

Bernie Loveless and Tom Wisner talk to Buster Fortier and he recalls selling newspapers on the Boardwalk in the 1920's.

Mr. Fortier: Well, there were a lot of people here. When that train and boat landed here, there was — well, I'd start off in the barber shop on out on the boardwalk and newspapers for selling — sell newspapers. It was about five hundred feet to the "T" where you went left to the Crab House and right on up the boardwalk.

Mr. Wisner: How old are you now?

Mr. Fortier: Well, that's when I was in the newspaper age I guess — shine shoes, newspapers or whatever, and sweeping the barber shop — I was probably ten years old, I guess, or more. I don't know. But you could never make that five hundred feet without — all the papers you could carry without selling them completely out — had to come back and get some more. Never could get to the five hundred foot, which was fine; you didn't have to walk so far.

Mr. Wisner: Just walk down the boardwalk selling papers?

Mr. Fortier: Yes, and they sold for three cents apiece — five cents on Sunday.

Mr. Fortier: And you waited for the train. We had a little Model T Ford pick-up, and we waited for the train at Owings. It come in with the papers on it and throw the papers in the truck. And we had about thirteen, fourteen boys working for us that was stationed at different street corners in North Beach and Chesapeake Beach. And my mother would take the papers and then go around and drop off a bundle or whatever it was that went around. Then it all goes back in and turned in. We only got two issues — the morning issue and the evening issue in the summer. In the wintertime we got one — the evening issue. But there weren't enough people at the Beach in the wintertime to even read newspapers. There were only about — probably twenty-five to forty people if there were that many. That was something.

Mr. Wisner: Ha! Ha! You looked forward to that?

Mr. Fortier: I sometimes wish it was the same again because you used to go out and hunt and trap and it was nobody. You behaved yourself because there were only a few people, and of course, they got along pretty well.

And if some man or some woman called up and said that I had done something like broke a window or something that kids will do, I guess, and I don't remember doing anything, but I'm sure I did something — and they'd tell your father the next time they'd see them. And he didn't ask you if you did it; he knew you did it. And so, you behaved yourself pretty well.

Mr. Loveless: Put that big hand to you.

Mr. Fortier: You bet your nickel.

Mr. Wisner: This is about — we're talking about 1920 roughly, somewhere in that era?

Mr. Fortier: Somewhere in the '20's, '30's.

Mr. Wisner: Selling newspapers on the boardwalk. You're talking about a boardwalk that was constructed where? Where were you walking?

Mr. Fortier: Well, you went out here on the boardwalk.

Mr. Wisner: Right. You're pointing to an area I'm labeling as No. 2 .

Mr. Fortier: Went out there to the boardwalk — do you want me to give you a little sketch for that? You've got pictures of that.