



Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2004

- Meet the Gazela
- An interview with Alice Joseph
- The Richard & Arnold
- Full Festival Schedule
- A Blessing History
- Images of Provincetown
- Remembering Charles Darby
- A Winning Trip to Portugal
and much more!

A Note From The Festival Team



The Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet Team is pleased to present this years long weekend, 57th Celebration of Provincetown's Heritage and Fishing community. We have redefined opening night to introduce an afternoon of activities. Thursday's opening will begin with a group of Portuguese artists displaying their work on Fishermen's Wharf while we await the arrival of the Gazela, a 177 foot Portuguese Barkentine. Both the art and the Gazela will be available throughout the Festival for the enjoyment of all. Opening night festivities will begin early and take place on the upper deck of the Provincia at Fishermen's Wharf, offering a spectacular panoramic view of our beautiful harbor and shoreline. Our hope is that the earlier start will allow more people to attend and enjoy the music and Portuguese food in a relaxing atmosphere.

The rest of this years' celebration will showcase new events as well as time-honored favorites. More family and children's entertainment will take place on Ryder Street and we are honored to have Bishop George Coleman of Fall River to celebrate fishermen's Mass at St. Peter's Church and to preside at the Blessing of the Fleet on Sunday. Another new activity is the "Introduction To Portuguese Wines" that will be offered at the Festival's Food Court.

While we have made some changes and additions, many favored attractions will return. The Festival Parade will have more entries, FADO, the stirring music of Portugal will again delight; children's games will be back; and Nelia will perform on Friday evening. Homecoming will continue to provide the opportunity for old friends to indulge in nostalgia and enjoy the beauty and heritage of Provincetown.

We hope you enjoy the Festival as much as we have enjoyed putting it together.

The Portuguese Festival Team

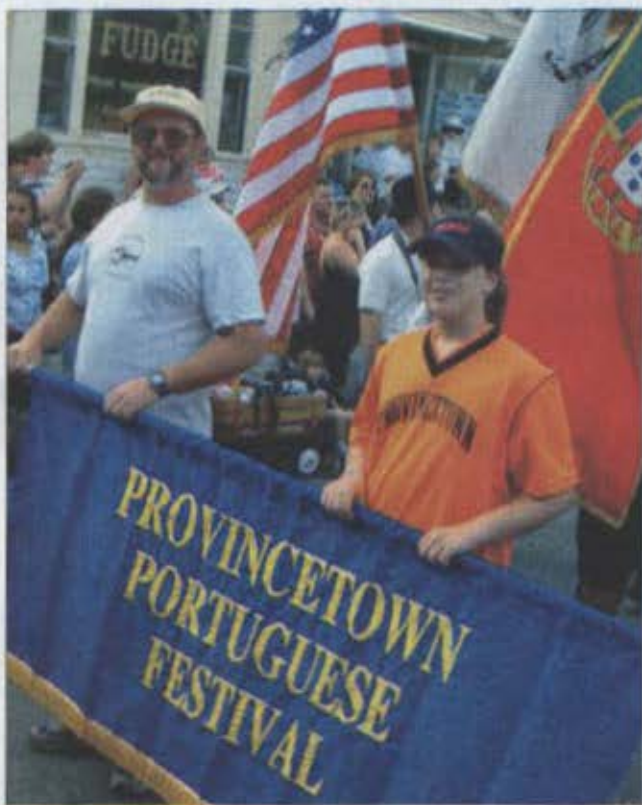
<i>Susan Avellar</i>	<i>Manreen Hurst</i>
<i>Sheila Colburn</i>	<i>Lori Meads</i>
<i>Betty Costa</i>	<i>Don Murphy</i>
<i>Liliana DeSouza</i>	<i>Mark Silva</i>
<i>Yvonne DeSouza</i>	<i>Paul Silva</i>

**Special
Thank You
to...**

Rex McKinsey
Luis Ribas

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Gazela

Welcome aboard the

Gazela

Rig:	Barkentine
Year Built:	1883
Length Overall	177'
Length on Deck	150'
Beam	27'
Draft	17'
Displacement	636 Tons
Sail Area	12,000 sq. feet
Power	Caterpillar, 540 HP

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Now owned and operated by the Philadelphia Ship Preservation Guild, Gazela sails blue water from the Canadian Maritimes to the Caribbean and dockside attraction for maritime festivals and special events.

*One week after this interview,
Alice Joseph passed away.*

*Although crippled with
debilitating arthritis, she was a
giant among women.*

*Alice managed to be
wife, mother, grandmother,
librarian and activist with
dignity and grace.*

*With the map of Ireland on
her face, she became a vital part
of the Portuguese community,
proving that marriages
often create a wonderful
mix of cultures.*

She will be sorely missed.



An interview with

ALICE JOSEPH

By Courtney Hurst

After receiving her bachelor's degree in social work from Emmanuel College, Alice Joseph, like so many college students and graduates, came to Provincetown bound to have the best summer of her life. Almost sixty years later, I sit with my grandmother in her house at 119 Bradford Street and it's hard to believe that Nana, Provincetown librarian for seventeen years and mother of three lifetime Provincetown locals, was once a self-proclaimed "summer girl".

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Q. *Why did you come to Provincetown?*

A. "I came to Provincetown with friends after we graduated from college. I wanted to be placed in a hospital for alcoholics the following fall, but they thought I was too naive and hadn't been exposed to enough alcoholism. I told them to hold their decision until late-summer and I headed to Provincetown to get a job at what I thought was the toughest bar in town.

"My friends and I rented an apartment on the beach. The place has since burned down but I can still remember how grand it was to swim each day after work. It was right in town, next to the bar where I met your grandfather.

"I really did think I was a summer girl, but here I am all these years later."

Q. *What was it like here in the 1940's?*

A. "It was a wonderful time! The war had just ended, we had won and there was a spirit of joy and optimism everywhere you turned.

"I met *Ciro Cozzi* right away. *Ciro* had been an officer in the army and was using his GI money to study art in Provincetown. There was a whole circle of them, plus the local boys - All of them home from the war and ready to start their lives. They were buying houses and fishing boats. We felt like we ruled the world -

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We were young, had money and opportunity, and we wanted to make the world better.

"Provincetown was a wonderful place to be."

Q. *Had you ever been here before?*

A. She smiles, "No. I had heard it was a wild town full of artists and fishermen, and neither group was noted for their morality."

Q. *When did you meet VoVo?*

A. "I met him on my first night in town. I was working at what is now The Old Colony Tap. I

was bound to have the best summer of my life. We felt like everything had to be done in that one summer to make up for the war years. We would dance all night – We were working hard and playing hard."

My grandmother smiles at me with the eyes of an excited girl in her early twenties, experiencing Provincetown for the first time. As Nana speaks of her first summer I can't help but think of some of my dearest friends who, like Nana, came to Provincetown to work in summer restaurants but fell in love with the town and now consider it home.

One thing is for sure with all my friends, those "summer kids" or my best friends from

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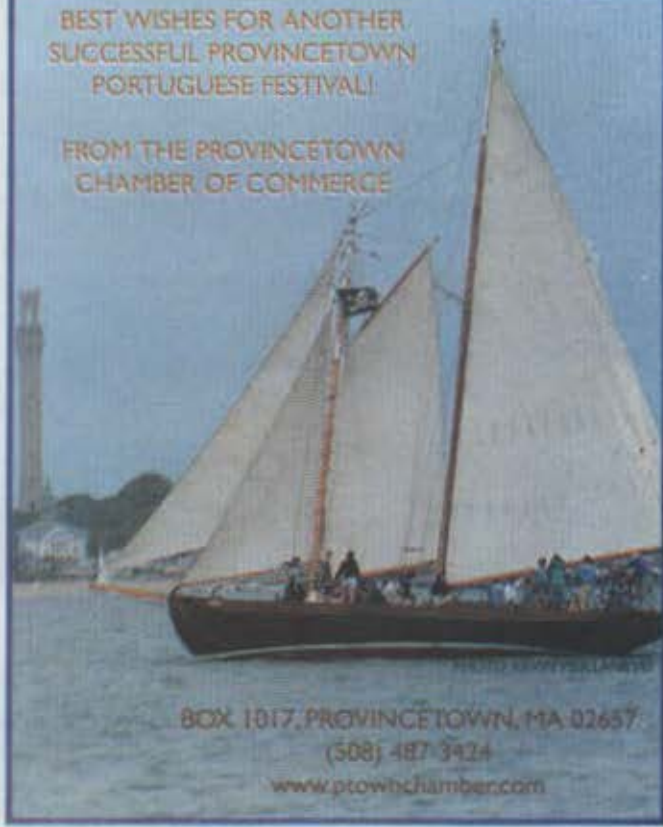
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Provincetown High School, they all try to plan their Provincetown vacations around the last weekend in June. Blessing of the Fleet, Portuguese Festival – Call it what you like, but from my grandmother's generation to my own, it's considered the best weekend of the summer, bringing together friends and family to celebrate our fishing fleet and the town around it.

At the end of my grandmother's summer in Provincetown she did in fact get on the Boston boat, headed home to work at the hospital as planned. But as she stood on the boat's stern, waving and crying to my grandfather who was standing on the wharf, she realized that the only place she wanted to be was in

Provincetown. They were married in the fall of 1948. And that is how my grandmother went from being a summer girl, to the wife of a Provincetown local and a fisherman.

“My first years in town were the first years of the Blessing of the Fleet.

“Any fisherman and his family know that there is a huge amount of work that goes into a boat before it is actually ready to fish. It was the younger fishermen who finally spoke up and said they wanted some compensation. They said, ‘Hey, if we're doing all this work than we should be rewarded in some way.’ And that's how the Blessing of the Fleet began.

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"Those were wonderful years. We would have huge banquets with wonderful dinners and twelve-piece bands for dancing. Everyone dressed up - It was lovely.

"During the first year when the band started putting their instruments away we went around to everyone and took up a collection for three more songs. We could have danced all J4 night - No one wanted the night to end!

"We knew in the next couple days our husbands were leaving for 8-10 day fishing trips, so the band's last song was "Via Condios - Go with God."

My grandmother starts singing its lyrics, "Go

with God, my Darling. Go with God, my love" and I can see from the look in her eye that she is no longer sitting with me in her living room, she is dancing under the stars on a hot summer night.

Q. *When did you take the position of librarian for the town?*

A. "When Anthony (her youngest child) was in high school I took the job."

Q. *How long were you the librarian?*

A. "Seventeen years."

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PROVINCETOWN

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Q. *Is that when you became active at the New England Fisheries meetings?*

A. "I became active at the New England Fisheries meetings with the '200 Mile Limit' legislation.

"I applied for grants that allowed me to travel to the meetings which were all over the New England states. I didn't get paid but my travel expenses were covered.

"I thought it was important for the fisherman to know what was going on during those meetings and debates so I went to them and recorded what happened. Then, my dear friend Mildred Bent would type the notes up,

we would Xerox them and distribute them to all Provincetown voters."

At this point, my grandfather enters the room and she encourages him to sit with us.

Q. *When did you start fishing, VoVo?*

A. "I started when I returned home from the war. None of our fathers wanted us to fish, but we had to. We came home, started families and needed to make money.

"I have fished on close to every boat in the fleet, doing everything from dragging to scalloping."

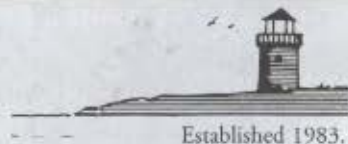
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Q. What was your best Blessing of the Fleet?

A. "If I had to choose than I would say the year we came out of the service was my favorite, but they were all good. They were all good because all the fishermen showed up and participated. The captains used to tell us if we don't show up to the church to march than don't show up on Monday morning to fish."

Q. Weren't the fleets so much bigger then?

A. "Oh, sure - The fleets were bigger with over 300 men between all the boats."

Q. As a fisherman, what is your favorite part of the Blessing?

A. Going to the mass with all the other fishermen. But, we always had a good time at the parties and playing baseball, too. It was always the crews v. the captains.

Q. Who won?

A. He laughs to himself, "The crews did - The captains were too old, they couldn't run as fast as we could."

My grandfather's face softens, "We were a brotherhood and we looked out for each other."

Q. Are there any secret rituals that us outsiders don't know about?

A. "Well, when I started working on the Sea Fox we had a great crew. When the captain wasn't looking we went up behind him and threw him overboard." He laughs, "Then, while you were laughing at him, another guy would come up behind you and toss you overboard - We all ended up in the water!"

Q. Do you miss it?

A. "Yes, everyday. This land stuff is for the birds. When you are fishing you are your own man, you are your own person - You depend on yourself and the guys with you. We trusted each other."

Q. Have a lot of the men you fished with passed on?

A. "Oh yeah, a lot of them - Most of the guys I fished with are gone now. There are very few of us left. Now we're considered the 'old timers'."

Q. Do you still look forward to the Blessing, or is it more bitter than sweet?

A. They both answer immediately, "Oh, of course we still look forward to it! And, Maureen (their daughter, my mother) is on the committees which makes us so happy and proud - It is nice to see that our children are still working hard to preserve what was once so important to us." □

Welcome to the Eighth Annual PROVINCETOWN PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL

June 24-June 27, 2004

OPENING NIGHT THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 2004

- Noon Portuguese Culture Exhibit at the Fishermen's Wharf
 - 4 pm - 6 pm Arrival and Reception On the Schooner Gazela at Fishermen's Wharf
 - 6 pm - 10:30 pm Opening Night Reception with Live Music on the Provincia overlooking Provincetown from Fishermen's Wharf
- Tickets for Gazela+Provincia Receptions \$30 p.p. or \$15 for Provincia reception only

Muito obrigado!

Friday June 25th

- 10 am - Noon Captain Manny Phillips Fishing Derby at Fishermen's Wharf
- Noon - 3 pm Dory Bar Blues Band at Bas Relief
- Noon - 4 pm Portuguese Soup Tasting at Bas Relief • \$5 p.p.
- Noon - 4 pm Portuguese Wine Tasting at Bas Relief • \$5 p.p.
- Noon - 5 pm Music, Clowns and more at Ryder Street
- 3 pm - 6 pm Live Entertainment on Ryder Street
- 5 pm - 9 pm Homecoming Clam Feed at Bas Relief • \$20 p.p.
- 6:30 pm - 10 pm Live Music on Ryder Street.
- 10 pm - 1 am Homecoming Night at the Surf Club
Willie & the Poor Boys - No Cover

Visit the Gazela all weekend!

SATURDAY JUNE 26TH

- 9 am - Noon Kids Games and Cookout - Motta Field
- 11:30 - 7:30pm Food Court at Bas Relief
- 1:30 Live Music on Ryder Street.
- 1:30 - 3:30 pm Traditional Portuguese Dancers - Ryder St.
- Noon - 4 pm Portuguese Wine Tasting at Bas Relief • \$5 per person
- 4:00 - 5:00 pm Children's Concert with the Toe Jam Puppet Band on Ryder Street
- 5:00 pm Festival 2004 Parade (Cape Inn to Franklin St)
- 6:00 - 12 am Block Dance with Live Music on Ryder Street
- 7:30 - 9:30 Fado Concert on Fishermen's Wharf

Something for Everyone From 9 to 90!

SUNDAY JUNE 27TH

- 10:30 am - 11:30 Mass at St. Peters Church
- Noon - 1pm Procession to MacMillan Pier
- 1 pm Blessing Of The Fleet
- Band Concert / Portuguese Dancers



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Vessel Name:

Richard & Arnold

Owner:	DW Dutra ~ North Truro, MA
Vessel Service:	Commercial Fishing Vessel
Trade Indicator:	Fishery
Hull Material:	Wood
Hull Yard & Address:	Fairhaven, MA
Hailing Port:	Boston, MA
Year Built:	1934
Length:	52.2 feet
Hull Depth:	5 feet
Hull Breadth:	14.5 feet
Gross Tonnage:	23
Net Tonnage:	16



First Annual Blessing of the Fleet June 27, 1948

Boats In Order of Procession

This list appeared in the July 1, 1948 edition of the Provincetown Advocate. We have tried to provide the names of the Captain's of each vessel, where possible. As there is no official list, the names came from the memories of locals who were there. We apologize if any errors occurred and would love to fill in where incomplete or be corrected if we have made a mistake.

Three of Us - Captain Ernest Tarvers and Crew

Reneva - Captain Salvador Vasques and Crew

Victory II - Captain Manuel Macara and Crew

New England- Captain Martin and Crew

Liberty - Captain Henry Passion and Crew

Francis Elizabeth - Captain Joaquin Rivers and Crew

Lillian B - Captain James Souza and Crew

Mary M - Captain Edmund Gill and Crew

Emelia R - Captain Johnny Gaspa and Crew

Clara M - Captain Domingos Godinho and Crew

Dawn - Captain Frank Raymond and Crew

Wallace & Ray - Captain Wallace O'Donnell and Crew

Mellene II - Captain and Crew

Aerolite - Captain Manuel Thomas and Crew

Richard & Arnold - Captain Frank Parsons and Crew

Stella - Captain Manuel Santos and Crew

Rosemary - Captain and Crew

Yankee - Captain Arthur Duarte and Crew

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Nancy B - Captain Burch and Crew

Victoria - Captain George Adams and Crew

Santa Treza - Captain and Crew

Elmardo - Captain Frank Silva and Crew

Jennie B - Captain John Santos and Crew

Cape Cod - Captain Manuel Phillips and Crew

Pilhasca - Captain Francis "Khaki" Captiva
and Crew

Jessie Dutra - Captain Frank Prada and Crew

Martha Lee - Captain Sylvester Carter and Crew

Wellington - Captain and Crew

Elsie - Captain Charlie Holloway and Crew (Fuel Boat)



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Atlanta - Captain Walter Harding and Crew
Dolora M - Captain Frank Corea,
Captain John Mendes and Crew
John David - Captain John Russe and Crew
Viola D - Captain Manuel Dutra and Crew
Queen Mary - Captain Anthony Russell and Crew
Francis & Marion- Captain Sylvester Santos and Crew
Liberty Belle - Captain Frank Parsons and Crew
Speedboat - Captain Johnny Merrill and Crew
Mary Madelyn - Captain Clarence Santos and Crew
Perry Bros - Captain Frank Perry and Crew
Cormorant - Captain Charlie Bennett and Crew
Harbor Bar - Captain Crawley and Crew
Nordic - Captain and Crew

Eleanor - Captain and Crew
Laura - Captain and Crew
Sonya - Captain and Crew
Sea Fox - Captain Manuel "Below" Henrique and Crew
Bocage - Captain Oliver and Crew
Shirley & Roland- Captain Louis Salvador and Crew
4-H-387- Captain and Crew
James M. Burke - Captain O' Donnell and Crew
Brother Joe - Captain Frank Reis and Crew
Judy & Tony - Captain Anthony Costa and Crew
Sea Runt - Captain and Crew
Caroline - Captain Billy Cabral and Crew
Katherine II- Captain Bud Doyle and Crew □

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In Keeping with Tradition - A Blessing History

By
Yvonne
deSousa

In 1947 there was no Blessing of the Fleet in Provincetown. Unless you were over the age of five in 1947 that fact may be incomprehensible to you. This celebration has been so integral to the very existence of our seaside community for so long, picturing the summer season without it is unimaginable. But in the year of 1947 two local men heard about a ceremony dedicated to supporting and blessing its fishermen and they knew they had to check it out as Provincetown was a community that definitely supported and blessed its fishermen. The fishing fleet was the community. If you weren't a fisherman or a family member of one, you were a friend or a neighbor of one. You were fed by them, you went to Church with them, you drank

with them, you worried about their safety and prosperity in difficult times.

So in 1947 Domingos Godinho and Arthur Bragg Silva visited Gloucester's celebration and within a year, a Provincetown tradition was born. Godinho and Silva formed a committee and brought the idea to the local Church, the fishermen, and the town. All were in agreement that this ceremony had to begin here. When was the last time an idea arose and the entire town supported it? The committee chose the last Sunday in June as it was fairly close to St. Peter's feast day. St. Peter, the patron saint of our Catholic

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Church, had been a fisherman. They then put out a book to sell ahead of time to help financially insure the event. Activities were planned, boats were painted and brightly decorated, and food was prepared. The entire town stopped functioning for the day and to say that the First Annual Blessing of the Fleet was a success would be such an understatement that it would almost be insulting.

On June 27, 1948, fifty-five vessels were blessed by the Most Rev. James E. Cassidy, Bishop of the Fall River Diocese. He told the assembled crowd of hundreds that "Though fish are abundant, there are few who have the hardihood to find them, for the sea offers dangers, weariness, and hardships. Though the harvest is great, the harvesters are few."

In addition to Bishop Cassidy, in attendance were Rev. Leo J. Duarte, Pastor of St. Peter the Apostle Church, two Chaplains, twenty other Reverends from all over the Fall River Diocese, one representative from the Portuguese Embassy in Washington D.C., and Dr. Deodato Carvalho, Portuguese Consul, Boston. The altar boys were young men of the town



History photos courtesy of Pilgrim Monument Provincetown Museum

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whose names most of us would recognize today. The U.S. and Portuguese anthems were played. Appropriately, the title of the Portuguese National Anthem is Herois do Mar, which translates as "Heroes of the Sea."

Over the next ten years the event continued to grow. Captains had stately blue and gold banners made with the name of their vessel. These banners would be carried by Captain and crew during the procession to the Church and from the Church to the town pier. Large donations came in from all over including the fish buyers in New York and Boston. Boats were painted yearly, nets and fish boxes were washed and stacked to be used for seats. Weeks in

advance, wives would place their food orders from Nelson's market. Each family contributed hundreds of sandwiches and Portuguese sweets. Also necessary for the celebration were sardines, linguica, and ice, tons of ice. Each boat required two barrels of ice, one for the beer and one for the soda for the kids. Families and friends (some from very far away) would work with the wives on preparing all the food. The preparation was a party in itself with music, reminiscing, and tall tales. The weekend would be filled with festive events. The most raucous would be the clam feed with music by the locally famous Linguica Band whose members included Loring Russell, Anthony Russell, Frank Aresta, and Joe Trovato to name a few. This was with-

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out a doubt THE party of the year. The town also hosted games in and over the harbor. Over the harbor was the Grease Pole- horizontally suspended over the water and off of the pier. The winner was the talented and possibly foolish soul who could walk to the end of the pole and back. For those who even dared to consider it, the position of the tide was a huge factor. It could be a fun sport at high tide but somewhat terrifying at low. In the harbor were the dory races, less a competition than a mark of pride. At that time, boats tied up at moorings and the man who could row to his the fastest carried that honor for a long time. Since

the breakwater wasn't built until 1952, there was a lot of room to maneuver the race in the early years. The other lucky winner was the person whose name was called during the raffle. Chevrolet would sell the committee a new car for half of its cost. The car would be placed in the square for weeks in advance and tickets would be sold. The raffle was drawn at the Fishermen's Dinner. The dinner took place at the Provincetown Inn and was a formal event for the men and their wives only. For many in the Fleet, it was the only time of year they would put on a suit. Also taking place during the weekend was the Breeches Buoy demonstration by the Coast Guard. Chief Boatswains



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Mate of the Wood End Station, John C. Corea, was a local who had been a fisherman himself. He knew the importance and the spiritual gains of participating in the event. He, himself, would make sure the motored wooden lifeboat was blessed alongside the fishing vessels.

The Mass on the Sunday was standing room only and after Mass, the clergy, St. Peter and the fishermen made their way from Church to the pier in majestic fashion. While the Mass was solemn, the activities were festive. Lighter business was the boat party after the actual blessing. Once the food and beverages were loaded, families and friends climbed aboard. After that, anyone so inclined could hop on as well.

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"When my great-grandparents came to the United States of America from Portugal, they came to Provincetown because they needed work and my great-grandfathers could fish."

- **Derek Menangas**, PHS grade 11

"I remember I took part in carrying out the local tradition of jumping off McMillan Wharf in the summer, persuading tourists to throw money in the water and then diving for the coins and getting to keep them."

- **Liana Papaleo**, PHS grade 11

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■ continued from page 24

Most boats could carry fifty to seventy people and the Captains often took out special insurance policies for the occasion. Total strangers who knew a good time when they saw it were invited. The boats were blessed in a colorful procession at sea and then they would head out to Long Point for a feast and a good time. Sometimes the local priests would come out as well. At some point someone would get thrown in and once one person was thrown in, many others would go over as well, willingly or not. Many tourists didn't know what they were in for when they hopped on board. Often there would be over one hundred people in the shallow but still June cold water off of Long Point.

This was how the party went until the Blessing of June 30, 1957. The 10th Annual Blessing of the Fleet

began with bright skies but as the vessels began lining up, a very black storm cloud moved in. The Most Rev. James L. Connolly, Bishop of the Archdiocese of Fall River cut short his sermon by stating "he hoped the Good Lord would be good to the fishermen, and spare them from unfortunate accidents and return them from their fishing trips in good health and spirits." Before he could bless each individual vessel, a fierce early summer storm hit with torrential rain, thunder, lightening, and high winds. Boats that hadn't been blessed yet tied up to the pier but many had already moved out and chose to wait out the storm in the shelter of the Point. It was estimated that there were fifteen to twenty thousand people in town for this weekend and many were on the boats in the harbor, boats that were swaying dramatically with the winds. Some people panicked and crews moved some

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to the fishhold for their safety but to also get them out of the way. The story of this day offered a divine message for the locals and visitors- it may look like a party but there is a real reason and a real need for this ceremony. It seemed an appropriate way to mark the first ten years with an unexpected storm and the marvel that no one was hurt. The Lord provided protection, the Captains and crews brought skill and seamanship, and all walked away from the experience with an even greater respect for those who made a living at sea.

In the years since, this sacred rite has become so huge that it touches all of us directly or indirectly. When I was old enough to appreciate it (and that was probably by the age of five or six), I didn't know the daily toll of fishing within my own family. My grandfather's had long since retired from it (one to his hometown of Olhao, Portugal and the other to run a guesthouse on Johnson street) and my father and uncles had gone the way of land careers. But our family history and growing up here gave me an apprecia-

tion for the way of life. I learned early that the only weather report you could trust was from Captain Salvador who lived across from me on Arch street. I knew that on Christmas Eve our friend Raymond would tell the best stories of being out at sea. I knew that my parents' friends would often bring fresh fish to the door. I knew the family stories of waiting by the radio during bad weather and I knew that many of my friends often waited for their fathers and brothers as well. I knew the names of all the boats in the fleet and witnessed the grief of the entire community when three tragically did not return from voyages. And I knew the greatness of the Blessing of the Fleet- even as a child nothing compared to the dignity of the procession and the joy of going out on friend's boats for the celebration.

Now all these years later, some things remain the same about the event. St. Peter still makes his grand

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way down the pier, whether he is carried or driven. Boats line up to be blessed and thousands come to our small pier to witness it. Mass is said, the town is decorated, and parties, games and celebrations go on all over town all weekend long. You can't walk downtown without seeing the distinctive Portuguese flag everywhere and the week before all the differing cultures among us are suddenly craving Kale soup, linguica, trutas and a damn good clam feed. The committee still breathes a huge sigh of relief the Tuesday after the weekend. That lasts about one week and then preparations begin anew for the next year. Friends return every year to be a part of this live energy and Provincetown's sons and daughters return home with new loved ones in tow. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that more people come home on this

weekend than they do on December 24th. This tradition hasn't stopped for fifty-seven years although at times it slowed a bit, only to be revived the following year. Eventually it became what it is today, a Portuguese Festival highlighting the Blessing of the Fleet and honoring both our Portuguese backgrounds and history at sea.

Consistently drastic fishing regulations, competition with much larger vessels, high insurance premiums and boat maintenance fees, and the ever fluctuating market prices make this way of life a labor of love. It has been a long time since it was a labor of love and a labor of profit. In addition our small fleet faces disputes over pier management and dock fees. Boats and crews are smaller. Everything about fishing seems smaller except the regulations, the fees, and the

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power of the great sea. Our fleet may not be as grand as it once was and for this reason, it needs its community's blessing and support more than ever. In a 1997 Provincetown Arts Magazine article titled Faith, Toleration, Diversity, Stephen Burgard wrote "To insure its future, the town must pay homage to the contributions that family, custom, and tradition have made as foundations for its flourishing." For your spirit, for your heritage, for a local industry that arises from the very lifeline of our history, come out and celebrate the Blessing of the Fleet/Portuguese Festival this year. It may not be quite what it once was, but its ours and its importance to the community should continue to grow as each vessel leaves our safe harbor in the search for livelihood. ☐

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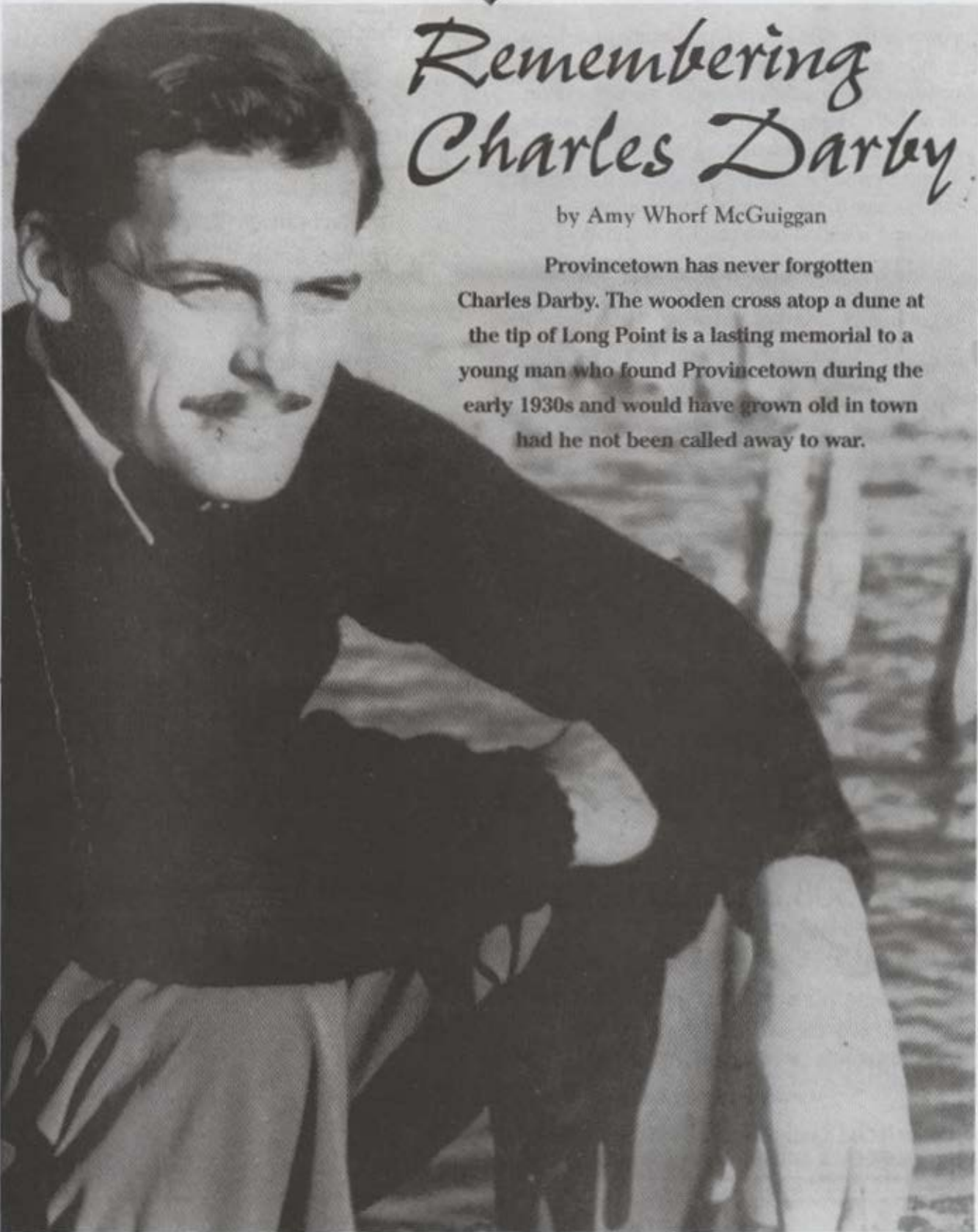
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Remembering Charles Darby

by Amy Whorf McGuiggan

Provincetown has never forgotten Charles Darby. The wooden cross atop a dune at the tip of Long Point is a lasting memorial to a young man who found Provincetown during the early 1930s and would have grown old in town had he not been called away to war.

Why fascination with Darby began in earnest some dozen years ago, but I first heard his name more than thirty-five years ago when Sal Del Deo told a gathering on the patio of Sal's Place that the cross, which we could see clearly across the harbor, was a tribute to Darby, a fellow artist and Beachcomber.

The vagarious Darby was destined to find Provincetown. A soft-spoken southerner, he arrived in town by motorcycle and found a dazzling Mediterranean light, clear briny air, narrow streets puddled with vagrant sands, spindly wharves and unpretentious gardens. He found a place with little regard for social amenities, a place with a light-hearted dolce far niente atmosphere that suited his own temperament. He found, too, a town whose creative brew was at the height of its boil.

Darby's quick wit and intellect, not to mention his matinee idol looks, endeared him to many, especially the women. It was said that he was probably too handsome to become a disciplined painter. His time at the easel was limited and often interrupted. He made friends easily and was, by all accounts, exceedingly good company. At the Beachcombers Club, a male fraternity of artists and patrons of the arts who met every Saturday in a dilapidated clubhouse called the Hulk, Darby found the same camaraderie and bohemian spirit that he had tried to nurture a few years earlier when he opened the Pelican Club, a one room, BYOB hang out for artists in Washington, D.C.

My quest to learn more about Darby took me from the late Bruce McKain, a contemporary friend

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of Darby, and Jim Zimmerman, the archivist at the Provincetown Art Association, to Beachcomber scrapbooks, military files and, finally, to wartime officers and buddies – including Darby's pilot, Jess Harrison – from the 77th Squadron, 435th Troop Carrier Group.

Called away from his Eden during the summer of 1942, the thirty-four year-old Darby was assigned as a Radio Operator to the 77th. He joined Harrison's crew in Sedalia, Missouri in May, 1943, and then proceeded for duty and assignment to England. The squadron's distinguished history included five major Airborne Operations in Europe, including D-Day. Day-to-day, the 77th towed gliders, dropped paratroopers and transported gasoline, food and supplies to Allied armies.

Jess Harrison, who lives in Connecticut, remembers Darby as everyone else did, completely at home anywhere, a real charmer, even a little mischievous. There was the weekend that he was picked up by MPs in London. Out of uniform, he was wearing a Derby and twirling a cane. Harrison bailed him out.

Another weekend, with Harrison away on a



pass, Darby painted the nose of their C-47 with a voluptuous blond he named the Urgan' Virgin. Much to Darby's surprise, Harrison loved the artwork and though urged by superiors to have it

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rapidly toward the rear," the crew, with the exception of Harrison and Lt. Philip Sebek, bailed out over Holland. Harrison continued on course, released the glider at the landing zone, and then bailed out with Sebek. Badly burned, Harrison was hospitalized for fifteen months, then returned to the States where he was awarded the Silver Star, Purple Heart and Distinguished Flying Cross. He never again saw Charles Darby.

Darby and Sgt. Emilio Giacomini parachuted onto a field, near the landing zone (decades later when Harrison was reunited with Giacomini and was told of my quest, Giacomini remembered Darby singing Carry Me Back to Old Virginny as they floated down) and spent the night in a

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ditch, covered with leaves, under barbed wire. The next morning, on foot, the two worked their way south and east, rendezvousing with 435th glider pilots. After hitch-hiking to Brussels, Darby and Giacomini caught a C-47 back to England.

Less than a month later, on October 17, 1944, Darby was again flying on the Urgin' Virgin, a resupply mission to the continent. At the controls was 2nd Lt. Andrew Jordan. Weather conditions on the continent were excellent, but marginal over the English Channel. Other pilots made the decision to stay grounded, but Jordan opted to

return to England. The plane crashed into a hillside and burst into flames between the small towns of Poynings and Fulking. All four crew members were killed instantly.

Word of Darby's death reached the Beachcombers by way of a telegram from Darby's father to my grandfather, John Whorf, one of Darby's close friends. In the confusion of wartime, the telegram said simply, MY SON DIED ON THE 17th SOMEWHERE OVER HOLLAND. WILLIAM R. DARBY.

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Within days, a more detailed letter from Mr. Darby arrived at the Hulk. Pregnant with sadness, the letter contained a pained request, that a plaque might be fastened to a stone and set, overlooking the ocean, in the lonesome sand dunes of which Charles had spoken incessantly, a memorial to an unsung soldier.

"I only thought it would in some small way tie more closely Charles to his beloved Provincetown," wrote Mr. Darby.

The Beachcombers resolved to select a spot and erect a monument "to an unsung soldier who loved the dunes." At six bells, on a clear October afternoon in 1946, a cross built by Phil Malicoat, Roger Rilleau and John Whorf of old railroad ties, with a bronze plaque fashioned by Bill Boogar, was

dedicated on the lawn at the Provincetown Art Association, just steps away from the Hulk where Charles had shared the esprit of so many Saturday evenings. Some years later the cross was removed to Long Point where it was set into a sand hill, liberal with wild dune roses. Mr. Darby's wish for his son had been fulfilled.

All these years later, Beachcombers too young to remember Charles make the pilgrimage to Long Point every summer. They climb the loose dune and reposition the Darby cross. Like the Beachcombers Club, the cross is about continuity, about keeping a memory alive. If the Beachcombers do not remember Darby, who will? Only they and the dwindling ranks of the 77th hold any memory.

A new plaque has been fashioned for the cross with this simple epigraph:



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Images of Provincetown

Jenna Morris, PHS grade 12

The traditions and pride. The elderly and young. The good times with the bad.

Still it goes on. The quiet winters and crowded summers. And the mix of both in the spring and fall. The hustle and bustle of a small town. Breath taking sights. Some shocking too.

The way the wind silently blows the pale green beach grass around creating little circles in the sand that look like water drops. The way looking

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over one shoulder shows the glistening sapphire blue ocean, and over the other shows the town and harbor that it thrives on. The way that the blue sky mixes with a brilliant array of oranges, pinks, and reds of a Provincetown sunset.

Walking across the bay on a pile of rocks. The gulls and birds flying overhead. Ducks gliding along the water and dipping under out of sight. Canoes that glide through the water along the marshes natural paths. Seeing a blue heron flying past.

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kite. Stores you've gone to since you can remember.

The bonfires on the beach with your friends and families. Maybe even just alone with a loved one. The water's always there to cool you off when you need it. Boats that pass by while you lay on the beach.

The school that is open to everyone. The teenagers always having some function going on. A sporting event to watch, and the teams making it to the championships. The musical, filling the auditorium with fans from near and far. The senior play, always looking for the laugh. The yearbook that is given out to businesses in the community. Always a fundraiser, concert, and that red carpet prom.

A friendly face every time you turn. Simple solitude of the dune shacks. Colorful characters

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Getting onto one of the boats and going out into the ocean. Spotting the different types of fish, and watching the whales dance in the water.

Fishermen that go out of their way to supply our restaurants and stores with the simple delicacies of the sea that everyone wants. The families who stay at home and wait for their return.

Such a place to live and grow, such a place to find. Where else would you be able to know where

everyone is and at what time? Knowing who you can turn to and those who you might want to learn to know. Where else could you find such a beautiful place in this day and time? □

The students in the Provincetown Junior-Senior High School were given an assignment to write an essay about growing up in Provincetown, what it's like to be Portuguese, or their memories of past Portuguese Festivals and Blessings of the Fleet. Those of us who read the essays found it a pleasant task. The insights, thoughts and maturity shown were inspiring and selecting the overall winner was difficult. We are pleased to include the winning essay in this years commemorative book.

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The arch of triumph leading into the Praça do Comercio.

Visiting the old country

By Sue Harrison

In the airplane's quiet hum dawn arrived almost unannounced, nothing more than a smear of red on the horizon. But down below, a string of islands appeared in the mid Atlantic, the Azores, my first glimpse of Portugal.

From the time I was told that I had won the Portuguese Festival raffle trip to Portugal until now I had planned and read about the homeland of so many Provincetown families. The plane landed in a Azores to drop off passengers and then flew on to Lisbon to land in the airport that seems to be right in the middle of the city. A ring of low mountains surrounds the Tagus estuary, the broad river that Lisbon abuts. From

the air it's all white buildings with red tiled roofs. From the ground a different set of colors emerges as the famous tile-fronted buildings line street after street. Broad avenues with manicured islands in their centers lead from one area of town to another. Outdoor cafes are as plentiful mushrooms after a rain and street vendors offer everything from small watercolor landscapes to dangling earrings and colorful scarves.

It was a quick courtesy bus ride from the airport to a street corner a couple of blocks from the Hotel Mundial where we were staying. The first thing you notice is just how clean the city is. And it's not just the major streets or tourist areas, all of the city and in fact all the towns we visited were immaculate.

The trip included airfare, hotel in Lisbon and a

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A café on the Rua de Libertad where two ham and cheese sandwiches and cups of coffee can be had for around \$10, a bargain lunch in a beautiful spot.

Patricia Rodrigues, one of the fado singers at Sr. Vinho.

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dinner at a fado restaurant. King Tours out of New Bedford offered the flight on one of their tours out of Providence. The King folks were helpful and arranged extras for us like a car rental and everything went without a hitch.

Hotel Mundial is well appointed and very well situated in a part of Lisbon called Baixa. The rooms were airy with modern baths and wonderful views. Two restaurants, a casual one on a lower floor and a more upscale dining room on the 8th floor both offered excellent meals at fairly reasonable prices. If you stay there, opt for taking your breakfast on the 8th floor where you have an almost 360 degree view of the city and a buffet that will not leave you hungry.

The hotel also has complete concierge services and a lovely lounge off the reception area, a perfect spot for a cocktail before heading out for the evening or a nightcap before bed.

The hotel is two blocks from Rua Augusta, a long pedestrian street leading down to the triumphal arch

opening onto the Praça do Comercio, a riverfront park with a beautiful statue of King Jose I erected in 1775. Before the earthquake of 1755, the royal palace stood on this spot.

Head off in one direction and there's the Alfama, an old section of town with narrow winding streets, open air tavernas and outdoor restaurants tucked away down alleys. One can almost become dizzy from the twisting turns, the laundry blowing overhead, the small markets, their doors open and inviting.

There is so much to see in Lisbon from museums and botanical gardens to monasteries and outdoor markets all with a sense of deep history everywhere you look.

It's an easy town to get around in with well marked bus routes. It's also easy to get lost like we did but like any good trip, a couple of unplanned adventures should be part of the mix. After a visit to the not to be missed tile museum (Museo Nacional do Azulejo) a wrong bus choice led us into a

residential part of the city. We got off the bus beside a long low wall with a gateway that people were streaming in and out of. It turned out to be one of Lisbon's oldest burial grounds, a place so large that it was divided by little streets with shuttle buses to take you to the family crypt. As we walked back toward the hotel we went through the Alfama where we lucked up on Plateo 13, a tiny outdoor restaurant tucked into an equally tiny square. We tried the espetadas (spit meat) before walking back toward the Tagus for a slow meander past shops with handpainted pottery and other regional offerings.

Meals can be expensive, especially in the touristed areas where waiters speaking several languages meet you in the street, menus in hand and invite you inside. The hotel with its tuxedoed waiters turned out to offer better choices for less money. Also, the cafes had a nice selection of sandwiches at a good price with the added bonus of people watching.

The wines of Portugal were another pleasant surprise. One expected fine Port choices but the reds of the Douro and other regions were delightful and relatively inexpensive.

We took an extensive bus tour courtesy of Sr. Manuel Pinto, the Mundial's cordial manager and later went off for our fado dinner at St. Vinho, a famous nightspot accessible by a wild taxi ride. (Driving is not to be undertaken lightly in Lisbon. There are rules but they are not obvious and everyone drives very fast.) Dinner came out in multiple courses while the singers took turns appearing from a small ante-room where they smoked and sipped Port between songs. Each singer was more passionate than the last and the deep emotional draw of fado was undeniable. The room, which had been loud with conversation and laughter dropped to total silence as each singer stepped out.

With only a few days left, we picked up the rental car and headed south. Cork trees dotted the



This boy and his aged chihuahua picked up plenty of Euros as they strolled down the Rua Augusta pedestrian mall.

hillsides which gave way to a dry and parched land. Then, the Mediterranean. The Algarve, Portugal's Riviera, is one charming town after another. We wound up in Tavira, a town on the Rio Sequa which dates back to Neolithic times. Tavira was a Roman settlement at one time (a Roman arched walking bridge still remains over the river) and was under the control of the both

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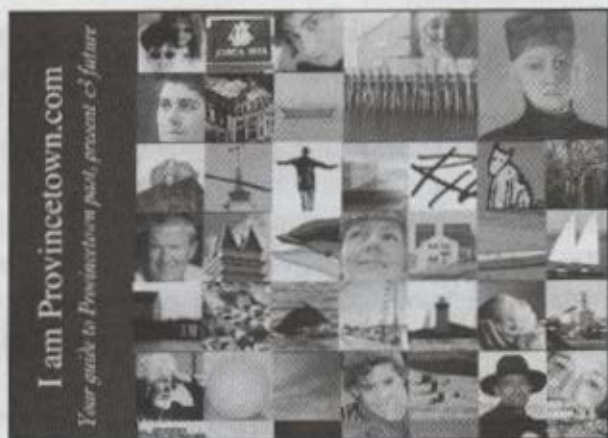
In the Alfama, small neighborhood markets peek out from dim interiors.

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the Moors and the Christians during different periods. It was important for both its strategic location and for its fishing industry. Today, even though the river has silted up, stopping access for all but the smallest boats, fishing remains important but tourism has the major factor.

As a small city, it's beautiful, affordable and full of things to see. We were walking and discovered a fabulous Surrealist art show filled with important pieces from major artists. Later, we happened on the nighttime twice-monthly open air market with its honey cakes, lace and homemade liquors. Small cars darted up to the square and husbands quickly unloaded the wares while the wives, who ran the show, set up their goods, keeping a competitive eye on nearby tables.

Tavira is divided in half by the river. Palm trees dot the river bank and late that night we encountered



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a man who had set up telescopes on the bridge, inviting everyone to have a look at the moon for free. In the morning we walked over to the saltworks which produce mountains of gray sea salt. A ferry takes you off to the Isle of Tavira, an island opposite the city where the beaches are found.

On the way back to Lisbon we splurged and stayed at the Alcacer do Sal pousada, one of 43 historic sites turned hotel. Overlooking the river Sado, the Alcacer is a castle with large stone passageways, every comfort one could wish for, a great restaurant and simply perfect rooms with Moorish balconies. Just wandering around the pousada was fascinating as around each corner another room for reading, watching TV, hanging out, having an intimate drink or sitting by a large fireplace emerged. One could walk the ramparts and look out over the valley or spy on the nesting storks nearby.

Too soon it was time to go back to the airport (very modern, very efficient) where we turned in our car and boarded the plane. In a perfect bookend we made a short stop in the Azores and then headed west just like Columbus. □



Small restaurants like this one were often found down side streets in the towns along the Algarve.



The view from the Alcacer do Sal pousada is breathtaking.

Thank you very much for your support!

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- Full line of Fresh & Frozen Seafood (including crab and fishcakes)
- Provincetown Dayboat – Cod, Scallop, Haddock, Sole and Lobsters
- Soups, Chowders, Spreads including "Wicked Good" crab dip
 - Lobsters Cooked at No Charge – Call your order in early!

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