



Pam Tavares

My father was born 103 years ago on a farm in Dartmouth, out on Copicut Road. His parents bought the farm when they came here from St. Michael's in the Azores. My mom came from Fall River, where she grew up on a beautiful corner lot with a garden and yard. Her parents came here from St. Michael's also. I grew up at the corner of North Hicksville and Copicut Road in a house that my grandfather had bought. It was a two tenement, and many of my father's older siblings had lived there when they got married until they could save and purchase a home of their own.

My dad had 13 siblings. Two twins died when they were about three years old, and my uncle Joe died in World War II. There is a plaque in the library in Dartmouth commemorating this. My grandfather had a cottage on Gooseberry Island that survived the '54 hurricane.

My father left the family farm to go get him when he heard about the impending hurricane. He got to Westport, but the police made him turn around. Luckily, my grandfather's cottage was one of the few left standing. Him and another family, whose cottage slid into the Atlantic Ocean, rode out the storm together in my grandfather's cottage.

The cottage now sits on Third Street in Westport. After the hurricane, you could no longer have houses on Gooseberry Island. I remember my [foreign language 00:01:52]. I was five when he died. My dad said he could not swim, but he loved the water and had a boat called The North Star. I found a picture with my grandfather standing beside his boat. I love the water, too. I guess I get it from him because no one else in my family seems to. I ride by the cottage often, as it brings me great comfort to see it because my grandfather actually passed away there, but I know he passed away in a place where he was truly happy. I still miss him, even though it has been over 60 years.