



American-Portuguese
Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc.

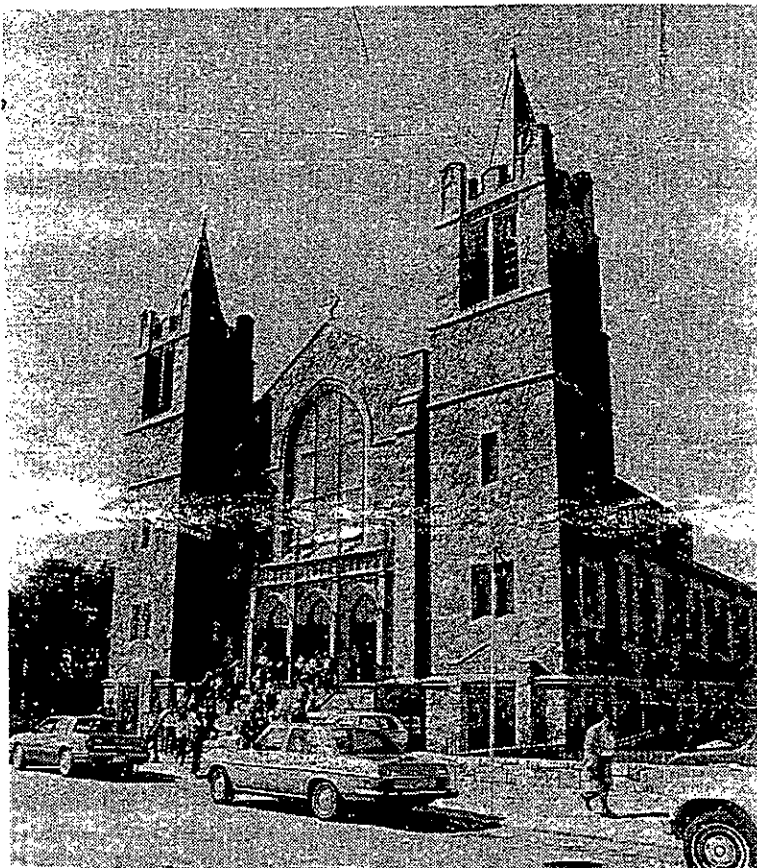
Bulletin Board

Copyright 2008, APGHS, Inc.

Vol. XXIX, No. 2

Spring 2008

Family Spirit abounds at Our Lady of the Rosary, a Parish with a Heart



Photos and story (pp. 20 & 21) submitted by Dorothy Potts of California

The Long Journey

Interview with Maria de Jesus

By Paul Pinto

Maria de Jesus and her family took the long way to the United States; from Portugal to Africa, back to Portugal, then to America. This "transmigration" from place to place was not uncommon for Portuguese immigrants, but for Maria, who was from a small village in Portugal, it had its adventure. After traveling alone on a boat with her infant son to join her husband in Mozambique, her family got caught up in that country's revolution. They fled for their lives, leaving their belongings behind, and returned to Portugal. In 1980, they journeyed to America, settled in Taunton, worked hard in the Nabisco factory and saw their two children, Paul and Elizabeth, go to college.

A Spirit Untouched by Poverty

I was born in a small village (*aldeia*) called Jou in the north of Portugal. At that time, women gave birth at home. My aunt, Celeste, knew a lot about this and when women were about to give birth she would be called upon for help. When I was two years old, my mother died giving birth.

I was brought up by my godmother because my father got married again and my stepmother wasn't very nice to her stepchildren. It's not that she was mean. It's just that when she had something special like candy, she would keep it for her own children. She didn't love us. She only loved her own children, and sometimes, when my sister asked for money to buy a skirt or sweater or notebook, she would tell my father my sister didn't need it. Sometimes my father would give us the money even though my stepmother said no.

My godmother had lived with my parents before my mother died, but she didn't want to be in the way when my father remarried. She was forty-five when she got married herself, and I went to live with her. She used to say that if my father had not married again, she would never have married either. I used to sleep in her bed and I remember the night they got married. I cried so much—I wanted to be with her. They never had any kids so she took care of me. My older brother and sister lived with my father.

My godmother, Maria Ferreira, was like a mother to me. I loved her more than my father. She would keep good things like cheese, *linguiça*, *chouriço* or candy and give them to me instead of eating them herself. She always took care of me when I was sick. She gave me lots of love and I loved her, too. She died in 1982 and she still lives in my heart. I had a brother, a sister, a stepbrother and two stepsisters, but we didn't share the same table. Though I saw them all the time, at the end of the day we went different ways.

When I went to school in the winter, it rained a lot and the streets were mud. We didn't even have shoes. We had *soquinhas*, a kind of sandal, closed in the front and open in the back with a little heel. Sometimes we would get stuck in the mud and the other would help pull us out. The school was four or five miles from our houses because we had to go down across the valley to the other village.

Our hands were sometimes so cold we couldn't even untie our clothes and underwear and go to the bathroom along the way. You see, our underwear didn't have elastic, so we had buttons or a little cloth cord to hold them up. Sometimes our hands were so cold we had to untie the cord of each other's underwear with our teeth. We were all little girls and good friends and we laughed so much, we forgot how cold it was. The kids who lived close to the school brought wood to make a fire. We would dry our clothes and warm our feet. Sometimes we had to dry our socks on our own feet.

In those times we wore long dresses that came up over the knees. We wore long socks but our legs were so cold! We had little pink vests and the boys had blue vests to wear over our clothes. Over the vests we had little coats. The first and second grades were together in one classroom, the third and fourth in another.

I remember one teacher, Miss Saudade, was real nice and people called her "*Maria dos beijos*" (Maria with the kisses) because she took care of us when we were sick and she didn't hit us. The people would give

her potatoes, vegetables, linguça and other things because she was not from there and lived in a rented house with her mother. I remember another teacher who was real bad. He would hit kids with a metal ruler, pull their hair and sometimes kick them because they didn't know how to do the exercises.

I lived in a village of about 300 to 400 people. We lived from the land and life was busy but happy. I would sometimes go get water with some of my girlfriends from a spring well a little outside the village. There was no water at home. I had to get it with *cântaros*—big plastic jars. I would carry the big one on top of my head and the smaller ones in each hand so I didn't have to go too many times.

Usually I went with Celeste, Adelaide, Helena, Gracinda and Rosa. All of us made a feast of it. We talked about boys, our boyfriends and when the next time we would meet each other again was. Usually our boyfriends would come and meet us on the road. Sometimes one couple would go in front and another couple a little behind so we could talk more privately. My first boyfriend's name was Norberto. My husband was my second boyfriend. I never kissed Norberto because, those days, that was unthinkable. When he and his family left for Brazil, I never saw him again.

On Saturday, I would clean the house and wash all the floors. I would pick roses or Marias (white flowers with a yellow center) and beautiful red and white carnation from our garden and I'd put them in a jar or two in the house. Sometimes I also had to help my godmother and uncle get food for the pigs, two cows and a donkey. We bought corn plants that were still green, grass and lots of kale for the pigs. We usually had six or seven pigs, the mother and the little ones.

Portrait of Village Life

On Sundays I would get up and feed the pigs and chickens if my godmother had not done it already. My uncle would take care of the oxen team and the donkey. Then I would wash myself and eat breakfast—coffee, linguça cooked in the fireplace, homemade butter and black bread, made from grain we grew. I would get dressed in my best Sunday clothes—a nice shirt, stockings that came over the knee, black shoes, a shirt and a shawl, then I would go to ten o'clock mass. Then we'd have lunch—meat or fish—and I would help wash the dishes.

In the afternoon, my few friends and I would get together, usually on the street outside my house. We talked and laughed and then went for a walk. During grape time, we would pass by our grapevines and cut some grapes. Sometimes we passed by a little stream that ran out of the spring well and we washed the grapes. Our boyfriends, or just friends, would come and we'd laugh, tease each other about getting married or anything just to laugh. It was the best of times because we were all very good friends.

Village life was so full of happiness, everybody knew each other.. Sometimes I would be in the window looking at the street and when people passed by, we'd talk and laugh. Here in the city (Taunton), I'm always inside the house. When I go out, most of the time I don't see anybody I know. In the village, when people passed by, they would ask me if I wanted to go with them to the village grocery or to the fields to get fruits and vegetables. There was always so much to do. The time went by fast. There were no televisions back then, but we didn't need them. People really talked. Sometimes it was just gossip, but it was fun to listen to.

In the winter, nights were very long and cold so mostly every night families from two or three nearby houses or friends and close family, would get together, usually at my godmother's or my father's house, for the *serão* to pass the night. While the women did their crochet, everybody talked because they had a lot to say.

They told beautiful stories. I was just a young girl and I remember I would just want to stare at the person telling the story and picture what they were saying. Sometimes I got so involved I'd forget that my back was freezing or my socks were burning because I always had my feet to the fire. Then I would remove my feet fast. I can't remember any story because it's been such a long time, but I do remember they were very beautiful, entertaining and simple, usually telling or teaching a lesson to us young children. It was the best.

Marriage in Mozambique

Raul Pinto was from the village where the school was. Though I knew who he was and who his family was. I never talked to him except to say, "How are you?" when we passed each other. He was good look-

ing and I think I was too. He asked me to marry him at a feast. In those days, when a boy asked a girl to marry him, it was with the intention of marrying soon.

I didn't want to get married yet, and he kept on asking me whenever he saw me. After I finally said yes, we saw each other more often and danced when we went to feasts. Of course we never thought of doing anything else but talking. I just knew I wasn't supposed to do anything with a boy though nobody ever told me that. All my girlfriends knew too.

Two years after he asked me, we got married, but first he asked my father and godmother for permission and they said yes because they liked him. I was twenty-seven and Raul was thirty-three. It was a small wedding because we did something different from the others. We went away to get married. When we came back, everybody was at my house with lots of food to give us a party.

A month and a half after we got married, my husband left for Africa. His brother was there and called for him. I stayed behind, already pregnant. He had bought his ticket before we got married. He wanted to make a life there, then send for me to give me a better life. He wanted to take me away from the agrarian way of life of the small village. When he left, I lived with my godmother, the same as when I was single.

When I left for Africa, my son, Paul, was already nine months old. He was so cute. He had a little white hat and had already started talking. We got on a boat in Lisbon. At night, it looked like a big city in the middle of the ocean. One night, the ocean got so bad I could feel the ship move over the waves. Everybody was called to the top deck to get ready for an emergency. The baby was sick because because his teeth hurt, and I thought it was going to be the end. The baby was screaming, I was crying and everybody was screaming, too. But in the morning the ocean was so calm, it seemed to be asleep. From then on, the baby got better and we had a nice trip. The trip took eighteen days and we arrived in Mozambique on April 18, 1967.

My husband was waiting with his sister and brother-in-law. It was a feast because neither my husband nor the rest of the family had seen the baby. The biggest difference in Africa from Portugal was the climate. It was so hot there. When it's winter in Portugal, it's summer in Africa. And in Africa, it's *always* like summer. There was also a fruit I came to like very much called *papaia*. It looked like a big pumpkin and people ate it as if it were a melon. There were other differences such as the way people dressed. The women wore dresses very short and fresh and the men wore shorts because the weather was so hot. I liked Africa very much.

We lived in Africa for seven years. Nine or ten months after I arrived, I had my daughter, Elizabeth. Mozambique had been a Portuguese colony and was now fighting for independence. I took care of my son and daughter and the house, and my husband was part owner of a trucking company. Because of the fighting, we had to leave the house and business and all our belongings and leave. We couldn't even all of our money because the government of Mozambique wanted to keep the money in their banks. We just wanted to leave alive because people we knew and people we had heard of were being killed.

Off to America

I don't remember much about the war. I left for Portugal with my two children, and my husband stayed behind to see if he could do something with the house and business. He planned to meet us in Portugal in one or two months. Then things got worse and he waited to see what would happen. One year later, he was forced to return to Portugal because the houses in Mozambique were going up in flames. In 1975 it became an independent nation.

After my husband returned, we opened a little grocery and gift store in our village with the little money we brought from Africa. The store was on the side of my godmother's house, which she had given to me. We lived there for five years.

In 1980, we came to America in search of a better way of life. Not so much for me and my husband, but to be able to give my kids an education we were never able to have. When I was young I had heard of America and thought that when people came here they would become rich. I found out I didn't become rich, but we were able to eat meat every day, if we wanted to, and give my kids a good education. I live Portugal and I'm always eager to go back and visit loved ones and old customs.

With permission

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

pp.30-33

“What’s in a Name”

John Miranda Raposo

Many times, while walking the streets of Ponta Delgada, I’ve found myself wondering who was the person after whom the street was named. Some are obvious: Avenida Infante D. Henrique (the Portuguese name of the man English historians called Prince Henry the Navigator), Avenida D. João III., etc. Avenues and streets (ruas) named after lesser known figures are not so obvious. Such was the case the year I stayed at a hotel on Rua João Francisco Cabral.

While convalescing from recent surgery, I had time to read many of the books and articles I had promised myself to read. A dog-eared yellowed forty-page booklet given to me by a cousin, Maria dos Anjos, on one of many visits to São Miguel was one. Its title, *Apontamentos (Notes)*, isn’t very revealing. You have to read the caption under the black and white picture to know that the notes are about the hamlet of Pilar in the parish of Bretanha. I had met its author, Fr. Octávio Luis dos Reis, while he was on a Sunday afternoon visit to his sister who lived close by Maria dos Anjos. During our brief chat, he informed me we were cousins on my mother’s side. I now wish Maria had had him autograph the *Apontamentos* she later gave me.

Within *Apontamentos’s* pages is a chapter of a man from Pilar remembered by no one from Pilar. He and his siblings, all of whom predeceased him, left no descendants. His name? João Francisco Cabral.

In the mid nineteenth century the Azores was practically bursting at the seams with more mouths to feed than the land could support. Entailments kept only the richest few in possession of the choicest properties while the vast majority, mostly landless peasants, had a daily struggle to earn enough to keep body and soul together. Even a cursory reading of parish records for that time period reveals an appallingly high infant mortality rate and an equally high number of “expositos” (children either left exposed to the elements or anonymously abandoned at convents or at a villager’s door). Every poor young man’s dream was to leave for the New World as soon as possible, but few had the resources to do so.

The Republic of Brazil, with its mines and plantations, offered the best choice because its language was the same. The United States did not begin welcoming immigrants in large numbers until after its Civil War and many of the Portuguese who emigrated were Azorean whalers who’d jumped ship in New England or California. Brazil, not the United States, was the logical choice for João Francisco Cabral.

Cabral was born in the hamlet of Pilar on 23 April 1818 to Manuel Francisco and Miquelina de Jesus Cabral. He was the grandson of Bernardo and Maria de Conceição Cabral and Clemente and Luzia de Con-ceição de Viveiros—all illiterate and landless.

At a very early age he apprenticed out to earn his keep working on the estates owned by the Alvares Cabral family in Sete Cidades under the direction of its steward, Máximo de Oliveira. The two developed a close lifelong bond with Máximo becoming Francisco’s mentor.

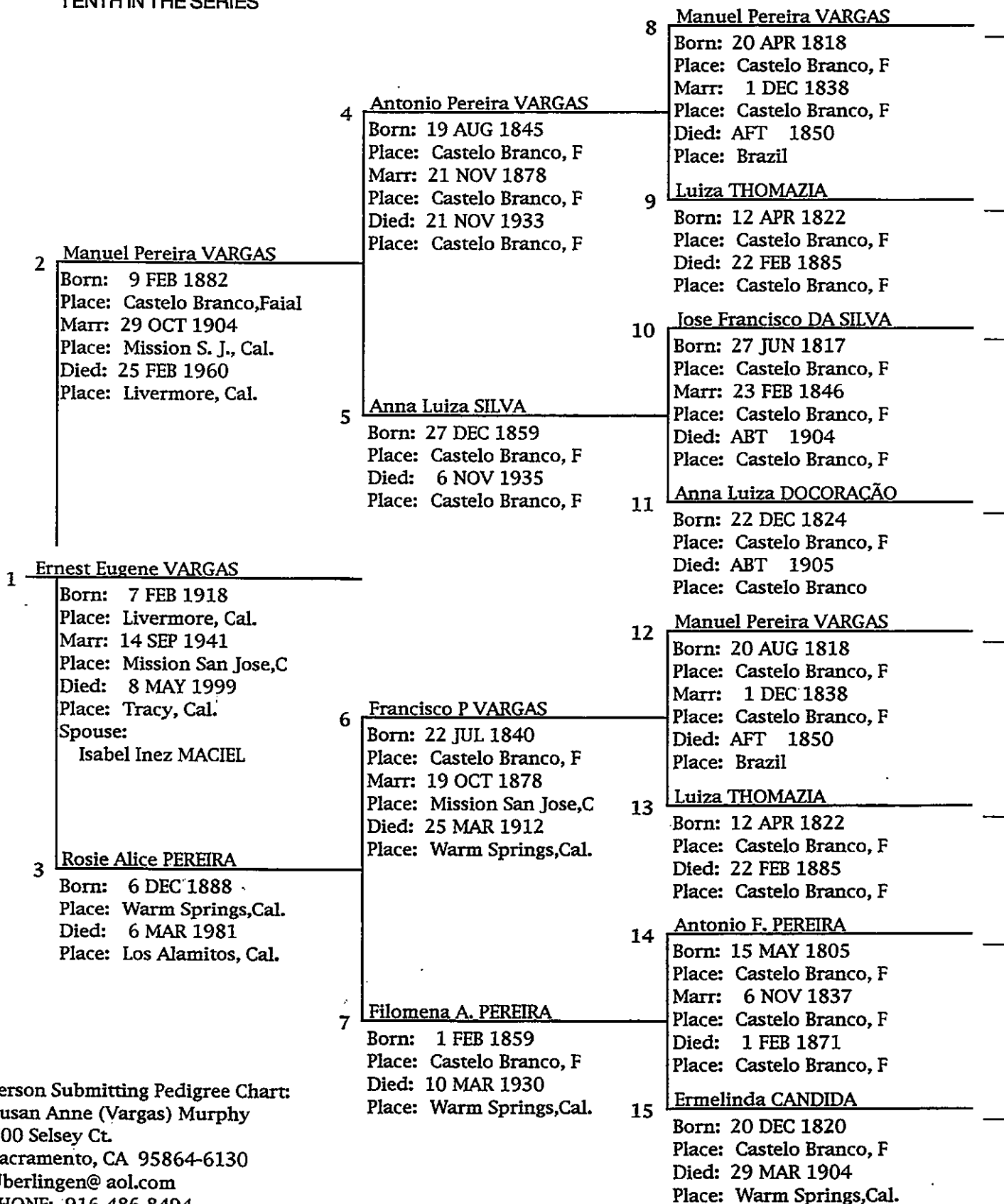
Not yet twenty, João told his parents of his decision to seek his fortune abroad. Each knew that such an opportunity might never repeat and to remain in the Azores would doubtless perpetuate another peasant cycle of marriage, children unlikely to survive infancy, and abject poverty. With the stifled sobs of losing a son, they gave him their blessing. They would never again see each other.

No doubt Francisco sailed away from Ponta Delgada with the common dream of most immigrants, then and now: Work for many years, save money and in the autumn of life return to one’s homeland to live in comfort. So it was with João. He lived in Bahia, northeastern Brazil, and considered it his second homeland. Like many without education, he stated as a common day-laborer, but his boss, who soon noticed his native intelligence, curiosity and good manners, gave him the opportunity to attend grammar school. The boss made him a clerk. Later he was given shares in the business and eventually full partnership. Never married, he lived a fastidious lifestyle. He didn’t spend lavishly on himself, but quietly looked after the needs of the poor around him.

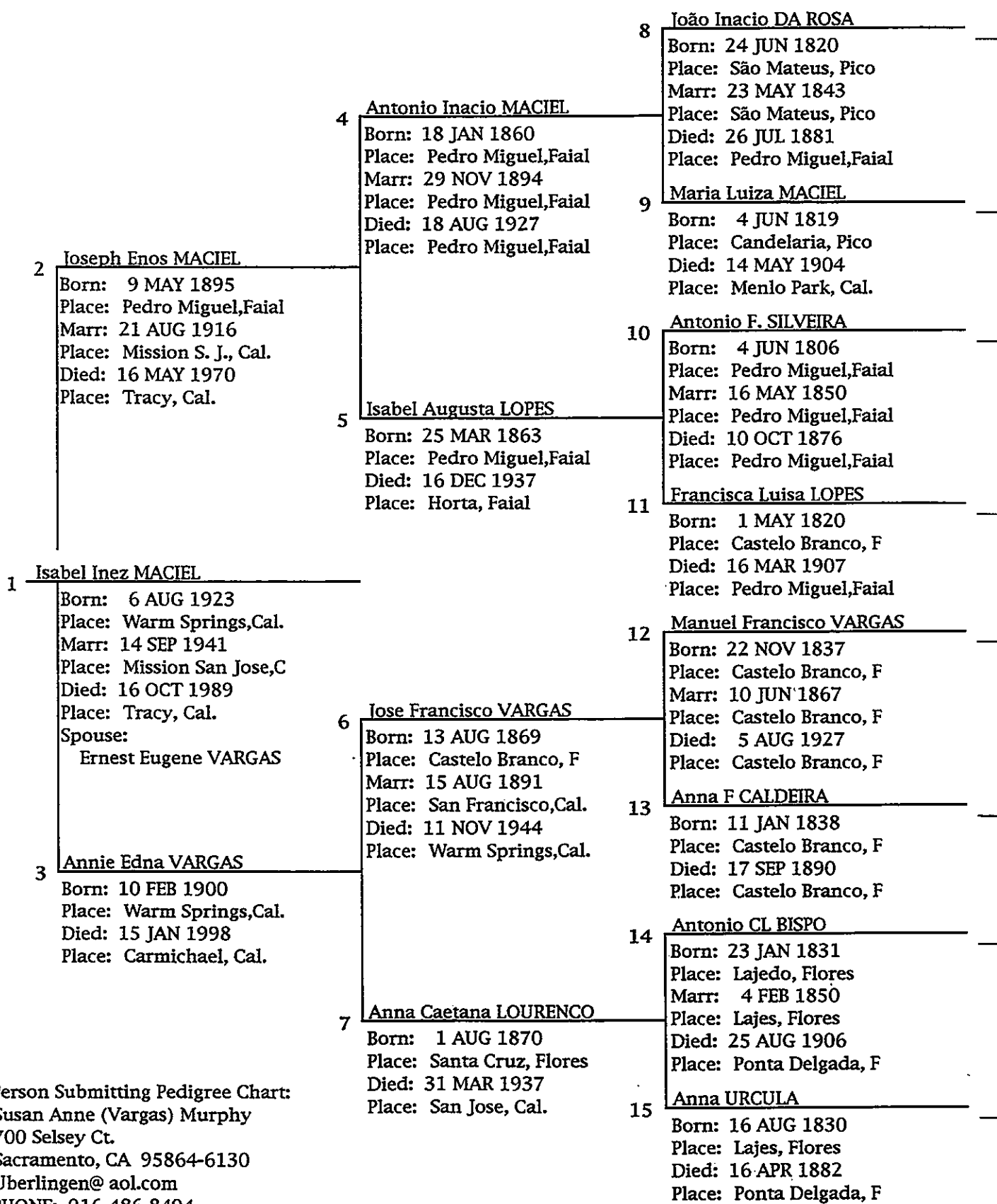
The same Siren’s Song that took him to Brazil, later brought him back to the Azores to complete the immigrant’s dream. After settling his affairs he liquidated assets to assure himself a lifetime income. The return to Bretanha must have been bittersweet. His parents and all his siblings were dead. Bretanha had

Continued on p. 22...

APGHS PEDIGREE CHART
TENTH IN THE SERIES



Person Submitting Pedigree Chart:
Susan Anne (Vargas) Murphy
700 Selsey Ct.
Sacramento, CA 95864-6130
Uberlingen@aol.com
PHONE: 916-486-8494



Person Submitting Pedigree Chart:
 Susan Anne (Vargas) Murphy
 700 Selsey Ct.
 Sacramento, CA 95864-6130
 Uberlingen@aol.com
 PHONE: 916-486-8494

BY JULIE MARRINUCCI
Editorial Assistant

"It is a parish with a heart," the pastor said. "But the heart is her heart," he continued referring to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Her presence is greatly felt here at Our Lady of the Rosary parish in Providence. Her presence nurtured by early Portuguese immigrants and kept alive through the devotion of descendants who have made their home in Rhode Island.

A parish whose first Masses were said at St. Joseph's School on Hope Street. Our Lady of the Rosary is presently celebrating its 100th anniversary. Spanning a century, the parish population has grown from those first four Portuguese parishioners to a congregation of over 1000 families.

Operating early on as a haven for meeting the material as well as spiritual needs of Portuguese immigrants, the church still works to assist those who settle in the area. "At least 75 percent of the parishioners are immigrants arriving in the last 20 years," remarked Father Antonio M. Paiva, pastor of the Providence parish for the past 14 years. The parish consists of many young families with children, he explained, adding that a few of the "old-timers" are still around.

Ramiro Mendes emigrated from Portugal 30 years ago. He described Our Lady of the Rosary parish as "a home away from home." For the Portuguese immigrants who settled in the area, the church has been like a mother, Mendes said. "Immigrants have special needs, so, oftentimes, the church acts as a social welfare office." Many newcomers will seek help from the clergy and sisters at Our Lady of the Rosary when they don't know where to turn, he explained.

The Sisters of St. Dorothy who reside next to the church have been especially helpful in this area, Mendes said. Sister Maria Isabel Franco remarked that the five sisters of the parish are carrying on a tradition of pastoral work at Our Lady of the Rosary. "The sisters of the parish took care of immigrant girls up until the 1970s," she explained. The top floor of a former convent was used to house the girls and was also the site of a variety of lessons which included sewing, music, embroidery, and cooking. "We would teach what schools didn't teach," she said.

The convent does not house young women anymore, but the sisters still provide assistance for those who request it. Sr. Isabel spoke of pastoral work in concrete terms: visitations to the sick, tutoring in math, feeding the poor, providing transportation for medical appointments, accompanying families at housing meetings, counseling, finding employment for parishioners...the list goes on. "We help people in any way they need," she said.

The sisters are also responsible for religious education at Our Lady of the Rosary Church. Approximately 600 students, kindergarten through grade 12, participate in the program. This year 75 young people received their confirmation.

The concept of parish as family was stressed by many who spoke about the Portuguese parish. A family whose devotion to Mary can be seen through its organizations and activities, as well as the physical make-up of the parish.

The church itself is surrounded by sights and sounds of the city. On one side is route 195 traffic. The smokestacks of an old factory recently renovated into a shopping mall now known as

Davol Square, loom in the distance on the other side. The pastor described the church and the adjoining grounds as "a green oasis in the midst of all the asphalt." And that is certainly an adequate description.

The frantic activity of the city is left behind as one enters Our Lady of the Rosary. There is green grass here, flowers, and benches where one can sit for a spell. A statue of Mary, the focal point of this grassy area, is surrounded by statues of the three children of Fatima. Encircling this scene is a stone walkway in the shape of a rosary. It is here that the rosary is said on the 13th of each month. And on the feast of the Assumption (Aug. 15), children gather and crown the Blessed Mother. The pastor added that a few parishioners come to this outdoor sanctuary every night to pray the rosary.

Fr. Paiva described the inside of the church as "a religious museum to Our Lady." An Our Lady of Fatima statue as well as a statue of Our Lady of the Rosary adorn the front of the church. Olive branches signifying the Queen of Peace are painted on the ceiling. And much of the artwork decorating the walls of the structure is devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

Many parish activities are centered around spiritual celebrations at the Providence parish. "In the old country, to a great extent, parish life is centered around liturgical matters," the pastor explained. This tradition of Portuguese processions and celebrations in honor of the Blessed Mother are commonplace at Our Lady of the Rosary. Celebrations held during the year include festivals named for the Blessed Mother, Santa Cristo, and the Holy Spirit.

The festival of the Holy Spirit is very special to the parishioners here. During the festival, a celebration which begins the Sunday after Easter and ends on Pentecost, a different family is assigned the Crown of the Holy Spirit on each Sunday during that timeframe. The crown symbolizes love and charity, thus the family opens its home to anyone who wants to share in food, drink, and prayer.

Father Reinaldo M. Cardoso, assistant in the parish, spoke of a special apostolate which is carried on throughout the year. He explained that a statue of Our Lady is assigned to one family per week. "The purpose is to bring families to prayer and to Jesus Christ," he said. During that week, the family will invite friends in for the recitation of the rosary followed by a small social gathering.

The festivals, the processions, the family gatherings — all help to establish the familial atmosphere which the pastor is constantly striving for. "I want to create a family spirit here," the pastor remarked. "Without it, what's the purpose of the parish? Everybody should get into the act."

Other parish groups which bring parishioners of Our Lady of the Rosary together include participation in the Ladies of the Rosary and the Men of the Holy Spirit. An apostleship of prayer, with a membership of 1400 people, was begun four years ago by Sister Maria Natalia Soares, SSD. Sister Soares explained that members of the apostolate have a special devotion to the Sacred Heart and focus their activity around prayer. Bible classes round out the spiritual activity of the church.

A unique feature of the parish is a religious drama group consisting of 40 to 50 members. Begun last year, the group recently performed at the church in celebration of its 100th anniversary.

The centennial celebration

began with a religious celebration held in October. Since then, a multitude of events have taken place. A special supper in November was followed by a December bazaar. An "April in Portugal" celebration was attended by many. And concerts, performed by visiting choirs, were presented. Many people will take part in a special centennial Liturgy on Oct. 5. The final event will be a gala banquet to be held Oct. 12.

The annual September festival will be held this weekend on the parish grounds. Family and friends, numbering anywhere from 10 to 15,000 are expected to attend.

James Brasil, a lifelong parishioner at Our Lady of the Rosary, remembers the days of the neighborhood parish, the days when everyone walked to Mass on Sunday. Now, he said, the parish is very spread out. Yet, the charitable family spirit has been maintained at this "green oasis" nestled in the heart of the city.



"PARISH WITH A HEART" — Fr. Antonio M. Paiva, pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary in Providence, distributes Communion during the Sunday Liturgy. The parish is celebrating its 100th anniversary this year.

...Continued from p. 17.

changed little, but he was not the same youth who had left it. The modern conveniences of Bahia were not to be found in Bretanha. He began spending time away in Ponta Delgada. Initially, the absences were few and far apart, but they became more frequent and prolonged. Eventually, although officially a resident of Bretanha, he was a de-facto citizen of Ponta Delgada living in its Hotel Centro making occasional visits to Bretanha.

From the Centro, popularly known as Mariana's, he managed his business affairs and had a social life with people of all classes. Ever the prepared clerk, his last will and testament was drawn up by Dr. Amâncio da Silveira, one of the city's ablest lawyers, and signed by the attorney (João was already too weak for the task) on 28 December 1887 at the Centro. Five days later—2 January 1888— João Francisco Cabral died. His executor and director of funeral arrangements was Clemente Joaquin da Costa of Ponta Delgada.

The will revealed that his money was either on deposit, in insurance policies, or in Brazilian stocks. He had lent money to three men: Francisco Machado de Faria e Maia of Ponta Delgada, Manuel Francisco de Aguiar of Várzea, and António José Pereira of Capelas.

His most enduring bequest was to the Santa Casa de Misericórdia, the city's charitable institution, poor house, orphanage and hospital, with whom he endowed the care and education of twelve orphaned boys to be taken care of in a family-like setting until the age of twelve.

A second bequest was to Bretanha's parish council for the establishment of a boys's elementary school near the church in Pilar hamlet. The females of Bretanha were not forgotten: twenty of its neediest widows received small bequests and a sum was set aside for the weddings of twenty of its poorest girls. An additional amount was to be distributed among its disabled and poorest residents.

It also bequested money to the São Joaquim Orphanage School, Bahia, and to Ponta Delgada institutions other than the Santa Casa responsible for the care the city's poor and orphaned. Any residual estate was left to Santa Casa de Misericórdia.

The street behind Misericórdia is named in honor of this unassuming Bretanha man with a noble heart.

Submitted by John Miranda Raposo of Massachusetts.

DUES

Please read the mailing label. If you are not a life member (-L), the number after the dash following your membership number is the year your membership will expire

The preceding newspaper article about Providence, R.I.'s, Our Lady of the Holy Rosary came from *The Providence Visitor* of Thursday, September 4, 1986 (pp.14-15). Its submission by Mrs. Potts was prompted by "Change and Tradition in Fox Point," a story in the winter-issue *Bulletin Board*. Her grandfather's brother, Antonio Leal Ferreira, worked on its construction.

American-Portuguese Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc.

The Society's year is January 1—December 31

Dues are:

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

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

Life membership dues are kept in a separate account. When it reaches \$1000, certificates of deposit are purchased. The interest from the CDs is used to buy books pertinent to Portuguese genealogy and history.

The Society has been ruled a federal income-tax exempt organization under Section 501 (C)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code and qualifies for the maximum charitable contribution deduction for bequests, legacies, devices, transfers of gifts of money and property.

The following are available from the Society:

- | | | |
|---|--------------|------------------|
| 1. Maps (black-and-white) | | per page: \$1.00 |
| Corvo, Flores, Graciosa, Santa Maria | each 1 page | |
| Faial, Porto Santo, São Miguel | each 2 pages | |
| Madeira, Terceira | each 3 pages | |
| Pico | 5 pages | |
| 2. Family crests (in color) 5"x 7" | | per crest: 10.00 |
| Amão, Ataíde, Baleeiros, Bettencourts; Botelho, Brum, Câmara, Cardoso, Goularte, Leites, Macedo, Martin Behaim, Mendonca, Peixoto, Pereira, Pimentel, Poras, Silveira, Soares, Sousa, Terras, Utra (Dutra) and Vernes | | |
| 3. <i>Portuguese Pride and Pleasure</i> , by Carmelina R. Borroz, 59 pages | | 5.00 |
| 4. <i>The Mary P. Mesquita: Rundown at Sea</i> , [Gloucester, Mass.], by Cecile Pimentel, 85 pp. | | 16.95 |
| 5. <i>St. John's Cemetery [New Bedford, Mass] Gravestone Inscriptions</i> by Gil and Pat Amaral, 230 pp. | | 29.95 |
| 6. <i>Portuguese Bermudians: An Early History and Reference Guide, 1849-1949</i> , by Patricia M. Mudd, 702 pp. | | 29.95 |
| 7. <i>The Forgotten Portuguese</i> , by Manuel Mira, 383 pp. | | 29.95 |
| 8. <i>Portuguese Spinner: An American Story</i> , ed. by McCabe & Thomas, 288 pp. | | 29.95 |

Massachusetts residents please add 5%

Postage and handling for items 4—9: \$3.00 each

Printed by Copy Masters, 106 Oak Street, Taunton, MA 02780

A.P.G.H.S., Inc.
P.O. Box 644
Taunton, MA
02780-0644



Permission is hereby granted for copying pages or portions of pages of this newsletter (unless its use was by permission of another) in other historical or scholarly works. No other use is permitted without the consent of the APGHS.

MENTEL RICHARD F.
JACOBS WEL R.
BRING, NH 03042-2517

406-08