

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #1]

Name: Merton R. Lovett

(original) Conn [1938-9?]

TWO (2)

INTERVIEWS

WITH

VITO CACCIOLA

His remarks as remembered

Paper No. 1

1

Page 1 11/29/38 *INTERVIEW WITH VITO CACCIOLA

by Merton R. Lovett

"Hello, Mr. Lovett. I hope I finda you well.

"De business, it's not so good. Whata difference. I have a de music. Wid food for de belly and a song in my heart, whata more do I need. I work and I sing and praisa de Lord.

"Sure money is fine, but it don't maka de rich man happy. Some Italians get money; dey own de stores and de houses. Dey shoota down de street in autos. Dey no stop when dey see me. Dey neber say - 'Vito, come hava de ride. Oh no. Dey puta de noses in de air and honka de horn. But whata I care. I laugh when I work. De rich man he looka worried

Library of Congress

like he meeta de, what you call him, de ghost. He looka sour lika de lemon. He forgeta de glory of God.

“Have I voted today? No why shoud I vota?

“Yes, I am de citizen. I gotta my papers. But citizenship dats justa de shadow. What it get you.

“Freedom; what's dat? It make me free to pay tax and to die. Dey have de same freedom in Italy.

“Sure some times I vote. Today I no know de politics. Dey don't knowa me. My vote never count. One 2 vote, what gooda that? Anyway deys always de same. Dey promise you something today. Tomorrow dey tell you, ‘Go to Hell.’ Whena de election over de shoemaker no good.

“Yes dere are some good politics. Dere are some good thieves. Dey don't knocka you down when dey taka your money.

“I meana Lodge de senator. Yes Henry Cabot, he's de man. I vote for him. I vota for him every time. He's no politico; — he's whata you call de gentleman.

“Yes one day he come into de shop. I was playa de guitar. De work it was done. Mr. Lodge say; ‘Is dis Mr. Cacciola?’ I say it is. He say I am glada to see you. He shaka my hand. He say, ‘I am’ what you call it — yes ‘de candidata for senator.’ Den he say, ‘Please play some more music on de guitar. I lika good music.’ I play some more music and we talka about de fine tunes and de great artists. No other politico ever make me a visit. I vote for Mr. Lodge every time.

“No! Mr. Lodge never tell any man go to Hell after he's wina de election. One day last summer I meeta him on de street by de bank. He smile and say, ‘Good morning, Mr. Cacciola.’ Den he ask me if I play de music some more, and 3 if I still teacha de guitar to

Library of Congress

de boys and de girls. Mr. Lodge he de great man, de aristocrat and de friend of de poor man.

“Dis my nephew Tony. He's good boy. After school he runa my errands. Tony meet Mr. Lovett. He worka de school committee. Tony he smart boy. Sometimes he helpa me with de bills. Yes, that's it. Miss Williams is his teacher. Yes, she's de O.K. But she don't whipa de children. Sometimes Tony needs a slap on de backsides. Eh Tony. Run along Tony, but be sure you coma back at half pasta five.

“Did I ever vota for you Mr. Lovett? No. I never vota for you. No, I never voted for the other candidata. That's righta, you never tella me go to Hell. I vota for you next time.”