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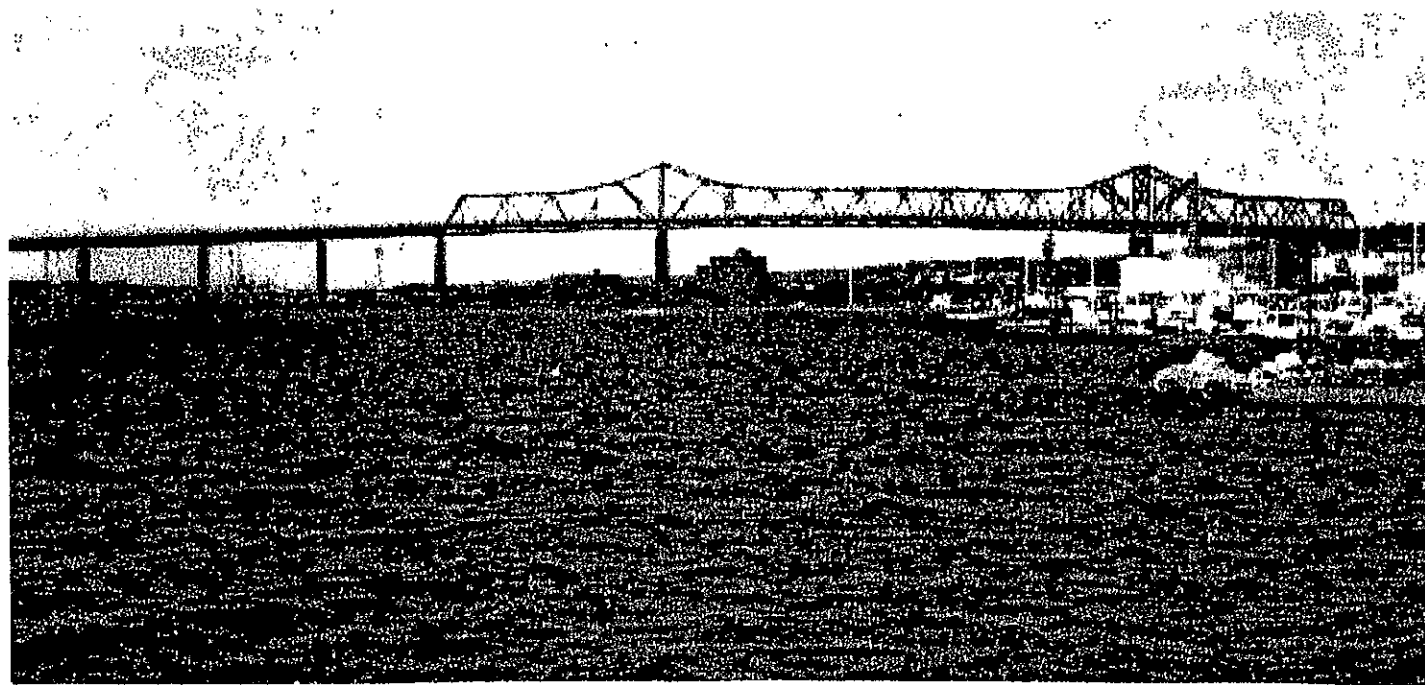


Photo courtesy of Thérèse A. Santos of Massachusetts

Braga Memorial Bridge

Charles Braga Jr.

19-3-1919—7-12-1941

An Azorean-American Hero

Many in southeastern Massachusetts have routinely driven on I-95 traversing the 1.2 mile-long Braga Memorial Bridge spanning the Taunton River between Somerset and Fall River. It is the fourth-longest bridge in New England.¹ Below it on the eastern (Fall River) shore are floating museums: two patrol torpedo boats—PT 617 and PT 796, the submarine *USS Lionfish*—SS 298, the destroyer *USS Joseph P. Kennedy*—DD 850, and the battleship *USS Massachusetts*—BB 59, all U.S. Navy fighting ships. Fittingly enough, the bridge is named for Fall River's first-to-fall in World War II.²

Charles Braga's father, Carlos, born in Capelas, São Miguel, on 01-02-1895, and his mother, Maria da Julia Encarnação, had arrived in Fall River on 29-10-1913 after an Atlantic crossing on the *SS Cretic*. Maria (b. 1848) and husband, Francisco Braga, were also from Capelas.³ Vital records and the United States censuses of 1920 and 1930 indicate that Carlos, like countless other Azorean boys and men of his generation who settled in the City of Hills and Mills, was a weaver in its ubiquitous North End cotton mills.

On 23-11-1914 Carlos married Maria do Rósario Valério Cabral (both were weavers, Capelas natives and 1913 arrivals) in St. Michael's Church.⁴ Born in 1893, Maria was the daughter of João Cabral Valério of the Valérios of Santo António além Capelas, and Mariana da Estrella, who although born in Bretanha, does not seem to have any roots there.⁵ The Valérios of Santo António trace their ancestry back to some of the very first settlers on São Miguel, Martim Anes Furtado and Solanda Lopes.

Carlos and Maria were not destined to have a charmed life. They had five children: Caesar, Adrienne, Charles, Agnes and Delia.⁶ In 1922 Maria died of tuberculosis, the scourge of the city's mill workers, who often supplemented the heat in their cold-water flats during drafty winters with coal obtained from passing railroad cars.⁷ The children's grandmother moved in to help Carlos raise the motherless five. Caesar's death at age ten added to the Bragas's misery.

Charles Jr. attended the city's public schools. He sang in the chorus of the James M. Morton Junior High School. After junior high he attended B.M.C. Durfee High School, but like many left school during his sophomore year to work in the Sagamore Mill to help support the family. Working in a Fall River cotton mill during the Great Depression was a route to nowhere and Charles must have had other aspirations.⁸ Joining the Navy was a way out of the mills and Fall River, but he needed his father's permission. His answer was simple and unambiguous: "No!" But, by age twenty, parental permission was no longer needed and Charles joined the Navy in Boston on 05-09-1939—the day after Labor Day. His civilian address at his enlistment was 96 Brightman Street. Oddly, the military record has April as his month of birth; a Fall River City Hall birth certificate has March.

It was a peace-time navy that Charlie (#201-66-64) joined, although war clouds were on the horizon. If "Join the Navy and see the world" had been an inducement, he did manage to see parts of it. After training in Newport, Charlie went to Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Canal Zone, and Nova Scotia and was paid \$42.00 a month. From a diary he kept, we know what movies he saw, his scores on the practice range and his ambition to become a pilot. His shipmates remembered his friendly and sunny disposition; he was nicknamed "the peacemaker" for his habit of breaking up fights. He was a sailor who neither drank nor swore and his enlistment might have become unmemorable but for his transfer to the *USS Pennsylvania*—BB 38, flagship of the Pacific Fleet.

On Saturday evening, December 6, 1941, he and a shipmate attended a church-sponsored dance at the American Legion Hall in Pearl Harbor, but left early to keep the ship's 2200 hours (10 p.m.) curfew. On The Date That Will Live in Infamy, he awoke at three bells (0530—5:30 a.m.) and was soon scrubbing the *Pennsylvania's* decks. Attendance at a later mass would come after chores were done. Charles Braga was KIA (killed in action) at approximately 0906 during the second wave of Japanese attackers when a 500-pound bomb shattered the ship's starboard casement. Carrying messages between officers, he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Of the eighty-one officers and 1,395 crew serving on the *Pennsylvania*, sixteen were killed, thirty were wounded. Charles Braga's remains were never recovered.

2. APGHS Newsletter, Vol. XXIX, No. 1. (2008)

Back in Fall River the frantic family had received no immediate news. A few days later the dreaded telegram arrived: "The Navy Department regrets to inform you that your son, Yeoman Charles Braga Jr., was lost in action 7 December 1941 in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country." A subsequent letter from the *Pennsylvania's* captain, Charles M. Cook, read in part:

I fully appreciate the anguish and loneliness you must be suffering.... He is known to have been in the execution of his duties carrying messages in the immediate vicinity of the bomb explosion which killed a number of officers and men. Several of the men known to have been in the vicinity were not found; all efforts to locate them were unsuccessful. No words of mine can assuage the blow that has descended on the families of these men, but Yeoman Charles Braga Jr. and his mates were carrying out their duties unflinchingly. They were a credit to the Navy and to the nation. Charles Braga Jr. was a fine shipmate. His loss was deeply felt by all who knew him and worked with him.

In a bittersweet trick of fate, the Bragas received a mailed package a few days before Christmas. It was addressed in Charlie's unmistakable penmanship. It contained Christmas gifts for his father, sisters and grandmother. A few days later another package arrived. It had his last effects: navy jacket and cap, diary, photo album and accordion.

Plans for a new bridge to replace the Slade's Ferry drawbridge were announced in 1959. Another traffic-delaying drawbridge and interstate travel were incompatible; the new bridge would rise 135 feet above the main shipping channel. Speculation began on what it would be named. Few remembered Yeoman Braga and his sacrifice, so the announcement raised some eyebrows. Finished in 1965, the \$22,000,000 tribute became all the more fitting when the *Massachusetts* was later berthed underneath as a permanent memorial to the state's KIA. At the dedication Charlie's sisters were guests of honor. Sisters, shipmates, boyhood and neighborhood friends shared stories about a handsome, dark-haired sweet-natured lad who would remain forever young in their minds and hearts. From a picture of him in his sailor whites and cap the sisters had saved, a local artist painted a portrait later unveiled on the *Massachusetts*.

Endnotes

- ¹ It is the world's ninth-longest continuous truss bridge. *The 2007 Information Please Almanac*, p. 738.
- ² Much of this story comes from newspaper reports and interviews printed in the *Fall River Herald News* and the *Providence Journal*.
- ³ Carlos Braga was the paternal grandson of José de Braga and Qunitéira de Jesus and António Moniz da Ponte & Antónia da Encarnação. José (a sailor no less!!) was a sixty-year old native of Capelas when he remarried in Santo António além Capelas on 4-5-1881 to Ana de Jesus, daughter Maurício Nunes and Maria Tomásia de Jesus.
- ⁴ City of Fall River: *Vital Records: Marriages*, 23-11-1914
- ⁵ João Cabral Válerio (2-8-1862) was the son of José Cabral Válerio and Inêz do Coração de Jesus Mariana da Estrela (according to the birth records of her Breton-born twin daughters on 23-10-1905) was the daughter of João Joaquim Gaspar and Joaquina da Encarnação.
- ⁶ Caesar (b. 1916 according to the 1920 U.S. Census); Adrienne (21-8-1917), who later married William Guillemette; Agnes (27-6-1921); Delia (b. 1922, according to her grave marker), who died in 1990, married Joseph Niejadik (1920-1996). Their daughter, Amelia (b. 1942), was married to João Pacheco Miranda (1942-2003)
- ⁷ In July 1904 the city's textile workers struck in protest to a proposed 12.5% pay cut. Every mill closed leaving 23,000 workers payless. In January 2005 they accepted the pay cut and returned to work. In 1910 the Census Bureau reported that Fall River had the nation's highest mortality rate—19.1 deaths per thousand. In 1910 1,105 city children under the age five died.
- ⁸ In 1928 a massive fire destroyed the central business district and the city declared bankruptcy in 1931. It was in state receivership until 1941.

Submitted John Miranda Raposo of Massachusetts

Portuguese Sausage Makers

The Stories of Furtado and Gaspar Linguiça Companies

By Tracy A Furtado

In the days of the ice man, the rag man and the coal man, when most Portuguese were working in the mills, the Furtados of Fall River and the Gaspars of New Bedford took a different direction: With a strong will and strong hands, they went into the business of sausage-making. The Furtados began in the backyard; the Gaspars in the family garage. Today both families operate out of large buildings and their small family businesses have become thriving industries.

These spicy sausages—chouriço, linguiça and morcela— were made on farms in Portugal, a tradition with a long history (perhaps introduced by the Moors when they invaded the Iberian Peninsula before Portugal was Portugal). When these Portuguese families immigrated to the United States, they brought with them their longing for the spicy sausage along with the recipe and skills to produce it. Though many made it for their own use, a few began making it and selling it to the public. The Furtados and the Gaspars are prominent examples.

The Furtados of Fall River

Furtado's Chouriço and Linguiça Manufacturing Company was founded in 1903 when Caetano M. Furtado first started the North End Provision Company, the forerunner of today's operation. The retail outlet and smoke house located at 544 North Underwood Street is currently headed by Caetano's grandson, Joseph Furtado. Caetano's sons, Edward and Tobias, remember the first days of sausage-making.

Tobias, the eldest of the Furtado children, recalls that Caetano and his wife, Maria E.S., came to Fall River in the late 1800s. His first job was selling insurance until he began working for the North End Provision Company. At that time Caetano and his wife, using her recipe from home, would make chouriço for the small corner store on the corner of Stewart and North Underwood Street.

Sausage-making was a family event with many steps. Though some families would kill their own pigs, the Furtados bought pork in barrels shipped from the West. Edward remembers what it was like when he came home from school. "The chouriço was in 300 lb. barrels. I would take the meat and cut it with a knife, take the bones out, put it in hundred-pound tubs, put it in the mixer, then we would stuff. We would scoop the meat, fifty pounds, then use the crank. There was no refrigeration. The ice man would come around selling us ice." While telling the story, his hands, his hands are reliving the moment. He's back seventy years, making chouriço for his family.

Tobias also remembers those early days. "After school I would have to work in the shop. I didn't do too many play activities. I would clean the utensils and get the fires going. I was young. I had to enjoy it and I'd probably do it all over again. You were told to something, you did it. Life is altogether different today.

As time passed, the Furtados got the chance to expand. In 1920 Caetano bought the property on North Underwood and they began building and remodeling in the back lot. Today there are two smoke houses and two stuffing tables. Edward wags his finger, "We didn't have that stuff years ago. We would smoke the sausage in the back yard. Then we sold them in the corner store.

During World War II, meat was scarce and business slowed. Edward went to war and some of the Furtado sons took other jobs. Edward remembers a time during the war when he introduced chouriço to his southern comrade. "My family would put the chouriço in a can of lard to preserve it and ship it to me. I would have to melt the lard in order to eat it. I tried to share some with my friend from Kentucky. 'No, I don't want it,' he said. So I get my slice of bread and start eating it. The aroma from cooking makes him want it. He gets bread, eats it, and tells them to send more to us."

He laughs as he remembers his friend eating the chouriço. After the war, business went back to normal. Those who left, returned, and meat was easier to get. In time, technology took over in the form of modern equipment and vacuum-packed bags. Today when you walk into the shop on North Underwood Street, the smell of fresh meat fills the air. The large metal machines fill the room and the process of mixing, stuffing, smoking and packaging is completed by workers and machines.

Joseph Furtado is now in charge of his family's business. The pride of being a Furtado is important to him. "This business is very special to me. I worked in insurance for many years, but I was very honored to take over the family business." Joseph believes it's not just a business; it's an important part of the tradition of the Portuguese community.

The Gaspars of Dartmouth

Gaspar's Sausage Company, Inc., on Faunce Corner Road in Dartmouth is overwhelming as you walk in. A deli is to the left and further back are the offices. Walk to the right and you can see the process of sausage-making, but you must put on a hair net and a white deli coat while touring. The sound of machines turning fills the air. First we see the mixing machines—two men are artfully adding spices as the huge mixer blends them into the meat.

We move on to the stuffing area where the stuffer pushes the meat into the intestine casing while two men spin the casing around the meat. As we walk into the next room, two ten-foot doors are opened to expose the chouriço being smoked. Through two more doors, we see hundreds of chouriço being showered. Two more doors and you see the cooler, then the packaging area where five employees cut the chouriço and run it through a machine that creates a vacuum-package, ready to be brought to the supermarket.

This modern day sausage-making takes place almost every day, but it's definitely the "old days" that still burn in the hearts of Tobias and Fernando Gaspar, the last two sons of Manuel Gaspar. Their love for the business shines brightly in their eyes as they remember where it all began.

The American success story began 1912 when Manuel G. Gaspar emigrated from Lisbon. Manuel sent for his future wife, Justina DaSilva soon after he arrived. Justina brought the chouriço and linguça recipe[s] with her from Portugal. In America they had five sons. "Because they knew they were going to go into business!" laughs Tobias, seventy-three years later. Soon after, Manuel became a partner in the Hendricks Linguça Company of East Providence.

In a small grocery store in Providence, Manuel and Justina began making linguça-to-order for their customers. Gaspar left Providence in 1927 and relocated to Circuit Street in New Bedford's south end. Recognizing the demand for tastes from the old country, Manuel began his own linguça company in the family garage. In 1954 he moved to bigger quarters in South Dartmouth.

Fernando and Tobias remember well what life was like in the early days. For the Gaspar boys, it was lots of hard work. "We had to go to school, then come home and help out," Fernando remembers, shaking his head. Even though they had lots of work to do, the parents insisted they stay in school. "After school, we helped them out. Many times our friends were out playing, but we knew the work needed to get done. In those days my parents couldn't afford to hire help."

When they were younger, they would do things like cut the garlic, hang the product, or chop wood for the smoke house. The smoke house consisted of cages placed on rails with fire boxes underneath the rails. "When we got older, we would go into the business," said Tobias. Joe and Alfred, the oldest boys, went on the road. Fernando eventually went on the road himself. He remembers how they would bring the chouriço in baskets and put it on the scale to weigh it. He also remembers how the meat came in barrels. "We would hang the linguça on sticks in the trucks and then they'd weighed it on the scale."

The process looks much different today with all the modern equipment and vacuum-packed bags. In 1955 the business began to progress when vacuum-packed bags allowed the linguça to go into the supermarkets. After that, "We grew with the supermarkets," said Fernando. This was

also the year Manuel died.

When the volume continued to grow, in 1981 they decided to relocate to their present site on 384 Faunce Corner Road in North Dartmouth. The spacious 36,000-square-foot plant is now a second home to Fernando and Tobias who remember their beginnings in a garage, and how their parents chose linguça-making to working in the mills.

Today, Bob and Charles Gaspar run the business. Charles believes that keeping the Gaspar tradition going is one of the most important aspects of his job. "I want to uphold what we've done through the years." Bob is proud of the product. He says, "It is a symbol, the traditional sausage carried on for four generations. More than a way of living, it is a legacy, part of our Portuguese heritage."

Tracy A Furtado of Fall River graduated from UMass Dartmouth with a B.A. in English, writing and communications in 1997. Tracey works as the Special Projects Director for Spinner Publications. She is not related to the Furtado family of Furtado's Chouriço and Linguça Company.

With permission
The Portuguese Spinner: An American Story
Marsha L McCabe and Joseph D. Thomas, Editors
Spinner Publications, Inc., pp 112-115.

Change and Tradition in Fox Point

by Michael Moniz

Even the sky shows the colors of the Azores on this sunny, spring morning in Fox Point, the acid aqua-blues of an Azorean summer. Many colors of the Azores catch the eye in a parade winding down Wickenden Street. Children dressed in clean, cool white sparkle as the sun reflects off the silver crowns some of them carry in their small hands. Others holding brightly colored flags lead the marching beat of a brass band.

The wind plays with the banners—the yellow, white and blue of the Azores; the burgundy velvet and quilted white dove of the Holy Ghost. The colors, the flags, the band, the children and the crowns in this parade are part of a centuries-old Azores tradition, the Festa do Espírito Santo, the Holy Ghost Feast.

As the parade progresses through Fox Point, down the hill to *Nossa Senhora do Rosário*, the Holy Rosary Church, one imagines the Portuguese community is waiting on this Sunday morning to embrace the colors at the church's entrance. But there are not many Portuguese watching this parade. From the windows of a coffee shop, the non-Portuguese patrons—students, artists, professionals and assorted others—crane necks away from lattes and mocachinos to gawk in bewilderment at the procession.

The more inquisitive go outside to get a closer look. "How cute," says one girl with a nose ring and streaky blond hair. "I think it's Spanish, or something," says a man in a sweatshirt. The coffee shop is located in what was once the heart of the Portuguese community on Fox Point.

The patrons are told that the parade is a part of a ritual dating back to the thirteenth century in Portugal. They are told that the crowns held by the children represent Queen Isabel of Portugal who gave a feast for the poor of the kingdom, in thanks to the Holy Ghost.

As the procession rounds the corner to the church, some of the spectators return to their drinks while others go home. They do not have far to walk. Most live in what was once the homes of Por-

tuguese families in Fox Point.

This juxtaposition of tradition and change is typical of most urban communities. Neighborhoods never stay the same—shops come and go, characters that control the life of the neighborhood move away or pass away, community traditions important to one generation are rarely as important to the next. Over the past forty years, Fox Point has been physically transformed by so-called “urban renewal” and by wealthier outsiders who have taken advantage of the cheap rents in a “quaint” ethnic neighborhood.

What exactly is Fox Point? Roughly the boundaries are Route I-195 and the ocean [actually Narragansett Bay] to the south, Gano Street and the Seekonk River to the east, with Brown University and more affluent East Side of Providence wrapping around the west to the north. But the specifics of these rough physical borders are constantly in dispute among longtime residents. Is it Benefit Street or Brook Street to the west; is it Power street or Arnold to the north? argue two Fox Pointers.

Residents talk about how big their neighborhood was before the arrival of students and urban professionals, before businesses catering to these newer residents displaced many older Portuguese storefronts. Today the neighborhood has shrunk to a small, five-square block area around Ives Street, they say.

But Fox Pointers agree that the the boundaries of their community have less to do with geography than with the sense of the spirit the Cape Verdeans and Azoreans brought with them when they arrived. the spirit that developed along with the community over the years. As cousins and relatives joined family, as neighbors became like family in the tenements off South main Street. the spirit grew. That spirit remains in spite of changes.

A Legacy of Community

Portuguese from the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands began coming to Fox Point in the mid-to-late 1800s. Most traveled overland from New Bedford to settle in Providence; others arrived on boats and found affordable housing in what was then a largely Irish community. Living and working with family and friends, they settled into a neighborhood that was (and still is) worlds apart from its surrounding environs.

Fox Point was an immigrant neighborhood bordered by the homes of Providence’s blue-blood settlers such as the Browns, the Tillinghasts and the Powers. On College Hill, as Brown University students celebrated commencement ceremonies, down the hill the Portuguese were celebrating feasts. Because of Fox Point’s proximity to the India Point docks, many found work as fishermen, sailors and longshoremen (In 1960, Interstate 195 was built, cutting Fox Point from the waterfront).

With the packet trade, boats were constantly landing from the Azores and Cape Verde. Fox Pointers crowded the docks seeking news of the Old Country from the newcomers. Maria do Couto Tavares arrived in November 1928. Though snow covered the ground, the docks were filled with people craning to see relatives and hear news from the Azores. Among them was her husband, José, who had made the trip from São Miguel a year earlier to find work and arrange for her arrival. They stayed with a family in Fox Point before moving to their own home.

Fox Pointers have always looked out for each other, helping newcomers find homes and work and giving food and clothing to those facing hard times. When Azorean and Cape Verdean residents worked as migrant labor in the cranberry bogs and strawberry farms of Wareham and Falmouth on Cape Cod, they usually worked together, lived together and then returned to Fox Point together.

A large Portuguese extended family

Roger Amaral, 27, grew up here and now works at the Fox Point Boys Club. His family emigrated from Vila Franca, São Miguel, before he was born and most of his family still live here. “It was like a

little Portugal, everybody stuck together. If a family was struggling, another family would help them out. If somebody got into trouble, people would go and help. Family, neighbors, it was just people sticking together," he says.

Echoing these comments is Lori Silvia, 41, director of the Fox Point Senior Center where old-time residents come to eat, talk, play bingo and cards, dance and reminisce. Of Azorean descent, Ms. Silva grew up in Fox Point in a house with her mother, grandmother and uncle. "We used to play a game where we would go down each street and name everyone who lived in every house. We could do it for streets and streets. Everyone grew up together, we shared our lives. It was a family."

An important member of the Fox Point "family" is Johnny Britto, a Cape Verdean man who runs the Fox Point Boys Club. Tall, with a crown of white hair, he can command a room with a single look. Relaxed but vigilant in his chair in the Boys Club, he sees some children roughhousing; a boy shoves a girl off a chair. In mid-sentence, Johnny Britto looks up and stares. They stop. "It's just a game, Johnny," says one little girl. The boy, encouraged by her words, readies to push again. "Seems like a pretty rough game to me, he says. That ends it.

Then Johnny is laughing with an adolescent boy who wants to coach a soccer game between younger children later that afternoon. The boy is talking up his qualifications as Johnny listens and kids. He does not talk down to the children, and one can see the affection and respect they have for him.

Johnny Britto has made a life of helping Fox Point's less fortunate residents. "When we first came to Fox Point we struggled," says Roger Amaral. "My father and mother working, with five kids, that's a little tough. My dad would drop us off at the Boys Club. Say we had a hole in our sock or sneaker, there goes Johnny to talk to somebody. 'Hey listen, I have this family over here and they are struggling.' Bang. At Christmas he would give us turkeys, food and presents. Johnny is like the mayor of Fox Point.

"This past Christmas I went with him," Roger continues, and we dropped off fifteen turkeys. It's just beautiful. A family has a fire in their house, everyone comes together to help them out. If you're doing bad, people here help you get back on your feet."

The plight of a little girl on a waiting list for a kidney brought out the best in Fox Point. She had lost her sight and was about to die. Although she was not from the neighborhood, her father was a regular at the Family Pub, a Fox Point tavern. The community put up posters entreating anyone who might donate a kidney to contact the hospital. One Cape Verdean man visiting Fox Point saw the posters and donated his kidney.

"The bond is not so much ethnic as it is Fox Point itself," says Lori Silvia, who nevertheless recognizes the importance of being Portuguese in gaining acceptance. "Professional people, other outsiders were not so easily accepted, especially when they first started coming in." Although no place is completely free of racial or ethnic prejudice, Fox Point has been a place where racial distinctions have had a minimal impact. Residents will use "Portuguese" to refer to all of the Portuguese-speaking populations in the neighborhood, while using terms like "Azorean," "Maderan," "Continental" and "Cape Verdean" to make finer distinctions referring to point of origin rather than racial identity. Naming the ethnic groups of the neighborhood, one man listed all of the above including "Cape Verdean" and then added "African-American."

Encroaching on the community

How did this once-sprawling community get squeezed into a fraction of the old neighborhood? Many Fox Point homes were demolished in the construction of I-195. Well-intentioned efforts at urban development by federal, state and municipal governments caused more changes. The homes in Fox Point, some of them over 200 years old, were researched, and those granted historical landmark status were then revalued for the purpose of assessing taxes. Many could not pay the higher taxes and were forced to sell homes that had been in their families for generations.

One Cape Verdean woman commented, "If putting a plaque (demarcating historical landmark status) on my means I can't afford the taxes, then they can have their plaque back. A piece of wood with a date on it means nothing to me, but I've lived in this house all my life."

Those not forced to sell took advantage of the tremendous profit to be gained. Homes bought for \$10,000 were now being sold for \$250,000. Others capitalized on the new found attractiveness of the neighborhood and remodeled their homes to accommodate numerous students. A family paying \$200 a month rent for a house could rent it to ten students for \$1000 a month (A Providence law, designed to help Fox Point, now prohibits the cohabitation of more than three unrelated persons in one apartment, but the law came too late). Many who rented to students during this period were shunned by their neighbors. Although most say the students are well behaved, others are bothered by loud, late-night parties, activity not usually seen in a working-class Portuguese neighborhood.

Brown University is now making efforts to discourage students from renting in the neighborhood on the grounds that the ethnic composition of the community should be respected. "This is like closing the barn door after the horse has been left out," says Lori Silvia. Here and there the lines blur; some long-time residents *are* students. Carla Galvão, whose parents own a Portuguese market on Ives Street, entered Brown in the fall of 1996. Several graduate students, both from the Azores and of Azorean descent, live here. By urging students to stay out of Fox Point, Brown University unintentionally implies that Portuguese members of that community would not be students.

The university contributes to the community and in helpful and positive ways: student volunteers serve as tutors in the community center. The school helped build a community garden in an abandoned parking lot. The Fox Point Day Care Center was given a free year's rent. The university is also the home of one of the world's largest and most important centers of Lusophone history, diaspora and literature. Many Portuguese cultural events attended by the wider community are hosted there every year.

A walk down Wickenden Street today

The Portuguese stores, the people, the gossip and the community that once thrived on Wickenden Street are gone now, replaced by Japanese sushi bars, an Indian restaurant, coffee shops and upscale restaurants. Antique shops and art galleries cover the south end of Ives Street, and a cycle shop, boutiques of new and vintage clothing, a video rental store and smoke shops dot the rest of Fox Point. The stores on Wickenden Street, once the heart of this Portuguese and Cape Verdean community, now cater to students and wealthier professionals.

Not long ago one could stop at a Portuguese meat market, buy some chouriço and spend the next ten minutes talking to friends and laughing over the latest community gossip. Stop at Lisbon Dry Goods and learn that someone's cousin needed a job, and did anyone know where he might find one? Stop at the Portuguese linen store and discover your son skipped school. He was, of course, caught by one of the many watchful eyes that looked out for others.

The center of the community is now Ives Street. At one end is the Fox Point Elementary School, the Community Center, the library, the Boys Club, the Senior Center, the Health Center. Traveling north one encounters such stores as the Eagle Market, a Portuguese grocery store that sells cheese from São Jorge and videos of *touradas* (bullfights) from Terceira; the Silver Star Bakery, a Portuguese *padaria* featuring *massa sovada* (sweet bread), *pap secos* (rolls), pastry and the best croissants in Providence; also Cardoso Travel, a Portuguese travel agency where one can find the cheapest flights to the Portuguese world. Although an occasion antique store may be found among the Portuguese stores, Ives Street is solidly at the core of contemporary Fox Point.

Other Portuguese stores in the area include a meat market, a general store and two Portuguese liquor stores, but the changes are evident here as well. At the Central Meat market, signs announcing Portuguese sausage and food items are written in both Portuguese and Spanish. One

of the workers is from the Dominican Republic. The meat market serves a broad clientele, including the large Providence Hispanic population. The ability to communicate in Spanish helps business.

Most residents who sold homes or left to pursue other opportunities moved to the large Portuguese community in East Providence; others moved to outlying cities including Pawtucket, Cranston and Warwick. But leaving the community does not mean leaving the community—once a Fox Pointer always a Fox Pointer. Fox Point's Portuguese church with its Portuguese mass, *Nossa Senhora do Rosário*, recently added a large parking lot in order to accommodate the majority of parishioners, former resident who live outside Fox Point.

The Boys Club also sees a lot of traffic from outside Fox Point. Fathers who went to the club as children now bring their own children to spend time with Johnny Britto as they once did. The Senior Center also attract former Fox Pointers who come back to socialize with old friends. Fox Pointers from all over Rhode Island attend social events, and proceeds help the community center and other charities. A highlight of summer is the annual reunion in which members of the Fox Point community, past and present, come back to eat, drink, laugh with old friends and reminisce about the old days.

"I was born here. I haven't always lived here, but my heart has always been in Fox Point," says Yvonne Smart, of Cape Verdean descent who works as head librarian at the Fox Point branch of the Providence Public Library. Ms. Smart, too, regrets the losses of the changed neighborhood. "Up until this year, three elderly immigrant Cape Verdean men would stand across the street from the school every morning. They were very proper, they would tip their hats to me and I loved it because they would watch the kids in the school to see that nothing bad happened to them—watching the kids cross the street and always keeping a quiet presence. Unfortunately, the two have passed away. You just don't see that anymore."

For most members of the Fox Point community, it is impossible not to think about the way things were, but some are more accepting of changes than other. "There are many different people in this neighborhood now—Indians, some Hispanics, even some Russians, but everyone gets along. It's not the same as it was. Things do change. There is nothing you can do about that," says Roger Amaral.

Echoes of the past are seen in the present in the brown, wrinkled faces of two black-clad widows walking arm in arm down Sheldon Street; in the Christmas turkey Johnny Britto and Roger Amaral bring to a struggling family; the the voice of Yvonne Smart, as she recommends a book to a young Azorean girl whose mother is impatiently honking the horn outside the library; in the fact that one can still function here in Portuguese only, whether buying bread, booking a trip or going to mass. The echo is here in the trumpeting march of the Espírito Santo parade and in the humor of a Sunday afternoon crowd at the Cape Verdean club. Yes, things change, but as long as there are people who hear those echoes and live the spirit that is their community, there will always be a Fox Point.

Miguel Moniz is working on his Ph.D. in anthropology at Brown University. His thesis will examine the issue of repatriated Portuguese living in the Azores. he is widely published and has given presentations on Portuguese feasting and festivals., and on Azorean and Azorean-American identity. His current projects include a forthcoming chapter on wage-earning Portuguese-American women.

"I would like to thank the many people of Fox Point who opened their lives to me, especially Roger Amaral, Johnny Britto, Lori Silvia and Yvonne Smart."—Miguel Moniz

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Marsha L McCabe and Joseph D. Thomas, Editors
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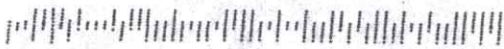
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