

they help me out." Well, it's the worst thing you can put in your stomach. But my brother, Mark, who works for BFI, do you know him at all?

LL: I know who he is; I don't know him.

NS: Anyway, he used to stop by the house and put her eye drops in her eyes because she had failing and bad eyesight for years. And here she was, lying in - she'd lost a lot of blood and she was lying on the floor so weak she never got over it. They had to take her right to the hospital. They let her go for a while and she went to my sister's in Chilmark for a couple of months, then finally had to come back to Windemere and then finally passed away. But everybody in the family loved my mother and, like I say, it was a wonderful family. It seems that you learn growing up in the 20's and 30's and 40's especially things that stick with you all your life, especially the family things that you remember so well. And with nine kids, of course, being the oldest one, I had to go to work. Of course, I still had to go to school so I worked on farms on the Vineyard. Worked for Edward T. Vincent for many years and then I got offered a much better paying job by John Prada, who had a farm up on Clevelandtown Road. Both of them had about forty-odd head of milking cows plus everything else, you know, chickens and turkeys and pigs and horses and the works. So I went to work for this John Prada practically until the time I enlisted and then I got a chance for work for a place called Sibley's Garage in Edgartown. All you had to do was have a driver's license to drive a cab or a bus.

LL: Wait, let's go back. What did you do for Edward T. Vincent?

NS: Well, everything that he needed, mostly milking cows. He used to go Up-Island and bring back wood to sell.

LL: He had woodlots Up-Island?

NS: I would have to let that - [laugh] kind of a funny story. Is that on?

LL: Yeah. Should I turn it off.

NS: I never knew it until after it was all over. He used to steal them.

LL: I won't put that in the published . . .

NS: No, that's why I covered the end of the mike up. His wife was a wonderful cook and I lived right there at the farmhouse, which was just as you get that four-way intersection where the Prada's live, Richard Prada?

LL: No, wait a second. The four-way intersection? Oh, right by Clevelandtown.

NS: Just where you turn to go into Clevelandtown, that big house on the corner. That was the Edward T. Vincent place.

LL: If you're turning, on the left-hand corner of Cleveland town?

NS: Right. And he had a couple of hired Portuguese people working for him and I can remember the old Portuguese guy. When I first went to work for Edward T. It was to help him deliver milk. He was a powerful man, but he didn't have strong legs. It was hard for him to get in and out of a car so I'd run into the houses and deliver the milk in the morning. Then as I got older . . .

LL: What would you deliver milk in? What were the containers?

NS: Well, they were in quart bottles and pint bottles of cream. They had a separator that used to spin and separate the cream and pint bottles of cream and quart bottles of milk. You'd go into the house and they'd generally put the money out every day. It wasn't much, say a couple of bottles were thirty, forty cents and the money would be in a bottle. You'd bring the cash back, give it to the old man, and the empties, the ones they'd emptied from the night before, then