



American - Portuguese
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CEMETERY INSCRIPTIONS
AND BURIAL SITES
of
ST. GEORGE, MAINE,
AND THE NEARBY ISLANDS

Compiled and Edited by

Steven E. Sullivan, M.A.
and
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PENOBSCOT  PRESS

SITE 35.
GRAVES of TWO PORTUGUESE SAILORS,
PORT CLYDE (E35)

According to Albert Smalley, several Portuguese sailors were buried at Port Clyde, perhaps sometime in the nineteenth century. This site is shown on Commander Smalley's map of early landowners at St. George as being at Port Clyde near the harbor at a place called at one time "Hutchins Head." The site is now no longer remembered and no gravestones or inscriptions are known.

Submitted by Cecile N. Pimental of Massachusetts

Two Women

Conversation with Mrs. Linhares & Mrs. Pereira

By Maria Candida Pereira

Mrs. Liduina and Mrs. Maria Candida Pereira talk about life on the island of Pico in the Azores—their youth, working in the fields, courtship and rituals and the expectation of marriage as their only destiny.

MRS. LINHARES: We islanders live surrounded by nature. On Pico, in São Caetano village, the majesty of the big mountain [Mt. Pico, Portugal's highest peak] stands behind us, spreading itself with valleys, hills and rocks toward the sea. Facing us is the sea and its different moods which shape our lives—making us happy and dreamy when it is calm and blue, filling us with dread when the angry waves invade the land.

MRS. PEREIRA: Looking at the line that separates the sea from the sky, we wonder what is beyond it. We dreamed about a family, a career and a better life. We were dreaming about America. The islands did not offer much opportunity, only the hope of having a family. We found that better life in America, but still remember life in the islands with longing. Something is missing: the island dreams, the dances and movies when friends got together; the summer afternoons when we crocheted and laughed; the fountain where we met our boyfriends on the run; the picking up of the grapes and the white church of the village.

MRS. LINHARES: Life on the island of Pico is peaceful and full of joy, a quiet, delightful place where nature, plants and animals seem to live in harmony. You need only experience the the beginning of a new day and hear the birds singing, smell the aroma of wet grass and watch the hurry of people going to work to understand this. We loved the mountain, the fields and the sea but wanted more, a better life for ourselves and our children.

Figs and Long Skirts

MRS. PEREIRA: All the girls dreamed of being teachers, but the possibilities were few. We had to move to another island to do that, which meant economic expenses and separation from the family. We ended up doing housework and working in the fields. Then we waited until we were twenty or twenty-one to get married and start our own lives. But the new beginning was nothing new. Once married, life was just a continuation of the life we had when living with our parents—washing clothes, cooking, cleaning the house, feeding the chickens and pigs and working in the fields.

MRS. LINHARES: I liked most working in the fields. We would get up very early, no later than 6:30 a.m. in the winter, but even earlier in the summer to pick up figs and make *aguardente*, a kind of brandy. We wore big hats, long skirts and large shirts with long sleeves. Women did not dress in pants in those days, only skirts and dresses.

On the way to work in the fields with the men, we had to be careful about crossing the fences. The men were the first to go over, then the women. We also had to be careful about the way we sat. We couldn't cross our legs and we made sure our skirts were covering up our feet. During the season of seeding corn, the men walked in front with a plow, tilling the ground. We walked behind, sowing the seeds with a stake. We took precaution when bending over so we would not show our legs.

Picking up figs was painful, too. Besides wearing all those clothes, we wore leather sandals called *albarcas*, which were very thin. Every time we walked over the dry rocks of the vineyard, it felt like the rocks were drilling the sandals. The sandals also had leather straps that crossed behind our ankles and tied in the front. When we walked, those straps went up and down and hurt so much. After picking up the figs, we carried them in baskets on top of our heads. We felt so tired by the end, our necks were wobbling and our legs trembling.

MRS. PEREIRA: Working in the fields was especially fun if we worked with a group of girls. Sometimes we sang and told jokes. Other times we just laughed about everything—about a person who passed by and the way she was dressed, or a single but old man who looked at us, and we would start laughing and

I say, "Look at his eyes, he still thinks he is young." Life was happier at that time. We were closed in our little world because there was no radio or TV. There were films, old films, and we liked the songs from those films so much that on the way home we sang the songs

The next day, we could also hear the young people singing or whistling the songs while they were working in the fields. That was the sound of the new day: people singing along with the noise of the hoes digging and cutting the fields. We used to get up very early to pick apples, potatoes, corn and more. We were poor and had to work hard, but I miss those walks in the morning and the smell of that pure air—a mixture of wet grass, beech and incense.

MRS. LINHARES: We liked working in the fields in the summer because of the picking of the grapes, a task that went from dawn to night. Early in the morning, the women filled baskets with food and carried them on their heads to the vineyards. We took fish and potatoes already cooked or to be cooked at the vineyard to eat all day. First we made a fire for the potatoes, then stuck the fish on a spit for roasting. That food had a different smell, maybe because we ate it next to the vines and the smell of the grapes made the food tastier.

In the fields, the family always worked together, the father, mother, children and sometimes the neighbors. Men would go first with the animals to prepare the land to be cultivated. Then the women went, taking the food and helping with the planting. Once I took a big basket of food on my head and a can of four liters of coffee in my hand. Because the field was far away and the can was very heavy, it started cutting my hand. When we got to the fields, the men ate and then we started working together.

The men had already made the trenches and the women put in the fertilizer—cow, sheep or poultry manure. The men followed us, covering the potatoes or planting the *inhames*. April was busy month. Besides the *inhames*, we had the sowing of corn, which involved the whole family. Some were in front pulling up the lupine which was planted before. Others were plowing the soil with the help of the cows. Others were sowing the corn by digging a hole with a stake or putting seeds in the trenches.

MRS. PEREIRA: In the afternoon, we even sat on the side of the street doing crochet and looking at the young men who were coming from work.

Mrs. LINHARES: Some of the girls of our village got married that way, by looks and glances. Men just looked at them when they were passing by in the truck, and they would come on Sundays just to look at them, smile or say how pretty they were. We did not have any entertainment like you have today. We could not say we were going to work hard during the day and have a good time during the evening. In the winter we could not go outside because the weather and life became a little sad. In winter the temperatures are mild, but those islands are desolated by strong winds and rain.

One happy time in winter was the feast. If Mrs. Pereira's pig was going to be slaughtered, the day before we would make the combread, scrape the *inhames* and cook them on the wood stove. In the evening my husband would go to help Mr. Pereira cut the onions for the blood pudding. While the men were chopping the onions, they were also drinking little glasses of *aguardente*.

The next morning I would go to her house early and take the *inhames* from the wood stove, peel and put them on the dishes. She would be preparing the fish. The men brought us the pig's liver so we could start seasoning it. The onions were mixed with the blood, garlic, pepper and seasoning and we cleaned the intestines to make *linguiça* and blood pudding.

MRS. PEREIRA: I also like the *serões* in winter. We'd get together in one of our friends' houses. The men sat around the kitchen table playing cards and talking about sowing. The women sat on the floor or in chairs making crochet. When one was almost done with her crochet, we'd help her so she could finish it earlier and sell it.

We also told jokes and did crazy things. One night, I and one of my friends—now my sister-in-law—told everybody we were going to the balcony. We were very young and crazy. Instead of going there, we went to pick up pears from my uncle's pear tree. It was far away so we ran fast before they could miss us. We picked up the pears, the leaves and even some branches. There was a full moon that night. On the way home, we began thinking about ghosts and the souls of dead people. We ran home so fast you could see our ankles touching our backs.

MRS. LINHARES: We believed in spirits. We heard from our parents and grandparents about things that had happened. In the winter at night, the island was very dreadful. We lived right at the bottom of that

big mountain next to the sea. In every corner we thought we saw the shadows of people who had died. At night the darkness was so strong, it became more dreadful when the strong wind from the south and the rain would hit the rocks and trees. On those nights we were scared of the noise of a straw scratching the window, a seagull that flew over us or a loose animal that walked on the streets with the chain dragging.

I remember people talking about what happened to a man who was walking by the cemetery. When he left home, he put some straws of corn in his back pants pocket to make cigarettes, then he forgot about them. He heard a strange scratching noise with every step he took. Nearing the cemetery, the noise grew louder. He started running. The noise followed him and grew even stronger. He was terrified. Then something fell to the ground and there it was. Straws of corn!

I also remembered somebody had died recently and my mother needed to go to my uncle's house. It was night. She put a coat on her shoulders and left our house. But when she closed the door, a sleeve got stuck in the door. Holding the coat, she felt that something was holding her back and she started screaming. She thought it was the soul of a dead person holding her back.

In those winter *serões*, we sometimes started dancing. My father-in-law played the *chamarrita* and we danced. One of the men shouted the steps for us to follow, according to the music. Sometimes we even planned bigger dances, inviting neighbors and friends who lived in other villages. It was one more opportunity for seeing and dancing with our boyfriends.

Courtship

MRS. LINHARES: Courtship was very different from what it is today. A girl could talk to a young man only during the day and in front of everybody. If by any chance she met a boyfriend and talked with him away from the public eye, people started talking. They would say she was not decent and her mother would be ashamed of not being able to keep her daughter at home.

MRS. PEREIRA: We all had tanks with enough water for the whole year. But in some years, the dry season was longer and we had to get water from a public tank. One day, my boyfriend—who is my husband today—knew I was going to get water, and he went there to talk with me. My mother suspected that and came to watch me. When she saw us talking, she took me home by my arm and beat me up.

MRS. LINHARES: Going to church was one way of seeing our boyfriends. Men always stayed outside in the church yard until the mass started. The front benches were reserved for the women and the back ones for the men. They were the last to enter and the first to leave. We looked and smiled at them as we were entering or leaving. Just smiling or looking was a way of showing we cared about them. We also went to church on weekdays at special times such as Lent. They knew we were going and they waited just to talk and take us back to our homes.

Games and Holidays

MRS. LINHARES: *Belaméndoa* was a game we played during Lent with another person. In the weeks before Easter, we said the word *belaméndoa* to our partners, everyday. The one who says it first gets a point. The one who has less points has to give the other a package of almonds on Easter Sunday. We always chose our boyfriends to be our partners. That was a popular game, and our mothers let us play it, but we used it as an excuse just to see them.

MRS. PEREIRA: St. John's Day [June 25] is very important in a girl's life. The night before, we would write the names of several young men, each on a small piece of paper. Then we wrapped them and placed them under a rose bush. The next morning we went to see which one was opened—that would be the name of our husband-to-be.

On St. John's Day, we all got up very early. My grandmother said if we stared at the sky, we could see a cloud with the shape of a sword and King Sebastian, or a new island in the sea. I never saw either one. We also got up early to swim as it was the first day of summer. Sometimes we just sat where the sea could reach us. We did not have bathing suits. We could not afford them and they were considered indecent. We put on old skirts and blouses to take a swim and took other clothes to wear after the swim.

MRS. LINHARES: We would swim very early in the morning so nobody could see us. We'd sit in a big splash of water and wait for the waves to come, then start screaming and laughing when they came stronger and stronger. Then we could only see a mixture of water and girls and hearing the waves throwing us to the rocks. Also, if any seaweed touched our legs, or even our skirts, we would start screaming, "It's an octopus, an octopus."

MRS. PEREIRA: After taking the bath, we would catch grottos on the rocks and go to the *adega* (wine cellar) to spend the day. There we talked, ate the grottos with combread and drank wine. In the evening we made a fire in the streets, then jumped over it or just waited for people to approach. This was also a chance to see our boyfriends. If a young man liked us, he would come to see the fire and look at us.

Parents were opposed to courtship, especially for their daughters. They did not want us to do anything that made people start talking. We knew that marriage was going to be our future. I remember when I was a child and doing crochet with my mother on our balcony, people from another village passed and talked with my mother. They would say, "You have a beautiful girl there. One of these days, she is almost ready for marriage."

MRS. LINHARES: I was always afraid of my parents. When we went to the movies, we went in groups, supervised by a married lady. On the way, we had the opportunity with our boyfriends, but we never sat together. We were afraid somebody would see us and tell our parents. We always dressed up very well to go to the movies because we would see our boyfriends or other young men. At the time, fashions were pleated skirts and blouses with long sleeves and buttons in the front. I had one of those blouses with the neck the color of the skirt.

MRS. PEREIRA: I also liked to tie my hair with a black barrette covered with a bright stone sent from America by my godmother. I thought it was beautiful because it shone at night.

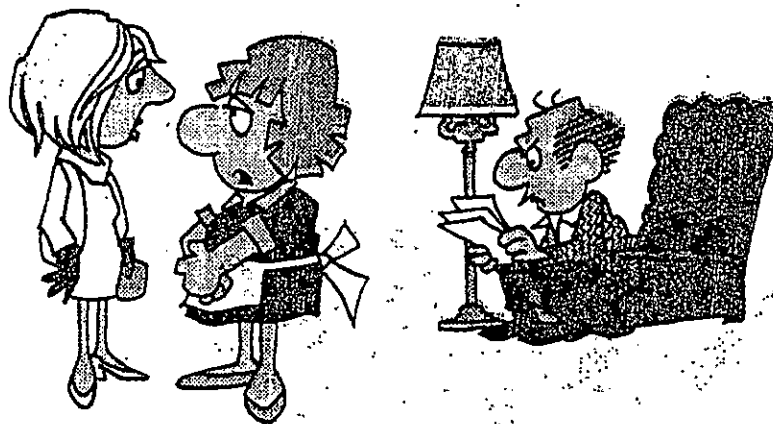
MRS. LINHARES: Life in the islands was wonderful but we wanted to have a better life. The ones who left for America had a different future.

MRS. PEREIRA: Coming to America was very good. My children will have the future I wanted but never had. I wanted to be a teacher, but I didn't have the opportunities. Now, I would like my daughter to be the teacher I couldn't be. America gave me the things I wanted when I was young, but now I am missing the happiness I had when I was living on the islands. I don't ever think I am going to have it again.

MRS. LINHARES: No, never again.

With permission

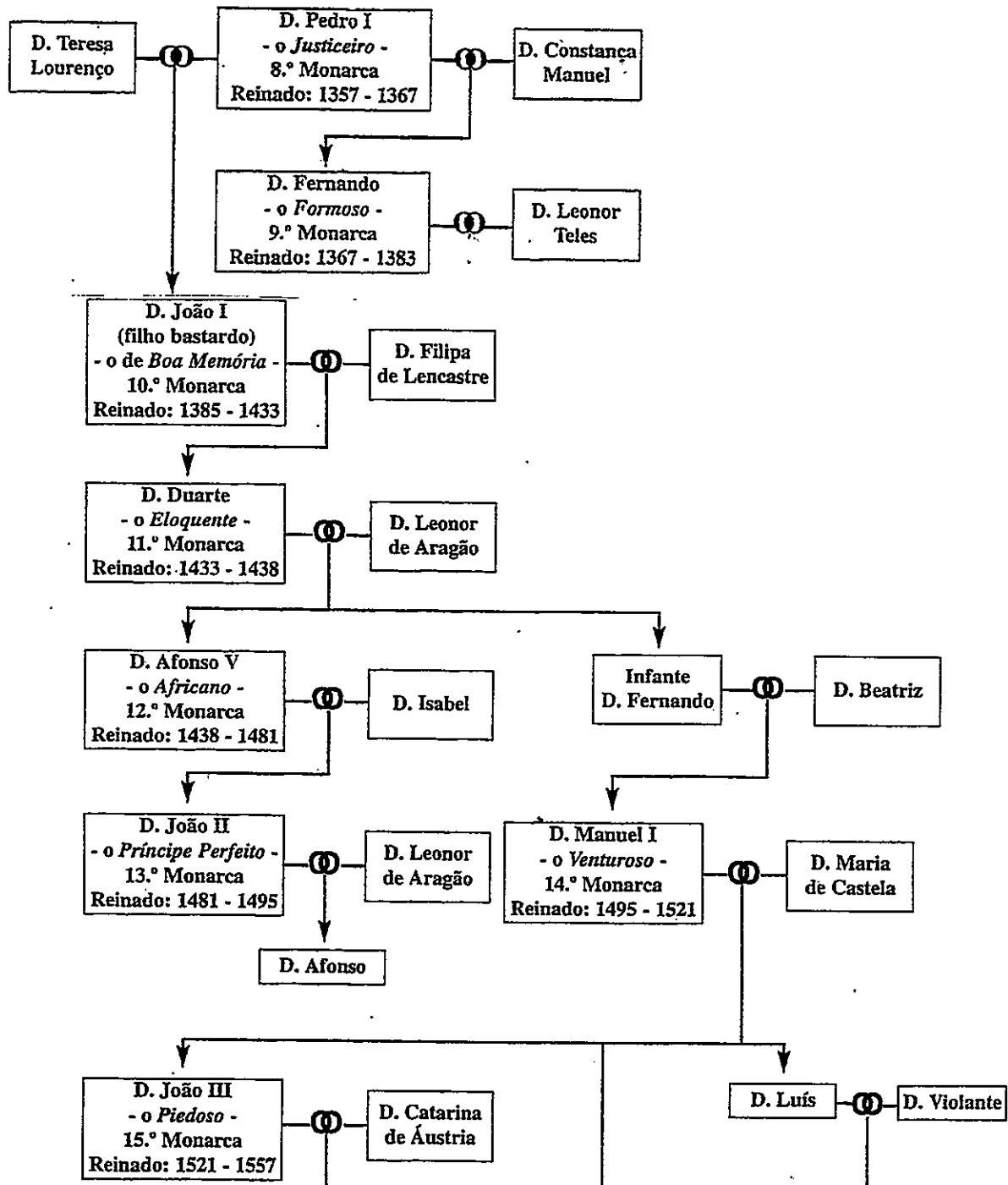
Portuguese Spinner: An American Story
Edited by Marsha L. McCabe and Joseph D. Thomas
pp. 34-39



"LEROY PAID A BIG FEE TO HAVE HIS GENEALOGY LOOKED UP. NOW HE HAS TO PAY A BIGGER FEE TO HAVE IT HUSHED UP."

Portugal's Monarchs (1139-1910)

Continued from the winter 2010 (Vol. XXXI, No. 1) issue...



To be continued...

Submitted by John M. Raposo of Massachusetts

Urban Cottages

By Donna Huse and Jim Sears

Every region and community develops its own "spirit of the place," its own distinctive character, from the interplay of the people who live there and their surroundings. In southeastern Massachusetts, where more than half of the population are of Portuguese heritage, Portuguese gardeners have brought certain neighborhoods to life with colorful and productive gardens which surround their homes.

Vegetable gardens and fruit trees are restricted to the back yard in typical suburban neighborhoods in the United States, but in these Portuguese gardens in southeastern Massachusetts they are visible from the street and contribute to the neighborhood's identity as well as family economy. Flowers, fruits and vegetables are mixed together in colorful, productive and biologically diverse landscapes all around the house. This is the style of cottage gardens throughout the world, and because they are in an urban setting in New Bedford, we refer to them as urban cottage gardens.

These gardens represent a way of life, of engaging with nature and working the land, that is directly continuous with a way of life in the Azores and mainland Portugal. The horticultural skills and tools, the ways of harvesting and planting, the inspiration and hard work, and the plants themselves, are a direct legacy of life in Portugal. The continuities the material culture of Portugal and that of the Portuguese communities in the United States are apparent in the patterns and functions of their gardens, the uses of their bountiful produce, and the techniques used by their gardeners.

The traditional patterns seen in these gardens are similar to those in the cottage gardens of England made popular in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The similarity between the English cottage garden and the urban cottage gardens of New Bedford has been noticed by garden historian Eleanor Perenyi (1983). While the two are similar in their mixture of flowers and vegetables, the English garden developed its present form in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and was romantically contrived by the well-to-do or intellectuals out of an increasingly industrialized society. By contrast the Portuguese garden has its roots in a traditional agrarian culture. The urban cottage gardens of New Bedford have an authenticity reflecting a long tradition of gardeners and farmers working their land and producing their own food.

In seeking the source of the tradition for these gardens, we visited the Azores and mainland Portugal. In Ponta Delgada, São Miguel, we found the views from the street mostly of high walls rather than that of vines, vegetables and flowers seen in the New Bedford urban landscape. Closely set buildings were wall-ed almost to the street after the traditional patterns of European towns. The only flowers we saw from the street were those in civic squares and parks, of which there were many. Not until we reached the rural villages of São Miguel, along country roads, did we see gardens resembling those in the Portuguese neighborhoods in New England. The landscape opened up along the road to Feteiras and Candelária where low walls and fences replaced high city walls and provided views of various kinds of densely packed gardens.

The kitchen garden, or *horta*, as it is called in Portugal, is often on the side of the house and filled with herbs and vegetables. The residential garden, or *jardim*, with its vivid play of flowers brightening the landscape, is usually in front of the house in the cottage garden tradition, sometimes with vegetation right up to the house. One front-yard garden was planted with a crop of *Nicotiana tabacum*, tobacco, behind a rose-covered wall of local stone; we had seen its counterpart in New Bedford. However, these roadside views of house gardens were too infrequent to be considered as a convincing model for the abundant and ubiquitous Portuguese cottage gardens in the United States.

Further investigations provided the reason we were not discovering cottage gardens in front of houses is that often the family's main garden of vegetables, fruit and vines were located to the rear of the house and obscured by garden walls and joined houses. Even in villages, the streets were often shaped by the European tradition of houses built close to the streets without a front yard. Where the pattern of connect-

ed row houses prevails, often the only access to the garden is through the house itself. This back yard garden is called the *quintal* in Portugal, and it may include the *horta* and the *jardim* if the kitchen and flower gardens are also in the back yard. The *quintal* is present in the back yard of almost every rural home in the Azores, and it is this landscape and pattern that has strongly influenced the garden style in Portuguese communities in the eastern United States.

In the village of Feiteiras do Sul, the village green was surrounded by houses closely built up to the road. There was little visible evidence of private gardening. Then we spotted two women gardening in the public green, engaged in conversation with an elderly gentleman overlooking their activity from the upper window of a house across the street. The house of Manuel and Maria da Glória da Cunha was physically joined to other houses on either side, and no *jardim, horta or quintal* was in evidence.

But they told us they had a *quintal* behind the house, and we were cordially invited to see this tiny, well-used plot of land. On the left was a pot garden with perhaps thirty types of flowers and herbs; on the right the privy was planted with begonias. The wall itself was planted with herbs. An arbor of *maracujá*, or passion fruit covered the steps, with ferns and flowers to one side and chickens on the other.

At another terrace level a beautifully planted privy garden had no fewer than five different kinds of begonias. Roses and lilies were planted in the upper terrace overlooking the very narrow and well-cared-for *quintal*. As with most others living in the village centers on São Miguel, the da Cunhas had a small parcel of land outside of the village on which they grew potatoes, corn and other crops of the *quintal*.

The urban cottage gardens in the northeast United States reflect more than a copy of the *quintas, hortas or jardins* of mainland or insular Portugal. In our view, these gardens are an expression of *saudade*. They recreate a memory of a much broader landscape and way of life in mainland Portugal or the Azores. The cottage gardens in the United States celebrate a composite memory, a microcosm of the whole Portuguese landscape of colorful civic parks, village squares with the church at the center, promenades, roadside shrines, favorite plants and the naturalized flowers of the countryside. Each garden in the United States provides a personal, memorable piece of the Azorean landscape for everyday life in New England.

The religious shrines seen in New England Portuguese gardens might be interpreted as part of this symbolic recreation of life in Portugal. These religious symbols are typically erected in residential gardens in the United States, but not in Portugal, where a shrine is more likely to occur at a crossroads or a public square than a private garden. The churches in Portugal are central features in many town and villages, the organizing center of town, landscape and way of life. The individual religious shrines in Portuguese gardens in the United States invoke that centrality of religion in the homeland.

The dos Santos Gardens and Vineyard

António and Mary Lou dos Santos came to New Bedford almost thirty-five years ago from the mainland, where António was a machinist and engineer. The front of their home is planted in flowers typical of the *jardim*, and a tribute to St. Anthony is tucked into the patio garden behind the house. Beyond the house and patio lies the extensive garden of the *quintal*, and it is in the *quintal* that the gardening genius of the Santos's is revealed.

The Santos's relationship to the land developed while working on their property with their fathers here in New Bedford, and Mary Lou's father still comes from the mainland each year to make sure the weeds are kept down. Their garden has won several prizes for its productivity and variety.

Kale is heavily planted here as it is in most Portuguese gardens. Its many cultivars are a staple in certain Portuguese dishes, especially soup. The large heads of crinkled leaves of *couve lombarda* are impressive and so are the Santos's corn, watermelons and a variety of cucurbits (squash and pumpkins). *Feijão riscado* striped bean, is only one type of pole beans grown in the garden. Peaches and pears are planted by themselves, or with more underplantings of more *couve Portuguesa Favas*, a broad bean, are accompanied by potatoes, tomatoes and many other vegetables.

The most striking crop in the Santos's landscape in the *vinha*, or vineyard, with its 500 feet of vines. António and Mary Lou's grapes are muscatel, originally brought from mainland Portugal, near where they lived. The rows of productive vines are aligned in a north-to-south orientation to provide for maximum exposure to the sun. The land slopes downward to drain cold air away from the vines. The structural features of

the *vinha*, together with exposing clusters of grapes to direct sun by pruning away some leaves late in summer, contribute to producing the extra sweetness of their muscatel grapes.

Antônio describes how he grafts his slips of muscatel brought from Portugal onto root stocks of the native New England Concord grape. Digging out a few potatoes intercropped near the base of the vines, he exposed the graft union of these two varieties. To a Concord root stock such as this, Antônio showed how he spliced the muscatel stock into the V-shaped cut at the stem of the rootstock, being sure to line up the growing regions of the stems. From these grafts, and later, Antonio propagates enough vines to harvest almost a 1,000 pounds of muscatel grapes, more than enough to make a year's supply of wine for the family and for gifts to friends.

The *vindima*, or grape harvest takes place in fall at the Santos's *vinha*. This traditional gathering of family and friends on a sunny day in early October brings to mind memories and harvests in the old country. Gertúlio Magalhães notes how "Portuguese" the day feels, how many memories it brings to him of a life he left behind many years ago in Portugal. These memories recall not only the long hours, hot sun, and sore backs, but also the companionship, the joking, singing and meals together in the fields, and the sensuality of working hand-in-hand with nature.

A Garden of Surprises

Ligia and Basilio Sousa's front yard is similar to others in their suburban neighborhood near the George Farm in North Dartmouth, but once in the backyard you know you are in the garden of an accomplished gardener and horticulturalist. Basilio's introduction to working the land began with his father on their small farm in the Azores on São Miguel. He attributes his close relationship to nature and much of what he now knows about gardening to having worked with his father on their family farm.

Extensive alleyways covered with vines and a centrally placed arbor divide his land into a variety of well-defined spaces. Small potted plants form a transparent curtain at the upper edge of the arbor; at its base, kale, young fig trees, a tomato and marigold are densely tucked in and *agraõ*, or watercress neatly wraps around the corner. Four types of kale provide food for the kitchen and greens for the rabbits in their warren at the back of the yard. Basilio recalls, "When I was a child my father let me have rabbits, lots of them. I have chicken too. All these things, these traditions, I brought from the Azores. I like to have the things here that I had there. I like to remember all of that."

Basilio enjoys growing the plants needed to prepare favorite dishes from his childhood.

In the Azores we had lots of inhames (a kind of yam pronounced 'in-yams'), so I decided to have a few here. I get the tubers at the fish market in December, and plant them in old grape boxes with soil. After planting them out here, I sometimes cut off the lower leaves and plant strawberries for the next year. Because of the short growing season, they don't get very large in New England, but I like to eat inhames with fish fixed the Portuguese way, and I enjoy seeing the green leaves in the garden.

Altogether Basilio has well over forty kinds of fruits, these growing on less than twenty trees in his modest-sized yard. He does this by grafting several varieties onto a single tree.

On our farm in the Azores we could plant each tree by itself. I want a variety of vegetables and fruits here, but there is not as much land here in Dartmouth, so I double up. Here I have an apple tree, and on its branch to the right is a pear, and in the middle an apple, and there on the left is quince. My father said that every fruit has a seed inside, and as long as the seeds are alike, their plants can be grafted together.

The pear and the apple both have five seeds and are thus suitable for grafting on the same tree, whereas a peach and a nectarine have but one seed, the pit, and would require a different root stock bearing similar kinds of fruits and seed. Basilio grafts peaches, European and Japanese plums, apricots and nectarines together. A purple-leafed variety of plum contrasts with a green-leafed one on the same tree. Quince trees have ten to fifteen different grafted varieties of pears and apples, as well as quince, all on the same tree. Red and green varieties of apples grow on the same tree. By multiple grafting, more clearly visible when the tree is without leaf, Basilio is able to extend his harvest and provide compatible pollinating varieties on a single tree. Top-working these fruit trees provides a diversity of fruits grown on a few trees in a small garden. Multiple grafting makes efficient use of space.

Harvest Patterns

There are several harvest patterns in Portuguese garden culture. Dried in the Azorean sun, onions are later braided together to *restias* or *cambos*, a traditional aesthetic and functional pattern for drying, storing or transporting part of the harvest. Cottage gardeners traditionally collect, save and exchange seed for planting the next year. In adapting to New England conditions, the Portuguese gardener is sometimes forced to use alternate varieties. The *abrigos* surrounding the fields and *quintais* of Portugal provide *incenso*, an evergreen hedge of *Pittosporum*, which is used for decorating the streets and houses at festival time. *Incenso* is not hardy in New England, so arbor vitae, hemlock or other native evergreens are used instead.

Another intersecting plant not commonly found in most New England gardens is *Carthamus tinctoria*, a member of the composite family known in Portugal as *asaçafroa*. Its orange flower parts are a saffron substitute in Portuguese cooking with potatoes and fish; its seeds are the source of safflower oil. The stamens and pistils poke through the prickly, but otherwise undistinguished, flower head and are removed for drying and use.

Outdoor Rooms

A traditional Portuguese garden pattern which maintains cultural continuity is seen in outdoor rooms. In New Bedford, these outdoor rooms are a version of a more ancient pattern in Western culture, brought to a peak of development by the Romans. Outdoor rooms are one of a dozen pre-industrial garden patterns noted by Christopher Alexander in his book, *A Pattern Language*.

The outdoor room is one of the most often seen features of the Portuguese gardens in New England. Vine covered arbors, partially open to the sky, are sometimes enclosed by foliage walls, trellis or shelves for plants. Sufficiently protected from the summer sun, people use these outdoor living rooms for cooking, eating, drinking, working, enjoying grandchildren and playing—all in the context of sun, sky, breezes, protective trees, hanging fruits and scented flowers.

With these handsome, productive patterns of garden design, crop propagation and harvest, these medicinal, culinary and ritual traditions of crop use, all within the sociable context of home, family and community, we see again the integration of Portuguese culture even in its transfer to another country. We have abstracted "the garden" out of the continuous fabric of this culture which was and still is capable of producing what it needs for its people, even as it enriches the earth and the quality of life of the community.

As members of an industrial culture with few ties to our agricultural past, we have much to learn from the integrated gardening traditions of the Portuguese culture. Industrial work and settings seldom provide a positive relationship to the earth. Unlike these veteran gardeners, many children and adults in industrial societies have little direct knowledge how their food is produced, or where it comes from or of the lifestyle which generates it.

By this gentle, inventive, unpretentious cultivation of the smallest pieces of urban land—a trip along the driveway, an arbor over the car, vegetables between houses—a yard is transformed by cultivation into a place of delight that bonds the owner to nature and culture. The care and imagination for the land touch the heart; the finely honed skills and remarkable productivity inspire admiration. One feels at home in these neighborhoods. These cottage gardens, microcosm of the organic world set about each home, are a gift from their makers to us all.

With permission

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American-Portuguese Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc.

The Society's year is January 1—December 31

Dues are:

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