

AC: No, not particularly. He used to like to... all the men kind of gathered in the store and told “yarns” as they said. I don’t know what they were about. They just told them to each other. And these men used to sit around in the store and “swap yarns.” I don’t know how true the yarns were they told , but they didn’t want children around anyway I know, I used to go in there and I would be shooed out, given some money to buy candy, and told to go home.

LL: Which store was this?

AC: Well, it was Manuel Silva’s grocery store one I remember. He had a store in the Charlotte Inn but he also had a little store across the street. My grandfather never went to the Charlotte Inn.

LL: So when he finished whaling he came back and became a farmer?

AC: No, he never went to the farm. My father was the farmer.

LL: How large was the farmhouse?

AC: Well, it’s still up there now. It was moved from Katama up. It was on the Stewart Place down Katama. It was moved up there.

LL: It is the one at the end of the Clevelandtown Road?

AC: Yes

LL: That’s a nice house.

AC: A yellow house. We kept the farm until after my father died. My father died in 1922. My mother kept the farm one year. Then she asked me if I was willing to sell it or to let her sell it. She said no woman could run a farm and run it profitably. And we had 2 hired help—a man and his wife—besides the other fellow. And she said it was too expensive for a woman to run. And we sold it to John Prada. He had it I don’t know how many years before he sold it. Then it has passed hands I don’t know how many times since-a great many times.

LL: And what kind of livestock did you have on the farm?