

American-Portuguese
Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc.



Bulletin Board

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Nossa Senhora das Angústias

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

The feathered motifs on both sides are blue, red and gold. The three stripes on the shield are gold-colored; on each side of the middle stripe are the eight red castle-like shapes.

This is the twelfth of the series.



Silveira

The Man From Santa Maria

Interview with Miguel de Figueiredo Côrte-Real

By Joseph D. Thomas

When I first met Senhor Côrte-Real, thirty years ago [this story was published thirty years ago], he lived upstairs on the third floor of my parents' apartment building on River Street [Fall River, Mass.]. from where I stood , at sixteen, he was large, bellicose man, whose impassioned temper rattled the walls What I thought was rage had to do more with the passion and intensity of his persona. He had a large family, with many lovely daughters, and he seemed to govern with a power that thundered from deep inside his being. When I learned that he was a relative of the great Portuguese explorers Gaspar And Miguel Côrte-Real, I reinterpreted his stern demeanor as intense pride, sharpened by his New World position as laborer, immigrant and apartment-dweller.

As I have come to know the man, I now marvel at his childlike enthusiasm over history and culture, his thirst for knowledge, his fine intellect, and the valuable contribution he has made in documenting his people's history. At seventy-six, and coming from a wealthy family, he seems cognizant of his privileges in life and wants to return the knowledge and other gift acquired during his quiet journey of life.

Senhor Côrte-Real is a man that cannot possible be interviewed in two or three settings—especially by someone who doesn't speak Portuguese, like myself. Yet, boldly I present this banter. The man is a connoisseur of thought and conversation. If he were French, he may have spent his days sipping cafe au lait at Place de Notre Dame and arguing the merits of existentialism with Camus. But he is Azorean—and proud of it. It is my recommendation that anyone seeking to learn Azorean history, with perhaps a twist of controversy and aside of joie de vivre,engage the Man from Santa Maria.

A Lifelong Student

My occupation is a student. I want to learn everyday, every day! I like reading and learning. It is not just genealogy, it is everything. If you ask me how rockets go to the moon, I have no idea. But I get newspapers from the Azores and the Continent everyday. Yesterday I was clipping newspapers. I like to have biographies from people, you see? I like to learn. I have a passion.

I try to go back to Santa Maria every two years, and I head straight for the library. I record family histories. What makes each family special? I write personal stories, not kings and queens. But I also like to write about "discoveries"—like how Christopher Columbus was taken prisoner on Santa Maria. I record transactions and land deals. I have hundreds of documents from hundreds of years ago. Someday, I will donate all my work to the University of the Azores. For stimulating conversation, I talk with lots of people. I promise myself I will try to work on my research everyday.

In Santa Maria, until 1947, all I wanted were girls and horses. I loved horses, my car was a horse and what I like were the girls. In that year, a cousin of mine called Armando Pacheco de Canto e Castro opened a new world to me. I didn't know why I called him cousin. His name was Pacheco de Canto e Castro and mine was Figueiredo. He was known by his bad temper. So one day I asked him, "Hey cousin Armando, how on earth are we cousins?"

"Oh, you want to know? Come here!" he said. And he went to get a book. "Look at this: this is your father...so many cousins on this side, other cousins on the other side."

"Oh! I didn't know that!" That's funny!" And I very shyly asked him, "So you mind if I come here on Sundays to copy this?"

"Come, come, whenever you want...It will be my pleasure."

And so I did. I started going there on Sundays when I didn't have much to do, and I would copy some things. One fine day I got there, I knocked on the door, and the maid came downstairs to welcome me.

"Please come in."

I went to the living room, one of those old rooms with heavy velvet curtains and heavy red chairs, some old paintings from the walls. Then cousin Úrsula showed up.

Oh, how are you cousin?" We kissed as usual and she said, "Do you know Mr. Armando is sick? he has a problem with his kidneys."

"If cousin Armando is sick, I'm going to leave!" I said, because I knew about his temper...

"No, no, no, God forbid! If he know you were here and didn't speak to him, he would be furious! Wait, because I'm going to ask him if he wants to see you." She went to the third floor and yelled down, "Please, come up. Armando wants to talk to you!"

He was lying in bed, a strong man, with steel hands. He had a rope tied to his bed so he could get up. He grabbed the rope, pulled it, and sat up. He had on his woolen sweater from Santa Maria with long sleeves and we started to talk. "Cousin Armando, I heard you were sick, so I'm not going to study the book this week. I will come back next week."

"No, no, no... Listen, tell Úrsula to come here." I called her and he said, "Listen, Úrsula, we don't have any kids. Well, we have a daughter, but she is crazy, completely crazy. We have several nephews. None of them cares about genealogy. We have no one. Do you know something? The only one who cares about all this is Miguel. So, if you don't mind, we give him the book"

So they gave me the book and I was radiant with joy! A book of mine. It is right here. I have kept it religiously, and I couldn't wait to get home so I could go through it at my will. At their home, I had to be very careful so it wouldn't get ruined.

I was all happy. When I left, I thanked my cousin and ran home. I went to my bedroom on the third floor, took my coat and tie off, made myself comfortable. I put the book on the desk and started running through it. I was all excited about seeing all those old relatives. I had no idea who they were.

Someone knocked on the door. It was my cousin Armando's maid. The maid? Oh my God! he's already sorry for having given me the book! He was always a bit crazy! What does she want? I went downstairs and said, "So, what's going on?"

"Senhora Úrsula told me to let you know Mr. Armando died. After you left, he started not feeling good. We called the doctor, the priest, but he was already dead." That shocked me. It touched me. He gave me the book because he felt he was going to die. It was about an hour between the time I left his house and the time he died. Even when I talk about this, I feel a chill down my back.

From that point on, I started to get interested in genealogy. Then I had a friend, Dr. Manuel Monteiro Velho, an historian with an international reputation and an expert in genealogy. He would tell me many stories. He would scream; he spoke very loud. He would grab my arm and squeeze it sometimes. He was short, fat, with a very funny face, but he was very educated, very, very educated. So, he told me, for instance, the story of Inês who was kicked out of the house by her father. And he would say, "Miguel Figueiredo Lemos was a mean man."

But he never said why. I found out from my genealogy book the reason he kicked his daughter out of the house was because she had married the son of a Jewish woman.

Family Origins

Miguel de Figueiredo de Lemos settled in Santa Maria in 1540. He married there, and had his children there. One died in Madeira, a bishop who had a chapel built to São Luis, Bishop of Tolosa. He was buried there in the chapel. In 1908, the bishop of Madeira, D. Agostinho Barreto, exhumed the bishop's bones because the chapel was abandoned, and they are now buried in the cathedral, near the main door, marked by a big white memorial stone.

I was born in São Miguel for political reasons. My father was the head of the Regenerador Party in Santa Maria. On February 1, 1908, King D. Carlos was murdered. D. Manuel was king for some time, and on October 1, 1910, he was exiled to England and the monarchy was ended.

I was six when we moved back to Santa Maria in 1931. My father, who was ill, felt he was going to die and wanted to go back. I returned to São Miguel every year. It's only fifty-two miles. You don't realize what life in the Azores was like back in 1930s. When it was time for you to go to the fourth grade—books? There

were no books for sale anywhere! We would go from door to door to ask the boys who had just finished elementary school to buy used books. It wasn't a matter of money; the thing is there were no books. There was no place to buy the books.

My father was a judge and I'm my father's son. When I was little, my best friends had no shoes, their pants had patches, but money was never important to me. What's important is what is inside. It used to be—if you had a chicken, you could trade eggs for sugar, far salt, for everything. Corn, corn... There was no money, no money.

Do you know where people kept the little money they had? They would keep it in a little belt they would tie around their waist. It had a lot of small pockets, and as soon as they had a dollar, an eagle, they would put it inside one of the pockets and close it, and sleep every night and every day close to it. This was the bank.

My mother was very intelligent, very proper, but she could read only a religious book. When she was little, they didn't let her go to school. They only taught her how to read religious books, and she didn't know how to write. She could read print but not cursive. Do you want to write love letters? No ma'am! It was only religious books! I still have the book she used to read, and the book my father would read, and I even have my father's spelling-book. She could read the newspaper, but she couldn't read a letter. You see?

There were only three high schools in the Azores—São Miguel, Terceira and Faial. None in Santa Maria. I went four years to the industrial school and completed the commercial program. When I was twenty, I went into the military service for sixteen months. After the war was over, I went back to industrial school.

There were no universities in the Azores at that time. My father left me money to go to a university on the Continent, but everything changed so fast after the war the money wouldn't have been enough. All my brothers attended São Féil School in mainland Portugal. My sister went to the São Patricio School in Lisbon, too.

I'm going to tell you something. When I was in elementary school, I learned more than what kids know when they graduate for a university today. Back then, we had to learn! If a certain number of students the teacher brought to the exam failed, the teacher might lose his job. The school Inspector would kick him out!

Thoughts on This and That

On Salazar: He was serious man. His temperament was not to forget what others did against him. He had always to seek revenge against these people. He only saw what he wanted to see.

I never talked to Salazar even though I had opportunities to do so. A friend of mine, Maria Margarida da Camara Medeiros, knew him, and one day she asked me to go with her to see Salazar. But I didn't. What was he going to tell me. "Who are you? Are you from the Azores?" Salazar wanted to live surrounded by people like him.

On coming to America: Why did I come? No special reason. My former wife's mother was here in America, that's all. I had a good job, the assistant manager of Moaçor, the ration factory. I belonged to the Azorean ploughmen group, and I was making more money than Salazar himself. But I came to America and kept on learning.

On vocations: If someone has a vocation to be a doctor, and he is a shoemaker, he will never be a good shoemaker. This is natural. This is my own vocation (to be a student). I was born with it. I enjoy it. I'm happy.

How immigration changed: In the old days, a man would come to America but not with his wife. He would make some money and go back to his country and buy a piece of land, so he could organize his life, work for himself, have his own house, have his own piece of land. Only after this, did families begin to emigrate—the husband, the wife, and everybody else—but not in the old days.

Looking down on Azoreans: I have never felt that people in the Continent think that people of the Azores are inferior. I lived on the Continent for a long time, you know. I attended the best societies of Lisbon. And I have never felt diminished. They (the Azoreans) were the ones who felt diminished because the education they had was limited.

On wealth and poverty in the Azores: In the Azores, although there were social differences, I never felt that. A fisherman, a shoemaker, I don't care. If someone has the brain, he is my friend.

What is saudades ? I'm going to tell you. Your father dies. You have *saudades* from remembering his death. I have *saudades* of my country, of the place where I was born, of the birds I used to see when I was little, *saudade* of the spinning of the hula-hoop, from spinning the top. I am a man of this age, and I bought a top in Fall River. This is *saudade*.

On mother's cooking: My mother could cook excellent food—food I will never again taste in my life. She would make this crab soup I will always miss. One of my friends said he never had anything like it anywhere! When I was little we wouldn't go in the kitchen because of the maids. If I saw them cooking, what would happen to me? I can cook some things today from talking to my mother. She would say, "You do this like this and that like that..."

On the Portuguese Community Today

It is a divided community, unfortunately. If our community would get together, not just the Azoreans, but the whole Portuguese community, we could have some power here. We don't have any power because this person is jealous of that person, because he bought new furniture for his living room so the other one has to buy the same one, but at a better price. And they live on this. They live on jealousy.

Do you remember António Alberto Costa? I was talking to him one day and I said, "This is so sad! There is no unity among soccer clubs here... Why don't they get them all together?" He said, "Yeah! Let's go." We went to the radio station which was on the air one hour each day. But we had to give up the idea because they poke our eyes out! What have we got ourselves into! The headaches! Someone suggested that we put several soccer teams together. WHAT? And we gave up!

Do you see what happened to the Portuguese club *O Ateneu* ? It was so good, had such good members, but it's over! Do you see the problem with *Casa dos Açores* ? The problem they are having because someone gave them some money? You see?

Our community is developing slowly. Thirty years ago it was almost a zero. When I got here, I didn't know anyone, and I had a lot of difficulties. I was going to work with Dr. Francis M. Rogers at Harvard University. But my sister-in-law, who lived here, didn't know how to get to Cambridge. I had already been to Brazil, Africa, France, Spain, and everything. I had never been here before. I only had my wife's family here. No one could bring me there! So Rogers was mad at me for twelve years.

I am proud of many people (He points to a photograph on the wall). Manuel das Neves Xavier, ran away from Pico, a man who couldn't read or write, and he published the first Portuguese newspaper on the East Coast of the United States. He published four newspapers, one after the other. It was not easy to sell newspapers to the Portuguese people at that time, so he failed. Cardinal Medeiros is another man who was self-made.

Portuguese people are beginning to get more involved in education. We have come a long way and will continue, but our ancestral roots may weaken. People tend to forget their origins. A lot of people say the Portuguese put too much emphasis on work instead of education. But these people are forgetting where people came from and the difficulties they had on the islands. It was not that they wanted the kids to work. They just couldn't afford to keep them in school. When they came to the United States, they went to work in the factory, thinking they could make all the money they wanted, get set up, and go back. But today, that is not happening. Today people think the first thing is education.

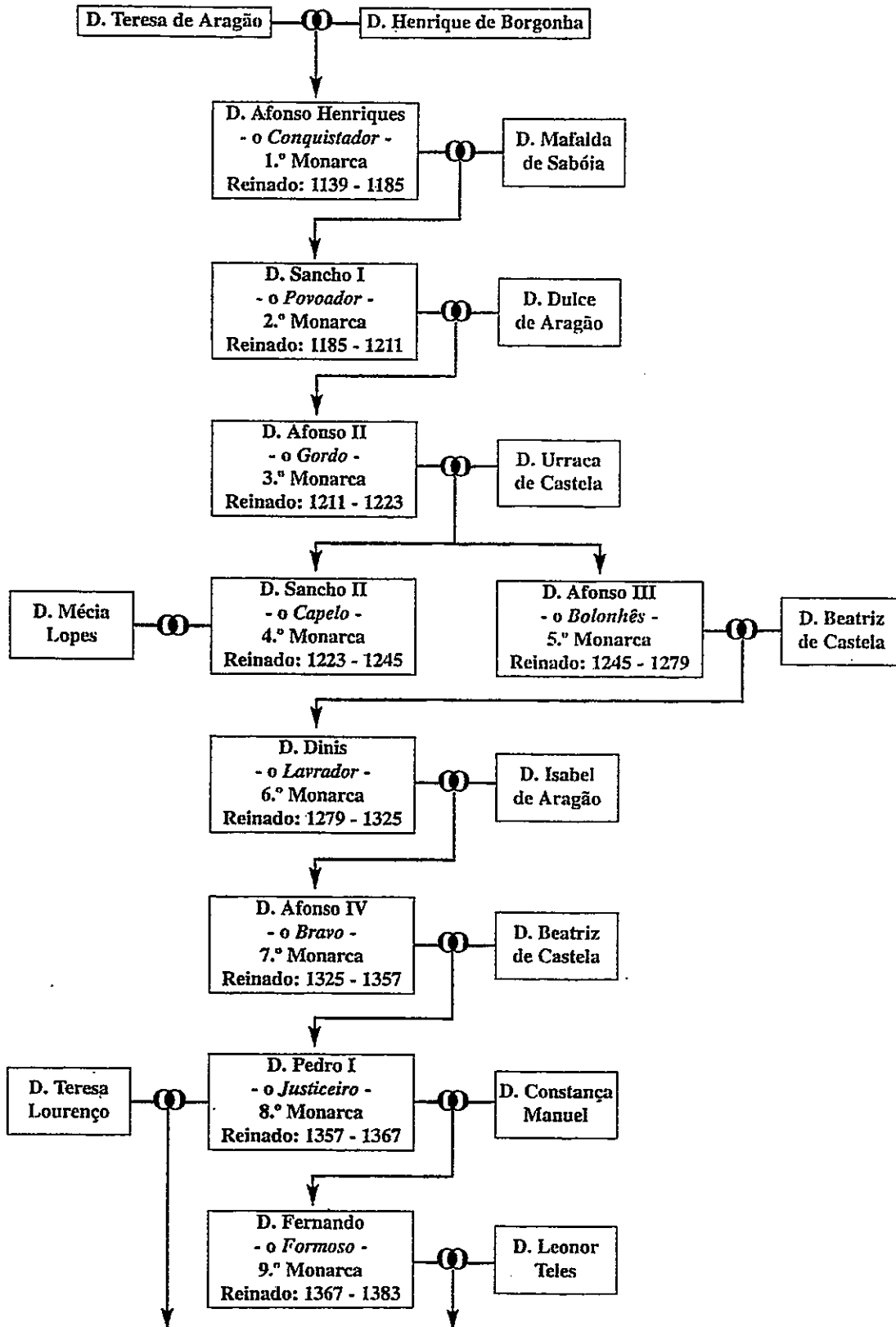
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Portuguese Spinner: An American Story.

pp. 48-54

Edited by Marsha L. McCabe and Joseph D. Thomas

Portugal's Monarchs (1139-1910)



To be continued...

Submitted by John M. Raposo of Massachusetts

A Man of Steel

Interview with Emidio Raposo

By Gavin Hymes

Emidio Raposo, who emigrated from Portugal at twenty-six, had a distinguished career at Morse Cutting Tool, Inc., and was an active member of the United Electrical Union. As a young boy he attended military school in Portugal and became an expert machinist; he took his knowledge and skills with him to Morse.

When my father died, my mother put me in a military school in Lisbon for the sons of army men. I was eight years old. My father had fought in Belgium in the First World War and absorbed poison gas into his lungs. Little by little, the gas burned his trachea and he died slowly. He was about thirty-two.

After my father died, my mother worked as a dressmaker. When the woman she worked for retired, she sold my mother the business. My mother didn't have a shop. She worked right in our house. Working with four or five girls, they measured, cut and sewed in a big room in our house. She had several sewing machines, the kind you have to pedal, and a big table for cutting. She would make her own designs and patterns on newspaper, then cut out the dresses. She made each dress to fit a certain customer, using chalk to mark the fabric and cutting carefully to conserve material.

In my time people didn't have telephones at home, but there were telephones in the stores. Next door to us was a bakery and if a customer or someone else needed to contact us, they called the people in the bakery, who were kind enough to communicate with us.

My mother was a soft-spoken woman but she had her own ideas. She was somewhat strict with us because our father had died but she had a sensibility about the right way to guide us. She didn't need to say, "Do this and do that." She was the kind of woman who would say, "Nobody is any better than you, but you're not better than anybody else either."

I came home from military school on weekends in uniform. We had classes on Saturday morning and were free to go home after the noon meal. We had to be back on Sunday night when they blew the horn at 9 P.M. My grandmother, who lived with us, would look at me and say, "Here comes my little general!" She was very proud that I had that uniform and she would always ask that I wear it with dignity. If you were being punished at school, you could not go home on the weekend.

The teaching methods made it very hard for a child to learn. We had to repeat everything constantly. There was lots of memorization. One teacher I liked very much because he believed when you didn't know something, you should use books and libraries to look for the answer. He'd say, "The book is your best friend. You don't have to know a book by heart, but I want you to know how to look at a book."

We had to go by military rules. We slept in a barracks with thirty to thirty-five beds. They played the bugle and woke us up at 5:30 A.M. At 6 A.M. we had to make our beds, take showers, and be ready to go downstairs for breakfast. It was not raining, we would meet outside in formation and be divided into platoons. Then the ten- and eleven-year old boys marched to their tables and sat with their platoons. We had a half-hour to get ready for school at 8 A.M. and we marched to our classrooms.

When I was eleven or twelve, I entered to vocational section of the military school. At that time, we could choose either industrial, commercial, shop or accounting. I took shop, which was a five-year program. You went through different steps in shop, the first step was carpentry, then simple construction, or molding, or the foundry. My favorite was the machine shop. We used grinding machines, the lathe and the milling machine, but we filed by hand using rough files. They'd put a hunk of iron in your hands and you had to make a cube out of it. You had to meet certain measurements and learn how to use a micrometer and the rulers and all the tools necessary for a machinist. In Portugal we were called mechanics. We were not automobile mechanics but machinists.

We put in ten hours a week in the shops but I had a lot of theoretical experience with different qualities of steel. you have carbon and cobalt and T-42 and T-15. The school bought the steel according to what you were doing. If you were making a screwdriver, for example, you'd have to have a bit of temper, which is the hardness of the steel. You would apply the heat to that screwdriver after you mold it and file it into the right condition. We did it by hand.

The school taught us to stick together. One day at school a teacher was sick and there were twenty-eight of us with nothing to do from 10 A.M. to 12 P.M. We took off to the playing field and played soccer. We saw the officer on duty that day come walking over the hill between the school and the playing field. We ran away and he didn't catch anybody. Later, he put us in formation and wanted to know who was playing soccer. We didn't say anything. Then he took us to the director of the school, and still nobody said anything. The director said, "If none of you will tell me then all of you must have been playing so I'm not going to give any of you permission to go home for the weekend."

Well, there was one boy whose parents came to visit him every day and I guess he didn't want to stay all weekend so he said, "I don't know who was playing soccer, but it wasn't me." You know what the director did? He told us, "You've got to stick together. That's the way it should be. Everyone is going to have liberty except for you (the boy). You have no respect for your friends. You told on them, so you're going to stay." I thought that was proper. I really respected that man. We stuck together like that.

When I reached the age of eighteen, I didn't go to college because I had to serve in the army. Portugal was not in the war in 1939, but they sent us to different colonies. Portugal had been one of the biggest, most powerful colonial countries in Europe. I was sent to the island of Terceira in the Azores in January 1943.

There was never any combat, but sometimes it was close, especially at night. Sometimes the German subs or the Americans or the British Navy was around there. I was the sergeant of a platoon and we had two posts. One of my posts was aimed at the the sky and the other was aimed at the bay.

I met my future wife Mariana while I was in the Azores. Her mother's house was across the street from my headquarters and I used to see her at the window. When the troops would be in formation or on maneuvers, all the townspeople would come outside to watch us march. I would see that girl there and think I liked her. And we started to talk and that's how we got married. In the Azores or in Portugal, we can only talk to a girl at her window. They don't come out to talk with us. You couldn't take a girl out to a show all alone.

I was discharged from the army in December 1945 and went to Lisbon to get a job. The work was not what I had studied, but it was hard to get a job and you'd take the first thing you could get your hands on to make a decent living. I would like to have studied engineering, but I needed to help my mother. She had married a second time, had another child, and my stepfather died too.

I asked for a month of vacation from my job so I could go to the Azores to see my (future) wife for Christmas. I went and we decided to get married in June or July. When I was getting things ready for the marriage, I asked my boss for permission to go but he told me, "No, you already had your vacation at Christmas." In a way, he was right. So I got married by proxy in 1946. I asked a friend, a businessman in Terceira to represent me. The priest in Terceira, another good friend, was the witness of the wedding. Of course, later, my wife came to Lisbon and we went to my church and got married.

I was not doing the kind of work I liked and was always looking for something better so my wife said to me, "Look. Why don't you go to the United States? At least you'll have more opportunity." I was able to come to America because my wife and her parents were American citizens. Coming here was a little scary but I feel I came to the right place at the right time. It's a new experience and you don't know what you're gonna face, right? I didn't know any English and went to school a little bit to learn. I don't talk that good, but at least I've made myself understood and I try my best.

Portuguese people are different from Americans in many ways. We respect older people more. The poor people in my country always bowed to the rich because the rich were the ones who gave them jobs and food. Americans also don't know their neighbors well. In Portugal, even if you were living in a building with twelve or sixteen floors, you always know everybody. Over here I found that people sometimes lived in the same house and the ones who lived on the first floor didn't know the ones who lived on the second floor. I don't think there was a lack of friendship. It was lack of communication. In Portugal, whenever new

people came into our neighborhood, my mother would bake a cake or something and welcome them. And you would go to a neighbor's house to borrow a cup of sugar or macaroni. You don't see that much in this country. I love this country very much, even though things are different.

I wanted a job where I could work with metals—metallurgy, you call it in English? That's why I went to Morse. When they called me for an interview, I didn't know how to speak English at all. The personnel manager knew French because he came from Canada and I knew a little French because I had studied it in Portugal. So we spoke in French. Then he filled out my application in English.

When I went to work at Morse, the foreman was Portuguese and many Portuguese people worked there. Many didn't speak English, some who had been here twenty years or more. I was surprised. I didn't expect them to be experts in English—I'm not—but I expected they could help me with my English and they couldn't.

I had no trouble learning the job because I knew how to read a blueprint and use a micrometer and a ruler and so forth. The skills and education I got in military school were a big help at Morse and I became distinguished in my work. I did skilled work, the kind you do with your fingers. You had to work on these real small drills. Sometimes these drills are very thin, you know? From a number 80, which is real small, like a dentist's drill, to all sizes. I worked on a four-inch drill.

I stayed on the job for thirty-six years. I was what they called the wheeling-out man. When the work comes out of the grinding machines, it goes into the hardening room and gets all black from the fire. These drills have to go through a process called sandblasting to get the black out. The groove of the drill has to be polished without spoiling the cutting edge. That was my job.

We had different kinds of grinding wheels and my job was to grind out the grooves with grinding wheels ranging in diameter from from one inch to one thirty-second of an inch. The wheel I used depended on the width of the groove. You have to put that wheel in the middle of the groove of the drill and grind to take off what is necessary. Sometimes we had to take off only one-thousandth of an inch off each side. Do you know what a thousandth? Do you have any idea how small that is? If you take one of your hairs, it's about three- or four-thousandths, depending how thick your hair is. The thinnest hair is no less than two-thousandths.

We also did a cut called the thin web cut and we polished the grooves so the drill would cut more smoothly. I not only worked on drills, but on all kinds of cutting tools—reamers, mills, taps. In addition to the thin web cuts and the polishing, I did grinding to make the cutting edges as sharp as possible. We could also make drills of two diameters. For example, a quarter-inch drill might have a point an eighth of an inch. In other words, the specifications might say that the last half of an inch of the drill should have a step down to a smaller diameter. Sometimes there would be three or more of these steps. The machines couldn't do this themselves so I had to fix it by hand. The excess material had to be removed by hand on the grinding wheel.

The wheel goes around with the rotation of the machine and you just touch the wheel with the tool and the wheel grinds it until it reaches the specifications they want. Sometimes you only have a tolerance of one hundred-thousandth, so must have good vision and good skill with your hands. Like I said, it didn't take me long to learn at Morse because I brought that knowledge of steel with me. So I knew the difference between working with carbon and working with high speed or cobalt.

Sometimes I can say that Morse was more like a country club than a place to work. A lot of people would abuse the system. The bosses never forced the workers to be on their machines for the full eight hours and they would take coffee breaks whenever they felt like it. I tried to do my work as best I could and put in my hours. I believe if I want the job, I have to produce enough for that mill to make money to keep me working.

I always believed in the union, because in Portugal we had no unions and never talked about them. The union needed me because I spoke English and Portuguese and could explain union matters to the workers. Sometimes I did interviews as far away as Springfield. The union paid me for this. I also helped Portuguese workers with any problems they had with the union.

The union's president, the vice president, the secretary and steward were right in the shop. We elected them. I disagreed with the bosses many times on the best way to do things, but I knew the union was behind me to protect me. I don't think I would have had a voice to express myself without the union.

One time a milling machine malfunctioned and spoiled thousands of dollars worth of work. The machine had left a bump on each piece of work. Rather than scrap the work, I was asked to fix it. The supervisor told me I had to do it at the rate of \$6.35 an hour. At this time I was making about \$10.00 an hour so my piecework rate was about \$8.80 an hour. I told him, "No, I'm sorry. I don't have to do it. If you want it done, you do it." He said, "I don't know how and the company needs you to do it." Well, I walked right out the door. Why did I do that? I knew I was right. I knew the union would back me up.

But the union didn't protect me as much as I thought it would. The shop steward talked with the boss for about half an hour. Then they called me into the office. I was the only one who could repair the work to the specifications. The shop steward told me that if I wanted to, I could come to an agreement with the boss and accept the job. I said, "No, that's not right. I want you to tell him to pay me what's in the contract." Finally, the boss agreed to pay me the unrated wage and I worked on that job for two or three weeks.

Sometimes the boss wanted me to work five hours on Saturday but I also wanted to see my son play football on Saturday morning. I would go to work at 4 A.M. and work until 9 A.M. so I could do both. I've always believed parents should take an interest in what their children do.

I am a Catholic. I try to obey the commandments. I believe in confession. We have to believe that God is not an instrument of punishment. He is an instrument of forgiveness. When you realize you've done wrong, you ask God to forgive you. That's your obligation. Sometimes you can't fulfill your obligations as you should. That's why you go to church to confess.

My youngest son is a physical education teacher in the Dartmouth schools. He wanted to go into the Army but I asked him to try college to see if he could make it. He went to Bristol Community College, then Bridgewater. All my children are college-educated. My other son is a priest. One of my daughters is a nun and had a master's degree in administration. My oldest daughter is married and has a master's degree in counseling. I have five granddaughters.

I am proud of my children because they've achieved what I couldn't. I didn't finish college because my responsibility was to support my family in Portugal. I made the sacrifices to get schooling for my children and America gave them the opportunity.

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