

In about 1950, my Dad came to my house in East Cambridge and asked me to put a friend of his to work. He had just come from Portugal. I had, working for me at the time, Red Warren, from the West End of Boston. He had 4 children - 2 boys and 2 girls. He was a Navy Veteran and was married twice. Frannie Warren was his wife and she was a hard worker. She used to clean houses for a living. He was a boozier but was a very good worker. He liked his beer every day but not enough to hinder him in his work. He and his wife were always fighting. I loaned him some money for a cheap truck which he would use in the business and take his wife and kids to the Beach and New Hampshire on weekends. Joe Warren was a smart fellow and carried out my orders to the letter. He drove my big rubbish trucks for 8 yrs. He worked with a Hank Myette from up in the Hills. He chewed tobacco and tied flies for fishing. He loved to fish. Me, Joe Warren, my foreman, Joe Amaral, the Portuguese, my dad's friend, and Frank Lo Pardo, my partner and myself took on all kinds of jobs, especially the white acid from the Welding from E. B. Badger's in East Cambridge. We would pick up 8 barrells per week. They had to be hoisted on the truck or lifted by a front end loader. We would get filthy with the white wash as we called it. Sometimes it would splash on the street on the way to the Cambridge City dump and the police would get on my case. But being politically oriented and knowing the police Captain and Al Vellucci, the Mayor of the City and Bow McMinnemen the P.W.D. Commissioner they would be good to me and send out the City Water Sweeper to clean up the whitewash. Hank Myette had a wife and 7 kids. He was a real hick from the sticks and his kids were also. He had only gone to the 3rd grade in school and couldn't read or write but he was one of my best workers.

Joe Amanal who was a white man and had a good business in Portugal could not speak a word of English. He owned a linguica and chourice business in Portugal. Now, he married a colored woman named Eva who was a lovely lady with 3 children. They were very light and worked in factories in the area, shoe shops etc. Her oldest daughter was very attractive and graduated from Cambridge High and Latin. The only colored girl in East Cambridge at the bime. But she got along with everyone and was also a nice person, well liked by her friends. Joe Amaral was kind of looked down on by the Portuguese people and others who lived in the neighborhood for living with and marrying a colored woman. I even had trouble with some of the people I dealt with who didn't like the idea that he was married to a black person. I had a couple of fist fights about this because this was not right. This is America and everyone has a right to race, color or creed and this is a democracy. These people were human beings and were as good as anyone I knew. I visited them often and they appreciated me being not only

being his boss but I was their friend. I got the girl a job at the Harvard Coop store in Harvard University at Harvard Sq. Cambridge where this changed her whole life. She had one child and she became separated and later divorced from her husband Richard Dick. They had a beautiful boy who was very light. The father was white and the mother as black but Malato. She had another brother who was in the house all the time because the kids in the neighborhood were hard on him. Just because Eva, his mother, had been married before to a white man also and he was kind of white with a dark sister and dark mother. Kids can be cruel when he was 18 I got him a job. He went 2 yrs. to Rindge Tech High School. I got him a job through Sen. Mike Lo Presti from East Boston and E. Camb. We got him a job at the B & M Railroad so he could work nights and sleep days where the kids in the neighborhood would not bother him. But, with my protection people who knew me and my reputation of doing a lot of favors, the young and old respected me and accepted anyone I associated with. Some of the wise guys in the bar rooms who gave Bob a bad time had to deal with me and I could take care of myself. He was beat up one night but I caught up with the two guys who hit him and my cousin Cliff and I straightened them out at the closing of the Tremont Cafe Bar after 12 p.m.

Others got the drift and didn't bother this kid anymore. I used to take them to softball games with me. I sponsored a league team and Bob played outfield with another colored boy from Central Square, Cambridge -Portuguese. Louis Lopez. He was real black and also had a friend named Smokey who played for my team. Rose's Disposal Service team. Bob was a good player and gained respect along with Louis Lopez and Smokey. My friends liked them after the games I would take them to a bar and have Pizza and Beer and everyone accepted them as my friends. I also had a colored fellow working for me named Ricky. He lived in the Roosevelt Towers. These were only about 3 black families in the whole project but because of me I got them in through Al Vellucci, the Mayor and Walter Sullivan. Ricky drove my truck and worked with Hank Myette but my customers respected them. Talk about prejudice. We had it allright and I didn't like the way the blacks were being treated.

I remember my dad when I was small bringing a black man into our house for supper a few times. These men worked with him at the Cambridge Rubber Company on Windsor and Main Street, Cambridge. My dad had some black friends from the Boot Rubber factory and I was a little put back the first time I saw one in my home, especially sitting down to eat with us. I loved my mother and father for bringing me up not to be prejudiced as we were all created equal

I got Louis Lopez a job at Wards Bakery Co. catching bread off the belts and packing into boxes, a job that I had done before I started fishing barrells. When I got out of the service and started my own business.