

**Narrator:** Bill Marinaccio

**Interviewer:** Nancy Solomon

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**Principal Investigator:** Nancy Solomon

**Affiliation:** Long Island Traditions

**Transcript Team:** Fantastic Transcripts and Molly Graham

**Abstract:** In this interview conducted on June 18, 2015, by Nancy Solomon of Long Island Traditions, Bill Marinaccio discusses his father, Captain Carmine Marinaccio, and his life in the charter boat business in Freeport, New York. Bill shares memories of accompanying his father to the docks as a child, helping with boat maintenance, and eventually becoming first mate. Bill recounts numerous anecdotes illustrating his father's dedication to tuna fishing, including taking customers out in challenging weather conditions and turning bluefish charters into thrilling tuna fishing experiences. The interview also touches on the evolution of the charter boat industry in Freeport, especially post-Prohibition, and the fierce competition among captains. Bill describes his father's involvement in environmental activism, particularly against acid waste dumping, which negatively impacted tuna fishing. Captain Carmine's efforts, alongside other boat captains, supported legislative changes under the Clean Water Act. Additionally, Bill highlights his father's ventures into writing, both for fishing magazines and a published book of stories. He also wrote a three-act play detailing the fight against acid waste dumping. The interview concludes with reflections on Bill's own experiences in the fishing industry, influenced by his father's teachings on honesty, financial prudence, and a relentless work ethic.

Nancy Solomon: This is Nancy Solomon of Long Island Traditions. Today is June 18<sup>th</sup>, 2015. I'm talking with Bill Marinaccio of Freeport about his father, Captain Carmine Marinaccio. So one of the first things I'd like to learn about is what some of your oldest memories are of your father and the charter boat business.

Bill Marinaccio: Well, my father used to bring me down to the docks in the off-season when I was a little kid, and I had to help him around, hand him tools when he was working on the engine, and things like that. When I was a little older – I was eleven when I started – he made me second mate or chum boy. A little later that year, I became first mate. He was quite a guy. He wouldn't put up with anything, went out in all kinds of weather, had all kinds of different customers.

NS: How did he get into the charter boat business?

BM: My father got into the charter boat business when he was fairly young. He lived in Long Beach and would hang around the water and find old boats that drifted up. He'd pick them up, fix them up, and go out fishing. He'd go fishing and clamming and fluke fishing, and then he'd come back and sell his fish to people in Long Beach. Then he started. A larger boat one day washed up. It was a small sailboat. He named it *The Atlantic*. He fixed it up, and he started taking people out fishing on the boat. One day, a group came out and wanted to go tuna fish trolling, and my father didn't know anything about it. So they went out in the boat. They went out into the ocean, and they had these lures called Japanese feathers that they trolled behind the boat. They actually started to catch a few tuna fish. My father was amazed at that, and he decided that that would be a good thing to dedicate his life to catching tuna fish like that.

NS: Can you recall some of the experiences that he had going tuna fishing offshore with some of his customers?

BM: You're giving me different questions.

NS: I'm sorry.

BM: He liked tuna fishing so much that – of course, most of the time, we went out tuna fishing, trawling for tuna. Except for one day that I can remember, we were successful on every trip. He was so excited about tuna fishing, he'd had a charter – I remember some charters that would charter the boat to go blue fishing, which was really popular at that time. He said, "The heck with that. We're going tuna fishing." The people said, "What? No, we want bluefish." He says, "You'll be surprised what you want." We'd go out and catch tuna fish, and the people would be really, really happy that they had a wonderful day, something they'd never done before. He had a reputation for catching fish by word of mouth. People started learning that he was one of the best tuna captains around. He was written up oftentimes in the *Daily News* and the *Long Island Press* and *Newsday* and the fishing columns, and people learned about my father that way. He had a lot of business just tuna fishing. There was one day, he had a small group of guys that wanted to go out and catch giant tuna in the mud hole. My father looked at the weather, and it was awfully bad. My father would go out in almost any kind of weather, and he said, "No, we shouldn't go out this day. The weather's just too extreme. Come back next week." So the guys came back next week, and sure enough, the weather was even worse. He

said, “We really shouldn’t go out.” They said, “You damn Freeport captains are a bunch of cowards.” My father said, “Oh yeah? Well, pay me now, and I’ll take you out. “ He made sure he got paid in advance. They went out to the mud hole; it’s usually about a two-hour ride, and they’re going with the wind. It took them about forty-five minutes to get out there with the waves behind them pushing the boat like a surfboard. They went out there, and they put the anchor down. These guys were laying on the deck puking their guts out, saying, “Captain, please take us back home.” So he pulled up the anchor and tried to get back home and going against the wind and the sea; that time, it took them almost five hours to get back.

NS: Boy. Can you describe a little bit about the charter boat scene in Freeport?

BM: Well, the charter boat scene in Freeport really took off after prohibition was repealed. You had a whole bunch of boat captains and boats that were out of business when the rum-running was no longer very good. So they got into the charter boat business. At one time, there were eighty charter boats on Woodcleft Canal in Freeport. My father became one of those boats, and it was like a wild west story. People came from all over the world wanting to catch giant tuna. What they did was they would be fighting each other for the boat captains and the boats to be on, and the boat captains would be fighting each other for the customers they could get. And this went on for a couple of years, actually, until the judge and the mayor of Freeport built the Freeport Boatmen’s Association. They had a central booking office, and it kind of calmed things down a little bit.

NS: That’s great. Can you tell us a little bit about some of the customers he had? Any good stories that you remember about his customers? I’m thinking about the policemen.

BM: Are you going to chop this? Are you going to edit all this, put it together?

NS: Yes.

BM: Because we left out where we discovered the tuna and started –

NS: Well, add that.

BM: The tuna fishing industry in Freeport really took [off] when giant tuna were discovered in the mud hole. The way they were discovered was the charter boats would be out there, and these guys in small fishing smacks would be hand lining bluefish. They’d be complaining about the horse mackerel taking their baits and taking the bluefish off their hooks. The captain said, “What’s a horse mackerel? And they said, “Oh, you should see how big they are.” The guys look around, and sure enough, they were giant tuna. They said, “Well, this is something to catch.” It took them a long time to figure out how to catch them. So with the help of PENN reels and a lot of trial and error, they figured out how to catch them. PENN reels started making large enough reels to catch tuna fish. Oh, this one was good enough for fish up to three hundred pounds. This was called a (twelvo?). Tuna fish came much larger than that. PENN reels made a larger reel. This one’s called a (fourteeno?). This could handle fish up to four or five hundred pounds. But fish were bigger than that. And PENN reels made one actually larger than the (fourteeno?) called the (sixteeno?), which t became a very popular fishing reel. Now the customers on my father’s boat, for the most part, were decent and paid attention, and would appreciate the day’s trip. But sometimes you got a nasty group. One of the worst was – well, in

those days – a group from the New York Police Department. In those days, [they] weren't as disciplined as they are now. They were very rude, loud, taking their guns, shooting their guns off at birds, just being a regular normal pain in the ass. On the way back home one day, they said, "Hey Cap, you know what? We're not going to pay you." So he said, "Oh yeah?" So they got into the bay, and he said to the mate, "Throw over the anchor." So he anchored the boat in the bay, and then he said to the guys, "What are you going to tell your wives when you don't come home tonight?" Then they sort of kind of perked up and paid him, and he took them home.

NS: Can you tell us a little bit about the *Duchess*, the *Duchess II*?

BM: When my father came to Freeport in the early 1930s, he had a boat called the *Duchess*, which was suitable. It was similar to all the other boats. But he was a young Italian, and they didn't like Italians in those days. They didn't like young whippersnappers neither. He was picked on and bullied a lot, but he was able to get by. He really fixed them good. In 1936, when he went to North Carolina and had his own boat built, the *Duchess II* – with that boat, when he brought it back to Freeport, it was the most modern fishing boat in the canal. He took that out. People were really amazed at how good it was. During the construction of the boat, the builder was behind schedule at the time. My father actually went to North Carolina and helped build the boat and finished it off.

NS: That's great. How did he come up with that name?

BM: The name *Duchess* was picked from a song that was popular at that time. It was called – I don't know the name of it, but the tune went something like, "Here comes the Duchess, hooray, hooray. Here comes the Duchess." So he figured that would be a good thing to name his boat.

NS: Can you tell us how your father got concerned about some of the environmental changes?

BM: You're skipping stuff.

NS: I know. It's okay.

BM: When my father had the *Duchess II*, he became one of the most popular fishing captains out there, and he loved tuna fishing, would take tuna fishing all the time. But World War II came along, and it put the kibosh on all the fishing industries in there. Boats were being confiscated by the Coast Guard for use in submarine patrols. My father had to hide his boats so that the Coast Guard wouldn't confiscate it. He had a job working as a dock builder on a construction job that was reinforcing the railroad tracks going to Rockaway Beach. The railroad tracks had to be reinforced to hold ammunition trains when they brought ammunition to Fort Tilden on the Rockaways. Fort Tilden had two great big guns that were to protect New York Harbor from one side, and there was another two big guns on the New Jersey side. That was his main job. But since his boat was about to be confiscated, he went to the Coast Guard and volunteered to use his boat to be on Coast Guard patrol. They said, "Okay, you can use your own boat." So he went out on submarine patrols. He was armed with a .45 caliber pistol. Although he had a small radio on the board, he wasn't allowed to use it. If he spotted a submarine, he was to come back and report it that way. He also worked as a spotter at the Fire

Island Coast Guard station looking for submarines from land. When the war was over, back to tuna fishing everybody went. And it was pretty good for a while until they discovered a stain in the water. The bluefin tuna like clear blue water, and they wouldn't go in stained water at all. They were wondering what it was. They discovered the stain was caused by an acid waste dump by the National Lead Company. This dump would take place every day, and it would be orange at first. Then the next day, it would be yellow, and the day after that, it would be green and spread out. But every day. It was a new fresh dump. It covered almost a hundred square miles at times. It ruined the tuna fishing because the tuna would not come into the mud hole, the school tuna. We would have to go out way much further to catch them. My father started getting the gang together. He had boat captains from Freeport, Babylon, Brooklyn, City Island, Brielle, New Jersey, other New Jersey boats. They would get together and hold meetings occasionally during the winter, trying to figure out how to stop the dumping. They got written up in the newspapers by the newspaper columnists again, all of them from *Newsday* to *The Press*. They found out the permits were given by the Army Corps of Engineers. They said they had to give them permits to dump, which was against the law. But they had to give them permits because they had nothing else to do with this acid waste. They produced acid; it was a byproduct of the cleansing of titanium ore. Titanium was used to replace lead when lead became outlawed in manufacture of paint. Titanium was mined with traces of iron ore in it, and the sulphuric acid produced to get the iron ore out of the titanium, and the waste of iron ore and ferrous sulfate was brought out in a glass-lined barge and dumped into the ocean. This went on for years with many complaints. The Corps of Engineers said one time, "Well, you know this is outside the twelve-mile limit." So basically, lawless. There's no law covering it. So one of the guys said, "Oh yeah? Well, I happen to have a torpedo that was left over from World War II, and if it's lawless, I can go out and torpedo that acid barge, can't I?" "Oh no, no, you can't do that." "So, what can we do?" "Well, you can complain." My father wrote many letters. He wrote a letter to President Eisenhower, which got some response. But it wasn't until President Nixon was elected and established the Environmental Protection Agency [EPA] and formed the Clean Water Act. One of the passages in the Clean Water Act said if it interfered with fishing, then it was illegal. So eventually, we got a hearing. It took a long time, but eventually, we got a hearing from the Environmental Protection Agency, and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration attended. We proved by a study that had been done by a hundred boat captains from the area, that made charts and proved that the tuna fish were deflected from this dirty water because they wouldn't swim in dirty water, and it affected other blue water fish: mackerel, skipjack tuna, albacore, marlin. So they were eventually told to dump the acid at the hundred-and-six-mile dumpsite. The National Lead Company decided to go out of business [rather] than spend the extra money. It wasn't the only thing. There was another pollution problem caused by the dumping of sewage sludge twelve miles south of Long Beach. Now nobody hardly noticed it in 1928 when they first started dumping it. But every year, it got a little worse as New York City, New Jersey, and Long Island built more modern sewer plants; they would have more sewer sludge to dispose of. Until finally, in the 1970s, it was getting to the point where there were seven million tons of sewer sludge dumped in the Atlantic Ocean every year. And this would spread out, would foul the bottoms, smother the mussel beds, keep fish away. Some fish wouldn't come near it for ten miles around. They were no corgis. Sea bass were almost extinct. The clamming was – clamming beds were closed in the ocean for surf clams. Even the clamming in the bay were closed because of the pollution that was caused by the dumping of sewer sludge. Finally, with the help of our Congressman Norman Lent at that time, we were able

to get a hearing and prove once again that it interfered with – sludge dumping interfered with the fishing. One of the commercial boat captains brought in a net, a piece of net that he trawled near the dump site, and it was filled with human hair that didn't dissolve in the ocean as readily as other things. That was one of the big things that they could actually see how it affected fishing. EPA said, "Okay, you can take the sewage and dump it at the hundred-and-six-mile dump site. And so they did. They took it out to the hundred-and-six-mile dump site. Until the big fishing vessels, commercial boats from all over the East Coast, from Rhode Island and Connecticut, from Virginia and North Carolina and Delaware, those boats were out there, and they discovered this foul water. And the lobster fishermen discovered lobsters having decay on their back and stuff. It was awful. So when they started complaining to their congressmen, they had all the congressmen up and down the East Coast complaining. So then, finally, they enforced the law, and there was no more sewage sludge dumping allowed at all in the ocean. This even affected Los Angeles, which had a sewer pipe that ran into the ocean; they were forced to cease.

NS: That's great. Your father also did a lot of writing, both for newspapers as well as other kinds of things. Can you tell us a little bit about the plays and the stories that he wrote, as well as the –

BM: You skipped the bad weather.

NS: You can talk. [laughter]

BM: Well, there were some days we went out – most days were really nice. It was summertime. But occasionally, you'd have bad weather. It couldn't be avoided. Some of the worst was called a white squall – would be a squall line that would come. It would whip up – the water would be churning white, surf, white caps. The rain would be white coming down sideways. You could hardly see anything. It would start to get rough. Just awful. But it would only last ten or fifteen or twenty minutes, and it would pass. But there were worse things too. One time, I remember being out. I was only eleven years old, and we were out catching tuna fish. Just small ones, twenty to twenty-five pounds. A charter that was a bunch of Italians, I knew that, because they couldn't speak English. I was too small to work the deck on the boat. So my father worked the deck, and I was up on top steering. My father would give commands. We'd be going into the wind, and we'd catch a few tuna fish. My father would say, "Okay, turn the boat around and go over the same spot again with the wind." This time, the wind was picking up, starting to rain. The waves were getting big, really big. We'd catch a few more fish, and he'd say, "Okay, turn around and go with the wind." Turning around the boat in those big waves was a little bit tough. You almost felt like you were going to roll over. Well, then we'd go into the wind for a while. It looked like the waves were going to come over the bow. And we'd get a few strikes, he'd holler, "Slow the boat down," and we'd slow the boat down, and they'd pull in the fish. Then we'd continue on. Then he'd say, "Okay, turn around and go with the sea," and we'd go with the sea. It was just terrible turning around. Then we'd catch a few more fish. This went on – turning the boat around, catch a few more fish – and the waves were getting bigger. They looked like they were going to come over the bow. I was only a little kid, eleven years old. I was pretty scared. But when we were done fishing, my father came over and took over the steering, and I felt much better. He didn't seem to mind it at all, like nothing happened until the next day we woke up, and Hurricane Carol had just made landfall. We lived near the waterfront

on – we had to be evacuated from our house, spent the day at the Silver Lake Hotel on Grove Street to ride out the storm.

NS: Wow. Now can you tell us about your father and writing, both fiction and non-fiction?

BM: [laughter] During his time tuna fishing, occasionally we'd have a guy called Bill (Wisner?), who's a writer for a magazine called *Fishing Long Island Waters*. He would write articles about my father and tuna fishing, and he'd occasionally come on the boat with us to go tuna fishing. One of the things he liked to write about was the way my father would be the first – there was always a contest here to see who would be the first captain, the first boat, to bring in the first tuna fish of the year. More often than not, my father was able to bring in the first tuna fish of the year. Bill (Wisner?) liked to write about that. The first tuna was kind of a secret about when he would decide to go. It was usually near the first day of summer, June 19<sup>th</sup> or 20<sup>th</sup>, 21<sup>st</sup> like that. We would go out, one time, at night until we saw the birds, the shearwater that followed the bluefin tuna, and we'd wait until dawn. At dawn, we'd see the tuna fish come to the surface and splashing all over. We'd go trolling towards the school of fish. Before we got to it, we had a strike. We thought we were really into it. But it just turned out to be a mako shark. But we landed to get out of the way. And then we went into the tuna fish – we only caught five of them that day in the fifty pound [inaudible]. It wasn't always the first day of summer. One time, July 4<sup>th</sup> was the first day of tuna. Very late in the season. We went out pretty far looking for tuna fish, and very discouraged, we were coming back home. Until we passed a flock of birds sitting on the water, the shearwaters, the ones that you usually see flying, following the tuna fish, but they were all sitting on the water. We kept going. We were maybe a mile or two miles past them, and I looked back, and I saw all the shearwater flying. I said, "Hey Pop, the birds are flying now." He says, "Oh no." He knew we were going to be late coming back. He turned around, we went back there, and sure enough, the tuna were breaking on the surface. They were chasing squid from the bottom to the top. The shearwater were diving and catching squid – one-pound squid, two-pound squid, the shearwater were catching. That's why they had to sit on the water. They eat one or two of them, and they were full, and they couldn't fly anymore. Well, we caught two fish in the fifty-to-sixty-pound class, and of course, it was dark by the time we got home. But we brought in the first tuna of the year that day.

NS: That's great.

BM: I forget what we went over.

NS: We were going to talk about writing and how he got into writing.

BM: Well, anyway, this fellow Bill (Wisner?) would write stories, and he asked my father to write a few articles, which he did. He got into writing. Of course, as a charter boat captain, he had most of the winter off. The boat was dry docked between New Year's and St. Patrick's Day. He had time in the winter to sit and write. He would write stories about tuna fishing or other kinds of fishing. He got a stack of them going, and he started writing about birds. He got into that because a few times – people didn't always want to go fishing. We had a few times when the Audubon Society chartered the boat to go out and look for birds. Now they didn't want to see shore birds, seagulls, and terns; they wanted to see seabirds, the shearwater that chased the tuna, or the little [least] storm-petrels that just picked on the water. They looked like they were

walking on the water. But they'd pick up scraps of food that would be left from a feeding frenzy. What they really wanted to see was an albatross. Well, we went out there. We'd see birds. These guys were all excited. They had binoculars and telescopes mounted on gun stocks. They'd see birds on one side of the boat, and they'd go rushing to the other side of the boat. The boat would list, and then they'd see a bird on the other side of the boat, and the boat would list that way. One day, we took them out, and we had a can of chum, and we laid a little bit of chum behind the boat as we kept going out. Then when we finally turned back, we were going back through the same place. We let off the chum. Sure enough, an albatross started following the boat. These guys were thrilled. We discovered that albatross were a Pacific bird. They weren't in the Atlantic Ocean. But there just happened to be one bird that was known to travel the East Coast of the United States, from Florida to Maine, every year. These birds lived to be thirty or forty or fifty years old. So this bird was around for a long time. We were just lucky enough that day that the bird was in our area, and these guys were thrilled that we had a picture of the bird. So my father started writing bird stories for the Baldwin Bird Club. They were excited about some of his stories and how exciting they were. He was encouraged to write more stories. Eventually, he wrote enough stories that he was able to publish a small book called *Yarns and Tales* by Captain Carmine Marinaccio that was filled with a bunch of his stories. One time, he decided to write a three-act play that described the acid waste dumping and how we fought it. The first act was how they discovered the acid waste and what it was doing to the tuna fishing. The second act was how enormous the troubles were with the tuna fishing and how we tried to stop the acid waste dumping. The third act was how we finally got a hearing for the Environmental Protection Agency, and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration attended. We proved with a hundred boat captains from all over – we had 100 boat captains from all over that had studied the acid waste dumping and made charts that showed that the bluefin tuna and other bluewater fishes, like the albacore and the skipjack tuna, mackerel, marlin, wouldn't go near the water. They'd get diverted around it. Their migration patterns had changed. That proved that the acid waste dumping was detrimental.

NS: Getting back to the play.

BM: So that's what he wrote a play about, and that was the final chapter in the play. He wrote a three-act play about the acid dumping waste, and the name of it was called *The Mariner's Odyssey*.

NS: Can you tell us how he named his boat?

BM: My father named his boat *The Duchess*; his first boat was named *The Duchess*. He got that name from a song that was popular on the radio at that time. I forget the name of the song, but its tune went like this, "Here comes the duchess, hooray, hooray. Here comes the *duchess*, hooray." So he thought that would be a very good name for his boat.

NS: Can you tell me what are some of the most important things you learned from him, both as a fisherman as well as his son?

BM: Well, my father taught me a lot of things. The most important thing – because he was very hard-nosed, he would do everything for himself. He wouldn't let anything get in the way [of] what he was doing. He would just go – barge straight ahead whatever he was doing. He taught



me a lot about handling money. He would never go into debt. If he needed something, he would save up until he had the money to buy it. It turned out to be cheaper. There was no mortgage involved or insurance involved, and that was a good way. I learned that from him. He was also very honest. He taught me about honesty, which helped me in my life. I never had to lie or anything like that. I was taught to be honest all the time, which helped me ...

NS: It's okay.

BM: He always had something to do. That taught me to keep busy. In the wintertime, aside from writing, he'd make his own fishing lures. We'd even go into the city and buy Japanese feathers that were used for trawling, catching the tuna fish. He made his own lures. He discovered that there was one company that made a fishhook that did not rust. The first ones were called Z nickel hooks, and that was terrific because if it didn't rust, then when the feathers were used, they wouldn't get stained by the rust on the feathers. The feathers, the trawling feathers, would get ruined from the rust. With the Z nickel hooks, he used to make his own lures, and they would never rust. His feathers would last a long time that way.

NS: Did he do programs in the schools?

BM: When my father got older, he was doing less fishing. He worked – he was hired to run a private fishing yacht. In his times off, because of his writings and stuff, he was invited to go to the elementary schools and teach children about fishing and how to make his – he would bring his fishing lures and show them how to make fishing lures. The children, of course, were mostly from Freeport, but they didn't know much about fishing. They were very excited to hear the stories my father would tell.

NS: That's great. Can you tell us a little bit about yourself and what you did in the fishing industry?

BM: My father taught me a lot about fishing, tuna fishing especially. But when I went to college in 1962, his boat was getting old, and he didn't really have a crew anymore. So he actually wanted to sell his boat, and he did. After three years of college, I went into the Army. I became a military intelligence special agent and eventually went to Vietnam. When I came back, things had changed a lot. The codfish, which we used to be able to catch very easily, were so easy to catch that we would go on Thanksgiving Day when my mother was cooking a turkey – my father would take me and my two brothers out, half day cod fishing. We'd catch a few fish and bring them back and make codfish head soup or something. When I got back from Vietnam and out of the Army, I found out the codfish almost disappeared. Because while I was away fighting the Communists, giant Russian fishing trawlers were out there with huge nets and chains on the bottom. They ruined a lot of the bottom structure and caught all the codfish they could. That ruined the cod fishing for us. Then we learned that there was a captain from Brooklyn that knew about how good the tuna fishing was, the bluefin tuna. He got a job in San Diego for the StarKist tuna company, where they would go out with these purse seine vessels and catch yellowfin tuna. The way a purse seine vessel worked was, they would have a half-mile-long net, and they would have a forty-foot boat that carried the net. They'd spot the fish. They'd lower the boat. The boat would circle the school of fish and be hooked up. Then the purse would be – it would be like a purse; they'd close up the bottom of it and then pull in the net and bale the tuna

fish out of it. Well, when he told those people on the East Coast there were these schools of bluefin tuna that he could catch, they were a little skeptical at first. But they'd sent a few boats to the East Coast and found out how easy it was to catch bluefin tuna because they were in tight schools, and they showed on the surface once or twice every day. After three years, they had wiped out the schools of tuna fish. Tuna fish became rare. They were able to do it with such efficiency. One day we were out; I could count seven giant tuna seiners on the horizon and two spotter planes flying overhead to spot the schools as they went on the surface. That ruined the tuna fishing altogether. They became very rare and hard to catch after that. Finally, laws were passed to protect them.

NS: Did you ever do any charter fishing or commercial fishing?

BM: When I came back to Freeport, my father had me as the mate on a private fishing yacht that he ran. He got tired of it after a while. He turned sixty-five and didn't want to work anymore. It was interfering with his Social Security. So I became the captain of that boat and ran that for a few years. We'd be going out, whatever was out there, tuna or bluefish. I would learn a lot about that. We'd catch fish, and we'd have a good time. I ran another boat called the (*Valerie?*). It was a sport fishing yacht owned by a very rich man who owned real estate in New York, but he couldn't handle the boat by himself. He needed help. So he hired me, and I hired a mate. We'd go out every Saturday and fish for whatever we could. He was excited about it. Sometimes we caught tuna fish, and he was very excited about that. Most of the time, we just caught a few bluefish. He would bring the bluefish back home and give it away to the tenants in his buildings. I worked for ten years in New York Harbor, running a launch boat that would take people back and forth from the oil tankers that were anchored in New York Harbor. When I got finished with that, I started working part-time as a captain of charter boats at the Freeport Boatmen's Association, mostly working on the charter boat *Atlantic* and mostly when they needed somebody to take a crew tuna fishing. I was pretty successful with that, even though tuna fish were hard to find. We were able to get – most days then, we were able to get some kind of catch together. My favorite, though, was when I lived upstate going to school, was trout fishing in the small trout streams where I didn't need a boat or a whole lot of fishing tackle, and that was a lot of fun.

NS: I think we've covered a lot of material. Is there anything else that you'd like to share with us?

BM: When I came back from school and cleaned up Freeport?

NS: That's okay. I was thinking about your father.

BM: Did we go over everything we did in the first interview?

NS: I think we did. Well, thank you again very much for this interview, and that is the end.

-----END OF THE INTERVIEW-----

Reviewed by Molly A. Graham 7/20/2022