

# Family owned and operated Aaron Pools and Spas turning dreams into reality for almost 50 years

If you've watched television shows like Pool Kings, The Pool Master, and Insane Pools: Off The Deep End you really want to have a pool or jacuzzi more than you already wanted one. Seeing the planning, hard work, and craftsmanship that goes into these projects, both small and large, gives you a deep (pardon the pun) appreciation for what these crews do.

However, those television shows have a way of making us feel like having a pool or spa is something that is out of our reach – unattainable. “That’s something people in Florida get for themselves – something people with a lot of money to spend. There’s no way I could afford something like that as much as I want it.”

What if I told you that there is a local company that creates similar projects with the same world-class workmanship, skill, and ability? That it is far more affordable than you think, making something you believe to be unattainable, actually attainable?



Imagine what it would feel like to have one of those backyards in the shows? The creative pools and spas, landscaping, gazebos, stone patios, and everything else that turn a house into a home or breathe new life into it. We all know that it isn't so much about the material aspects of the projects, but the pricelessness of what it brings to your family: a platform for all the special events and occasions, as well as the countless memories.

Family owned and operated Aaron Pools and Spas of 597 State Road in Dartmouth is not new to the "game" – they aren't jumping on the bandwagon based on the current popularity of the aforementioned shows. They have been serving the SouthCoast and beyond since 1972 – almost 50 years!

An expert, knowledgeable staff of over 35 locals combines over 500 years of experience – that translates into the capability and ability to create your very own dream yard project the way you **see** it and want it. Aaron Pools and Spas have made

themselves the premiere dream backyard creator through pools, spas, and hot tubs through the care, craftsmanship, and passion that goes into every single one of their projects.



No dream project is too small or too grand, each is approached with the same care. These projects go well beyond the pool or hot tub installation and include grills, ovens, smokers, a large variety of tables, chairs, rockers, benches, loungers, lamps, stools, automatic pool cleaners, and accessories. See the astounding array of options here.

They also don't walk off into the sunset when they are done making these dream projects into realities. They do more than sell and install: they service too. Something breaks? Burns out? Ages and deteriorates? They are one phone call away.

Being expert water chemistry technicians they maintain their knowledge by staying on top of current trends and changes, so that means when it's that time of year to open your pool, or the ph goes south on you, you are covered. I don't include hot tubs in that time of year since people use their hot tubs all year round, including winter.

One of the fascinating aspects that Aaron Pools and Spas offers is giving you the ability to actually see what the finished pool or hot tub would look like in your yard through CGI and artist renditions. You can see many of their finished projects and artists renditions in the gallery I've included below or on the photo section of their Facebook page and the photo gallery section on their website. Prefer videos?

If you are interested in what actual, real-world testimonials? What people are saying about their experiences with Aaron Pools and Spas? Check out the people are saying.

Whether you want to turn your yard into a place for memorable, fun, family experiences that will last a lifetime or just a place to relax, unwind and destress there is literally no one on the SouthCoast that compares to the dream makers at Aaron Pools and Spas. No one with more experience, passion, and higher standards. No one makes dreams more affordable placing it within your reach.



*See your pool or hot tub as it would look in your yard before its built.*

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# **New England's History of Catastrophic and Deadly Tornadoes and Earthquakes**

When natural disasters like tornadoes and earthquakes come up New England isn't the first region to pop up, but rather Central United States's Tornado Alley or Alaska and California, respectively. Most think of hurricanes, Nor-easters, and blizzards.

However, in fact, New England in general and Massachusetts specifically, have had our share of both. Mind you, we don't have them at the scale and frequency of those regions mentioned above, but they do happen. Even recently as January of 2018, we experienced at least 10 earthquakes in one month and historically we've had a dozen tornadoes powerful enough to have killed people. That's a relatively good track record considering we average 8 tornadoes a year. Yes, eight.

Out of those 8 tornadoes, 200 people have been killed and we've even had two of the most destructive in the nation's history: one in Connecticut in 1979 that cost an equivalent in today's money of \$690 million dollars in damage and another in Worcester in 1953 killed 94, destroyed thousands of homes leaving tens thousand homeless, unlike the former which kept its destruction in a smaller swath.



You can view footage made of the Worcester Tornado [here](#)

Notable other ones are the 1898 tornado that hit Hampton Beach, New Hampshire where over a hundred people took refuge in a skating rink which collapsed on them killing 3, injuring 120. 5 people in a yacht were drowned when it capsized. In 1979, one actually hit a boy scout camp in Paxton, Massachusetts, and killed two scouts.

So, while we have infrequent tornadoes, we have the morbid distinction of having twelve deadly ones and two of the costliest. Seven of those New England's twelve were right here in Massachusetts.

When I was a child of about 5-6 years old I lived in a place off the water called Rocky Nook in Plymouth. I distinctly remember the hoopla and bedlam of the neighborhood once they were made aware of the impending tornado. People were placing particle board up over their windows and doors, tying down everything they could, and placing their cars inside their garages. I also recall the genuine concern and worry on people's faces.

When the sky became gray and gloomy, we could see the distinctive funnel – though weak – across the water. That was a pretty terrifying sight for a 5-year-old and while this tornado was likely extremely weak and not one that was historically memorable, the rain and wind that accompanied it did so damage to all the homes at Gray's Beach. I recall heading outside after everything calmed down and seeing seaweed, driftwood, even crabs, horseshoe crabs, and lobsters on the street and on top of people's homes.



When it comes to earthquakes we could generally classify them as tremors since the vast majority of them barely go higher than 2.0 on the Richter Scale. However, there have been earthquakes that have led to loss of life and done significant financial damage. Many don't know that like the faults in California that cause their frequent and catastrophic earthquakes, Massachusetts has fault lines of its own.

For the more astute of you, you know that earthquakes are caused by stress building up along fault lines and then being released. The magnitude of the earthquakes is directly juxtaposed to the length of the fault and while there is a



“spiderweb” of faults throughout New England, we have nothing that even comes close to those out west.

In recorded history, the largest two earthquakes we had were the Sanbornton, New Hampshire earthquake of 1639 and the Cape Ann Earthquake of 1755. The 1639 earthquake happened when few records were kept and technology wasn't so robust, so not much is known about the exact epicenter and its exact registration on the Richter Scale but it is thought to be a 6.5 or higher.

The Cape Ann earthquake of 1755 does have more documentation and it registered approximately 6.0 on the Richter Scale. Fortunately, no one was killed but it was massive enough that those in South Carolina felt it as did sailors as far as 200 miles out to sea. Some of these sailors closer to shore were rocked so powerfully that they thought they had run aground or beached their boats.



Since this was 1755 and we don't have the massive cities we have today, the only major effect it had was on the religious Puritans who were frantic about punishment from God. Perhaps all that working on a Sunday, swearing, and premarital sex came at a price. Locals thought so, and not only was the

earthquake the center of many sermons and publications, but a slew of fast days was enforced along with special prayer services.

Apparently, the irony and hypocrisy of an immoral act being punished by an even greater immoral act – an earthquake leading to the destruction of homes and livelihoods, as well as any loss of life – would make sense. That's some odd moral compass and strong Kool-Aid.

If a 6.0 earthquake were to hit Boston today, it would be catastrophic and certainly lead to loss of life – perhaps hundreds of souls. It is estimated it would do somewhere in the range of \$5 Billion dollars of damage to Boston alone. As long as nothing happens to Fenway Park, there shouldn't be much hoopla.

The experts – the “they say” crew – say that New England experiences 100 tremor earthquakes a year that don't crack 2.0, about a dozen in the 2-3.0 range, and one in the 3-4.0 range. Higher than that is rare indeed, with a 4-5.0 happening once a decade, a 5-6.0 once a century and a 6.0 or higher is expected once a millennium.

Since the 1755 Cape Ann earthquake was more than 250 years ago that means we're good for anything Armageddon-like in our lifetime, but overdue for one of those 5-6.0 earthquakes which can certainly be devastating.



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# Foodie's Guide to Regional Gastronomy: The Tourtière or French Meat Pie

Series Introduction (Move down if you're familiar with the thread or don't care)

In this series, we hope to highlight and showcase in as interesting a way as possible, the stories behind our favorite, mouth-watering local dishes. While we'll focus on greater New Bedford and the South Coast, we will occasionally "travel" to places like Plymouth, Providence or even Boston. I will attempt to keep it light-hearted, fun and easy to read. While I can't promise to keep you compelled and pull you along with prose – that would take a professional writer – I will

promise to be liberal with the drool-inducing images of these dishes.

I grew up in a Sicilian household where everyone – man, woman, child – was participating in preparing meals. It was a “trick” to get everyone together, talking, laughing and of course, the occasional heated debate. Food was a huge part of our identity, where we came from, who we were. There was something special about the atmosphere that revolved around a meal that we prepared.



This is certainly not unique to an Italian or Sicilian household. Every ethnic group in the country has a proud culinary tradition that they grew up around. You can easily replace “Sicilian” with Irish, Vietnamese, Portuguese, Ethiopian, Greek or anything else. This is why food as a topic is always so popular. We humans love our food and that passion goes beyond the gustatory or taste – we crave the aromas, delight in the presentation, are fueled by the atmosphere, and relish – pardon the pun – discussion about our favorite dishes, restaurants or cuisines.

One thing that is often not discussed – is glossed over, or barely touched upon – is the history or background of these dishes. Now, to some, this conjures up the voice of the guy from the “dry eyes” commercial. The terms, for many, are

synonymous with “boring,” “dull,” or “It’s time to go.” However, the background can be interesting, fun, or funny and it can be so without being facetious, dumbed-down or popular. I will make every attempt to maintain a fresh balance with those elements in this series.

As always, feedback is encouraged. Anecdotes are wanted. Discussion is paramount. **Please** join in!

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Since the past few installments in this series highlighted Portuguese and Hispanic cuisine, I figured we’d switch gears and tackle a different ethnic community: the French Canadians. Thanks to them we have glorious, glorious French Meat Pie a favorite dish certainly not limited to the holidays or after church on Sunday – any day of the year is a good day for some meat pie!

As is the case with most of a specific heritage’s favorite dishes, this is a dish that appears to be quite simple on the outside. However, as we all know what is in a dish is a small factor in its deliciousness – other factors include freshness and quality of ingredients, how each ingredient is treated, and the all-important ingredient: love.



*French Meat Pie has its roots in the festive Réveillon at end of the year festivities.*

Traditionally made by mémère for end of the year festivities, after special religious events like baptism, communion or after Midnight Mass, or specifically when it comes to Canada, as part of a *réveillon* the long Christmas Eve dinner or on New Year's Day. The name means "waking" which refers to staying up super late to get our grubby hands on the savory, loaded with Umami, meat pie with a flaky, buttery double-crust crust. My mouth is watering just thinking of it.

We call it a French Meat Pie in our neck of the woods because of the area's history and large French-Canadian population, but the meat pie actually traces back to the Mesopotamians in the 16th century B.C.E. Even the Romans had a love affair with it and showing up in their cookbooks as "La Patina." Throughout most of the world, you will find some version of the meat pie whether variations of a proper pie like the

British *cipaille* or Sea-Pie, tarts, or smaller versions like the Indian *samosa* or hand-held like *empenadas*. Modern variations include Meat Pie Triangle using the super thin Phyllo dough and even Spring Rolls.

Well, who cares about them?! We're discussing the contemporary version from our friends up north! There's no telling how old the French Meat Pie was when it comes to Canada but it started showing up in historical documents in the 1600s and originating in Quebec with the earliest settlers celebrating the aforementioned *réveillon* before spreading all over Canada. *Réveillon* itself traces back to France where it was a veritable feast on Christmas Eve that included many dishes, sweets, and wine, naturally.

While we immediately think of pork or even beef as the primary filling, in Canada there are many regional variations which can be veal, pigeon, moose, rabbit, pheasant, mutton, game, salmon, or a mix of seafood. Some recipes call for the filling to be solely meat, others include potatoes. All these variations have added fuel to the fire when it comes to claims of authenticity or originality but in reality, there is no such thing as an authentic version. About the only thing, people can agree on or not debate over is that the dish used to bake the pie is typically deep and ceramic.



*There are variations of the French Meat Pie all over the world including the British Cipaille or Sea-Pie.*

The debate doesn't stop at the filling and extends itself to the seasoning, crust, gravy and what should accompany it. Some say keep it safe with salt, pepper and sage. Others recommend herbs and/or spices like sage, allspice, nutmeg, clover, and cinnamon. With the crust would it be safe to say that a bad crust can ruin the whole pie no matter what meat is chosen to fill it? That crust **will** make or break that pie and playing around with that is a good way to place a dark cloud over festivities and have everyone pointing the finger at the communist who baked it.

Like we Italians and our red sauce recipes (please, it's not gravy – people who call it that are *goombas* or watch too much *The Sopranos*) the French-Canadians and the French-Canadian...um, Americans, have recipes that have been passed down as heirlooms through generations. Generations where it has been perfected. Hard to believe in the day and age of pre-made



packets of gravy, but traditionally it was made from scratch – just as some people still do today.

There are rumors of communist activities in the area: people who don't put gravy on their French Meat Pie, but ketchup. For this sort of behavior the the corrective and curative remedy is ostracization or banishment from the community **after** they spend the larger portion of the day in stockades or a pillory in a public square.

The final aspect that causes argument is what should be served with it? Mashed potatoes so you have an excuse to smother something with gravy even more? Peas?

In my opinion, the best way to end these debates is to have an annual New Bedford French Meat Pie Fest as we have with Chowder. We can have categories like the best traditional, most innovative, and best gravy as we eat ourselves into foodie bliss.



One French-Canadian dish that I wish would catch on locally is poutine. While I have seen it served locally no one is doing anything remotely close to authentic. Some Americans apparently think cheese is the same as curds – it's not.

There have been a number of retail producers and one that comes to mind immediately is Antil's that used to be at 249 Adams Street in Fairhaven next to the Oxford Pub. While that business closed I have seen their pies show up in supermarkets.

Not that it matters, because everyone knows that mémère makes the best. If you don't have a mémère you likely know someone who does or know someone who has a golden recipe since the French Meat Pie has become so popular that it has been assimilated into local culture and Americana. In this area, it's almost as American as Apple pie.

Now that I'm thinking about it, we should change that saying "As American as French Meat Pie." I'd take a French Meat Pie with gravy over and Apple Pie and day of the week.

*What do you think is the most important part of the pie? Filling? Crust? Gravy? Sides? How about the easiest part to ruin?*

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*Enjoy this type of article? You can read the other ones in the series [here](#).*

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**Family-owned Machado & Silva  
Inc. – 3 decades helping  
locals with tax preparation,**

# accounting & financial planning

'Tis the season when everyone begins to talk taxes and hope that that translates into a tax return so that means people in costumes waving at passing cars, contacting your "tax" guy, or seeing frequent adverts on social media. For many, it's the first time and perhaps the only time all year that we consider reaching out to someone to help us with some aspect of our finances.

However, we all know how complex, complicated, and time-consuming finance in all aspects of our lives, not just tax time, can be. Yet, we just scribble on stick-it notes, create "to-do" lists on notepads, or even worse make mental notes or simply "wing" it. And that typically translates into money problems we experience for the other 10-11 months outside of tax season.



Imagine the benefits if we had **total** control of our finances all year round? Wouldn't it be more prudent to pay attention to everything money related all year instead of pulling ourselves away when tax time comes about? What do we do now that we have a child in high school bringing up attending university? Or when retirement is coming around the bend? Or thinking of getting married, buying a home, or starting a family?

Those are just as important, if not more so than "tax time." Yet, we just address all the to-dos, milestones, projects, et al as they come. Assuming we aren't procrastinators and we tackle them with fervor and zeal, we still rarely have the time to stop everything to attend finances, and often we aren't 100% sure what the right decision to make is. Who hasn't called mom or dad, that smart cousin, or asked around when it comes to something?

We trust mechanics with our car, doctors with our health, carpenters, plumbers, and electricians with home repairs. We

look to experts in those areas we don't have the time to address or lack the know-how. So it makes a ton of sense to do the same with equally as important financial areas, doesn't it?

Like the doctor, mechanic, and roofer we aren't sure who to trust, who is knowledgeable and will have a professional, courteous attitude. When it comes to personal and business finances who put all that together with the same precision and accuracy utilized with our taxes?



Machado & Silva had its roots nearly fifty years ago when founder Ken Machado opened the doors to the business. During Ken's five decades of working in the accounting and tax industry, he served many clients who are still with Machado & Silva today. Ken's reasonable prices, generosity and easy going nature attracted clients to him. His wisdom, guidance, and hard work kept them coming back.

Danielle started working for Kenneth Machado in January of

1989, Machado & Silva was established in January, 2008 (Danielle & Kenneth became co owners). Machado & Silva became family owned in August, 2018. For nearly 30 years family-owned Machado & Silva have been bringing their experience, knowledge, and expertise to bear serving the community.

Whether for local businesses or personal needs, debt resolution, financial planning and advise, budgeting, bookkeeping, retirement planning, selling a home or rental, accounts payable (paying bills on time, freeing up your own), accounts receivable (sending out and managing invoices), divorce taxes, estate and Trust taxes, and everything else under the financial sun is under their purvey.

Owners Danielle Silva and Cameron Silva have a love affair with numbers for as long as they can remember – both have been doing nothing else since high-school. They and their staff of friendly experts – like Danielle (AFS), Joshua Leite (BA in Accounting) and Kelley Pereira- recognize that accounting is so much more than the numbers they crunch: it's the relationships they build, the help and relief they provide, and the service to the community. All rewards unto themselves.

They are friendly, professional, offer prices that are competitive and affordable, and are just flat-out, an office that cares. Owned and run by locals, for locals.

“We are not your average accountant's office! We are real people. We provide quality work, and we truly care about our clients and their success.” explains Danielle. “One of the best rewards is when a client explains how stressed they are over their taxes, and how we make it easy and less stressful. It's not uncommon to get hugs from grateful clients who leave our office feeling like a weight has been taken off of their shoulders.”

When it comes specifically to tax time their single-minded goal is to be as accurate as possible and bat it out of the

proverbial park when it comes to returns. To do this it is integral that they have the aforementioned relationship because it's the only way to gain an understanding of the business and personal goals of their clients, to give the best advice, to ensure that the client makes the best decisions.



Here are what some folks are saying about their experience with Machado & Silva, Inc.:

*"Danielle and her team of professionals are amazing to work with. They are dedicated, understanding, and most importantly, caring. They have always put my needs and what is in my best interest first. Communication and timeliness is something they make a priority. As a client for over ten years, I can speak with confidences that Machado & Silva is truly the best and one of a kind!"*

- David M.

*"I have been a client for many years and love supporting local*

*businesses. It's great to see so many new services being added every year that are beneficial for everyone. With the personalized service you receive it makes you feel like someone actually cares about your future! Love my Machado and Silva family."*

- Victoria B.

*"We are planning our retirement; Danielle is instrumental in helping us organize our finances and budgeting. We're very glad we met with her and will continue to rely on her expertise. Thank you!"*

- Schneider Family

*"If you are looking for a reliable, affordable, friendly business to handle your payroll, bookkeeping, taxes etc. Visit or call Machado & Silva (508) 993-8447 ask for Danielle! I have been a customer there for years for my personal taxes and business bookkeeping and could not be happier!" –*

- Denise R.

You can read more reviews and testimonials here. Their helpful and easy to navigate website contains many common and most often used forms for free, as well as a client portal in addition to being an information resource.

If you are looking for the area's best in accounting, bookkeeping and tax preparation, executed by friendly, professional locals and offered in an affordable fashion then you'll never need to look any further. You can trust that Machado & Silva, Inc., have your best interest in mind.

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## **Machado & Silva Inc.**

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**What's in a name? A travel**

# through history, culture, and ethnicity through New Bedford's surnames: "Pereira"

People are fascinated by their family's background and asking someone what they "are" will uncover a lot about a person's identity, family history, and their sense of identity – or lack of it. America being a melting pot more than any country on earth, a person's surname, ethnicity, or heritage is a popular topic of discussion.

When you tell someone you are Irish, German, Kenyan, Wampanoag, Mexican, Brazilian, et al you are sharing a quick symbol that describes a lot about you. Even if it's not accurate, or you call yourself "a mutt," are "half" this, a little "this, that, and this" you still say a lot about who you are. Often you will hear two sets of identity: "On my mother's side, I am 'x' and on my father's side, I am 'x.'"

It may come as a surprise to many Americans, but this is something very...well, American. The rest of the world thinks it's odd or even make us a butt of their jokes. The American fascination with heritage and ethnicity goes even further than that – we love to spend money on DNA kits, to debate and argue over race and/or skin color, and no political discussion is without it.

It's hard for most Americans to not filter everything through these things. A surname is more than just a person ethnicity and identity: it's also a connection to the "Old World," the history of those nations, and the cuisines. Those things make surnames an interesting topic of discussion!

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The Portuguese surname Pereira or Perreira is common enough, almost ubiquitous, on the SouthCoast. Meaning "Pear Tree" it is generally considered a toponym or a surname based in a topographical feature, in this case it references a pear orchard likely owned by a family and/or business. However, it may very well mean a person who is a seller of the fruit.

The origin of the word itself is "pirum" or "pere" from the Latin which was meant a trusted companion or a friend that is helpful.

Some Portuguese spellings include Pereyra, Perera, Perreira, Pereiro and many more. In Spanish it is Perera, in French (including France, Belgium, Canada, and French Africa) you will see Pereire, Poirier, Perriere, Poirot and in Italy, Piras. Finally, in Yiddish and/or Hebrew it is Birnbaum.



*A Pereira Coat of Arms. Photo by Damarco R. da Matta.*

Believe it or not, most Pereiras are not found in Portugal, but Brazil then followed by Portugal, Angola, Mozambique, Venezuela, France, East Timor, Goa, India and Trinidad and Tobago. This diaspora was due to Portugal's colonization and merchant efforts around the world. In America most Pereiras

are found in California and Massachusetts, followed by clans in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Who was the first Pereira or with whom did it originate? Well, that's in dispute.

Spain claims the first, Portugal does as well. There are anecdotes of a Lombardian king by the name of Mendo "Irmão" of Desiderio. The Lombards were a Germanic people who ruled most of the Italian Peninsula from the 6th to 8th century. As the story goes, he sent a number of knights to sea for business or conquest when they encountered a hurricane at sea and were forced to dock in Galicia Spain. From here they migrated into Portugal.

Next, we hear of it is when a Frenchman Osbert Pere arrives in Buckinghamshire, England, in the year 1230. What was he doing there? Who knows? Maybe bringing them glorious linguica, natas, or malasadas since England wasn't exactly known for its cuisine and this must have blown their minds.

In the New World the first mention of the name is in 1555 when a certain Simon Pereira left Portugal and landed in Chile.

How did the name become Jewish? In 1492 the Alhambra Decree by the Catholic Church of Spain forced Jewish people into hiding and they had to disguise their last names or be persecuted. The nearest sanctuary was nearby Portugal so there was a wave from Spain into Portugal, but many felt that Catholic Decree would spread through Europe so they opted for Brazil and even Mexico.

Some of the more famous Pereiras:

- Kevin Pereira (b. 1982), American game show host and TV personality
- William Leonard Pereira (1909-1985), American architect
- Irene Rice Pereira (1907-1971), American abstract painter
- Stephen E. Pereira, American Democrat politician, Candidate

for Presidential Elector for California, 1968

- Jonathan Pereira (1804-1853), English pharmacologist born at Shoreditch, London
- Renan Martins Pereira (1997-2017), known as Renanzinho or simply Renan, a Brazilian footballer
- Francelino Pereira dos Santos (1921-2017), Brazilian politician, Gov. of Minas Gerais from 1979-1983
- Kéfera Buchmann de Mattos Johnson Pereira (b. 1993), Brazilian actress, vlogger, writer, TV presenter
- Alessandro Silva Pereira (b. 1982), Brazilian footballer
- Robson Pereira de Andrade (b. 1977), known as Robinho, a Brazilian football player

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*Want your last name to be the next installment in the series? Inbox us on Facebook or email us at [info@newbedfordguide.com](mailto:info@newbedfordguide.com).*

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## **New Bedford Streets; A Piece of Americana: Coffin Avenue**

*Welcome to next installment in the New Bedford Streets; A Piece of Americana series. Previously we covered William Street, Kempton Street, Middle Street, Centre Street, Ashley Boulevard, Elm Street, Coggeshall Street, Mechanics Lane, Washburn Street and others. If you would like to read those or perhaps revisit them, they can be found by using the search bar to the right. You can also select the "Streets" category.*

As usual, I'd like to reiterate the importance of reader feedback, correction, and contributions. In the process of exploring these streets, I try to confirm or validate

statements and dates by finding multiple sources. Unfortunately, if all those sources are making their statement based on an older, incorrect source, and there isn't any dissenting information available, there's no way to know otherwise. So by all means, please join in.

In addition, when trying to validate some statements, often there is very little to no information available. I haven't decided which is worse – finding one source, or finding multiple sources, but not knowing if they were all founded on an inaccuracy. So help from local historians, those who remember, oral histories and anecdotes handed down through the generations, people with private collections, and even know-it-alls will help!

By all means, let us make this an open discussion to keep the “wiki” accurate.

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What's in a name? As someone who has been down Coffin St. numerous times, I've often wondered who or what it was named after? Did it have a historical reference, some macabre meaning, or was it an occupational surname – perhaps named after a family of Morticians or that owned a funeral home?



*"Capt. Coffin's back garden." [left to right] Edyth Short, Capt. Coffin (American Consul) ,Groves Cleveland boy Coffin. Mrs. Hooper Miss Short, Mrs. Coffin Lutenant Hooper of the Royal Engr. [Engineers], Miss Short."*

Then I recalled writing something about the little "park" off of Union Street near the Whaling Museum. It was called Coffin Park or something, but suffering from Post-Concussion Syndrome/CTE means I forget what I have for breakfast let alone something I wrote months back. I do have vague recollections about him being African/Native American and whaling captain, but I wasn't sure of the details.

Digging into the surname Coffin to see if it is the origin of the street is opening a can of worms since the family name is quite prominent throughout New Bedford's history. Often that means having to research dozens of historical figures, but I am only interested in two things that will tell me if the street is indeed named after a Coffin or the Coffin family or refers to something else. 1) What is the oldest historical reference to a Coffin and who was she or he? 2) When was the street built and named? Once I have eliminated a Coffin or the family, I can take the other avenues.

I did my compulsory research and within 10 minutes came across the street's origins. That allowed me to spend my time on who David Coffin was, what his contributions to the city were deemed worthy enough to have a city named after him, and more about his family.

So, Coffin Street was named for David Coffin (1785-1833), descended from the Englishman Tristram Coffin (1609-1681) who was the first Coffin to come to the New World. David's great-great-grandfather Tristram, born of the gentry, arrived in Massachusetts in 1659 from Plymouth, England leading a group of investors who bought Nantucket for "...thirty pounds (about \$1200 U.S. today) and two beaver hats." What would \$1200 buy you on Nantucket today? Maybe a spoonful of beach sand?





*Foot of Coffin Avenue in 1972 – a dump site by residents. Spinner Publications vis Milton Silvia.*

Tristram had 10 children and as his family grew they began to spread out across Nantucket founding businesses and becoming a part of the burgeoning whaling industry. There they stayed for generations until David's parents John and Elisabeth decided to leave Nantucket, the land of their roots and come to New Bedford sometime around the turn of the 18th century.

While here David made his money as a whaling captain of a six-vessel fleet, most notably circumnavigating the globe twice, and owned an oil factory and a candle works. He made a sizable enough a fortune to own many homes throughout the city,

including the brick one on the corner of Walnut and Sixth Streets which is still there today.

He was also a participant in the War of 1812 where he tragically lost his entire fleet and source of business income. Ruined, he made his way to Ohio marrying Esther Barlow, eventually dying in 1833 at the age of 49.

He had 10 siblings who owned properties and ran their businesses in New Bedford. The Coffin family's businesses in New Bedford include Coffin's boatbuilding shop, the Law Offices of Coffin & Colby co-founded by Timothy the "ablest lawyer in all Southern Massachusetts," William C. Coffin banker, and there was eventually the Coffin Building at 514 Pleasant Street currently home to the Serlingpa Meditation Center, and there was even a Coffin Wharf that was at foot of Walnut Street. This was the very same wharf that the famed African-American blacksmith Lewis Temple set up shop in 1836. Today there are two wharves – Leonard and Homer's. I am not 100% sure if Coffin Wharf morphed into those two wharves or become just one of them.



*1910 Acushnet Avenue looking North from Coffin Avenue – shoe shine store, hat cleaning store, Simon's Cut Price shop, Boston shoe store, Allen's Theatre, confectionery, fish market. Spinner Publications Photo.*

An Abel H. Coffin, also a ship captain, and traveled all over the world, and during one of his travels through the Orient he came across brothers Chang and Eng Bunker. Does the name ring a bell? If it doesn't, that's because you know them as the "Siamese Twins."

In Melville's *Moby Dick* as Ishmael wanders New Bedford looking for lodging, he mentions a fictitious inn run by a Peter Coffin who offers declares the inn full but offers him half a bed with Queequeg, the tattooed native American harpooner.

The Coffin family married the Cathcart and Starbuck families. The Cathcarts were an old Scottish family that was notably part of the war for Scottish Independence and Napoleonic Wars before coming to the New World and New Bedford. There are Cathcarts living in the city today. The Starbucks, also a major whaling family in Nantucket, became famous for bringing the first Hawaiians to Europe in 1823 – Queen Kamāmalu and a few other nobles – as well as their "discoveries" of many Pacific Islands including Volunteer/Starbuck Island, The Phoenix Group, New Nantucket later called Baker Island, and many others.

Today Coffin Avenue runs from the water near Riverside Park until it bumps into Purchase Street. Mainly residential homes now, there are no longer whaling-related businesses – StyleLab Hair Studio, Gouveia Grill, and a postal station.

From the gentry of Plymouth England to founding whaling family of Nantucket, a prominent family of New Bedford, the Siamese Twins, bringing Hawaiians to Europe, the Coffin family that the street is named after figures not only into the city's history but the nation and the world.



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## Who Remembers... Ma's Donuts?

Here is another installment in our *Who Remembers?* series. You can browse previous articles by using the search bar on the right or by clicking [here](#). These articles are strolls down memory lane. In some cases, the buildings, but new businesses have replaced them. In other instances, the buildings or even the properties have been razed. Instead of a building, it may be a TV show, personality, or commercial that no one longer exists. Either way, it can't stop us from taking the Memory Lane stroll!

As always we would rather this be a discussion. No one knows this area better than those who grew up here! Please, leave constructive criticism, feedback, and corrections. We'd love

to hear your anecdotes. Please share!

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There are few topics about New Bedford that won't bring out cynics. Whether in everyday conversation or on social media the tamest and lightest of topics will often garner some negative comments. The list of subjects that don't do this is a very short list indeed. One of those is the iconic, historic, institution beloved-by-all Ma's Donuts.



*Photo by Paige Raposa.*

In fact, if you want to get beat up for some strange reason,

talk junk about the mom & pop that stood out among the land of big-box chains. I'm willing to bet when the police show up to find out what is going on and they find out some communist was bad-mouthing Ma's Donuts they will pretend they have a more important call that they have to leave immediately for. Maybe those cops were one of the thousands who grew up with Ma's Donuts over the decades and will throw you in cuffs and accidentally knee you in the liver while putting them on. Allegedly, accidentally, oops.

Let's talk some "normals" when it comes to the shop that Ed and Sheila Lemieux started in 1984. Normal is saying that their donuts were the world's best and no one blinking twice. Normal was Ed and Sheila getting up at 2-3:00am to make the donuts and being greeted by a friendly staff of all locals who grew up eating there – the first job for so many. Normal was not being able to keep up with the demand and running out and having to close shop early.

Skipping school or purposely being late to grab some donuts? Being the first place people wanted to visit when they returned from being away in the military? Leaving school or mass at St. Joseph's Church and beelining there, maybe eating it at the park across the street? Stopping by to grab some for your co-workers, wedding guests, holiday celebrations, or for no reason at all?

All normal.



*Photo by Kim Berche Brittain.*

Ask someone why Ma's Donuts was the best donut shop on earth and you will get a myriad of responses. The warmed-up fresh coffee rolls and malasadas, the legendary glazed or perennial

favorite chocolate, the Strawberry filled pastry with real whipped cream inside, the Honey-dipped, the cheese danish, chocolate lemon, et al were part of the love for the Lemieuxs' shop. Another part is that Ma's Donuts and New Bedford are like the Eiffel Tower and Paris, Seattle and the Space Needle, the Empire State Building and New York – you mention one and you don't even need to name the other as they have merged into one. Ma's Donuts is just part of growing up in New Bedford, who New Bedford was and still is.

So you can imagine how disappointed people were when word spread that Ma's Donuts was closing for good and going the way of Sunbeam, Frates and Homelyke Bakery in July 2016. When we announced it on New Bedford Guide's page people from all over the world chimed in. Locals shared their stories about how long the lines were and how long they **gladly** waited to get one last fix.

While the owners were willing to sell the shop and supposedly the recipe, no one stepped up to the plate. Was it the asking price? Did it not come with the recipe? I'm not sure that it matters since even with the recipe in hand there's no way that anyone could replicate what Ed and Sheila did and created.





*Photo by Kaitlyn Rock.*

Here are some of the comments by the community on New Bedford Guide:

“My entire life I’ve enjoyed Ma’s, I have no idea how to live without them!” – Sarah Jean.

“Always got my boyfriend’s grandma a dozen glazed Ma’s donuts on the weekends. He is now my husband – I wonder why?! ?”

“Just hometown local goodness!” – Jeanie Lemieux Hathaway.

“We have treasured your donuts, now enjoy your well-deserved retirement. I’m shedding a little tear, but it’s made of sugar glaze.” – Jeanne Plourde.

“I spent many a Sunday morning there instead of mass at St. Joes. (Don’t tell my mother!)” – Donald Machado.

Want to take a trip down memory lane? Read the hundreds of comments on this thread.

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*What are your fondest moments of Ma’s Donuts? What was your favorite thing to get there? Leave a comment below!*

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# The Meaning of Christmas: A Secular Perspective

Let me preface this article by saying that I was raised in a secular household – one free from any religious input. I am not pompous enough to think I am authorized to write an article on the deeper religious meaning behind Christmas, so I won't even go there.

My objective with the article is to lend a little understanding of the Christmas holiday from a secular perspective. A sort of olive branch to Christians, if you will. Of course, if you aren't remotely interested in a heathen, infidel, pagan, Satanic, baby eating, humanist's opinion on anything, then I've just saved you the time of bothering by writing this preamble ramble.

However, I do hope you'll receive the olive branch and keep an empty cup.

No, don't worry. I am not *that* angry "new" atheist who spends hours each day trolling religious forums, letting anyone who listens know that I am an atheist or humanist. Nor do I have some mean-spirited things to say about the history of religion. I want religious people to know that not all non-believers are "that" person. I am genuinely interested in an exchange of words in the belief that with understanding comes greater tolerance. Can that be a bad thing? I don't think so.

In fact, I don't even use the word atheist to describe myself, so as to distance myself from that angry lot of bloggers and trolls. I never even mention my lack of belief unless directly asked or it's part of the topic of discussion. When I do state "what" I am, I do so reluctantly. All labels are not the

actual “thing” and people are far more complex than the labels attached to them.



I despise the labels today that package one into a neat list. Typically, I’ll say that “I’d rather not say.” If people probe further or insist, I’ll say I’m a humanist. But I don’t have to like it – no term is remotely accurate, but it’s as close as one can get.

Being raised in a secular household, Christmas was the holiday where you would be on your best behavior lest you get fewer gifts, or even \*gasp\* get coal. at least that was the “threat.” Santa only brought presents to the well-behaved kids.

Of course, you could misbehave all year, but around December you better start “standing up” straighter. You would get to head to a random parking lot to pick out a tree with the whole family, come home, set it up, then decorate it while everyone laughed and joked and drank Ovaltine or hot chocolate.

Stockings would be hung, and there was the tremendous excitement of making a list where you would get most or all of the things you placed on it. Because a fat, white-bearded old guy in a red and white suit climbed down a chimney and deposited things on that list under the Christmas tree – what a concept, that.

Family and friends you hadn't seen in a while would come in and out during the days leading up to December 25th. Driving through neighborhoods and seeing the decorations was not only really fun but lent itself to a sense of community – people you didn't know were doing the same things as you were.

I'm going somewhere with this. Be patient.

Growing up in a Sicilian household meant that the Christmas Day meal was one of the highlights and would be talked about for days after. My mother would spend the 24-48 hours before Christmas preparing way too much food. Food she was making to feed 5-6 people, but always seemed to be a veritable feast that could feed a small army. This was intentional, for to leave an Italian household not stuffed would be a damn sin and to leave without a container of food would be a greater sin.

I don't want to neglect Christmas Eve which is almost a holiday unto itself – the night where you would make those last few special visits before heading home after dark. Getting into your pajamas, setting out milk and cookies. Watching a Christmas Story or Miracle on 34th Street, before heading to bed.



Butterflies in the stomach, nervous excitement would keep you up all night any other time, but you knew that the long day would ensure that there was enough exhaustion to put you in a coma within 5 minutes of your head hitting the pillow.

The aromas of all sorts of food, the sights of lights in windows and yards, favorite Christmas movies looping on the TV, the sounds of Christmas carols, the excitement of Christmas morning, the day full of playing, laughing, hugging, eating and finding out what your friends got for Christmas.

It was just...*magical*.

There's no other way to describe it. It's as close to real magic as one can get growing up and the holiday has engendered countless fond memories for me and my family. As I get older, see my daughter grow up and enjoy the holiday – there is also the bittersweet aspect of remembering loved ones have passed. My mother passed away the first week of December a few years ago and while there is still a home cooked meal, no one replicates the aromas and grandiosity of her generous cooking and the atmosphere she created. This holiday is attached to

hundreds of great experiences revolving around family, brotherhood, generosity, kindness, love, perspective, community, laughing, and hugs – Christmas spirit.

This is why Christmas is a very special occasion for this humanist and many like me. It is also why it stings when I see someone comment or overhear someone say “Why do you celebrate a **Christian** holiday?” In essence, it is implying that I have no right to all those positive things growing up and that I should either convert or abandon the holiday since it’s not “mine.” How dare I.

Each year I read these sorts of comments and on occasion, someone will question me directly. A few times it has been in not so nice of a way. How do I convey to people who are already peeved and not interested in my explanation the reason why I celebrate it? Early on, I would try to explain, but within 10 seconds their eyes would glaze over or roll up in the head. No explanation was going to suffice because standing before them was a heathen, infidel, or ignorant non-believer.

It wasn’t until I was about 18-19 years old that I began to delve into Christianity and the real reasons for Christmas. Being curious about all religions, philosophies, and ways of life I read the Pagan reasons for Christmas, the connection between the Pagan and Christian history behind the day.

I understood what the day that pagans and/or Wiccan/Witches call Yule, Saturnalia or Winter Solstice meant, particularly since I actually have a number of friends who are pagan and/or Wiccan. Since most of my friends are Christians, I got dozens of explanations about the meaning behind the holiday. The literature on all of that further embellished my understanding. I respect all of their reasons for the holiday and each group’s right to celebrate it in their own way.



I just ask that Christians understand and sympathize with atheists, humanists, or non-believers when it comes to celebrating Christmas. The real meaning of the holiday is a human one of experiences, tolerance, kindness, and love. Is there anyone who would disagree with these qualities? Is there room for one group to celebrate the changing of the seasons, another to celebrate their messiah's birth, and another to celebrate family and a sense of community? I think there is. We have more important issues to deal with than others celebrate a holiday. How do you know you are a first-worlder and lost perspective? You pour your cereal, realize you have no milk and get upset...or care how others celebrate.

The common ground of all three aforementioned groups is that it is the day whereby we gather with loved ones, we are generous either materially and/or spiritually, we sit around a meal and enjoy each other's company, we remind ourselves of the important people in our lives whether they are sitting at the table or have been lost.

You can do all those things regardless of the reason or purpose for doing them. Whether you are celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ, the arrival of the Winter Solstice, the

arrival of Santa Claus or simply because it's a celebration of life and how brief it is – Christmas Day is a special one for the majority of Americans. In that sense, we should all remember that is a celebration and that we are **all** Americans.

All groups that celebrate this special day do it because it has a deeper meaning for them, even if that meaning differs. Christmas is a very important holiday for me. It's my favorite holiday. I relish the opportunity to say "Merry Christmas." Yes, I am a non-believer who not only appreciates when it is said to me but I say "Merry Christmas" in return...and I genuinely mean it.

So whether someone says "Happy Yule!", "Happy Chanukah", "Happy Holidays", "Happy Kwanzaa" or any variation, does it matter? They are offering kindness, tolerance, compassion, humanity, joy. They mean well and wish well upon you. Accept it, give it back – the details are irrelevant.

If you get upset or are irked that when someone says Merry Christmas but you are an atheist, or someone says Happy Holidays, but you are a Christian and prefer "Merry Christmas", then you have lost your perspective and are a true-blue resident of the first-world. Each hour hundreds of children throughout the world die of starvation, so getting upset about that borders on the ridiculous.

The fact that a well-wishing irks you illustrates your first-world status and loss of perspective. The good thing is that we can remind ourselves that we lost that perspective on what's important and regain it.

No matter what your belief system, I hope the holidays are a time of happiness, health, and success for you and your family. I hope you are surrounded by good people, great food, and a festive atmosphere. I hope you get some time off, get to relax, and just enjoy yourself.

All of that is hard to spit out, so how about just a "Merry



Christmas"? You're a smart bunch, you can figure it out.

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# No Gosnold, No Pilgrims, No America, No New Bedford, No You

## Preamble or Pre"ramble"?

Batholomew Gosnold isn't exactly the first name that comes to mind when people discuss Europeans that came to the New World, but with Gosnold we may not have the America we know today.

While it's all the rage and quite in vogue to hate on any European that came to the Old World because to these haters they symbolize genocide, consumerism, and the "...progress of the American hegemony through the power of the military-industrial complex headed by the Bilderbergers, Illuminati, and Reptilian and Gray Overlords of this flat-earth" that is only one part of reality. Those aren't my words by the way-those are actual words said by someone being very serious and you'll find some variant of that to be pretty common.

The truth is multi-faceted as illustrated so powerfully in the parable of the blind men and an elephant. Each one grasps a part of the elephant and they all argue that an elephant is exactly how they feel it to be and everyone else is wrong...all the while missing what an elephant **really** is.



While the coming of Europeans to the New World did lead to injustices, genocide, crimes against humanity, and unspeakable horrors, it also led to many inventions, modern medical cures, a nation founded in liberties, freedoms, and unalienable rights and many countless other positives. Millions see it one way and millions see it the other way, yet both think they are right and if the internet age could be summed up in one sentence, it would be "I'm here to show you that 'I'm right and you are wrong.'"

In fact, this simple slogan is at the source of pretty much every single conflict alive today, whether as mundane as a Tweet exchange or as monumental as the conflict between nations. If you feel that mankind is essentially evil and Europeans especially so, you won't be ever convinced that they are also capable of good things. I'd suggest that you dump this article and find a pursuit of misery and unhappiness elsewhere.

If you feel differently in that good did come out of that evil, or that the truth is always more complex then read on.

### **Landed in Dartmouth, Fairhaven or New Bedford?**

Bartholomew Gosnold for those who aren't familiar with the

name or his role in history is within pop culture known as “The guy who came to Olde Dartmouth a long time ago looking for cod. One of the first Europeans to come here, if not the first.” In fact, he is the first man known to **lead** an expedition to Cape Cod.

Yes, that means before the Leideners came in 1620. Ol’ Bart arrived almost two decades before the famous Pilgrims arrived in 1602 at “Smoking Rocks,” a scene captured so well by the talented Willam Allen Wall’s painting.

Where exactly is this Smoking Rocks? There is some dispute about that. Orthodox accounts say that it was “...on the west side of the Acushnet River, somewhere around the South Terminal, northwest of Palmer’s Island.” and yet others suggest Sconticut Neck or West Island in Fairhaven. It’s immaterial where specifically he landed, just that he did arrive here.



The Verrazzanno Map of 1529 that inspired explorers like

*Bartholomew Gosnold with placenames like "Land Of Cod."*

So why should we care? Well, besides the fact that it was his arrival, description of what he saw – the rich, natural resources, the helpful Wampanoags, and then letting everyone in the Old World know about it, it is probably that it is his very account that inspired the Leideners to consider Cape Cod in the first place. Perhaps they would have tried elsewhere, had a different experience, died out and disappeared like the Roanoke Colony that arrived in Virginia in 1585, and America may never have existed.

That means you – the very person reading this – would not exist. Or if you did exist it would be in the country of your ethnic origins. Considering that people fled the Old World because of its crime, disease, lack of freedoms, serfdom, and too many hardships to name, it is likely that you would not have existed at all. So, no Gosnold, no description of huge shoals of cod as a source of sustenance, no description of the New Bedford/Fairhaven/Olde Dartmouth region, no Leideners deciding to leave the Netherlands and come here.

Regardless, Gosnold's visit here was a very short one and his mention of the region and its inhabitants was not much more than a passing one. Why did Gosnold even come here in the first place? What did he do for a living and what was his motivation or inspiration? Where did he go after leaving here?

### **Origins; Embarkation of the Pilgrims**

Bartholomew Gosnold was an Englishman born (1571) and raised in Suffolk, a county in the central southeast of England. Being 150 miles away as the crow flies from Southampton, Hampshire where both the Speedwell and Mayflower first embarked from you can see how much of a role Gosnold's account played in the decision by the Leideners to come to Cape Cod. As history tells us both ships were cruising along when the Speedwell took on water and both turned back to England.



Where did they return to? A place you may have heard of: Dartmouth in the county of Devon. The Speedwell apparently possessing a hull akin to a colander it sprung leaks within an hour after leaving Dartmouth and had to “pull over” at another town you may have heard of: Plymouth, also in County Devon.

The point here is that England, a country known through history for their naval capabilities, shipbuilding, and colonization, had coasts bedecked with coastal towns that were hubs and centers for shipbuilding, trade, as well as launching points for exploration and Gosnold was born right amid one of those hubs with a day’s travel to the Leideners launching point and undoubtedly his accounts spread like wildfire all over the region. Within 15 years of Gosnold’s account, the Pilgrims launched from the same region.

Gosnold the man was an explorer and privateer, but he started out as a lawyer. He was one of the founding members of the Virginia Company of London and Jamestown colony, paving the way for the colonialization of all Virginia. What is mostly unknown is that coincidentally Gosnold spent considerable time exploring the Azores before he ever came to Cape Cod or Virginia.

When it comes to his specific decision to come to Cape Cod he

embarked from Falmouth, England aboard a bark built in Dartmouth, Devon called *The Concord* and with the intentions of founding an English colony and call it "New England." At that point in history, all of North America claimed by England – the entire coastal region from South Carolina to Maine, plus the island of Bermuda – was called Virginia and this was a way to start laying claim to what was outside those boundaries.



*Embarkation of the Pilgrims by Robert Walter Weir.*

The inspiration for his exploration was guided by the famous Verrazzano Map made in 1529 which mentions regions, landmarks and places like New France, Terra Laborato (New Labrador), and Tierra los Bacalluos or Codland for you landlubbers. In other words, this land of cod was what would become Massachusetts.

So set sail from England he did, beelining it for the familiar Azores, then setting his sights for Cape Elizabeth, Maine to which he arrived at on May 14, 1602 where he is said to have met some local Amerindians. Not pleased with Cape Elizabeth, he continued on and the next day arrived in Provincetown Harbor and seeing the sheer abundance of cod, dubbed the area

Cape Cod.

He did not, however, make landfall but continued on using the coastline to guide The Concord until he came to what was known as "No Man's Land." This was called so not because it was barren of resources, but there were no native settlements or presence. Considering it absent of locals, he decided to name it Martha's Vineyard after his beloved daughter who passed away a few years earlier.

The "vineyard" part refers to wild grapes he spotted there, just as Leif Erickson mentioned during his exploration six centuries earlier, which he called Vinland. Erickson came upon so many of these wild grapes that he filled his hull with them. Perhaps Gosnold being a fellow explorer and captain decided to pay homage to Leif and his daughter with the name.

Either way, it was at Cuttyhunk Island that he established a small post, though oddly enough the town named after him was at Pasque Island, two islands away. After an assessment of provisions and the capability to tap into local resources, Gosnold realized that he and his crew did not have enough to survive winter and decided to head back home. After returning he spent the next 5 years networking, planning, and organizing until he obtained an exclusive charter from King James I to settle Virginia.



*Albert Bierstadt's "Gosnold at Cuttyhunk."*

Apparently, he didn't see much promise in New England in general and Massachusetts specifically. Perhaps, he felt that the cod and whaling were resources available all along the coast of the New World and with a lack of connections with the local Amerindian tribes, and the harsh climate during winter, he decided New England wasn't ideal.

In 1607, he made another go to the New World, helping set up the first English colony, Jamestown with fellow Captain, the famous John Smith, among others. The infamous history of Roanoke Colony likely fresh in everyone's mind, Gosnold likely felt that somewhere more inland might be prudent and practical and promote the idea of Jamestown. This concern of his was validated after the colony's newly appointed governor, Matthew Scrivener and his brother Anthony Gosnold both drowned while crossing from the mainland to reach Hog Island where some had chosen as the site for a settlement.

Regardless, as history bears out, exploration in the New World was fraught with danger, ruin, and disaster. Captain Gosnold would die at his settlement 4 months later at the age of 36, on August 22, 1607, during a malaria outbreak and the vast majority of the colonists would follow suit within 2 years



time. His grave was discovered in 2003 at the site of the original Jamestown settlement, in the western corner of the James Fort.

Gosnold is mostly ignored by historians as he was either overshadowed by the larger than life Captain John Smith or just didn't have enough "explosions, sex scenes and controversy" that mainstream Americans prefer as part of stories. Ironically, he might have been even more ignored or even forgotten altogether if it wasn't for the glowing way with which Captian Smith always mentioned Gosnold, even attributing him as the "prime mover" behind the founding of Jamestown.



*Gravemarker of Captain Gosnold at Jamestown.*

By all accounts, Gosnold took good care of his crew, treated

the first peoples he encountered with common courtesy and kindness and was an overall decent fellow. Assuming you aren't one of those who considers spreading the word about the New World so that criminals would follow as a proper crime, his only real crime was being somewhat normal and average.

Perhaps, if he was genocidal, murderous, a rapist or a pedophile, he would have gotten more mention. America loves to love, but it also loves to hate and they sure have a deep love affair with their villains. Gosnold's crime was that he didn't commit any, so he has been tossed by the wayside.

Though, funnily enough, he has his own Twitter page where he drops puns, nerd humor, and utilizes modern jargon where he regularly "EVISCERATES" and "DESTROYS" in "BRUTAL" fashion to use the clickbait headlines so popular today. You'll come across gems like "Finna throw some fists!", "Getting kinda hungry. Boarding the next ship out.", "Turtle for breakfast again.", "Halfway there and realized I forgot my bible??" and "Getting bored of my crew.. ugh."

Whether your view of Bartholomew Gosnold is one that portrays him as a cog in the wheel of genocidal machinations or that of a businessman and explorer seeking out a better way of life for himself and others, we wouldn't have the America we have today. That means, no Gosnold, no Pilgrims, no America, no New Bedford, no you.

And you're kind of, like, important.

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# Foodie's Guide to Regional

# Gastronomy: Caçoila, caçoula or caçarola

**Series Introduction (Move down if you're familiar with the thread or don't care)**

In this series, we hope to highlight and showcase in as interesting a way as possible, the stories behind our favorite, mouth-watering local dishes. While we'll focus on greater New Bedford and the South Coast, we will occasionally "travel" to places like Plymouth, Providence or even Boston. I will attempt to keep it light-hearted, fun and easy to read. While I can't promise to keep you compelled and pull you along with prose – that would take a professional writer – I will promise to be liberal with the drool-inducing images of these dishes.

I grew up in a Sicilian household where everyone – man, woman, child – was participating in preparing meals. It was a "trick" to get everyone together, talking, laughing and of course, the occasional heated debate. Food was a huge part of our identity, where we came from, who we were. There was something special about the atmosphere that revolved around a meal that we prepared.



This is certainly not unique to an Italian or Sicilian household. Every ethnic group in the country has a proud culinary tradition that they grew up around. You can easily replace “Sicilian” with Irish, Vietnamese, Portuguese, Ethiopian, Greek or anything else. This is why food as a topic is always so popular. We humans love our food and that passion goes beyond the gustatory or taste – we crave the aromas, delight in the presentation, are fueled by the atmosphere, and relish – pardon the pun – discussion about our favorite dishes, restaurants or cuisines.

One thing that is often not discussed – is glossed over, or barely touched upon – is the history or background of these dishes. Now, to some, this conjures up the voice of the guy from the “dry eyes” commercial. The terms, for many, are synonymous with “boring,” “dull,” or “It’s time to go.” However, the background can be interesting, fun, or funny and

it can be so without being facetious, dumbed-down or popular. I will make every attempt to maintain a fresh balance with those elements in this series.

As always, feedback is encouraged. Anecdotes are wanted. Discussion is paramount. **Please** join in!

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Want to get into a fistfight? Tell someone that they are flat-out wrong about the best local spot to get caçoila and that your spot is the best. We here on the SouthCoast are rabid about our caçoila and where to go to get it and here in New Bedford, we'll punch a Nazi in the mouth, I mean, we'll punch someone that tells us some really bad place is the best place to get it. It'll be like the "Red Wedding" scene.

I don't want to even ponder the sheer terror of the concept and reality that there are millions upon millions of people across the country or even the world, that simply never heard the word or...gasp...ever tried caçoila. Clearly, these poor souls were horrible people generating dark karma over thousands of lifetimes during countless kalpas to receive such punishment.

For the rest of us, we know caçoila. Oh, we **know** caçoila. **Our** caçoila.



In fact, we know it so well, many have no problem changing New Bedford nickname from the “Whaling City” to Caçoila City. Seriously, whaling is dead, harkens back to a time when we slaughtered the poor things almost to the point of extinction, and no one really cares to call it by that name. It’s a dead name like the industry.

Caçoila, on the other hand, is alive and well. Let’s have it, Mayor Mitchell, we were the Whaling City, then that died and we became the City Of Light. Who even calls New Bedford “The City Of Light”? Caçoila City has such a nice ring to it.

While you’ll find few people that will offer much disagreement and little to no fight when it comes to the fact that no one, and I mean no one, makes caçoila better than our avó or vovó or if you aren’t Portuguese, you’ve had it at someone’s house that is Portuguese. Where the disagreement comes from is where else to get it when you don’t have access to vovó’s cooking and when it comes to that there are eateries with decades of

tradition and fans behind them.

Now, I'm not going to tell you where to get the best caçoila – I don't want to have strangers randomly punching me in the mouth or suplexing me while I'm taking out the garbage or getting a coffee – this is about caçoila, its culinary history and culture.

To begin with – for those ghastly souls who aren't sure what caçoila is – generally, caçoila is marinated cuts of pork butt stewed for hours with spices like paprika, garlic, allspice, coriander, cinnamon, bay leaves and wine and/or vinegar. Stewed until tender, tender, tender, “fall-off-the-bone” tender. I say “generally” since some folks like to substitute pork for lamb or beef, and every region and family has their own variety steeped in tradition when it comes to the ratios or even specific spices.



It is this variety which is cause for all the hoopla and disagreement on who makes the best, but truth be told you would really be hard-pressed to find genuinely **bad** caçoila. You are likely just to find caçoila the way you prefer it and dislike or even bad-mouth the other ways. If you still can't picture it, think “BBQ Pork pulled sandwich Portuguese-style

without all the BBQ sauce.”

While you can, of course, find caçoila as a dish with let's say potatoes and onions, some classic Portuguese red peppers, and sides of rice, olives and perhaps a basic salad it is probably the caçoila that reigns supreme in popularity. Using a “pop” or pão of course. Want one of those aforementioned punches in the mouth? Go ahead and make that sandwich with an English muffin, some rye bread, gluten-free, fat-free, cholesterol-free, pro-PaleoKetogenicAtkinsSouthBeachDukan5:2, you Nazi.

The sheer practicality and handiness – pardon the pun – that comes with a sandwich when it comes to the very industrial, busy and blue-collar SouthCoast make it a favorite. You may not have time to seat and eat, you may want to continue to work, perhaps drive (you didn't hear that from me!), keep watching the game on TV or something else. One hand on the sandwich, the other free to do other things.

Also, there is the frugality and affordability: for about \$5 you can get a sandwich with some fries on the side, at the vast majority of local restaurants.

So where does caçoila come from? How many calories does it have? Who invented it or came up with it? What was vovó's that name so we can send her flowers, love letters, and put her in our last will and testament? Well, that's like asking “Who invented fire?” or the wheel, or breathing. It hardly matters. Especially when we can't taste **her** caçoila anyway. We can, however, taste the caçoila from all the living, breathing, vovó's in the area and that's what matters.





If you could find out who made the first and/or had access to that original recipe as if there was some “Ur-Caçoila” it might even turn out to be so unlike **your** favorite way of making it that you wouldn’t like it. And no one is going to tolerate you punching a vovó in the face, pal.

There are significant differences in other Portuguese enclaves around the world anyway. So, if you are prone to being triggered you better not go to Hawaii where the Portuguese there added pineapple and a little ketchup to their caçoila sandwich. There are even sick, sadistic and twisted rumors that you can optionally add avacado. Definitely fascists.

Now, one thing that always puzzled me, and being a Grammar and Spelling Nazi (in spite of making a ton of mistakes in those departments myself) and even irked me being a First Worlder, when people would insert an “r” in the word. They would say “caçerla” and I would think “Listen, buddy: we are in the land hating on the letter ‘r.’ We lop it off of the ends of words, we skip its existence in the middle of words, we just don’t like that letter – it’s ‘pahk’ not ‘park’, it’s ‘tahtah’ sauce not “tartar” sauce. So what possessed you to add one where there isn’t one?” Why are you coming at me, bro?

I get the same feeling when I pour my bowl of cereal and find out there is no milk. It's pure rage. I take it out on people by replying to "Have a good day!" with a "No thanks." or "No one tells me what to do."

Anyhow, it turns out I am a miser, curmudgeon, a cranky old man because that mysterious 'r' that seems redundant turns up in certain regional Portuguese dialects where you will see the word as **caçoila**, **caçoula** or **caçarola**.

Damnit. I wanted to hear myself complain.