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## Searching for Isobel



Isobel Mota circa 1917

Starting a genealogy project is almost always a personal mission. Such was the search for the history of my maternal grandmother, Isobel Bento Correia Mota, a search that had been spurring me on since my youth. This is the story of the genealogical adventures encountered as I searched for the truth about Isobel's life and death, a search for more than birth, marriage and death certificates.

Shrouded in mystery and myth, her fifty-eight years had been affected by the times in which she lived. The American justice system of the 1920s was biased against immigrants—even more so

against female immigrants. During Isobel's life, the double standard was alive and well. Although American women had just been granted suffrage, the struggle for more women's rights would take years. Health care reform also lay far in the future. As a health care professional, one of my goals was to understand how its lack to immigrants affected their and their families's lives. For my grandparents, this was crucial in understanding what happened to them.

The oldest of four children, I had learned about Grandmother Isobel in the 1950s before my teens. I never saw her and little was said of her except for the times my mother visited her at the Tewksbury (Massachusetts) State Hospital. Each visit left Mother visibly upset. We learned of Grandmother's death in 1957—a year after it occurred. Tewksbury State had been her home since 1928.

In 1996 my mother told me Isobel had borne a son—Peter—born at the Tewksbury Hospital Infirmary. Astonished, I urged her to petition Probate Court for Isobel's medical records. Those gave her date of immigration and that date, thanks to Alvin Luftman at the National Archives in Waltham, led to the record of her passage. Isobel had my interest. My goal to learn more about her had begun; how-to genealogy books were devoured.

Family tradition had labeled Isobel "criminally insane." Because her troubles had begun in Plymouth, Massachusetts, I searched through 1928 newspapers at its public library for accounts of murders with her name. Nothing, but I did learn a courthouse fire in the 1970s had destroyed many records. People at the Massachusetts Correctional Institute shuttled me from one department to another. Still nothing.

People doing genealogical research often can recall that moment when the search suddenly improves and the road becomes easier. Kathy Barrows of the Department of Corrections gave me the name and phone number of a Rebekah Samuels, also in Corrections, who assured me that Isobel's records were available. She promised to send me an access number. Eagerly I awaited the number and the next step. A week later, the large envelope that would change everything arrived.

Inside was a six-page document titled: "The Story of Isobel in Her Own Words." It is a single-spaced blue-mimeographed copy of a social worker's interview. A magnifying glass and much patience is needed to decipher. The words tell of a quiet woman working in sewing rooms. The physical description of Isobel let us imagine how she looked. The diagnostics told us what the authorities considered her problem to be. I truly believe Grandmother had guided my search and this was her her love letter to her family—and me.

In lucid and meticulous detail Isobel tells her life story: Her parents and siblings; growing up on São Miguel; her immigration; how she met her husband; their housing and employment history; the birth of their children; the death of one. And more.

One of ten children, Isobel was born on May 17, 1897. She arrived in Bristol, Rhode Island, on May 20, 1915 (two weeks after the *Lusitania* had been torpedoed) with ten dollars in her pocket to join her married sister already in Bristol. There, on February 15, 1916 she married Manuel Mota, a native of Funchal, Madeira. In nearby Taunton, Angelina (my mother) was born on April 2, 1917. In 1923, a son, Charles, was born in Taunton.

At first life was good for the Motas. The parents were good workers. She worked in various area factories; he became an iron worker earning excellent wages at Taunton's Glenwood Range Company. The job at the stove-making company, however, would become the genesis for their troubles. The Motas also lived in Bridgewater and New Bedford and in New Jersey. For a time, Manuel also worked for the railroad. They were doing so well they were able to visit Manuel's parents, Maria and Antonio, in Funchal three or four times—quite a financial feat for recent immigrants.

In 1925 eighteen-month-old Charles died of tubercular meningitis in Taunton. The good life had begun to unravel. The Motas moved to Plymouth, where both found work at the Plymouth Cordage Company. Isobel as a rope spinner. Manuel, a rope maker, had developed silicosis from years at Glenwood working with quartz sand and breathing its silica dust in a poorly ventilated room. The often-fatal disease also affects miners.

From a researcher at the Tufts New England University School of Community Medicine doing her thesis on Glenwood and its hazardous workplace, I learned more. The Glenwood tragedy had led to the formation of the Division of Occupational Safety in the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Workshop Development—too late, however, for Grandfather and others. She scanned her files of compensated workers, but couldn't find Manuel Mota, but this meant little. Glenwood's workers feared if they reported their illness they would lose their jobs. Indeed, workers known to have silicosis nodules were fired.

Plymouth Cordage operated from 1824—the era of whaling ships—to 1966 and was a fascinating source of information. Its main building is now the Plymouth Cordage Museum. At its peak it employed nearly 2,000 workers and, for its time, its health care, worker housing and social programs were considered progressive, but somehow Isobel and Manuel fell through its benefit cracks as their health deteriorated.

Manuel's condition worsened; he returned to Madeira where he died in 1927, age 32. Family legend says he went to find a possible cure or perhaps to spare his family the shattering experience of his early death. The archives in Funchal (A.R.M. on the Internet) were very helpful, but no death certificate has been found. The U.S. Selective Service [draft], with which all males, 17 to 30 (later 45), regardless of citizenship, had to register during World War I, has no mention of Grandfather. Research continues.

For Isobel, thirty-one and alone with Angelina at 16 Cherry Court Street, Plymouth, there was despair. People were taking advantage of her; her maternal and social skills diminished; her behavior became more disturbing. Acting on a report from a neighbor, the police arrested her for disturbing the peace. In 1928 Angelina, just ten years old, was removed from her care and placed in a Boston orphanage believed to have been the Home for Little Wanderers.

Women in 1928 who didn't meet society's image of "proper" behavior could be jailed to be "reformed" until they behaved according to society's norms. Without question, immigrant females would usually find themselves incarcerated more often than other women. In September 1928, Isobel, four months pregnant, was given a two-year open-ended sentence at Framingham Women's Reformatory. When her time came, she was taken to a state infirmary in Tewksbury where Peter Mota was born on March 4, 1929. Isobel was never to leave the Tewksbury State Hospital Asylum. She died there on February 12, 1956, never recognizing her Angelina who visited her after being released from foster care. Mother learned of Peter's birth only on reaching her majority. She knew his name, but both grew up without knowing the other or the final resting places of their parents.

Isobel's records revealed some psychiatric problem, perhaps severe depression and situational anxiety, but it is impossible to determine which came first. After the Tewksbury birth her condition worsened. One can only imagine her despair and fear. The fate of her husband was unknown; her new-born son, like her daughter had been taken from her care.

Care of the mentally ill and disturbed was then limited. The medications to calm its symptoms had not yet been discovered. There were only bars on the windows and electric and insulin shock therapy and hydrotherapy. There was private care, but for most immigrants, especially immigrant women living alone, it was an unaffordable luxury.

About the time of the envelope's arrival, my health problems and heart surgery put a one-year hiatus to research. Upon resuming, all attempts to get Peter's birth certificate proved fruitless. Assuming he had been adopted and his name had changed, I returned to Isobel.

I began seeking information and photos from relatives. I found a cousin in Canada. Mother was his first cousin, Isobel being his aunt. We had not known of each other's existence; nor he of my mother and grandmother. This was true also of the few relatives in São Miguel. The stigma attached to Isobel and her children was also a sign of those times. Not only did these relatives not know of Isobel's story, many did not know of her at all.

My husband and I moved to Florida. I now believed my files complete and could begin to write my story. I had it all. Little did I know I was far from finished; more important discoveries were yet to come.

Talking to my sister in Massachusetts, I mentioned being unable to locate Grandmother's grave. Since the family had not been told of her 1956 death until 1957, no arrangements had been made so she had been interred in a pauper's grave. Kathleen offered to go to the grave for all the Motas, especially our mother, who had died in 2000.

All I had to do was find the grave site. On the Internet, I found a Tewksbury Hospital Cemetery Project and a co-ordinator. This led to phone talk with Joanne Trudell, the person responsible for the cemetery. Taking an unexpected deep interest in my story, in some old files she discovered Peter had been placed in state care upon his hospital discharge, eight months after his birth. The 1930 census and the Social Security Death Index revealed to her that he was alive. On the Internet she found five Peter J. Motas, age 77, at five addresses.

On March 25, 2006, five carefully composed letters were mailed with little expectation of any results. Genealogists know there are dead ends at almost every turn. THREE DAYS later came a phone call from California. The caller's birth certificate data matched my known information. Isobel's son had been found seventy-seven years after his birth; a boy taken from his mother at eight months and placed in state care now had roots. Hale and hearty, he was still working at the company in which he is a partner. In the days that followed, e-mail photographs were traded. Uncle Peter's resemblance to Angelina is astonishing and further affirmed our certitude.

Since then, Isobel's son has visited me in Florida and we've visited Isobel's unnamed grave in Massachusetts. It is Grave 185 and the little portion where she lies is the Noname Cemetery. The Project has identified 10,000 remains in all the hospital's barren cemeteries. Unidentified are those who died between 1854 (the first year of the hospital) and 1884. In Noname there are about 1,000 interred and children from a nearby school run and walk through it, unaware they are trampling on tiny markers almost buried in grass and woodland debris. Throughout the state there are many similar cemeteries and there is pending legislation requiring them to be fenced and the graves identified, when possible. The family is planning to place a named stone at 185.

On Memorial Day 2006—May 21—fifty years after her death, four grandchildren and her son circled Isobel's final resting place and placed flowers. With the hospital chaplain, they celebrated the long-awaited family reunion and her place in their lives.

A circle has been closed. More remains to be researched, but the basic facts are known and a child has been brought back to his family. Isobel had not only guided me to her, but also to her lost son. Some genealogical research projects, after completion, result in a book or a data base recording family history. Isobel's family has that and more. It has a flesh-and-blood descendant. Isobel Mota is not lost; neither is her son.



Marker 185—Noname Cemetery, Tewksbury (Massachusetts) State Hospital

Submitted by Sandra J. Peneault of Florida

# Adrian

Short Story by Onésimo T. Almeida

(Translation by Naomi Parker)

Do you know Adrian? A pair of swift and penetrating eyes in a restless body; eleven years of pure dynamite, five of which still bear the mark of Terceira in the rare Portuguese he speaks.

I saw him for the first time picking up a huge stack of newspapers next to College Travel, on the corner of Waterman and Thayer [streets]. The *Providence Journal* truck had just left that Himalaya there minutes before; arriving from school, he pulled pliers from his back pocket and cut the thick cord. The wind spun around the Science Library and the thermometer nearby read 28 degrees. He grabbed a sack he had brought, overturned the papers into it, and started off, his trunk bent and his right arm at a forty-five degree angle while the other arm tried titanically to balance the weight. He went along lightening his load, leaving copies in University buildings—Barus and Holley, Linguistics, Applied Math, the Computer lab.

I followed that small bundle of energy and determination. Near Anthropology I started a conversation which he wasn't much interested in because he had to be on time; his clientele was waiting at home for the afternoon news. But yes, he would show up at the department the next day when school was out at noon.

He came to see me, as promised. He sat in the chair facing me as if we were longtime colleagues. He always spoke English, but he knew I was Portuguese because he had already heard me speak it in the street. He spun himself out to me, talking about himself and his world.

He's a "businessman" and doesn't want to be anything else. Besides the papers, he has other dealings. He sells flower seeds, for instance. And postcards. He gets the orders in the mail. There's poetry in his speech. The prosaic businessman-like language of the big American world coming from a small Azorean body.

"I want to be a 'businessman.' That's all that interests me because I love money. I love money."

He had left Terceira more than six years ago and so was more American than Portuguese. He wanted to forget, moreover, the little he did remember of the islands. That he had smashed his head against a wall, that he had broken a leg..., a hill here, a plateau there, the ugly gray sea, cows ...uh! Milking them in a washbowl, the cow stepping in the milk.....

"But that stuff isn't worth remembering. I hate the Portuguese. I don't like being Portuguese. I'd like to have been born here. My blood is already totally American. The best deals I make are with stupid Portuguese. I'd rather not know Portuguese. I'm really trying to forget it. But all the 'businessmen' I talk to tell me it's good for business to know Portuguese. It's true, but what a drag! I'm Portuguese. What can I do? But I detest it. I don't like it when they call me Portuguese. And it's not even shame. It's hatred! On that subject no more questions. No more answers. I don't even like to talk about this stupid stuff.

"Ah! Still good thing I'm from Terceira and not St. Michael. I hate the St. Michael people. At my school, almost everyone's from St. Michael. I never heard about St. Michael before I came to America. It's only here that I found out these bastards exist, and Asia, too, and California. But California's great! I'd even like to live there. A house in Beverly Hills, be a Hollywood producer! Well... dreams.

"The only thing I like about people from St. Michael is hearing them fight. They talk funny. It sounds ugly, but it's kind of cute, and I love to laugh. The words are the same, but they do something with their mouths—I don't know what it is—and those weird sounds come out. I'm not the only one who doesn't like them. My father doesn't either. He doesn't like blacks or anybody from St. Michael.

"But I do business with them. Not just them, of course! Americans too. And with Brown students. A lot of them are my friends. They buy the paper and other things. I already told some of

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them that if I ever find out that they buy things from me because they feel sorry for me, I'll throw their money in their faces. I sell books. I make a dime a copy. I have two bank accounts. I opened one myself without anyone knowing it. How? It's a secret! The other one I opened with my father. I have \$425.80 in one of them, mine, the secret one, in the Old Stone Bank.

"I gamble for money. I do whatever I have to do to make a buck. I never take money out of the bank. I can take it out whenever I want, but when I do take it out it has to be for something big. One day I'm going to set up a big business. I'm going to sit in my office like a big shot and you'll really see me doing business, only by telephone and computer. The money's going to roll in. A big house. Swimming pool. A summer house on the Cape and a winter house in Vermont. And blonde chicks at my side. Vermont is beautiful, real nature. They have cows up there, but they don't sh\*\* in the road like in the Azores. They have real class.

"TV? I watch 'Charlie's Angels.' Because of Farrah Fawcett's breasts. Gorgeous! I like Elton John, the Beatles, Elvis. He was a drug addict when he died, you know that? He didn't learn the secret: just a little to feel good, but no more. If you do, there goes the business.

"On television, what else? I watch everything. Did you see that show last night where the father raped his daughter? What a son of a bitch. You need to be really hard up. I watch TV as much as I want. My parents don't understand it. They don't know what's going on. They ask me, and either I pretend I don't hear them, or I give them some bullsh\*\* answer. That stuff is too much for them. What do they know about the world? They only go to East Providence! My Mother? She'd pass out. But they almost never watch TV. All my mother does is clean. She's always cleaning. When she finishes, she starts all over. All my father does is work. After he leaves the factory, he works from six to ten, cleaning, in two banks downtown. On weekends, he cleans a factory in Warren. If he could live without sleeping, he'd get himself still another job. For the hours I work, I almost put more money in the bank than he does. It's business that pays off. He works like a slave. A Portuguese's job. Sundays he doesn't work. He stays home. That's why I hate Sundays. He's already given me three beatings with a rope. I have marks on back, want to see them? He was almost divorced a number of times. I know everything that goes on. They should hide certain things from me, but they don't. But I think that even if they did, it wouldn't make any difference. I have feelings about everything that happens to them. What do you want? It's all the same blood. It's like they think I don't see, or don't understand. And anything I want to find out, it's a matter of seconds. I'm a detective. But a home I don't like to know about certain things. Sometimes I come home really late so I don't have to see what's going on. If I were of age, I'd take off. I wish I could. I don't think they like me.

"My sister got married early because of my father. He's strict. My mother pays the bills, but everything's in his name. At the bank, to open my account, he signed some papers so I wouldn't be able to do anything without his permission. But here, in this country he's blind, you know? I've already gotten used to living without them, in my mind. It's only at night that they really bother me. And I'm not here, even when I am. In the summer they go to the beach and my mother doesn't even take her dress off. And they bring food from home. They really hang on to their money. I like money, but not like them. I like the good life."

I broke into that whirlwind, cascade, sluice, torrent, waterfall. I invited him to lunch.

"Why not? Too bad I can't call it a business lunch and take it off at the end of the year, but I don't pay taxes."

I pretend I hadn't heard him, and we went to Spats. he was already familiar with the place—that place and all the other restaurants on Thayer Street and more. He had gone in to them to see what they were like. In some cases, he had been thrown out because he was underage. In that moment he had managed to see everything. To know what the place was like and, later, to be able to tell what it had been like. Once he even went to a really chic restaurant in Newport, one the rich go to by yacht and the poor people by car. He went by yacht with some gentleman from the East Side.



"My parents have never been to a restaurant. Not even McDonald's. To them the Hotel Biltmore must be like some beast out of Africa. And I've already eaten there. For free. Like a real big shot. Soon, in addition to Providence, my mother is going to see the road to Boston again. She's going back to the islands to keep her promise to the Holy Ghost. It seems like the Holy Ghost is on Terceira's side and Santo Cristo is on St. Michael's. When I was born I nearly died, and she said if I lived, she'd—I don't know how to say this in English, only Portuguese—pay off on a vow. There are things I only know how to say in English and others I only know in Portuguese. But the Portuguese things I don't know how to say in English...How can I say it...Sounds funny, foolish.

"I didn't die. Well and good. If I had had to stay there in the islands and get my feet plastered with cow sh\*\*, I wouldn't have cared if I had kicked the bucket; but since I'm here, she can go there in peace to fulfill her vow. Just in case. Anyway you look at it, it can't hurt I'm better protected.

"Ah! You know my son Adrian, Sir? That little devil. God forgive me. I don't know what to do with him. It was an evil moment that he came to this country."

I listened quietly to the father's picture of Adrian, the kid I had met a few short weeks before. He was in the middle of buying some Portuguese things in the Family Market—a tiny supermarket simultaneously a mall—translated into a Beira-style store close to Wickenden Street.

"His mother's had it with him. He refused to speak Portuguese, and when he does speak, it's to say we don't understand anything. He's fed, clothed.

"We work like donkeys, night and day, and even weekends. For nothing. He doesn't give us any credit at all. He goes around mixed up in his business, buying and selling things. He hangs out with students from the big university up there and he's on his way to the devil with them. They tell me he's already been in barrooms, and has a police record. I've been told he's friends with some boys who sell drugs here in Fox Point.

"I came here to this county for a better life and ruined the boy's. He's lost. I don't know what can be done with him. He'll do business with the devil, if need be. Even if I left this country today, he wouldn't go. I give him a few good whacks once in a while, but it doesn't do any good. Maybe I didn't hit him enough. What can I do? My hands are tied up in this country. He's lost. He doesn't want anything to do with his parents, or the church, or our things, which is what we have, which is ours."

"So, you know Adrian, too, huh?" Steve, a fourth-year med student, asked me some days ago in the Graduate Center Bar.

"Yes, of course, I did."

"What a wonderful kid! Quick, smart, lively. He understands everything. He picks it all up. What a way of looking at things—what a perspective on the world! He's a real entrepreneur. Everybody in the dorm knows him. He roams the halls and goes into everyone's room. He talks, asks questions. He answers without reservation. He has friends all over the university. He spent a weekend in Vermont with my classmate Dave and learned how to ski. Dave told me threw himself down the trail like a nut...But he's well brought up. He lets every-body have it if they step on his toes even when they do it just to test him out, but he has an incredible sensitivity. He has an extremely mature perspective on life and the world. He has incredibly deep feelings for someone his age. We took him to New York this weekend to see a basketball game—Brown against Columbia. We spent the afternoon in Manhattan. He wanted to go everywhere. If we'd let him, he'd covered the whole place in no time at all. He says New York is what a good jungle is. Challenging. It's there if one feels like really digging right in. That's where one can grow, set up in business, tall as the skyscrapers.

"I first met him when I was working part-time in the Sciences Library. The security guard came over to tell us that some kid had come into the building and disappeared among the students in one of the elevators. We found him on the fourteenth floor admiring the view. When the guard told him he couldn't come in, he answered that he knew that very well and for that reason he had sneaked in behind our backs. The restriction didn't matter to him anymore since now he knew what the view was actually like from up there. No longer would he be nagged with wondering about it when he walked by on the street.

"Once, to see the Harvard game, he squeezed into the back seat of the Brown football bus going to Cambridge. He isn't big enough to play football, but he doesn't like soccer either. He says it's a game for greenhorns and Portugees. He's at the stage of rejecting his culture, but he could come out of it all a great man. Why not? A great entrepreneur, his very dream. He's a phenom. The boy's brilliant. Very talented. A prodigy. The way he's going, he's a cinch. Great future. He's going to be very successful; he's already a bit of a big man.."

"Do you know Adrian? That young boy from Terceira, from my parish, who hangs out over at the university and sells papers after school?"

"Of course. But why do you bring it up, my good Father?"

"You know, several people have talked to me about the boy to see if something can be done. Given what they tell me, I don't think there's any possibility. The boy must be already complete enmeshed in the webs of vice. So much bad company. They say he goes off with students to ski in the mountains, to New York, to jazz concerts in Newport and concerts at the Civic Center where they play that disgusting stuff called punk. They say he smokes marijuana and makes the money to buy drugs by selling things around here. He won't have anything to do with the church. He showed up only once, in the rectory, to ask me for permission to sell Christmas cards at a dance in the church hall.

"They say he goes to bars (and the police don't do a thing about it)! And that he says indecent things to girls walking by on the street. At the procession honoring Senhora da Saúde he stood on the sidewalk jeering the little children who were making their first communion, then crossed right through the procession to take a picture of a little boy dressed up as St. John the Baptist, so that he can now go around showing it to everybody and calling the child a sissy.

"The father doesn't care and the mother has no idea what is going on. The Brotherhood of the Holy Ghost offered to pay some of the cost if he were sent to reform school. He got really involved with a gang of American delinquents and now he's just like them—worse. Couldn't you talk to someone over there who could exercise some control over him and straighten him out? He influences a lot of boys, even those older than he and already has some stay away from Sunday Catechism because of him. And on top of it all, he has set them up as ring of dealers under his command. So young and already his soul is the devil's."

"Do you know Adrian? He's Portuguese! What a kid!" The head of distribution for the *Providence Journal* said to me last week.

"If I were Portuguese, I must know him. He's nothing like the other Portuguese kids, passive and timid. He was adventurous. He had the aggressiveness required of a businessman. He's brave. He doesn't have problems. He has presence of mind. A sense of responsibility. He's a hard worker. He works hard like a good Portuguese, but he has the guts, the the aggressive spirit the Portuguese lack. And he's a tough competitor. He wins all the prizes for the best paperboy. He's already contacted several companies that advertise for salesman. He gets their merchandise in the mail and delivers the goods. He's already gotten a prize for the best retailer in the area. He's got a P.O. box in his name and tells me that there is always merchandise arriving there. If Portugal has a few more like him, not so many people would find it necessary to emigrate here. What you people lack is that grit. In a few years, if he wants it, there will be doors open at this company for him. And not only at the newspaper. With his talent and some training, he'll go a long way. He'll end up heading a multinational yet."

"Do you know him? He's the devil incarnate." Those were the comments from Senhora Olinda Ferreira, pressing her hands together and lifting her eyes heavenward, while Senhora Machado wrapped some Azorean sweet bread for her. Adrian had come and gone in a flash, leaving a dripping sack of soaked newspapers. Senhora Olinda had witnessed the quickest of exchanges in the scant seconds that Adrian had paused in Machado's Sweet Bread shop.

"What's that one up to, God help us! And his parents know, but they don't care. He claims he even has his own bank account and that how his father can take money out only with his permission. He's into drugs. he leaves the house and comes home late, if he comes home at all. He already goes out with women and won't have anything to do with religion. He says the Portuguese

are dumb, that they are greenhorns, but he doesn't seem to notice that he, too, is Portuguese. Flesh and blood, like the rest of us. Made and born there, entirely; the work of God. Or is it the devil's, God forbid. I wouldn't put it past him to have had dealings with him already. Oh, what they say he has done, Lord help us. It's a disgrace to the Portuguese people. We who've always been well-behaved and respected the ways and customs of this country. What must the Americans say? That the Portuguese don't teach their children, that they let them do whatever they want. It looks terrible. It gives the Portuguese community a bad name."

"Oh! Do you know Adrian" I guess everybody knows him," commented a teacher between sips of coffee after a meeting, the purpose of which I've already forgotten.

"He's very intelligent. Or, to be more precise, perhaps smart, but not very studious. What he says and does is always amusing. Sometimes it is really incredible. The other day he was having fun with a girl that didn't know Portuguese. He called her 'my girl' and then turned to his Portuguese friends and made fun of her, 'My girl, *minha querida gal...inha* (my dear chick...en).'

"He punned when he overheard one teacher talking to another about a gentleman who had never been introduced to her, 'I was never introduced!' he broke into the conversation and insinuated boldly: 'You've never been introduced to it. never done it?'

"They gave him a good dressing down, but later in the teachers' lounge room they laughed till their sides split.

"It's a shame he's not a bit more studious. He's not a bad kid. It seems he has problems at home, but never opens up about that. Only once do I remember him talking about his father. In the classroom of a teacher of Cape Verdean extraction, Adrian picked up a book by Manuel Ferreira which also happen to be his own father's name and started to show it around to his classmates as if it were a book his father had written. When he had everybody believing him, he burst out laughing and said only: my father's already dead.

"He doesn't like to do his homework at home. So he does it during free period. It seems that his parents make him work to help pay off the house. This happens with so many immigrants, incidentally. Only it'll be a shame if they make him leave school when he's sixteen."

What else? He's a kid like all the others. He watches 'Soap' late at night and doesn't miss a trick. He knows one character is a homosexual, another a transvestite, and that Danny and Helen had a shotgun wedding. But what kid his age doesn't know all about those things and more? He has great eyes. He doesn't offend people when he's 'pushy,' in spite of the fact that sometimes he really goes too far. Be he's a sweet kid. Maybe it's that Portuguese sweetness the islands give to people. He's a little volcano born of that peace but one whose fire doesn't burn or, if it burns, doesn't hurt. I love him.

Ah! Do you know Adrian?... You do? He's a...

*The Portuguese Spinner: An American Story*, Marsha L. McCabe and Joseph D. Thomas, Editors  
With permission Spinner Publications, Inc. pp186-192.

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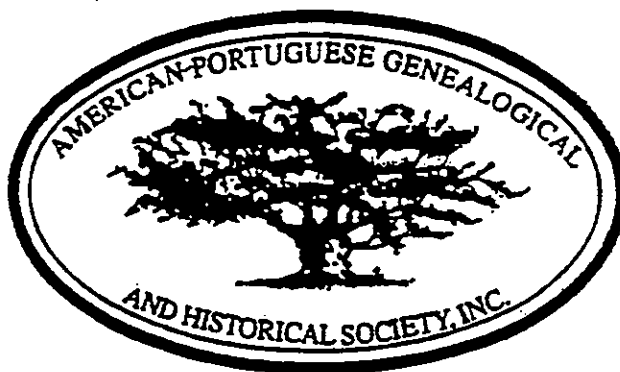
Do you have a question about your Azorean genealogy and don't know where to look? Someone in a group of 200+ may be able to help. The Azores Gen is a mailing list for anyone with a genealogical interest in the Azores. It discusses genealogy, culture, history, DNA, food, books and anything else to help the Portuguese researcher. It also helps with the translation of Portuguese-language records. To join or browse, log on to:<http://groups.google.com/group/Azores>

The host is APGHS member Cheri Mello of Torrance, California.

Are you lost or frustrated by the Kingdom of Hawaii records? Offered in conjunction with the Island Route web site ([www.islandroutes.com](http://www.islandroutes.com)) is a list designed specifically by a Portuguese-Hawaiian researcher. With over sixty people to assist you, you might be able to knock down those brick walls. To join or browse the archive, log on to: <http://groups.google.com/groups/islandroutes>  
Its host is Melody LaSalle of San Lorenzo, California.

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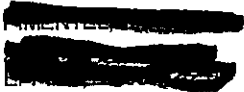
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