

Interview Log

Interviewee: William Haddaway & Mary Frances Haddaway **Tape #:** OH 115.1 & 2

Interviewer: Kelly Feltault **# of Tapes:** 2

Date: January 26, 1999 **# of Sides:** 4

Location: Claiborne, Maryland

Topic: Crab Picking Project

Corresponding Photography Log #:

Comments: Phonetic Spellings: Billy Sewell, Colburn and Shuit, Jarbo, Oscar Coble, Newbert, Fornuff, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Dawson

BEGIN SIDE A

W.H.: Well do you want to sit over here? You might pick up what I don't get.

M.H.: I can very well hear.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: I mean you.

M.H.: I know.

K.F.: And you can feel free to jump in when you want to, Mrs. Haddaway.

M.H.: I'm not a native down here.

K.F.: Oh, where are you from?

M.H.: Easton.

K.F.: Well you're a native. You're more a native than I am.

W.H.: Would you like to have a light, more light here?

K.F.: I'm okay. I'm fine. I just want to make sure we're picking up your voice. All right. Well, Mr. Haddaway, where were you born?

W.H.: Here in McDaniel.

K.F.: Here in McDaniel. Okay. And can you tell me what year that was?

W.H.: 1905.

K.F.: 1905. All right. So you've lived out here all your life then.

W.H.: Huh?

K.F.: You've lived out here all your life then.

W.H.: Well right here since I was eight years old.

K.F.: Okay. Oh, great. So this is like a family homestead then, family property?

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: Yes. His father bought it from a relative that used to run it as an oyster house down here.

W.H.: My father's uncle is the one that built this place here.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: He had a home out McDaniel. I mean that's when he got married -- I think he, if I remember right, he said I was about a year's old when he bought a home over in Claiborne, and he moved down there. And as I, near as I can remember, I was about eight years old when we moved from Claiborne, little town of Claiborne over here.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: I lived, I lived --well I stayed here. I worked herewith him and myself all my life near about.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: I lived in St. Michaels, had a home up there about 30 years right in town, but I was working down here all the time.

K.F.: Okay. And what business did you all have here?

W.H.: We had a regular seafood business, oyster shucking oyster house and crab picking.

K.F.: And what was the name of that business?

W.H.: Well it just went Alexander Haddaway's picking house, or oyster house, what it was.

K.F.: Okay. And so that business started about 1915 or so?

W.H.: No. Well he had a business --

MR: Let me read this. This should tell it.

W.H.: Had a business over at Claiborne. In fact, a little ahead in the story. Father started off when he was a young man as a crabber and oysterer with his self. And then later on he bought over to Claiborne where the old (indiscernible) always come there. He brought crabs over there. And --

M.H.: Says here he got his first, says crab canners and packers' licenses were first issued in June 1916 and were listed in the 1913 25 Talbot County license record books. Alexander Haddaway was issued a crab canner and packer's license in June 1916, and each following year through 1925. The fee was \$10.50.

(Laughter.)

M.H.: I think that's all -- oyster packer's license, but you're not interested in that part of it. It was first issued in February 1896.

K.F.: Wow, the oyster packing license?

M.H.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*). The first packer's license issued to Alexander Haddaway was on January the 10th, 1910. That was for the oysters.

W.H.: See when his uncle bought this land here from -- it was a farm over here, that's what he did. He started an oyster packing house down here, was here. And then that's my father, he went on. All this you see down here, this little house here was our storage house, it was over the water. And after -- well father, he died in 1942. And then I ran the place here up until how long, Frances? When did we --

M.H.: Well we were married in '46 --'56. We were married in 1956. And you weren't running this --

W.H.: When -- you and I had it all tore down.

MR: No, I can't remember.

W.H.: See what they did, down there where you see this building you came in here, that used to be over in the water, all that down there, he had an oyster and packing house down there that the oyster house helped 55 shuckers. And also had a house alongside of that, we used to have anywheres -- he tried to have from 50 to 60 crab pickers. That is quite a building. That whole corner down there was all of a building in there. And after I -- after he died in '42, I take it over. He stopped the crab business that year the day before he died. And I didn't like the crab business. I bought just the crabs. See we used to pick `em here, and I kept right on with the oyster business for six years. And it paid out, and I kept on handling the oysters in the shell and selling `em. And after he got so bad when all of this -- the place, it was just, the oyster business was just overworked in there. And it was dying down little time. And when this disease, you know, came, they talk about that, well boy, that just fixed me. And buying crabs, that got just as bad. So I said well, the crabbers are making more money, I'm running myself, work myself to death. So I went on crabbing for a number of years.

K.F.: Hello.

B. S.: Hello.

W.H.: That's my step-son, Billy Sewell.

MR.: He's the one that saw that article.

K.F.: Oh, okay. Okay.

W.H.: But we had, I say we, I and William up there, we had quite a business here, and I sold the whole business for a man to clean it up so I could put that other building out there, and I've just been buying the shell oysters in here.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: I bought oysters here and run `em to one packer in Baltimore City for 17 years.

M.H.: She's more interested in the crab.

K.F.: Well it's -- what we're learning is the oysters and the crabs are all tied together. Usually there was an oyster business with the crab business. And you said you had 50 to 60 crab pickers working here?

W.H.: Anywhere from 50 to 60 every year.

K.F.: Okay. And where did you get your crab pickers from?

W.H.: Well we had a lot of `em, we used to have a lot -- well they wasn't shanties, right there, little homes built down here. They were all tore down. But we had a lot of crab pickers came from around Bellevue there. And all through here, St. Michaels, we brought `em down here and all through from McDaniel to Sherwood where you get your crab pickers. And the oyster shuckers, we had them for a number of years they come here and stayed the wintertime in these places from down Fairmount, Somerset County.

K.F.: Oh. That's a good long ways.

W.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative). But they would come here and stay during the season.

Then they'd go back and come the next season. We had people work here steady for a number of years.

K.F.: And were all the pickers African American, or were they white?

W.H.: What now?

M.H.: Were they African Americans? In other words, were they colored?

W.H.: Oh, yeah. Uh-huh (Affirmative).

K.F.: Okay. And well we've been asking some of the owners about some of the machinery that might've been in the crab house. Did you guys have -- were you steaming the crab meat and all that stuff?

W.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

K.F.: What did you used to steam them in?

M.H.: Well they steamed the crabs, not the crab meat.

K.F.: Right. The crabs, right.

W.H.: Well we had, out here if you noticed when you came in where all these boats was, well that was all, we had a wharf, big wharf all out there. And that's for the crabbers, brought their crabs in there. We had a big crab steamer on there. But back in those days, it wasn't a bushel, it was a barrel. A barrel of crabs to -- two and a half bushels. And we could steam 20 barrels at a time. We had a big steam bar down there, and we'd fill that up, and we would pick anywheres -- you tried to pick from 50 to 60 barrels a day in there. We steamed them, carry `em to the pickers down there. At the house down there picking -- pickers down there, they're not like they are now. We would always try -- we'd take a truck or car to St. Michaels, and we'd have pickers down here 5:00 in the morning picking. You couldn't do that with `em nowadays when they picked down here.

K.F.: And they would pick from five in the morning until --

W.H.: From five, clean up 'til four and five in the afternoon.

K.F.: Yeah, okay. Well I guess now they don't have enough crabs to pick that long either, from what I've heard.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: You're lucky now to go out here and to get two bushels. And I have, I remember one particular week down there, crabs, was a lot of `em. And one day out there, we had 125 barrels of crabs on the wharf one day down here. And that's a lot of crabs.

K.F.: That's a lot of crabs to pick.

W.H.: They'd catch anywhere from six to ten barrels a day. And I remember -- we knew we were going to -- knew we weren't going to get enough to pick, so we load the truck, I think he put 60 barrels on it, sell `em to New York to get rid of `em.

K.F.: And then did you guys package the plastic in -- were they plastic or metal cans?

W.H.: Metal cans.

K.F.: Metal cans?

W.H.: That was something else. I mean how can you --

M. H.: Bill, weren't they gallon cans you put it in?

W.H.: I was getting ready to tell her.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: How that has changed in the last -- oh, well way before we ever quit, they went from a pound to a gallon can. I remember when we first -- when he first started here, I was too small then. I started down here with my father working with him when I was 15 years old,

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: And he, I remember we were packing in gallon cans, and they had half a gallons, and then they went to a pound. But later on in years, they stopped that. They wouldn't let you pack. Finally, they cut it right down to a pound can.

K.F.: Right. And they were still the metal cans at that time?

M.H.: The metal cans?

K.F.: They were metal cans?

W.H.: Yeah. They were -- well, they were some kind of a metal tin is what they were.

K.F.: Right, right. Okay. Yeah, I've seen some ladies in Dorchester County showed me the smaller metal cans with the three holes in the bottom, I guess to --

W.H.: Several holes in it to let the water run out. When they first started that, over a number of years, they had little lips, I call them, on each side of the can, and you had to tie every can with little twine. I remember they had little balls of twine all around there, over the ceiling come down there, and you had to tie every one of those. Then later, the time come on, they got `em where they snapped down in the hole there. Now that was a big saving.

(Laughter.)

K.F.: Now you said you started when you were 15 with your dad. What did he teach you when you started working there?

W.H.: When what?

K.F.: What kinds of things did your dad teach you about the business when you started working with him?

M.H.: She wanted to know what kind of things your father taught you in running the business when you were starting out, what you had to do.

W.H.: Well I picked it up myself I mean -- first one thing to the other down here. I just -- around him so much, most of my -- what I was doing after I got a little more than that around there was driving the oyster truck and all, and then oh, I'd say maybe 16, 17, then I was going all around picking up the crabs. Of course, the oysters, they brought them right here. But I went down the little town Pot Pie, they call it, down here at Wittman and Sherwood with the truck. And that was my, really my job coming down here. Then after a while, got down there and I went on the wharf down here and went buying the crabs. Scoring `em up and seeing that they were steamed on the wharf out there. And just the same thing for oystering. I went down there, I used to take out all the oysters by them out here when we take it down here.

K.F.: Okay. And what did the picking house sound like when the ladies were in there picking?

(Laughter.)

W.H.: A lot of times, a lot of noise in there, but when they got really working down there making money, those colored people start singing. Now sometimes, it really sound nice down there, all of `em singing.

K.F.: Do you remember any of the songs they would sing?

W.H.: Oh, my, no. I didn't know what they were singing.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: But we had -- I say we, of course, I was in there working for father down here, he had people down here that worked down here for him almost from the time they were kids up until they were all grown people down there. Year in, year out. The local people around here. They worked, I mean I can remember `em being down here seemed like to me all their life working.

K.F.: Okay. And I've been asking people also what the steaming room or what the picking room smelled like when everybody was in there working.

W.H.: Well I tell you, you never sat around just, locals, when you steamed crabs, you ever smell `em? Well that's what it was down there. Gosh, it was a crab-smelling time.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: But in that time, I saw a lot of different, from time I remember up until all the way through, different changes that you had to make in there with different laws change in there. And that is one thing I think near about my father wasn't getting to feel too good, they were just getting so strict on everything. And later on, I'm telling you, they run a lot of people out of business. That's what's run me out of the oyster business down here. The county, state, that wasn't too bad. But when the government, when they stepped in there, they come around down here, I remember just as well, about July. That was for the oyster business. And they inspect your house and do this, that and the other. And they tell you what was what. Everything fine. Next year, what you did, nothing wasn't right. Just got that bad, and it just got so that the change in there that I know of three of the packing houses was me, and St. Michaels and Tilghman's Island, we all quit one year. It just got so bad on us with the changing. See that was during the time, during the war. And you couldn't get too many things. They were so strict on everything. A lot of, we just gave it up, the shucking business, and just went buying `em by the shell. I did that then for about 'til the business, it just paid out here.

K.F.: Right, right.

W.H.: Well I've hit as many as 1,000 bushels of oysters a day here. And it wound up down here 'til I was getting 50 bushels a day. That was it. I said we just quit.

K.F.: Can you give me an example of some of the restrictions that started happening, and some of the changes?

M.H.: Things you had to change in the crab picking and the oyster business. What did they want you to change?

W.H.: Yeah, I know one --

M.H.: Well they had to have aluminum in there --

B. S.: Stainless, wasn't it?

M.H.: Stainless steel.

W.H.: Well it come to that, that wasn't too much for father, several of the houses quit down here. I'm just trying to remember. One thing that I know that really they got so strict on, we were about to quit, or he was then, the crab pickers used to pick in little saucepans that held, oh I'd say 5 pounds or more of crab meat in there. And the crab picker back then would go through that their selves for try to get the bone out of the crab meat.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: That's the trouble with nowadays, if you buy any crab meat, it's so many bones in there. Well they made `em stop that going -- they said by handling the meat that many more, it's contamination in there from the handling. Well then they bring it up to in the packing room where it was packed, and put in a great big -- they call `em strainers in there. And then, I say we, I didn't do much of it, people that was packing, putting it in these cans, they'd go all through it. And then they stopped that.

And then, but later on, we had quit then, but I remember then, around the houses that were here, they made `em go picking right in the pound can. They couldn't use the container any more. They stopped that. They made `em pick in the pound can and bring `em -- well we did that before they had the -- only get so many pounds, whatever you thought out there for so long before they make you, you're supposed to bring that in and get it packed in ice. We pack that in barrels. I've seen as many as 20 gallons in a barrel, big sugar barrels. You put a layer of cans in there, and a layer of ice, and a layer of cans like that until you got your amount in there. Most of the time, they was from 10 pound crab meat up to 20 or 25 pounds. But it was something anyway, `cause we tried to, or father did down there, not to keep it out in hot weather, particular hot weather, he would tell the pickers don't stay out. Maybe pick about half what they were picking if it was hot, to bring it on in.

K.F.: Right, right.

W.H.: `Cause afraid it would go to the bad. Same thing when we steamed the crabs, we wouldn't steam as many as we did the other time so that they get `em picked up, and then we steam again. Sometimes we steam `em three and four times a day.

K.F.: Okay, okay. And you mentioned you put the cans in sugar barrels.

W.H.: What?

M.H.: She said you said that you put the crab meat in sugar barrels.

W.H.: Well what the sugar barrel, I don't know why they ever got called sugar barrel, but it was the largest barrel that you could have then, the biggest round barrel in there. And

they went from that on down to little small barrels, maybe six, eight gallons in there, on up to 20. `Cause that same thing would happen with oysters, with the gallon. Of course, all the oysters then was packed in gallon cans. Then you put 20 gallons in what they call a sugar barrel, that was the largest barrel that you had. And it went on down maybe 15, 10 and 5 like that, different sizes that you packed in.

K.F.: Okay. And where did you all get the barrels?

W.H.: Where did what?

M.H.: Where did you get the barrels?

K.F.: Where did you get the barrels?

W.H.: They all came from Baltimore.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: I'm wrong about that too. They did until after a while, later on, it was a house started up in Cambridge. Manufacturer over there that I remember now, that's where father was getting a lot of his barrels there `cause I remember the truck bringing `em over here, different size barrels.

M.H.: But you started getting `em from Baltimore.

W.H.: Yeah, yeah.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: See crab barrels. Now what I call a crab barrel was a big slat barrel that most the time produce, like all kind of vegetables and things went in there. The barrel was slatted and it had a square in the oblong in there, open place in `em. And they weren't big enough for crabs to go out of, that was for to get air. And a lot of times, they were used barrels, not all time coming into Baltimore, man had a big place up there, and he'd get what you call a big sailboat mostly back in those days, later on, that would bring a whole load of `em down here at one time. But they were handled mostly there in Baltimore. Then later on, as I said, they got all the cans came from Baltimore. It went in the plant around here anyways.

K.F.: Okay. And do you have any memories of interesting things that happened while you were working here, or unusual things that might've happened?

W.H.: No. I can't think of anything.

K.F.: Okay. And you said you remember St. Michaels when Harrison and (indiscernible) was still operating down there. Can you tell me what that was like?

W.H.: I can tell you this. From St. Michaels to Tilghman Island, I remember when it was 11 packing houses. Now all of `em then, all of `em, like we were here, they didn't pick crabs and shuck oysters, but two-thirds, most of `em did. But it was 11 big houses from St. Michaels to Tilghman Island. I've counted them a lot of times in there. But St. Michaels up there right, I know right in St. Michaels, speaking now of oyster houses, and crab houses. Let's see, one, two, three, four, there was four in St. Michaels that shucked oysters and picked crabs for a number of years. Now later on, another house came from Crisfield up there, made five houses in there that was right in St. Michaels. Right up there where the museum is now in there, it was a oyster house there, and a canning house, and later on in years were what these like you see around here, cement blocks, they had a cinder block was made right there where that museum is there.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: And many people -- where the crab claw is up there, that belonged one time to Standard Oil Company. They had several big tanks there where they used to keep their gasoline up there.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: But it, there was a colored firm had a packing house up there, I mean they were really big, Colburn and Shuit in there, they handled as many as -- I think they averaged most the time about 75 oyster shuckers and crab pickers there. They done a big business in there. I know when, well the first oyster house there was St. Michaels Packing Company there.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: They didn't, they didn't pick any crabs, they just shucked oysters. And they had a big tomato factory there out on that wharf there. That big building over there, I think what is it used for in that building where it used to be that little down there -- Claiborne up there, over on that side of the shore?

M.H.: Is that the carpenter shop where they do the -- fix the boats and things?

W.H.: What is that museum? What they got in there?

B. S.: I think it's mostly boat storage in there, the older boats. That long building?

W.H.: Yeah.

B. S.: Came off the steam wharf?

W.H.: Yeah, that was down here to Claiborne. That used to be where they -- where the ferry was was a company that run the steamboat from Baltimore down here. That was a tremendous building where they bought that and moved that up there. That came from Claiborne up in there.

K.F.: Okay.

B. S.: That was a building looking, if you're standing at the lighthouse looking west, that long building there.

K.F.: Okay. Yeah, all right.

W.H.: But St. Michaels Packing Company, of course, you -- how long has that smoke stack been tore down?

B. S.: It's been gone at least 30 years.

M.H.: It's a long time.

W.H.: They had a tremendous great big stack there with a name all on it, on the end of that wharf over on -- going down there, it would be on your left back there.

K.F.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*). Okay.

B. S.: You've probably seen pictures of that at the museum if you --

K.F.: Yeah.

W.H.: Later on, later on in years after that back there, Harrison -- well they went as Harrison and Jarbo bought that, and now they pick crabs and shucked oysters too there. That's going right -- coming down, that's on your left. And if you came in that road, right straight ahead was where the colored people had this tremendous house there. And over there where the museum is, along that wharf there is where the Cook brothers, they had a big packing house there. And also, I don't -- I just do remember the Canon house, that they had put up tomatoes there. And they're the ones that started the block business. They done the -- man, they furnished all, the whole Eastern Shore with cinder blocks.

K.F.: Okay. I haven't heard of that.

W.H.: Cook business there. `Cause I have, off times, I haul a lot of them there with my trucks in there.

M.H.: There was a school in Salisbury that they brought --

W.H.: Yeah, and I haul it over in Delaware. I haul enough blocks over there to build a school. And the Red Star Bus terminal in Salisbury was built out of `em. I haul them there for them to build that of with my trucks. They had a tremendous business,

M.H.: You're not getting much about the crab business, but you're getting something.

K.F.: It's all linked together.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: I thought a lot of what you were after was the soft crab business.

K.F.: That too. Did you all do soft crabs as well?

W.H.: Well we -- yeah, father down here had -- oh, Lord, have mercy. I guess the crab floats that we had here back then, as many as 15 or 20. The crab floats. Did you say that they had some up there to the museum?

B. S.: I thought there was one at the museum.

K.F.: The wooden floats that --

B. S.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

K.F.: Yeah.

W.H.: I was gonna say, I've gotten -- all those things was down here after the time it went out of business, they went out of business too, they went to pieces, and I had `em all tore up. But I remember they were 16 feet long, and 4 feet wide is what they were. And he, father brought, had one man he brought from Fairmount, Sommerset County. Man, he was really good at it. And he hired him, he came up here, and he stayed here with us 17 years shedding those crabs out.

K.F.: So one man ran all the shedding floats then?

W.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: We had to -- oh, the peelers them days, my golly day, they -- going back ahead of that, that's one business he was in first over to Claiborne, the father, behind the peelers in there. And I've heard him say that he's seen him go in those flats over there and catch -- I get talking and I get coughing. He said he's seen them catch a half a barrel of peelers a day in there. And the crab floats we used to have out here, and they had to be, what does a crab shed, every four hours?

B.S.: You have to tend `em every four hours.

K.F.: Yeah, usually.

W.H.: Something like that, the shedders you got there. But this man, he stayed right there and he fed those things in a night, had `em there, and oh, Lord, they were caught as doubles when the crabbers would catch `em and bring `em here, and we -- I remember they had a regular -- they were soft crab boxes. I remember those at the dealers, like in Baltimore, they had `em. And they would furnish -- just like my father, whoever was in that business of these things. And they were like the barrels. They have different sizes, maybe 4 dozen, 20 dozen, or whatever they had. And they, the size, they had trays. I was thinking about what we call a seal -- it's a seaweed that you kind of put down in the bottom of `em, and they had these trays that -- oh, I don't remember now, but four or five dozen, or a dozen or whatever they had. And you put that in there. And then had wax

paper that you would put over top of them, and you put a little thin layer of crushed ice on that, and then you lay another one. That way, you kept in there 'til you get maybe 20 dozen or whatever they were on there. And they wound up that a way, and that's the way you shipped `em then. See back in them times, we had a boat running right from Claiborne to Baltimore. And you shipped all that stuff that way down here. I remember my father, he had a business that they serve meals on there, Lord knows they sent a mess of `em down there with `em.

K.F.: On the boats that would just --

W.H.: Yeah, on the boats --

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: The ferry used to come from Annapolis to Claiborne.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: And then it changed over, they went to Romancock to Claiborne. And then you got off the ferry at Romancock and went to Matapeake to another ferry.

B. S.: He's talking about steamboats.

W.H.: We're talking about two different things.

M. H.: I know. I was just telling her that.

B. S.: The steamboats used to land there at Claiborne too.

W.H.: A person that didn't live around here, see here, you'd wonder sometimes how things happened as busy as it was down here at Claiborne. A little town like it was. `Cause that steamboat, Lord knows when I was -- before I was ever born, it run down here from Baltimore to Claiborne called a BCNA down here. And I've seen as many as, in the summertime on the weekends, three of those big boats, and I think that they were allowed 600 people on `em. And I've seen `em come in here on Saturdays and Sundays with trains went right out of Claiborne right down here at Ocean City and here. And I've seen as many as three trains Sunday morning going out here to Ocean City out here. And I'll tell you one thing, after that ferry got started in here and both boats running in here, it was a lot going on in Claiborne.

K.F.: It sounds like there would be --

W.H.: It was, I'm telling you. A little town. It's never built up any.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: I think, I counted `em up here one time. I think it's about 12 or 14 houses that's been built in Claiborne since I was a kid.

M.H.: But the town is completely ignored. They don't put it in these new phone books, there's no Claiborne post office, there's no signs to come to Claiborne.

B. S.: That's probably good.

M.H.: Huh?

B. S.: That's probably good.

M.H.: But I mean we're just completely ignored down here.

W.H.: We're getting clean off the oyster and crab business.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: But getting back and talking about this, about this ferry business here, I have seen cars on Sunday evenings going back right when you came through this last turn up here, this little thicket.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: They park from there to the ferry down here to the wharf waiting up here for to go down get on the ferry.

K.F.: Now what did, I mean obviously people would stay in Claiborne for a little while while they were waiting for the ferry, right?

W.H.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*).

K.F.: I mean is that --

M.H.: There wasn't anything to do.

K.F.: Okay.

B.S.: No entertainment.

(Laughter.)

B. S.: When the ferry would come over, before it would land, before it let the cars off the ferry, they would blow the horn on the boat, and that was the signal for all the mothers in town to get the children off the street.

M.H.: Get the children off the street.

B. S.: And, boy, when those cars came, they came.

M.H.: I've seen `em go two abreast right coming past our house.

K.F.: Really?

M.H.: Yeah.

B. S.: Yeah.

K.F.: Trying to get out here and get to Ocean City?

B. S.: Get to Ocean City, yeah. Reach the beach.

K.F.: So I know a lot of jokes are about Route 50 in the summer and the rush to Ocean City, so that's not really a new thing for this area, is it?

B. S.: No.

M. H.: No.

W.H.: But like they said there, when that ferry, when it was here going full blast, and it lasted a lot longer than the boat from Baltimore came down here. But I'm telling you, it was, the BCNA built Claiborne -- I might as well say the homes, most of `em down here, were all people worked on the boat or on the railroad. That's what was here. A few locals, but nothing like -- that started what the little town of Claiborne was down here. But getting back to the soft crab business, that's about all that I can tell you different. I mean how they was brought in here and shedded out, and we packed `em and shipped `em out, that was the end of that. And I mean handling of `em in there, it was a lot of job, you take that many floats for one person when they're shedding `em out to have to separate them from what they call the harvest every afternoon, then they eat the regular soft crab.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: But I'm telling you now what they've got in these rigs nowadays, man, that's a big difference.

K.F.: And were the soft crabs popular then? I mean were they something, were they as popular as they are now?

M.H.: Were the soft crabs as popular with people eating `em as they are now back when you started?

W.H.: I'm just thinking. I guess they were.

K. F.,: Okay.

W.H.: `Cause they were used -- where you came in here a while ago, this old big house up here, that was what they called back then as boarding houses. I've seen 125 people there over a week right at one place. And they use a lot of `em.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: And they were all, several of `em over the shore here.

B. S.: I don't think it's changed a lot over the years. I mean people in the city always came down to the shore to have the seafood.

K.F.: Right.

B.S.: And I'm sure the tradition has gone on for years.

K.F.: Okay. And where did you all ship most of your crabs?

W.H.: Well father had a big business in Washington, and right smart in Baltimore, and he shipped an awful lot to Harrisburg and Pittsburgh. And also Wilmington. I do remember those particular places that he sent an awful lot of crab meat. Not because of my father down here, but he was really known as the best crab picking -- crab meat was handled here on the shore. And that's because he kept after the crab pickers to keep the bones out.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: And when he came up there, as I said, to dump it out when they weighed theirs in, people that -- it was three people packing this crab meat, and they would go through it. Now that's what they stopped. Later on in years, all that handling, they said, contamination, the more you handled it, eventually they did stop it all together, and then they went in cans. And, of course, I don't get any of it. What we have here, we pick ourself. But they tell me you have a job sometimes to eat it for the bones in there, and that's the reason.

K.F.: Yeah.

M.H.: My granddaughter, when she's down, gets some down here before she goes home, and she said it's amazing how much shell and all is in it.

W.H.: But he was known for that, the crab meat, to handle it, and he had a lot of orders for crab meat.

K.F.: Was there somebody who was known as the best picker?

W.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

K.F.: And who was that?

W.H.: It was on the shore.

M.H.: Who was your best picker?

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: She wanted to know who was your best crab picker.

W.H.: Oh, my golly. I don't know. We had some down here, people has said to me how do you know so much about picking crabs. I said if you've seen as many crabs picked as I've seen, you'd know how to pick `em. Seemed like to me it was just like an oyster.

You take a good oyster shucker, tell him he's got an oyster in his hand, it's shucked out almost like that with a crab picker. Man, that knife is just a flying. And I've been trying to think for some time some of the amount of pounds that some of those pickers would pick a day. It was quite a lot that they would pick out down here. I don't remember, and I don't remember. You know, I was wondering the other day if it was in these books here that I saved from him. But I do remember the oyster shuckers --

(END SIDE A.)

(BEGIN SIDE B.)

W.H.: But they -- I can remember the oysters very well, more. I liked the oyster business a lot more than I did the crab business.

M.H.: But you can't remember --

K.F.: Why was that?

W. H.: It was just a lot more to it, that was all.

(Laughter.)

M.H.: But you can't remember the name of any of the pickers down here that really, really were the best pickers, the names of them?

W.H.: Yeah, if I can think of it. It was -- I remember one of the women down here, up the road here, can you remember them out the road here?

M.H.: Honey, that was before my time.

W.H.: No, it wasn't either. I mean since you've been down here, we've been married, a lot of `em was out that road there.

M.H.: Oh, you mean the people out there.

W.H.: Yeah.

M.H.: The Palmers. Did Oscar's wife pick down --

W.H.: Yeah, Oscar Cobble's wife.

M.H.: What was her name?

W.H.: Ain't it funny? I've gotten so when you get old you forget the names. I knew every one of `em down here, every name. I was trying to think the girl that, the woman -- she's no girl now, she's about as old as I am, come down here talks to me some time back one day.

M.H.: I remember you talking about it, but I don't know her name. Was it any of Sunny Palmer's people?

W.H.: Yeah, they were all there. Most all them out there, but I can't think of their first names. As many as we had here, and every one I knew, same thing with the oyster shuckers. People around from Bellevue. It's just a blank there.

B. S.: They were Turners, weren't they, down there Bellevue.

K.F.: Yeah, a lot of Turners in Bellevue.

W.H.: A lot of `em are Turners down there. Yeah.

M.H.: Did any of the Trotts out here pick?

W.H.: Yeah. A bunch of the Trotts.

M.H.: Well that's Henrietta. I can remember her name. Was she one of `em?

W.H.: Who?

M.H.: Henrietta Trott.

W.H.: Yeah.

M.H.: Stella Pinkney?

W.H.: Yeah, Stella, yeah, that's right. You got one. Mary Wright.

M.H.: Mary Wright.

W.H.: Yeah, now it's coming. And I was trying to think of all these Trots out the road here. What was Charley Pinkney's --

M.H.: That's what I'm trying to think, what her name was. Did she pick crabs?

W.H.: Yeah.

M.H.: Oh. The one Leon married, Billie.

B.S.: Yeah, I remember her, but I don't know her name. I can see her even.

M.H.: I can too. Short, and fat, and wild, and long.

B. S.: Yeah.

(Laughter.)

M.H.: Most all of `em were.

B. S.: When she walked across the floor of that house out there where they lived, it would sway. She was a big woman.

M.H.: There was many others, I'm sure, that were good, but those are the only ones he can think of right now.

K.F.: Okay. Well how did the people from Bellevue get up here to pick?

W.H.: Bring `em up here with a truck.

K.F.: Okay, okay.

W.H.: Now a lot of those same things, we had, I think it was about 20 places down here for people to live in here, it was on both sides of this road you came in, on both sides down here. A lot of those would come here and stay over the week. We bring `em Monday and carry `em back Friday. Didn't pick on Saturday. And one or two of `em now did have their own cars. People didn't have too many cars then.

K.F.: Right, right.

W.H.: And they would go back and forth. Same thing with some of the Sherwood people would do it here. But the St. Michaels people, we had to go get them. Isn't that something. As many as I know those people and it just --

B. S.: McDaniel and Wittman used to walk through the woods, didn't they?

W.H.: Right here at McDaniel.

B. S.: McDaniel.

W.H.: That was, most of that was in the wintertime, that was oyster shuckers out here from this little town out here in McDaniel, they'd walk, like wintertime when it snows and all, they could go from the town out there, right in the little town there. This woods right here goes clean down, Lord knows where to, halfway to Sherwood. But it was a road comes right out to the end of this little turn where you made up here, and they'd have to go through that woods to get down here. And like holidays, father he would start shucking down here much as 5:00 of a morning during the holidays to get the oysters shucked. And they come through that woods out there every night that way to get down here by 5:00 in the morning, especially 6:00, any time.

K.F.: Uh-huh (Affirmative). Okay. And what did the inside of the picking house look like?

M.H.: Just an open room basically. And it had -- didn't those, that big table that's down there in the shed now, is that what they put crabs out on for `em to pick or not? But they were put out on a big table, weren't they, the crabs?

W.H.: No. The house down there, we had two houses, the first one I ever knew of was back over the water down there. It was built over pilings on the water. And it was a house like this. Roof up there, and roof down here, and right down to on each side, the oyster house was the same way, and what it was, they were tables. Oh, I know -- maybe four feet by, they were long, maybe 20-foot tables. And they sat on trestle benches.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: And they were on each side a row of `em down on each side, and I've forgotten now just how many people was on there. And down in the middle was same way. That's a shucking -- I mean for the crab picking in there.

K.F.: Right. Okay.

W.H.: And what you did, the steamer that we had was out on right off from the side on the wharf out here. And that's where they were steamed. And the man that carried those crabs, he had a big wheelbarrow that held two, held six baskets of crabs. And he would carry `em in there, and they were piled up to each crab picker what he could have, maybe two baskets or what in there to each one of `em. They had, that's where they had the little tins there for to pick the crabs in. And he kept them crabs to those people as they take off. And they had the crab picking shells and all from that down there. They had a lot of, they were large cans, what they were, back in those days. They were down there, and that's where they dumped the picking. And people had a place out in here where you put the picking. Most what we had back in those days, the farmers out here come and got the crab picking from down here. And that kept it away from here. And the oyster house was the same thing, only they -- the roof was like that, and -- well the ceiling in the oyster house was just like this in there. It was (indiscernible) there but it had the ceiling and all in it overhead. And that was one thing that they kicked so much about towards the last, the inspectors and all, about the ceilings. They said they were too low. They wanted `em higher. And but what they had, they had what they call -- they weren't tables, they were tables in a way. On each side of that oyster house were the -- just like a table that runs on -- they were solid in there, and they had it just like this. It was a board up on each side. Of course, they were back against the building that held the oysters from going back.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: This thing was built right up against, just like around side this house. And what it was, it helped, you could put as many as -- oh, as many as three, maybe three, four bushels anyway to a shucker. See they had sections there built up on each side maybe oh, I don't know, maybe 14, 15 inches that helped the oysters from going to each one. Each shucker had his place just like this in there. And they had what they call stool built for him to stand in to keep the shells away from them. They were, oh things that -- just like -- don't know what you call the thing. It was a box almost like they stood in.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: In there when they were laying up against therefor them to shuck. And the shells went down on each side of that down in there and had the buckets sitting up there where they put the oysters in.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: And they had a man, same way, to -- with wheelbarrows to carry that, and that's what they held, six baskets. I remember that. It wasn't -- that basket wasn't a bushel in there. And they had carried, they'd bring these into these oyster shuckers and put `em on the benches in there. They had to have two of them, and we had to have two, sometimes three shell wheelers to keep those shells out. I've seen as many where you came in here, right out here where all these trees is back here, that's where we put our shells. And I've seen as many as 60,000 bushels of shells piled up out there. You could go up on the end of `em, look all over Claiborne.

K.F.: What did you all do with the shells once you were done?

W. H.: The first I remember `em, for a number of years, all the roads around here were shell roads around here. It was a county road, and a state road, that's what they used. All this road through here, I remember when St. Michaels was a shell road. Wasn't no state road in St. Michaels when I went there to live.

M.H.: Can I interrupt a minute now? Here's an annual statement of expenses for Talbot County for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1913. Road repairs, state aid -- L. Haddaway received \$240 for shells for repair work. And public roads, fifth district, he received \$176.50 for shells.

K.F.: Okay. What is that that you have, Mrs. Haddaway?

M.H.: A friend likes to go through all the records up there at the courthouse and all, and she typed it all up for Bill.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

M.H.: I was going to let you read it when you got through.

K.F.: Okay, sure. Yeah, I'd love to see it.

W.H.: Well what they did, the farmers out wherever they were, from here to Tilghman's Island and Bozman and all up around St. Michaels, the oyster houses was the same thing. That's -- you take right at our community here that they didn't have to do much -- no farming much in the winter time, and they put the shells on the road with horse carts and wagons and everything else. Lord, sometimes they'd be so thick down here, you couldn't hardly get around for the wagons hauling out on this road.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: And that went on for a number of years until they got using stone or slab, something on the roads. And then we sold `em to Baltimore. Went up there, they ground `em up for chicken feed.

K.F.: Oh, right.

W.H.: Then as time went on later on, the state would plant the shells back overboard like they're doing nowadays. But back in those days, they didn't do that. They never planted anything back overboard. We used to have -- I remember boats used to come in here, and we load `em on that, and after oyster season was over, and then sometimes those old big barges, tug boats, would bring one down here, that thing would reach halfway across the creek here, and you'd have to load `em on there. Well that's where they went, to Baltimore up there, and they were ground up for chicken feed after they stopped using them on the roads. But everything around here was a shell road. And sometimes, they weren't any too good in wintertime either.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: But all these roads out here, that's how the people got rid of `em. And, Lord, some of the houses, like that house there in St. Michaels I'm talking about, it had so many more shuckers, I remember the house we had here, it held 55 shuckers. But that one colored house down in St. Michaels, they had 75 shuckers. And that was a lot of shells --

K.F.: It is.

W.H.: -- dumping there.

K.F.: Well I'm wondering, you said you bought the crabs off the watermen at one point?

M.H.: Yeah.

K.F.: Yeah.

M.H.: You bought the crabs from the watermen, they would bring the crabs in here.

K.F.: What can you tell me about the watermen in this area that you remember from meeting them and buying crabs from them?

W.H.: What, their names?

K.F.: Anything about them. Anybody bring in like the most crabs all the time, or anybody tell funny stories, or --

M.H.: You wouldn't want some of the stories.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: We never had -- it's just like they do every now and then. I never was much a time if you ever had any strikes back in those days as they do now, try to raise the prices, that's all it was, the stuff wouldn't go out. But back when my father was in business here, watermen -- the watermen was quite different back in those days than they are now, a lot of difference.

K.F.: Like what?

M.H.: They were more reasonable, I think you could say.

W.H.: Yes, I guess they were. They were very easy to please. I mean they weren't always going on about something. They were satisfied with what they were getting, the prices or this, that and the other. But since the young -- I call it the younger generation, especially the ones now that's coming up now in the 18, 20 and 25 class, they're hard to deal with. I've said about watermen, I've often told `em down here, they're their worst enemy. I mean, I said you cheat yourself down here. They steal right from their own selves. And Billie there, he got oysters and crabs, he knows just about what I'm talking about with `em. Some of `em, you just -- I don't know, you can't do anything with `em. They never want to do nothing right in there. They catch the oyster sizes they shouldn't do, they do the same thing with the crabs that they shouldn't do, or it's against the law for a certain size fish or something, they'll go ahead and do that. They hurt their own selves.

M.H.: Well that's still not telling her who was the best crabbers back when your father was -- I guess your Uncle Nick, really, wasn't it?

W.H.: What do you mean?

M.H.: Catch the most crabs.

W.H.: Oh, yeah. He was one of the best crabbers there was here. That was my father's brother, Nick Haddaway. And, Lord, it was Clarence Haddaway was a good crabber.

And who else, Billie?

B. S.: Buck Ray, didn't he --

W.H.: Buck, he -- Buck didn't do too much. He painted.

B. S.: Yeah. What about --

M.H.: Or he oystered instead of crabbed.

W.H.: Yeah. Sam Harrison, Sam was a good crabber.

B. S.: Sam Harrison. Otis Pinkney.

W.H.: Otis -- no, no. You're thinking about Charlie. Charlie wasn't.

B.S.: Well I'm just throwing names out. You can return `em.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Yeah. The crabbers.

M.H.: Did George Palmer crab?

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: George Palmer, Sunny's father.

W.H.: No.

M.H.: Oscar didn't, they were all oystermen.

B. S.: Oscar --

W.H.: Oh, some -- what his names, George Jones, they all crabbed up here, Tom Pete.

B. S.: Tom Pete, Buddy Jones.

M.H.: Well not back when your father was buying `em.

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: Not back when your father was buying `em.

W.H.: No. Not that far back in there.

M.H.: How about the Greens, Ed Green?

W.H.: Ed Green did, yeah. Oh, Lord. Now there was two back in them days, Dorie Johnson and Jim Johnson and Raymond Hinson. I can get you now. And let's see, down Pot Pie.

B. S.: Buttercup?

W.H.: No.

M.H.: No, not then.

W.H.: What -- one that kept his boat here all the time. He was in my father's class.

M.H.: Oh, Pat?

W.H.: Yeah.

M.H.: Pat Jones.

B.S.: Pat Jones.

W.H.: Pat Jones, and his brother, Herbert Jones, and George Haddaway. Oh, my golly. How many you want?

(Laughter.)

M.H.: Just end it up with E-T-C.

K.F.: Now what did the dock sound like when they were bringing in the crabs?

M.H.: Mess of bull.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: What?

M.H.: She wanted to know what the dock sounded like when they all got in here.

W.H.: Oh, my.

M.H.: I said a mess of bull.

W.H.: I tell you, one thing you talk about what's happening in my time with crabbers, but this is not crabbing. A lot of `em used to, they had -- weren't no such boats they have nowadays, not as big as that. But they were large enough, the cabin on `em.

Summertime, they'd -- fellows now I'm talking about was from down around Wittman and Sherwood here would tie their boats here to the wharf.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: And they'd lay down there. This particular one evening, I used to go down there and talk to `em. But I went down there this day and they were two colored fellows in there. Raymond Hinson and Jim Johnson. And they were getting their supper when I went down there. And I walked out on that wharf, and I said to myself what in the world are they cooking. I never smelled anything that good in my life. So I went on and I stood up there, and I told them, the fellow was named Raymond Hinson, I said Raymond, what

in the world are you cooking that smelled that good? He said didn't you never have any? I said what is it? He said liverwurst -- not -- oh, what was it, Mary Frances?

M.H.: I don't know what they called it.

W.H.: Yeah, what I told you they called it, you here it from me. Onions and all --

M.H.: Onions and --

W.H.: I said what they call it?

M. H.: I don't know. I've heard it, I'm sure, but it never stays with me. It's just onions and potatoes cooked up until they're mushy.

W.H.: And they had taken with bacon grease and had it mixed in there. Oh, goulash.

M.H.: Goulash?

W.H.: Yeah. I said what in the world is that in there? They said you never eat that? I said no, I never eat anything like that, not that good in there. They said how about you want some? I said yeah, I want to taste it, in deed I do.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: So I sat down there and eat some of it. That was really good. After that, or -- after Frances and myself was married, I told her about it, and I have it every now and then. I tell you, I love it with fish.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: But that was one thing, you wonder what happens to people, I said that was one thing happened to me. I said I got to have some of that.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Them fellows down here were the greatest people, the ones down here to a little town we call Pot Pie down here. Several of them was here, crabbed here. And them people, they had cars then, and -- down here. And we'd steam our crabs here. They'd come in here around, oh, anywhere -- it depends on how the crabs, whether they were biting or not. They come in there, they come in there anywheres from 10:00 to 12:00. But they'd always hit down here, he said he told `em, said I get tired of feeding you people. And he said why don't you bring something up here to eat. They'd bring a loaf of bread up here, and our steamed crabs out here, he'd steam them, we'd steam `em. Everyone of `em would go there. And he said now if you're going to pick them crabs out and eat `em, take the small ones. Don't take them great big ones. And that's what they would do, go down and get their crabs and their loaf of bread, and that was their lunch.

Just as regular --

M.H.: Also, the big claw of the crab, there was a time they weren't bringing enough that made it worthwhile to pick `em out, and they would get those and eat `em. That's the claws.

W.H.: That's something I can tell you too, Frances remembered that. I know when claw meat, out of the claws was so cheap that my father wouldn't have the pickers to pick `em `cause he had to pay `em by the pound picking in there, that he would -- he'd tell `em to throw `em in the crab picking in there. I know -- I remember that. Claw meat as low as 12 cents a pound, and now it's \$4 and something a pound.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: And the backfin, what some called it lump, but the backfin in there, I don't remember of him ever getting any more than 75 cents for it. And now it's running 18, \$20.

K.F.: Yeah.

W.H.: Same thing, it's the same thing, and people go on about it now, about the Backfin for the crab cakes and all why it's so much better. It ain't a thing in the world in that crab, that white meat in there, every bit of it is the same. They can tell all they want to about you got to have that big lump in there for crab cakes. It ain't so. It's because they see it, it's no claw in that. When they cut that out, it's all a piece of meat. And that's the reason it's so much better because there's no bone in it.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: But the smaller flake in there, they called that the backfin in there, and the lump there in the thing, but pieces breaks off in that backfin that they put in there, they're not fooling me with that there as much as I've ever seen about it in there. The one time when we start, I remember it was called the white meat, and now it's regular, but -- it's regular. And to me, the best tasting meat in that crab is the claw. It's got more taste to it than every part of it in there.

K.F.: That's what my husband thinks too.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: I know it is.

K.F.: He likes the claw.

W.H.: People go on about --

M.H.: I think he's -- but each section of the claw to me tastes a little different. But the rest of it is all the same.

W.H.: It's something that has a taste. The others have the taste, but it don't have the taste that that claw has. My mother, whenever we'd all be down there, whenever she wanted crab cakes or anything, she bought what we call just the regular meat. She mixed it up. She'd get the claw and that and mix it together. And that made a better crab cake than what you get now with that backfin. And the regular would run about 35 cents that they have now on there. That's one thing I do -- and the oyster, I don't remember him ever in the oyster business ever getting over 75 cents to a dollar a gallon. And nowadays, I don't even --

M.H.: I don't know what they bring.

W.H.: I don't even know. What are a gallon of oysters? Do you have any idea?

M.H.: Now they use those little --

K.F.: Can't get `em in the gallon any more.

M.H.: No. Those little jars, I used to get up here at Clark's.

W.H.: Seventy-five cents, aren't they, a pint?

M.H.: Seventy-five?

W.H.: Yeah, you mean get here, that's a pint.

M.H.: Yeah, a pint. But I don't pay 75 cents. It'd be a lot more than that.

W.H.: Oh, seven dollars.

M.H.: Seven dollars.

W.H.: And you know I told you the other day, I said it's only a dollar's difference, you're better off to get the -- supposed to be selects. They were \$8, and the other ones were 7 or 7.50. I told you it paid the difference there in there. It's just like, it's just like the oysters, I tell people about the bushel that we used to pay here. The average bushel of oysters run about, I've seen `em a quarter, but the average would be 35 cents and 50 cents.

M.H.: That's in the shell.

W.H.: A bushel. And nowadays, what are they?

B. S.: Sixteen is what they've been getting.

W.H.: Fifteen now?

B. S.: Fifteen.

W.H.: And they have -- what do sometimes they bring, \$25 a bushel?

B. S.: Yeah, we used to get 25, yeah.

W.H.: A bushel. And the big select oysters came from Wye River. Over here to Wye River. They would be 50 cents, around here 35. And I've told people, they said you're crazy. I've known him buy two bushels for a quarter. And now, he didn't shuck those oysters. We had what we called our own planting ground where we could plant oysters. In the spring and fall of the year, we didn't need `em. He'd plant `em over there. Fellows from Kent Island used to bring a lot of oysters over here. And back in those days, people needed some money. And they'd bring these oysters over here, and he'd call what you call lumping `em in there. We didn't measure `em out. You look in the boat. The tonger knew just exactly about what he had, 10 bushels, 50 bushels, 25 bushels or what. And he and father did too. He said well you got 50 bushels or 20 bushels or what. And he just carried them over here in the boat and shoveled them overboard. And I knew him one time down here, and one year here he said that was all he could pay for `em would be a quarter for two bushels. People say you crazy. I say no I'm not either.

M.H.: Of course, way back, you didn't buy the crabs in baskets like they do now. You bought `em in the barrels. Is that --

W.H.: Yeah, that's what I was telling her.

M.H.: Well what did, what was about the price, what would they figure out as a bushel then in that barrel? What did you pay for the barrel?

W.H.: What I remember about then back time ago is she said a barrel of crabs, remember `em just as well, they were 75 cents a barrel.

M.H.: Well that would be a quarter a bushel.

W.H.: Well they held two bushels and a half in there. And then they went later on, they stopped buying `em by the barrel in there. I remember just as well. And they bought `em for two cents a pound, what it was. Two cents or 20 cents.

M.H.: I don't know. You better not quote him on that.

W.H.: And I tell you, talking about what happened back then. You allowed a barrel, empty barrel for 20 pounds in there. So the barrels got looking awful wet. So crabbers had the boats down here. So I went down there one time, I went down there one evening late, and I looked around there, and what the crabbers were doing, they were throwing the barrels overboard overnight and swelling `em up so that they would weigh more than 20 pounds there, and we'd count `em as 20 pounds. Then my father got weighing -- we got weighing the barrels on them, and that stopped it. But they'd throw `em overboard and soak `em overnight so they weigh more. That's what I'm telling you about, that's what I'm telling you about a waterman back in those days. He's his worst enemy, I'm telling you. I used to tell these fellows, they didn't get mad with me, Tilghman Islanders, I've had as many as 25 and 30 boats tied around my dock here of tongers in here. And every one of `em would have a pick-up. We've had so many pick-ups out here, we didn't know what to do with `em. Find place 25, 30 pick-ups out here.

M.H.: -- on the porch roof, pictures of all the trucks that were out here.

K.F.: Oh, you have pictures of it?

M.H.: Oh, yes. See all those 10 or 12 books over there. I don't know which one it's in.

K.F.: Okay, yeah. I might want to see some of those. That would be great.

M.H.: I think I know which are the older ones.

W.H.: And those fellows, they're from -- most of my tingers were -- not too many locals -- but down Tilghman. And I'd tell `em. I'd say why in the world, I said they'd -- there's an old fish called a Dowdy in there. There used to be a lot of `em. They'd catch them, throw `em down in there, the Coca-Cola back then, it was them 5, 10 cent cokes, you know. They'd empty the bottles, the cans, and put `em down there and shovel `em up there, and I have to throw `em out. Lot of times, I get so mad with `em about selling the stuff, I take a half a bushel off them. But I said the man that is buying these oysters, he can only pay for what he's getting. I said don't you realize that? I said that cuts him down, it's going to cut you down. You can't tell him that.

K.F.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

W.H.: And I tell `em down here about working. Right now majority of the watermen, he don't study about tomorrow at all. All he's studying about, today. I used to tell `em, I said don't you ever study about that you're going to do this tomorrow, the next year, most of `em do, 'til you can do it? I said you're just hurting yourselves. And they do. They don't care. Get it today. They say no, go get it today, we don't care about tomorrow. The greatest people I ever seen, they used to catch, I know when I first remember anything about, the size of an oyster was two and a half inches. That's a small oyster.

And you take one there and get him, you haven't got much of an oyster, but I know when they done away with that when oysters went to three inches in there. And what they would do, when they would call the oysters on the board, they put on there when they catch `em, they throw a lot of little ones in there with them, and they were great for throwing `em down alongside the boat `cause if the inspector went up to try `em, he'd always go in the middle of the pile of the oysters with a shovel and get `em. And that's what that tinger knew. And he would throw the little ones down there. And I knew it too. I said I know what you're -- I know where your little oysters are. You got `em alongside the boat. So when he inspects `em, then they don't get any. But they do that. I said don't you know you're hurting your own self all in there? Same thing with crabs. After they would -- we've had `em down here taking what we call Merle bushes round the shore. They'd break `em off and stick `em down in the bottom of the barrel, oh maybe that much in there, and pile the crabs on top of `em so that they get a barrel. Anything to do something wrong that they would do it. They used to catch a lot of `em. Take the small crabs and carrying `em home, and their wives *pick* `em out and selling the crab meat. I said you ain't doing a thing but hurting yourselves when you do that.

K.F.: Now were there many women who picked in their homes down here?

W.H.: Huh?

K.F.: Were there many women who picked on their own in their homes down here?

W.H.: Oh, no. The crabber would take `em home, and they steam `em, pick `em home.

M.H.: No, she said were there many women right around here, right down here that did it?

W.H.: Oh, no. Not these -- most the time it was the Tilghman Island people, down that way. But now days they know it's wrong out here to certain size fish. I said to you you're just making it hard on yourselves with the people that go out there and catch undersize fish and try to get away with them. I said it makes it look so bad on the watermen. I said you're making it look bad on you when you're doing all this kind of stuff and trying to get away with it. Every now and then now you see in the paper where they're arresting so many of `em, you know, for doing this, that and the other. I said you don't do a damn thing. I said -- I told `em, you're your worst enemy. You steal from yourself Billie, he knows what a lot of `em does. They don't want to give you a bushel of crabs.

With my father, that's one thing that the year that he stopped in `40, I guess it was, he died in `42, they had just about two or three years after that is the first one that I know, fellow from Philadelphia named Green came down here, and he started the first I know around here by the basket. They wanted the big crabs for the baskets. That was the first I know it started around here. Because that's what you wanted when you were picking crabs. You wanted the big crab to get the backfin out of But that started. I said that ruined my father if he kept on when they go on doing that. We used to sell some of the big ones. They started sometime two or three years maybe before he died that they were shipping some steamed crabs. That's another thing that they used to do that people stopped. We used the shell that you pull off a crab in there, he had one man that stayed down here, we'd save the shells and we had just -- well what it was, it was the float that we used to have for to shed the peelers in for soft crabs, we had one down along the shore here. And, of course, their fat and stuff was still in them shells. And we take the shell, crab shell, and he would put it in our overnight in these floats there, and the minnows and little fish and stuff would eat all that stuff out.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: Well what he did, he had a great big, oh it was a vat, what it was. Some kind of barrel. Oh, that thing was, God knows how big around. And he would take a bow net, big net, and he'd go down there and he'd take these things up and wash `em in this net as he tightened `em up like, and he'd put `em in this great big barrel tub thing he had full of water, he had to keep changing that water, and he'd put those in there, and they had a little, you see `em now, little tiny scrub brushes like.

K.F.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

W.H.: And he would clean out, what the fish didn't get out of there, he would have a little like a shoepeg thing like they called it, and he'd get all that out of there, and he'd wash all in there and wash the crab all off. And you would send them, different people would use them for deviled crabs. You had -- when they, we had a -- they were pasteboard cartons. Oh, maybe a square like that, top on there, and some of `em would want a whole sugar barrel -- I mean a crab barrel of these shells. And when they order so many pounds of meat and all, that's the way they used to order it, the amount of pounds in there. And they'd want -- now all of `em didn't fool with `em. But a lot of `em bought these shells and they use `em for devil crabs. But they finally, later on, they said that

wasn't sanitary, that they'd stop that. And now they've got, what is it, a plastic -- what is it?

M.H.: What's that, honey? I wasn't listening.

W.H.: What they make them deviled crabs out of now.

M.H.: Oh, no. It's ceramics, I think, isn't it?

W.H.: Some kind of shell.

M.H.: Shell.

K.F.: You see ceramic and plastic.

M.H.: And plastic.

K.F.: And metal too.

W.H.: Yeah, they did stop that. They wouldn't let us ship anymore. They did that with my father there about before he quit. They said well, it wasn't sanitary. But Lord have mercy, he sent a many shell away from here.

M.H.: I found one picture.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: I tell you, I ought to kept that out of here, Mary Frances, that one down there with all them sailboats into it.

M.H.: This is part of `em. This is the walk where it goes out.

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: Then they're all down there, then they were up hereby the garage. I didn't get all of those, I guess.

W.H.: You got some where we're putting out down there, trucks and everything?

M.H.: No, I got the truck. Yeah, here was the other way over here.

K.F.: Oh, yeah. Looks like you all are selling some trucks.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: You ought to have a mess of pictures of them things down there.

M.H.: Well I did, but they're in those. I didn't know you wanted to see those.

W.H.: You can get `em out. See when I first started, I had my own trucks. And when I was running, I run to Baltimore, run right smart --

(END TAPE 115.1)

(BEING TAPE 115.2 - SIDE A)

W.H.: -- so I could go back and sell again. So it showed -- man told me said I had been running to him I guess five, six years. He said I'm going to tell you. He said you have made me more money since you've been running me oysters than I ever had anybody in my life. Said I think you ought to know that. That was Mr. Newbert.

K.F.: Mr. Newbert. All right.

W.H.: I run to him 17 years, one man. I sold different times. I've sold a lot of `em up here St. Michaels. I told you where the Cook brothers had a house.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: I started with them first up here. And then I went to send a lot of `em with Buddy Harrison down here to Tilghman. And they went, I would load a tractor and trailer from 600 to 700 bushels every day near about down here and start on one of my trucks if I had some over, and we'd put `em on there every day down here. And they went down to North Carolina. That's where they were going.

M.H.: Trucks would almost seem like they were down to the shore up to the house here, they were that long.

W.H.: I loaded one truck down here, the greatest load I ever did, one come up here after a load of oysters, right brand new Mack truck in here, and boy, like she says, seem like to me the end of it was up here in the yard in there. And when we counted up on there, he had 800 bushels on that truck. He said Lord have mercy. And he told me, he came back next time he come back to keep away from the scales on his road down there. He said he went near about 400 miles out his way to keep getting on his scales, 'cause he said they'd take my truck. They would. I mean he told me how much he was overweight. I knew he was. He kept saying put 'em on, put 'em on, put 'em on. And it got right there. He said how many more boats you got? I said one more. He said put 'em on here. Thought to myself, all right. And Mary Frances, she was the first person, woman, in Maryland that had license to buy oysters.

K.F.: Really?

W.H.: She take all these oysters --

M.H.: There was probably other women buying 'em, but they didn't have a license.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Yeah. But they licensed her, give her a license to buy these oysters. I had my own, what we call a buy boat. I had a boat, big boat down here, I went to Wye River over there to buy. And Mr. Newbert said to me one day he said don't you have a boat you can go buy me some big oysters in Wye River? And that's when Mary Frances, I had one colored fellow here, he was the only one I said (indiscernible), I liked that boy, he was really good. And he used to buy down here for me if I was in the truck here. I said I've had him have five, \$6,000 down there in a box, I never missed one penny with him. And he'd taken care -- he got running, he used to run in one of my trucks down here.

And he used to take those down here. And I said, I told Mary Frances, I said you can do it. She said no, she couldn't. So I carried her down there one day. We had electric, had what they call a wench that pull these oysters out. Well I guess you could've seen it down there, those pictures down here. The thing went down in the boat in there, and she'd take out two boats, one right after the other, I mean at the same time. He put a bushel out, and time he got the man ready and she'd take them out. And she worked this rig down there after I went buying oysters, she done that, she take 'em down there for a number of years, her and this colored fellow down here. And what she did, they licensed her to do the buying down here. She did that for God knows how many years. And I was on the buy boat over Wye River buying 'em, and I take them out.

M.H.: That's what I used to do with --just fix the oysters up just so so wouldn't be as many oysters go in the bushel. So I'd ease 'em up just a little bit out of the boat, no more than about like that, and gobble it down real quick, the oysters would settle down. I got the dirtiest looks for doing things like that, but I wanted a bushel of oysters.

K.F.: Right, right.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: What she did there is, like she said, he had 'em -- that was another thing I used to tell 'em about filling the tubs out. They used to -- a lot of times I wouldn't score 'em up. I said no, you fill that tub up. I'm not going to score it up to you. But they do that, get a

few oysters to carry `em all around the tub. And like she said, when she bumps it down, to dump them, they went down in the tub in there. And I'm telling you, boy the waterman, he's got a lot of things with him.

K.F.: Well how did you learn to do that, Mrs. Haddaway?

W.H.: It wasn't any problem. You just pulled a lever up and put your foot on the brake and hold it until they emptied it. And then as they swung it out, then I'd lower it down slow to the boat.

W.H.: She knew just how far, when it went down the boat, when to pick it up and when to lower it back. And she knew when they got up to dump it in the truck, you know, just how far to do it. `Cause you got to learn that thing just when to stop and when to go with it.

K.F.: Right, right.

W.H.: I give her that. She was good with it all right. Some of the tengers say she was better than I was with it.

M.H.: Some of the high tides when the boats were up almost in the land, I saw that picture when I was going through. Now I can't --

W.H.: I mean how things -- you sit around, things happen, you know. The fellows down Tilghman Island is a lot of -- they some of `em bear a hard name down there, but let me tell you, I had some worked up here with me, they couldn't have been any better. Always doing something in here. They had one fellow here, I don't know, he kind of gets -- he would get excited and all. So they caught him down here one time, he had his truck back down, after they take the oysters all out, a lot of times their pick-ups that was up here, they'd back `em down there where I take out oysters to take the gas that they brought that day for the next day. And they had his pick-up, little pick-up down there to the wharf. And he was away from there, some of them fellows down there got him away from there, and they got a jack, They went thereto his truck and they jacked it up just enough that the wheels wouldn't hit at all. He came there, he got in that truck, and started off She wouldn't go.

M.H.: That was George Harrison, wasn't it?

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: George Harrison.

W.H.: Yeah. The truck wouldn't go. And let me tell you, now that guy was rigged in there. He got there, he tried to go, you know, the wheels wouldn't hit, and he was in there, and he didn't see that, you know, he got out, he -- he never seen that tar. But they were just far enough away that they wasn't on the ground, and you had to look awful close to tell that it was up. And they fooled with that guy a half an hour, near about, with that truck down there, and he couldn't get away from here with that truck jacked up. All that kind of stuff that they did.

M.H.: Well that day that they did it up here when you went down to Tilghman, stopped there at Fairbanks' place, and they did it to him again.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Another time down here one of -- had a big pole was up, what we call a hoisting poll, where the gaff went on that to take these oysters out, he had it run off, it was 16 feet long. And that's where this falls went from where she was taken out on this fall and out to the end where the tub pulled it up in there. And I had an extra pole over on the wharf

over there that I didn't -- I had it there if I ever wanted -- we could take out down here four boats at a time. And but it was a pole over there. And had another fellow here that always doing something to him down here. And they called him away from here. He'd gone on home. And they went in there, and his boat, what you call his anchor line and all in there. And they went in there and one of those fellows shinned up that pole about 20 feet tall, and they carried his anchor line, carried it up that pole and tied it all up around all over the pole, all around there. And the next day, he come down here, he had to get all that line down so he could get away from the wharf and go tonging. All that kind of thing. Had tied his lines clean up to the top of that pole down there. And he had to get somebody to go up there and bring it down. They always doing something to somebody.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Where is that thing you had the other paper in? Is it one in there? I can get that. One of those was on the table.

M.H.: They're in the drawers here.

W.H.: I was going to show her that, that's way back, that was before my time.

M.H.: I know I saw a picture of the hoisting house and the trailer. Not just the hoisting house, but I saw one with a truck right there alongside of it. Here's a truck over here on the other side, a separate picture, but this was one picture.

W.H.: Right down from along this shore down on that side, the shoreline went right to the water. I built it up down here from halfway, not too far down this shore, that whole shore down there was right even -- it wasn't, it went up, slanting down, but it went down even with the water. And that's where the watermen back then, they didn't have all these railways and things back to pull boats up in there, and that's where father used to let `em pull the boats up. I've seen as many as eight or ten boats pull up there along that shore at a time along there and down there. And what we do, they take my truck, we had what they call a big block and falls, and we had boards, great big boards about 12, 14 inches wide, and they're 16 feet long. We're using `em for about this shell pile, used to have to put `em on the shell pile for the fellows to wheel the shells up on `em, dump `em on there. And they'd be down there, and they'd put these boards down just whatever width their boat was down there, and all different ones at times, what they call rollers, go out here some tree somewhere, and cut these rollers down.

And they put `em under, start on these boats in there. And I'd take my truck and go down there, and it was just block and -- I'd hook onto `em and pull their boats up for `em down here. And that's where they -- I've seen that, eight and ten boats this time along that shore where we'd pull them up there in the spring of the year for `em to paint the boats and fix `em up down there. But this shore, I fill it up from where you came in where this little thicket down here out there, round that whole shore up here, I at one time put 600 loads of dirt. I built this up down here.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: All that back there where that building is out here, that was all water at one time.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: In fact, my father told me when he was a young man growing up before his uncle bought it that the water came near about up to this road in here round here, come up here.

And after his uncle bought this place, the shells that he shucked out, he built the house down here, and he put all of his shells down there, it was all shells, that's what it was back in there. And he kept adding to it. And out of that building down there, back down there, I put about all of that, all part of that down there, down under about five feet of ground is all cement where the old building was down there. It's all cement down underneath the biggest part of that down there. And that's where -- they built this Tilghman Island Road down here, they had to have somewhere to put the dirt. And it was a good place and a lot of it I bought, and some they give to me. But I remember it was about 600 loads of dirt from there clean around all from this house here. It was same way here in front the house, went right down to the water. I bulkheaded it up and put all this dirt in here. But down there where that building is on there, it's about -- oh, it's about -- the blocks down there, I think that house is sitting on, what, three blocks down there.

M.H.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*).

W.H.: Underneath that was cement.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: But his uncle, he bought that down here. I've heard my father talking about it that he built that up there. He had a right fair size house down there, but my father, after he got it, he kept adding onto it. I know of three different places where he made it larger, three different parts he built onto it so it would have that many people. That house, when it, the oyster house, when the oyster house was here in there, I've seen him have as many, as much as eight -- anywheres from six to 8,000 bushel of oysters in that house at one time. Had coming on for like Thanksgiving and Christmas orders, he would try to get all the oysters that he could get put in there, or if it was going to be a freeze-up, he could shuck as many near about as two weeks in there. The house had what we call bends. It was two, five in there. We had -- he had what we call an overhead, had a platform built up high there where you hatch the oysters up. They went in the door up overhead, and you would dump down on the floor in there.

But you wouldn't do that until -- we had no electric down here. All then was used gasoline mowers to do the hoisting up. We had the same rig, the pole and the falls and all, you worked at that gasoline mower, worked its winch, still electric. It was near about as fast as what Mary Frances was using. What he would do, we would start, if he wanted to put the oysters up high, you start down low, taking `em out of the boats on the low part of the wharf. And you wheel `em in there, and you get `em all on that floor. If you wanted to do that, he did that so that when it went down on that cement, everything had to be cement floor, whole (indiscernible), that they wouldn't hurt a shell or something.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: But you have this platform up there, big platform with a wheelbarrow up there, in fact, he had two of `em so he kept going two at a time, one load, the other one gone, the other load, and they had these runways too -- I remember the house like this way on the side, it was two of the big bends in there. And this platform you could dump both ways. And on the other side of the house it was three. He used the one there for storage in there. And I forget how many thousands of bushels that two of `em would hold. Well what he would do that he'd fill clean up until the platform where we were wheeling in there.

And then he would lay boards in there to dump on, and he would put fellows in there with shoveling, and you run them oysters clean up to the roof in there. And I've seen `em in there so thick in there where the man that went in there with a wheelbarrow to get the oysters out, he just had room in there to do it, and he would put two stoves in there in wintertime, and keep the stove in there, keep `em from freezing in there. But I've seen them bends in there, oysters piled up in there. He would have a bunch of tongs here working for `em, and he'd have as many as three and four buy boats out different places buying. I tell you something else what happened in times. One the winters, I've seen Miles River and this creek here froze up solid as much as for five and six weeks. You couldn't get in and out here at all. But this particular time, he had a boat, a buy boat, buying down what we call down in the Potomac River.

K.F.: Right, right.

W.H.: For him here. And he wanted to get that boat up here before it ever froze up. And we didn't do it. It come a freeze, and the whole creek froze over, but the boat, the big buy boat got in what we call the mouth of this creek down here, the buoys down here, that's where he got. And they didn't have ice boats and all them like they do now to go around and break it up. And man over here had a store, Claiborne, and he had a delivery back then, a horse, one horse little -- well it was a wagon, what it was, horse wagon in there. Father borrowed that wagon from that man, and we got that wagon over here, and I don't remember now just how many bushels that he had on there. He didn't get no load because he had, he wanted them to leave there. He was expecting them to be coal. And he got in there, and we brought those oysters up here on that wagon from down the mouth of that creek down there. Course the shuckers, they had nothing to do at that time, and the tongs here helped him get them oysters, and that's how we got them load. Put so many bushels on that wagon a day. And the fellows played horse. They get in the shafts there, and pushing in there. And we got them all them oysters out of that boat, I'll just say 500 or 1,000 bushels or more. We got `em on that little wagon and up here and shucked `em out. That was a job.

K.F.: That sounds like a job.

W.H.: It was. And I think just before maybe the last few loads, one there, they tried to keep going down the same track all the time. And I remember one of the wheels broke through one time in there. And we had take and shovel `em off in there to get the wheel out to load back on there and bring `em up here. But that's one thing I do remember happened to them, getting them out of that boat down here. Gosh, I've seen some awful times down here. Talking about the boat is frozen up, when that boat came from Baltimore down here to the wharf here --

B. S.: Think I'm bleeding.

M.H.: Yeah --

W.H.: He's had his hand, they had to operate on his wrist. What was it?

B. S.: They removed four of the eight bones in my wrist `cause I had arthritis so bad.

K.F.: Oh, wow.

B. S.: Just getting over it.

M.H.: This is his first day out driving.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

B.S.: Can't stay too faraway from my pills.

(Laughter.)

B. S.: Okay, we'll see you later. Nice to meet you.

K.F.: Nice to meet you too.

M.H.: Want me to bring your paper -- I mean your mail tomorrow?

B. S.: I can get it tomorrow, Mom.

M.H.: You think so?

W.H.: But talking about, I said people want to know about in my time, wintertime freeze up, I said you don't know what it was. I remember when that boat from Baltimore come in here to Claiborne, the Chesapeake Bay was froze up in here for two or three weeks at a time. And one time, the whole Chesapeake Bay was frozen over, of course, there are not so many boats now -- I mean then as there are now.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: You know, that big old boats come in thereto break the ice up. They didn't travel in there. But they was frozen up. But then in Eastern Bay, they didn't come in there, into Claiborne here for about three weeks one time in there. It's a light house out here at the mouth of this bay out here, Claiborne goes off from Kent Island.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: And the light house man used to skate from Claiborne out to his light house back and forth here across Eastern Bay out here.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: I'm telling you, I've seen this place frozen up here. My gosh. And they talk about snow them days, up Baltimore, they go in here, what was it, two or three years? Been about four years ago. What they call it? The blizzard. I said they don't know what snow was. I've seen it out here, the fences in these fields out here back in those days that over top the fences out here. You couldn't even go up and down the road. I know one time it froze, state and county didn't have no rigs then. For us to get out of here, my father take all of his help that lived down here, and the watermen that have their boats here, they shoveled from here out to, they did have some way of cleaning the highway off where they're shoveling near about from here to Claiborne to get out of here, right out our lane here with shovels to get out of here. I said I've seen some storms.

K.F.: Now what about the 1933 storm? How did that affect you all's business here? The '33 hurricane?

W.H.: When was that?

M.H.: That was --

K.F.: 1933.

M.H.: 1933.

W.H.: What was it?

M.H.: Hurricane came up.

W.H.: Oh, that was Hazel.

M.H.: Hazel, yeah.

W.H.: Yeah. Oh, yeah.

M.H.: It covered a lot of the bed, oyster bed.

W.H.: Yeah. I'd forgotten that. All of up here in Miles River where I get my oysters and out round the bay here, they were doing good round here. And let me -- I would say one

tonger, I remember right at that time, it wasn't too many tongers that early in the year. Maybe I have half a dozen here or more working. And they're working out here at Miles River, and they were catching, oh, 10, 12 bushel or more a day in here. And after that storm, it covered those bars up out there that they, after that out there, that they couldn't catch a bushel. And man, I'm telling you all the bay, all out here in Eastern Bay, what place we call Tilghman's Point out at the end here, it just covered everything up. And along early, I mean during the spring, later on, it commenced to open up, the barge did, clean off and all then, wasn't a thing out there but just shells. They (indiscernible) them oysters out, you know.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: Boy, I'm telling you, that done some damage here.

K.F.: What about to the crabs? What happened to the crabs that year after the storm?

W.H.: Well it don't seem to bother the crabs too much down here. But they, of course, I guess they were crabbing then.

M.H.: I don't know. I wasn't around.

W.H.: In there. But I'm telling you, it ruined these bars out here with crabs too on `em, `cause everything is just, it just tore the bottoms up. I know we were gunning over here, a place called -- across over in Kent Island. Father ran a place, Island, over there and it's about six, seven acres in it. And he cut that island right half in two in there. And he just kept cutting there 'til it's near about hardly any of it now over there -- and all. It really -- man, that was a storm. Telling you.

K.F.: Did it do any damage to your oyster house or crab house?

W.H.: No. We were just lucky down here. Almost all these storms it had that just never bothered anything, boats or anything in here.

K.F.: That is lucky.

W.H.: The worst thing we had here --

M.H.: High tides.

W.H.: The worst thing we had here was, when was it, four, five years ago, that sleet storm.

M.H.: Ice storm.

W.H.: Froze everything. God, these trees down here broke the limbs off everywhere. Never in my life see such a mess we had. Did you find some --

M.H.: No. You can't see too much of the house there, but this is the truck back down to the shore.

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: This one is a little clearer, the house and all. And here are some boats. The tide come up so there around that little house that I couldn't get out. The fellows had to make cradles or something and carry me out of there so I could get out.

K.F.: Now this little house was --

M.H.: That's where the motor and everything was that I -- that was my home in the afternoon.

(Laughter.)

K.F.: And then the buildings that are -- like this little building, was that part of the business?

M.H.: No, that's the way it is down here now, just a storage shed.

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: No, I never had any pictures of it when it was all out over the water. I wasn't around here.

W.H.: The big oyster house and crab house, I tore that all down after we give it up down here of shucking the oysters. I shucked --

M.H.: That was his truck, but after awhile, Buddy just sent his trucks up here and we loaded them down.

K.F.: Okay, okay.

W.H.: See in between, in between, when I was crabbing myself is when I was buying the hard crabs, and we were carrying `em, had a truck running to Philadelphia, Mary Frances and myself, we had one of the big ones we had here. We delivered all this side of Washington clean to Baltimore.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: And I'd buy crabs, buy most of `em down at Tilghman, I mean up there. And that's when I said -- how come he start that, buying them crabs?

M.H.: Well you and Stanley sort of went together.

W.H.: I said. What had I been doing before that?

M.H.: I don't recall now.

W.H.: Well I get back before that, I bought --

M.H.: You'd hall tomatoes in the summer.

W.H.: But I had two big trucks, and what I did in between a lot of that is when I'm talking about hauling them cinder blocks up there in between times, that's what I did. And I bought tomatoes for Harrison and Jarbo. Where this restaurant is up the road here --

M.H.: Sperry's.

K.F.: Sperry's.

W.H.: Sperry's. That was all big canning factory there, tomato factory. And I bought tomatoes for them for 15 years, brought `em tomatoes and hauled `em down there to them in there. Now that went on right, `cause I started out, that would start in about sometime July, middle of July, and it would get -- end up, the oyster season then started way back, oyster season started the 1st of September. Then it went to the 15th of September. Then it went to the 1st of October. But it would start there then. By the time that tomatoes are just about over, why I maybe have a load or two after the oyster season started that I hauled down there. And that was in there. Done a lot of different hauling with the trucks, different things like that. Hauling tomatoes and, like I said, cinder blocks and different things in there. And then I got a notion there, went in with a fellow down Tilghman, we went buying crabs and run them, like I say, all those places. And in the meantime, I had never crabbed. I knew all about it and seen the fellows crabbing out here, go out there with some of `em and do. So father's brother, one I was talking about, I tell you what did happen one time. We were talking about so many crabs. He went out of here every morning, back in those days standard time getting light maybe after 4:00. And he was back here to our wharf in here 10:00 in the morning, had 21 barrels of crabs. That's a lot of crabs.

K.F.: And were they trot lining then?

M.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

W.H.: Trot lining crabs. And he said that they were hanging on the bait, and hanging on the line between the baits.

M.H.: They were hungry.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: That many crabs. I mean now they talk about bushels, but that was two and a half bushels, 'cause that's the way they would haul in a barrel.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: He had filled all of his barrels up he had and he made a bulkhead where he stood to steer the boat and to dip the crabs up, he built it around him in there. And that's where -- after he filled them up, that's where he put the live crabs down there. And when he come in here, he put his crabs out. Then he got barrels here, we had the barrels. And they filled them up, and when he got through, he had 21 barrels of crabs. I never will forget that.

K.F.: Wow.

W.H.: Twenty-one barrels. That's the most crabs I ever saw in my life.

M.H.: If he had been getting for 'em what they're getting now, he could retire.

K.F.: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

W.H.: Well getting back to it, Mary Frances and myself, same man, he was really a good watermen. He understood it. And he died in, what? It was in --

M.H.: What, your Uncle Nick?

W.H.: Uncle Nicks. Same year that Kennedy got -- what was that, killed?

K.F.: Oh, sixty --

W.H.: Fifty?

M.H.: No, sixty some.

K.F.: Sixty-three or something like that.

M.H.: Seventy-three? No, it wasn't '73.

W.H.: Oh, no,

K.F.: It was like '63.

M.H.: Sixty. I've got it written down, but it's not important.

W.H.: Any way, that's when it was. He was taken sick, and he died of cancer in October, I guess it was. He had to quit there. And he had a nice crabbing boat in there. And all the whole rig. And it was left to his daughter. And I told Mary Frances, I said I never crabbed any, but I knew what the crabbers were doing. I said they're making twice as much money as I am, and we're running ourselves to death. I start every morning down there getting ready about 9:00, and I leave down Tilghman with the truck no later than about 1:00, 'cause people wanted 'em earlier. And I said I run -- we'd get back home here sometimes 11:00, and I said no, I'm gonna quit this.

And fellow down there, he was doing the same thing. I said Stanley, I'm going to pull out here. I'm going to go crabbing. He said what? I said yup. I'm going to take my uncle's boat, and I'm going to go crabbing. So that's what I did up until I got crabbing. I think I crabbed 21 years after I stopped buying in there. But in the meantime now, what was keeping us going real good was the oyster business. See that kept us going up there then. That would -- crabbing would come on, we'd go right on in the oyster business until unless something happened in the spring of the year then, I'd go hauling it with my truck and all. And so that's our history of down here.

K.F.: I was wondering if you had any other family members who were in the seafood business. Anybody else run a crab picking house or oyster picking house in the family?

M.H.: Huh-uh (negative).

K.F.: No?

W.H.: That's all.

K.F.: Just watermen and -- yeah.

M.H.: Really, he didn't have, doesn't have any close relatives around here now. His uncle that he talks about, and there's one -- I guess she's still living in Baltimore. And they're really the only close relatives. Now the ones, the Haddaways in Tilghman may be distant relations, but nothing close.

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: 'Cause he was -- Bill was an only child, and Captain Nick -- he's the only child. The others have moved away from here.

W.H.: And I said -- didn't have family, just one child. It got right down to my cousin was in Baltimore. She died one year some time ago. I said it -- I don't have now a relative real close anywhere, half cousins or maybe back in the Haddaways around here. All my family was on my mother's side. She's from over around Salisbury.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: And I have some half cousins up there now that all -- aunts and I have two -- a lot of step-sisters still living, them. And there was some of their children which were not my own cousins. I said I'm getting right down to nothing here about. The reason is from Tilghman's Island, with the Haddaways down there, it's so many different Haddaways around here. And maybe way back maybe we were some relation, but I had some relation over on Kent Island, with father's uncles and all. But he, father, he left Tilghman's Island when he was a young man, moved up this way on a farm, then he come up here and lived here in there. I said I'm really in a mixture. I'm part Indian and part German.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: Isn't that something? All my father's people were -- his their father and mother here, they're named Hartwigs. They came from Germany and landed in Baltimore County up there. And how in the world they ever come out to ever leave round there and come down here --

M.H.: They were adventurous.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: I say they were adventurous.

W.H.: Come down here, and the one that come down here, he bought what they call a farm, about 50 acres or something, he was a shoe cobbler of Germany.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: They, I think, maybe one -- most of the kids, if I remember, were born here. Maybe one of 'em weren't from Germany down here. But they settled out here in a little town, well McDaniel now down here. And he tried to farm what he did there. But he went in the shoe business. Father said he built more shoes and boots round, he had 'em on everybody in this part the country round here.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: And then he finally sold that and bought a place round this what they call the old Claiborne Road, you come by that here in there, the house there is tore down. But one of the houses there that he bought is still there. It's been built onto. And the house, it's here somewhere, I can show that in there. And was father, he come -- I think some of his people had a farm on this side of Tilghman. But he came from there and settled up here. And he -- I guess people from Germany that were down here then, my grandmother, 'cause they got married down here. But it was one sister, I guess, stayed in Baltimore. Two -- no, two. I heard my father tell me about 'em. One of 'em, her husband was -- what it was back more -- they're paint and all, but he was in the paper hanging business named Fornuff there in Baltimore. I've been up there after I grew up enough to go with my father, gone up there and stayed up there overnight, something like that. But man, that man had a business. He had four sons, and every one of 'em was paper hangers. And, Lord, he really had a business up there --

MR: You're sort of getting off the crabbing business down here, honey.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: I'm just telling --

K.F.: Little background.

W.H.: But another one of 'em up there, she married a man up there, heard my father talking about it, there on Broadway. Had a tremendous big bar and saloon up there. But he finally did come down here Claiborne to live down here. But they say that where the Haddaway came in, that it was an Indian tribe, the Haddaways, that own near about all of Bay Hundred down here. And the Haddaway, one of 'em, some of the tribe down here said was an Indian Chief of the whole business. Two or three in my family down here, my father, his cousin and all, I remember then, Lord, they were dark. Two of 'em, real high cheekbones. I said they look like Indians.

M.H.: They really did. There was one, I mean he was really the color that you see.

W.H.: You don't -- give me that -- I can find it in there, I'll show her some of these old boats way back in them days, that one I had here.

M.H.: Were they in the ones you were looking at this morning?

K.F.: Well I was wondering if you have any of the old company records or photos of the company when it was still standing.

M. H.: No.

W.H.: You know, back years ago it wasn't many people taking pictures back in those days. And another thing, my mother, after father died, my mother, she married again, and he died. And she went to live up to Delmar with her sister. And I had a lot of pictures here, and I wonder what went with the pictures. She lived up there with her. Frances said send your mother down here one day, said she carried one up there with her. And I said them ones I wanted, I said -- and I didn't know it until after she was dead. And I said I never went up there and got many. I said I didn't know she had that thing up there. But the people around there, there was a man over here at Claiborne, Mr. Hammond. He's taken a lot of pictures around here. Back then, when the camera don't --

(END SIDE A.)

(BEGIN SIDE B.)

W.H.: -- to go up to St. Michaels sometime, the Town Commissioners up there --

M.H.: He's speaking about the shanties they lived in, the houses there.

K.F.: Oh, right. Okay.

W.H.: What did you give her there?

M.H.: The pictures of the shanties.

W.H.: Oh.

K.F.: And these -- who lived in the shanties? These look like fishermen.

M.H.: No, they weren't the ones. They were just standing there.

K.F.: Oh, they were just standing there.

MR: I think one of `em is Bill, possibly.

W.H.: What, with them fish?

M.H.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*).

W.H.: No, that's my uncle, Uncle Nicky in the middle there.

K.F.: That one there with the mustache?

W.H.: No. I don't know who that was. I didn't know the other fellow, but I do know him.

M.H.: This is the picture of that house where you stayed over there to --

W.H.: Kent Island.

M.H.: -- Kent Island.

W.H.: That's on the front of it.

M.H.: When they went gunning.

K.F.: Oh, okay. So you had a place you went gunning?

M.H.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*). It was an empty house.

W.H.: Some of those pictures, after you -- see there was my grandfather and grandmother, all of `em on there.

M.H.: Well that's the other thing. These are some of the ducks they shot at.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: I'm looking for that picture now with all them standing on them sailboats, Mary Frances.

M.H.: Well, honey, I'm coming to it. I can't put `em in the floor.

W.H.: No, she wants to see `em.

M.H.: Wait a minute. That's down here. Here's where they pull the boats up.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: Get these glasses. Yeah. That's all this end of the house, more.

M.H.: This is in the -- I think this is where they -- I don't know whether he's working on crabs or oysters there.

W.H.: No, it's crabs.

M.H.: Crabs?

K.F.: Yeah, that looks like crabs.

W.H.: Yeah, this is a part of -- big part of the old house.

M.H.: Yeah. That's part of it.

K.F.: Oh, okay. Okay. Well I've brought a camera with me. I might want to like take a photo of this photo so that they'll have a record of that.

M.H.: Okay.

K.F.: And this one too. These are great.

W.H.: That little, that boat she said --

M.H.: They're going to take this and make it come after him now for all those things he said.

K.F.: No, I don't think they can do that anymore.

(Laughter.)

M.H.: This one is his father right here.

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: Now here's a better one, closer.

K.F.: Oh, yeah.

W.H.: There's a picture here somewhere with all them boats on it.

M.H.: Well she has it.

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: Where they pulled up on the shore, you mean.

W.H.: No. Them sailboats all down and father standing up on the end of `em.

K.F.: Is that it?

M.H.: That's it.

W.H.: Yeah. Now that's an old one, that's before my time.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Getting over here. That's almost -- every one of them is a sailboat back in them with the crabbers in that used to pull line would hang `em on there.

K.F.: Right.

M.H.: This must be some of the crab pickers, the men that were shoveling or something.

W.H.: That's the end, part of the end. My father, when that picture was taken, since that, he's built a lot onto the house.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: But that was him, that big fellow standing on the end there, that was him.

K.F.: Okay. Now a couple of these guys are holding some cats. I guess there were some cats hanging around. Guess I would too if I were a cat.

(Laughter.)

M.H.: Nice place to be. This wasn't your buy boat, was it? No.

W.H.: That was a boat --

M.H.: It has a big cabin on it.

W.H.: That's my boat in there. I was a marine policeman for four years here.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: In there. Used that boat.

M.H.: That's a picture of his mother, but it's not a very good one. I thought I saw another one in here better.

K.F.: That's a nice picture.

M.H.: This was a house where he lived when they lived over in Claiborne.

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: And this is this house before we remodeled it and put all that porch on.

K.F.: Oh, right.

M.H.: I guess it's in that other lot, picture of your mother.

K.F.: Well let me take some photos of these here if you all don't mind.

M.H.: Well you can look through to see -- they're all men and their geese.

K.F.: Men doing their gunning. Now did you all raise your own dogs too to go gunning?

M.H.: Did you have your own -- had their own dogs, yeah.

W.H.: Oh, yeah.

K.F.: Seem to be a lot of dogs in the photos.

M.H.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*).

W.H.: We done -- father and us, both there, we ran that island over there, I was telling you about there, we used to do a lot of gunning, duck hunting and goose hunting. We had, we had our own -- way back, had our own wild geese (indiscernible) here. We had them so tame here we never even put `em up. They fly all around here.

K.F.: And did you all make your own decoys, or did you get `em from somebody around here?

W.H.: The two main ones we had here, we raised ourselves.

M.H.: No, she's talking about the decoys. Did you make --

W. H.: Huh?

M.H.: The decoys, did you make `em, or did you --

W.H.: Oh, a lot -- no. A lot of `em, no, I didn't make `em. We bought most all of `em. Uncle Nick, what I was telling you there, he made a lot of `em, and I bought a lot

K.F.: Okay. Well let me take these photos here.

W.H.: Up town there to the museum up there, I been trying to go up there and look. I know up there, I knew every house where they were up there, see how many they've torn down. Old man -- Captain, Mr. Dawson, lived up there. And all the houses --

M.H.: Those houses are still there?

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: Those houses are still there.

W.H.: Are they still there?

M.H.: Yeah.

K.F.: Uh-huh (*Affirmative*).

M.H.: We're just --

W.H.: I wonder about the end one up there.

M.H.: Yeah, they're still there. I knew every one of `em where they lived down there, all the houses, I can see it, I can shut my eyes and see it if they wanted, I could really tell `em everything down there. When I went to St. Michaels, they only had one commissioner.

K.F.: For the town?

W.H.: For the town. Man name of Bob Dodson was a commissioner. After a while, they got two. They didn't wind up for up there with three. They done more up there with three than these fellows done up there with all five of `em.

K.F.: Well I guess it's true. Too many cooks will spoil whatever you're doing.

M.H.: That's right. Well a lot of the trouble is I'm not saying they're not bright people, but they just didn't know the people in this area. And the new ones come in that get on the commission, and they --

K.F.: Oh, right.

M.H.: You need any more light in here?

K.F.: Well I have this flash, and so we'll -- I'll try to take these and -- what I might have to do is, if it's all right with you all, borrow a couple of these and make them --

M.H.: Bob Roberts was down.

W.H.: Bob Roberts been down here. He come down here. Do you know him up there?

K.F.: Bob Roberts?

M.H.: He has something to do with the --

W.H.: He's been down here taking a bunch of these pictures up with him.

K.F.: Oh, he is?

W.H.: Taking `em for the museum.

M.H.: Not of these. Oh, what's the name of the little -- the paper they put out?

K.F.: Oh, the Weather Gauge?

M.H.: Weather Gauge has something to do with that, I think.

K.F.: Which photos did he borrow, do you know?

M.H.: I might be able to --

W.H.: What he was after, I don't know why he wanted one of the stores, the old store down here to Claiborne.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: And the houses and all.

K.F.: Yeah, I don't know what they'd be doing with that, with the store.

W.H.: Bob, he -- Lord, I know him when he got married, the girl he married up town. I could tell the commissioners up there, I could tell them something about St. Michaels. (Laughter.)

W.H.: I was a policeman up there for about 10 years, St. Michaels.

K.F.: Really?

W.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

K.F.: Well you've just had all kind of jobs, Mr. Haddaway.

W.H.: Well, in fact, we had a police force. Twelve cops in St. Michaels. Lord, I wish I had some of them pictures my mother taken away from here. It was a lot about all these houses down here, shucking houses and all.

K.F.: What happened to those photos that she took?

M.H.: Here's the one you were talking about, but it's the same as that small one.

W.H.: Yeah, this is -- I'd forgotten this one. Bob, he --

M.H.: No, he was just after old buildings it seemed.

W.H.: You show here the store?

M.H.: That's --

W.H.: That's grandmother and grandfather.

M. H.: I thought I had --

W.H.: You want to see one of the oldest stores in Claiborne? That's what Bob, he wanted.

K.F.: And you have that still?

W.H.: Yeah.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: That's the one I -- man I tell him we had his wagon, bring the oysters up here with.

K.F.: Okay.

M.H.: Here is one of the store if you want it.

K.F.: Oh, okay. And that was down here in Claiborne?

M.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative). It's still here. Looks a little different. It's all closed in.

K.F.: Oh, okay. Closed in porch.

W.H.: I don't know what he wanted that for. He particular wanted that.

K.F.: Yeah, I don't know. I don't know what they would want that for.

W.H.: When I went up St. Michaels up there, like I said, it was shell road through there. And the telephone operator, it was the old crank -- had a operator in town up there. And they didn't -- all they had there then was, they didn't have what they call policemen in there. He was a bailiff up there. And he was everything. He was the town engineer and gosh knows what all people up there. And like I said, only have that one commissioner. And the lights up there then, had poles on each side of the street, one on one side there. And they had a light up in the middle of the street with a little shade over it with a bulb in that shine down there then. They were talking about up there with a -- I don't remember the gas lights they had there. That was before my time up there with them.

M.H.: That's one of his mother. I finally found it.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: Did you show her the big picture with the boats on it?

M.H.: Well that one, no, I didn't hand her that one.

W.H.: You've got to show her the big one.

K.F.: Is she trimming her roses there? Looks like it.

M.H.: Probably. She liked to work out in the garden and all.

K.F.: Is it all right if I take your photo, Mr. Haddaway?

W.H.: Yeah. That's all right.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: Sorry I couldn't tell you any more than I did.

K.F.: Oh, well you told me a whole lot.

W.H.: I said I didn't know whether sometime if I ever could get up there, up there around the museum and help, if I could tell `em about all down there that I know.

M.H.: Here is the larger picture.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: Yeah, that's the bigger one in there. That's most every one of them was a sailboat back in there. That's before my time.

K.F.: Oh, okay. Well would it be all right if I borrowed this photo and these and then the museum can make copies and then we'll send them back to you?

W.H.: Yeah.

M.H.: All right.

W.H.: Yeah. Bob, he had all of `em, he had a mess of `em now I think about it. I don't know what he wanted, who he's working for.

M.H.: He's with the museum, but in the Weather Gauge part, the letter or --

K.F.: Writing an article or something?

M.H.: I guess.

K.F.: Yeah.

M.H.: You want to read that?

K.F.: Oh, right. Yeah.

M.H.: It's -- the light, maybe you can see over here better.

W.H.: What is that one?

M.H.: The one Carol got you with all those facts on it about when your father got the --

W.H.: Oh. You put those pictures away, hadn't you, policemen?

M.H.: Oh, they're up in there somewhere.

W.H.: But with it, from the time of the starting of the oyster and crab business here in my time, like I said, with the rigs the way they worked and tong and all, in my time, I've seen an awful change. In fact, a whole change in everything.

K.F.: So the first oyster packer's license was in 1896.

M.H.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

K.F.: And then Alexander had a -- his license in 1910. Okay.

W.H.: What I was telling you about being a policeman up there, they never did have but one cop up there. He was more of a watchman that went on of a night. And 4:00 -- no, 7:00 'til four every morning. During the war, they wanted I think near about every town, everything to either have a police force or something, different things in there. The (indiscernible) or something they called it. Well downtown here, we had a man that lived outside of the town here. He had, he had been in the police business in New Jersey. And we got talking about it, and he got talking with me. So we decided what we would do, we'd organize a police force in town there for just around there. And we, in fact, we had 12 men we did there. And we started off that way with `em. He was captain, and I was -- I mean he was chief, and I was the captain, we had -- Bill Griffin was sergeant of `em. And we, I never will forget it. They wanted us to go around the waterfronts during the -- all of ours, more of a night work, the water tanks, things like that in there.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: And we did pickup a bunch of nice fellows down there. And we did that, and I still got my coat in there. We had -- I remember just as well, we ordered `em from Montgomery Ward. Real heavy, sheep-lined coats. `Cause it was cold back in those times.

K.F.: Yeah. Uh-huh (Affirmative).

W.H.: Coats come all around our head. And we did that, and we got -- since going around in the town there, and we got a little bigger. And so it started -- the man's name Rose, J.B. Rose. He owned -- what is that development out there?

M.H.: The first development out there. Oh, heavens.

W.H.: What's that development on the outside of town there, all the buildings going on now out there where all the boats and stuff is there. My, God, I can't think of anything. Well anyway, he owned that farm in there.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: In there. And `cause we got in with the state police, and the high school where they've tore down up in town there out there now, and we had a cop from Crisfield, Sergeant, came down there and give us instructions for a month, school, and we did the same thing from -- what is it, Red Cross or something there, we take it down in there and different things. And we got, we just kept getting a little larger and larger and larger down there. So St. Michaels didn't have but that one cop. He lived right alongside of me. I lived there on Chew Avenue. And Jim Sperry. And they wanted to know -- oh, Mr. Rose, he was great for getting in with St. Michaels' people there. So what we did, we got so -- out there, the people were just commenced to come around, I call the rich people, and buy, especially down in Bozman.

K.F.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

W.H.: Homes down there. And they only stayed here during the summer, and they're vacant in the winter. Well they wasn't as many things back in those days as they are now, but they wanted some protection. So they, the town, they wanted -- they were getting a little bigger down there, and protection. So we decided what they would do up there, they swore all of our men in as town policemen. And what they did, they paid us -- how it worked, they paid us so much an hour.

K.F.: Right, right.

W. H.: And I believe it was -- I said -- then what they get now, I think it was \$1 an hour. And most of `em were sworn in as deputy sheriffs, not -- if something went on down here, we could arrest anybody or they could call for us to do something, and they come get `em, carry `em to jail. And I was deputy sheriff for eight years, two of the sheriffs up there. And that's what I did. If something happened, they want somebody arrested or something down here, I could do it, you know, or the town could do it. But we went -- the town cops, and then these people, the corner of Chew Avenue there, that building, that big building down there is called the Collinwood Building.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: Mr. Collinwood built that down there, fixed up there, town there, and a man by the name of Dake. What's that?

K.F.: It's your police photos.

W.H.: Oh. They're not the good ones either. We have -- we got more better uniforms after that. Don't you know that stayed together for over 10 years.

K.F.: That's good.

W.H.: What I was going to tell you, so they decided, well how about if we would protect -- look over these places all around there, and they pay for it, they pay us same as the town did. So we decided, talking to the boys down there, and they decided to do. And you know, they bought us a police car.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: We had a brand new police car that St. Michaels ever had, here somewheres, and we -- each guy patrolled that place of a night. I mean we covered your place, my place, or the other place --

M.H.: There's part of the car. He fusses with me `cause I cut some of these up. Said I didn't want a picture of the car.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: I got one here somewheres if I can find it -- I said, of the car when I want it. Well getting back to that. Mr. Dake --

M.H.: His uncle.

W.H.: And Mr. Collinwood, two of those people were money people, I call `em down there. They said well we'll buy you a car. And we said how we gonna get a car? Back then right that time, you couldn't buy one, love or money, nothing during the war in there. But I think that -- what, the war start in `42?

K.F.: Yeah.

W.H.: And we went `42, three or four without the car along in there. So they said how will you get it? Well Mr. Rose said, our chief, said I think I know how to get it. So I guess you've heard tell of Ms. Alton Jones done all that stuff for Easton, YMCA up there and the golf course, all these things she done for Talbot County.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: Well her husband back then was the president of the Chrysler Corporation.

K.F.: Oh, okay.

W.H.: Mrs. Jones. So he went to Mrs. Jones. And he laid this great big story out what we were doing and all, and wanted to know -- we didn't want it, you go up and get it, she said, I'll have your car. Two weeks, we had a brand new car in there. Them people paid for that car, and they paid us going to take -- they turned it over to us in there. And some of the boys, I mean they liked it, but they didn't, couldn't stay on for some reason, but we wound up there, I'm the oldest one now living, and the fellow Jim Ivans died last year, the only two on there, stayed on there the whole time until we decided just -- kind of getting tired of it, somewheres over 10 years, and we wound up, I can't -- Mr. Rose, he had all that stuff, of several thousand dollars that we divided up when we broke up, and I take the car. And what it was possessed -- I paid for it in there.

But she did, she got this car, and she said where you want it? They told her we want -- it was a Plymouth in there. And Bennett Motor Company there at Easton, that's where that car comes, she says your car is there. And we had turned it right it, had it all fixed up as a police car. And we wanted new uniforms, not there. And we had two dances out there to the high school is tore down, went there now, and we went there, and we had that there. And the first thing we had, we had -- I mean these people, these things and all, rich people, they all got together and we had a Thanksgiving turkey dinner. And we raised out there about \$1,200 enough over out there 'cause we had a tailor in Easton. I forget what our uniforms cost. By making 12 of 'em, he cut down a lot on 'em. We had 12 new uniforms that we all got together, and we had three dances out there, we paid on the car, we got ourself all new uniforms. Boy, we were decked out, I'm telling you, down there. (Laughter.)

W.H.: I said people, half of 'em, two-thirds of 'em by now don't know anything about that because a lot of those people have died, and a lot of them that did there have moved away from there. You know, it's hardly any people now. I knew everybody and where he lived in St. Michaels. I don't know anybody any more up there, where they lived. Ones that did live there has gone to Easton, some of 'em has moved out of town. Said they couldn't live there way things are now. It's not St. Michaels, I wouldn't live in St. Michaels. It's not St. Michaels any more.

K.F.: No, it's not. It's a --

W.H.: I mean I can tell them, they'd be surprised, the business that was in St. Michaels up there. They had a right good-sized hotel in St. Michaels one time. And I know, I know when it wasn't a restaurant in St. Michaels. There's one on every corner now.

K.F.: There is.

W.H.: It wasn't a restaurant in St. Michaels. Italian, Greek come from Baltimore down there and built a nice little restaurant there, and he only lasted about three years. People wouldn't go to him.

M.H.: People didn't go out and eat then.

W.H.: Huh?

M.H.: I said people didn't go out and eat then.

W.H.: No. People in St. Michaels didn't go out and eat. And I know when there was a livery stable on the front street in St. Michaels. Also was a Ford place in St. Michaels. A theater, big bowling alley, a pool room there. I said people don't know what it is in St. Michaels. That hotel was there. And the post office used to be up on this end when I first remember in St. Michaels. Was a telephone operator there who had a big bakery up there in town. And was a barber shop used to be right on front street. I know a fellow named Waters came down there from Baltimore, opened up a barber shop in town there.

M.H.: Can I get you something to drink? I got Ginger Ale, I got Coke.

K.F.: Oh, no thank you. That's okay.

W.H.: But I'm telling you, I know there's three girls up there that, they don't live there now, they moved away from there. Their father built that state road through there, Farmer and Flick. The girls are named Farmer. Two of `em lives in Easton now, one lives out on outside down by Bellevue on a farm. They're the only ones that I know that really knows much like I do in town. Of course, I was there before they did, but their father, named Farmer and Flick, they come down there and I know when they built this road through there. And he bought in St. Michaels, he lived there, Mr. Flick. He rented a house down there in Claiborne. And when the roads built, he moved back to Baltimore. But Mr. Farmer, he stayed here up there. They go on, had a letter sometimes in the Star Democrat about St. Michaels, and they said that the Yacht Club was down there by the Marina, out down there, but it wasn't. The Yacht Club was on the front street in St. Michaels. There's where it started in there. And I'm telling you, they don't have any yacht club like they had there at one time way back. People up there. They didn't have some races down there. We used to -- our police force, the Yacht Club would hire our bunch down there when they had their races and all. I've seen cars from the Yacht Club clean up there near Perry Cabin, the road on this end goes back to different places there.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: They were parked from the marina, from the Yacht Club up to there. And we directed traffic, and down to the Yacht Club, they paid us down there same as they did. Two, or three, or four years we did that for the Yacht Club up there.

K.F.: And they had a race like every year then?

W.H.: Now they had some races back in those days. They had a club back there, most all of us fellows up there, much better back then than they do now. Most everybody knows it says the same thing about it. But they started out right in St. Michaels with the Yacht Club. That's where it started, right on Front Street there. I remember just as well, remember all the head ones in there that started it off in there. God, I've learned a lot about St. Michaels. I know when that -- it was a big time, one time, train run off the track. I know when all the trains went through St. Michaels back there. Train run off the track up there, remember big excitement up there get the train back on the track. They had a -- I don't know how many people, I've asked a lot of people said no, they didn't know anything about it. St. Michaels had a ball team up there one time just in the Eastern Shore league like in there. It was out Railroad Avenue going on out down there. They had a big -- ball park there. Big grand stand and everything in it.

K.F.: Oh, wow.

M.H.: St. Michaels even used to have a stop light.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: Had what?

M.H.: A stop light.

W.H.: Oh, yeah.

M.H.: They need it now.

K.F.: Yeah, they did.

W.H.: Right there where it comes out from Chew Avenue -- I mean from Railroad Avenue, they put a stop light there. I don't know why the people wanted it, but it just messed up stuff They've taken it down.

M.H.: It was \$2 more, and somebody else decided they didn't want it. So they took it down.

K.F.: Yeah. That's probably it.

W.H.: But I remember all the different businesses, different stores that I know, different things in St. Michaels back in those days which is not there now. I'm telling you, St. Michaels -- I'm not the only one. People back in years there, any of `em you talk to now, they say it's just -- that's just a different place.

K.F.: Uh-huh (Affirmative).

W.H.: I knew everybody on front street, everybody that lived on there. Nobody lives there no more now.

K.F.: No, they're all stores.

W.H.: All antique stuff. God, I've seen -- now I've seen a change in that place. My God. Like I said, I lived there, out there with my first wife. I got married, I moved up there in `22, I believe. And from that time on, I saw some changes in St. Michaels. I know when they had that horse rack in there. Farmers come there and tied horses along that cemetery there to the Episcopal church along there. That thing would be full. And everybody go to the moving pictures there on Saturday night. And they come out of there. And the man had the big drug store then named Dr. Johnson, there's where people wind up in there getting something to eat or drink in there. But people then back in those days would stop and talk to you. People don't have time to talk to you no more. Everything's in a rush. My God. I've never seen such a change.

Different people I've talked to now up there, some of the younger people, none of the older people I knew up there, they've all gone and passed away. One guy there, I said Jim Ivans there, he moved down there, he married a girl there back in 1940. He worked for Marshall's Express in there. God, that was a big business one time out of St. Michaels. Well he had different places where he had his trucks running from. Marshall's Express done a big business out of there. I told people about different ones, different ones about being one commissioner there. I said yeah, that's all there was in St. Michaels. And I said they even run the town better than they did with the five up there.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: But we did, I mean, we really turned into -- not because I was into it. We had a bunch of fellows there really enjoyed it. We used to have dinners and everything there, different things, dances down there. We raised out money. Paid for the car. Most of it was given to us. Then they pays us for tending to the place there to give us the car. The town, we just use it in town there. The town always had one of us on every Saturday night was a regular cop was in there.

M.H.: Are those the ones you'd like to take?

K.F.: These. And these I guess you can put back.

M.H.: I was going to get you an envelope to put `em in.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: But I'm telling you, I've seen a tremendous change in that place. And people that didn't know, I know exactly where the town limit used to go in there. It's gone a little further, but it don't take in all out in that center there where Mr. Rose had his farm. I do know the ones in town now on this end's called Bentley Hay. Bentley Hay, I do know where that one is out there up in town on this end. You live in St. Michaels?

K.F.: Well I stay there while I'm working for the museum, and then I live across the bay. But I'm originally from Virginia.

M.H.: Not too far away then.

K.F.: No, not too far away.

W.H.: But anybody, like I said, that back in years would tell what was going on in St. Michaels one time. It's been a few houses built right in the town limits, not many. I said the people that's back in these days, they kept their places in good a shape as they could. But, of course, people bought it now with money, they had to have, you've got to have money now to buy a place in St. Michaels.

K.F.: Oh, yeah. Yeah.

W.H.: I had a house back there when I sold my home. Well I sold it, but I had a mortgage on it for about 20 years. It just take it off, people I had a mortgage with up there on that Chew Avenue. I think I gave, I don't know what it was now, but I sold it, I think, put a mortgage on it for \$20,000. And the people that bought it, it was in the paper, that they paid 86,000 for it. I mean, it's waterfront, I guess what it is, or something up there. But I know what all those places were worth, and who owned them, what they did. The people that they kept `em in good shape. Of course, I'll give the people there now that's had `em, they fixed the yards up, they have got it looking nice in town there.

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: It's practically -- on Chew Avenue, they did two or three of the homes there, they had the block up, put new sills under `em, but they're all the same houses, just in better shape than what it was then. And front street there, same thing. Same houses there, but no more people there. But it was, back in there -- it's an all right town now. But I'm not the only one that's been there. A lot of `em has moved away from there, said they just --

M.H.: Well they get such big prices for the homes that it pays `em --

W.H.: Local people can't buy `em. I said they're going about historic. I said why is it any more historic now than it was back 50 years ago?

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: I said it's the same houses, just a little better shape, yards fixed up in there. St. Michaels, what it was up there back, was you're either a waterman, or a carpenter, or a painter, or a mechanic. St. Michaels had some good automobiles. Some of them there, of course, they wouldn't be now with the way cars are now. But in them times, you couldn't beat `em. , They were that good. But you -- that's what St. Michaels was made of in there. And they had some good painters, and some good carpenters in St. Michaels and the watermen back in those days that were really good. That was it.

K.F.: Right, right. And I guess you picked crabs too if you lived in St. Michaels. You worked the crabs.

M.H.: There wasn't any -- for young people, it was bad, unless they went into the same business with their father, you know. That's why so many of `em, I think, left --

K.F.: Right.

W.H.: That's what I say. You either done that, what they did, or you left a lot, I know a lot of the young people I knew, all of `em back a lot of them then went in different places. A lot of `em went to Baltimore. And some of them now that went to Baltimore have come back, a few of `em, to retire from wherever they worked there in Baltimore back here to live. And not too many of them. Some of `em said no, they weren't coming back here no more, back here. But that's what St. Michaels was in. But, Lord --

M.H.: You have to have a certain type of shingle, and you have to have a certain color paint and all like that before you can fix your place up. I know the women's' club, we needed new shingles, and we were in the historic district, our building, and we had to have a certain one. We didn't particularly like what we had to have, but it's what we could have. I was treasurer of the women's' club in St. Michaels for 30 years.

K.F.: Oh, really? Huh.

W.H.: I say, she was a -- I think I told her, I said you must be the whole damn shooting bunch up here. I said they worry you to death, of course like she said, I know, some of the president things come in there new you don't know, but they were calling down here all the time, can you do this, or what can you do, or what you can't do. Mary Frances, I said, she was running the damn thing for 30 years. I run -- well, two more girls up St. Michaels, they were girls then, and myself. We started the, oh --

M.H.: Ambulance.

W.H.: Ambulance Association in St. Michaels.

K.F.: Okay.

W.H.: Up there. I was treasurer of it. Mary Frances said yeah, and I made all the checks out and stuff.

(Laughter.)

W.H.: In there. But I did what I could, you know. I looked out for the business and getting the ambulance and different stuff. But they didn't have anything there. Marshall and what was the one that died here some time ago?

M.H.: I don't know who the other one was with him.

W.H.: Oh, her husband was insurance up there.

M.H.: Oh, Dorothy Wails.

W.H.: Dorothy Wails. Passed away. But them two there, they really run this thing up there, tend to and look after all this business up there, ambulance and all. But we had, we bought three ambulance while we were in there, 11 years. We started off, and it just got a little too much for us.

(END OF TAPE - END OF INTERVIEW.)