by the children: John, Michael, Carol and Nancy. Michael was my favorite because of his Al Jolson portrayal in our VFW Minstrel Show in 1947. It is nice to see Carol and Nancy today, artists in their own right.

Anton Van Derek: As a child, I was intrigued watching this man work. How much patience he had working on his bust of clay. I presumed he had a small studio at the end of a short pier, near Higgins Wharf.

Hans Hofmann: As a carpenter's helper to "Sam" Raymond and Austin Rose, I had access to his

home and a chance to see a lot of his paintings.

Yes, I did know Charles Hawthorne, from afar. I watched his classes being held somewhere between Pearl and Dyer streets. My guess was just below "Lizzy" Livingstone's ice cream parlor, which is now Jo's Gift Shop. 1926 was the year in mind.

Harry Kemp, the "Poet of the Dunes," was a man one could listen to for hours, once he loosened up. I don't know why, but my mind associating process links him with my first hearings of "The Face on the Barroom Floor," undoubtedly at Friday Cook's Tavern, in the good old days!

Norman Mailer: An artist with words! How often I saw this man practicing baseball with his two young handsome boys, Steve and Michael, at Motta Field. The two boys ended up on my Little League team. I recall a party held for Mr. Mailer at the VFW Hall when Joe Collinson was Commander, sometime back in the '60s. Didn't break up until 5 a.m.

Jo and Sal Del Deo, my two very good friends, gave me encouragement in my writing. Jo is multi-talented (I dare not list her talents as I may leave some out). And "my



The garden of artist Frederick Waugh in Provincetown.

man" Sal, aside from being an artist in oils, et cetera, is also a culinary artist, attested as such by his artistry for years at Sal' place, now run by Jack Papetsas.

Others who I could elaborate on: Mary Roderick ("Mamie Padheira"), Joan Pereira, a friend who gave me her oil painting of my sister Grace, done at the Manor. And we have "Rocky" Taves, our model ship builder with patience to rig working

models, mostly of draggers, and in infinite detail. To see is to admire.

Now, Cul, you will be in deep trouble, because sure as hell you're omitting some other true artists. Somewhere you will miss a painter, a writer, a sculptor, a musician, and lose a friend ... Holy mackerel! Hi, Lenny Grandchamp!

Viaha com deus, Cul.

Banking's importance, beyond a dollar's value

The recent demise of my friend Helen F. Rogers brought to mind that I had not touched on the importance of banking in our way of life!

Names cropped up out of the past, men and women of substance, of influence, and of integrity. It's funny how one forgets the aid received in time of need. For my part, I remind myself that three times I had mortgaged my home. I imagine that before banking came to town, borrowing was done amongst friends and neighbors. I visualize pigs and chickens, cows and horses were used as collateral. Maybe even fresh fish delivery was taken into consideration. Dried salt cod could be part of the deal. Remember how "Skully Joes" were ever so popular? Then we had small farms and gardens which provided milk and vegetables along with fruit that could be used for bartering.

Unspoken mostly, an attitude: "Hey you got the money! We got the goods. Let me have \$20 until the end of the month, I'll throw in extra!"

It is surprising, the names one conjures up reviewing the past. Dr. Frank O. Cass, a bank trustee, was our school doctor back in the 1930s. He treated me for a subdural concus-

sion. I was hit on the left temple by a baseball pitched by "Boysine" Cabral. The damn ball was a curve that didn't break. This was on a morning recreational program, Dave Murphy, instructor. I still sport a "wen" 60 years later. Also, I was treated for a dislocated shoulder, football, double tackled by "Red" Croteau and "Honka" Santos. Further: Hemaggloma of the septum, i.e. a crack on the nose (football), my nose versus Alec Roache's helmet. My nose lost. The growth out of my nose, the size of a grape, was finally taken care of by a silver nitrate solution. Dr. Cass earned his keep with me.

Alton E. Ramey was also a bank trustee, and my high school basketball coach, principal and later superintendent. It was with much of his influence that I was allowed to come back to graduate after my "discretion." I would venture to say he thought highly of me, both on the basketball court and off.

George F. Miller, investment board. What a break this man gave me! He sold me and my partner,



"Fat" Alves, the largest trap boat in the industry, the Betty, and a seine boat, a single dory, a 40-foot scow and five complete sets of traps — the poles, twine, and anchors — for \$7,500. The buy of the century. Everything was in tip-top shape! (Results of this venture a whole 'nother story!)

Robert A. Welsh, Judge. I remember so well his admonition: "This is a very serious step," as he gave his permission for us two teenagers to marry while still in school. That is another story! He became bank president in 1946.

Dr. E. A. DeWager: My first dentist, whom I dreaded. We were neighbors back in 1924-'25. Another trustee.

Clarence L. Burch, Trustee: Our ever lovable baker. How good he was to our Saturday matinee movie

kids who dropped by for two cents worth of "green leaves," day old lemon tarts and cream puffs, etc. This recalls the Tarzan serials and Flash Gordon along with a smattering of Tom Mix and Buck Jones.

John F. Rosenthal, investment board. Actually, I knew his father and mother better, because they were our neighbors for eight years. Irving Rosenthal was a photographer by trade and his wife would daily feed all the cats and kittens in the neighborhood! John and my sister Grace handled rescue operations in time of need during WWII, a commendable job.

Others I knew: Herbie Mayo, of course, who worked all those years at B. H. Dyer's. Then we have Dave Allen (Allen's and Allen's), Gus Aust (Advocate), Duncan Bryant (Bryant's Market), Ralph Carpenter (The Village), Ben Chapman (ice cream vendor), George Chapman (Town Hall), Louis A. Law (Hillard's Store), Carl Murchison (The Castle), Joseph A. Manta (ship owner), Clarence Nelson (Nelson's Market), Chester Peck (Province-town

Inn), Jimmy Perry (gas, etc.), Marion Perry (Perry's Market, etc.), H. LeB. Stalker (dentist), Will Taylor (Taylor's Hot Dogs).

At the time that Helen Rogers was Assistant Treasurer, she worked under William Silva, Treasurer, who secured my first mortgage, as I recall. In future years, he guided me.

If I remember correctly, having read an old brochure, Seamen's Bank is 145 years old!

Viaha Com Deus,
Cul



The old Seamen's Savings Bank building

"Sand in your shoes" syndrome bodes well

I am a firm believer of the "sand in your shoes" philosophy. I have made friends with so many newcomers and wash-shores to warrant the feeling that, basically, we shall be in good hands in the years to come. These friends profess a love of our town for ever so many reasons, depending mostly on associations, the new acquaintances, their work force, and most of all, the acceptance of us natives that are still hanging around.

There is an aura around our town that won't let go. I say it's a catchy theme: Help thy neighbor in his/her hour of need. It was prevalent, as I know, back in the '20s. Of course, I only have the Portuguese version. Our mothers and "fisher" fathers took care of the less fortunate, and not just the Portuguese. Also, it was a good idea to "treat" your favorite doctor! My mother played the nurse's part so many times with the staid thought in mind: Some day, the shoe may be on the other foot.

My mother was a fabulous cook and could cook fish in so many ways. Shellfish, a delicacy at times, also shared with old friends whose husbands were retired fishermen. Remember, fishermen retired under protest, mostly under strict doctors' orders. I don't recall any wives retiring! Men, for the most part, retired in

their eighties, some in their nineties.

My generation gave away more fish than ever before because we were the easiest targets as trap fishermen, coming into land in the morning hours. Our "customers" would be waiting with their buckets.



Our "special customers" would get their fish all filleted and cleaned, ready for the frying pan. Choices yet! Mackerel, whiting, butterfish, bone squid, sardines, and the list could go on. How many times we would exchange a bucket of mackerel for a haddock (one-on-one) when the timing was right. Note: lobsters and crabs we kept to ourselves on a turn basis. Oh ... those good old days!

Again I digress. I get caught up in emotion.

Today, I can vouch for the fact that there are people out there who care for their fellow man. Maybe I

have that kind of face, but I've had friends bringing me food, be it on a whim or whatever. It gives me that kind of warm feeling that I'm being thought of. I have been most fortunate in that department. It so happens, said food was brought to me while at work through the years and always a surprise. All I can think of is, what comes around goes around.

Now I cite the caring of newcomers for those afflicted with AIDS, be they or not of the same persuasion as me. That is beside the point. These are humans that need help. We learned a lesson from them in being organized and determined. What faith and patience. I wish us cancer patients could have been so organized, but, then again, we have family care, for the most part.

I sometimes wonder if there are any midwives in existence today. In my day, we used to have a visiting nurse on call, via a friend, who was a pre-doctor proponent of care. Angie Prada, R.N., comes to mind. If I could get her notes, there would

be a revelation of unbelievable care given by this woman through her years as town nurse and school nurse.

So, dear readers, in summation — we are blessed with caring people, at least in my lifetime. Provincetown has been a Mecca for Portuguese immigrants, vagabonds, gypsies, artists, "flower people," and many other denominations —

all colorful in their own right, yet coexisting. We have been multi-national, multi-lingual, multi-everything, a mongrel in life's society yet getting along. I ask you why. Answer: "Sand in your shoes," and the basic friendship extended by mutual consent.

Let me dig up my old sign-off from here on ... I like it! Viahá com deus!



Lost marbles, and other games of a bygone era

What happened to our "marble" players of yore? They failed to instruct their children in the art of a bygone era. I am such a parent — and I was neighborhood champ, as attested to by a washtub basin full of clay marbles. Whatever happened to all those marbles? Some I shot through my homemade pipe cannon, and a few shot at targets with my slingshot in competitions.

I remember well an agate was worth five marbles. We owned 25-cent and 50-cent "hogs." Some of us were "rollers" and some were "poppers." I was a "popper" and very good at it. I could knock a "hog" off at 20 feet! Right now I cannot remember the rules and our own regulations. This was not a thumb-snapping game. It was our home version, and I know not who started it. I think that at the age of five I learned the rudiments from my local hero and next door neighbor "Mularts" (Anthony Santos), who later gained fame as an excellent high school

basketball player. He had a terrific hook shot.

Yes, those were the days of Model T's and Model A's. No "beep-beep" but "arrurah-arrurah" was the

larger squares and bigger feet. At times, boys and girls competed. Sometimes the boys were ridiculed for playing with girls, but have you ever played against a tom boy? My



horn of the day!

Next: Girls — no more "jacks"? You "guys" had that down to a science. Us boys tried to invade your domain and on all counts were soundly defeated. I know — I was a diehard, hated to lose. Then we had hopscotch, boys and girls version. Girls had smaller squares. Boys had

mother used to call them "marshafemma" — half boy, half girl.

This was an era of raccoon coats for men and those ridiculous hair styles for women, along with those slinky-hangy long dresses. "Boop boop-e-doop!" Herbert Hoover was president, likable enough but held responsible, unfairly, for the drastic Depression of '29 due to the Stock

Market crash. Here, again, I say God Bless F.D.R., who saved the country from financial ruin.

I remember so well wanting to own a bike. Did pick up enough parts from the dump to build one. Had no tires, but with a large basket, it was good enough to carry papers on my paper route to the "boondocks." "Handy Andy" and "Colonel Korn" were my far-out customers. I was married when I got my first new bike — a Ranger I think, or was it Columbia?

How about the kites we made, the tails we experimented with, the colors we dyed on the paper we used, the fields and beaches we used? Hobbies: beachcombing, dump-picking, berrying, fishing, clamming, conkerwrinkling and cooking same. Who could build the best raft? Our own Maurice Lopes built the first cart with a brake. John "Cheroot" Costa designed jets 30 years before they were built. I wish I had saved some of those designs!

Lastly, we had sports. Basketball court at the center School (one basket), where we played one-on-one at times. My competitor was Victor "Barsh" Santos, friend and neighbor. When possible to arrange: football, baseball, and track on make-do fields — Colonel Korn's Field, Gonsalves Field, American Field, and Provincetown cemetery for track. In track, the Roda brothers shamed me. But if they had a 10-yard dash, I would have won.

Evans Field was often under water, as it is sometimes today. I remember years ago it was inundated and one could fish for carp.

"Sculling" — that, too, is another lost art, and gone are our fishing-rowing dories. Also, our "pungos" are gone ("Pungos," as we know, are not listed in the dictionary.)

We made our own fun. Life was a challenge. Imagination had to be at its best. Deprivation made better people of most of us, by my account.

What the Fourth of July really means

How well I remember! To us kids, the 4th of July meant the real beginning of summer — the days of swimming, of warm water, of crowds from the Dorothy Bradford, of diving for money, using Mother's allowance for spending on firecrackers at Will Taylor's special booth.

We had a choice of Bunch Crackers, Cherry Bombs, sparklers, Roman Candles, cap pistols with ammo, and other assorted goodies. I always kept money aside for a hot dog at Taylor's, which to this day can not be rivaled for taste.

I remember Will Taylor's admonition to us: "Don't set your crackers off around horses!"

Of course, all the action started at Lopes Square and along Railroad Wharf. It's funny the things that crop up in my mind regarding that area.: The front of the New York Store always seemed to be a meeting place for a conglomeration of individuals. Standing out in memory: Howard

Slade, born with a physical handicap and made fun of by some as "Lame Brains." Then we had "Willy Alley," a shriveled old man who survived on



selling pond lilies out of his wheelbarrow, and carried his baggage on same. He was also made fun of. I don't think Willy weighed 90 pounds. I never knew his real name or where he lived.

Fourth of July meant parades, bands playing on our esplanade, Portuguese dancing and Beachcomber and Artists Balls, baseball at Evans Field (Navy vs. locals for the most part; it seemed the Navy was always parked in our harbor).

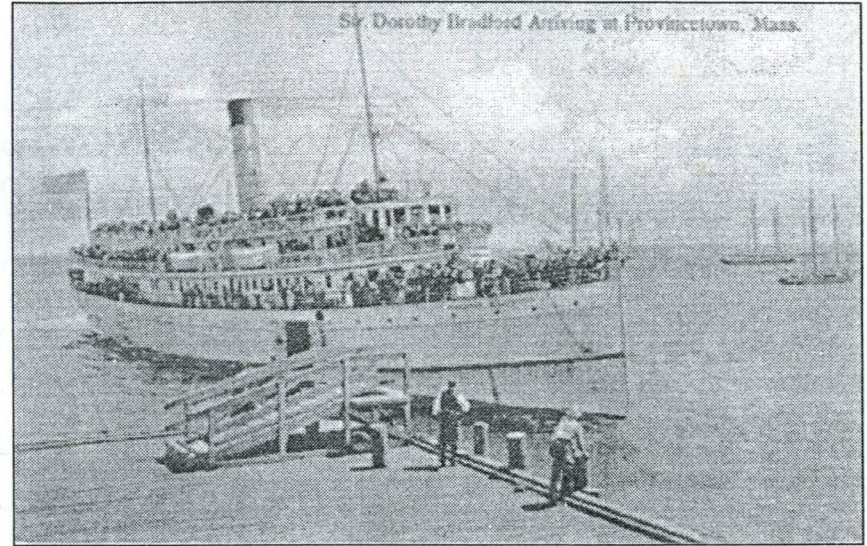
The town was bustling — no parking problems. Everyone seemed so congenial. Hawkers were prevalent — for Wong's Restaurant, the

Atlantic House, salt water taffy, hot buttered pop corn, and others.

Now, on a more serious note. Being an avid reader of U.S. history, as a kid I did gather that the 4th of July had to do with the American Revolution. Independence Day, it was called. I wonder if our kids of today know much of American history. 1776 is the date that stays in my mind, and here we are 220 years later and, excepting the families who have lost loved ones, we have a society that is mostly uncaring. How soon we forget.

I have seen the changes in our society through the years. I hope I don't live long enough to see George Washington and Abe Lincoln replaced by the \$ sign, in whatever form. I remember Mr. Khrushchev's statement in 1956: "We have no worry about the U.S. — they will devour themselves with their own greed," or words to that effect. Think about that!

Provincetown, fortunately, has always been blessed with caring people. It seems to be a catching thing, a



The Dorothy Bradford docks at Railroad Wharf.

sand-in-your-shoes principle.

My sadness is that there is no proper memorial to WWII veterans. This little town involved over 460 people in the war effort in one way or another. The old sign at Town Hall listing them disappeared in 1976. Is there a message there?

I do so remember the eloquent orations under canopies, the band music from our gazebo, and the

goose bumps of pride I felt for our nation, its struggles, inner conflicts. This country has survived. God blessed, I say.

May our 4th of July remind us, in part, of our war dead for a moment, and then go on as the celebration it should be — glee for the children, gala occasions for adults, dancing in the streets, band music, ball games, parades — and fireworks!

The railroad yards as I knew them

Since I lived in the area from 1926 to 1934, I had first-hand knowledge, acquired with the interest and curiosity of a youngster, of the comings and goings of our trains, be they freight or passenger.

"VIPs" used to come down, now and then, on a special car with yellow trim, as I recall. There was never anyone of import that I recognized. For the most part they were "New Yawkers," some from "Bawston." At times, being a strong boy, I carried baggage and gave directions. I don't recall taxis in the immediate area, but those that plied their trade were stationed in the Lopes Square area.

A name that stands out in my memory was "Tony" Roderick, with maybe the largest taxi in service — a touring Buick, I think. Tony stands out because he is the one who drove me, my mother and a friend interpreter to Mass. General Hospital in December 1927. Appendicitis, ready to burst, diagnosed by Dr. George Corea. There was snow and ice on the old Route 6, and it took us well over five hours to get there at the best speed Tony could muster.

Back to the R.R. Station. It always had a certain aura that con-

jured faraway places, far away times. Even then, everyone seemed so well to do. The smell that permeated the area as our steam engine huffed and puffed was, to me, like gunpowder run through steam.

On the other side towards Standish Street side extension, we had special carriers for sand from Day's

and a burlap bag to carry coal. Sainly me, I couldn't do that — I plied my coal trade on the beaches, the hard way.

When the R.R. people sold out, the station became a diner, which, I believe, did a good business while in existence. Presently, the whole area is owned by the Joe Duarte family. The old garage is rented out and the rest of the property is a parking area.

Lord, I have seen so many changes through life in my little town at the end of nowhere. Our R.R. did away with the horse and carriage and the stage coaches of the day. Our fish was shipped by freight. The passenger train had stops along the way to Boston, and from there you could get a transfer to "New Yawk."

We had a bustling town in the '20s and '30s. We had very few cars to contend with. Our "Dorothy Bradford" and "Steel Pier" filled the void for travelers from Boston. In my day, 1,600 passengers was the norm. When cars started coming down, we had a new set of circumstance and the problems we have today. Yes, today a train would do well — tsk, tsk.



sand pit. It seems our sand was of unusual quality and very much in demand back in them days. Us kids would jump from the platform onto the sand-loaded cars below, just for fun. A few years later, we earned top dollar trimming sand loaded on barges on R.R. Wharf. It was hard work to shovel the truckloads of sand coming in. Hey — 50 cents an hour was big money.

In the wintertime, employees of the railroad would look the other way when the coal-bearing cars were raided at night. Almost every family in need had a home-built cart

Shorefront memories, and then some

Memories that have stayed with me are very entrenched. Outstanding happenings in the '20s, for instance: The Puritan Cold Storage, fire burned it to the ground. The site: back of Cookie's Tap and Flyer's Boat Yard area. The name bandied about: "The Black Flash," a name that seemed to come up whenever arson was suspected. I think I was age six at the time.

Next: Stormy night, a Coast Guard cutter, the "Morrel," I think, broke its mooring and demolished Pinkert's Wharf. At the foot of Law Street on the Cross family property access, later Preston Hall's parking area, now owned by Elena Hall. Again, I think I was age six.

Then we have the disastrous S-4 sinking, a most unfortunate accident when a Coast Guard cutter rammed the sub as she was surfacing. The S-4 was holding exercises in the deep waters by Wood End. As I recall from listening to our dragger fishermen, they volunteered their services to the Navy, and felt that with several boats grappling the sub they could bring it to shoal water where divers could take over. The Navy refused! Result — all hands died. Ceremonies for this disaster have been held in honor of these Naval veterans at St. Mary of the Harbor Church since the '40s, and attended by our VFW Firing Squad these many years, along with dignitaries of various Naval institutions and family members of the deceased.

Next, we have the High School fire around 1929. Being on a hill with gale winds blowing, large em-

bers, even books, went flying, setting fire to the roof of the Methodist Church, now the Heritage Museum, and even further to set fire to the Eastern School (now the American Legion building), over a mile away. The school burned to the ground, and our present High School is at the same site.

I believe it was 1928 when I started diving for money "donated"



by passengers from the Dorothy Bradford and the Steel Pier. Those were the days of rum running and speakeasies. Fishing (in catches) was at its best. Our trap boats came in daily loaded with whiting and mackerel. Wharves that were standing, in my recollection (east to west): Consolidated Cold Storage, Pinkert's Wharf, Higgins-Hilliard's, Railroad Wharf, Sklaroff's, Colonial, Puritan, and Cape Cod. There were also a number of short piers. The Fisherman Cold Storage had a short pier and the Provincetown Cold Storage, also known as "Damn Franks," had no pier, as I recall. I do recall they had a large pipe steam discharge into the harbor.

(For many years, we had sewerage discharging into the harbor via wooden conduits all along our shore.)

The '20s and '30s were the best years for living off the land and sea.

I fished and clammed with my father, and with my sister I learned the art of picking berries, all kinds.

The '30s, especially, we had heavy snowfall, and at one time we had our harbor filled with ice from our shoreline to Long Point, and from Wellfleet down to our West End Breakwater. Floes were in excess of eight feet high. Some of the older kids crossed the ice pack all the way to Long Point. I dared to venture as far as the "gasoliner" moorings. I believe it was Irving Rosenthal, our neighbor two doors west, who took some terrific pictures of the floes at low tide.

Needless to say, I've seen my share of beached blackfish, whales, etc. Tons of squid would also beach themselves, chasing smelts.

Missing today are the schooners of yore, the coal barges, the three-masted "coasters" and sands barges loading up with our fine sand, the "booze" contraband loaded on R.R. Wharf, the Paddle Wheeler gambling casino, the Chinese junks (authentic) and the deluxe yachts of up to 90 feet or better — and a harbor full of sailing craft, visiting foreign ships (Portuguese, Swedish, etc.) who came often.

I also remember those balmy summer nights when we had half of our Atlantic fleet "parked" in the harbor, playing their searchlights in the sky for display.

Provincetown Harbor is a beautiful sight to see at high tide, a calm sea and a full moon reflecting on the water. Our sunrises, especially in October, are really beautiful, as are our sunsets by Race Point Light.

World War II veterans deserve memorial of their own

Scene: Being accepted as a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, being greeted by a few charter members of W.W.I vintage. I received a most warm welcome and immediately felt at home.

In no time at all, I was elected Junior Vice Commander. The Commander was "Friday" Cook, but because of illness, Danny took over since he was Senior Vice Commander. Danny was Commander until and through 1948. I became his Senior Vice Commander. We did a lot of traveling to different VFW posts on the Cape, especially to installations. That way, we had speaking acquaintances for years to come. I became Commander in 1949 through 1951. Dan and I did a lot of good work for the post.

(The first legitimate VFW quarters, as a building per se, was the former Conant School to the rear of the Bonnie Doone Restaurant, now Mussel Beach Emporium.)

It is my privilege to name our charter members. I don't think they have been listed in print. Memorial Day brought to mind D-Day, June 6-7, 1944, which brought to mind our original Veterans of Foreign

Wars members, so chartered. Sadly, they are all deceased now.

I knew 26 of the 30 listed:

1. Clarence R. Silva, our first VFW commander. 2. Joseph A. Marshall; 3. Antone Starr; 4. Manuel V. Raymond; 5. John "Bull" Enos; 6. Joseph DeCosta; 7. Edward Loring; 8. William Patrick; 9. Edgar F. Sawyer; 10. Joseph M. Days, Jr.; 11. Austin L. Rose, Sr.; 12. Henry J. Hanson; 13. Joseph P. Francis; 14. Edgar T. Edwards; 15. Harold E. Wilson; 16. John Rose; 17. Frank Souza; 18. Joseph Meads; 19. William O. Jensen; 20. Clarence F. Williams; 21. Frank Salles, Jr.; 22. Joseph M. Creamer; 23. Joseph C. Nunes; 24. John Rego; 25. Daniel E. McInnis; 26. John F. Cook; 27. Norman F. Somes; 28. Manuel F. Silva; 29. Ernest A. Edwards; 30. Lucien M. Bardsley.

Breakdown (mostly those I knew): Clarence Silva I knew, however, not as first commander. Joseph A. Marshall had a grocery store next to the Center School, a neighborhood convenience. Manuel V. "Sam" Raymond, a most attentive VFW member, had a strong

voice at meetings. He was a carpenter. John "Bull" Enos was a custodian at the VFW quarters. Joe De Costa ran the Harbor Lunch

Rose was a neighbor of mine on the corner of Brown Street and Frank "Hysterics" Souza, "Captain Hi," was my next door neighbor for years.

Joe "Zeke" Meads was my steadiest customer at the VFW club bar, and a cigar smoker to the end. He had one of our cats trained to do

his bidding! Good friend of mine.

Clarence Williams — won't repeat the nickname we gave him — was a constant companion with "Tram" Brown to the VFW club. We joked: about the blind leading the blind, as both had very poor eyesight. Both of them were very good friends of mine. I gave them both Braille wrist watches through a program I ran.

Danny McInnis: not enough can be said of this man. Not a bad bone in his body. He was jovial wherever he went, and had lots of friends.

"Pee Cee" Cook: At one time my

father-in-law. "Pee Cee" was a well-respected member of our society, an austere member of our water works department and a natural in our record-breaking (S.R.O.) minstrel show in 1947.

The rest of the 26 that I knew, I knew casually.

Not to be left out: the 56 charter members of the VFW Ladies Auxiliary, established September 1945.

Once again I repeat: it is shameful that this town has not replaced some sort of memorial to the 400-odd participants of World War II, notably the greatest war the world has ever witnessed. Per capita, there are very few cities or towns or even villages who can match our output of manhood and womanhood in this world effort.

Memorial Day rhetoric is fine, but just words, soon forgotten. W.W.II Veterans and heroes were at one time listed by the Town Hall main entrance with about 460 names listed on a wooden sign. That sign blew down in a storm around 1976-'77 and has not been replaced.

My town should hang its head in shame!



Restaurant. Austin L. Rose, the North Truro friend of "Sam" Raymond, was also a carpenter (at one time they worked together and on one job, I was their "lumper"). Joseph P. Francis was of estimable help to me when I owned Goval traps. He was a foreman at Sklaroff Wharf.

Edgar T. Edwards had a wash laundry facility at what was later the White Whale Club, down the alley behind the Old Colony Tap. Harold E. Wilson was noted in his day by his Tid Bit Cafe, next to our Bowling Alley. "Johnny Black"

6/6/96

Family Goveia — an introduction

I am Manuel Joseph "Cul" Goveia, brother to Grace Goveia Collinson, who has lived at the Manor these past nine years. My children: Steve Goveia, athletic director of the Barnstable school system, and Carl Goveia of B.Y.& D. Insurance Agency in town.

Needless to say, I'm proud of my two boys. They are happily married. Steve has three children: Lisa, the oldest and married; Laurie, my love, and Stephen of band fame on the Cape.

Lisa has been attached to the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute for years. Laurie is a member of the Christmas Tree Shops. Stephen has his own band and is a free lance artist. Laurie, to me, is an excellent artist in her own right. Painting animals is her favorite past-time.

On Carl's side, Patti is his wife and they have two children: Ross, three years of age and a sister, Nicole, 1-1/2 years; "lookers."

This is my Goveia Family as of now.

Sister Grace: as listed on her arrival to the United States: Graciete Leocadia Gouveia. Through the years, she Americanized our name to Goveia, dropping the "u". I've always called her "Pata," Portuguese for duck, a name to fit her walk. She probably was the most intelligent and a "do-gooder" for the down-trodden in the Town of Provincetown. I know she tutored children and adults who wished to become citizens during World War II, all for free. Grace was a school teacher, and taught mostly fifth and sixth grades, for 26 years.

The Town of Provincetown awarded Grace a plaque for services rendered and named the senior cen-

ter, the Grace Gouveia Building, in her honor. She was a "silent partner" in aiding Charlie Haggood in establishing our Boys Town back in the late '30s. I also have card copies of those persons that Grace helped get citizenship papers, 83 to be exact, for Portuguese, Greek, Irish, Italian, Chinese, German, Swedish, French,

All her life, she had given of herself. All my life, in communication with each other, we often fought ideology. She was outspoken and I was more a mediator. In exasperation one day she stated: "I should have been a priest!"

Now me: the only member born in Provincetown. A note: Mother (Maria Barbara, nee Lazaro) had eight pregnancies. Three died at early ages and three were miscarriages. Left over was Grace, second oldest and me, the youngest. I adapted quickly to the American way. I was in the top three, academically, all through



etc. She was fluent in German, French, Spanish, and of course, Portuguese. She often wrote letters to Portugal for friends of the family and others.

Grace was also our first senior citizen director and was forced to retire when she reached age 70-plus. She would be proud to see how far her efforts have progressed. Unfortunately, in her waning years, she suffered a series of mini strokes. So sad, because she once wrote of history, poems and her love of Provincetown.

There was a period of time that Grace was missing from me for six years. I had alerted the entire east coast police departments, listing sister as a missing person. I, on my own, located her through an old friend of hers on a far-out chance. She was tutoring for room and board in Cos Cob, Conn. I drove down in a snow storm to pick her up and brought her home after she called me. She had joined the Peace Corps, taught in the poor sections of Appalachia and then finished off tutoring in Harlem and subsidiaries.

school.

I married at age 17 and finished high school: a case where two teenagers were too "hot to trot." The wife was a sophomore, didn't finish school.

Sister Grace had saved for my further education but my wife begged me not to leave her. I stayed and did menial labor for the rest of my life, holding two and three jobs daily for a period of years.

To my credit, I coached Little League, intermittently, for about 20 years. From 1951 to 1953, I was an assistant and worked as a coach through 1979. I was a member of the Finance Committee in 1947; a School Committee member in 1970; chairman of the VFW Building Committee; Commander of the VFW from 1949 through 1951, and again in 1971 and 1972. I worked as a trap fisherman for years and was captain/owner of the trap boat Agnes & Stephania from 1953-56. On August 31, 1954, we were wiped out by Hurricane Carol. I lost a boat in the gale of Nov. 11, 1956.

Good sailing!