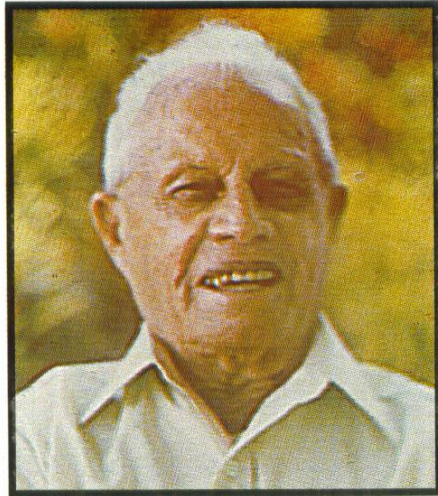


In Memoriam



Gustave Jean Quetel

· 1905 - 1991

Viewing . . . 8:30 - 9:30 am  
John Thomas Memorial Chapel  
Service . . . 10:00 am  
St. Anne's Chapel  
Friday, July 5, 1991  
Interment at Western Cemetery

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## Survivors

WIFE  
Nulcia Quetel

SONS  
Augustin Quetel, Edwin Quetel  
Ralph Quetel, Axel Magras, Rene Quetel

DAUGHTERS  
Julianna Greaux, Lena Greaux, Rita Greaux  
Lillian Magras, Eleanor Magras, Lydia Picayo

BROTHER-IN-LAW  
Amor Quetel

DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW  
Florence Quetel, Cecilia Quetel, Elizabeth Quetel  
Marie Magras, Teresa Quetel

SONS-IN-LAW  
Sebastien Greaux, Philippe Greaux  
Clement A. Magras, Mario Picayo

Forty-one Grandchildren, 30 Great-Grandchildren  
many other nieces, nephews, relatives and friends.

## Pallbearers

Augustin Quetel, Rene Quetel, Edwin Quetel  
Ralph Quetel, Axel Magras, Steven Magras  
Sebastien Greaux, Clement A. Magras

## Honorary Pallbearers

Armor Quetel, Philippe Greaux, Mario Picayo, Rene Danet  
Roy L. Schneider, M.D., Sylvester MacDonald, M.D.



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# Eulogy



*This eulogy was written and prepared by Maureen T. Magras, one of Gus' grandchildren and will be read by Jean Greaux, Jr., in her absence.*

## A Personal Tribute to My Grandfather, Gus

Family and friends: Today we are gathered together to mourn and to bid farewell to a man - a simple man whose quick and silent departure from our midst signifies the passing of a legend.

It is with deep sorrow and a profound sense of loss that I address you here today, but I am privileged and honored to eulogize my grandfather, Gus, a great man whose life and character was truly the stuff of which legends are made.

A man of few words, he was seldom seen without a big smile for friends as well as strangers. His love, dedication and commitment to his family was matched only by his capacity for hard work. Short of stature, his heart was taller and wider than he was and he always found it difficult to refuse anyone a favor.

He will perhaps best be remembered for the durable nylon twine belts that he made for his family, and virtually everyone who asked him, from the Governor to his personal physician, to the simple man like himself whom he counted among his friends. Every knot in every belt was made painstakingly by hand and often took just two or three days to complete; he seldom, if ever, charged for such expert craftsmanship. Each belt came with a life-

time guarantee, as evidenced by the fact that the belts all outlived him. An avid fisherman from the age of 9, his love of the sea spanned a sailing and fishing career of over seventy years, as he still continued to go on the sea long after he had retired.

His love of the sea was infectious, and easily transferred to those around him. He was a wealth of information on any topic that dealt with fishing and his stories would make even the smallest children open their eyes in wonderment.

As children, we would often sit down and try to guess how big of a mountain it would be if he made a huge pile of all the fish he ever caught. Another question we always asked him was how many pounds of fish did he think he'd eaten in his lifetime. He'd always laugh and shake his head and admitted he didn't know.

A dedicated father and husband, he never failed to provide for his family and always had time for them. No matter how many questions we asked him he never chased us away as we'd sit and watch him clean fish and would try to help.

I'll never forget the day I called him long distance and asked him how to rig a handline to go fishing in a Michigan Lake. He couldn't stop

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laughing when he found out that I didn't even know what a swivel was.

Aside from fishing, one of his favorite pastimes was playing his accordion, and he looked forward every year to the Christmas season and the family get togethers for the celebration of his birthday on January sixth.

He was truly the life of the party and we couldn't wait for the first person to get up and pull him onto the dance floor. He loved to dance, and would take turns dancing with his daughters and granddaughters and whoever felt brave enough to try and match his two step. Yet on that same day, I witnessed what will always be my fondest and most cherished memory of my grandfather--when he leaned over the side of his chair and began to sing "Sweet Violet" to my grandmother. That memory is enshrined in my heart and will be cherished always.

To his wife, my grandmother, Nulcia: may you find comfort and solace when you remember that beautiful tribute, and may the 64 years of married life that you shared with him sustain you in your grief, for you knew him best of all. May your children always serve as a happy reminder of the fruits of your love and marriage.

To his children, my aunts and uncles, you are privileged to be the progeny of a man who served as the

true embodiment of the old patriarch--the strong and dedicated family man and founding father. He was many things to many people, but most of important of all he was a simple man and he lived a simple life. Live your lives as he did, with zest and gusto -- do not be afraid of tomorrow. You need only look to each other and find that part of him that lives in each of you and that will sustain you, for you are his legacy.

To all my cousins, his grandchildren and great-grandchildren -- let us remember the most important lesson he ever taught us; age is honor and respect and will open many doors. We must never forget our parents, but most of all, we must never forget him, for we too are his legacy.

To all our friends who mourn with us here, we thank you for the honor of your presence and for your share in our sorrow as you pay your last respects today.

And finally to you, my beloved Grandfather Gus -- I thank you for being a surrogate father to me and my brothers and sisters in the absence of our own father; I thank you for sharing with me your love of music, the accordion, and the sea; I thank you for that part of yourself that we hold in each of us, but above all, I thank God for you, and may He hold you always in the palm of His hand until we meet again. I will never forget you.

"... Here he lies where he longed to be. Home is the sailor home from the sea ..."

(Robert Louis Stevenson  
- Requiem)



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## Gustave Jean Quetel

January 6, 1905 - June 29, 1991

Gustave Quetel was born on January 6, 1905 on St. Thomas. Growing up in the fishing community known as Carenage instilled in Gus a natural love for the sea, which was to last a lifetime. He embarked on a fishing career at the age of nine. As there was keen competition among fishermen at that time, Gus took any available job to supplement his small income. In 1927, Gus accepted a job as mess boy on board the naval vessel "Greeb," a job which lasted six years. Upon his return to St. Thomas, Gus resumed his fishing career, but supplemented his income by working as a laborer at the West Indian Company. Shortly thereafter, Gus sailed on the vessel "Hard Jack" for seven months, sailing as far north as Connecticut. Upon his return home, Gus worked for a year on the construction of the Crown Bay docks and subsequently worked for the U.S. Army as a civilian for two years. Gus returned to fishing on a full time basis in 1947 until his retirement in 1981.

During those hard and dedicated years, Gus developed professional skills in all methods of fishing, such as bottom and tide fishing, rodding, trolling, seining, longline, turtling and pot fishing.

Gus mastered the art of knitting and mending all types of nets and seines and was highly skilled in the making of fish traps from wild vines and sticks, as well as coarse plaited wire and the more modern chicken wire. He also weaved his own rope for setting traps and hauling seines.

Gus maintained the rank of Best Captain when sailboat racing was popular in this community. It should also be known that Gus was part owner in the first outboard engine equipped boat in Frenchtown, which greatly enhanced their yield. He was the owner of the very first diving mask which gave him a clear advantage in spotting whelks and lobster along the Virgin Islands shoreline.



Gus was also a member of the first and only cricket team from Frenchtown, "The Speak Easy." He always demonstrated a love for music and for many years was a member of the Frenchtown Troubadours.

The Seventeenth Legislature, at the urging of Senator Virdin C. Brown, lauded Gus Quetel's contributions to the fishing industry in the French village by naming the newly renovated fishing center in his honor. A permanent monument was constructed on the southern wall of the facility bearing the name "Gustave Quetel Fishing Center." The resolution honoring Gus for his dedication and contribution was approved by the Seventeenth Legislature in December, 1986.

At the time of his passing a week ago, Gus had just completed one of his examples of fine craftsmanship in the form of a tightly knitted twine belt for his youngest son, who recently relocated to St. Thomas. He left another belt unfinished, by his untimely passing, this example of Gus' talent was earmarked for a young child whom he had not met. Although his passing marks the end of a legacy.

His talents and abilities in the fishing industry has been well divided among his sons and grandsons, and his craft of belt making had been handed down to a grandson - one that he had grown closer to since he assumed the role of not only grandfather but also that of father more than 12 years ago.

Gus' life here on earth ended peacefully at 1:12 am Saturday morning, June 29, 1991. Although he led a simple life, devoid of many luxuries and material goods, Gus lived a rich life which gained him the respect and admiration of not only his peers, but the younger generation. His departure from our midst marks the beginning of a new life for Gus: Our father, grandfather, confidante and close friend. While we mourn our loss we are confident that Gus is today seated at the right hand of the Father.

May he rest in peace.