

## [Interview with Vito Cacciola #47]

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with

Vito Cacciola

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by

Merton R. Lovett

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“As well as remembered.”

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### Interview with Vito Cacciola

by Merton R. Lovett

. . .

(from memory)

“My dear Mrs. Peglio, to what does I owe the honor of your visit?”

“So you locka yourself out from your house. Well. Well! Well! How does it happen?”

“My! My! You forgeta de key on de kitchen table and snapa de lock. Then you go to commissary for two quarts of miles milk . You surely is in de fix.

“Oh, Madam you must not feela so bad. Somethings will be done a soon.

“Why, nothings will happen to your sweet baby. I am a certain he did not falla from crib or swallow de toy. Does you ask de firemans to helpa you with de long ladder?”

“So they day say de rules will not permitta it. That is most selfish of them. We cannot climba in window.

“No, Mr. Lovett, you could not enter from roof. Indeed I does not think you could reach there.

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"Oh, Mrs. Peglia, calma yourself. I am sure you cannot heara de baby cry, it is too distant. Let me worka my brain and solva your problem.

"No, Mr. Lovett, I has not got de long rope. Besides, how does you think you could maka it fast? Does you not suppose we could borrow de fireman's ladder? If they cannot leava de station, we could carry it too de house.

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"Thats right, it is heavy and de distance is great. Whata else can we do? Calm yourself lady and leta me think.

"By, Jingo, Mr. Lovett, I believe you has hit-ed de bulls eyes. With the screwdriver and hammer we can remova de lock from door. Waita minute we finda them.

"All righta, now we will go. Drya your eyes, Mrs. Peglia. De good Lord has made to us a revealation. Let us start quickly. I will locka de shop.

"I praya, madam, do not runa so. I have not de lightness and de youthfulness any more. There is de house now.

"We must climba some more stairs? My gracious, I ama without breath, but we must not stopa.

"Thank you. I holda your arm. My! My! Here we is. Let us inspecta de door.

"Oh, Mrs. Peglia, you is imagina evil. De baby is not dead. He is sleepa. If you shouta and knocka so, you will waka him up.

"Ah, it is fortunate. Here is de screws. We will taka them out.

"By jingo, I maka hurry so fast as I am able. Giva me de hammer, Mr. Lovett. Now I will sticka de screwdriver here and pusha.

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“Viva! Viva! The door opens. We has gota success. Now I will sita down for rest.

“Oh yes, he is de lovely baby. His mother is calla him sweet names in de Italian. By gracious she kissa him lika sweetheart.

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“It was a nothing, Mrs. Peglia. Always we should helpa de lady in distress. You should not apolpgiza for de house. It looka most neat. No, I am sure there is no dust on de chair.

“Yes, we will taka de glass of wine with a gratitude. We will drinka de toast to little Victor.

“You have thank-ed us richly. Now we must fixa de door and go back to de shop.

“That was de exciting adventure Mr. Lovett. How does you lika it? Hah! Hah! Hah!

“Why does I laugh? I thinka then, that you and me, we is getta practice for crookery. By jingo, we could teacha de thief now how to maka entrance in de house.

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“Yes, Mrs. Bucci. I will fixa de heel for you.

“My! My! Mr. Lovett, does you calla this de shoe? It has de heel lika toothpick. It hava no counter. It is without leather, only de strap. It lacka toes. De lady should goa barefeet. If she wasa my wife I would spanka her.

“Sure, de fancy sandals is most pediculous, but de young womans worship style. They cara not for virtue or comfort.

“No, Mrs. Bucci, she will geta no sand in that shoe. She never walka more far as from door to de auto. Let me showa you.

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"First she painta her cheeks and lips lika this. Then lika this, she puta on de monkey hat. She taka lasta puff at 4 cigarette. Now she struta to de auto, so.

"Hah! Hah! I does not do de hula dance, as you say. It is de way she waggle and wiggle her hips when she walka.

"She does no work. Instead she hava de maid. Her husband owna three grovery grocery stores.

"My, is you joka? Such ladies does not hava babies. They cheata de Lord and de husband. They is little better as whores.

"In Italy, sucha woman would not be respected. Mussolina, he would fixa her. If she did not hava babies, he would deblige her to sweepa de streets.

"Supposing she was a sterile? What is that?

"Oh, Italian womens hava babies, all right. They hava many, if they wish.

"I will tella you a story, since I know you will not suspecta me of evil. Once I hava for customer a very rich lady. Her husband was millionaire in Beverly Farms.

"The first time she calla here I was in de other room, playing de guitar. I did not hear her enter, but she walka through de shop and surprisa me.

"She lik-ed de music. I was playa some hymns, but she ask-ed me to maka jazz.

"Sure, she wasa pretty, but she painta too much. She was also too thin. Her clothes looka lika million dollars. She had travell-ed much and speaka de Italian.

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“Yes, she was friendly and soon calla me Vito, but always she was mosta nervous. She could not stand still. She lighta 5 one cigarette from de other. I think she drink-ed much. Maybe she taka de dope.

“To me she brought many shoes. Some she weara herself. Some belonga to de servants.

“Never did she looka happy and with peace. It was strange, for she has three autos and de chauffeur. Several times she ask-ed me to play de music for her.

“One day she is more nervous as ever. I tella her that I finda peace and happiness from prayer and de Bible.

“No, she laugha at me. Hah! Hah! Hah! Lika that. She aska me would God pay her losses from gambling. She saya, ‘Can I find six hundred dollars in your Bible?’ It was mosta shocking de way she talka.

“I tella her that in de Bible she would find de peaceful heart and many great riches.

“She replya that she needa more de six hundred dollars. Her husband was much angry with her. She did not dare to aska him. She saya also that she has de friend who will perhaps give her de money. My jingo, I do not thinka de Bible advisa her to do what she plan-ed.

“Sometimes she would geta mad with rage. I heara her swear to de chauffeur. One day she coma in to pay de bill. She was excit-ed. She wear all red clothes lika sometimes. She point-ed to de charge for fixing de gardener's shoes. Then she shouta, “You's de G— D— robber, Vito! Does you think because I am de rich woman you can cheata me? Never will I pay de bill. You did not puta heels on de gardener's shoes.”

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“My gracious, she acta like crazy woman. I say to her, ‘Madam, it grieva me little to losa de money. It grieva me much to see you so excited. De rage is bad for your health, also for your heart’.

“No, she bounc-ed out lika angry cat. But she coma back in one hour perhaps. She has remorse. She beg-ed my pardon. She says she looka at de gardener's shoes. They hava new heals. Then she giva me check for full amount.

“I never seea her again but once. I was at de beach in Manchester. There she made monkey business in de bathing suit too small. My! My! My! It maka me blush for shame, Mr. Lovett. Without de paint and de lipstick, she looka like de witch. Never does I wanta to see her no more.”