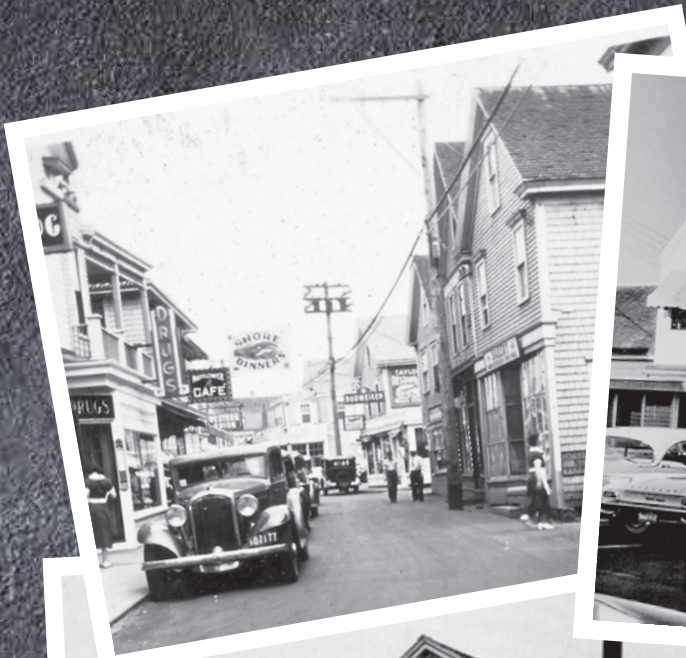


# 2023 Annual Report



## SEAMEN'S BANK







*The restaurant profiles that appear in this, Seamen's Bank's 2023 Annual Report, tell a story of the lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of our townspeople over the course of almost one hundred years, from 1929 until the present day.*

What do they have in common? First, each restaurant profiled would not exist or would not have existed without the determination and perseverance of a single individual, be it Mary Cabral (The Bonnie Doone), Joy McNulty (The Lobster Pot), Liz Lovati (Liz's Café), or Napi Van Dereck (Napi's), among others. The vision, courage, and fortitude of these people cannot be overstated. Second, in most cases, family members – in some cases multiple generations of them – joined in the effort and made it successful. It surely takes a family to make a successful restaurant, and in each of these profiles we find staff that have in effect become family, some loyal people working for decades at their jobs. Lastly, all these restaurants demonstrate a connection to their community that has had a lasting effect. The generosity can go both ways, as local workmen banded together to put Maline Costa's Moors back together after a disastrous fire; the examples of all these restaurants' contributions to their neighbors are too numerous to mention.

Unless you have worked in a restaurant you may not appreciate the amount of work behind the meal that has just been presented to you. Behind every dish that leaves the kitchen there is ordering, prep work, cooking, clearing and cleaning, organizing, managing, advertising and outreach that go into it.

This is important – you might even say holy – work: people have been gathering for food and drink in their favorite community places since civilization evolved. Certainly Provincetown would not be the same without the restaurants profiled here, and others equally deserving.

We salute them all.



## LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

To the Community:

In this year's Annual Report, we wanted to feature a recognizable part of our local history that not only reveals deep roots of local resilience, but has also been embraced by generations. In addition to their contribution to local economies, restaurants have always provided a gathering place where serving and sharing a meal helps to sustain that sense of community.

All of the restaurants that appear in this year's Annual Report are unique in their histories. We were fortunate to have the assistance of two people who helped in the presentation. It is a pleasure to acknowledge Dennis Minsky for composing such vivid and heartfelt histories and I am also grateful to David Dunlap for the well-researched historical record and some of the photographs that enrich these accounts.

Like nearly all businesses on Cape Cod, restaurants were not immune to the effects of the pandemic. Restaurants represent one of the largest industries on the Cape and many relied on the support of their community bank. During those challenging times, Seamen's Bank engaged closely with small businesses of all kinds providing guidance and financial support including millions of dollars in funding through Paycheck Protection Program loans (PPP).

The past few months have brought a sense of economic recovery to the community but even small communities on the Cape are not immune to the macro-economic environment. Inflationary pressures, staffing shortages, and world-wide supply-chain issues continue to reverberate. As a community bank, we continue to strategize and retain the agility to meet the product and service needs of our customers. We have recently eliminated overdraft fees and have also expanded and improved online and digital services. Our lending programs continue to reach beyond the rigidity of larger institutions.

Financially, I am pleased to report another successful year for your Bank. Net profit at fiscal-year end stood at a record \$2.8million strengthening a capital position that



significantly exceeds regulatory standards and provides a cushion to meet unseen challenges in the coming years. Our commercial lending department also recorded significant loan growth and our residential loan programs continue to reflect community needs. In an effort to meet the needs of the housing crisis, we have added a new Accessory Dwelling Unit (ADU) product to those residential loan offerings. The product is designed to simplify the application and paperwork inherent in the lending process.

The Seamen's Bank Long Point Charitable Foundation continues to be a source of pride for us and a trusted partner of our non-profit community. It brings thoughtful financial aid as well as the in-person support of our dedicated employees in an effort to ensure the continued valuable work of supporting those in need and enhancing cultural arts.

Seamen's Bank represents 172 years of community service. Back in 1851, David Fairbanks and his group of community-guided associates agreed to start a mutually-owned financial institution that focused on the needs of the average citizen. They envisioned a bank that would foster close relationships with individuals, families and businesses. Today we continue to be guided by the same basic principles of communal partnership. Indeed, despite all of the advances in financial standards and technology, our objectives have not changed. We remain resolute in our mission of community banking which is supported by our corporators, trustees, employees, and customers. For that, I am truly grateful.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lori Meads". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored, textured paper.

Lori F. Meads  
President/CEO



# CIRO & SAL'S

## Ciro & Sal's

### Two artists cook to feed their families and friends

The year is 1953. Two young artists, recent arrivals to Provincetown, are hatching a plan. They are serious about devoting their lives to their painting but need to find a way to support themselves and their families. The older of the two, Ciriaco (Ciro) Cozzi, age 30, convinces the younger, Salvatore (Sal) Del Deo, age 25, that they should start a business.

Ciro first suggested a pizza parlor, but Sal convinced him how impractical that was: they had no oven, not to mention a kitchen, and they would have to spend all their time kneading dough when what they really wanted to do was paint. They decided on making sandwiches. Yes, they were Italian-Americans; yes, they liked to cook. Neither had the slightest experience running a business, but they were determined, and for something this simple they could use the kitchen in the house Giro had just managed to buy on Peter Hunt's Lane, later known as Kiley Court, for \$8,000, with the help of an uncle.

There were a dozen or more restaurants in Provincetown in 1953. Most have vanished and hardly a soul to recall them. A few might still be remembered, like the Flagship, the Moors, the Mayflower Café, and Cookie's Tap (of these only the Mayflower survives today). Giro & Sal's sandwich joint, in a dirt-floor cellar in a modest house down a lane off the main street, entered this crowded market and was an instant success.

The line of people waiting to get into the tiny place stretched all the way down Kiley Court to Commercial Street. The two young men were totally unprepared: they borrowed pots and pans and dishes and silverware from neighbors, they found an old stove at the dump, and artist Eddie Euler gave them an old-fashioned ice box. Their menu grew to include omelets, sometimes served on napkins or even onto a customer's hands when they ran out of dishes. Then they added pies, including the revolutionary lime pie made by Giro's wife, Ero. The men had to fight each other to get to the stove to keep up with the demand. The customers sat on upturned nail kegs at cable spool tables.

There was only one problem. Giro & Sal's in 1953 was like Spiritus Pizza later in the century: an after-the-bars-let-out joint. They were officially open from 6 p.m. until midnight, but most of their business was late-night, sometimes into the wee hours of the morning. At the end of that first



*Giro & Sal's, undated*



*Giro & Sal's, undated*



summer, the two young men were summoned to a hearing by the Board of Selectmen and informed that, because of the neighbors' complaints, they would have to shut down.

After opposition to this extreme measure, which included a manifesto written by the poet Harry Kemp, the sympathetic board relented somewhat – both men were veterans, after all – issuing instead a 10 p.m. “curfew.” Ciro and Sal dutifully complied – and promptly found that three quarters of their business evaporated. “That’s the end of it,” they thought.

What to do? A meeting was held around their pot-bellied stove, including their friends, the artists Jim Forsberg, Al DeLauro, and Ed Giobbi. The conclusion: cook real food, become a real restaurant. Both men’s cooking was esteemed by family and friends, “but could we do it for other people?” they wondered.



They could. They transitioned from sandwiches (75 cents) and omelets (a dollar) to spaghetti with meatballs big as baseballs, and sausage direct from Federal Hill in Providence (\$1.50). The first week they served six dinners, the following week twelve. They added chicken cacciatore and veal prepared the way Sal’s Italian father had, and the numbers of customers climbed. By the end of that first season, they had each cleared \$300. Both men had to work at other jobs all winter – and would for many winters to come.

The next year the restaurant gained a new front dining room, complete with a fireplace and new slate floors. Sal’s father, a tinsmith, installed three copper sinks for dishwashing. The first dishwasher was 18-year-old Napi Van Dereck, destined for his own restaurant fame. The menu expanded, too, and they introduced something new to Provincetown: espresso and cappuccino.

Word about this bohemian spot spread among the summer people, and business soared. Locals and fishermen also ate there. But from the first Ciro & Sal’s was a magnet for artists and writers and “free-thinkers” in general, who felt comfortable in its homey atmosphere and could afford its cheap prices – and if they could not, they were still accommodated. Ciro and Sal were part of the art world; these were their people.

As the years went by, the restaurant never lost its original character. “All of Provincetown seemed for a time to pass through its doors; working there, dining there, or both,” wrote David Dunlap in *Building Provincetown*. I can attest to that, having landed at its doors in 1968 and worked my last shift as a waiter in 1995.

“Getting a job at Ciro’s was a waiter’s boon,” wrote Deborah Minsky in the *Cape Cod Voice* – and she should know, as she married one; she was a hostess there when I met her in 1968 and we married in 1971. Hostessing at Ciro & Sal’s was a heroic task, as the restaurant sometimes seated five hundred diners or more in just over five hours. I will not list the names of all the celebrities who dined (and even worked) there. What I most recall were the magical after-hours



gatherings at the “family table” by the banging kitchen doors, where local artists, writers, and hangers-on drank, recited poetry, played the mandolin and drums, and talked about everything under the sun.

Sal left the business by 1960 to devote more time to his painting – although he was to start his own Sal’s Place just two years later. The restaurant continued on its upward trajectory. A pivotal time came in 1971, when Ciro decided to remain open through the winter on weekend nights. Locals who avoided the summer crowds returned in the offseason, when a cozy fire warmed the place. Ciro’s upstairs residence was converted to a dining area with a bar that would become legendary.

Through the ’70s, ’80s, and ’90s, Ciro and his family maintained the restaurant, but nothing lasts forever. In 1999, Larry Luster and Cynthia Packard, who was his wife at the time, took it over. Larry and his family continue to operate the place to this day.

Just as Ciro and Sal’s origin stories are affecting, so is Larry’s. He started at the restaurant in 1968, washing dishes. He was 13 years old then, having followed his brother James up from Chattanooga, Tennessee. When Larry finished high school down south, he returned and worked at every job in the restaurant, from the kitchen to the front of the house. By 1999 there was only one job left: owner and manager.

Larry’s story closely mirrors Ciro’s and Sal’s, in that he is family-oriented, and the restaurant is family-run. His son Zach is the general manager, his son Caleb is the head chef, and his son Silas is the sous chef; Larry’s daughter fills in when she visits town. His wife Cheryl worked there for many years. His brother Charles, who is in charge of pasta – a crucial job – and desserts, has been there since the early 1970s. But the entire staff is considered family. It is as diverse as the town itself, including people from Jamaica, Bulgaria, and the far corners of the world, but also many locals and year-rounders. They are incredibly loyal: Carol D’Amico has been there almost fifty years.

Larry’s African-American culture is as strong as the Italian-American culture of his predecessors. And while he is true to the Italian-themed menu he inherited, the spirit he brought all the way from Tennessee is one of hard work and cooperation, without which no restaurant can survive.

The Luster family and staff are keeping the traditions of the restaurant they came up in: the future of Ciro & Sal’s is as vibrant as its colorful past.

*Ciro & Sal’s, present day*





## CONSOLIDATED STATEMENTS OF INCOME

Year ended March 31	2023	2022
<b>Interest Income</b>		
Loans	11,252,000	11,984,000
Securities	1,163,000	874,000
Federal Funds	4,543,000	294,000
<b>Total Interest Income</b>	<b>\$16,958,000</b>	<b>\$13,152,000</b>
<b>Interest Expense</b>		
Interest on Deposits	1,773,000	1,004,000
Other Interest	—	44,000
<b>Total Interest Expense</b>	<b>1,773,000</b>	<b>1,048,000</b>
<b>Net Interest Income</b>	<b>\$15,185,000</b>	<b>\$12,104,000</b>
 Provision for Loan Losses	 —	 60,000
<b>Non-Interest Income</b>		
Fees on Deposits	96,000	106,000
Other Service Charges	596,000	596,000
Gain (Loss) on Security Sales	(331,000)	2,000
Other Gains and Losses	—	343,000
Other Non-Interest Income	96,000	85,000
<b>Total Non-Interest Income</b>	<b>\$457,000</b>	<b>\$1,132,000</b>
<b>Non-Interest Expense</b>		
Salaries and Benefits	7,353,000	6,408,000
Premises and Equipment	1,211,000	1,070,000
Other Non-Interest Expense	3,318,000	3,863,000
<b>Total Non-Interest Expense</b>	<b>\$11,882,000</b>	<b>\$11,341,000</b>
 Income Before Taxes	 3,760,000	 1,835,000
Federal and State Taxes	992,000	437,000
 <b>Net Income</b>	 <b>\$2,768,000</b>	 <b>\$1,398,000</b>





## Sal's Place An artist's living room, then and now

There may be restaurants that can be adequately described without reference to their founders. This is not one of them.

Sal Del Deo, now 94 years old, has lived in Provincetown for 76 years. He considers himself an artist first and a restaurateur second. Indeed, he is widely acknowledged to be in the highest rank of Provincetown artists. But he cannot deny that many people still associate him with two restaurants in town, one he created with Ciro Cozzi in 1953, Ciro & Sal's, and the other he started on his own in 1962, Sal's Place.

For Sal, art and cuisine go hand in hand: I have watched him at his home stove, casually working with the simplest ingredients and creating the most elemental dishes, and each one a masterpiece.

So it was that Sal, having left his partnership with Ciro by 1960 and still needing to support his family, returned to cooking in 1962. He rented the premises at 99 Commercial Street, in the West End, which had been the Skipper Luncheonette, run by Flyer Santos, and before that another lunch place run by someone called "Nick the Greek."

The building was part of Union Wharf, which was built around 1830, the first thousand-foot wharf in town, once used for the outfitting of whalers and Grand Bankers. Later, Manuel Furtado's boatyard operated there, where Flyer Santos learned his trade. Sal moved his operation to the East End, to what was to become the Mews, owned by Nicky Wells, for one year, but then returned to this West End location and bought it in 1965.

Sal, with his self-taught carpenter skills, went about making the place his own. He removed low ceilings to expose century-old beams, moved two cabins off the wharf to create a back dining room, put the kitchen in a central spot, and installed a giant ship's porthole, which he used to display the featured food and wine of the day. There was little he could do, however, about the pitched floors, characteristic of so many 19th century buildings in town.

The restaurant quickly came to reveal the man himself, and his family. The front dining room was like Sal's living room, with art, posters of Caruso and other stars, artifacts brought back from trips to Italy, and family memorabilia. A phonograph played his favorite operas. It was, in a word, homey. The waterside room was both dining room and gallery, with a constantly changing display of works by Sal's friends in the art world. An outdoor deck, under striped awnings, had a Mediterranean flair.

Sal's Place exuded a leisurely cordiality that came directly from the man and his family. His



*Sal's Place, present day*





*Sal's Place, present day*

wife Josephine oversaw the dining rooms, and his children, Romolo and Giovanna, also worked there. The staff were like family, too. They were devoted to Sal, for the simple reason that he was devoted to them. "He would do anything for you," says Jim Brizzi, a longtime waiter. "If you were hungry, he fed you," says Toby Everett, another staffer, who adds: "It was old Provincetown." Many of the staff came to hang out there on their days off. "We made it fun!" says Sal.

It was difficult to separate the restaurant from the neighborhood itself, as many locals would spend the day on the deck or adjacent beach, the grownups playing cards and chatting, the younger people diving off the wharf, swimming, or using a sailfish that waited on the beach outside. Sal's own grapevines adorned the sides of the building, and he harvested the grapes for the restaurant.

People flocked to the place. It seemed to remind the Portuguese in particular of their origins and cuisine. But summer visitors were attracted to Sal's, too.

The food, of course, was central to it all. If you were hanging out on the deck in the afternoon at the right tide, you might see a boat pull right up to the wharf and drop off fresh swordfish, striped bass, or other delicacies from the sea. Sal was among the first to re-introduce squid to the town. His pasta and lasagna noodles were homemade, as was his gnocchi. He grated his own fresh cheese. His ample portions were legendary. This was not just a restaurant but an experience.

Sal's was a community place in so many ways. A classical musical group, the Baroque Ensemble, used the restaurant for rehearsals in the mornings. It was also a place for activists to gather. Sal



called it a “political asylum.” There, and at the Front Street Gallery he ran for a couple of years directly across the street, movies were shown, and political meetings were held, including ones on behalf of SNCC, NAACP, the Freedom Riders, and the campaign of Eugene McCarthy. Pete Seeger, Nina Simone, and other celebrities were seen there.

After roughly two decades, Sal’s wife and children convinced him to step away from the business. His friend and protégé Tommy De Carlo took over for a couple of years, until he, too, wished to step away. In 1989 Jack and Laura Papetsas bought Sal’s and ran it with their son Alexander until 2016, when Siobhan Carew and her daughter Michela Murphy purchased it.

Siobhan had been in the restaurant business in Boston for over thirty years, but her family had also long summered in Provincetown and had a great affection for the town and its history. She had been looking for some time for an opportunity here, and the chance to buy Sal’s Place was a dream come true.

She and Michela consider themselves stewards of Sal’s creation and endeavor to maintain its traditions and the quality of the food and service. Their goal, they say, is to have their customers feel as if they have stepped back in time to the Sal’s Place they remember.

Like Sal and Josephine, this generation is also community-minded, striving to honor especially the artists and fishing people in town. And the children, too, as evidenced by their benefits for the West End Racing Club, where Michela and her sisters once learned to sail, and the Summer of Sass. They recently also celebrated the Center for Coastal Studies with “The Feast of the 14 (or more) Fishes,” a stunning success.

Sal’s Place lives on.



*Sal's Place, present day*



## CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEETS

Year ended March 31	2023	2022
<b>Assets</b>		
Cash and Due from Banks	95,600,000	215,205,000
Securities	69,637,000	64,034,000
Federal Funds Sold	—	59,000
Loans	278,736,000	250,926,000
Reserve for Losses	( 3,567,000 )	( 3,579,000 )
Fixed Assets	9,129,000	7,123,000
Other Real Estate Owned	—	—
Other Assets	4,603,000	3,964,000
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>\$454,138,000</b>	<b>\$537,732,000</b>
<b>Liabilities and Surplus</b>		
Deposits	406,950,000	492,388,000
Other Liabilities	414,000	423,000
<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<b>\$407,364,000</b>	<b>\$492,811,000</b>
Undivided Profits	49,697,000	46,930,000
Net Unrealized Gains	( 2,923,000 )	( 2,009,000 )
<b>Total Surplus</b>	<b>\$46,774,000</b>	<b>\$44,921,000</b>
<b>Total Liabilities and Surplus</b>	<b>\$454,138,000</b>	<b>\$537,732,000</b>

## RESERVES FOR LOAN LOSSES

March 31	2023	2022
<b>Beginning Balance</b>	<b>\$3,579,000</b>	<b>\$3,500,000</b>
Recoveries	—	19,000
Less Charge Offs	(12,000)	—
Plus Provisions for Losses	—	60,000
<b>Ending Balance</b>	<b>\$3,567,000</b>	<b>\$3,579,000</b>

## CHANGES IN EQUITY CAPITAL

March 31	April 1, 2022 to March 31, 2023	April 1, 2021 to March 31, 2022
<b>Total Capital</b>	<b>\$44,921,000</b>	<b>\$45,793,000</b>
Net Income	2,768,000	1,398,000
Prior Year Changes	2,009,000	( 261,000 )
Other Comprehensive Income	—	—
Net Unrealized Gains (Losses) on Securities	( 2,923,000 )	( 2,009,000 )
<b>Ending Equity Capital</b>	<b>\$46,775,000</b>	<b>\$44,921,000</b>





## Bonnie Doone

### Four generations of shore dinners & tartan plaids

Everything in this world has a beginning, a middle, and an end: that goes for people, civilizations, and restaurants.

The Bonnie Doone Restaurant, which opened as the Bonnie Doone Grille in 1937, had a good long run. Four generations of a single family operated it. Mary (Prada) Cabral started “a little hot dog stand, really,” according to her granddaughter Bonnie, at 35 Bradford Street, that became so successful that her husband Manuel, who was running Cabral’s Market across the street, sold it and joined Mary in an expanded operation. They were equal partners, but Bonnie describes her grandmother as “very progressive” and the driving force of the place. Their daughter Barbara Camille and her husband Richard Alan

Oppen joined in managing the restaurant immediately after their marriage in 1948, and then their daughter Bonnie – yes, Bonnie – (Oppen) Jordan and her then-husband Joel Vizard joined them after that. Their young children (generation number four) also worked there. The generations of this family not only worked together but when the restaurant closed every season in October, they all headed south and wintered in Florida together. In 1958 the grille became the restaurant, vastly enlarged when the abutting Conant Street School was torn down. The business flourished, but in 1986 the family decided to sell and the 49-year run of a restaurant came to an end. Beginning in 1995, Bill Dougal and Rick Murray bought the property and soon transformed it into the popular Mussel Beach Health Club.

A great mystery is where the name came from. One might be tempted to think that there was some allusion to the dunes north of Provincetown, but that does not explain the gentleman on the cover of the menu in a tartan kilt, brandishing a walking stick, nor the wait staff, all women, in their plaid dresses and aprons and little white caps. The Cabral heritage is from the Azores, not Scotland. Many people assumed that the restaurant was named after the Cabrals’ granddaughter, but, in truth, the restaurant came first and she was named after it. In further truth, she was properly named Manuela, but her grandmother insisted on calling her “Bonnie” – and so she is today. “As soon as I could walk, they put me in a tartan uniform and I went to work ... the restaurant was my life,” says Bonnie. The mystery of the name again comes around to Mary Cabral. “She always had to be different,” says Bonnie.

In an undated photograph, an orderly line of people wait to enter the Bonnie Doone. Behind them is a large neon sign that advertises “complete shore dinners” and “we serve lobsters any style.” The place obviously had quite a following, with lines of tourists and townies waiting to be fed. There was breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and often over 1,500 people were





served in a day. (Bonnie says her grandmother was a “big proponent of the turnover.”) It was advertised as “world famous for fine food,” and its Thistle Cocktail Lounge was a popular gathering spot and known as a “gay rendezvous” according to David Dunlap in *The Provincetown Encyclopedia*. In its day it was “a classy joint,” said J.B. Browne, who cooked there for many years. He was one of many locals who worked there for decades, including the bartender Johnny Farroba, the waitress Mary Roderick (“my grandmother’s best friend, who in her 70s could work circles around the younger staff”), and even Joy McNulty, later of Lobster Pot fame, who waitressed for a time.



*The Bonnie Doone, 1940s*

One patron remembers that “those were the days when you traded your jeans for dresses when you went out for dinner.” The people in that photograph certainly have not just come off the beach. Another patron mentioned “the best stuffed lobster in town,” as well as the chowder (“to die for”) and the baked stuffed shrimp, but others commented that it was “pricy” – not a place everyone could afford. Loads of visitors apparently could: J.B. remembered a dozen buses a day stopping and disgorging passengers, which the two dining areas, upstairs and down, could accommodate. The Bonnie Doone also had the largest parking lot in town, with attendants.

It was a bustling place, and an integral part of the Provincetown restaurant scene for all those years. How the ever-popular restaurant, after its closing, eventually became “rundown ... an abandoned eyesore,” as Rick Murray described it, is a reminder that all things in life – even things that look so permanent – are in fact temporary.

As local historian and writer Peter Cook put it, “Time runs out on places.”





# SERVING OUR CUSTOMERS AND OUR COMMUNITY

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## **Clerk of the Corporation**

Paul R. Silva

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Erin Roberts  
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Ashley Zona

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Laura Hatem  
Samantha Keller  
Dan Needel  
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Ross Sormani  
Hristina Lasheva-Souza  
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Ryann Bassett  
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Anne Marie Johnson  
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Lee Ann Morris  
Kim Snow

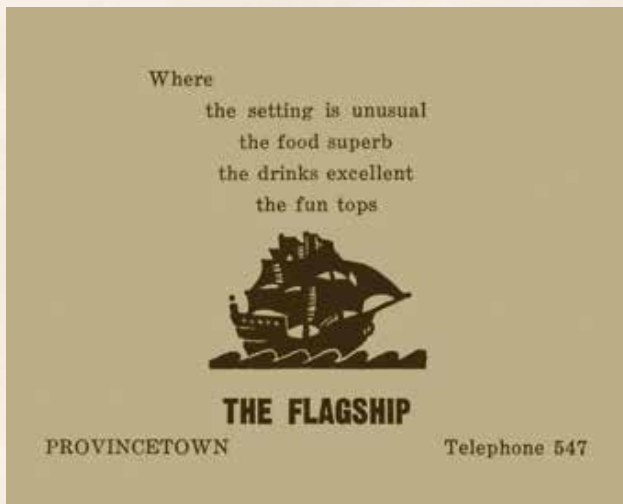
**Wellfleet**

Rosa Buttrick, *Branch Administrator*  
Patricia D'Auria  
Nick Houser  
Natasha Luster  
Laura Parker  
Marie Pellegrino  
Alex Wheeler

**Eastham**

Stephanie Jepsen, *Branch Manager,*  
*Business Development Officer*  
Betsy Barnard  
Sara Daly  
Kristie DeStefano  
Jordan Wheeler





## The Flagship

The most popular restaurant on all of Cape Cod

By definition, there can only be one flagship: it is the ship that leads the fleet and carries the commanding admiral. Military context aside, The Flagship Restaurant, on the water at 463 Commercial Street, was certainly the leading eating establishment in Provincetown for many years.

David Dunlap, in *Building Provincetown*, refers to it as *the* place to eat and drink in the East End. Sal Del Deo goes further: “It was the most popular restaurant on all of Cape Cod, all the way from the

bridge out to here.” He remembers it as being very fancy, with a violin and piano playing during dinner, and providing dance music afterwards.

Manuel Francis “Pat” Patrick opened The Flagship in 1935 next door, to the east, in what was, and still is, The Beachcombers Club. Three years later he shifted it over to its present site, into what had been the Modernist artist Ambrose Webster’s studio and housing for his students. Patrick worked hard to rebuild and redecorate the building, mostly with beachcombed and scavenged materials. The result: a breathtakingly beautiful restaurant full of nautical touches, from the ship’s porthole at the front door to the famous dory bar. Some still remember the blackout curtains at all the windows during the World War II, reminding us that Provincetown Harbor was considered a possible enemy target.

I can remember sitting at the dory bar and looking out at the large rectangular dining room that stretched out over the harbor. I also remember the legendary “fish-house punch” that Pat provided at his yearly opening party: it packed a wallop. Sal tells me the secret ingredient was most likely tequila, which Pat’s wife Hilda Winslow Patrick, who spent the winters at her villa in Acapulco, Mexico, brought back to Provincetown.

Ciro Cozzi took over The Flagship in 1977, and, yes, the famous Anthony Bourdain did cook there for a time. After’s Ciro’s ownership, The Flagship had a number of iterations, including The Dancing Lobster, Lorraine’s, and Jackson’s at the Flagship, under Napi Van Dereck, which closed in 2004. In 2005, Peter Petas bought the building and he and his partner Ted Jones restored it with great care and expertise.

The famous dory bar still lives, albeit in a private home. As David Dunlap wrote, The Flagship is:

***“one of those cherished institutions that’s missed even by people who never knew it.”***











## Cookie's Tap

### For Mother's home cooked squid stew

Sometimes a restaurant is more than just a restaurant. Sometimes it speaks for the people it serves, the time and place in which it exists, the community it represents. Cookie's Tap, and all its later iterations, was just such a place.

To situate Cookie's, we need to go back to the mid-19th century, when the first waves of Portuguese immigrants – mainly from the Azores – began arriving in America. Many came to Provincetown, destined for the whaling industry that prevailed at that time and the fishing enterprises that coexisted with it and then followed. Men arrived first, then women and children; families were started in town as well. By the turn of the 20th century the Portuguese community accounted for at least 40 percent of the town and had its own church.

People from Portugal continued to arrive in Provincetown into the early decades of the new century. Like all immigrants, they looked for reminders of their homeland as they settled into a new one. Cookie's Tap was a first stop.

Frank "Friday" Cook bought the building at 133 Commercial Street in 1934, redid the floors, set up a bar, and opened for business: a tavern, with food. It was also something of a forum for fishing news, family events, reports from the old country and of goings-on in town. Here amidst so much that was new, people took comfort in their traditional cuisine.

Where does the name Cook come from? According to David Dunlap in *Building Provincetown*, Friday's father, Manuel de Faria, who left the Portuguese island of São Miguel around 1875, was a cook on a whaler, and, when he landed in this country, he took the name Cook. Perhaps it was as simple as telling the immigration officials "I cook" or perhaps it was that the whaler he worked on was owned by Captain Kibbe Cook.

In 1941, Friday tore down the old building and had a new structure built. It was more substantial, but hardly grand. In the mid-1940s Friday's sons Joe and Wilbur, back from serving in World War II, joined the enterprise, and their brother Philly showed up as well. The third generation also entered the business, when Joe and Wilbur's children were old enough to work. Joe's daughter Valentina, then 12 years old, began making pizzas and made herself indispensable. In the mid-1950s, the tavern became a restaurant.

The menu was headed "Mother's Home Cooked Portuguese Specialties" and featured fava beans, stuffed sea clams, squid stew, kale soup, and, seasonally, "galvanized tinkers" (marinated baby mackerel). The most expensive item I found on an old menu was marinated fresh tuna: \$4.55. I saw no lobster or scallops. You could also find more unusual dishes at the bar some days, when regulars brought in rabbits fresh off the dunes, or fishermen brought in "trash" fish – these items were usually on the house.

It would be criminal to write about Cookie's Tap without an emphasis on its famous squid stew.



“Cookie’s is one of the few restaurants in New England that still makes a good Portuguese squid stew; it’s becoming a lost art,” wrote Howard Mitcham in *The Provincetown Seafood Cookbook*. And later: “A good Portygee would walk two miles through a howling nor’east gale just to wrap himself around a hot bowl of squid stew.”

Ironically, along with being “Portuguese,” that stew literally was “Mother’s” and “home cooked,” since all the food was prepared next door to the restaurant by Friday’s wife Clara (Cabral) Cook. She never set foot beyond the kitchen, but without her efforts Cookie’s would have been just a bar.

Cookie’s Tap was early on considered a “fisherman’s hideaway,” with no women allowed, but it exemplified an important aspect of Portuguese culture: Behind the scenes, the women were primary forces, movers and shakers. Not only Clara, but her granddaughter Valentina Cook Wheeler, and others like locals (and sisters) Susan and Mary-Jo Avellar. Tina describes her Nana Clara as “one strong woman” and “a hoot.” She certainly was responsible for the culinary success of Cookie’s Tap and continued to be well into her 80s.

As the 20th century progressed and the tide of immigrants from Portugal ebbed, the town began to attract more and more artists, writers, “bohemians,” their followers, and hangers-on. These people were instantly attracted to the authenticity of Cookie’s Tap and joined with the fishermen to become regulars.

Arriving in Provincetown from Pennsylvania at the age of 22, I was immediately entranced by the natural beauty, the lively artistic atmosphere, the freedom here. But most especially, I was intrigued by this group of people who seemed to be everywhere and so much a part of the history of the town and the fishing life that was its essence. There were not so many monuments to the

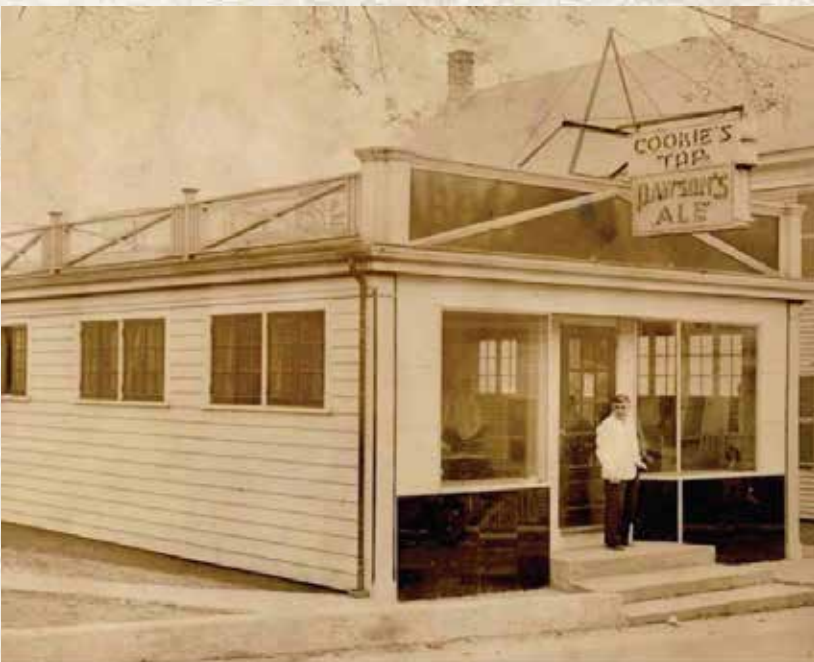
Portuguese people, but their presence was all around – in people’s way of speaking, in their familiarity and intimacy, in their names, and, especially, in the food. Which I first encountered at Cookie’s Tap.

Entering the rather unassuming building, finding a seat at the beautiful black mahogany bar, ordering a beer and a dish of fava beans (35 cents), a bowl of kale soup or squid stew, or a stuffed clam, and taking in the atmosphere, felt like being in a different country.

It was exhilarating to listen to the talk, scan the old yellowed photographs on



*Clara (Cabral) Cook and Frank “Friday” Cook*



*Friday Cook, 1941*



the walls, most of fishing vessels and some of the heroes that went out on them. I remember one photo of a 270 pound halibut towering over old Frank Cook, who caught it with a handline off Wood End in 1890.

And then there would be Howard Mitcham — chef, artist, and writer — holding forth from his “office” in the booth by the window, his unmistakable loud and broken speech and his frenetic scribbling of notes, and his obvious joy of life.

After over fifty years and three generations, the Cook family relinquished ownership of Cookie’s Tap, and since then it exists only in memories and recorded histories.

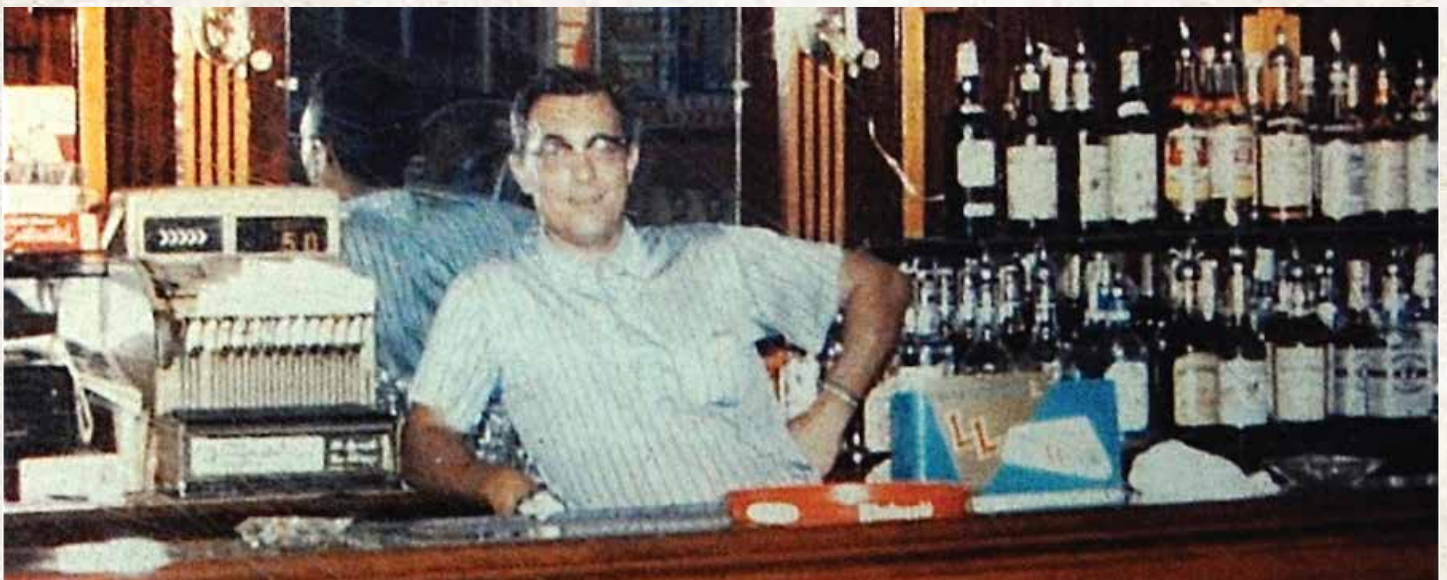
In 1986 the building was sold to chef David Gallerani and his business partner Barry Barnes. Gallerani’s gained a devoted following, with high-end Italian dishes and “channeling the spirit of the Cooks,” according to David Dunlap in *Building Provincetown*, by being very community oriented, active in the AIDS Support Group, and the Provincetown Business Guild. Notably, after Hurricane Bob, in 1991, Gallerani opened his restaurant to all, without charge, for shelter and food.

Gallerani died suddenly in 1995. In 2003, Lorraine Najar, who had been a guest chef at Gallerani’s on its Mexican Nights, bought the place. She was well known in town for her upscale south-of-the-border dishes. Now we must imagine her margaritas and paella being served where there had once been Pabst Blue Ribbon and tinker mackerels. But the community aspect of the place still persisted: Lorraine’s was open year-round and hosted a Trivia Night in the winter.

Lorraine retired in 2013, and the Joon Bar + Kitchen opened the following year. There, Audrey Mostaghim, a sommelier, features an impressive wine list and a creative and well-reviewed menu to accompany it.

It is hard to imagine what the old-timers of Cookie’s Tap would make of a high-priced glass of wine or fried Spanish olives, but this one modest building in the west end of town has been a refuge and a sanctuary for generations.

The faces have changed, and perhaps the basics of their lives and livelihoods, but the fact remains: people need to eat and to gather, and their gathering places are to be celebrated. In that way, Cookie’s Tap has stayed present in all its descendants.



Wilbur Cook, undated



## PORTUGUESE SPECIALTIES

VOVO CABRAL FISH DISH (flounder filets smothered under a blanket of cheese, tomatos and wine)	3.80
PEIXE CAVALA EM MOLHO (native mackerel in our own sauce)	3.45
PEIXE FRITO EM MOLHO DE TOMATE (fish fried in tomato sauce)	2.55
PEIXE EM VINHO D'ALHOS (marinated fried fish) *	3.85
COSTELETAS DE PORCO EM VINHO D'ALHOS * (marinated pork chops)	3.90
BOLOS DE PEIXE COM FEIJAO CALCINADO (fish cakes with baked beans)	2.60
ATUM FRESCO EM MOLHO DE TOMATE (fresh tuna with tomato sauce)	4.55
GALINHA GUISADA (chicken fricassee with side order of spaghetti and sauce)	2.95
ATUM FRESCO EM VINHO D'ALHOS * (marinated fresh tuna)	4.55

\* VEGETABLES AND FRENCH FRIES SERVED WITH ABOVE

EXTRA PLATES	.50	COFFEE WITH MEALS	
LULU GUISADA (squid stew)			.95
OSTRAS ESTOFADOS (stuffed sea clam)			.90
SOPA DE COUVES GADEGAS (kale soup)	bowl		.90
BOLOS DE PEIXE (fish cakes)	each		.50
CALDO DE PEIXE (fish chowder)	bowl		.90
CALDO DE OSTRAS (clam chowder)	bowl		.90
FAVAS (fava beans)		dish	.35
BATATAS FRITAS (French fries)	small	.55	large .75

## PIZZA

PLAIN	1.50
MUSHROOM	2.00
LINGUICA	2.30
GREEN PEPPER	1.70
ONION	1.65
BACON	1.90
COMBINATION OF FOUR	2.60
COMBINATION OF TWO	2.50

PIZZA TO GO 10c EXTRA

MASS. Old Age Tax 5% on Checks of \$1.00 or over

CHOICE LIQUORS, PORTUGUESE WINES OR BEER

Steak with Vegetables and French Fries	4.50
Fried Clams with Tartar Sauce, Vegetables, French Fries	3.95
Fish and Chips with Vegetables	3.45
Italian Spaghetti with Sauce	2.55
Spaghetti and Meat Balls	2.90
Spaghetti and Veal Cutlet	2.95
Fried Chicken and French Fries	2.95
Broiled Swordfish	3.55
Broiled Mackerel	3.50

LETTUCE TRIM SERVED WITH ABOVE

## SANDWICHES

Hot Dog	.45
Hamburger	.60
Cheeseburger	.70
Fish Roll with Tartar Sauce	.90
Clam Roll	1.10
Ham	.90
Ham and Egg	1.10
Ham and Cheese	.90
Ham, Lettuce and Tomato	1.10
Bacon and Egg	.90
Cheese and Bacon	.90
Tuna	.95
Egg Salad	.75
Linguica Roll	.95
Eastern	.65
Western	.95
Cheese	.45
Egg	.45
Bacon, Lettuce and Tomato	1.10
Pepper Steak	.80
Linguica Western	1.25
Steak Sandwich	.95
Hot Turkey Sandwich with French Fries	1.25

GRILLED SANDWICHES 5c EXTRA  
LETTUCE AND TOMATO ON SANDWICH 10c EXTRA

Steamed Mussels	1.95
Steamed Clams with broth	1.95
Fried Clams with Tartar Sauce	2.90



Ruth Margaret (Wilson) Cook, second from right,  
married Wilbur Cook, right, in 1950



Wilbur and Ruth, November 1980





## The Mayflower Like home for nearly 100 years

You are walking west down Commercial Street in 1929, on your way to Town Hall. You just crossed Standish Street, carefully stepping over the tracks that run out to Railroad Wharf. Reaching the curb safely, you pause to look at the latest fashions in Lewis' New York Store and as you continue past the shops and businesses, you might say hello to Mike Janoplis as he works on what is to become The Mayflower.

Fast-forward 94 years and take that same walk. The railroad tracks are long gone; The New York Store is now an ice cream shop. All the other shops and businesses have long disappeared and been replaced with other shops and businesses – supermarkets, billiard halls, a pharmacy, a bowling alley – that have themselves disappeared. The only two entities that remain the same are Provincetown's Town Hall and the Mayflower Café.

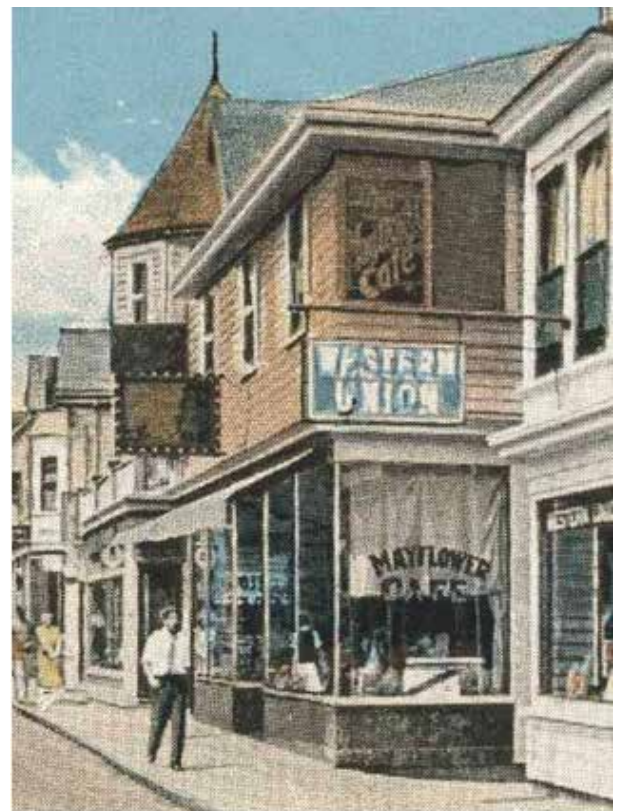
The Mayflower is certainly the longest-running family-run restaurant in town, and it may well be the oldest on the Cape. In an ever-changing town, it represents a rare example of permanence. In order to celebrate this fact, we must explore the reasons for it.

There is the commitment to “friendly service and good food,” as John Bell described it back in 1975 in *The Provincetown Advocate*. But that would be the goal of every establishment in town. More unique to The Mayflower is the goal to give people “a little taste of what Provincetown used to be like,” according to another Michael Janoplis, one of the owners and managers today. Three generations of a single family have been committed to that goal. And that is the essence of this beloved place.

The story of The Mayflower is truly an American tale, a record of an immigrant's dream and hard work. Mike Janoplis Senior left his home in Greece and landed in this country in 1908. After working back-breaking jobs and a stint in the Army, he came to Provincetown in 1919. Like many of us, he came for a weekend and never left.

Mike tried a couple of other enterprises before he began the construction of The Mayflower in 1929. It opened at first as a bar. Mike was a genial host. John Bell described his “old world courtesy,” and wrote that the fact he had been “a worker all his life” meant that he could relate to the carpenters and day laborers who came in for a beer after work; he knew them all, and he knew what they drank.

Soon Mike was joined by his younger brother Sam, although to many locals The Mayflower would always be “Mike's Place.” Sometime in the 1940s the



300 Commercial Street, Provincetown





*The Mayflower dining room, undated*

brothers began offering sandwiches along with beer and spirits. In 1954 Mike took over the operation entirely, until 1962, when he transferred ownership to his sons Mike Junior and Sammy. Mike Senior, with a sprig of mint behind his ear, still worked the bar.

This second generation of Mike and Sam, who had grown up in the place, turned the bar into a full-fledged restaurant. Much of what we know now as The Mayflower is their creation. In 1980, Mike Junior took over the operation, until passing it on to the third generation of the Janoplis family. These three, Darin and Donna (Hough), the progeny of Mike Junior, and Mike, the son of Sammy, have now run the place longer than their elders did.

Coming through the door, just two steps off busy Commercial Street, you find yourself “suspended pleasantly in time,” in the words of David Dunlap in *Building Provincetown*. One reason this is so: the evocative murals of Nancy Whorf that adorn the place. There is our harbor full of fishing boats, like the Liberty Belle, the Captain Bill, and the Jimmy Boy.

Then there are the framed caricatures by Jake Spenser. These document the story of the regulars here, dating back to the 1940s and 50s. A newcomer may not know that these are portraits of such notables as Mike Janoplis Senior himself, or Harry Kemp, or Howard Mitcham, Howard Slade, Phat Francis, Joe the Bootlegger, or the original “Popeye,” but it is apparent that all these people represent real history and a connection to the past. Darin Janoplis calls them “the afternoon boozy types,” with a note of affection in his voice. They are in a way a community, lined up and welcoming the viewer to join, just by being there. When, too soon, there is no one left who can recognize these portraits, they will still operate as a welcoming committee.

The décor here seems unchanged from the original restaurant. From the wagon-wheel lighting overhead, to the comfortable booths, to the beamed ceilings and wainscoting, all of this speaks to “Old Provincetown.”

And then there is the food. The menu runs the gamut from kale soup and pork chops Vinho de Alhos to local seafood entries, as well as Lobster Tacos and a “Cape Cod Reuben.”

How did the Portuguese items appear on the menu of a third-generation Greek family establishment? It is true that Mike Senior married Annie Crawley, a member of the Portuguese



community. His brother married a Portuguese woman too. But the third Mike (not Michael III, he is quick to note, since he is Sammy's son, not Mike Jr.'s) says that the menu reflects the desires of the patrons, not the family's background. And the original patrons were overwhelmingly Portuguese or interested in Portuguese cuisine. He says that "not a lot" has changed on the menu, though those who insist will find a few modern touches, such as the tacos.

There are fancier (and more expensive) restaurants in town, but The Mayflower Café is the choice of many who live and visit here. The food is satisfying, and the atmosphere is welcoming. Jerome Greene, who dines here regularly, tells me he relishes "the best steamers in town," but it is really the feeling of having your name called out as you come through the door and sitting next to the fire chief and other local officials that makes the place feel like home.

A visitor, whether local or "from away," leaves the Mayflower feeling that he or she is now a part of the real Provincetown. At nearly 100-years-old, this place is not just about food and drink, but about community, history, family, and the ties that bind us all.





# LONGPOINT CHARITABLE FOUNDATION

*Seamen's Bank is honored to serve this community  
and pleased to support these worthy organizations:*

Soup Kitchen in Provincetown  
Mass Appeal  
Kook Toy Drive  
Lower Cape Ambulance Association  
Sharing Kindness  
Live for Lou  
Truro Center for the Arts at Castle Hill  
Provincetown Portuguese Festival  
Truro Treasures  
Harwich Food Pantry  
Habitat for Humanity  
Eastham Historical Society  
The Lily House  
Wellfleet Food Pantry  
Elder Services of Cape Cod  
Truro Community Kitchen  
Wild Care  
Homeless Prevention Council  
Helping Our Women  
Swim for Life  
Sustainable Cape  
Dexter Keezer Fund  
Silva Ataxia Foundation  
Cape Wellness Collaborative  
The Fleet Fund  
Outer Cape Health Services  
Alzheimer's Family Support Center  
Aids Support Group of Cape Cod  
Pause A While  
Cape Cod Children's Place  
Nauset Warriors Booster Club  
Cape Abilities  
Provincetown Art Association & Museum  
Center for Coastal Studies  
Eastham Public Library





## Napi's The man and his restaurant

It would be difficult – in fact downright ridiculous – to talk about Napi's the restaurant without first talking about Napi the man. He was a predominant character in a town full of characters, and was so for a very long time.

Anton Van Dereck Haunstrup was born in 1932 in Chicago but regularly spent summers in Provincetown as a boy. "Stories vary as to when he was given his nickname, but all agree it was short for

'Napolean', "wrote K.C. Meyers in his obituary in the *Provincetown Independent*. William Brevda, in his biography of Harry Kemp, describes the old poet buying Napi and his younger brother Moe cookies at Tillie's Market – a scene that establishes Napi in the historical context of town.

Napi enlisted in the Coast Guard for a few years and spent time in New York as a young adult, but often returned to Provincetown in the summers. David Dunlap, in *Building Provincetown*, has Napi working on the *Hindu* sailing vessel, and Sal Del Deo remembers Napi as the first dishwasher at Ciro & Sal's. He recalls him as a good worker, but easily distracted by attractive female diners.

I first recall Napi in the very early 70s, working as a busboy at that same restaurant, where I was a waiter and my girlfriend-and-wife-to-be was a hostess. He and his wife Helen – more about her in a moment – sailed here in 1970 and decided to stay. Napi was a terrible busboy, never taking directions very well, and making his own decisions about how to go about his work. He was destined to be in charge.

In 1973 Napi and Helen bought the property on Freeman Street that was to become the iconic restaurant we all know. Dunlap describes the series of garages on the property as part of their "antique business," but I remember they dealt mainly in junk – a question of interpretation, I suppose. Dunlap also writes that Napi and Helen could get no financial backing for the project they both envisioned, so they went ahead and did it on their own, enlisting "carpenters, craftsmen, artisans and artists" to create the very place that exists today. They often went to Duane's, as we all did then, a salvage place in Quincy, for their materials.

To say that the interior of Napi's is unique is the king of understatements. Everywhere your eye falls is a one-of-a-kind treasure. Conrad Malicoat's enormous swirling brick construction



Stained glass featured at Napi's



Napi's, present day



dominates the main room. There is an abundance of stained glass and lots of first-class works by some of the town's most renowned artists, including many beautiful paintings by Frank Milby and whimsical pieces by Jackson Lambert, both close friends. It seems almost a sacrilege to be eating here, surrounded by so much beauty.

Napi was such an over-sized personality that there was a tendency by some to overlook Helen, who preferred to be more in the background. But there was a constant refrain by those in the know: the place should have been called "Helen's." She was the absolute backbone of the operation. While Napi spent his time in the front of the restaurant, Helen ran the kitchen. She learned to cook with the assistance of artist and friend Romanos Rizk's mother, a kindly woman from Lebanon, hence the near-eastern dishes on the menu. Napi's menu also included other examples of international cuisine, way before other restaurants began doing so. To complement Napi's over-the-top approach to all things, Helen displayed a quiet authority. She continued to run the kitchen – ordering, organizing, scheduling, overseeing – way into her 70s.

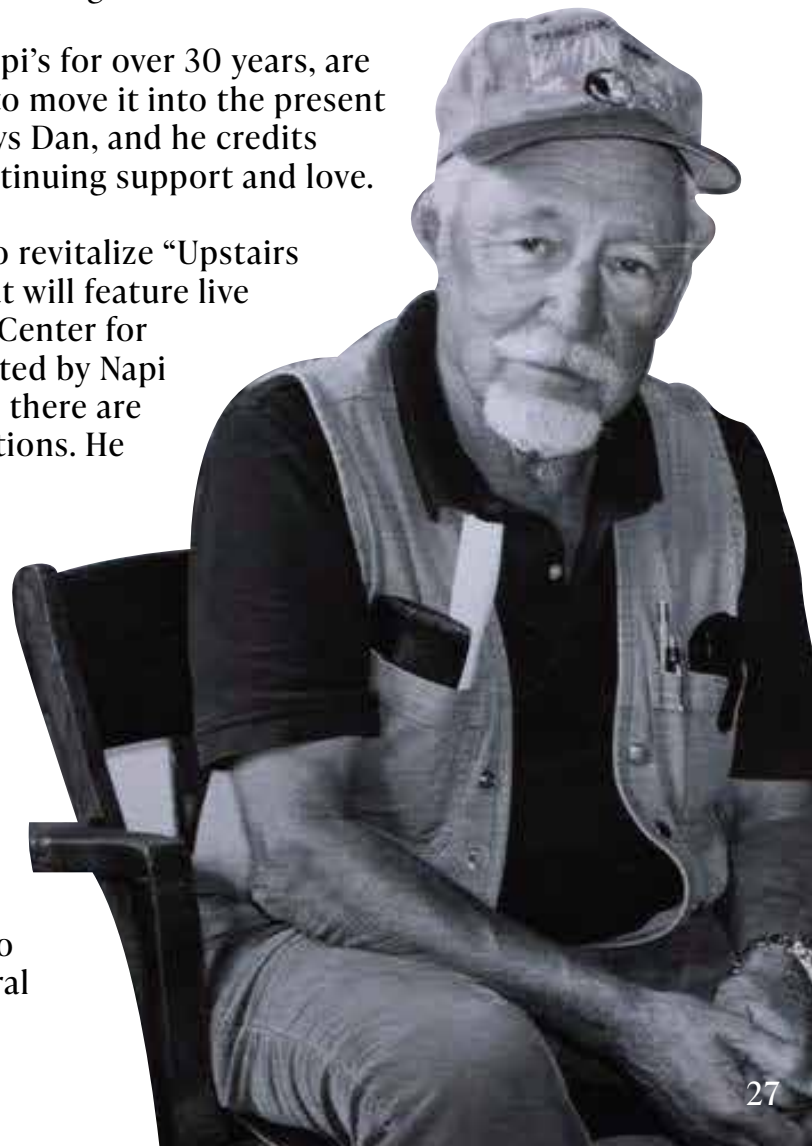
The restaurant was an instant roaring success and continues to be today. Its current iteration is under the ownership of Dan Sabuda, who has worked at Napi's for almost 20 years. His is a very Provincetown story: coming up from New York City, it was to be "one summer and done," and here he is. He has been a bartender and a floor manager, and now is the proprietor. Dan is devoted to Napi's, its past and its future. He recounted to me the enormous challenges he has faced in its operation. First, on Christmas Day, 2019, Napi Van Dereck suddenly died. This was huge, said Dan, but was rapidly followed by the Covid pandemic, a challenge to all restaurants but especially to one just starting out under new management.

Dan and his staff, many of whom have been at Napi's for over 30 years, are working hard to preserve its traditions and also to move it into the present and future. It has been "a real learning curve," says Dan, and he credits Helen, whom he calls "our matriarch" for her continuing support and love.

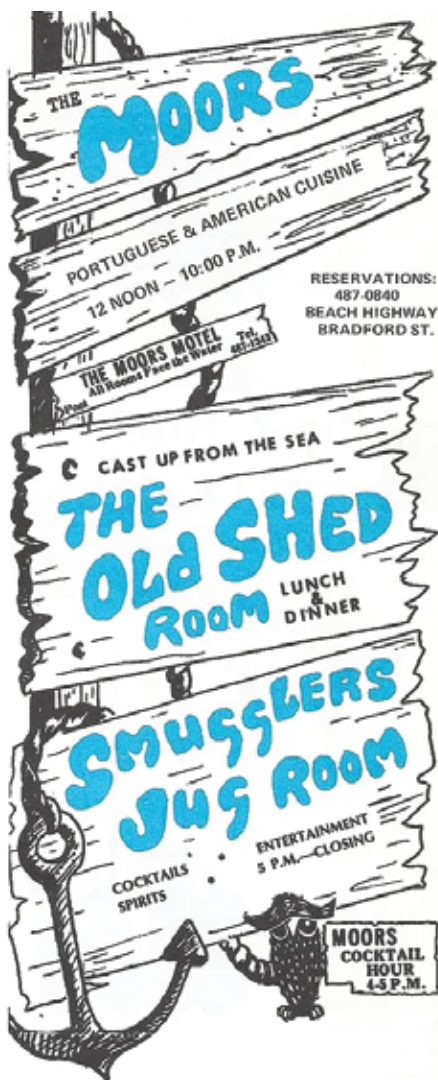
Dan has an abundance of fresh ideas. He wants to revitalize "Upstairs at Napi's," to create a dining-cum-lounge area that will feature live entertainment. Dan has also reengaged with the Center for Coastal Studies (an organization deeply appreciated by Napi and Helen) to continue the Napi's Lecture Series; there are also plans to support other community organizations. He also wants to update the menu.

Dan is looking forward to the journey ahead. He wants even more involvement with the community. He points out that Napi and Helen had a very compassionate and caring side that was not always advertised to the public. They quietly helped many individuals and organizations in town, and he wants to continue that tradition as well.

So, even though, as Napi used to say, "things ain't what they used to was," Napi's is moving into the future revitalized and still a unique and central part of the Provincetown scene.







## The Moors

### The man the town loved most

The Moors holds a hallowed place in the history of Provincetown restaurants, even though it has been gone long enough (it closed in 1998) that many latecomers may not know its story. I have lived in this town well over fifty years and have only the dimmest recall of it. I have always been an East End guy, the Moors could not be any further west in town, and early on had little money for eating at restaurants.

What I do remember is a large dark place – “more than a bit raffish,” writes David Dunlap in *Building Provincetown* – with Lenny Grandchamp at the piano, and a resident owl. And then a devastating fire.

What follows here is a powerful story about an incredible man, Maline Costa, the creator of the Moors, told by his sons, Mylan and William. Through their words, we learn of the boundless energy and perseverance of the man (and the vision of his first wife), his carpentry skills (he seems to have built most of the important buildings in town), and the esteem in which he was held by the people of Provincetown.

Sal Del Deo says of Maline Costa: “he was the most loved man in town.” His story reminds us of what a cohesive community Provincetown was in those days – the fire was in 1956. It is a story of people coming together to help one of their own. I hope we would do the same today.

Maline Costa was the son of Gineviera Periado from São Jorge, the Azores and Manuel N. Costa from São Miguel. His father was among 20 men who were tragically lost at sea aboard the Grand Banks schooner *Cora S. McKay* off of Newfoundland on September 12th, 1900. It was the worst maritime disaster of the new century for the tight knit community of Provincetown. Gineviera Costa was left a widowed mother with several children to support, resorting at one point to hiding 3 year old Maline and his brother under the stairwell of their home in Provincetown for fear that the Welfare Department would take them away.

Maline left school as a young boy to help support the family. In the mornings he delivered milk for Horton’s dairy and afternoons he went to the wharf to ask for fish as the boats were unloading. No one was ever denied fish, especially widows and orphaned children. He shoveled coal for his neighbors, who let him take home the dust and smaller chunks at the bottom of the delivery



*The Moors, undated*





*The dining room in 1982, as pictured in Provincetown Magazine*

wagon. "He knew what it was to scrape for heat and food," his sister Janet said. Maline left Provincetown at the age of 14 or 15 to learn the carpenter's trade in Cambridge. Always watching and learning from the master carpenters, he taught himself to read blue prints. He became a master carpenter in his own right; looked up to by the younger men just entering the trade. A special kindness was extended when he took on a young Dick Henrique, a Pearl Street neighbor as an apprentice, who like Maline had been forced by circumstances to start working while just a boy to support his family.

Maline married Vivian Marshall of Provincetown in 1921 and together started a small restaurant called "The Shed" in the center of Town. He decorated the restaurant with relics he had collected over time from the old days of wooden ships and canvas sails making it a veritable museum of whaling artifacts. They did very well and the place was beginning to feel too small so Vivian, as a surprise for Maline, bought a plot of land at the far West end of Bradford Street for \$1200. Vivian was not only a good cook, she had a good business sense and knew that an opportunity lay in the newly opened road out to New Beach (Herring Cove) which was previously only accessible on foot, over sand. Maline was sensitive to others' needs from personal experience of hard times.

He was not above giving a free meal to someone and slipping a few dollars in their pocket after he fed them. His generosity would be repaid in full not too many years later. In 1939 Maline dismantled the "Shed" stick by stick and rebuilt its replica, along with all the treasured marine memorabilia at the new location. Over time, the restaurant grew, built with wood Maline found



VEGETABLES	
French Fried Potatoes .....	.10
String Beans .....	.10
Peas .....	.10
Beets .....	.10
Cucumbers .....	.15
Sliced Tomatoes .....	.15
Corn on Cob .....	.15
Carrots .....	.10
SANDWICHES	
Toasted—5 cents extra	
Ham .....	.15
Peanut Butter .....	.15
Sardine .....	.15
Western .....	.25
Egg (Fried) .....	.15
Ham and Egg .....	.25
Bacon and Egg .....	.25
Tomato and Lettuce .....	.20
Chicken (white meat) .....	.40
Cream Cheese and Olive ..	.20
Cream Cheese and Nut ..	.20
Cheese .....	.15
Hamburg .....	.15
Linguica .....	.15
Tomato, Bacon and Lettuce	.30
Linguica and Egg .....	.30
Cream Cheese and Jelly ...	.20
Tuna Fish .....	.25
Cream Cheese and Lettuce	.20
Crabmeat Salad .....	.40
Lobster Roll .....	.45
Egg and Cheese .....	.25
Lobster Salad .....	.50
Club .....	.55
Frankfurter .....	.15
Chicken Salad Roll .....	.35
Hot Chicken, Gravy, Chips .50	
DESSERTS	
Pie .....	.15
Pie a la mode .....	.20
Pudding .....	.10
Cake .....	.15
Ice Cream .....	.10
With Fudge or Butterscotch	
Sauce .....	.15
Ice Cream Sundaes .....	.15
BEVERAGES	
Coffee .....	.10
Pot of Tea .....	.10
Milk .....	.10
Hot Chocolate .....	.10
Iced Coffee .....	.10
Iced Tea .....	.10
Iced Cold Tonics .....	.10
Frappes .....	.15
Floats .....	.15

*The Moors menu*

combing the back shore in the trusty old Jeep he called “Hi Ho Silva.” He completed building the kitchen and a traditional dining room. At the beginning of World War II business declined, there were blackouts, and the Navy took over part of the restaurant as a storage facility used by the Coast Guard at Wood End. Maline needed to keep food on the table for his family, so he went to work as a longshoreman at Castle Island in Boston during the war. He returned home whenever he could, picking up his favorite pastime scavenging the beaches for artifacts to be used as decor at the Moors.

When the War ended and the Moors had been completed, business picked up in the spring and summer, but the winters were difficult. The post-war building boom was taking hold and his carpentry skills were in high demand. The landscape of Beach Point was being transformed and Maline and his crew were a part of it. Over a period of years, he built Kalmar Village, owned by Alton Ramey, the Breakwater Motel, owned by John Van Arsdale, Pilgrim Colony, owned by John Williams, and in town, Lands End Marine Supply, owned by Joseph Macara, to name a few. He also tore down the West End Cold Storage practically single-handedly. Many Provincetown men learned the trade while working with Maline — John Mendes, Peter Maruck, Russell Perry, Basil Santos, Matt Costa, Don Langely, Tom Pires, “Tiny” Rivard, and Dick Henrique among others.

In 1950, Maline built Nelson’s Market on the corner of Conwell and Bradford Streets for Clarence Nelson (Far Land today). This was an important building because Maline was the first contractor in Provincetown to use plywood as a building material. Nelson’s Market was the first building in Provincetown to be built with it.

Maline’s wife Vivian passed away in 1951. Several years later he married Naomi Dayton, as able a business woman was Vivian. The Moors continued to flourish and Maline built a group of stores in the parking lot, renting them out to various craftspeople. Clifton Perry, a very good carpenter in his own right, operated a woodworking shop there. Maline also had the dining room decorated by Peter Hunt, the famous owner of Peasant Village in Provincetown, but few ever had the pleasure of seeing it because of what happened next.

On the morning of May 28th, 1956, a devastating fire leveled the restaurant. Maline had just finished renovations and improvements to the kitchen, getting ready for the new season. The



fire cheif said the fire was due to a defective floor furnace, but Maline said it was turned off when he left that night. Interestingly enough, two other fires had taken place in that area in a period of about two weeks at the “Castle,” home of Dr. and Mrs. Carl Murchison, and another house close by.

The Town was shocked when they heard of the fire that burned the Moors to the ground and rallied around Maline, promising to get him back in business for the summer. Dozens of Maline’s friends and neighbors worked night after night by the light thrown from parked cars, after working their own full days. They rebuilt the Moors in 30 days, just in time for the start of the busy summer season.



*The Moors dining room, undated*

Almost all of Maline’s treasured nautical artifacts were consumed in the fire. Phil Bayonne, the empressario of Weathering Heights, hosted a benefit for the Moors. The whole town was invited and the price of admission was a piece of nautical memorabilia, an old oar, buoy, or hank of line.

The Moors was noted for its Portuguese specialties on the menu and many people remember the famous Moors “happy hour” in the late 50’s and early 60’s. It was a raucous drink and song fest every afternoon as people walked into town from the beach. Maline never participated in the fun at happy hour. Instead he remained content behind the bar with his pet owl, “Scooter,” quietly enjoying what he had created.

*The Moors, undated*







## Tip for Tops'n Always a place for 'anybody'

Don't we all love "Old Provincetown?" Even the newest newcomer, the freshest day-tripper just off the boat, is aware of a subtle history here, a faint cultural imprint, a remnant of a time almost-but-not-quite gone by. In a way it's what we are all seeking, after all: some sense of continuity and authenticity. And it may be that nowhere is this truer than in our restaurants and bars, those places where we gather to share food and drink – and each other's company.

When I put out the word I wanted to hear memories of the old Tip for Tops'n Restaurant, I heard from so many respondents. It was, people told me, "Simple and reliable ... We would have breakfast and go back for dinner...So welcoming and attentive." To sum it up: "Ahhh, the good old days."

Tip for Tops'n goes way back, but before it, even further back, it was Anybody's Market. Ernest Carreiro Senior started that business at 31 Bradford Street in the early 1930s. A photograph shows the market with what appear to be cans of soup neatly stacked in pyramids in the large front windows, under Coca-Cola signs; an old Ford delivery truck is parked out front, advertising raw and pasteurized milk and cream. I wonder what a dozen eggs cost in 1940.

Ernest Senior was born in 1908, a native of São Miguel in the Azores. He and his son Ernest Carreiro Junior ran the market, Junior delivering the groceries. Then, in the early 1950s, they transformed it into a restaurant with a peculiar name: Tips for Tops'n. It stood for "Tip of the Cape for the Tops in Service."

Ernest Senior died in 1961 and in 1966 Ernest Junior sold the restaurant with the peculiar name to Edward ("Babe") Carreiro and his wife Eva. These two Carreiro families were not related. Babe was from New Bedford, one of 13 children, and, like many of the Portuguese, he was a fisherman. In fact, he skippered the *Jenny B* until Eva convinced him to come ashore and run the restaurant. Babe and Eva, and various family members, including sons Gerald (Gerry) and Joey, ran the restaurant for over forty years, along with aunts, cousins, and various neighborhood teenagers. The two brothers took over after Babe died in 2008; and, after Gerry died less than a year later, his widow Joyce ran the place with Joey. Her son Gerry Junior also cooked there.

Tips for Tops'n advertised "Specialties from the Sea." This writer's wife, Deborah Minsky, then reporting for the *Provincetown Banner*, described the menu in 2010 as "down-home food with a Portuguese flair." It offered all the favorites: clam chowder, kale soup,



*Anybody's Market, 1940s*





*Anybody's Market, 1942*

Portuguese-style mussels, and “linguica-laden side dishes.” It was, she wrote, “a menu you could rely on,” presented by people who were “part of the local fabric of home.”

The décor would have been familiar too: ship models, including the Silver Mink and the Shirley & Roland, and taxidermied cod, striped bass, tuna, and a stunning 28-pound lobster.

Not only could Babe fish, but he could “do anything” according to his sister-in-law Beverly Ferreira, who worked there for years. He could fix anything, she says, and even decorate a cake.

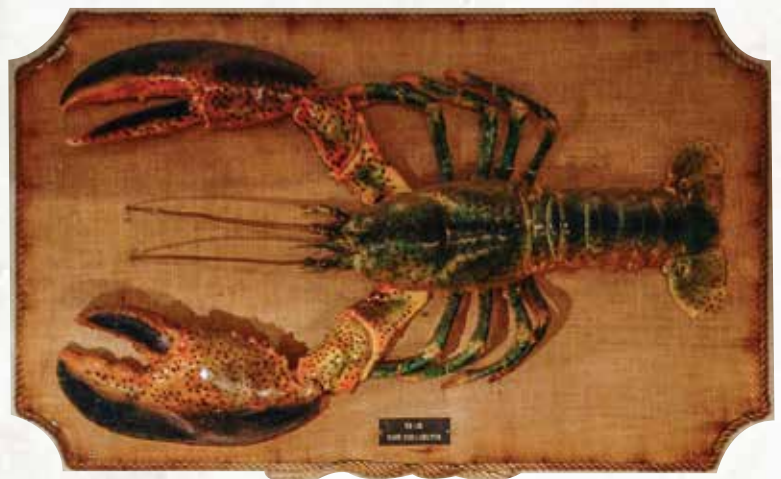
Babe was “old school,” says Lee White, who also worked there as a teen; Babe emphasized discipline and responsibility, but always leavened with love and respect. But he was mostly in the kitchen; out front his daughter-in-law Joyce was the face of the place, and “she always had a smile for everyone.”

The Carreiros sold the restaurant in 2013 and Tip for Tops’n, and the line of people waiting to get in, became a part of history. Devon Reusch bought the place and it became Devon’s Deep Sea Dive and then Devon’s Food Bar for a few years, until he sold the place in 2017 to Liz Lovati, who started Liz’s Café and Anybody’s Bar in 2017, just weeks after buying it.

Running a restaurant is not for the faint-hearted, but Liz Lovati is nothing short of a force of nature. In the 30 years that she has been in town she has established and worked in many food enterprises, and started Angel Foods, in the East End, in 1997. Liz credits her hard-won success to people in the community who have believed in her.

One of them is Ken Fulk, an internationally known interior designer who lives part of the year next door to Angel Foods. He directed the makeover of Liz’s restaurant. The outside looks almost exactly like the old photo from the 1940s. You almost expect to see that old Ford delivery truck parked in front of the market, but step inside the door and you are in a new place. The relatively small dining room is bathed in natural light. Two large windows look out on Bradford Street, a yellow banquette runs along one wall opposite a beautiful bar in the form of a dory. Thanks to Ken’s curating, artifacts and “treasures” that once were in the estimable George Bryant’s collection adorn the walls, along with local art.

Liz’s menu retains some of the Portuguese specialties of old, along with luscious omelets, “flippers,” sandwiches, salads, and more. The small place easily



*The 28-pound lobster featured at Tip for Tops’n*



serves over 500 meals a day in peak season. Liz did not have a restaurant background when she came here from her native Saugus, Massachusetts. But, she says, “I’m Italian, so I can cook ... and there is no better eggplant than mine.” The force of her personality is felt everywhere in the operation, and she has assembled a dedicated and talented staff.

Like all the restaurateurs I’ve met, Liz has been extremely generous in providing for many benefits and causes around town. But her greatest gift is that she has created a place for people to go. In that way, especially, Liz’s Café is a proud successor to Tip for Tops’n. I believe the Carreiros would approve (although they would not believe the price of eggs).



*Amy Silva, VP of Commercial Lending,  
& Liz Lovati, Owner of Liz's Café*

Liz is proud as well, but for the most part grateful. “I am blessed to have this spot. It is the love of my life.” She has her friends to thank, she says, and the community, and looks forward to serving it for years to come.

## *Our employees proudly serve and collaborate with the following organizations and nonprofits that help support our community ...*


Alzheimer's Family Support Center  
Cape Cod Children's Place  
Cape Cod Habitat for Humanity  
Cape Cod Museum of Natural History  
Cape Cod Regional Technical High School  
Community Development Partnership  
Dana-Farber and the Jimmy Fund  
Dexter Keezer Fund  
Fleet Fund  
Girl Scouts of Eastern MA  
Helping Our Women  
Homeless Prevention Council  
Lower Cape Ambulance  
Elder Services Cape Cod

Nauset Booster Club  
Provincetown Canteen Unit  
Provincetown Chamber of Commerce  
Provincetown Commons  
Provincetown Fire Department  
Provincetown Portuguese Festival  
Run to the Top  
Sustainable Cape  
Swim for Life  
Truro Chamber of Commerce  
Truro Treasures  
VFW Ladies Auxiliary  
Wellfleet Chamber of Commerce  
WOMR



**Carreiro's  
Tip For Tops'n  
RESTAURANT**

GUESTS	TABLE	WAITER	DATE	294077
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				
6				
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13				
14				
15				
16				
17				
FOOD TOTAL				
BEV. TOTAL				
SUB TOTAL				
MEALS TAX				
PLEASE PAY THIS TOTAL				



Carreiro's  
Tip For Tops'n  
RESTAURANT

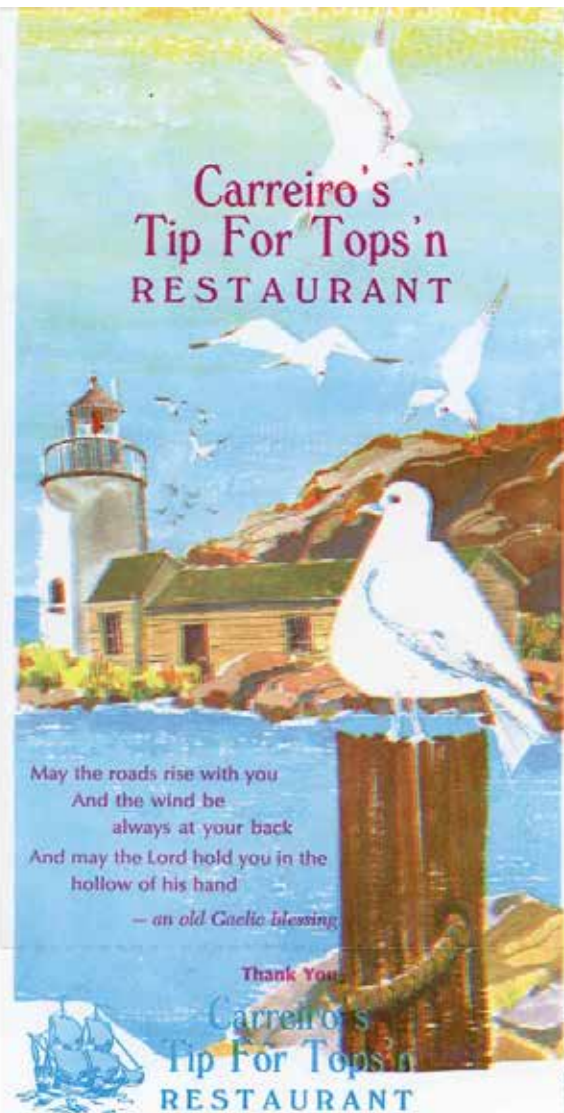
Guest Receipt

**294077**

31 BRADFORD ST. PROVINCETOWN, MASS.  
(508) 487-1011

**The Tip of The Cape For The Tops In Quality**

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Amount \_\_\_\_\_







## The Lobster Pot

An icon, created from hard work and big hearts

The Lobster Pot is an iconic restaurant – there is simply no other word for it. Indeed, its giant red neon lobster is itself an icon that has loomed over Commercial Street for decades and may be the most photographed and painted symbol of Provincetown, after the Pilgrim Monument or a fishing dragger. The restaurant is also a behemoth. It easily serves over a thousand meals a day in the peak of the season.

Just how did this long-lived establishment get to be so big and successful? “We went to work,” says Joy McNulty, who bought the place in 1979, “and the place has taken on a life of its own.” Executive Chef Tim McNulty and his younger brother Shawn, who manages the dining rooms and bar, grew up in the restaurant, along with their sister, Julie, who still works there, and brother Johnny. Shawn thinks that he “was born in a bus pan,” and he’s not too far off.

Joy and her partner Jean were running J’s Port ‘O Call at the Crown & Anchor, with help from all their kids, when realtor Pat Shultz, a dear friend, talked her into buying the restaurant, and helped her do it. Joy was unsure about the venture and had very little funding of her own. Pat sent her to see John Roderick at Cape Cod Bank & Trust, who told her: “You can do this. How much do you need?”

The Lobster Pot location was first, in 1937, The Colonial Tap (later the Old Colony Tap) for six seasons, until Manuel Cook moved it to its present location next door.





In 1943, Adeline (Santos) Medeiros and her husband Ralph opened the original Lobster Pot. After Ralph died, Adeline ran the restaurant with her second husband, Richard La France, until they sold it to Joy.

Joy claims the restaurant was originally comprised of three buildings, at least one of which was floated over from Long Point. She remembers the place as a mess: “the dining room had nicotine stained buoys and fishing nets hanging from the ceiling.” Tim’s hockey teammates joined him with axes to radically update the “fish shack” décor. Early in their first season, the wiring caught fire during the dinner hour, and Joy had to bring the system up to code, which meant another trip to the bank, and a second mortgage.

Tim was just 20 years old when he became executive chef in 1982.

But he knew what he was doing by then. “I was a ten-year old dishwasher,” he says. He started at his mother’s previous business, and he has done every job in the kitchen more than once since. “I know how to run a kitchen,” he says – a massive understatement. It was his idea to open up the kitchen so customers could see its gleaming, ultra-clean, stainless steel beauty as they stream by on their way to the dining room. The enormous lobster tanks, an unforgettable sight, get piped-in seawater, and the lobsters, according to Shawn, “get daily massages.”



*The McNulty family took over operations in 1979*

Shawn has been managing the front of the house just about as long as his brother has been in the back. In 1991 they added the Top of the Pot, an upstairs dining room and bar with a spectacular view of the harbor. Both dining rooms are extremely busy in the summer, with servers and bussers coming and going in a steady stream, serving tables that are always peopled. There is an energy and intensity to the scene, but, thanks to Shawn, it is a quiet intensity, somehow easy-going amid the hustle and bustle. Each diner can survey the crowd in the room but feel that he or she is the focus. “It’s called service,” Shawn says.

This is another of Provincetown’s family-run restaurants. The men describe their mother as “a hard worker, with the biggest heart.” They are exactly the same way. But, beyond the family – or, as Tim says, within the family – is the staff that makes the Lobster Pot what it is. Over a hundred people work at the restaurant during the season, roughly half in the back of the house and half out front. In the kitchen there are six stations, one devoted solely to lobsters, and the floor is teeming with servers. There are also the all-important people working “the rope” – the entryway to the restaurant – a job Joy did for years.

It is meaningful that so many Lobster Pot employees have been with them for decades. Cassie, at the Top of the Pot bar, and also a manager, has been there over 30 years. Many of the staff,



roughly a third, are originally from Jamaica. After Hurricane Hugo, in 1989, devastated the island, people came looking for work. A handful arrived, then a cousin, a sister, a brother would add to the number. “These people are like family to us,” says Tim. “I can’t praise our staff enough,” says Shawn. As it has grown, the Lobster Pot has purchased apartments and buildings to house its staff members.

Because of its size and its long history, the 'Pot plays a dominant role in the town’s economic and cultural life. It is the largest private employer in town. And many of the Jamaicans who have come to work there have attained green cards and then citizenship, adding to the diversity and vitality of Provincetown. Some have branched out and started new careers in town. Their children comprise a significant portion of our school population, adding to the diversity and vitality of the town. “It’s the American Dream,” says Shawn, “and it’s based on hard work.”

Steven Roderick, who, before becoming an accountant, worked at the 'Pot for 13 years, says the roster of workers there comprises “a Who’s Who of Provincetown.” As Joy puts it, “Everyone in town has worked at the Lobster Pot.” Indeed, I can report that our daughter and her husband met while they both worked there. Tom Boland, co-owner of Far Land Provisions who worked at the restaurant for years, says that “the 'Pot has changed the lives of many many people.”

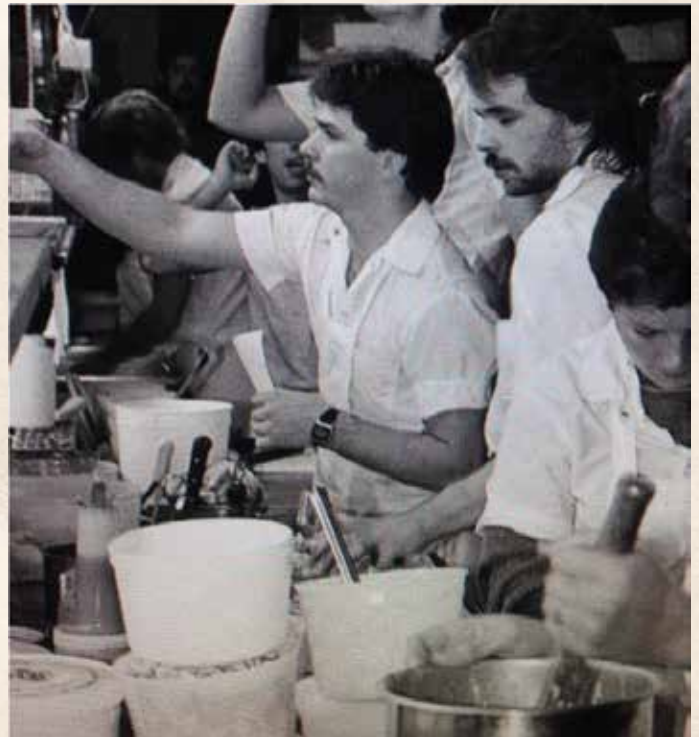
The Lobster Pot is second to none in its support of local civic causes, from the “Trash Fish” Banquets of the Center for Coastal Studies to Helping Our Women benefits to the Lion’s Club, and Christmas dinners for seniors or the local hockey team’s field trips, the restaurant has put on endless fish fry benefits.

“We grew up in this town,” says Shawn. “As a family, we say thank you to the community. We have been here almost fifty years. They embraced us and we embrace them.”

That line of people out the door and down the street is there for a reason.



*The Lobster Pot, 1970s*



*Chef Tim McNulty, 1980s*



# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This project's research involved dozens of conversations, emails, and social media exchanges, in the course of which I connected with many old friends and made quite a few new ones. The list of people who helped make this possible would be long indeed. Many are mentioned in the pieces themselves, but many more are not. Foremost to be recognized, as with any project of an historical nature in Provincetown, is the estimable David Dunlap; his *Building Provincetown* will be the go-to source for anyone interested in this town for decades to come. I must also thank my good friend Sal Del Deo, Lisa King, Peter Cook, and, of course, my dear wife Deborah, who had written about a number of these restaurants in the Provincetown Banner, and provided support and advice in this current effort. I would also like to thank Lori Meads, President/CEO of Seamen's Bank, as well as her Executive Assistant, Billy Hamlin; both were encouraging and helpful at every turn. Emily Meads of *Meads Marketing Management* skillfully put this beautiful project together, and Teresa Parker, publisher of the *Provincetown Independent*, was absolutely crucial to its success. I thank them all.

Dennis Minsky

**Ciro & Sal's** | Photos courtesy of **Ciro and Sal's**

**Sal's Place** | Photos courtesy of **Sal's Place**

**Bonnie Doone** | Photos courtesy of David W. Dunlap of *The Provincetown Encyclopedia* + *Building Provincetown*, & Joseph Andrews

**The Flagship** | Photos courtesy of David W. Dunlap of *The Provincetown Encyclopedia* + *Building Provincetown*, The Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum, The Provincetown Public Library, & The Corea Family Collection courtesy of Lisa King

**Cookie's Tap** | Photos courtesy of David W. Dunlap of *The Provincetown Encyclopedia* + *Building Provincetown*, The Provincetown History Preservation Project, & Tina Wheeler

**The Mayflower** | Photos courtesy of The Mayflower, David W. Dunlap of *The Provincetown Encyclopedia* + *Building Provincetown*, & The Provincetown History Preservation Project

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**The Lobster Pot** | Photos courtesy of The Lobster Pot, & David W. Dunlap of *The Provincetown Encyclopedia* + *Building Provincetown*



*The faces have changed, and perhaps the basics of their lives and livelihoods, but the fact remains: people need to eat and to gather, and their gathering places are to be celebrated.*











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