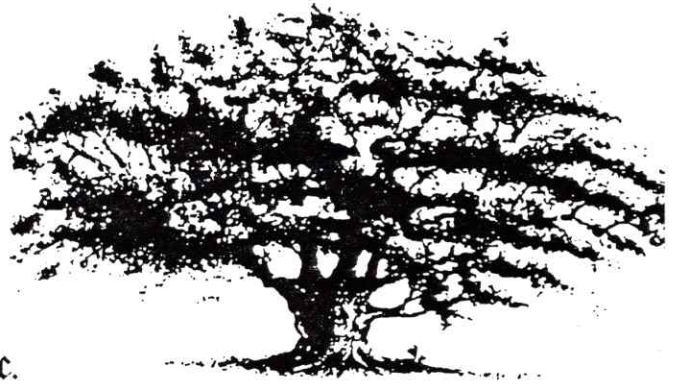


American-Portuguese
Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc.



Bulletin Board

Vol. XXIX, No. 3

Fall 2008



Mendonça

Nossa Senhora das Angústias

On the left is a copy of the Mendonca coat of arms taken from a book with the above title by the Rev. Julio da Rosa. The book has eighteen family crests seen on the ceiling of Nossa Senhora das Angústias (Our Lady of Anguishes), Horta, Faial.

The feathered wing is yellow. The two floral arrangements are green, red and yellow. The shield's multicolored quadrants (top-to-bottom) are green, yellow, red, yellow, green.

This is the eleventh of the series.

A Notable Lineage from the Lisbon Bourgeoisie:
the Ferreira de Simas

by

Dr. Francisco de Simas Alves de Azevedo

(Member of the Portuguese Academy of History
and International Heraldry)

John Miranda Raposo, translator

ADVERTENCE

The author of this small study is neither nobleman nor genealogist.

He is not a nobleman but thinks that the cult of Family, sensibly and worthily rendered, cannot and should not be exclusive to some families, the monopoly of a certain social class. He has effectively always understood that ancestors, to whom we owe our existence and essential characteristics, are worthy of consideration, attention and study, whether or not they had rights and privileges granted by the royal house or a coat of arms.

He is not a genealogist but his university degree in History, and the persistent honesty which has been his option for being in the world, informs and shapes everything he writes.

The lines which follow are about of a Lisbon family, plebian by the traditional Portuguese standards, and of the middleclass, in the social reality of its time, which as it happens, included men who achieved notability, and one member was even a part of the recent political and cultural history of our country. It is the family from which he descends through his mother.

In the study which follows there are gaps as to dates and places of baptisms, marriages and deaths, references to volume number of parish registers and even the biographical relative to certain individuals. Such as it is, it is the product of research undertaken through many years, not exhaustive but diligent, and for which were found generous and qualified collaborators, sincerely presented, and which is gladly and honorably offered to *Miscelânea Histórica de Portugal*.¹

¹ Published in N^o. IV, 1894.

GENEALOGY

§1

- 1 - *José Ferreira*, who would have been born in the first half of the 18th century. I know only that he married Maria Teresa, about whom nothing else is known.

They had at least the following:

- 2 - *António Rodrigues Ferreira*, born in the Parish of Cambra, County of Vouzela, Diocese of Viseu. He married on 12 May 1798, in the parish of São Julião in the city of Lisbon, Maria Rosa de Simas, born on 15 September 1765 in the parish of São Jorge, in the town of Nordeste, island of São Miguel, Azores, daughter of Duarte de Simas and Antónia Pimentel, paternal granddaughter of Francisco de Simas and Maria Furtado, and maternal granddaughter of Estevão Furtado and Maria de Medeiros.

Francisco de Simas, married in Nordeste on 26 August 1736, was the son of Francisco Pacheco da Costa Simas and Beatriz da Costa, paternal grandson of Diogo da Costa and Susana Pacheco.

This Susana, also married in Nordeste on 21 October 1669, was the daughter of Bento de Simas Columbreiro (married in Nordeste in 1644), granddaughter of António de Simas Columbreiro (married in Nordeste in 1620) and great-granddaughter of Domingos de Simas, certainly born in the beginning of the second half of the 16th century, the earliest ancestor whose name we were able to search out².

From the marriage of the Ferreira from Beira with the Azorean Simas, is derived The Lisbon based Ferreira de Simas family. They came to the capital for reasons which are unknown to me, but which certainly are affiliated with the very well known attractions of the great urban centers.

If I have no elements for further news of António Rodrigues Ferreira, in compensation relative to D. Maria Rosa de Simas³ I can refer to a significant biographical episode.

On 8 August 1833 the scribe of the prison of the São José neighborhood and surroundings, certified that the said lady had been arrested tumultuously, in her

² I thank Dr. João Bernardo de Oliveira Rodrigues and Dr. Hugo Moreira for their research in the Azorean archives which they kindly undertook and which allowed for the tracing out of the ancestry of Maria Rosa de Simas.

³ An official document with this title and thus summarized, bound along with others in a volume titled *Documentos do Correio Geral de 1834-II*, exists in the Library of the General Administration of the Posts, whose consultation was made possible by my lamented friend Godofredo Ferreira, the well known historian of the Postal system, and to whose memory I declare my respect and gratitude.

own house by an individual who accused her of being unfriendly towards the *Miguelista* government, and was prosecuted by the referring magistrate. And her children, in the petition which gave origin to the said certificate, declared that "their mother had been for a long time in the city prison." On April 23 1834, in an account of the case⁴, which her son António addressed to his Imperial Majesty the Duke of Bragança, regent in the name of D. Maria II, this episode is also cited; it can be inferred that this was in 1828, and Maria that Rosa de Simas was sixty- three years old.

When Maria Rosa de Simas was imprisoned she was living in the *Rua da Glória*. Also living on the same street was Francisco José Ferreira and António Ferreira Lopes, witnesses at her wedding and in all likelihood, relatives of her husband.

They had the following offspring:

- 3 - António Ferreira de Simas, who follows.
- 3 - Francisco Ferreira Lopes de Simas was born on 11 December 1804 in the parish of Encarnação. He died on 1 August 1854, and was interred on 3 November 1866 in a tomb in the Alto de São João Cemetery which his brother António had constructed for him.

According to the cited documents, he was denounced as an anti-*Miguelista*, just like his brothers António and Cândido, and an order for his arrest was issued by the General Police Administration at the time of his mother's arrest. He was not arrested because he fled and hid himself and also because of a certain "favor" in the investigation, to employ the term used in these documents.

What I can add to his biography, his intervention in the Liberal battles and the allusion to positions and honors, is what appears in the epitaph on his tomb, which I transcribe:

FRANCISCO. FERREIRA. LOPES. DE. SIMAS
OVI. PER. BELLI. DESCRIMINA
DOMI. FORISO. MILITANS
PRO. MOLIENDIS. ARCIBUS
MOX. SERVATO. OB. MERITA
GRADUS. HONORE
PUBLICAM. MUNUS. OBIENS
PRECOCI. OCCUBUIT. FATO
KAL. AUG. A. MDCCCLIV
ANTONIUS. F. DE. SIMAS
FRATRI. OPT
MEMORIAE. PIETATISQ. ERGO

⁴ From the collection cited in footnote 2.

- 3 - Cândido Ferreira de Simas, whose date of birth is not known to me, was buried in his brother's tomb on 1 September 1892.

He completed only the first and second years in Mathematics in the Maritime Academy.⁵

He served in the military from 1833 to the battle of Almoester, attaining the rank of captain and having been decorated with the insignia of Christ in the Order of the Army⁶.

Provisionally appointed to the Lisbon Post Office from 7 June 1834⁷, he received the rank of first class officer in 1853 and would have retired in 1880⁸.

In 1862, however, Cândido Ferreira de Simas, who lived on the *Rua da Glória*, the area where the family had lived for many decades, witnessed the marriage of his brother António, being designated as "employed in business". The other witness was Manuel Pedro Ferreira, employed in the tobacco trade, was a resident of the same house; I don't know if he was a relative. His grandnephew Frederico, who knew him personally, reported in a conversation more than forty years ago with the author of this work, then still a child, on the strong monarchial and liberal convictions of his Uncle Cândido.

- 3 - See §2.

- 3 - *António Ferreira de Simas* was born on 7 August 1800 in the Lisbon parish of Encarnação, his parents living in the *Rua Atalaia*; his godfather, António Ferreira Lopes, is likely the same person who witnessed the marriage of António Rodrigues Ferreira and Maria Rosa de Simas. He died of pneumonia on 8 August 1863 in a house on the *Largo do Espírito Santo* in Benfica.⁹ Accepted as an official of the Lisbon Post Office on 28 May 1824, he was interim secretary of the General Sub-inspection of the Mails from the conquest of Lisbon by the Liberal forces (24 June 1833) and permanently appointed from mid 1834 to his death.

In the expressive exposition, previously cited, which he addressed to D. Pedro, asking that the positions which he had exercised in the post office be made permanent, besides referring to his service in the post office, he declares that "if to these services it is necessary to join others of a more elevated nature, and suffering for the cause of honor and liberty," it is he, in that

⁵ Information which I also owe to Godofredo Ferreira which is found in the Registry of the Lisbon Post Office relative to 1880. He had possibly entered the postal service through the intervention of his brother António.

⁶ Also from Godofredo Ferreira.

⁷ Also from Godofredo Ferreira.

⁸ From Godofredo Ferreira.

⁹ Information provided by Godofredo Ferreira from the cemetery archives.

In Search of My Father

Interview with Joseph Sousa

By Marsha McCabe

Joseph Sousa's love affair with Madeira began when his immigrant father told him how big everything was on that small island—big vegetables, big flowers, big mountains. His father, who died at age fifty-one, never got the chance to return to the island. "That's when I promised myself I would visit my father's birthplace," says Joe. "My heart and soul wanted to go there. The island was like a magnet, pulling me toward it."

Joe Sousa didn't just find his father's house, he found his heritage. Today Joe Sousa is the guiding spirit behind the creation of a Madeiran museum in New Bedford, featuring art, photographs, family history, textiles, embroidery and other delights. "My father was a farmer and factory worker in America. But he was also a poet, singer and story teller, traditions he brought with him from Madeira. Why should they be lost?"

In Search of My Father's House

I promised my self I would visit my father's birthplace when he died, but it still took a long time to get there. We had six children and I was spending long days, sometimes nights and weekends, working as a commercial artist so it wasn't easy to get away. Finally my wife, Dolores, and I made the trip on New Year's Day, 1980.

Tears came to my eyes in the plane when we looked down and saw the island. Then, whew! We saw we were going to land on top of the mountain—the runway begins at one edge and ends at the other. Some of the passengers started blessing themselves!

The island is a dream, a regular Shangri-la. It's only thirty-five miles long and fourteen miles wide, but it's amazing what the island holds. You're in a different world. You can smell the flowers. People will give you anything. I went to the archives and was able to locate my mother's house in Santa Cruz. But my father's house was more of a problem. I went to his village, Gaula, and asked to see the oldest person there. Several old ladies came out of their houses, curious to know who I was.

I said I'm looking for the the family of the Sousas. She says there are lots of them and she tells me different Sousa stories but none are the right Sousa. Then I take my sunglasses off and walk toward her, and she points a finger. "You have the face of Virginia Sousa," she says. Well, that's my father's sister. "Where is my father's house?" I asked her. She points and says, "It's the last house on top of the mountain." I know it's going to take a day-and-a-half to get there and we don't have the time. I swore I'd come back soon.

In 1983 I returned with three of my children, June, John and Rosemary. Before leaving the U.S., I had corresponded with an old Madeiran in Oakland, California, a man who came from the same village as my father, and I asked him for directions. They read; "Go to the church, go down the path, pass the Vieira house, pass the banana plantation, go along the *levada* (canal), and so forth."

A taxi took us part way, then we began climbing. At the top of the mountain was my father's house. It was all broken down, open windows and door, dirt floor, pieces of a bed. But that didn't matter. I was swept away by the beauty of the place, and I bawled. Then I got mad at my father for ever leaving Madeira. No matter how poor he was, he had it all already!

My Father in America

My father left this beautiful island at age eighteen. His mother died when he was twelve and his grandfather was left to raise seven children. When they grew up, some of the kids went to Brazil, a sister went to

France and my father came to the U.S., where he settled in New Bedford.

Joe saw the woman who would become my mother from a distance and he liked her. She (Maria) would go to church with her family and he would go, too, just to see her. He would wink at her and he knew she knew. Gradually, he inserted himself into her family, but he would never be alone with her. Even when my father went to get the engagement ring, he had to take one of her sisters. After they married, they settled in Central Falls, Rhode Island, where they both worked in a cotton mill. Madeirans stick together no matter what the locale, and there were lots of Madeirans in Central Falls. But my neighborhood was like the U.N., with Syrians, Polish, Irish and Italians, as well as Portuguese. My parents spoke to us in English.

During the Depression, nobody had anything and my father made moonshine to survive. We lived in a six-tenement house and he made moonshine in the cellar. He figured he would rather work, than collect, right? He sold it in five-gallon cans to clubs, bars and homes. The other families in the tenement house would not complain because he was paying their rent, too, and providing liquor and beer for celebrations like confirmation. My father was like the banker.

The police loved my father, but when the federales came in, that was a different story. My father was always tipped off. It worked like this: A guy would stop traffic manually for the trains coming into town. When this individual saw the feds on the other side of the train, he'd tip off the kids playing baseball near the tracks and they would run home and warn their parents. I was one of those kids.

My father and mother returned to New Bedford in 1940 when I was sixteen and my dad bought a farm in Acushnet. He also worked as a longshoreman in Quonset Point, [Rhode Island]. During World War II we raised pigs and chickens. My father wanted me to continue my education, but I joined the Navy and served three-and-one-half years. The day I got home, my father asked me to leave my uniform on and go with him to Central Falls. He needed to pick up some citizenship papers and thought the uniform would impress people so he'd have no problem getting the papers. When we walked inside the police station, the chief beamed. He said, "Jeez. Joe. Good to see you. You making moonshine in New Bedford?" Nobody even noticed me in my uniform.

My father always talked a lot about Madeira. and how big everything was—big flowers, big vegetables, big mountains. He talked about running along the *levadas*... Even today I picture him running. When I saw his house, I realized how far he had to go to school. he had to go miles and miles every single day and he ran all the way. After school, he worked cutting sugar cane. But incredibly, he was a poet, a singer and a songwriter and i thought he must have had some amazing teachers. He could meet you and make up a song about you, just like that. He was extraordinary.

I would ask my self: How does he do that? Where does this come from? When I visited the island, I knew it came from Madeira, where singing and storytelling is an important part of life. The people brought these traditions to America and I don't want them to be lost. That's why I'm working to create a Madeiran museum in New Bedford.

We already have a building on Hope Street near Madeira Field. On my trips to Madeira now I return with more information on the culture and history of the island. I have lots and lots of family histories. We plan to keep the story of Madeira alive through art, photographs and family histories. The museum will display Madeiran tapestries and embroidery. Trees and plants will be planted around the building, even a grapevine. I'm writing grants now and learning how hard it is to build a museum. But the thought of my mother and father keeps me going. They came here with a rich tradition. Why should these people be forgotten?

Joseph Sousa was honored by the Club Madeirense in a celebration at the Century House in January 1998. His engraved gold plaque reads: Lifetime Achievement Award. Joe Sousa. In keeping alive the heritage, culture, religious beliefs of all Madeirans."

Author Marsha McCabe is senior editor and writer at Spinner Publications and an award-winning columnist at The Standard Times.

With permission

The Portuguese Spinner: An American Story
Marsha L. McCabe and Joseph D. Thomas, Editors
pp. 128-130.

Early Neighborhood

Joseph D. Thomas

Today when I visit my old Rivet Street apartment, along the sidewalks that I walked up and down so many days, so many years ago, I remember the little shop where John the Cobbler (Medeiros) fitted shoes, chewed his cigar and spat on the floor; the air soaked in a fog of leather, shoe polish and cheap cigar. I smell the sharp aroma of fresh fish that fills the air on both sides of the street where Cabral and Franco faced each other. Along the sidewalk, I dodge the fruit stands outside of Britto's and Rebello's meat markets. I peek inside the poulterer's live chicken market to see feathers fly with the fall of his axe (his face was always well hidden).

Life stood still on Rivet Street for many years. And as I remember, we were one of only two or three non-Portuguese families in the entire neighborhood. For nine years, through grade school, we walked nine blocks back and forth to the French school every day, twice a day (we went home for lunch). Along the way, on one side of the street were butchers and cobblers, bakers and druggists, fish markets and grocers, sundries and second hand stores. On the other side, some of the same, but mostly three deckers, a park, a church, a grainery [sic] and another school. Just your common New Bedford street

Intersecting lower Rivet Street is County Street, where you could find fish & chips (on Thursday and Friday, only), soda fountains, shoe stores, furniture stores and more. A few more blocks east, toward the river, was South Water Street—a virtual downtown—with movie theaters, fancy men's and women's clothiers, jewelers, fine furniture, drug stores, bridal shops, grocers, bakers, and more.

The Beginnings: South Water Street

The Rivet Street neighborhood is an outgrowth of a much older Portuguese neighborhood—probably the oldest in the United States—that had its beginning along the city's 200-year-old main thoroughfare, Water street, which ran adjacent to the waterfront. At some point, Water Street begat South Water Street, the district south of the central city, where many banks, merchants, and money changers plied their trade and where fine dwellings and commercial buildings were erected, then vacated for bigger buildings and left for the denizens of foreign shores. South Water Street became the city's Plymouth Rock where pilgrims from Europe, Asia, Africa and exotic isles brought their baggages of hope, family and freedom to this gray corner of the New World.

This is where Joseph Pedro set up his dry goods shop in the late 1830s. Pedro, according to newspaper accounts from the turn of the last century, was the first Portuguese immigrant to establish business in New Bedford. Certainly, men and families of Portugal were all around the continent even before the American Revolution, and Portuguese seamen hung their hats in homes in Nantucket, the Vineyard and Provincetown. But Pedro's establishment in the upscale mecca of liberal thought and pious wealth—New Bedford—is significant because it marks the birth of a Portuguese community that would become the largest in North America.

In 1840, Water Street was still an avenue of quaint federal-style houses, mariner flop houses, boarding quarters, churches and commercial buildings. As the whaling industry grew and commerce increased, capitalists looked for land-based ways to increase their wealth. They needed to look no further than Fall River, Lowell and the Blackstone Valley to see the inspiring success of the cotton textile industry. By 1850, Wamsutta Mills was born and calling out for labor. The first to answer were the Irish, followed by farming families imported from Quebec, then immigrants from Italy, Poland, Portugal, Russia, Syria, Greece and elsewhere.

The success of Wamsutta spawned the growth of the city's south end and expansion to the north. By the late 1800s, because of poor working conditions, whaling captains found it impossible to fit-out with American-born sailors, and crews were gathered at the Cape Verde, Azorean and West Indian islands. Most of these men sailed to escape turmoil, poverty and imprisonment, and upon arrival turned to land-based work, usually in the cotton mills. As they settle in, and sent home for wives and families to join them, the neighborhoods took shape.

As seafarers gave way to the mill workers, growth along South Water Street emerged as rapidly as a Western gold-mining town. Just a wharves expanded to accommodate thousands of bales of cotton, so too did the rambling construction of brick and mortar and the installation of steel mechanics transform a Yankee seaport into a jungle of the Industrial Revolution.

And so they came to New Bedford, first to build her ships and industry, then to sail and render their ballast into liquid gold; And finally to work her giant temples of sweat and noise and air so thick you could cough it up.

South Water Street was New Bedford's 42nd Street. It's where old women enshrouded in kerchiefs shopped tenaciously for the freshest produce at the fairest price; and mustachioed men bellowed coarsely for anyone to sample their wares. South Water Street soon belonged to the immigrants. It's where stores of every kind abutted stores; where multifamily dwellings sprung from sandy soil; where two-and-three-story clapboard buildings were raised from their foundations to add more ground-level stores. It's where children ran half-naked along along the sidewalks, where street urchins hung out on stairways and storefronts, and where they choose to play pool or sell papers instead of going to school. But most of all, it was the district that served and housed the working class and the foreign-born, most of whom, from youngster to parent, worked from dawn to dusk in the damp, close air of a cotton mill.

Such was the setting of the Portuguese immigrant between 1880 and 1920. As the city's eastern shore expanded unto the harbor, Water Street was no longer on the water. Expanded bulkheads were prepared for the expanding textile industry. Mills were built alongside each other in rapid succession, until nearly fifteen miles of waterfront along the river and cove were occupied. With names like Potomska, Quisset, City, Acushnet, Hathaway, Pairpoint, Dartmouth, Butler, Holmes, Booth, Kilburn, Page, Howland, Fiske, Rotch, and Sharp, they dotted the south end waterfront until there was hardly a waterfront left. And behind these factories, in well-designed rows of corporate planning, blocks of three-decker houses stood squarely laid out.

While South Water Street marked the commercial district, parallel streets of resident housing to the west were occupied by a variety of groups: including Portuguese, French-Canadian, Polish, East European Jewish, Irish and English. Soon, however, the Portuguese would dominate. Cultural, churches and social clubs proliferated with the expediency expected of tight-knit ethnic communities. The first Portuguese-Catholic parish in North America, St. John the Baptist, was established in 1871. In the church basement, in 1882, the Monte Pio Society was organized—the oldest Portuguese society in New England. By 1920, several newspapers were being published, including *Diário de Notícias*, the first Portuguese newspaper in the country.

The south-central district, from Allen Street to Clark's Cove, from the Acushnet River to Dartmouth Street, would become, by the mid-twentieth century, a distinctly Portuguese enclave.

Meanwhile, Rivet Street, which bisected this district, continued to grow westward. In 1902 on a parcel of land just three blocks west of County Street, the Portuguese community gathered to build a new church that would compare in size and glory with the numerous Catholic churches that were springing up throughout the city. Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, facing the small storefronts and multifamily dwellings on Rivet Street, is today (and has been for nearly one hundred years) the largest Portuguese parish in the United States.

In the decades to follow, the district has grown and strengthened. The Casa da Saudade, the only Portuguese Public Library in the United States, anchors the community with programs, services and events; parochial schools nurture religious traditions; sports clubs abound, and a com-

mercial district survives, even in hard times.

While most urban neighborhoods in most cities have changed completely in ethnic makeup, if not in physical appearance, the south-central neighborhood surrounding Rivet Street and Clark's Cove has maintained its cultural identity. Today, the stores have different names, but one thing is constant—they are nearly all owned and operated by Luso-Americans. Though most of the neighborhood factories have either been razed or refitted for small business, retail and warehousing, the resident still flourish in their traditions. With schools, a community center, hundreds of businesses and thousands of residents, the old neighborhood carries on. Culture spills onto the pavement with a flavor as rich as century-old Porto wine.

With permission.

The Portuguese Spinner: An American Story
Marsha L. McCabe and Joseph D. Thomas, Editors
pp. 158-161.

1846 to 1948 Marriages of Portuguese People in Stonington, Ct.

Continued from the fall 2007 (Vol. XXVIII, No. 3) issue....

DATE	GROOM	AGE	POB	BRIDE	AGE	POB
1939-01-07	Clarence Henry Denison	30	Stonington	Mary Margaret Lynch	24	Stonington
PARENTS	William Henry Denison & Mary Ellen Enos			John F. Lynch & Ida Boyington		
01-07	William Teixeira	24	Azores	Dorothy Sylvia Costa	19	New London, Conn.
	Jesse Teixeira & Adeline Lemia			Anthony Costa & Mary Sylvia		
02-11	Henry James Cragan	29	Providence, R.I.	Veronica Mary Vargas	23	Maspeth, N.Y.
	Henry Leo Cragan & Alice Theresa Crook			Joseph Vargas & Mary Young		
02-25	William Abate	21	Bristol, R.I.	Zena Garelchonka	21	Chelsea, Mass.
	Frank Abate & Mary Ponte			Ivan Garelchonka & Vera Skoptez		
04-15	Joseph Martin Jr.	23	New Bedford, Mass.	Josephine Christina	21	Stonington
	Joseph Martin Sr. & Ida Sousa			Joseph Christina & Margaret Dippolina		
05-05	George Carvalho	20	Stonington	Doris Greenwood	23	Stonington
	Marion Carvalho & Susan Silva			Daniel Greenwood & Mary Emma Duckworth		
06-17	Frederick Sherman Joseph	23	Stonington	Margaret Ann Parkinson	20	Pawcatuck, Conn.
	Frank Joseph & Clara Santos			Joseph Parkinson & Mary Marsh		
06-19	Leo Vincent Nolan	23	Woonsocket, R.I.	Mary Elizabeth Costa	21	Stonington
	John F. Nolan & Ellen O'Brien			Manuel A. Costa & Mary Moniz		
06-26	William Edward Fallon	35	Stonington	Irene Joan Lema	24	Stonington
	William P. Fallon & Mary Morrison			Manuel Lema & Mary Arruda		
07-31	Joseph Frank Pont	53	Azores	Katherine Sybella Creter Rathbun	44	Krefeld, Germany
	Jesse Pont & Delwinva Pont			Ernest Frensch & Sophie Boynton		
08-10	James Denning Sisk	24	New London, Conn.	Anna Elizabeth Perry	22	Stonington
	Thomas Sisk & Elizabeth Denning			Joseph M. Perry & Mary Francis		
09-02	Wilbur Cale	23	Key West, Fla.	Priscilla Augusta deBragga	29	Stonington
	Benjamin F. Cale & Mary Cale			Frank deBragga & Antonia Sousa		
09-29	Charles John Joseph	21	Stonington	Virginia Belle Bogue	18	Groton, Conn.
	Manuel E. Joseph & Freida Kieburg			William Henry Bogue & Susan Dell Bogue		

To be continued...

Research by Henrietta M. Mayer, computer work by Gabriella P. Gaultney of Connecticut

American-Portuguese Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc.

The Society's year is January 1—December 31

Dues are:

- \$ 10.00 Regular membership
- 2.50 Spouse
- 15.00 Libraries, societies and members not submitting pedigree charts
- 150.00 Life membership (Regular) after age fifty-five
- 200.00 Life membership (Regular) before age fifty-five

Regular members are those who have submitted pedigree charts; their known ancestors are in the summer-issue Surname Roster, but the SR does not name the place of marriage and death. Members wanting their charts (with that additional information) printed in a Bulletin Board may do so. Permission granted confers permission to print the home address—phone number and e-mail address remain optional.

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- | | | |
|--|--------------|------------------|
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| Faial, Porto Santo, São Miguel | each 2 pages | |
| Madeira, Terceira | each 3 pages | |
| Pico | 5 pages | |
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| Leites, Macedo, Martin Behaim, Mendonca, Peixoto, Pereira, Pimentel, Poras, | | |
| Silveira, Soares, Sousa, Terras, Utra (Dutra) and Vernes | | |
| 3. <i>Portuguese Pride and Pleasure</i> , by Carmelina R. Borroz, 59 pages | | 5.00 |
| 4. <i>The Mary P. Mesquita: Rundown at Sea</i> , [Gloucester, Mass.], by Cecile Pimentel, 85 pp. | | 16.95 |
| 5. <i>St. John's Cemetery [New Bedford, Mass] Gravestone Inscriptions</i> | | |
| by Gil and Pat Amaral, 230 pp. | | 29.95 |
| 6. <i>Portuguese Bermudians: An Early History and Reference Guide, 1849-1949</i> , | | |
| by Patrícia M. Mudd, 702 pp. | | 29.95 |
| 7. <i>The Forgotten Portuguese</i> , by Manuel Mira, 383 pp. | | 29.95 |
| 8. <i>Portuguese Spinner: An American Story</i> , ed. by McCabe & Thomas, 288 pp. | | 29.95 |

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