

HORACE M. CAVILEER

I was born on October 27, 1918 in my Dad's house on the second floor.

I worked hard all my life starting clamming in 1933. My dad and I went to my brothers' who had a flatbed and we took it to Harvey Cedars and went treading. We got lots of clams but they didn't want any on a Monday or Tuesday so we had to run them all the way up to Cedar Run at Cal Conklin's. We got fifteen cents a hundred. One day I took two hundred chowders to my brother's wife, their place was along Tuckerton Crick, and she really got mad at me for having all those chowders and also a lot of Perch. I couldn't sell her a Perch either. So I went to Weckstown to see if I could sell them there and I sold them all. The next time I had more clams and Perch I went to the Maplewood Inn in Hammonton and they bought everything too. Then to Oscar Jarvis' stand. Soon I was serving all the road stands up and down the Pike and that's how I started the whole thing. So I bought this property, had this place built and started my own business.

I used my brother's boat for clamming until I had Bob Lipincott build one for me. It was a twenty-foot Garvey. I mostly clammed in Tuckerton Bay and did Great Bay a few times. I still have three clam lots in Tuckerton. But, now there aren't that many clams to be had in that bay.

Most of the people drive their clams here. I have about fifteen clammers who supply me and I supply ten companies from local to Woodbury, Cherry Hill and Voorhees. After peddling all those fish I got all these customers for clams. I've always been honest and would never take business away from another dealer. I had a bushel of crabs for this one customer and found out they dealt with another dealer who was my friend so I had to decline. I couldn't get involved. Then a couple of clammers in Lower Bank started coming here or I picked up clams with my own truck.

One time I was in Egg Harbor when a detective came up to me and said, "I got word you are going to be robbed." I always had at least \$500 on me to pay the clammers. Well, they escorted me to West Crick where I picked up clams from the diggers. Well, they never came that night. At midnight when I got home the police left me a box of shells and a shotgun and said they'd stand behind me if I got one. At about 4:00 am some people were stopped on the road so I called the cops they took forty-five minutes to get here and confronted the people who were just fishing. The very next night the cops didn't

guard me. A suspicious car went slowly down the street. I went to investigate it and found it empty. On the way back home I saw two guys dressed in black. They were from North Jersey so they didn't know exactly where I lived. I still had my mailbox next to my neighbors and that was where they were trying to break in. I called the cops again but they took off because the woman who lived there scared them off. A week later the detective called to tell me they caught the two of them robbing another house.

When I was growing up we always got a few deer to live through the winter. I used to hit the deer with my car. They'd run in front of me and I knocked their heels off and brought them home. The only deer that ever wrecked my car was the one I hit by accident.

One day I was coming home with a friend and there was a deer on the side but way up off the road. We stopped, put it in the car and brought it home. He asked me if I wanted a part of it and I said sure, I'll take the ham. We had a wonderful dinner out of it. A couple days later I was at Rube Macanny's clam house. The fellows there were talking about his pet deer that took sick and laid down and died. They put it off their yard into the woods a bit so they could go back, get it, cut it up, and maybe find out what killed it. I started feeling sicker and sicker and had to run outside and vomit. I tried and tried to get that deer meat back up.

Horace did really well in his life, working hard, marrying Adele, his wife, in 1950. He now owns four houses — only one on time. Asked when he was going to retire he replied, "Every night."