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Jerry B. Nickerson's story

(Born at Cape Sable, he is a nephew of the late Jerry V. Nickerson)

Down around Cape Sable Island there are a lot of Nickersons. I'll call this one Joshua. Like everybody else he was a fisherman, with a large ~~fisher~~ family, and they lived in a frugal way. When they grew up, nearly all of the children went away to "the Boston States" looking for jobs, and they married there.

One daughter married quite well, and after some years she began to come home for the summers, when Boston gets as hot as hell. She got carpenters and plumbers and paperhangers in, and fixed up the old house so she could invite some of her Boston friends up for a visit during the hot weather. Among other things she installed a modern bathroom, with all the usual fixtures.

One summer, when she had guests, old Joshua got a mess of herrings and started to boil them on the kitchen stove for dinner. The smell went all over the house, and his daughter said, " Why don't you make an outdoor fireplace down ~~back~~ back of the barn someplace, and do all your fish-cooking there?"

That was too much. The old man exploded: " When you was young we used to cook fish in the house, and shit down back of the barn. Now you shit in the house, and want me to cook my herrings back of the barn!"

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