

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #9]

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1938-9 INTERVIEW WITH VITO CACCIOLA

By Merton R. Lovett

(from Memory) "Hello, Mr. Lovett.....I tink of you. Five minutes gone I get [teleo?]......What you call it. Not telephone. What's it when some one thinka of you and you some place else? That's it, telipeothy. How you spell it? T-e-l-o-p-a-t-h-y. Good, I writa it in my little book.

"Since I meeta you last my fader die. No you no needa feel sorry. I no sheda de tear. I lova my fader but I feela no sorrow. What do you think? Yesterday I sing with gladness.

"De neighbors, de puta together de heads. De whispered. Poor Vito, don't he geta de telegraph? Don'ta he know his fader dead?

"Sure I know. My bruder Peter, he putta his hand on my shoulder an say: 'Faders dead. How you feel Vito?'

"I say: 'I feela happy. He refire, So do I Vito. He's require greata age. He's eighty-four years. He's die happy. We hava nothing to regreta.

"Yes my heart wasa clear. Every week I senda him money. I writa him letters. I hava been a good son to him. He's beena happy.

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"I hopa so. Who know? Maybe when we's deada we's dead. Anyhow, I saya de prayer.

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“Oh. I can't believe that. I don't see de Heaven. It's a impossibal for de person who thinka. Streets ofa gold? Huh! My sister she believe dis country like dat. We finda de differance. De Heaven we get is what we getta in dis world, when dere is no sin in de heart, and we doa what's good.

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“Don't you hava auto, Mr Lovett? No? - well he's more than I can afford neither.

“Soma Italian he owa de grocer, de landlord and de coal man. De go withouta de dinna to buya gas. No thank you! I ride in de buss. He's got softa seats and de only coat de nickle. Why I buya auto?

“I gota feeling of equality with every man. I don't owea nothing. I paya de cash.

“De salesman coma see me. He saya: ‘Good morning. How is you Vito? Can I show you some leather?’

“If I owea him money, what would he say? ‘Vito, when you going to paya me what you owe? I can'ta sella you no tacks causa you no good’.

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“Whata for you got de yarn, Mr. Lovett? Oh! so your daughter knita de stockings. She smarta girl. In Sicily de girls maka de stockings.

“De Italian girl in dis country don't make nothing. She's no use lika de butterfly. She buya everything in de store.

“Some marry, de cant cooka neither. They no good for de wife. My neice, she visit me. She say: 'letta me helpa cook de spaghetti. How does you do it?' I tella her. She puts it on

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de stove. By and by she aska: 'Does it boil, Uncle Vita'? Does it boil a yet? By jingo, she never know how de water maka de bubbles and singa when it boil.

“But she say she's a swella dancer. Yes, de regula spiderbug. Oh, what for you laugh? Jitterbug? Jitterbug? Maybe. Dat girl she some kinda de bug. Believe you me.”