

Betty Richards: The recording is the property of the Tales of Cape Cod Incorporated, and it cannot be reproduced without the written consent of the Tales of Cape Cod Incorporated. May 1, 1978, Betty Richards visiting with Captain Joseph Oliver of Provincetown, Massachusetts. What is your full name?

Joseph Oliver: Joseph F. Oliver.

BR: What was the date of your birth?

JO: September 20, 1902.

BR: Where were you born?

JO: Provincetown.

BR: And what did you just say? That fishing is in your blood?

JO: Yes, you take most fishermen; you find that they will start, and it gets in the blood. It's in the blood; they're born with it, no doubt. It's just you keep going on it. It's a happiness.

BR: And when did you first start fishing?

JO: Started when I was sixteen years old.

BR: And what were you doing?

JO: I was one of the crew then; this is trap fishing. And then, at eighteen, I was skipper.

BR: You were crew of a trap fishing boat?

JO: Yeah.

BR: Can you tell me about that?

JO: Well, that was the same boat, only it was a different skipper then. And then when he left, I took over, took charge.

BR: Well, how would you start the day out?

JO: Oh, you'd get up early in the morning and then go out there, all according to the amount of fish you caught and what you were able to sell and all that. Sometimes you'd get through early. Other times it's catch fish all day. Sometimes you get one or two loads. See, in good weather, your boat would hold a hundred to a hundred and twenty barrels of fish, two hundred pounds in a barrel. [inaudible] fish [inaudible].

BR: How big was the boat?

JO: Well, it's about thirty-eight, but they built larger boats afterward. And then some were smaller than that. They went down to thirty-four and thirty-five.

BR: What kind of fish did you catch?

JO: Oh, you started out in the spring, like you'd catch sardines, which is baby herring. Then you'd catch large herring. From there, you'd go to whiting, which they call a silver perch. Then mackerel would come in and stripe. Then you'd catch tuna fish and squid, and before you know it, the fall of the year would come, and then you start catching mackerel again and herring and all that. So that was about it there.

BR: Did you bait the traps?

JO: No, you never baited any traps. No, you just had leaders with these poles, and your nets led the fish into these traps. I never used any bait.

BR: Tell me, did you make your own nets?

JO: No, they were machine-made, but we had to do an awful lot of hand mending, torn holes, and all that. Sharks would rip our nets, and they'd get torn up.

BR: How far out were these traps?

JO: We'd go off along the beach up to seven fathom of water. That's forty-two to forty-five foot of water, your deep traps. Then you'd come inshore to thirty foot.

BR: What would you do when a shark got in your net?

JO: Well, of course, you'd have to kill it the easiest way you could without the – getting their teeth into the net and tearing the net all apart. You see, they'd twist and turn, a shark with the teeth in them that they have. If you don't watch out, they will grab a whole bunch of net, and they'll tear it all to pieces, which meant you had to put another patch in.

BR: How would you kill it?

JO: Oh, you had to kill it with a hatchet. You had to use a knife to cut the jaw so the jaws wouldn't cut the twine.

BR: How could you get that close to it?

JO: Well, you'd be at the side of the boat with a long-handled gaff, gaff with a hook on.

BR: How big were the sharks?

JO: Oh, they'd go anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred [inaudible]. Some of them were what we call shovelnose shark and sand sharks. Mackerel sharks were the smallest. Mako sharks weren't so bad.

BR: How would you get the shark out of your nets after it was dead?

JO: Well, we cut a hole and let it go. If it's high tide, we'd try to get it over the boat, over top of it.

BR: Would it go out to sea then?

JO: Oh, yeah, of course, a lot of them got killed when we got through with them.

BR: How do you go about building a weir?

JO: Well, that's a lot of work too. It would cost a fortune today. You got to have hickory poles.

BR: Is that how you did it in the old days, hickory poles?

JO: Come from Connecticut Valley, then you had to drive them. Then you'd have to put all these nets on to lead the fish into the trap.

BR: What do you mean drive them?

JO: You'd drive them with water power, water pump, and hose and tie a nozzle on the end of a pole and start your pump after you got it placed. Pressure of that water would drive the hole into the bottom of the ocean.

BR: How many poles did you need?

JO: Around sixty, seventy-five poles in a trap, and you had four traps.

BR: How big of an area did that cover?

JO: Huh?

BR: How big of an area did a trap cover?

JO: Well, the area would be – it would vary all according to where you were and how close you drove your poles to lead the fish into the trap. It'd go anywhere from – oh. I don't know, half a mile from end to end.

BR: And how wide?

JO: Oh, it's only one hook. Mostly it was [inaudible] bottom where we caught the fish. These other nets just led them in, single, with a [inaudible]. It's hard to explain if you didn't know it.

BR: Then what would you do in the fall with the weirs?

JO: Fall, we would haul them up and put our net in and haul our boat and scallop. And then, in the wintertime, we would repair them, nets, rope, and everything. Get ready for the next year.

BR: And at sixteen years of age, what did you do in that operation?

JO: What?

BR: When you were sixteen, what did you do?

JO: Well, I was one of the crew then.

BR: And what did the crew do?

JO: They did the same thing, but you had different jobs, that's all. Like, the skipper had a job, and the crew has another job. Certain crews has different jobs.

BR: What would be some of the different jobs?

JO: Well, would be a bowman; he'd be in the bow, take care of the bow. Be a sternman, be an engineer, and midships, there'd be men to take care of midships or the fish. It was generally five to six men.

BR: How would you get the fish into the boat?

JO: We'd haul everything by hand until the winch came into use. That was later on.

BR: You know what year the winch came in?

JO: Gee, I don't know. Quite a while ago.

BR: Tell me how you hauled it in by hand.

JO: Just used [inaudible] strength and stupidity.

BR: What kind of a net was that?

JO: That was what we had called a [inaudible]. It was a big net, and you tripped it after you hauled it aboard, and the fish would come out the bottom of the rings. Had rings on it.

BR: What do you mean you tripped it?

JO: We had a trip line on the handle of the [inaudible].

BR: Would it open up at the bottom of it?

JO: And you'd trip it yourself and then hand [inaudible].

BR: How big was that [inaudible] net?

JO: Hold about a barrel, two barrels of fish sometimes. Hold as much as you wanted to pull.

BR: How many men operated that?

JO: As I say, there was about five of us to six men on each boat.

BR: On the net, operating the net?

JO: Yeah, we all [inaudible].

BR: How did you decide what location to put a weir?

JO: Well, there were grants issued to us by the state and government. So we had to use these same grants, and we paid a certain percentage of our stock each year to the state and government for using them.

BR: Percentage of your take?

JO: Yeah.

BR: So when you brought your fish in and sold them to fish dealers, where were they sent from here?

JO: Central Boston and New York. But generally, if they were cheap, they're not worth shipping. We'd sell to our cold storages. That's when they froze them. And they sold the food fish then in the wintertime out west. And then the bait, of course, they sold to these fishing vessels and all these baiters, Italians, during the spring and fall.

BR: Do you remember how much fish was selling for then?

JO: Huh?

BR: How much was it selling for? What was the price?

JO: Oh, there was no stable price. You'd see fish like today; it's supply and demand. You'd come in today, and if you had a load of fish, it'd be worth a lot of money. If you didn't watch out, you'd go to the market, and you wouldn't make enough to pay the expense of shipping them. So you had to sometimes – well, that's when the cold storages came into a lot of good use. When the fish was cheap, well, we sold to them. Otherwise, we couldn't make any money by shipping them.

BR: How often did you empty the weirs?

JO: We'd go every day. Sometimes you couldn't empty a weir in a day. Other times, if you wanted to gamble, you'd lock it up and wait till everybody else took their fish out. Then you'd unload yours and get more money for it. But it was all a gamble, so you'd win, and then you'd lose sometimes.

BR: How many weirs did you have?

JO: We had four.

BR: And how many boats?

JO: Just one.

BR: What was the name of your boat?

JO: (*Esther Charlotte?*).

BR: And what does Charlotte mean?

JO: What?

BR: Did you say Charlotte meant something?

JO: Charlotte is my half-sister.

BR: Did you usually name your boats after women?

JO: Huh?

BR: Did you always name your boats after women?

JO: Well, generally. Some didn't have any names, only numbers. Fishing industry was controlled by the Yankees; it was [inaudible] style. They were the first settlers here, and then they owned all the property, all the boats and storages and everything else, stockholders and all such things as that. My company was owned by the (National Track?), and that was controlled by the Provincetown Cold Storage Company. They made a hundred percent of their money practically for years and years.

BR: You said your company was owned by them? You worked for them?

JO: Yeah. If it was up to me, it happened to be that I was the only one that had the power to sell my own fish. That's when I had to compete with Atlantic Coast Fisheries and all that crowd, which was quite a job because they controlled the supply. They had all the boats.

BR: [inaudible] refrigeration, ice.

JO: Well, it was ammonia.

BR: Ammonia?

JO: Ammonia.

BR: And what else?

JO: Well, there's condensation, and all of this stuff is happening in pipes running along to each storage room and all that. I don't know, [inaudible] freeze came in. Same idea, principle – quicker. It froze the fish and kept the flavor of the fish in. The old rig, it took us longer to freeze it. So we lost some of the flavor of the fish.

Q: Do you remember when that happened, the quick freeze?

JO: Well, that wasn't really too long ago. That was, I'd say, Second World War, something like that.

BR: How many years did you work on weirs?

JO: I spent the best part of my life, about twenty-four, twenty-six years, something like that.

BR: So you started in 1918.

JO: Yeah. We took a lot of people with us, as I say, Ernie Pyle and the governor of Massachusetts, Maurice Tobin, and all that crowd. We took just the plain and people that were well known. They didn't even – didn't make any difference. We took everybody.

BR: What do you remember about Ernie Pyle?

JO: Well, I thought he was the most [inaudible] friends of his, he and his wife. I think he was one of the most humane people I ever met. You never figure that he was – he was at the time working for *Scripps-Howard* magazine, syndicated. And you'd never judge that he was [inaudible] to that extent.

BR: And he wrote stories about you, right?

JO: Yeah, he wrote stories about my fishing and everything else.

BR: And where were they published?

JO: They were published all through the country. He was working for *Scripps-Howard* then. Later on, he started going on his – I guess on his own, I don't know. He was shot down and killed. I don't know if he was on his own or not then.

BR: Can you tell me what he wrote about on his trip to Provincetown?

JO: Well, he was always interested in the artists of Provincetown and just the main industry of each town he went to. But to look at he and his wife, you'd never, ever suggest or think [inaudible] type to write at all. [inaudible] person. And they talked that way too.

BR: Can you remember anything about that day that you went fishing with him?

JO: Well, yeah, he tells in the write-up there. It happened we didn't have much luck that day. It was thick of fog, and we only had probably enough fish to eat. But he caught onto the idea, and he got the general use and then an idea about how we caught fish and sold it and what we got for it.

BR: You said it was foggy.

JO: Yeah.

BR: Was it rough?

JO: Wasn't too rough that day, no.

BR: Was he a good sailor?

JO: Oh, yeah.

BR: Who are some of the other people you took out fishing?

JO: Oh, there's so many that I could never remember half of them now.

BR: The mayor of Boston?

JO: Yeah. I took the mayor of Boston with his crowd, lawyers, and God knows who.

BR: What was the mayor's name?

JO: [inaudible] Gene Hudson. He's dead, too, now. He used to be a judge on the Cape here [inaudible]. We took him with the governor.

BR: And what was the governor's name?

JO: Maurice Tobin.

BR: Did you have a lucky day that day?

JO: Well, we did pretty well that day. We caught a lot of tinker mackerel, baby mackerel. We took them down to the inn and had a regular tinker breakfast.

BR: What's a tinker breakfast?

JO: Fried tinkers.

BR: What else do you have with it?

JO: Well, just regular breakfast, coffee, and all that stuff. Us kids, when we had the time and all our chores tended to, we'd always – one of us lived on the beach. And there was clams and quahogs and everything, all kinds of shellfish all along the beach anywhere you go.

BR: What did you do in the winter?

JO: In the winter? Well, we managed then to go skating and stuff like that. But we had to do all these chores. They had a wood and coal business and sifting the coal and saving all the coal from the fires and all that stuff. We always had all kinds of jobs to do as kids.

BR: How did you sift the coal?

JO: What?

BR: How did you sift the coal?

JO: Oh, we had a regular sifter, coal sifter.

BR: What did that look like?

JO: Oh, just a round, same like – well, you sift, like sifting sand. So the ashes would go out through, and then you'd pick out the coal by hand. You don't know what a coal sifter is?
[laughter]

BR: What are some of the other chores you had?

JO: Well, chores, we always had – fall of the year, we had cranberry bogs here. We'd always have to get together. It was sort of a picnic for us kids. We'd take lunch with us and a horse and team and go out close to the sand dunes and pick cranberries. But then again, sometimes we didn't make too much on cranberries to sell. It was so cheap. They were never known and popular those days. All you did was have cranberries at Christmas. Now you have cranberries all the time, juice, and everything else.

BR: How old were you when you picked cranberries?

JO: As soon as we could get underway and use our hands, just like blueberries. Yeah, we were poor, but we were a happy poor.

BR: Was there a market for blueberries in those days?

JO: Oh yeah, we'd sell them. Five cents a quart.

BR: Who would you sell them to?

JO: We'd sell them to the people that had a little money around here. We had people with money too. People that owned the cold storages and all that crowd.

Q: Did you go door to door to sell?

JO: What?

Q: Did you sell them door to door?

JO: Well, yeah, we'd sell them, and then we'd raise vegetables out in the woods here, what we call swamp gardens. We'd sell a few string beans and tomatoes and cucumbers and stuff like that in the cart. See, a lot of the old folks are out [inaudible] and fresh fishing; us kids kept the home going with the women. We had large families and a large table and real homemade food. No matter how poor we were, we ate better than we do today.

BR: Can you tell me about some of those homemade foods?

JO: Well, there was all kinds of soups, like Portuguese green soup made out of kale and Portuguese greens that came from the Azores, which is [inaudible]. And of course, the linguica; that's a smoked sausage, marinated with a little garlic and stuff like that. Fish chowders of all types.

BR: Did your family make their own linguica?

JO: We never did, but some did. It was cheaper to get it from New Bedford, where they really made a wholesale business of doing that. There's quite a lot to it, where you had to smoke it and all.

BR: You said the men were away most of the time. What was it like not having a man around the house?

JO: Well, listen, the mother was the boss. No fooling about it. Yes, when the old man got home, you'd hear about it. We had discipline in the right way. When they said, "Don't do this," you didn't do it. Once in a while, you would get a spanking, though.

BR: That was it, just a spanking?

JO: Yeah, that's right. Yeah, we had a lot of people here and a lot of families, and we had one policeman in the whole town. He was on just days.

BR: Can you tell me about when you were a chaperone for your mother?

JO: Well, she'd go out there and visit my stepfather and –

BR: Where was that?

JO: Out Peaked Hill Bars Station.

BR: How far away was that?

JO: That's three miles from here, through the dunes. You'd have to walk through the dunes and all. We'd go out there, and then they'd invite us for a meal. They were very good cooks, the Coast Guard. Then we'd come home. Sometimes a skipper would let us take the horse and team home with us. We'd get a ride back through the dunes, which is a big treat, to get a ride in a horse and team.

BR: How old were you then?

JO: I must have been about ten, eleven years.

BR: That was about 1912 then.

JO: Yeah.

BR: What else do you remember about Peaked Station?

JO: Well, of course, they were – really worked for the money in those days and hardships. They didn't have the clothing that they have today. Like, now they have everything that's padded and light and weatherproof, more so than those days. Of course, we had snowstorms, and everything [was] so much severe in those times than we do today. When we get a storm today, that's similar to what we had those years often.

BR: About how often?

JO: Well, we'd get them through the winter. You never know. And even in the spring and fall, you'd get a November gale and things like that. That's when your men would get lost on vessels.

BR: Why do you think there are less storms today?

JO: Well, it's just in cycles. I think I find it's coming back again, and if it does, everybody's going to have a spell because they're used to this good winter weather. That was hard weather. We really had a hell of a long draw. We didn't have the heat. Only our heat was down on the first floor, like a coal stove here, that I have here now. Then you had little ventilators. You were loaded with homemade blankets and quilts that they made. The women made quilts in quilting parties and all that. You see, there was always something going on all the time, but it provided for everybody and helped their needs.

BR: What was a quilting party like?

JO: Well, they had these big stretchers, and then they invited all the neighbors together. Then they'd have the cotton batting and then two sheets for the bottom and top of your quilt, and then they'd knit it and keep knitting and talking. That was the party. And then, when you get through, you had a quilt. But cold weather, when you had – you had about four or five quilts on top of you sleeping at night.

BR: Did you have any bed warmers?

JO: Oh, you got – the bed was warm enough, and [inaudible] was kind of heavy.

BR: Did you have soap stones or anything?

JO: What?

BR: Did you have soap stones to warm your bed?

JO: No. The only thing we had up there was a real pot.

BR: A what?

JO: A real pot was the only thing we had up there.

BR: What was that?

JO: That was that, and then we had a –

BR: What was that real pot?

JO: That was what we used in case we had to go through the night. It was too cold to go outdoors.

BR: How many of those did you have?

JO: Oh, one in each bedroom. We had what we call a vanity; it's where you wash your hands and all, with a big platter in each room. There's a name for it; I forget the name. [inaudible] see them around now.

BR: So, did you use the pot just during the night?

JO: Just the night.

BR: So who took care of the pots?

JO: Oh, that was the women's job. The women's job in the morning, every morning. It was the first thing they had to do was clean the kerosene lamps, the chimneys, with newspaper, and then shine the stoves. You had to blacken the stoves each week.

BR: That's the first two things they did?

JO: Each week, they had to blacken the stoves so they'd look nice and shiny.

BR: What did they use to blacken them?

JO: Lamp [inaudible] oil, linseed oil.

BR: And how did they do that?

JO: Oh, you just scrub it with a stove brush.

BR: And what were some of the other things they did?

JO: Well, of course, the old washer. They had the old, galvanized tub that we used to take a bath in, let our feet hang over. Everybody had to save water, and if we had a pump indoors, we were lucky. Lots of pumps were outdoors. We'd have to trip them at night, so they wouldn't freeze in the wintertime.

BR: How do you trip a pump?

JO: Oh, you trip it with a [inaudible]. You just lift your pump up, and then you trip it by hand.

BR: So it wouldn't freeze then.

JO: Yeah, so it wouldn't freeze.

BR: Did it ever freeze?

JO: Oh, it would freeze.

BR: What would you do?

JO: Oh, you'd have to get a new one. Just [inaudible] freeze it up.

BR: You mentioned the baths. How often did you have baths?

JO: Bath. We had the old kitchen range going with that big copper wooden boiler. Saturday night was bath night. Everybody had turns in the living room where the parlor stove was. Everybody had a big, what we call a [inaudible]; it was a big pot of hot water you carried into that galvanized tub. You'd take a bath, and you let your feet hang over. The last thing you wash would be your feet. Then you cuddle up the best way you could in a galvanized tub; then you cleaned your – washed your feet. But we weren't as dirty as that. We had to scrub hell out of ourselves each day over the sink, cast iron sink in the kitchen.

BR: How long did that bath procedure take? Everybody in the family had a bath that Saturday night?

JO: Well, everybody generally had a bath. Everybody had to, whether you needed it or not. That was a routine. You had an unwritten law. That Saturday night, look out.

BR: What was the social life like?

JO: Well, they had a lot of clubs and associations that the women and men went to all the time when they had the chance. Generally in the winter.

BR: What kind of entertainment would they have at the clubs?

JO: Well, it'd be dancing and playing cards and all such stuff as that. Portuguese dancing and all that.

BR: What kind of games did you people play?

JO: Well, games would be – not too much on games that I remember. Whist and all such stuff as that as far as I can remember. I never was any card player anyway.

BR: Did you have any pets?

JO: Any what?

BR: Pets?

JO: Oh, yeah, we had a dog. Gypsies used to come to town here every spring. They used to stay down Beach Point here.

BR: What came to town?

JO: Gypsies, the regular gypsies. Then sometimes they'd run them out of town because they'd try to steal, I guess, I don't know. And then you'd have the old organ and the old monkey and all such stuff as that. You'd throw them a penny if you had it.

BR: This was gypsies?

JO: No, not the gypsies. When we used to have the salesman come with a bag to sell work clothes and stuff like that. No matter who came, they was always invited for something to eat. You always had homemade bread and molasses and all that stuff, pies. Always invited any stranger to eat with you.

BR: What can you tell me about your pet goat?

JO: I tried to train him, and he was so stubborn that the only way I could train him and make him work is pull his tail. That's the only time he'd go, and he really was stubborn. See, he wasn't a trained goat. We bought him from a slaughterhouse, and was really a wild angora goat. He was pretty when his horns were shined up and everything.

BR: What were you trying to train him to do?

JO: Oh, go around the cart, help me sell the string beans and everything. But sometimes, he'd run away with the cart and all.

BR: How big was that cart?

JO: Huh?

BR: How big was the cart?

JO: Oh, it was one of those Sears Roebuck carts. Held about, I don't know, three or four bushels of vegetables.

BR: And you'd go up and down the street, house to house?

JO: Yeah, had a certain few customers to sell to.

BR: What else did you use him for?

JO: Well, I thought I was going to use him for riding with and all that, but it wasn't much fun riding because he'd run away. As I say, he was a stubborn goat.

BR: You said you used to shine his horns?

JO: Oh yeah, good varnishing.

BR: Why?

JO: They would sort of curl like Christmas candy, and you shine them and sort of wax them.

BR: Just to make him look pretty?

JO: Oh, yeah. Then the fur on an angora goat was nice and fluffy and curly.

BR: Did you groom him?

JO: Oh, yeah. And other times, I didn't, and I'd catch hell.

BR: Did he mind being groomed?

JO: No, yeah, he was all right.

BR: Did he have a name?

JO: I don't believe I named him. I don't think – I think we just called him the goat.

BR: What did you feed him?

JO: Oh, just the regular thing, oats and like we did the horse.

BR: Can you tell me about the clothes you used to wear?

JO: Well, the clothes, of course, we always had all kinds of clothes. As I say, my grandmother was a dressmaker – one of the best. She was the one that went around here and did all the fancy work for the Yankees that were always getting clothes made and everything. See, that's before the stores and all that. They made their own clothes, and she was known through the whole town. That was her job. So my mother raised the family.

BR: What was your grandmother's name?

JO: Fanny Raymond.

BR: Raymond?

JO: Raymond.

BR: And would she just hire out day to day to make clothes?

JO: Oh, yeah.

BR: She'd go house to house?

JO: She'd sew all day and then come home, sew all night. Patience, [inaudible]. God bless her.

BR: What are some of the things she sewed for you?

JO: Well, she even made silk shirts, pants, dress pants, and stuff like that. Believe it or not, I was an altar boy for twenty-odd years. I guess that's why I'm sort of a heathen now; I haven't been to church for a long while. She made all the [inaudible] and the cassocks and everything else. I was the best-dressed altar boy in the Catholic church.

Q: The altar boys had to supply their own?

JO: Well, they did those days. I don't know if they had to or not. But probably she had the pride, her grandson. I imagine that was her –

[End of Track One.]

BR: You said she sewed at night. What sort of lighting did you have?

JO: It was lights like that, only larger, old kerosene. We didn't have electricity until we were way grown up. It was too expensive.

BR: Did she have a machine, sewing machine?

JO: Had an old Singer sewing machine. I can see it now with a pedal, back and forth with your foot, pedal [inaudible].

BR: You said she sewed at night. What would she be sewing at night?

JO: She had a big family. She had, let's see, two, three, four, about eight children. We always had patches. You see, you folks are just way behind the style. We had patches in all kinds, but they were good patches. They had an artistic look to them and everything else. They were really sewed on right, by hand. Today, these patches today, they're just nowhere near as good as what we had.

BR: Where would you have your patches?

JO: Oh, everywhere, knees and on the back and everything else. We hardly threw anything away. Then the rags, we made mats out of. Never throw anything away. [inaudible] you had your mats and everything else, you see.

BR: What kind of mats?

JO: [inaudible] braided rugs and stuff like that and patchwork mats, rugs, and patched quilts. See, there's a quilt there. See this quilt there? On that idea there. Everybody had those. That's what I'm talking about, making the – see the knots they've put in, quilt in. They had a big stretcher, and then all the women get together, and they gab, and they keep knotting. Then when they get through, there would be one, and then the neighbors would have another quilting party. They always had something to eat and all that. It was all work, but good work. Healthy work and helping us with it. That's all [inaudible].

BR: Now I want you to tell me about early Provincetown.

JO: Well, early Provincetown was [inaudible] only a fishing town. That's all we knew was fish. There was only two banks in town. As far as I remember, only two people operated each bank. But there was a lot of people living in this town. Population then must have been at least six thousand people here. That's winter and summer. We had an awful lot hooked up with the fishing, which [inaudible] and boat building and everything combined. So you had quite an operation in the small town.

BR: Can you tell me about the different wharves?

JO: Well, of course, there's so many – too bad I haven't got any pictures of the wharves. As I say, there were wharfs every other hundred yards or so. Just beyond this green motel here, there was a salt fish wharf there and a grand banking wharf that went as far as out [inaudible] wharf's pier. It went out as far as the [inaudible] is now and had Grand Bankers there all the time. See, they go to Grand Banks for mussels, and then come back, and then they'd dry their fish on (flakes?) [inaudible] in the sun and all that. And then they had the windmills and all that stuff. That's before my time. But they made their [inaudible].

BR: How about the refineries?

JO: Refinery? What do you mean?

BR: The oils.

JO: Oil? Well, we had refineries, not too large. And then talk about smell; they really stink up the whole neighborhood and the whole town. But that's what we were used to. Mostly [inaudible] and – not [inaudible] – blackfish oil was mostly what we got here. The whalers brought their own oil in. They didn't do any whaling and bring it in here to try it out. They did that aboard their own vessels. But the blackfish and all that, you [inaudible] all along the shore.

BR: What did they use the oil for?

JO: What?

BR: What did they use the oil for?

JO: Well, of course, that was all [inaudible] for different things, like for your heat and lights and all that stuff. Then you used a lot of – this one company made that fine watch oil out of [inaudible] oil, I think. I don't know, I don't know if it's [inaudible]– I think it was blackfish oil.

BR: What is [inaudible]?

JO: [inaudible] is your small baby fish that you see in these museums now. You train them. [inaudible] We'd catch [inaudible]. We caught a lot in our traps. They were small. They were like a baby. They have a human eye, and you never kill them, and they're a mammal. They're warm-blooded, and you pull them up in your arms, and they'll cry like a baby. You never did have the heart. Those [inaudible] fishermen never killed them.

BR: You caught them in your nets?

JO: Sure.

BR: Tell me about some of the boats that used to come in here.

JO: Well, all kinds and all types of fishermen, from seiners to the fresh fishermen. Then you'd have foreign vessels once in a while come in here, Grand Bankers. Always left here and the

fresh fishing vessel – a lot went off from here too. That was a sight to see them going in and out because [inaudible] sailed.

BR: How about the lumber boats?

JO: And the lumber boats all sailed too. They generally came from Maine; the coal's imported here too. Yeah, they unloaded it by horse and team, horse and [inaudible].

BR: Can you tell me about the S-4 submarine?

JO: Yeah, I remember when that went down.

BR: Do you know what year that was?

JO: Gee, I forget the year now. I was fishing – we had traps fishing [inaudible] the new beach when that went down. Went down on a [inaudible], and it blew northwest for a long while. That's when Secretary [inaudible] was – secretary of the Navy; he came down here.

BR: What happened?

JO: Well, he was on trial here. They have a trial course here, a mile trial course. It's deep water went off here, off the new beach. He was just – the S-4 was on trial and just coming up when *Paulding*, which is a destroyer, was [inaudible] going right by and happened to strike it.

BR: How many people were lost?

JO: I don't know, it was thirty or fifty. She was just on trial. Just been repaired.

BR: Was the ship broken up then? Was it crushed and destroyed?

JO: I guess they found it was – only one compartment that was struck. She was actually nearly buoyant, but not enough to survive.

BR: Can you tell me about the White Fleet?

JO: Well, the White Fleet was in my day. That's when we had [inaudible] along the coast here and the shore rather and swimming beaches, and nights, we'd have searchlights all over the harbor and bands, concerts in the center of town hall and all that. Sailors everywhere.

BR: What was the White Fleet?

JO: That was our Navy.

BR: Why did they call it the White Fleet?

JO: Well, that's because of the fact that they changed it to the color we have now [inaudible] color – gray.

BR: How many boats were out there at one time, the most?

JO: Well, the whole harbor would be filled up with the Navy in summertime.

BR: What year was that?

JO: That's when I was a kid.

BR: And what were the band concerts?

JO: All music from the – then we had nice baseball teams from – we played a lot of Navy baseball games.

BR: What was the name of your team?

JO: Our team was the town team, and the (KFC?) team [inaudible], believe it or not, to get on that monument and jump from dolphin to dolphin. Us kids can remember that.

BR: Dolphin to dolphin?

JO: Yeah, that monument here.

BR: What do you mean, dolphin?

JO: Those top things, they're dolphins. We'd jump from one to the other. Those years, the caliber of the Navy wasn't up to what it is now. We did have some roughnecks in the Navy.

BR: Did you?

JO: But they all got along all right.

BR: What happened [inaudible] roughnecks?

JO: Well, they were just put in the brig, I suppose, I don't know. There weren't too many of those because they had their own patrols.

BR: Can you tell me about Provincetown's town crier?

JO: Well, of course, I was a kid then. He'd go around like I've told you before; he'd go around each week, I guess, or a couple – anything that turned up, any event. He'd go around the whole town ringing his bell and announcing the news. So everybody would know if there was a meeting or what was going on in town. That was a way of advertising.

BR: What was his name?

JO: We used to call him – his last name was Reed, R-E-E-D, I think.

BR: Did he get paid for this?

JO: Oh sure, he was [inaudible] pay [inaudible].

BR: Can you tell me about the horse mackerel?

JO: Well, the horse mackerel [inaudible] horse mackerel ever since I knew him. As I say, they never became popular till the Italians really established the tuna fishing industry here.

BR: Do you know what year that was?

JO: No, that's, I'd say, probably beginning of the Second [World] War or something like that.

BR: When did they start calling it tuna fish?

JO: I imagine that came from the Italians. Yeah, we always used to call them horse mackerel in our days.

BR: How much did they weigh?

JO: They'd go anywhere from fifty to a thousand pounds [inaudible].

BR: Did you catch them in your day?

JO: Yeah.

BR: What did you do with them?

JO: Oh, we'd sell them, ship them. Sell them to the dealers here, five cents a pound and stuff like that.

BR: Can you tell me about the summer people?

JO: Well, the summer people, they generally always have a [inaudible]. The fishing industry actually was a great, great asset to the summer people because they always looked [inaudible] going sailing, fishing, or having their own little boat. That was the whole thing of [inaudible]. [inaudible] they helped too by taking them off a lot of them fishing. It's something that they've never, ever knew before. We took people from out west; they didn't even know what a fish was. They didn't even know how to cook a fish. We'd take them in our homes and give them a mess of fish to eat after we get through fishing, stuff like that.

BR: Did they know how to catch a fish?

JO: Well, I [inaudible] I doubt it. They didn't know how to dress it. We always had to clean and dress them for them.

BR: How would you show them how to fish?

JO: Well, we had to show them by taking them out, and we had to show how to clean them by cleaning them on the boat.

BR: Did summer people come back here year after year?

JO: Well, of course, those days, as I say, all the families practically came back each year. That's why we had a lot of boarding houses those days. They'd stay in the same boarding house. Of course, we always had the old hotel.

BR: What were some of those old boarding houses?

JO: Well, there was [inaudible] house up here, and of course, the old hotels were the Pilgrim House and the New Central House. The Atlantic House was an old establishment. Quite a few.

BR: How did these people get here?

JO: Well, on train.

BR: They were on the boat coming in from Boston?

JO: Oh sure, big treat to see that come in. Blowing the whistle. Another thing too, everybody got – anybody got married in the neighborhood, the cold storage whistles would blow and blow and blow until they got out – the heck got out of sight. Then they'd get on the train, and the train would blow till they got over North Truro. Everybody had a hell of a good time. No matter how poor you were, you got married, and you had a few whistles now and then. [laughter]

BR: What were the name of some of those boats that came in?

JO: Well, boats, what do you mean?

BR: From Boston, passenger boats.

JO: Well, it was [inaudible] *Dorothy Bradford* and the *Governor Bradford*. I don't know. The *Longfellow* was the oldest one, I think.

Q: Do you know how long that trip took from Boston?

JO: It took about, I don't know, three hours or something like that.

BR: Would you go down to meet the boat?

JO: Oh, sure. Go down and watch it come in a lot of the time. See the crowds and watch it dock. Seeing a November gale in '98, that's when the Steamer *Portland* got lost off here. They picked up body after body and stateroom doors and all of that. There was quite a few stateroom doors in town. And picked up a lot of stuff, like lard and butter. It was headed for Portland out of Boston. She evidently went off [inaudible] between Race Point and Peaked Hill Bar somewhere [inaudible].

BR: You mean you said stateroom doors?

JO: Yeah.

BR: What did they use those for?

JO: Well, they carried passengers too.

BR: I know, but the people that have them in their homes now?

JO: Yeah.

BR: They were the size of a regular door?

JO: Yeah, small doors, just panels [inaudible] panel.

BR: What are some of the other things that were used to build homes from wrecks?

JO: Well, I couldn't really tell you. There's all kinds of wood picked up from old shipwrecks. I got a paper cutter out there made out of a Portland [inaudible].

BR: Can you talk about some of the artists?

JO: Well, that's the [inaudible] I know [inaudible] of course, these other new artists, like the [inaudible] as all, they're all new to me. I know them. But they're the first ones – of course, writers like Susan Glaspell she came [inaudible] died here. I don't know. [inaudible] and all that crowd.

BR: Susan Glaspell?

JO: Yeah.

BR: Was she an artist?

JO: She was a writer [inaudible].

BR: A writer. Do you remember any of the things that she wrote?

JO: No, I don't really. No, I don't really know what she wrote. She was well known. John [inaudible] lived right down the street here with his wife. He was quite a writer.

BR: Who were some of the painters that you knew when you were a young boy?

JO: Painters? Well, these are the ones I've been telling you about.

BR: What were their names again?

JO: John (Loff?) and Bruce McCain, George [inaudible], Henry Hensche. I've got a Henry Hensche in one of my bedrooms there, charcoal drawing.

BR: What year did they come here?

JO: It goes back to – oh, I'd say around the First [World] War sometime. They've been here quite a while. They've been here so damn long that we call them natives. So that's a little while.

BR: Were they accepted when they came here?

JO: Hmm?

BR: Were they accepted when they came here?

JO: Well, at the beginning, we felt sorry for them because they were poorer than we were. Then we start [inaudible], and then we took them in, and then we just lived with each other and took care of each other. That's all there was to it. They ate plenty of fish, and plenty of lobsters, [and] so did we.

BR: Do you remember Eugene O'Neill?

JO: I remember him, not enough to speak to. But as a child, I remember him because he was older than me. He was a great swimmer out there in the Atlantic Ocean off Picket Hill Bars, he and his crowd.

BR: What was Picket Hill Bars?

JO: Picket Hill Bars, that's the name of the station and the bars that run off of the shore there. Supposed to be the graveyard of the Atlantic.

BR: Did he live out there?

JO: That's the old station, the old Picket Hill Bar station that he bought. And that's where he wrote most of his stories. See, the government condemned the station because of erosion. The sea was getting up too close to it. So they built a new one back further. So my stepfather was in the other one, and they were good friends with Gene O'Neill. All that Coast Guard crowd which are all gone now.

BR: Do you remember Harry Kemp?

JO: Oh, sure. We had meals with him and everything else. He was quite a guy.

BR: What was he known as?

JO: He was the poet of the dunes.

BR: Where did he live?

JO: He lived – he had a shack out on the dunes, and he had sort of a shack here in the winter.

BR: Do you remember any poems he wrote?

JO: Well, he wrote quite a few. He had them published too. I had some, but I don't know what happened to them. Did you read part of the nicknames that he wrote?

BR: Can you quote any of those for me?

JO: Huh?

BR: Can you quote any of those for me?

JO: [inaudible].

BR: Do you know them offhand?

JO: No. [inaudible] if you want. [inaudible] town like this noted for nicknames. This is only the beginning.

BR: Why is it noted for nicknames?

JO: Well, it's just that a lot came from the old country, old folks had the nickname, and some even adopted it as their real name because they couldn't write their names – the old folks came from the Azores. Then there's all kinds of nicknames after they got here. So these are all kinds of [inaudible], “With the sun shining bright and the birds at their tunes, Bushy Bill hitched his team and brought home to the dunes Rubber Legs, the lone poet, who was glad to be back to this fine fisher town and his oceanside shack, where, when failure impends, and all things run a-wry, he still had his ocean, his dunes, and his sky; steak, a seldom-filled wish, quite content with a fish that he gets at the wharves for his sole evening dish.” It goes all along here.

BR: You mention some of the customs and traditions of the people from the Azores.

JO: Huh?

BR: You mention the customs and traditions of the people from the Azores. Can you tell me about some of those?

JO: Well, I don't know –

BR: Your family traditions?

JO: Well, of course, you see the fishermen, no matter who you are or what country you came from, they actually are supposed to be or are harsh people because of the ocean. You have to be harsh because your voice and the sound and everything else. You're always giving orders or hollering. Not hollering, but expressions are high. Do you understand what I mean? And to a stranger, it sounds like a harsh, harsh, harsh person. But there was nothing to it at all. Sometimes the harsher they speak, the easier you can handle them [inaudible] way.

BR: How was it when they were on the land? They carried on in the same tone, I suppose.

JO: Oh, yeah.

BR: Were the women accustomed to it then?

JO: What?

BR: Were the women accustomed to it?

JO: Oh, yeah. Oh, always a lot of swearing and cursing and all that [inaudible] it's the language you used, the expressions you used.

BR: What were some of the expressions?

JO: Well, just like out here when you see a [inaudible] here, the old timer always used to say, "Look, it's flat ass calm out there. Things like that. Oh, I don't know.

BR: Do you remember any of those other expressions?

JO: There was all kinds of expressions. Just like you get in an argument and then the other fellow loses, the other guy would say, "Well, I took the wind out of his sails." Such stuff as that. It's a language by ourselves. When we mention it in front of other people, they don't even really know what we're talking about.

BR: What are some of the others?

JO: Trying to remember – a southwest wind is generally the prevailing wind in the summertime. We'll look out here, and it generally blows from afternoon, and in the afternoon, we'll call it a yellow ass sou'wester.

BR: What kind?

JO: Yellow ass sou'wester. [inaudible] we can tell them different directions what way the wind is going to come. Like, these big clouds will come to the sou'west in the early morning, and we'll call them doubleheaders, which means sou'west in the afternoon. You see? It's all that you learn as you go along on the water [inaudible], and it's romantic, but they ain't no goddamn romance [inaudible] out there if you got to go out there and pour your guts out. It's just hard work. But without that, we can't live, and we don't have our happiness. That's what makes me mad now. You get a little older; you can't do it.

[Recording paused.]

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JO: When the S-4 went down, she went down in a nor'west gale, which was – the expression we use is blowing feather white, nor'west wind.

BR: Feather white?

JO: Feather white.

BR: Describe that.

JO: And it blows – that’s when it’s blowing the top of the water right off. [inaudible] I’m getting [inaudible] myself. My hearing is getting a little hard [inaudible].

BR: Can you tell me about when you were [inaudible]?

JO: Oh well, getting back to that, [inaudible] if this holds true, it’s [inaudible] established by this [inaudible] millionaire. He’d sail the seas, and he noticed that every fishing port he went into, the fishermen were always out of luck as far as hardships, not making much money, and tragedy. They were never taking care of their children and their women. So he established this Shaw Fund, which at that time was only eligible for widows and children of the men that were drowned at sea. So that’s where my mother came in for that. I was eligible for it because of my father being drowned before I was born. I collected on that; I think it was five or ten dollars a month. All my childhood, I never forgotten that. It’s still in existence to the extent now that you can’t – everybody and anybody can’t give to the fund because they have money or not. And it’s still as [inaudible] that takes care of more than just the women and the children of today. They’ve extended it to where the survivor or the fishermen that’s still disabled has a chance at it now. I have an uncle that’s being helped by the Shaw Fund now. In fact, I’m hoping if I can leave something before I go nor’west – that’s an expression, don’t forget. When you go nor’west, you know what that means?

BR: No.

JO: The graveyard. And when you go nor’west, I hope I’ll leave a little something for the Shaw Fund. That’s all I have to say, and that’s the greatest thing you can say about any fund established in this country or any country that I’ve known of, and I’ve read a little about all of them.

BR: How long has that been in existence?

JO: It’s been in existence way before my time. You can say I’m over seventy-five years old, and anything happens to anybody that needs – that’s any relation to fishing at all out there, there’s no trouble, there’s no red tape like this government, and there’s no signing a hundred papers to get a stove if you need it. I’m referring to the government; it’s the best government we had in the world today. This government, but to sign all this red tape to get a little lousy something that we deserve. You don’t have to do it. It’s something that you can hardly hear about [inaudible] in a lot of ways.

BR: Is that a national fund?

JO: No doubt, I think it’s national. I think it is national. It’s really a fund that really you take to your grave when you’ve been helped like I have been. Now, here I am situated and being a high liner out there for twenty-odd years. And you’d think so-called getting rich quick on that plane of making money, that you’d forget something like that. But you don’t. You remember a thing like that [inaudible] because of the fact that we were [inaudible] how poor we were and everything else. I mean, they don’t pester you, and they don’t send you a notice, “Please help me of this fund of today.” [inaudible] I know what I’m talking about, to give to that Shaw Fund. They got to know who it is. The only reason why they’ll take from me is because [inaudible] and explain my situation. [inaudible] have accepted it, and that’s that.

BR: And your father was lost at sea?

JO: Lost at sea.

BR: How? Under what circumstances?

JO: That's when they had the sailing dories, the catboats, and they used to go fishing off the race. The tide rips – there's two rips there, where the Atlantic Ocean meets Cape Cod Bay. That was on December the 17th; he was with my uncle. He capsized. He drowned. Never was found. He was only married to my mother for ten days.

BR: What did your mother do afterward?

JO: Well, my mother had to come back and take care of all the remaining family while her mother went out to sew. So she was the boss of her brothers and sisters while her father went Grand Banking and fresh fishing on these vessels.

BR: You mentioned how people helped each other in times of tragedy and need. How did they help each other in those days?

JO: Well, they did always with food and gifts of all kinds. Never any neighbor was in need of food or clothing or anything. It never was advertised. Everybody understood it and accepted it. That was that.

BR: Can you tell me what the holidays were like?

JO: Oh, the holidays, they were – well, we used to have decent parades. They spent a lot more work on parades, like fishing dories in the parades and the old fishermen and everything else. Whereas today, everybody's sort of lost the parade business. Hardly see a parade around here now.

BR: How would they have a dory in a parade?

JO: Well, that [inaudible] dory cod fishing, I had a [inaudible] with a hook on it, and all that stuff displayed [inaudible]. Just [inaudible] clothes and sou'westers, stuff like that. All the old-timers.

BR: What's a sou'wester?

JO: Sou'wester is one of those rain caps that you wore when it was raining and blowing.

BR: What were some of the foods you had at Christmastime?

JO: What?

BR: Some of the foods.

JO: Some of what?

BR: Food that you had at Christmastime.

JO: Well, we had all these – I don't really know too much about them because my folks, they were all for the American style. Call them [inaudible] in – they're all little doughs made up with different – not too much seasoning, but on the idea of sauces and stuff like that and nuts, and they'd have them with their cocktails and drinks and all such stuff as that. [inaudible] and all that stuff.

BR: What kind of toys would you get at Christmas?

JO: Hmm?

BR: What kind of toys would you get at Christmas?

JO: Well, toys, you got mostly, I'd say, clothes and stuff like that. I was I don't know how old before I got a bicycle. Never did get a tricycle. But we had our own fun. See, we made our own kites and all that stuff. We made our own fun. We had our own games to play.

BR: How would you make a kite?

JO: Oh, make it out of just used flour and water for paste, and [inaudible] sticks, you use newspaper. That was the kites. Use bobtails and get line from the fishermen.

BR: Do you remember rum-running days?

JO: Oh, sure. Knew all the rum-runners [and] associated with them. They were a good bunch of guys. It was a fascinating experience for them. Go out and sometimes get caught, and other times, they wouldn't.

BR: What happened if they got caught?

JO: Well, they would very seldom go to jail; they had to pay a fine. They never did catch the big guys.

BR: What would they do with the rum when they brought it in?

JO: What?

BR: What would they do with the rum when they brought it in?

JO: Oh, they'd seize the boat.

BR: What would the rum runners do with their wares?

JO: Well, they'd throw it overboard if they could, if they didn't have the time, or they'd get caught.

BR: They usually find it after they threw it overboard?

JO: What?

BR: Did they find it later?

JO: Oh, the fishermen would pick up a lot of it. [inaudible] Depression, well, [inaudible] a Depression around here. As I say, I've told you before, nobody starved. The thing [is] we didn't make much money. But stuff – food or anything else – didn't cost too much anyway. So we just cut down like everybody else. But we lived better than the cities. There's no starvation or nothing. As I say, we had a poor house here. Was hardly any people that ever stayed or (dined?) in the poorhouse.

BR: Why was that?

JO: Well, they had too much pride to begin with, and families always took care of each other until death. The attitude and everything has changed today. [inaudible]

BR: Okay, go ahead.

JO: You talk about the old privy; of course, we had the old privy, and I've told you that. That privy was wallpapered and painted every spring. With [inaudible] replenished in the new Sears-Roebuck catalog. Then it happened that Teddy Roosevelt, I'll never forget, was president, and my poor grandfather, God bless him, he was very patriotic. He was a sharp [inaudible] man, and he wore suspenders. He went to use the privy. He came out of that privy mad, with his suspenders pulled down. My mother's name was Julia. He talked broken Portuguese, and he says, "Hey Julia, you got the president in there? You take the president out there." Come to find out, my mother had pasted the president's picture inside of the doorway of the privy. He was highly insulted, and that was the patriotism that my poor grandfather, from the Azores, had for his country that he came to.

BR: That was degrading.

JO: "Ah, Julia, the president, you take him out of there." She had [inaudible]. I don't think he ever went back [inaudible] suspenders or anything. Oh, we had a lot of feeling and – I mean, it's [inaudible] fighting and getting ready to fight again and steal. Everything seemed to us it was anyway, or maybe because we're getting older, there's still a lot of good people in the world, and it's still the best country to live in.

BR: Do you ever go fishing again?

JO: No, not now. I had enough of it. You know the old saying, you go out there and get a wet ass and a hungry gut a lot of the time. You get a little older; you don't want to go anymore. Now, there's no more romance out there. Even looking out there, yes, but that's as far as I want to go now. That was a job done every spring and every fall. You had to be careful because those days you had a lot of mosquitoes and flies and everything else, and real rats those days, I can remember. And you had to be awful careful about anything like that, and let me tell you, wine and [inaudible]. You ever hear of that? We bought that by the gallon, and boy, that was for bugs and all that stuff. You had to be nasty mean or else.

BR: How often did the toilet – the privy cleaner come around?

JO: He'd come around twice a year.

BR: How would he clean a privy?

JO: Well, he always had a (backhoe?) hinge on the back of it, all his provisions for that.

BR: And was it – what did he – clean it by hand?

JO: He had shovels.

BR: How much did he get paid for that?

JO: Oh gosh. I couldn't tell you that. It wasn't as bad a job as anybody would think because you had a barrel of lime there, and every time that was used, lime was used too, you see. As I say, when you come to wallpaper and paint a privy twice a year, you can make up your damn mind that it's pretty damn clean. You always had plenty of ventilation. I always used to say, "Gee whiz, [inaudible] going fishing." And the privy seemed like a half mile out, and you'd get up and have your coffee, and boy, oh boy, you run out to the privy and back, you'd get the hiccups before you get back, running back and forth to that privy in a nor 'western cold. That made us tough, though.

BR: [inaudible] contagious diseases?

JO: Oh, the whooping cough, measles, and stuff like that. They put a red [inaudible] on your house so no neighbors, nobody could come in and out. What the hell? The neighbors, what they'd do, there'd be a steady parade – you open the window and then pass the food in and clothes, anything you needed. Of course, we never had canned goods those days. We had a vegetable cellar with everything in. The only canned thing I can remember is condensed milk and paint. I can remember, too, go down, dig a mess of clams as kids, and we'd even boil them in the paint cans. The lead didn't kill us. Sweetmeats. You know those little [inaudible] used to pick them out with a pen. Used to boil those and cook them.

BR: Sweetmeats?

JO: Sweetmeats.

BR: What are those?

JO: They are what we call a conch (wrinkle?)

Q: Like a periwinkle?

JO: They stick on the logs like a snail.

BR: Speaking of whooping cough, did you have doctors around in those days?

JO: Oh, yeah, we had all those doctors. We had doctors more than now come to the home. Lots of doctors wouldn't come to a home now. We had doctor and carriage here, two or three. Once in a while, they'd come on a bicycle. Sure.

BR: Did your family have home remedies of their own?

JO: Oh, all kinds. Skunk grease and all that stuff, yeah. You had a chest cold; you'd get skunk grease. Then, worming in the spring of the year, us kids [inaudible] worms [inaudible] teaspoon of turpentine with a little molasses. Let me tell you, for physics, cod liver oil – and it was straight; it wasn't purified. The real cod liver oil and castor oil. I've taken barrels of that.

BR: Did you make your own cod liver oil?

JO: Yeah, you make your own cod liver oil.

BR: How'd you do that?

JO: You boil the livers from the cod fish. Goddamn, we were always getting wormed.

BR: How did you get your skunk grease?

JO: [inaudible] I know different [inaudible] different ingredients, all these old timers from the old countries. Sometimes I think some of the remedies were better than what we're getting today, all these tranquilizers and everything else they're doping us with. [inaudible]

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Reviewed by Molly Graham 8/17/2022