

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #3]

Page 1 [? ??]

[INTERVIEW WITH VITO CACCIOLA]

by Marton R Lovett?] “ Yes I lova love the music. “ I taka take lesson on de the piano long time ago. “ I was a boy in Sicily, maybe twelve years in age. “ Not many de the folks hava have the piano. De They hava mucha much pig, donkey, hen and de baby. “ No my fodda not a richa rich man. He maka make de the shoes. de mudder, de [the other, the?] sister, de the brother [?] helpa help him. No machine. “ On de the piano, I maka make what you call good. “ Yes I hava some, what you say, talent. [???] “ When I was eighteen I playa play de the organ in de the chiesa. Not lika like your church. He was bigga as that. Yes de Cathedral. De organ he was old but de music was mucha sweet. Sometime I playa pianissimo and sometime so louda de chiesa shake.

I playa for de masses, for de funeral and when de girl and de boy getta married. I getta no money, no pay. Two three night each week I playa piano in de canteen. De canteen, he's, I Don't know what you call it. Yes he's like de saloon some and some lika de store. All de the peoples drink wine and talka and sometime de dance. I get a few lire, pennies, for dat. “ My fodda, he say “Vito you bigga man now you must getta de job. I no wanta de job. I no wanta de soldier. I no wanta maka de shoes. “ Yes I helpa my fodda maka shoes. I learna de business. I maka nice shoes. But I like de music better. All de time I go to de Cathedral.

I talk with de priests. I learn soma de Latin.

De oder boys maka monkeyshines with de girls; de raisa de hell. I playa de piano and reada de book.

Library of Congress

My brudder brother Peter go to America in 1908. He's get a good job in Boston. When he writa de letter he say he's make nine dollars de week. " My papa say; 'You brudder Peter will be de great man. He senda home money. He getta rich.

You no good for job. You no earna your salt. How you go to get a wife?' No! I no wanta wife. I liva like de priests. I am what you calla de angel. Believa not you me, when I come to America I was unkissed-ed. " I coma here in 1910. I was twenty-two in age I wanta get some money to senda home like my burdder brudder Peter.

"Peter and me, we go to live on Harrison Avenue in Boston. Dey is forty, fifty Italians live in old house. We paya three dollars de rent; three dollars de month not week. In de house de was too much noise. All de time dere is noise.

De shouta, de sing. De fighta; de laugh. Dere is no peace, no piano. I say 'Peter , letta us get another room. Let us getta de quiet. So we renta a room, for just two. We pay three dollars de week but we hava de quiet. I am more happy. " Pretty soon I geta job in the cobbler shop.

I geta six dollars de week. "No, I don't senda any money home. I sava de pennies and buy a guitar. De evening I practise and maka de music. " One time I meeta Italian girl from Sicily. She nica girl. Wait I getta de picture. Yes That's de one. This ones de sister. This is me. What you think? " Yes I was de thin man then. I looka de starved. I no eata so good. I was sick for de home. " That bigga man dere was de preacher. Dis girl she aska me play de piano. Dey call it de Italian Methodist Episcopal church now. I don'ta go to no church. [run on?]

" [Why?] De preacher he tella me to do dis or I go to Hell. De Preast tella me do dat or I go to Hell.

De Lord speaka me. I pray and he tells me what to do. I do it. " See thisa my pocket notebook. I write in him since I come to America. " [Yes?] I writa good. I learna de English.

Library of Congress

I go to evening school. De teacher lented me books. " [Peter?] , - he gotta job at Beverly Farms. He was gardener for de rich man. I mova to Beverly in 1914. I starta de little shop at 358 Rantoul Street. [?? this you get a better ??]