Chapter Four

Family

The Cavagnaros
1896

Chapter 4 Guide

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Chapter 4: Family

Introduction

Italians and Italian Americans usually consider *la famiglia* as central to their lives. In an informal study of second- and third-generation Italian Americans, one researcher, Nancy Viola Mahevich, found, "There was unanimity in stressing the importance of the family, both immediate and extended, as the underlying force behind most things Italian-American."[1]

Within the family, each person filled a certain role in a hierarchy, which affected how they interacted with each other and the outside world. By maintaining this structure, *l'ordine della famiglia*, the family members tended to feel closer and more loyal to each other, while still being taught to respect and care for friends, coworkers, neighbors, and others.

As Natalie (G2 - G) Cavagnaro related when discussing the importance of family, "I have a cousin [who] wanted our family tree, too. When he got through, he said, 'That's a big family.' I said, 'We have not a family tree. We have a forest.'"[2] And every tree in that forest is important.

Of course, Paul commented, like every forest there are many different varieties of trees, and the same applies to the family. Everyone is different and has their own characteristics and quirks. As a result, throughout the life of the family, there are the usual disagreements and arguments, along with some personalities that match, while others don't.

But for Italians and Italian Americans, the attachment to "la famiglia" is never broken and the underlying loyalty, and respect for its members is its foundation, and overrides all differences. [3]

Family Naming Tradition

As a symbol of unifying the family across generations, one of the old Italian and Italian American traditions has been the naming of descendants. The names often chosen were those of parents or previous highly respected ancestors. Here are some examples:

In the Gaudenzi family, Francesco (G1 - G) had a son whom he named Frank (G2 – G), who in turn named his son, Frank. Sandra's Aunt Clem (G2 – G) was named after her paternal grandmother, Clementine Capoccia. On the Emiliani side, Sandra's mother Olga (G2 – G) was named after an ancestor.

In the Montrone family, Paul's maternal aunt, Fausta [Flo (G2 – M)] was named after her maternal grandmother, Fausta Leo and Paul's brothers were named Eugene [Gene (G3 – M)] and Anthony [Tony (G3 – M)], after grandfathers.

In addition, on the Giancini side, Paul's mother Beatrice (G2 – M) and her sister Marie (G2 – M) and, on the Montrone side, his aunts Helen (G2 – M) and Ann (G2 – M) were named after their ancestors. In the younger generation, Sandra and Paul's two boys, Angelo and Jerome, were named after their grandfathers.

As religious Catholics, children were also named after saints. Paul relates, "I was named Paul because of my parents' love of the St. Ann's Monastery, home of the Passionist Priests, whose founder was St. Paul of the Cross." Also of note is that in 1748 the same St. Paul established the Santa Maria Corniano convent in Ceccano, the ancestral home of the Giancini family.[4] Continuing these traditions, Sandra and Paul's daughter, Michele, was named after St. Michael, which also happens to be Paul's middle name.

But Paul and Sandra's generation took it even one step farther. Their circle of family and friends not only had their given names, but following a tradition popular in the mid-20th century, many of them were bestowed with a nickname as well. Paul was "Luch" and Sandra was "Sondi."

Box 4.1: Nicknames

Father

In Italy and particularly among the first generations of Italian Americans, the husband and father, as breadwinner, was the head of the household. His word was law, and he commanded respect. In order to raise his children to become upstanding adults, the patriarch often subscribed to the Italian proverb I bambini si baciano quando dormono. ("Kisses are for sleeping children")—meaning parents should not flatter children in their presence to avoid giving them airs.

Often, then, children saw their father as the disciplinarian. Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone certainly felt that way about her first-generation father, Eugene (G1 - M) Giancini.

> **He ruled with an iron hand. My father was very strict, too rigid. I don't know how special some of these memories are. When in a pleasant mood, we would discuss books and music. . . It was interesting and exciting but beware if you disobeyed him. The sky was the limit in punishment. However, I guess he thought it was for our benefit.[5]**

Her sister, Flo, remembered, "As fathers, they were not over[ly] affectionate. I think their love and affection meant you had a roof over your head. You had clothes, and you had food."[6]

Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi noted that her father, Iginio (G1 - G), Emiliani "was not like my mother. We would know when he meant business. He would just have to look at you, and we

knew that he meant what he said. But he never laid a hand on us."[7]

Her daughters, Gerry (G3 - G) and Sandra, noticed the same tendencies in their second-generation father, Jerome (G2 - G). Gerry commented, "The first word that comes to mind is stern. Disciplinarian."[8] Sandra saw another side of him, recalling that he let her take his only car when she went to college. When she broke something on the car, "he never gave me a hard time about it. So, he was stern, because he had girls, but he was very loving in his own way."[9]

Even third-generation Italian American fathers acted as disciplinarians. Paul recalled canceling a family trip to Montreal because the children had been misbehaving in the car.

> **I said to myself, 'I'm not going to spend two weeks in an RV with these kids with their level of behavior.' And the trip was canceled. And, man, they remember that cancellation to this day. So there's the good and the bad.**

> **They don't talk about the [enjoyable] California trip, they talk about the canceled trip to Montreal. The punishment.[10]**

How (or whether) Italian American fathers "ruled" the household came down to personality and there are definite exceptions to the strict disciplinarian role.

In speaking of her grandfathers, Angelo and Michele De Cristofaro, Helen (Montrone) Mastro pointed out their differences.

> **All I ever heard of was my mother's father . . . You walked the line where he was concerned. . . Well, from hearsay, she [my mother] would always say that he controlled everything. A lot of discipline. On my father's side, I heard my father say once in a while that his mother was the one who controlled everything, but that his father was very easygoing.[11]**

Helen's father, Antonio (G1 - M) Montrone, seemed to take after his own father. Helen recalls:

> **I often look at [my nephew] Gene (Montrone), and he reminds me of Dad's love of people, and the more the merrier. Dad liked social. And my mother was just the reverse. . . . Dad was a party-goer. . . . But I would say that he loved his family. He would do anything to make the family happy. He loved children. . . . Well, he was a very proud person.[12]**

His daughter-in-law Beatrice had a similar impression of Antonio.

> **He was a very nice gentleman. I was very fond of him, and he of me, because we spoke Italian to one another. He was a very jolly man. He had a few quirks, too. But I always saw the good side of him because we were good friends. I don't want to say that he liked to buy things from people and not pay them. I don't want to say that. Well, he never worried about what he owed, only what people owed him. So we used to kid him about that, but I think that was part of his personality. He was very well liked. Jolly.[13]**

The personality traits of strength and confidence, but with a heart, were passed down to Antonio's son Angelo (G2 - M) Montrone. Here's Gene's observation about his father Angelo.

> **He was an upbeat guy. He had a great sense of humor. As I say, I picked up a lot of life's lessons from him. His outlook is great. He was very supportive. He was the best guy, the best dad a guy could ever want to have, from my point of view. . . I will relate back to my father again, because a lot of my outlook on life comes from him. So I never saw any challenge, only opportunities. And that actually led to a very happy and satisfying life. I never saw anything as a real challenge to me; only as "Can I do this, or that, or whatever?" It was as an opportunity to just accomplish what I was going to do and go forward.[14]**

Angelo's son Paul saw a few dimensions to his father.

> **Although a stern businessman, and an argumentative Italian American, he had a softer side. He also enjoyed drinking with the guys and was a regular customer of the local bar. He once told me that he was in a local bar one evening when the weather outside was rather stormy, and**

> **a boy came in selling newspapers. My father bought all the newspapers the boy had and told him to go home to his family quickly.[15]**

Angelo's daughter-in-law Sandra also appreciated the way he treated her: "[Paul] had the best father. The sweetest. . . [He] was very, very gentle, a fine man. Loved him dearly."16 She recalls that he would pick up the rug so they could tap dance together. She would wear clothing that he would get for her from his work in the garment business.

Box 4.2: Angelo Facilitates Gene's Birth

Francesco Gaudenzi earned a reputation for being almost too nice. His daughter-in-law Olga called him "a great man, really, very good hearted." She added:

> **My father-in-law was into politics. A lot of people went to him for a favor, to talk to a different politician. . . He knew a lot of people, being in the store business, I guess. They were favors, like say you got in trouble, and you**

> **wanted to get out of it, or he would set bail for them. My father-in-law got stuck with a lot. That was his problem; he was too good for his own good. . . I can remember them saying that he lost so much money that way, being too good. My husband was like that, too, and I used to have to get down on him once in a while. Because I would say, "Jerome, you can only do so much." That was the way they were. They were good hearted.[17]**

Francesco's son Frank Gaudenzi recalled that when his father and mother noticed that his nieces and nephews were being ill-treated by a stepmother, Francesco "went up and took all the kids, took the three kids, and we took care [of them]. We raised them. . . That's telling you how kind my mother and father were, you know? They were good, good people.[18]

Since Olga grew up with another "good person," Iginio Emiliani, as a father, she knew what she was talking about.

> **Oh, gee, my father was a good person. [He] laughed a lot. I used to sit on his lap, and I'd pinch his cheeks as a little girl. . . My father wasn't tall, but he was kind of heavy. Not fat, but he was round faced. I can remember him laughing a lot.[19]**

Her brother-in-law Frank heartily agreed. "[Iginio] was a very nice person. He was a quiet person, you know? It seemed, though, like his wife was … more of the talker and he was quieter from what I knew. . . Good people."[20]

So, are the Italian American fathers strict disciplinarians or soft, gentle lovers of their family? It looks like both.

Mother

As a traditional Italian or Italian American wife and mother, the woman of the family had many important roles and duties: running the home (cleaning, cooking, making decisions (especially while her husband worked), managing the family's finances, and most especially minding the

children. There were satisfactions in all aspects of this challenging work.

Grace (G2 – M) (De Christopher) Sferra said, "My mother was a real homemaker and took great pride in good food, a clean house, and in taking good care of her children."[21] All of these tasks added up to the woman being the center or heart of the family.

One of the mother's responsibilities, and perhaps the task most delegated to and least enjoyed by the children, was cleaning the house. After all, as the proverb goes, "A messy house invites unexpected guests."[22] Helen (Montrone) Mastro remembered how her mother, Maria (G1 - M) (De Cristofaro) Montrone, was a perfectionist when it came to cleanliness.

> **[My mother] was a fanatic, where her house cleaning was concerned. . . Other important things didn't matter [as much] as long as her house was clean. That was the most important thing. . . She always managed, she had a system. She would dress in [the] afternoon about three,**

> **with a clean house dress when we [her children] got home from work. Then she would wear that housedress the following morning, but every afternoon she would put a clean one on. She had a system. Yeah, she always looked neat, I would say.[23]**

First-generation Italian American, Settimia (G1 - M) (D'Annibale) Giancini, kept the house perfectly maintained. Even in her later years, when she depended on a walker, she was a stickler for neatness. Her daughter Flo said, "You never saw a speck of dirt on the floor. She had a cane and the walker and at the end of the cane was a wad of gum. She picked up all the little [bits of litter]."[24] Made to help her mother from an early age, Flo later bemoaned to her own daughter, "If you only know how I hate to clean. I've been cleaning since five minutes after I was born."[25]

The mother also had to ensure that the family was properly clothed. Maria excelled, according to her daughter Helen (Montrone) Mastro, and her children always looked good.

She [my mother] liked sewing. In fact, as we were growing up--during that time, that dates way, way back--they had a van going around selling materials, and most women would pick out different patterns for the girls. They would buy this material. . . She sewed most of our clothes. Yeah, she was very good with sewing. Not only machine-sewing, she did a lot of hand-sewing.[26]

As a woman of the same era, Giovanna (Mercanti) Emiliani also sewed for her daughters, Olga and Velia. In addition, she made them learn the skills for themselves. Olga remembered:

My mother sewed a lot. She sewed all our clothes, and she did well in doing that. . . Just for my sister and myself, [making things] like dresses and coats. . .I remember her interests. She used to crochet and stuff like that. . . even [crocheting the] little edges you put on sheets or pillowcases. At that time, they had to be fancy. Even as kids, my mother had us do it too. She was always, "You know, it's not nice for girls to sit around not doing anything." We had to be doing things, and crocheting was one of them. My mother-in-law also crocheted a lot .[27]

Moving to the next generation, the sewing skills continued. Paul tells the story of his mother, Beatrice, who had sewing talent above and beyond the family. Paul said:

> **My father and mother met at the Royal Miss Dress Factory in Scranton where my mother sewed for a living and my father was a cutter, and later managed the whole cutting department. He would buy house "overcuts" (extra parts of dresses that are not included in the required shipment) and my mother would sew them into dresses at home and sell them to the neighbors to help pay our family expenses.[28]**

Sylvia (Ware) Montrone recounted the following Beatrice memory, [Beatrice] "always dress[ed] smartly for the walk to Chestnut Street to visit her mother, sisters, and brothers or to Saint Ann's for the Novena."[29]

In observing the emphasis of those mothers on cleanliness and attractive clothing one must always keep in mind the

strong Italian tradition of "Bella Figura, the unspoken understanding that appearance and behavior are taken into consideration by the world at large."[30]

Preparing the meals and feeding the family, of course, is another mother's major responsibility that inspires a variety of responses. Some women, such as Maria (De Cristofaro) Montrone, simply treated the task as another chore. "As far as cooking was concerned, she didn't make a big thing of it," said her daughter Helen. "Whatever she set on the table, she expected you to eat, and that was it. That was the rule. Oh, you would have to know her."

On the other hand, Helen's paternal grandmother, Anna Carmela (Branco) Montrone, "was very proud about her baking." Helen "often heard said that she was an excellent baker" because "she used to bake for all the social class[es]."[31]

Box 4.3: Food

In a traditional first generation Italian American family, the wife and mother often handled the family's finances. Typically, the husband went out to earn the money but turned it over to the wife for spending. This pattern was the case in the Emiliani household, according to Olga. "Oh, my mother was a hard-working person, she really was. And my mother was a saver. My mother was the one that handled the money, and she knew how to handle it."[32] Then, when the children were old enough to contribute to the family income, they too turned over earnings to their mother.

David (G2 – M) Giancini first received an allowance and then returned the favor when he was older. "My father used to give me a dollar a week. . .[years later], during the Depression … I bought a wagon for my mother. . . Then I gave her a dollar a week in money, you see, until I got married. I got married at about twenty-six and a half. She

used to go [walk to] Main Street in Hyde Park to shop and fill the wagon."[33]

And what about a mother's parenting role? Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone remembered her father's foster mother as a very loving person.

> **He was adopted by Luigi Sebastianelli, and his foster mother's name was Filomena. I never met Luigi, but I did meet my grandmother Filomena. All I remember of her was she was very kind. My mother thought a lot of her. She would be her mother-in-law. And she really was very fond of her in turn. Filomena really loved her foster child. She had two daughters but no sons, so my father, Eugenio, was her son.[34]**

Still, Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini's younger son Dominick (G2 - M) was impressed by how "his mother took care of her whole family, husbands and babies in diapers and eight boarders. And she did all the work."[35] She probably picked her caretaking skills from her own mother, said Flo, she "was

the boss in the house" and would have been the example for all her daughters.[36]

After all, Settimia's grandniece, Emanuela (IT – M) Altimari, noted, "The special memory is of when she [my mother] would hold me in her arms in front of the fireplace in my grandparents' house in Ceccano, and I felt good feeling both her warmth and the warmth of the fire." Emanuela, in turn, felt that "serenity and family unity" were the most difficult things about living in this 20th century, but her biggest accomplishment was her children, "who are the creator of the universe's greatest gift." She dearly hoped that her children remembered "the love that I have always tried to show them, but which they perhaps have found hard to understand."[37]

Looking back on their mothers from the vantage of adulthood, the grown children expressed feelings of admiration and gratitude. Although Mary (G2 – G) (Cavagnaro) Gaudenzi was

deemed quiet by her daughters-in-law, her son Frank reflected that she was, "very, very nice, and well, I mean like a mother, really. She was a really good mother to us, very good."[38]

Both Olga and Jean (Miles) Gaudenzi described their mother-in-law, Mary, as very quiet but kind.[39] Olga's daughter Gerry spoke of Olga in similar glowing terms. "What I remember is how much she loved her grandchildren.[40]

In the opinion of her sons, Beatrice was the ideal mother. Paul said of her, "My mom was a real mother. Number one. She was like a real devoted mother; another good example for me. Very loyal to her family, her husband, us boys. She took care of her mother, her brothers, and sisters."[41]

The baby of the family, Tony Montrone, agreed.

> **Oh, [she was] a loving, nurturing mother. Very involved in school things with me. She was around. She was the**

> **"Leave it to Beaver" type of thing. I mean, we used to visit my grandmother, her mother, every week, I remember that. And [there was] lots of entertaining and feeding my friends whenever I brought them home.[42]**

Paul concurred, "Whenever I would bring friends home my mother would always welcome them and feed them generously."

Gene Montrone added that he could always depend on his mother to come through for him during school:

> **My mom [was] gentle, loving, supportive of everything I ever did, [and] academically supportive. I'll give you a favorite memory of my reliance on her. At one point in high school—as I say, I played the trombone in the marching band—they were taking pictures of the band for the yearbook. And, I forgot, we were all supposed to wear white shirts and ties. In those days we didn't dress up for high school. We had no uniforms; we just wore casual clothes. Then, I went in, and there it was on the bulletin board that today's the picture [day]. And I don't have a**

white shirt and tie. So, I run to the nearest pay phone. I call my mother, and I say, "Ma, I forgot to tell you. I need a white shirt and tie for today. They're taking pictures for the band." And, she says, "Well, what might [I] want to do now?" She's home, and I'm over in town going to school. She says, "I don't know how I'd get it to you." I said, "Well, you'll think of something." And, I hang up. So, she scratches her head. How the hell is she going to get my shirt in time for me [from] where she was? She didn't drive.

The next thing I know, I get a page over the PA system: "Come to the principal's office." There's my shirt and tie. What did she do? She called up a cab company. She said, "Come up here. I need a cab." The cab drives up. She hands him a shirt and tie, and says, "Bring this to Central High School. Drop it off in the principal's office. Tell them it's for Eugene Montrone." So, she solved the problem. She always solved the problem. That was my mother.[43]

To some degree, Paul attributed his mother Beatrice's parenting methods to those of her mother.

> **So she [my mother] grew up in a very disciplined, tough environment with the father, and the mother was obviously a softer type of person, a motherly type of person. . . The father died before I was even born. My grandmother lived a long time so I got to know her, and there were many, many family meals and celebrations that went on in her home in which the extended family participated. I can remember card playing, men arguing about politics, here and in Italy, and mandolins and accordions playing in her home to celebrate a holiday or special occasion. In a way, I grew up with my cousins, aunts and uncles. It was a very close traditional Italian family style.[44]**

But Italian American women also have their strong side. Beatrice saw this side of her own mother, Settimia, judging by her description of her mother's style.

> **[My mother] had a deep love for her parents. She loved her children, but in later life she liked to be catered to. She was our mother, and she would not let us forget it, God love her. She never cared to migrate from her beloved Italy but was forced. When I look back, she really worked**

very hard. . . On the whole they raised us to the best of their ability. "A" for effort.[45]

On his paternal side, Paul observed this same characteristic in his grandmother Maria (De Cristofaro) Montrone.

My father had married, obviously, and had three kids. None of her other children married, except for the youngest, Helen. Then, she [the youngest] had only one child, Carl. So there was really not a lot of family there. Not only did her other three children not have kids or marry, but I don't believe my grandmother ever particularly encouraged [them to], for some reason. I have no idea why. She was kind of strong [and she] dominated her kids. I think maybe [that was] one of the reasons they didn't get married. My grandfather was definitely the softer side in that family. I guess it's true that opposites attract.

Then the really weird thing was [that] while she was living, her children started dying. . . She then said, "I want to see you and Gene get married. I want to live that long. Let's hope God lets me live that long." She always

> **had a goal for how long she wanted to live. But perhaps trying to cope with the loss of her children her goal became "I want to live to bury all my kids." Have you ever heard of anything like that? . . . Anyway, she buried three of her five kids. My father, and the youngest one, my aunt Helen, she didn't bury. It was almost like that was her life's work as a mother. She brought them into the world, and she wanted to peacefully bury them. Then her job was done. She lived to 95.[46]**

Paul's aunt, Helen (Montrone) Mastro, spoke of her mother, Maria, in a very warm way when she said, "As far as attention where the children were concerned, I think she [my mother] gave more attention. That was her whole world."[47]

Box 4.4: Infant Mortality – 19th-20th Centuries

Adult children looking back on their mothers clearly remember and value those particular qualities: attentiveness, kindness, love, and a willingness to spend time together,

having mutually enjoyable times. As Helen's first cousin, Grace, said, she liked how her mother, Mary (Silla) Cristoforo, "would take the time to play with me. I can remember how often she would sit on the floor and play jacks with me. She was a disciplinarian, but she also had a playful streak."[48]

Yet sometimes in the course of raising children, mothers meted out discipline. Having characterized her mother as "a disciplinarian," Grace continued, "By the time I grew up, she was a little more lenient about the dos and don'ts, but probably still more strict than many other parents."[49] Her cousin Helen reflected on that same quality of strictness as seen in her mother, Maria (De Cristofaro) Montrone.

> **[My mother was] very strict. I would say it was vice versa. My dad was [less strict]. How they say, she ruled the roost. You were disciplined, and you know she meant what she said. You really respected her … There were no two ways about it. Now, she seemed to have the upper hand, I would say, on the two younger boys, Albert (G2 – M) and Victor**

> **(G2 – M), and myself, but Angelo and Ann always did their own thing. I mean, she didn't like it, but I don't think she was going to interfere in their way of life. They had minds of their own, and that was it.[50]**

Beatrice speaking about her mother Settimia, noted, "My mother was a scolder. I can't remember ever being spanked by her, but her scoldings would strike us to the core."[51] Beatrice's first cousin once removed, Emanuela, felt the same about her mother, Leopolda (Fratangeli) Lalia. "Her character was very strong, and if you crossed her, you'd regret it!!!" Still, Emanuela couldn't help but admire Leopolda's "strong and impulsive character."[52] And Paul would add the observation that in his family, Beatrice, the mother, was the strict disciplinarian.

One Italian proverb regarding discipline holds that "a house without a woman is like a boat without a rudder" (*casa senza donna, barca senza timone*). Another says, "God's most beautiful gift is a Mother's heart" (i*l più bel dono di Dio è il*

***cuore della mamma*). Clearly, women have for generations nurtured their families, provided essential support, and performed numerous life-enhancing duties with perseverance and good humor.**

Most people, looking back over their own experiences, appreciated that women are of central importance to the well-being of the family. At the same time, these past "women at the helm" were complicated individuals, inevitably varied in their strengths and abilities. The predominant reminiscences of adult children expressed gratitude and admiration for the women who had raised them.

Spouses

In earlier times in Italian society, it was common for couples to be matched, usually by their family members. These semi-arranged marriages were not mandatory, as they were in some cultures, but they were fostered by parents. Finding a love match was the ideal, though it was not necessary.

Usually, there was a bridal dowry of some kind, though that fell out of practice more quickly than matchmaking.

In Boiano, Italy, Paul's cousin Anna (IT - M) was set up with her husband, Carlo Battista. Their daughter Cleonice (IT – M) [as translated by her own daughter Annamaria (IT - M)] said:

> **When Anna's mother [Filomena] met Carlo Battista, she told Anna, her daughter, 'This is the right husband for you.' She could recognize the virtues of the person. Anna was really beautiful, a beautiful girl and very intelligent. So she had a lot of boys around her. But Filomena was always against all of them until Carlo Battista.[53]**

Anna told of meeting and marrying her husband and starting a family in Italy. Her granddaughter Elisabetta Altomare translated for her, saying, "She and her sister married the only young men they really knew. They did not know other young men very well, just their husbands. It was like that in

those times." Anna Battista married later than usual because of World War II.

> **I got married in Cerro al Volturno. I went there to be a teacher. Also, my future husband was a teacher. We fell in love, and we got married. We had two children. I got married on January 3, 1948. There had been war. We had World War II. Young women were punished by the war. . . Yes, I got married in January, and nine months and 15 days later, the little one was born. Precisely nine months later, because in those times you would not sleep together before getting married.[54]**

When Cleonice, their daughter, came of age in Italy the matchmaking was not as prevalent. She met her husband Vittorio Altomare at Sabiensa University, where they were both studying medicine"[55]

Both grandparents and in-laws of Flo (G2 – M) (Giancini) D'Annibale married in Ceccano, Italy. She was told the story of how her mother-in-law, a relative of her grandmother,

turned to the older Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale for advice. This exchange provided a glimpse into the marriage practices in that part of Italy around the turn of the twentieth century.

> **They [my in-laws] were going to get married, and they had nothing, but they did get married. I guess at that time, all you did was go to church or go to the courthouse and say, "I do," and that's it. She came to my grandmother . . . see, because my grandfather and my father-in-law's father were related. And she says to her, "We were married, Aunt Fausta." "Well," she says, "Now, I guess you're going to have to go home and prepare a nice meal for your new husband." She says, "I can't. We don't have anything." So she [my grandmother] gave her fixings for a meal. And she said to me, "I never forgot your grandmother for that. Never.[56]**

Among second-generation Italian Americans, some followed this practice. For example, Flo herself returned to Ceccano to marry her husband Tullio. While their families did garner permission for Flo and Tullio to write to each other, their marriage was not an arranged one in the traditional sense, as

they continued their correspondence and eventually they chose to marry.

David Giancini and Margaret Corvelli were paired by David's mother, Settimia. Their daughter Tina and granddaughter Susan described that process:

Susan: This [matchmaking] comes to a redeeming grace. Everything does. My Nonni [Settimia] Giancini loved her [my grandmother, Margaret]. She was beautiful. She was hard working. And she [Settimia] picked her for my grandfather. . . Because of all her strengths—she was classy, she was beautiful, she was respectful—she [Settimia] thought she [Margaret] was who she wanted for her son. So, she asked Dave if he was interested in dating my grandmother. And he was. My grandmother said, "My stepmother asked me if I wanted to date Dave, and she was sure I'd say no. I said, 'Yeah, I'm interested.'" She didn't know what to say because Nonni was such a powerful strong personality. She wasn't going to say no to Nonni. She wouldn't let her date at all, but she wasn't going to say no to Settimia. And so she [Margaret] dated my grandfather, and then they got married, and they had a

beautiful wedding. My grandmother had the 1920 sheath-type of dress. . .

Tina: This is what they called "ambasciata." . . . Ambasciata is a fixed marriage. That's what they call it in Italian. Her mother used to go and visit my father's mother, and that's how they got together. They were friends.

Once the match had been agreed upon, the couple had a big wedding, in 1935. Margaret remembered that it took place at St. Lucy's Church "in the hall and everything. Beatrice was my maid of honor. . . and David was a quiet man. He was a nice husband."[57]

Like most Italian American young women, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone was supposed to remain unattached until her marriage. Instead, she dared to sneak a date or two.

My first date just happened. My friend Josephine Battaglia [and I] had gone to see a baseball game. There was a player she liked. Carl was his name. After the game she introduced me to her boyfriend and his friend, whose nickname was "Wop Davis." He was a student at Penn

> **State but played ball with Hyde Park A.C. during the summer. Wop had a roadster. I sat in front with him, and Josie sat in back with Carl. We drove around for a while. He tried to hold my hand, and I would not let him. He asked me what I did for excitement, and I replied [that] going to church was my pastime. That was my first and last date with him. Even if I liked him, dating was a no-no in my family, definitely not allowed. I would see him on the baseball field, and we just said, "Hello."[58]**

Matchmaking was already fading in the second generation of Italian Americans, however. Olga, for example, met her husband, Jerome Gaudenzi, on her own, in her family's tavern. "He was delivering beer. He was working for somebody else at the time. That's how we met. . . Well, he looked at me, and I looked at him. I thought, 'Oh, I think I kind of like him.' He probably felt the same way because he kept coming. He kept coming over, so that's how we started going out."[59]

In the older generations, the ideal marriage age for females was around 18, while for men, it was preferred that they have reached their upper-twenties. Young women were kept chaste and virtuous until marriage, bringing to it only wisdom imparted from their mothers or other female relatives. It was thought that the males, on the other hand, should know enough to guide their bride along. Because of this expectation, in earlier generations, chaperones were required throughout the courtship.

Jean Miles Gaudenzi met Frank when she was working at age 19, and he was attending art school (after serving in World War II) at 27. They then dated for about two years before getting married in 1952. She explained that they waited because Frank "did not have a good job. His mother had a store, and he helped her with it. He thought that she would give it up to him, but she wasn't about to." The couple had a small wedding. Jean observed,

> **We got married by a justice of the peace because I was Protestant and he was Catholic. We didn't have a job**

> **anyway, nothing substantial. So then we went to live with his mom for about six months. My mom had an apartment available then [after the six months], and we moved into her apartment up here in Peckville.**

All in all, Jean wanted it to be remembered about her husband Frank "that he was a good husband."[60]

By the third generation, prearranged matchmaking was pretty much nonexistent; couples met at work, or at school, or—as with Gene Montrone and Sylvia Ware—through friends. Gene recalled:

> **I chose to rent a home with a bunch of guys that I had gone to undergraduate school with. This [building] held twelve of us or something like that. One of my roommates was going with a girl from the Modern School of Fashion Design.**
>
> **And I'm just coming back from California, and he says, "You know they're having a dance at this school, and June Lee (his girlfriend) was wondering if any of my friends**

wanted to go with any of her friends from that school. . . Would you mind being one of my friends?" And I said, "No, I don't mind." Okay, so then he went to his girlfriend, and he said, "Well, I have this friend just getting back from California. You know, he's very willing to go to this dance, but I want you to know about this guy. Don't tell any of your girlfriends that this guy is anything like looking about getting serious with anybody. He's in prime party mode, and that's the way he is." And so, she said, "I've got the perfect girl for him, because she doesn't want to get serious with anybody. She's looking at a career in designing. So, we'll put those two together and see how that works out." Boink! Fifty years later, that's how that worked out. I was just back from California. I had no intentions. She was going to be Edith Head the second.[61]

Tony Montrone also met his bride, Lisa Chew, through friends. "We met in Washington. We both were working in Washington. We had some mutual friends. I worked with the husband of this couple, and she worked with the wife. They thought we should meet. And they invited us over to their home."[62]

Fran and Gerry (Gaudenzi) Colizzo met in the most traditional way. Friends of the family had a daughter who was receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation in Scranton and their families were invited to the after-celebration. They were the only two of similar age in attendance and naturally gravitated to each other. As it turned out, Fran was going to return to his second year of medical school in Philadelphia and Gerry was going into her first year of teaching in the Philadelphia suburbs. Following several dates in that area, the magic happened. Three years later they were married and lived happily with their four children for 14 years.[63]

Paul and Sandra met while they both attended Scranton Central High School. With both having an Italian heritage there was much in common, and the relationship blossomed from early on. They dated for five years before getting married one week after Sandra graduated from Marywood College in Scranton. It was a magnificent wedding and celebration by both families. Then off Sandra and Paul went

to New York and beyond, enjoying a long and fulfilling marriage.

The marriage history of Paul and Sandra and several of their ancestors are covered in more detail in Box 4.5 Family Marriages.

Box 4.5: Family Marriages

First and second-generation Italian Americans typically had long marriages. Angelo and Anna Carmela (Branco) Montrone remained married for thirty-five years, from 1881 until his death in 1916. Their son Antonio had been with his wife, Maria, more than forty years when he died in 1948. Their son Angelo Montrone stayed alive just long enough to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary with his wife, Beatrice. Two of their sons, Paul and Gene, have surpassed their parents' record.[64]

If death intervened and cut short a long life together, the widower often took another wife to help rear children. Widows, on the other hand, usually made a conscious choice not to remarry. In Italy, Filomena (Montrone) Buontempo chose not to remarry after her husband, Salvatore Buontempo, died in 1928. She was widowed for almost sixty years. Their great-granddaughter Annamaria translated, "She was always faithful to her husband, even if she lost her husband very young, at thirty years or so. She lived in memory."[65] Filomena's daughter Anna also summarized and translated: "My mother never married again. She said, 'Only one God and only one husband.'"[66]

Gerry (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, for example, told of the challenges she faced in her life and the difficult decisions she made after her husband died at the young age of 39:

> **I was married on June 16, 1962, in a church, Immaculate Conception, with a reception following at the Hotel Casey in Scranton, Pennsylvania. My toughest challenge was when my husband died at age thirty-nine. I had four**

> **children to raise – each one year apart. My husband's death reshaped our lives. I made the decision not to remarry and dedicated my life to raising the children.[67]**

Both Paul and Sandra observed that none of the widows among their parents and grandparents ever remarried.

Like most human relationships, every marriage was not perfect, but the Italian heritage, carried over into the Italian-American generations, made marriage a sacred matter. It went well beyond a civil or legal matter. As good Catholics, marriage was a covenant with God, that the two shall become one, and "until death shall we part." Divorce was outlawed in the Catholic Church.

The result was that there were virtually no divorces among Catholics. There was only one legal divorce in Paul and Sandra's ancestral family that they knew of. It was an uncle and, since he never remarried, he remained a Catholic.

However, there was a way to break the marital covenant– called an annulment (the first recorded annulment was granted to Louis XII in 1498 so he could marry Ann of Britany) – but it was a long, arduous and costly process. If a couple wished to break their marriage covenant, they made a case to a hierarchical committee that their original covenant was not real. So, in essence, the marriage never actually happened. If properly annulled, the individuals could remain as practicing Catholics.

As secularism continued to transform society, in 2015 the Catholic Church succumbed and created an easier process to dissolve a marriage. Pope Francis' annulment reforms included a shorter waiting time and making the process free for those who applied.

Today, divorce and annulment are far more common than in previous generations. Beyond the general secularization trend, in Paul Montrone's view there is another factor coming to bear, especially in the United States. He observed:

The U.S.A. is a melting pot. Whereas in previous generations there were arranged marriages or, if not, the individuals entering marriage normally had similar backgrounds and values. Sandra and I are a perfect example. Both of us were brought up as Catholics in a religious family and with strong Italian-American values and culture, which emphasized family unity. In the U.S. melting pot, individuals of completely different heritages, upbringing, values and backgrounds find each other (today even through social media) and marry. Often they don't even marry, but rather just live together as "significant others". In the past this was condemned as a mortal sin and not at all practiced. Now it is socially acceptable.

The result is that the marriage "covenant" with God, with some exceptions, means almost nothing to a couple getting married today. The result has been a skyrocketing divorce rate and a majority of children now have a single parent, with sad consequences.

Another facet of the societal trend was the need to pursue careers. So many mothers and fathers – or the single parent – are mainly motivated to work. Many children are then raised by childcare centers or by a 'caregiver', which inevitably has a significant impact on the child's values.

In times past, if the couple could afford it, the father worked and the mother spent most of her time raising the kids. When the kids became adults, if she desired, the mom might return to her career. If both parents had to work for money reasons, children were turned over to other family members (grandparents, aunts & uncles, and siblings) during working hours. As a result, family values were reinforced rather than diluted by third party caregivers.

One does not have to observe the numerous growing societal problems – like anxiety, drugs, mental illness – that have resulted from these trends, which Paul and Sandra hope and pray will reverse themselves in the future.

Sons and Daughters

Family stories show that Italian and Italian American children were taught to respect their elders and to take after their parents. In general, sons were encouraged to succeed beyond what their fathers achieved in the work force, while daughters were taught that, even if they had a career, they also needed to become accomplished in the home as wives and mothers.

Beatrice (D'Annibale) Montrone said that she understood these ground rules from an early age: "I was expected to help my mother. I had a lot of chores and also cared for the children younger than myself."[68]

Daughters seemed to be held to stricter standards of behavior than the sons. Gerry came to this realization later in life about her second-generation Italian American father, Jerome Gaudenzi; "Much of his sternness came about because of his insecurities in raising two girls. I began to understand this as I grew older."[69]

In the view of these Italian-raised fathers, young women were to be kept at home, safe and virtuous. Some of Eugene Giancini's behavior toward his daughter, Beatrice, could be justified by her status as the eldest daughter and by his views as a first-generation Italian immigrant. She complained, "As a growing teenager, I was strictly forbidden to date. . . I sneaked a few more dates. It was no fun because if my father found out, he would punish me severely."[70] Her daughter-in-law, Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, explained:

> **Beatrice's relationship with her father in her teen years was bittersweet. She shared his love for reading, and together they read Italian serial stories which arrived periodically. But he was a strict father, not allowing her to sit on the porch, wear lipstick or cut her curly dark auburn hair or to date without one of her brothers chaperoning. And of course, she wanted to do ALL of those things.[71]**

Jerome Gaudenzi allowed his daughter Sandra to date, but he still kept an eye on her, according to her husband, Paul.

"With me dating his daughter he was fine. But he was a stern strict father. No fooling around. Coming from an Italian American family, I thoroughly understood this and respected it."[72]

Mothers were not exempt from placing such restrictions on their daughters. Back in Boiano, Italy, Filomena (Montrone) Buontempo was suspicious of what her girls would get up to. Her daughter Anna (Buontempo) Battista and her sisters teased their mother about how she would question them.

> **My mother was cheerful. But she was really strict. Especially when we were young girls, she did not want us to go out. She told us that she could not see well because her eyes were short sighted. But still she kept asking: "Who was that young man who accompanied you? Who was the young man who was with you?" "But Mother," we said, "you told us that you cannot see what happens far away!"[73]**

On the other hand, while their girls were still too young for boys and for other potentially damaging outside influences,

fathers could be indulgent and mothers could be pampering. Olga shared some anecdotes about how she and Jerome Gaudenzi raised their daughters Gerry and Sandra.

> **My husband really went along with whatever I wanted to do. Even with the two girls, I used to dress them well. . . I used to go all out for them. I really did. I said to Gerry, "Do you remember the dresses we got for Sandra when she. . ." And every time she wore one, she would get so many compliments because they were different. Well, I paid more because naturally they were hand-made. But my husband never went against my wishes. So that used to make me happy, too, that he never said, "You're spending too much money for them" or whatever. Daddy never opened his mouth once.**
>
> **However, Jerome occasionally accused me of over-indulging the girls. [Sandra] was funny. She would wait until the last minute, even studying or [if] she would be having a test or whatever, she would lay alongside of the bed. I can remember. She would never be ready to get the bus [to school]. So I'd be at the door with her lunch,**

> **holding the door open, because the bus used to stop in front of our house, and she would come running out, and everybody on the bus was laughing because this happened every morning. But he [my husband] would get very upset with me because I wouldn't have them do whatever they were supposed to [on time]. Which he thought that was their job. They should have made their beds. I used to iron all their clothes, and he'd get upset with me. He said that was their job.[74]**

But despite the ups and downs of relationships with their parents, the Italian American sons and daughters maintained a high respect and deference to their parents. As good Catholics, the fourth commandment of Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother was engraved in each generation, even when there was disagreement.

Generations of sons and daughters wrestle as they grow up with competing priorities. They want to show respect for their parents and be cooperative, but they also seek more independence and freedom so they can explore and learn

from their own mistakes. Raising sons and daughters seems often connected with the whole notion of boundaries and how to push them.

Siblings

Certain expectations and behaviors developed based upon when each child was born. The eldest child was given more responsibility, especially in terms of minding the younger siblings, and the youngest child was more frequently coddled.

In the household of Angelo and Beatrice Montrone, their son Gene was the eldest, followed by Paul, and after ten years, Tony rounded out the family.

The Montrone brothers definitely were aware of their places within the family structure. As the eldest, Gene had certain responsibilities:

> **For Paul and me, it was almost like two different sets of circumstances. Paul and I were brothers, there were only two of us until I was thirteen, then came Tony. So he was**

almost like a semi-son to me, more than a brother. I mean, I took care of him. I was the babysitter if need be and whatever. So with Paul and me, it was a little different situation. And when I say within the scope of brotherly relations. . .

My parents were the type of parents who said when we grew up, "Wherever you go, you've got to take your brother with you, and you're responsible for him." A lot of parents do this. But from the point of the view of the guy who's responsible, this is not a good thing, because, A -- if you have any sense of responsibility, you will feel that you are responsible. If something happens, it's your fault, so you've got to watch. And B -- you're the oldest one, so the youngest one always wants to do something he shouldn't be doing. But, of course, you being his brother and only three years older, you can't tell him what to do. You tell him what to do, and he tells you to go to hell. So basically, you are left with a number of years where you're battling because that's the way the situation is. You can't say, "No, I won't take care of him." Although, I did say that a couple times. That didn't do any good, because

you will take care of him. And other little incidental things happened.

I had a good friend [in] this Gannon family who had eight kids. One of the daughters was in my class. So I knew her for eight years, very well. But her brother, who was one year behind me, and I got to be great friends, Marty. So we would walk back and forth to school together like that, all together. Paul always had to be there, so sometimes Paul annoyed him. One time Paul came home. I don't know what Marty did to him, but he complained to my father and mother. And, he said, "Gene did this, and Marty did this." So my father says to me, or my mother, one of them, "The next time Marty does that, you got to stop him." And, I said, "But, it's not Marty's fault. It's Paul's fault." No, that was not acceptable. "You have to protect your brother."

So my mother's watching out the window this time. I don't remember this, but she tells me the story. We're standing in front of the house talking, and Paul is annoying Marty, which was the usual thing. So Marty cuffs him. My mother says, "You looked at Marty and said, 'I don't

> **really want to do this, but my father said I had to.'" So I busted him in the chops! Then she says, "You looked down at him—he's on the ground—helped him up, and, said, 'Marty, sorry.'"[75]**

As the middle child, Paul Montrone said, "Yeah, he was protecting me. So I have my older brother protecting me, and I was protecting my younger brother."[76] And Tony faced the pros and cons of being the youngest, which were especially pronounced because he was so many years younger than Gene and Paul. Gene remembered what it was like when Tony was still very young.

> **With Tony, I say it's a little different situation, because now I was like more of a babysitter. But I was more of an advisor. I contributed toward raising him, even though I was only his older brother. I was thirteen years older. So you know, things like when I left for MIT, Tony was only four. And, like I say, I coddled him. I could be his father and spoil him, because I didn't have to discipline him. That was being taken care of by Mom and Dad. So I was**

> always his way out. I was his cover. "Gene will help me!" So now he missed me when I left.[77]

Tony himself commented, "You realize I'm ten and thirteen years younger. So I was raised more with three fathers than with two brothers. No doubt about it. Nothing changes. Sixty years later, I'm still the baby."[78]

Italian American families seemed to be very close when adhering to the traditional family structure. For many siblings, family loyalty took precedence over any day-to-day squabbling. The Montrone brothers took pride in how "very well" they got along and kept in close contact "multiple times a year, all three of us." Gene said, "I get along very well within the scope of brotherly relations."[79] His brother Paul elaborated:

> I always got along with my brothers. I was just telling Michele [my daughter] this the other day. I read about sibling rivalry, and I have no idea what it is. Because I never had any feelings that I was like competing with my

> **brothers. I don't know why we don't have any sibling rivalry. Well, I know why in the case of my younger brother. Tony's ten years younger than me, and he was a late comer in the family. My mom and dad were older, and they more or less told me to like keep an eye on Tony because they didn't understand his generation. . . That ten years was a big change going in terms of youthful thinking. So I was helping them with Tony. But there was no rivalry there. And I never had any rivalry with my older brother. No, we always helped each other and we still do.[80]**

The Montrone boys were raised seeing their mother Beatrice's relationship with her siblings. From Paul's viewpoint, "They had a very close family group, and my mother was very much involved with them. The men had a little trouble every now and again, but whether she had any trouble with her sisters, I have no idea. But it was never very visible if it was. They all got along. Everybody still got along all through life."[81]

Paul married Sandra, the younger daughter of Jerome and Olga Gaudenzi. Her sister Gerry, the elder daughter, came first and found that role or place in the family often defined her.

> **I never really thought a lot about it, but I was a typical first child. I was driven, very responsible, and hard working. My sister was four years younger, so I felt protective of her, although, we're very, very different people. Yeah, I was an achiever, and that was an expectation . . . just [based on] the order in which you're born. It's kind of nice being first, isn't it? I kind of liked that, and the expectations. I think those expectations were good. I actually developed a lot of self-confidence, much more than I should have. But I think, when I review it, it goes back to all of the love and attention I got because I was the first. . . . I was the first grandchild on both sides, so I got a lot of attention. It was a lot of teasing from my two uncles, but I always knew that it was very loving. I mean, one of the things I remember my Uncle Frank always alluding to my feet being large and that I was wearing the shoe boxes and not the shoes. But it was a lot of attention, and it was a lot of love.[82]**

On the other hand, Sandra did not seem to have any problem being the youngest in their family. "Well, I liked being home. . . My mother and I were very close. I was the baby. . . [My sister] was four years older, and she was very much in charge."[83]

The Gaudenzi sisters, Gerry and Sandra, also have maintained their good relationship and have kept in contact as adults. Gerry, the elder by four years, reflected:

> **Growing up we experienced similar issues so we will always have that bond. When we're together we sometimes discuss our youth, which I find cathartic. We stay in touch as much as possible, probably not as much as I would like.[84]**

Sandra concurred. "We stay in contact. Well, you know, we're so far away. . . two of her children live near us and we see them regularly, especially for family celebrations. When Gerry visits her children, she will stop up here, and we'll

have lunch. . . No email [for keeping in touch]. Just by phone."[85]

According to their Uncle Frank, the Gaudenzi girls' parents also had good relationships with their siblings.

> **[My brother Jerome] was very kind right up to when he died. He was very kind to people. If someone was sick or anything, he'd go visit them. He was good, really good to everyone. Oh, he could blow up like any ordinary man, right? But he was good. He joked with people. [He knew] a lot of friends, a lot of people. Brothers and sisters, we all got along real good. Well, you have your spats [every] once in a while. My sister took care of the boys. . .**
>
> **I'm the baby of the family. We were all two years apart, and there were four of us. So, I'd go back two, four, six, years… Like I say, we treated each other as well as we could. As good as our finances allowed, we took care of each other.**
>
> **Like I say, she [Olga] treated us good, real good. I was always close to her, as a sister-in-law …. Oh, a good**

> **person, real good person. You never hear anybody say anything bad about her. She always treated everyone, you know, the way she would want to be treated.[86]**

Olga remained close with her sister Velia (G2 - G) (Emiliani) Luciani, as Gerry remembered:

> **Whenever my mother came for a visit sweet Aunt Velia joined her. Aunt Velia was a widow and was always welcome at my home, as she was at my daughter Paula's. Although she was the older sister, I found my mother to be the more confident one.[87]**

The close sibling relationship is reflected in Gerry's children. Gerry said, "…[they] looked after each other after my husband died. They never wanted to ruin the family name. My husband was a surgeon, and his name was known in the community. They were always conscious of that, which I think was very sweet."[88]

When siblings are close in one generation, the following generations have that positive model to see and build on.

They are brought up with the hope that they too will have strong sibling bonds. The benefit is a lifetime of mutual support—a reassuring feeling of being there for each other and of knowing where each other came from.

Grandparents

Like most Italian American families, the names attached to grandparents by their grandchildren can have many variations and that certainly applied to Sandra and Paul.

The Italian word for grandfather is Nonno, and for grandmother it is Nonna, and these names normally attach to the first name of the person. The word Nonni is plural for grandparents.

For Sandra and her sister, Gerry, their grandparents were called Nonna Mary and Nonno Giovanni. But on Paul's side of the family, he and his siblings referred to their grandmothers as Nonni Montrone and Nonni T. Nonni is an abbreviated form of Nonnina, which is considered to be a

term of affection meaning "little grandmother." Additionally, their maternal grandmother's name was Settimia, and she was called "Nonni T". One can surmise Nonni T was used probably due to 'Nonni Settimia' being quite a mouthful for the young ones!

Aside from their titles, once a father and mother become grandparents their relationships also changed. They usually became doting in a way they may have felt they could not as parents.

Receiving special treats was one of the things Beatrice best remembered about her grandfather Giovanni (IT – M) D'Annibale. "My grandfather would tease me a little, but both [grandparents] were kind and gentle. There would be a treat waiting for me each evening,"[89] she recalled.

> **He's my grandfather. I remember him very well. I remember him as a kindly man with bright red hair. . . He drank very little and smoked very little, but he liked a cigar now and then and maybe a glass of wine. I think my grandma was the boss, though, in the house. . . We used to**

call him "Nonno Tita." He would bring live crabs home. He would tie a string so we could let them walk. He would always have a goodie for us when he'd come home, like fruit or something.90

Beatrice also had fond memories about her other grandmother, Filomena Sebastianelli, the foster mother (thus not a true biological grandmother) of Beatrice's father, Eugene Giancini.

What I remember about Filomena is that she was a kind grandmother. We never understood "foster." All we knew was that she was our grandmother, one of our grandmothers, and we loved her and she loved us. And she loved my father dearly even though he was a foster child. . . She lived in Ceccano. All I remember is my mother saying [was] that when I was born, she was still alive. Because my mother said I was a large baby and took [size] three-month clothes; they had to use a size three. She said we lived in the same neighborhood as Filomena. They went there and said, "How do you like this baby?" "Oh," she says, "it's a beautiful baby." They said, "Well, this is Eugenio's daughter. This is your granddaughter." She got

> **so excited because she hadn't heard yet that I was born. That's what my mother said, that she came screaming [excitedly] to her. She was like happiness, you know.[91]**

When Beatrice became a grandmother herself, in the 1960s, she was "still deciding what such a young grandmother might be called." Her daughter-in-law said that Beatrice's oldest grandson, Victor Montrone, "dubbed his grandmother 'Granner,' and it stuck until she became a Great-Grandmother. . .. Between 1986 and 2006, Beatrice has been given fourteen great-grandchildren who love her and call her 'Bema.'"[92]

Sandra considered the best part of being a grandmother "that I'm not ultimately responsible. That I can have all the fun time with them."[93]

Gerry and Sandra learned the ways of cosseting from their own grandparents. The grandfathers, Francesco and Iginio, both showed their love to the girls. Of Francesco, Sandra

said, "I remember my grandfather. A very gentle man."[94] Her elder sister, Gerry, reminisced:

> **My two grandfathers were the most loving, adoring men – both the sweetest of men. My grandfather Gaudenzi would come to our home at least once a week to visit us and spend time with us. And my other grandfather, Gino, was always neat looking. He looked as if he had just come out of the shower. . . I have such good memories of my two grandfathers.[95]**

Their grandmother, Giovanna (G1 - G) Emiliani, always made sure to keep her granddaughters well fed and "was very warm and always had like a twinkle in her eye." Gerry continued:

> **I always sensed a great feeling of love from her. She was always concerned about my eating. If she thought that I wasn't eating enough, there were two different things that she would do. If she thought that my cheeks weren't rosy enough, she would have me eat a slice of Italian bread laced with red wine and sugar. She said that that would bring the roses back in my cheeks. The other was to make**

> **one of my favorites, which was fried bread dough. I would come home from school at lunch and see the bread dough rising on the radiator, and I knew that night we were going to have fried bread dough.[96]**

Paul recalls the practice of grandparents having treats for their grandchildren continuing into the current generation. He remembers his grandmother quietly slipping him a dollar whenever he visited her. He and Sandra continue this little habit and always have plenty of treats for their grandchildren – encouraging their visits – a grandparents' treasure.

Although the grandparents were not primarily responsible for raising their children's children, they often assisted with childcare. Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini seemed to take advantage of her parents' willingness to help. According to her daughter Flo, "Her mother [our grandmother] would watch the children, and they would take care of each other."[97] Beatrice enjoyed how much time she spent with her D'Annibale grandparents when still in Ceccano, Italy. "Our

father was either at war or in the United States. So [my grandfather] would take [David] fishing. And I was with Grandma. We would go to church and visit the neighbors. My mother probably had babies, so she was glad to get rid of us. But I slept at my Grandma's since I was two years old. We were only two doors away."[98]

According to Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, when Beatrice herself became a grandmother:

> **Bea was always ready to travel or care for grandchildren while the parents traveled. With them she flew kites, taught them Italian songs, shot baskets, and took them shopping for trinkets. . .[99]**

And Sandra would add another example of Beatrice as a grandmother:

> **In November 1965, when Paul and I were looking for a home in Washington, D.C., Bea came to NYC to babysit baby Michele. Then the city and, indeed the whole East Coast, went dark and they were alone during that frightening time. But Bea never wavered. Fortunately, a**

friend of ours, Hugo Nurnberg, trekked halfway across Manhattan bringing food and candles to keep them company.[100]

About one year earlier, Sandra had asked her own grandmother Giovanna to assist with her newly born daughter, Michele.

Sandra: My grandmother came and stayed with us when Michele was born. . .

Paul: We only had one bedroom. There was my wife and I, then we had a screen and the crib. That was the bedroom.

Sandra: Can you imagine? The bedroom was big enough so that we had set up two screens so that she [Michele] had her own space. It was her own room. . . She [Nonna] came to stay with us. . . Because we didn't want the mothers to come tell us what to do. We read Dr. Spock. Any problem, it was 'check Dr. Spock.' So my grandmother was in Florida, and she came up, and she slept on the couch in the living room. Of course, Paul's studying in the same living room, so the lights never went down.

Paul: I'm a late person. I would study after everybody went to bed.

Sandra: He still does that. And so my grandmother said, "These crazy people." When Michele would wake up, he'd say, "You know what, I'm hungry too." So I'd make him something to eat.

Paul: In the middle of the night.

Sandra: And make my grandmother say, "These crazy people. There's no night. There's no day."

Paul: We didn't have a night or a day. We had around-the-clock operations.[101]

Paul's brother Tony talked about his experiences under his grandmothers' care. Although he saw her less often, he remembered a few things about his time with Maria (DeCristofaro) Montrone.

She was good. She used to babysit for me on weekends, and sometimes I would go down to her home. She fed me well. She had a drawer in her kitchen, and she'd throw all odds and ends in there. I used to go through that drawer whenever I went down there and pull all the odds and ends out and see what she'd thrown in since the last time.

On the other side of the family, Tony often spent time with his grandmother; Nonni T. (Settimia D'Annibale Giancini). He had many fond memories of her.

> **We used to play cards together. She used to feed me orange soda. I didn't normally get orange soda, but she always had orange soda. There was an Italian drink that they liked. You mixed orange soda and red Italian wine. I don't think my father really cared for that. We never had that. But my grandmother and some of my uncles really liked that drink. My grandmother used to like to play Bingo. She was a gambler. We'd play. Also, there's an Italian game called *scopa*, which is kind of like an Italian version of gin rummy. We'd play for pennies.[102]**

As the grandparents aged, they expected their children to care for them. Dutiful son, Angelo Montrone, for example, visited his mother often. As Maria's grandson Tony Montrone noted, "She lived till well into her nineties. The last years, she wasn't very well. Once I went away to college, I'd see her when I came home on occasions."[103]

Paul also remembered his grandmother's poor health, and yet her strength, as an elderly woman and related this vignette from that time:

> **Nonni Montrone—lived to be, I think, ninety-five. At ninety, she fell, and she was taken to the hospital. She fell in the bathroom. Supposedly she fell into the bathtub. I don't understand why she didn't break all her bones. But, anyway she didn't. They took her to the hospital, and they tried to treat her. She was there a week or two. They said, 'You know, she's old so her organs are weak, and there's nothing much we can do. Take her home.'**
>
> **So they brought her home, [and] because she was declining, everyone thought she was going to die. She turned around, got back up, and lived five more years. The key was, she used to drink a big glass of wine every morning. Boom, get herself going. It probably was like a jolt. When she went to the hospital, they took her off the wine. And so, she started fading and that was [nearly] the end of her. When she got back home, 'boom'! She once again had her early morning wine medication. Because the Italians always liked the wine. In fact, many of them, including the Giancinis made their own 'Dago red'[104]**

Also unwell, Mary (G2 – G) (Cavagnaro) Gaudenzi received extra attention from her son, Jerome, according to her granddaughter Sandra. "My grandmother had diabetes. She had to go to a sanatorium because she contracted TB and [my father] visited her every day. He was very devoted. . . My Nonna Mary lived a long time."[105] Sandra herself has appreciated the increased attention from her children as her health declined due to multiple sclerosis.

> **I don't see anything as difficult. . . I try to keep up with everything. . . [The best thing is] having everybody around. My son Angelo has moved here with his wife and baby. Then they had two more children. That's such a big plus. Then Michele moved here. Because of the problems, the kids have become much closer with me, because I have needs. In the past, they had needs, and I took care of all the needs. Now they're very much here for me. I accept and enjoy that they're with me.[106]**

Paul added:

> **Our daughter Michele has moved back to New Hampshire from St. Thomas with her five children to be closer to**

Sandra and me. They lived in St. Thomas for 13 years, and while the older children did most of their growing up there, it is a blessing to have them all so close again, and be able to witness the twins, who were only 8 at the time, grow into young adults. It brings great joy especially to Sandra as they will drop in on her after school, to say hello and tell her about their day.

Often, the elderly moved into the home of their adult child or had an adult child move in to assist them. In Italy, Anna Carmela (Branco) Montrone moved in with her daughter Filomena and granddaughter Anna Battista. As Anna explained, "When Grandfather Angelo died [in 1916], Aunt Rachele was in America; my mother was the only one in Boiano. Grandmother Anna lived with us. I remember the sweets she prepared and the mess in the kitchen she created."[107]

Unfortunately, as Paul pointed out, "All the old Italian men died young. So you grew up living with grandmothers mostly." He and Sandra have a photograph from their

wedding of all of their grandmothers. "There they all are. That's a great, classic picture. They were all alive then. But none of the men. They buried every husband."[108] In addition to suggesting the relative fragility of Italian men, this pattern serves as a testament to the heartiness and vitality of the strong, Italian women.

Paul added, "My mother, Beatrice, broke the family record living to almost 101 years old."

Extended Family

Italian families traditionally consider themselves inclusive of any and all family members rather than just individual core families of parents and children. The extended family can be a source of comfort and community.

In an interview for *The Guide*, Camille Paglia (Paul's distant cousin) touched upon the changes in the family mindset in recent generations.

> **Many of the things feminists are complaining about the culture and blaming on men are in fact a product of that huge transition and the collapse downward from that extended family into the nuclear family. . . It wasn't that long ago when the tribal paradigm still existed. Like in my family, which came from Italy, it's only one generation ago that you have a large family and a lot of people living together in a house. Everyone's jammed together at tables, everyone's eating together. The physical intimacies that are part of that world are completely lost to us. We can't even imagine them.[109]**

The mere fact that Camille Paglia herself had a relationship with the Scranton branch of the Giancini family was proof of the Italian family networking. The way this network worked once families immigrated to America was made clear by Beatrice.

> **Camille is Lydia's [daughter]. She [Lydia] often stayed overnight here, too, with her daughter. When my husband died, they came to the funeral. You know, they're relatives. We're not close relatives, but they were our only blood relatives in America, that we knew. . . We feel close**

because they were our only biologic relatives here in America. Because most of our relatives were in Italy. So we're very close. I could say a lot of things about how lovely Lydia (Colapietro) Paglia is. Well, she's sort of a distant cousin. And Camille is a distant cousin.[110]

Beatrice took to heart this concept of family, broadly defined. She made sure her sons knew and could be close to their own cousins. As the eldest, Gene Montrone spent the most time with his cousins:

All of my relatives were in Scranton, except for my father's uncles and aunts and my mother's uncles and aunts; they weren't here. But, both sets of grandparents were here, so all of their children were here. They hadn't left yet when I was young. Some did eventually because, as I told you, jobs [later] were not plentiful in Scranton.

My mother's older brother, Dave, had three kids: Maryann, Tina, and Gene. Maryann is my age, Tina was a year older than Paul, and Gene was two years younger than Paul. So every holiday we would gather at my

maternal grandmother's house (Nonni's/Settimia's) for a meal. Besides the adults, it would always be the five of us, Paul and I and these three cousins. We could not have been more like sister and brother. I had no sisters, but they were my equivalent sisters, Maryann and Tina.

Then my mother's younger brother [Dominick] also had four children. They were more [of] Tony's era, but I know them all. That was Marlena, Denise, Mario, and Kathy. So four more cousins. My Aunt Bob [Flo] got married and left Scranton. Her husband was a tailor, so they moved to New Jersey. She had one daughter, Marisa, also my cousin, three years younger than Tony. And, my Aunt Marie adopted two kids, Chris and Maria, again cousins of Tony's era.

On my father's side none of his siblings married except one, Helen, and she had one child, Carl. So, that's my only cousin on that side. I know Carl very well, because she [Helen] had, what nobody knew at the time, which was postpartum depression. So my mother actually raised Carl [at the beginning]. He lived at our house for six months or

whatever. He was like a younger brother. We kept in close contact because of that, because [of] my mother's relationship with him after that.[111]

Tony Montrone was so much younger that he missed out on this level of family togetherness to some degree. Nevertheless, his youth allowed him to connect with both his brothers and their children.

There were a lot of [family get-togethers] when I was young. It all focused on my mother's mother. Every weekend, everybody would go to her house for Sunday dinner. Every family event was celebrated, and all the family turned out, all the aunts, uncles, cousins. . .

Nonni died Easter 1970, but she basically, from the early sixties, became more [of an] invalid. So those [family gatherings] kind of petered off. By the time I was in sixth, seventh, eighth grade, and then high school . . . my mother would bring her meals, and I'd go with her.

My oldest brother Gene has got the most vivid memories of this [way it was], and he's the one who really keeps

driving this [resurgence of the family gatherings]. I mean since he's the one who moved back to the Scranton area, he's the one who puts family parties together. He says, "Family, we've got to get the family together."

I kind of bridged the gap. I was ten years younger [than my brother] Paul and twelve years older than [his daughter] Michele. I was kind of the in-between thing. And I was the uncle who would go on all the amusement rides.[112]

Gene and Tony's brother Paul considered the implications of broader family connections and consciously worked to continue the traditions. Paul reflects,

One of the things that kind of old family tradition of that era did is that it made cousins closer. I just went up to Scranton for the death of my aunt Margaret. She was in her nineties. So you had Margaret, who was married to Dave, who was my mother's brother, and he died years ago. So her family, Aunt Marg [Margaret], Uncle Dave, and their children, and our family, we're very close. Our other relatives were close too. So you had a lot of cousin

identification that has held together to this day. I mean, I go up there and see them. They're part of the family.[113]

Sandra adds:

We've tried to instill that [sense of the extended family] into our kids to the degree that we can. But the geography limits that [connection], because they just don't see each other as much. They're in different places. [It is] part of, I think, something that's pulling families apart in this era. We have an interesting phenomenon now that our son Angelo and daughter Michele have come back to New Hampshire. So we have two out of the three who will be in range of where we live. Then our third one was in New York (now in Connecticut), so he's not that far away. We have our Wolfeboro home, and we picked up a few cottages abutting. We've been there for forty years, thereabouts. So we kind of made that into a little family compound. We're trying to use that as a place for family to come together in the summer and overlap, and then spend some time with our children's cousins who we invite there. We try to do a modern version of the tradition that we grew up in.[114]

Natalie, one of the distant cousins of Sandra, agrees with Paul. "My sister [said] 'You're trying to be related to everybody.' Well, I want her to. I want to be."[115]

Paul and Sandra also made the effort to regain contact with their Italian relatives. With the help of their parents and grandparents, they connected with many Italian cousins and other relatives and visited them in their ancestral towns.

Paul found relatives in Ceccano (located in the region of Lazio), the town of his mother's birth, and others in Boiano (in the Molise region), where his father's parents originated.Sandra found relatives in Sassoferrato (Marche) which extended to Perugia in Umbria. Many of their relatives are now in Rome so Paul and Sandra also visited the family there, celebrating with several great Italian dinners.

In an interesting observation, Paul recognized characteristics from his own immediate family in the family that remained in Italy.

> **I think one of the most notable characteristics I observed in our Italian relatives is what I call the gene pool. Because if you meet my mother's people and my father's people here in the U.S., they are different personalities. My father's people are [like] Anna Battista. She's like the strong powerful matriarch. And the kids she has are all doctors, and lawyers, and teachers, [etc.]. Although in different careers, the strong personalities are similar in the Montrone side of our family in America. This is where I think I get my business genes from.**
>
> **And then, you go to mother's people, and they're more easygoing; they could be fishermen, tailors, craftsmen, farmers -- wonderful, warm people. And you go to the gene pool here in the U.S. - it is just the same. And it's amazing to me that it is generations later, and you see the same kind of personality types. That shows you how strong genes are in influencing what we are like.[116]**

Friendship is also an important part of family life. The Italian tradition elevates some friends to virtual family. They are often called "compari" and are frequently included in family events or celebrations. These could include, for example, non-family individuals who are Godparents of children, and close friends who do not otherwise have a family involvement. In Scranton, John Gavigan was such a friend. He was a bachelor and was intimately involved with the Montrone family across several generations.

Tony hoped that people remember him as a "kind, loving, family member" and a "good friend." He added, "I think my friendships are my biggest accomplishment. From my friendship with my wife, to my friendship with my family and my friends. That's my biggest accomplishment."[117] His mother, Beatrice, felt the same. She wrote, "My greatest achievement was raising a wonderful family."[118]

But raising a wonderful family and passing on the important values of life can be challenging. Meeting that challenge head on was worth it for Sandra. She wants to be remembered for her kindness and for her descendants to remember "how much I love them."[119] She summarized all her feelings on family when she won the Presidential Medal from Marywood University in 2013: "Having the family together, which has grown, we now have eleven grandchildren, what a blessing. We all just love being together and helping each other. Being involved with my husband whom I love, obviously. Just making sure everybody was happy was my goal, that everybody was good and happy. I love taking care of everybody. That was my mission."[120]

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[1] Nancy Viola Mahevich, "A Case for Ethnicity: A Personal View," *Italian Americana* 5.1 (Fall/Winter 1979): 103.

[2] Natalie Ann Cavagnaro, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[3] As related by Paul Montrone on 7-8-23.

[4] https://www.passiochristi.org/wp-content/uploads/2019/01/StPaulOfTheCross.pdf

[5] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, daughter of Eugenio Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone; *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[6] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Eugenio Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[7] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[8] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, daughter of Jerome Gaudenzi, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[9] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[10] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[11] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, daughter of Antonio Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[12] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, daughter of Antonio Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[13] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[14] Eugene Montrone, son of Angelo Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[15] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[16] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[17] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter-in-law of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[18] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[19] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[20] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[21] Grace (DeCristofer) Sferra, "Family History DeCristofer Family," email message to Rhonda M. McClure, 19 Feb. 2013.

[22] In Italian, the proverb would be, "*Casa sporca, gente aspetta*."

[23] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, daughter of Maria Carmina (De Cristofaro) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[24] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[25] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[26] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, daughter of Maria Carmina (De Cristofaro) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[27] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Giovanna (Mercanti) Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[28] As written by Paul Montrone on 8 August 2017 and 3 March 2018

[29] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, "Bea's History," written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.

[30] Italianissimo: The Quintessential Guide to What Italians Do Best, by Louise Fili and Lise Apatoff, 2008

[31] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[32] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio and Giovanna (Mercanti) Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[33] David/Diodato Giancini, son of Eugenio and Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[34] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, daughter of Eugenio Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[35] Dominick Giancini, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 30 September 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[36] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, granddaughter of Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[37] Emanuela (Lalia) Altimare questionnaire.

[38] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Mary (Cavagnaro) Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[39] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, wife of Jerome Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone; Jean (Miles) Gaudenzi, wife of Frank T. Gaudenzi, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[40] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[41] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[42] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[43] Eugene Montrone, son of Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[44] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[45] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[46] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[47] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, daughter of Maria Carmina (De Cristofaro) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

48 Grace (DeCristofer) Sferra, "Family History DeCristofer Family," email message to Rhonda M. McClure, 19 Feb. 2013.

[49] Grace (DeCristofer) Sferra, "Family History DeCristofer Family," email message to Rhonda M. McClure, 19 Feb. 2013.

[50] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, daughter of Maria Carmina (De Cristofaro) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[51] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[52] Emanuela (Lalia) Altimare questionnaire.

[53] Cleonice (Battista) Altomare, daughter of Anna (Buontempo) Battista, translated by daughter Annamaria Altomare, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[54] Anna (Buontempo) Battista, husband of Carlo Battista, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 2 October 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[55] Cleonice (Battista) Altomare, daughter of Anna (Buontempo) Battista, translated by daughter Annamaria Altomare, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[56] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, grandchildren of Giovanni Battista and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[57] Margaret (Corvelli) Giancini, Tina (Giancini) Norkaitis, and Susan (Kidaloski) Johnston, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[58] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[59] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, wife of Jerome Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[60] Jean (Miles) Gaudenzi, wife of Frank T. Gaudenzi, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[61] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[62] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[63] As related by Gerry Colizzo in an email dated 22 September 2024, transcript help by Paul Montrone

[64] Cite marriages and deaths?

[65] Cleonice (Battista) Altomare, daughter of Anna (Buontempo) Battista, translated by daughter Annamaria Altomare, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[66] Anna (Buontempo) Battista, daughter of Salvatore and Filomena (Montrone) Buontempo, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 2 October 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[67] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, daughter of Jerome Gaudenzi, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone, and as further edited by Geraldine, 20 October 2018. And as further edited by Geraldine on 10-20-18.

[68] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[69] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, daughter of Jerome Gaudenzi, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone, and as further edited by Geraldine, 20 October 2018 . And as further edited by Geraldine on 10-20-18.

[70] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[71] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, *Bea's History*, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.

[72] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[73] Anna (Buontempo) Battista, niece of Antonio Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 2 October 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[74] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[75] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[76] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[77] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[78] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[79] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[80] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[81] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[82] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[83] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[84] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone, and as further edited by Geraldine on 20 October 2018. And as further edited by Geraldine on 10-20-18.

[85] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[86] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

87 Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone and as further edited by Geraldine on 20 October 2018.

[88] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone and as further edited by Geraldine on 20 October 2018.

[89] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[90] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[91] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, daughter of Eugenio Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[92] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, *Bea's History*, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.

[93] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[94] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[95] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone, and as further edited by Geraldine on 20 October 2018.

[96] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[97] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Eugenio Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[98] Dominick Giancini, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Eugenio Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 30 September 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[99] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, *Bea's History*, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.

[100] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[101] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[102] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone. Scopa, Italian for "broom," was named since the goal is to sweep the board of cards. It is one of the most popular card games in Italy.

[103] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[104] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[105] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[106] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[107] Anna (Buontempo) Battista, granddaughter of Angelo and Anna Carmela (Branco) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 2 October 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[108] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[109] Bill Andrietti, "Camille Paglia," *The Guide*, January 1999, online at http://www.ipce.info/library_2/files/paglia_guide.htm.

[110] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone. [The two women, Beatrice and Camille, were third cousins once removed. It did not matter to them that Camille's mother Lydia (Colapietro) Paglia and Beatrice had to go all the way back to their second great-grandparents Giuseepe Antonio Vincenzo Ricci and Candida Maria Cattarina Masi for their family lines to link.]

[111] Eugene Montrone, son of Angelo and Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone. As further edited by Paul Montrone, 13 June 2021

[112] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone. As further edited by Paul Montrone, 13 June 2021

[113]Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[114] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone

[115] Natalie Ann Cavagnaro, Frank T. Guadenzi, and Teresa Giovanni Perugini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[116] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[117] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[118] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

119 Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[120] MarywoodU, "2013 Presidential Medalist: Sandra and Paul Montrone," video (19 Dec. 2013), online at youtube.com/watch?v=AFVKJZRACsc.7 Feb 2019 updated to accurately reflect newest Grandchild #11

Frequently Used Names in Chapter 4
Montrone Lineage

Code used in book	Birth Name	RELATIONSHIP
Albert (G2 - M)	Albert Montrone	P. Montrone's paternal uncle
Angelo (G2 - M)	Angelo Henry Montrone	P. Montrone's father
Ann (G2 - M)	Anna Montrone	P. Montrone's paternal aunt
Tony (G3 - M)	Anthony Mario Montrone	P. Montrone's brother
Antonio (G1 - M)	Antonio Giuseppe Montrone	P. Montrone's paternal grandfather
Beatrice (G2 - M)	Bice Mary Giancini	P. Montrone's mother
David (G2 - M)	Diodato D. Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal uncle
Dominick (G2 - M)	Domenico S. Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal uncle
Gene (G3 - M)	Eugene Dominic Montrone	P. Montrone's brother
Eugene (G1 - M)	Eugenio Alberto Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal grandfather
Flo (G2 - M)	Fausta Josephine Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal aunt
Grace (G2 - M)	Grace DeCristofaro Sferra	P. Montrone's 1st cousin once removed
Helen (G2 - M)	Helen Montrone Mastro	P. Montrone's paternal aunt
Maria (G1 - M)	Maria Carmina DeCristofaro	P. Montrone's paternal grandmother
Marie (G2 - M)	Marie A. Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal aunt
Paul (G3 - M)	Paul Michael Montrone	Sandra's husband
Settimia (G1 - M)	Settimia D'Annibale Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal grandmother
Victor (G2 - M)	Victor Montrone	P. Montrone's paternal uncle

Frequently Used Names in Chapter 4
Gaudenzi Lineage

Code used in book	Birth Name	RELATIONSHIP
Clem (G2 - G)	Clementina Rose Gaudenzi	S. Montrone's paternal aunt
Francesco (G1 - G)	Franceso Ubaldo D. Gaudenzi	S. Montrone's paternal grandfather
Frank (G2 - G)	Frank Thomas Gaudenzi	S. Montrone's paternal uncle
Gerry (G3 - G)	Geraldine S. Gaudenzi	S. Montrone's sister
Giovanna (G1 - G)	Giovanna Maria Mercanti	S. Montrone's maternal grandmother
Iginio (G1 - G)	Iginio Gino Emiliani	S. Montrone's maternal grandfather
Jerome (G2 - G)	Jerome Francis Gaudenzi	S. Montrone's father
Mary (G2 - G)	Mary M. (?) Cavagnaro	S. Montrone's paternal grandmother
Natalie (G2- G)	Natalie Ann Cavagnaro	S. Montrone's distant cousin
Olga (G2 - G)	Olga Ann Emiliani	S. Montrone's mother
Sandra (G3 - G)	Sandra Rosalie Gaudenzi	Paul's wife
Velia (G2 - G)	Velia ? Emiliani	S. Montrone's paternal aunt

Box 4.1

Nicknames

Box 4.1

Nicknames

The G2 Italians often adopted abbreviated names. For example, Angelo was 'Ang', Beatrice was 'Bea', and there was Dave, Dom, and others in the family including Sandra's sister Geraldine, who goes by Gerry.

The G2 and later generations often got more creative. In the Giancini group, Fausta was called 'Flo' by her siblings, but 'Aunt Bob' by the younger generations; and Nonni Settimia became 'Nonni T'.

Paul Montrone describes an unusual practice of the mid-20th century.

I can't explain why, but nicknames were very popular with the youth of my generation, especially in high school. My principal nickname was "Luch", derived from Pauluch, which was a misattribution of the Italian 'Paulino'. I was also occasionally called "Rabbit," presumably because of the way I ran.

Sandra was known as "Sondi" in high school, presumably derived from Allesandra, an Italian version of her name.

My close high school friends were William "Bing" or "Bingus" McNulty – for whatever reason, Robert "Soup" Campbell – for obvious reasons, and Billy Fox, known as Billy "Winkle" – derived from Wee Willy Winkle, because he was short.

My brother Gene (G3 – M) was the "Monk" because of his ability to climb fire escapes like a monkey for "panty raids" in college. My younger brother Tony is T-bird.

Tony (G3 – M) Montrone tells the story of how he came by his nickname:

When I was in the second grade, (1958), I had two very close friends, Rob and Mike and we decided to begin calling each other by our first initials, The 'R' and the 'M' did not last very long but the 'T' stuck. About the same time, Ford began to produce a luxury car called the Ford Thunderbird, nick-named the "T-Bird." I had an older brother who was really into cars and decided within the family that instead of 'T', I should be called T-Bird. The nickname was never used outside the family. That's the story.[1]

Paul was so infatuated with nicknames that, at a Bocce tournament he and Sandra hosted for over 20 years at their

New Hampshire summer home (see Box 3.3), all players were given nicknames. There were many noteworthy players with fancy titles, but for this weekend, all ranks and titles were stripped away making the playing field equal. For example, Justice Antonin Scalia was "Nino"; Boston mayor, Tom Menino, was "Il Sindaco di Tutti" (meaning the mayor of all); Mike Cook, at the time Chairman and CEO of accounting firm Deloitte & Touche, was aptly nicknamed "Numbers"; and Sam Zell was "The Grave Dancer" because of his love for depressed real estate.

Paul sums it up:

I kind of like the nickname idea, since to me it is a sign of a special relationship. So I have continued this tradition in our family, by bestowing nicknames on most of our children and grandchildren and even friends and coworkers.[2]

[1] As related by Anthony Montrone 7 October 2021 (email held by Paul Montrone).
[2] As related by Paul Montrone 30 June 2018.

Box 4.2

Angelo Facilitates Eugene's Birth

Gene Montrone with his Mother Beatrice Montrone

Box 4.2

Angelo Facilitates Gene's Birth

Gene (G3 – M) Montrone was the first child of Angelo (G2 – M) and Beatrice (G2 – M), and he was born while they were just starting out in life together and didn't have much money. Gene shared the story of how his father arranged for his delivery to take place at a private hospital with a first-rate doctor. This story gives insight into determined, resourceful mindset of his father at that time.

> **[I was born] March 7, 1938, in what was then called the Women's Hospital in Scranton, Pennsylvania. The doctor who delivered me was Doctor Cathrall. He was probably the most highly rated specialist for obstetrics and gynecology in Scranton at the time. So this was my father. My father said to my mother, "This is our first child. He will be born healthy. So you are going to go to Women's Hospital." … My father didn't have two dimes to rub together. My mother said, "How are we going to do this?" He said, "Don't worry, I'll take care of it all."**

So they went to the hospital. He was interviewed by Doctor Cathrall. And after, Doctor Cathrall said, "Yes, she can come here." He said, "I have to tell you the truth, Doctor. I don't have the money." The doctor said, "Well, you came, you got interviewed. I like your spunk. I'm sure you'll have it by the time the baby's delivered." He said, "Okay." So, that was how it played.

All right, nine months, or whatever, later the baby comes; he goes to the doctor. He says, "I still don't have it." The doctor looks at him. My father says, "But, I have a solution." "Oh," the doctor says, "You have a solution. What's your solution?" He says, "If you'll cosign a loan for me [at the bank]. I'll borrow the money." And the doctor just looks at him, and he says, "You know? I like that kind of approach to life that you have." He says, "I'm going to cosign the loan for you." So he goes down to the bank with the doctor. They take out the loan for the full sum of the delivery, and my father says, "Now, wait a minute. Add in two month's rent." And he did.

And that's how I got to be delivered at Women's Hospital, which my father definitely at that point in his life could not afford. Both of my brothers after that were also born there, but my father was a lot better off economically then. And so, all three of my mother's sons were delivered by Doctor Cathrall at that hospital, and Dr. Cathrall was paid for all of his services.

The funny thing about it is [that] my father then became relatively successful for a man in Scranton, Pennsylvania. He says, "You know the way things go in life?" He said twenty or twenty-five years later Doctor Cathrall called him up, and said . . . "I'd like my son to be a doctor . . . and I know you're politically wired. Can you get him into Johns Hopkins?" So, my dad said, "See? The world turns." Oh yeah. That was my father, unique.[1]

[1] Eugene Montrone (brother of Paul Montrone), interview by Karen Keyes, 5 June, 2016

Box 4.3

Food

Box 4.3

Food

One of the only things Olga (G2 – G) (Emiliani) Gaudenzi remembered about her paternal grandmother, Anna Felix Anastasia (Nataloni) Emiliani, was how she would cook at her home in Italy. "We stayed there with them, and they used to cook at the fireplace. They didn't have a stove. We thought that was so funny seeing food being cooked at the fireplace. They used to have things hanging, you know, pots hanging."

As for her American mother, Olga claimed that Giovanna (G1 – G) Emiliani "did a lot of cooking. She cooked well."[1] Olga herself had a reputation for being an "excellent" cook, according to her daughter Sandra and her husband, Paul. Among the favorites were apple pies, which Olga would always have in the refrigerator for her husband—as well as one for Paul if he was coming over. Also, polenta. Paul said:

> **[She] made the greatest polenta, soft polenta with a wonderful topping of meat or veggies. They don't make it like that in the restaurants. . . My family didn't make polenta. I never had polenta until I met [Sandra], I didn't know what it was. But it was one of the specialties in the Gaudenzi family.**[2]

Olga's older daughter, Gerry (G3 – G), loved a number of her mother's creations:

> **Some of our favorites were her ravioli, a passatelli soup and, of course, the castagnole [fritters]. During her visits, Mom would frequently make the castagnole which we would devour while still warm, knowing that we would suffer from heartburn later. Her food had much seasoning – mostly salt - which made everything taste good. After Grandma's wonderful dinners my girls would talk about their water retention.**[3]

Summing up, Gerry said of her mother, "A lot of her love was shown through her food. And whenever she would come to visit, she would always bring family favorites."[4]

Beatrice (G2 – M) (Giancini) Montrone also kept her children well fed and thus happy. Eldest son Gene (G3 – M) said his favorite memory was of her "cooking for family gatherings and for all the parties."[5] Paul expressed a similar opinion. "My mother always made great meals for the family. The thing that I remember is that home was a pleasant place to be. I can remember many meals and enjoying time with her and her cooking made for a warm family kind of environment."[6] He added:

> **[She would make] all the traditional Italian stuff. My mother used to have maybe ten or twelve different delicious recipes that she would keep repeating. That [repertoire] became the pasta Tuesday and Sunday, veal Wednesday, and Friday was fish day. So, we kind of grew up with that routine. So, I guess I would have to say, I somehow became a foodie, but more international [and more interested to] try different things.**

But when it came to food with the family, Italian food was always the priority, whether at home or eating out. Here's

a funny story. One of our activities would be for my father to take us to the Yankee baseball game in the summer every now and again. The family would get in the car and go to New York, and after the game, we would stop to eat in a restaurant. And we'd stop in New York City. These are people that eat Italian food every day of the week. You'd think when they got to New York, they'd try something different, French, Chinese, or etc. No. They always had to go to an Italian restaurant. And then, inevitably, you would get in the car and start driving home and the question would be, "What did you think of the meal?" They always panned it. "Not as good as we get at home." And I think the whole idea was just to validate the fact that the best food was at home, not in a restaurant.[7]

Beatrice must have picked up on cooking habits from her mother, Settimia (G1 – M). According to her brother Dominick (G2 – M) Giancini:

Well, for one thing, she [my mother] excelled in cooking. In all kinds of cooking – [like] making [Italian] sausage. In the cooking line, she learned in the practical way, by

> **working in the kitchen with this nun that she used to have, Sister Josephine. They [in that kitchen] took a liking to her and used to teach her all the tricks of the trade. Practical tricks.**[8]

Marie (G2 – M) (Giancini) Teot remembered her and her sister shopping for their mother.

> **I used to have to return my sister's mistakes. [Mom] would send my sister Flo (G2 – M) to the store, and she'd come back. In those days you had butchers, you know, not like here [where] you go in a supermarket. . . And if Mom didn't like what Flo brought home, Flo was too embarrassed to bring it back. I was chosen to bring it back, because I guess I was more outgoing or brazen. Imagine going to a butcher with a piece of meat and saying, "My mother don't like this," [or to other vendors] "She don't like these greens. They're wilted. Give me something that's not wilted."**[9]

Cooking skills weren't always thoroughly passed down from mother to daughter at home. Giovanna Emiliani did not really teach cooking to her daughter Olga. As Olga noted, "I

didn't learn to cook until after I was married because my mother would do the cooking. I would make a meal like cook pork chops or bake, but I didn't make any stuff that would take time."[10] In turn, Olga did not feel that teaching her daughters Gerry and Sandra held all that much importance, to Sandra's disappointment. She observed:

> **My mother never taught me how to cook. My father used to say to her, "You should teach the girls how to cook." She said, "They'll learn when they have to." She had recipes. And I still have, in her handwriting, recipes. And I have her recipe book. . .**
>
> **Her favorite dish, her mother's gnocchi, "were hard to make, because they couldn't be gooey. I never learned to make them, purposely, because hers were so good. And I thought, I'll have nice memories. . . [Now our daughter] makes the gnocchi.**

Nevertheless, Sandra's husband, Paul Montrone, pointed out that Sandra:

> **…turned into a fabulous cook. All those Italian recipes and everything else, oh yeah. I'm now trying to get her to document all of this, and that's part of her legacy. . . It's not just the recipes; it's the way she cooks. I call it her tricks, the way she knows how to check something. Every chef has their tricks.**[11]

The one thing Sandra was able to learn directly from her mother was her tomato ragout, at Paul's request. "Paul said to her, 'Just teach her how to make your sauce.'" Paul joked:

> **Because we Italians, if you don't have pasta regularly, you get a sickness called hypopastemia. You get the shakes, and you sweat. And you gotta get pasta. So if you can make a good pasta, it cures hypopastemia. A quick cure.**[12]

Gerry (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, has fond memories of watching both her mother and grandmother prepare food, pasta in particular.

Using the long rolling and pasta board, they performed a form of art in the way they handled and cut the dough into different lengths and shapes. When I married, part of my dowry was a pasta board and rolling pin, which were used until the advent of the pasta making machine. Because of this new-fangled machine's novelty, my children assumed the responsibility for pasta making, and in fact, they all became really good cooks. [13]

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[1] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Giovanna (Mercanti) Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[2] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[3] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone. And as further edited by Geraldine on 10-20-18. Passatelli consists of short worm-like noodles made from parmesan, breadcrumbs, eggs, nutmeg, and lemon zest and put in meat broth.
[4] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[5] Eugene Montrone, son of Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[6] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[7] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[8] Dominick Giancini, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 30 September 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[9] Dominick Giancini, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 30 September 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[10] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Giovanna (Mercanti) Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[11] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[12] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[13] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone, and as further edited by Geraldine on 20 October 2018.

Box 4.4

Infant Mortality in Italy

Box 4.4

Infant Mortality – 19th – 20th Centuries

Many of the families of the ancestors of Paul and Sandra were beset with high rates of childhood mortality. This was not unusual in Italy. During the mid- to late 1800s in Italy, the mortality rate among infants (babies up to 1 year old) and young children (children from 1 to 5 years old) was alarmingly high. In the early 1880s, for example, a child had only a 50 percent chance of living past the age of five.[1] As mentioned in Chapter 1, the Ventrone family lost four of their seven children before one year of age.

Between them, brothers Emiliano and Beniamino Emiliani (Sandra's maternal great grandfather and great uncle) of Sassoferrato lost at least five of eleven—almost half—of their children between 1878 and 1892. Considering some of the factors behind these grim statistics helps better understand what life was like in Italy in this period,

specifically in the Italian region of Marche and in Sassoferrato.

The majority of infant deaths throughout Italy in 1886 were attributed to *vizi congeniti* (congenital defects), *enterite e diarrea* (enteritis and diarrhea), *bronchite* (bronchitis), and *altre malattie* (other diseases). Of those, the two non-specific causes, "congenital defects" and "other diseases," accounted for well over 50 percent of the fatalities.[2] These causes of death can be attributed to the limited medical knowledge and poor hygienic conditions that existed during the 1800s.

Between 1881 and 1886, two other factors tended to affect the child mortality rate in Italy: parents' marital status and the sex of the child. Baby girls born to unwed parents or to girls who were abandoned were nearly 5 percent more likely to die than baby girls born to married parents. Baby boys born to married parents, on the other hand, had a higher mortality rate (approximately 1 to 4 percent higher). This

difference is puzzling. The Ministero d'Agricultura, Industria e Commercio, an Italian governmental agency, surmised in an 1888 publication that this difference suggested that baby girls born out of wedlock were "kept with less care" than their male counterparts—but that does not explain why baby boys born to married parents died at a higher rate.[3]

The infant mortality rate in the Marche Region of Sandra's ancestors was consistent with the rest of Italy during the early 1880s. In Sassoferrato itself, the mortality rate of infants under one year old between 1880 and 1883 was 27.45 percent. For children between one and five years old, the rate was 19.19 percent. This was slightly less than in the surrounding Region of Marche and the rest of Italy.[4]

In looking at Sandra's ancestors more broadly in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the results are consistent. The Armezzani, Sabbatini, Tassi, and other Sassoferrato families

were no exception to these unfortunate statistics. Of Gaetano Armezzani and Nicola Giovannetti's nine children born between 1882 and 1902, three sons and one daughter passed away before the age of 3. Throughout the 1880s, Luigi Tassi and Anastasia Nataloni experienced similar losses, with three of their seven children, all girls, passing away before their second birthdays. Perhaps the saddest situation occurred in the family of Antonio Sabbatini and Caterina Fava of Sassoferrato. This couple lost six of their eight children in the early 1900s, three boys and three girls. Four of these children were infant fatalities, but the last two (as older children) probably died as a result of the worldwide flu pandemic, which began in earnest in 1916.

Although not as extensive, infant mortality in the U.S. was also notable during the same period. Sadly Settimia and Eugenio Giancini's 2nd born daughter, Marie, succumbed to the flu in 1929 at the age of two and was buried in Cathedral Cemetery in Scranton. To help mend their wound, when

they had another daughter born in 1931, they named her Marie in honor of their lost baby girl.

Sandra's maternal grandparents, Iginio and Giovanna Emiliani, had a similar tragedy. Their third daughter, Innese, was born and died in June, 1919, for reasons unknown. They did not have any more children after that.

These losses reflect the harsh reality of living in Italy during the 1800s. Thankfully, the mortality rates of infants and young children under five years old have now significantly declined, to less than 1 percent today, thanks to advances in medicine, public health, communication, and transportation.

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[1] Ministero d'Agricultura, Industria e Commercio, *Statistica delle Cause di Morte nei comuni capoluoghi di provincia e di circondaria nel 1886 (*Roma: Della Camera dei Deputati, 1888), XXXVI, online at Google.com: accessed 20 May 2014.
[2] Ministero d'Agricultura, Industria e Commercio, *Statistica delle Cause di Morte nei comuni capoluoghi di provincia e di circondaria nel 1886 (*Roma: Della Camera dei Deputati, 1888), XXXIV, online at Google.com: accessed 20 May 2014.
[3] Ministero d'Agricultura, Industria e Commercio, *Statistica delle Cause di Morte nei comuni capoluoghi di provincia e di circondaria nel 1886 (*Roma: Della Camera dei Deputati, 1888), XLI, online at Google.com: accessed 20 May 2014.
[4] Franco Bonelli, *Evoluzione Demographica ed Ambiente Economico nelle Marche e nell'Umbria dell'Ottocento* (Torino: ILTE, 1967), 132.

Box 4.5

Love and Marriage

Giovanni and Fausta

Box 4.5

Family Marriages

The Italians have a saying, "Without a wife by his side, a man can't be blessed" (*Senza moglie a lato, l'uomo non e beato*). Most of the marriages in the extended Montrone and Gaudenzi families seem to confirm the truth in this. Here are the experiences of four generations of husbands and wives.

Giovanni Battista D'Annibale and Fausta Leo

Born in Ceccano, Italy in the 1850s, Giovanni and Fausta Leo (Paul Montrone's (G3 – M) maternal great grandparents) met and presumably married by 1886.[1] Paul's mother, Beatrice (G2 – M) was not certain when her grandparents met. "But they met, I think, at a very early age. . . She [my grandmother] was a Leo. . . But I see that her father had married Teresa D'Annibale. So, see, they were already mingling, you know, with the D'Annibales."

The courtship stalled occasionally because of the deaths of Fausta Leo's brothers. Beatrice continued,

> **[When] the first one died, my grandmother would say to my future grandfather, "I can't marry you now because I have to [mourn]." They used to wear black about [a] year [as] they mourned for their dead. And then they resumed their courtship. He'd go to call on her. And then the other one died, and she said, "I have to mourn again." So it had to be not a marriage that was arranged, as they did then, because he would wait. She would say, "Find yourself a nice girl because I don't want you to be waiting around for me." But he might maybe see other women, but he was never serious. He'd always wait for her.**[2]

According to Beatrice's sister Flo (G2 – M), "[My grandmother's] family was wealthy. When they lost all their property, she decided she was going to become a nun. She was so ashamed, I guess. But my grandfather loved her."[3]

Giovanni and Fausta Leo almost certainly wed, likely in or near Ceccano, where they grew up. However, the church

records for the wedding have not been located, and no civil registration of the marriage was on file; where were they married, their granddaughter Beatrice wondered:

> **In a small town everybody knew everybody's business. So where did they marry? They used to talk about, I think, living in Pofi a long time, another town. So I don't know if they were married there. . . I asked my cousin in Italy once, and she said they were married in Ceccano.**

What Beatrice did know for sure was "My grandfather had red hair, red mustache, and red beard, because my grandma used to say, 'When I married your grandfather, he looked like a field of gold.'"[4]

Beatrice and her younger Giancini siblings Dominick (G2 – M) and Marie (G2 – M) continued the discussion over the missing records.

> **Beatrice: Finally they were married.**
>
> **Marie: They were never able to find their marriage certificate, though. . . Maybe the place was bombed.**

Dominick: They were too religious not to get married.

Marie: In those days, you couldn't possibly do that without marriage. They would stone you. What do you think, it is 1919? . . .

Beatrice: She [our grandmother] was thought of a lot. And mother used to say she was always a señora. She meant that she was high class.[5]

Giovanni's death record listed him as *celibe,* and Fausta's listed her as *nubile*; that means they were not married in the eyes of the law. In addition, their daughter Settimia's (G1 – M) birth registration from 1888 referred to their marriage status as *ignota*, unknown.[6]

What does all that mean? At the time, there was a big difference between church and civil registration. Many Roman Catholic couples felt that marrying in the church was sufficient, but the Italian government required an additional civil registration to consider the couple officially wed. From 1866 to 1880, about a quarter of the population in the Papal States did not register their civil unions with the

state, only with the religious authorities. Resistance to civil registration gradually lessened over the years. Even though ecclesiastical registration was the norm for the rest of Italy following the Council of Trent (and in certain areas before that), the Papal States apparently took longer to adjust to the change. It was somewhat of an injustice that the children of couples who registered their marriage only with the church were declared "illegitimate" by the civil authorities. This issue seemed like the basic product of transition, as the Papal States were among the last areas to be unified with the Kingdom of Italy.[7] The missing wedding papers may simply mean that Giovanni and Fausta wed in their local church but neglected to register the marriage with the Statute Civile.

Regardless of the circumstances, the couple seemed happy together for at least thirty-five years, until Fausta's death in 1920. Giovanni—who went to live with a daughter, Herminia—survived only another five years.[8] The couple's granddaughter Beatrice proclaimed, "That was a love

story." Her brother Dominick (G2 – M) agreed, "It was! They were really in love. Because it [was] real, sincere love."[9]

Eugenio [Eugene Giancini and Settimia D'Annibale]

The daughter of Giovanni and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, Settimia, married Eugene (G1 – M) Giancini in Ceccano on December 12, 1907.[10] Many years after both parties had passed away, their daughter Beatrice wrote, "I don't know how they met. He (my father) probably sent a member of his family to present his suit to my mother and then probably called on my mother when her parents had agreed to meet my mother's suitor."[11] Beatrice's younger siblings Dominick and Marie commented:

> **Marie: As far as I can remember my mother telling me, they were just both from the same village.**
>
> **Dominick: There was like matchmakers they used to go there. My mother's family knew my father's family, the one that adopted Eugenio [Eugene], very good. So they had somebody go and speak for him. His [foster] sister, Rose Goudinella (or Aunt Rosie), came to speak for him to make a match for my**

mother and him. And she had men on the land that had asked already for her hand. One was her cousin. It was Tullio's father before he got married. Another was one that was high-class. . . They had a saying in Italy when you get married, "I'll put a hat on you." Women never wore hats. And with the feathers in it. That means a high-class family. But my mother seemed to like Eugenio better than all of them. So, she finally consented to a match with my father.

Marie: And there was someone interested in her with that high-class background. But her parents wouldn't let her write [to him and] then marry him.

Dominick: Her mother knew these people because they were wealthy. She says, "You better not." She somehow or other didn't want to go for that, to marry somebody in their state, with her in her lower state. Probably, her mother knew all of the abuse and everything else you probably have to take if you'd marry that way, for somebody with high class. She was brought together by a matchmaker. In Italy . . . there were matchmakers all around.

Marie: In this case it was his sister that spoke for him. They courted under the watchful eyes of her parents [for] around one [year]. I remember the other thing she said about Pa [was that he] went to, was it Rome, to buy her gold?

Dominick: That was the tradition to go and buy like that, the wedding band and the earrings. . .

The Giancini couple were only two years away from their thirtieth anniversary when Eugene passed away in 1935. The widowed Settimia dressed mostly in black clothing until her death, 35 years later, in 1970.[12]

Angelo Montrone and Beatrice Giancini

Beatrice, eldest daughter of Eugene and Settimia Giancini, married Angelo (G2 – M) Montrone in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on April 21, 1934.[13] **This marriage was the first American union in both of their immediate families.**

The bride herself documented the highlights of her life with her husband from start to finish. According to her memoir, Angelo proposed on their second date.

> **We were walking across the Mulberry St[reet] Bridge. Correction. We were walking home from work after, when he said, "I feel I have known you forever and want to marry you." I said I felt the same way, and so it was. This occurred about mid December 1933.**

About half a year later, the two were married:

> **We were married April 21st, 1934, at St. Lucy's Church in Scranton. I wore a white wedding gown of satin, long veil trimmed in lace with a cape trimmed with tiny pearls. A short veil around the cape dropped over my face. . . . The day was beautiful. I was very happy. My brother Dave [David] (G2 – M) gave me away. I was told by many guests I was a beautiful bride, all brides are beautiful on that special day. We had dinner at the Casey Hotel for immediate family, out of town relatives, and attendants and their families.**

My father did not attend my wedding. He had been hurt because I had accepted the proposal of marriage from Angelo before he was interviewed by my father. He apologized to my in-laws to be but explained it had nothing to do with them. He was punishing me. I must confess, I didn't care. It was his loss as he later discovered.

We spent our honeymoon in New York City, stayed at the New Yorker Hotel. It was new then and very nice. We had a wonderful time. Although we had known ourselves only six months, we knew we were meant to spend our lives together.

The marriage itself was everything Beatrice had hoped it would be.

He loved me very much and told me so and I loved him so much I feared my heart would burst. We were well matched. The first few years of our marriage we dated. It was fun getting acquainted while married. You must remember we knew each other six months. We did not

> **have a lot of worldly goods, but life was so beautiful just being together.**

Sadly, Angelo died around the time that Beatrice penned her memoir.

> **After my husband died (Jan. 8, 1985), I wished we could have had a little more time together. I should not complain, we had more time together than most. We were married over fifty years when he died and as one of his nurses commented during his illness we were still in love. We were not tired of one another.[14]**

Beatrice must have told her family many additional stories about her courtship and marriage, as additional details were supplied by her daughter-in-law, Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, and her son, Paul. Sylvia (Ware) Montrone said of Beatrice and Angelo's first meeting, "One October, a co-worker introduced her brother Angelo Montrone to Bea [Beatrice]. It was love at first sight for both. So handsome, and carrying a friend's tennis racket, Bea knew right away Angelo was the one!"[15] This meeting was at the Royal Miss Dress Factory

where both worked, according to Paul.[16] Paul also described the misunderstanding between the groom and his new father-in-law, Eugenio Giancini:

> **Her father was very, very strict, old-school Italian with his daughters. So she grew up in that kind of atmosphere. And one of the big crises was that when they kind of agreed they were going to get married, . . . my father said, "Well, I should talk to your father and get his permission." This was traditional. And my mother went to see her father, and her father said, "Well, you've already agreed that you're going to get married, so what are you bothering me for?" And he did not like the way the wedding of my father and my mother happened. My father didn't properly ask for her hand, so her father was very offended.**
>
> **The result of that encounter was that her father refused to come to the wedding. He died not too long thereafter. He was sorry, and expressed that to my mother at some point. Fortunately, for my mom and dad, he accepted the marriage before he passed away.**

Sylvia also told of her in-laws' final year together. In April 1984, "The Angelo Montrones celebrated their 50th Anniversary with a Mass at St. Lucy's and a big Italian dinner for everyone they knew. Once again, the sons gave the gift of travel." Just under a year later, "Angelo goes to his heavenly rest. Bea had lost a lot of weight in the last months of caring for her husband."[17]

Paul Montrone and Sandra Gaudenzi

The middle son of Angelo and Beatrice, Paul, married Sandra (G3 – G) Gaudenzi in Scranton on May 30, 1963.[18]

Both went to Central High School and met when they were students there. Sandra was in a sorority, which met at sorority members' homes. Sometimes, Paul related, "The guys would show up at the house. After the meeting would be a social hour. So there would be cookies or donuts or whatever." At one of these meetings, one of the guys was Paul, who began playing the piano. Sandra recalled, "I was going to be the president of the sorority that I was in. He was

playing the piano raucously. The mother whose home this was said, 'Can you ask him to quiet down a little bit?' And so, of course, I went to go over to him and asked him to quiet down. And he said to me, 'None of my friends would date you after that.'"

Sandra: I don't remember how [Paul and I] got started dating after that. Maybe something happened with that, and we started dating. And after some period of time, I remember he had a yellow sweater on, and we were standing together, of course, my arm around his waist and his arm around my shoulders. I do remember. I had dated other boys. Every year I had a boyfriend. But this time I said to myself, "This is love."

Paul: I was an innocent bystander. . . See, she picked me is what happened. And that was that. I never escaped after that. I don't remember that phraseology [about the piano and dating], no, but I remember there was conflict [at the sorority meeting]. So I don't remember specifically the way she remembers the sorority event, but I could see that happening. If she came over and gave me a

hard time and my guys were there . . . I would probably say, "All right, fine. We're out of here.". . . We were a cool 50s group. Well, I had a convertible. So it was no problem. Girls were fighting to get in…

Sandra: I must have been seventeen. No, it had to be sixteen.

Paul: Sweet sixteen.

Sandra: But, I just knew I was in love.

Once the couple began dating, Paul was welcomed by Sandra's parents, Jerome (G2 – G) and Olga (G2 – G) Gaudenzi; he thinks it was because of his "credentials":

I believe I got in the door with her parents because of my credentials. Her Aunt Edie contended that she introduced us at age three at some event. You're talking about Italians in an Italian-American community, so I would be acceptable, because her father would check and find out, okay. He would have known my father, or at least known of him. They were not personal friends, but I'm sure [her] father would have said, "All right, who's this guy, and who are his parents, and where do they live?" And it would all check out ok. We are all Italian. And I came

from a good family. So there wasn't much he could do about that, especially in the context of all the others she said she dated. Just picture who she was bringing home. Were there any Italians? I don't think there was a single Italian. No. So, I was the first Italian. I never asked about this, but her mother always liked me, I can guarantee you that.[19]

They kept dating while attending college. In an interview from Sandra's alma mater, Marywood University, they touched on the topic.

Paul: Then I went to the University of Scranton, but really spent most of my time over at Marywood.

Sandra: That's not true.

Paul: At that time, most of the University of Scranton students spent their time over at Marywood. Why waste your time at the University of Scranton? It's all boys, and Marywood is all girls.

Sandra: We dated. And I can remember what he was wearing when I said this is what love is.

Paul: Beauty, intelligence, warmth, hanging around those nuns, trained by those nuns at Marywood. What could be more perfect than that?

Their wedding was on Memorial Day, 1963, in Scranton, a few days after Sandra's graduation.

Paul: Happiest day of my life. See? I've learned a few things. It's almost fifty years, you know. We were married at Saint Patrick's.

Sandra: We had a little church that I went to all the time near our home. It was part of St. Patrick's parish. I actually used to walk [there]. . . that should have been our wedding church. But because it was Memorial Day weekend, and the cemetery was right there, we had to get married in Saint Patrick's, itself. [But it was beautiful.]

The couple's wedding was remembered, as well as her own and Tony's, by their sister-in-law Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, who wrote:

In 1963, the house on Sumner Avenue was redecorated in preparation for the marriage of son Paul to Sandra Gaudenzi in Scranton. The couple moved to New York City. The next year Gene married Sylvia Ware in Boston and took up residence in New Jersey. Bea [Beatrice] purchased the ribbon-dress, a chic affair of beads and narrow ruched ribbon with hat to match which became the ceremonial dress for both weddings (as well as Tony (G3 – M) & Lisa's much later in May 1988). The family had grown new wings![20]

Sandra recalled setting up their new household in New York, partly with a trousseau she had put together with the help of her mother:

When we lived in New York it was an old building on Riverside Drive. But we had no view. We had a big living and bedroom and the ceilings were high. And we had a tiny kitchen. And we used to get our furniture from our family and outside on the street—'cause this is a college area that we lived in, and when people didn't want their furniture they'd leave it out. And if you wanted it, you took it. And there was a piece of furniture where I could

> **put dishes. And that to me was special. . . [From] my mother, I had three sets of dishes.**
>
> **So I had all my towels, my dishes, three different kinds, one is for every day, and so I had lots of stuff. And that was fun stuff, too. [Paul] was a student, and I was teaching and supposed to put him through graduate school. But being the good Catholics we are, I became pregnant.[21]**

With that, the newlyweds transitioned into the roles of father and mother.

More than sixty years later, Paul and Sandra's marriage remains strong. According to Sandra, her biggest accomplishment is "being married to my husband. Keep it going. We're very much a team as you can see. And sometimes he thinks he's the boss but he's not. But it's good for him to think that. . . We work together. He just acts like it's him. That's part of it."[22] He, in turn, simply states, "I

love her more than anything. I always tell her that. I couldn't have done it without her."[23]

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[1] La fotografia di registro di Chiesa di Santo Giovanni Battista, Battesimo, Comune di Ceccano, as taken by Emma Urban, Lineages, Inc., in 1985; Estrratao della lapide di Erminia D'Annibale, Cimetero Comunale di Ceccano, October 2011.. The couple's eldest child was born in 1886.

[2] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, granddaughter of Giovanni Battista and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[3] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, grandchildren of Giovanni Battista and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[4] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, granddaughter of Giovanni Battista and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[5] Dominick Giancini, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, and Marie (Giancini) Teot, grandchildren of Giovanni Battista and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 30 September 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[6] Estratto per Riassunto del Registri degli Atti di Morte di Giovanni Battista D'Annibale, 1925, numero d'ordine 62, Comune di Ceccano; Estratto per Riassunto del Registri degli Atti di Morte di Fausta Leo,, 1920, numero d'ordine 92, Comune di Ceccano; Estratto per Riassunto di Atto di Nascita, Settimia D'Annibale, 1889. numero d'ordine 162, Comune di Ceccano..

[7] Lorenzo Del Panta and Franco Tassinari, *Statistica della popolazione dello stato pontificio dell'anno 1853 con un saggio introduttivo di Athos Bellettini* (Bologna: Calderini, 1992); Franco Bonelli, *Evoluzione Demografica ed Ambiente Economico nelle Marche e nell'Umbria dell'Ottocento* (Torino: ILTE, 1967); V. Grossi, *Atti dello Stato civile: Parte prima. Atti in genere, nascita, cittadinanza, morte* (Paola: Tip. Moderna Vigna, 1934); G. Scelsi, *Statistica delle province di Pesaro e Urbino* (Pesaro: Federici, 1881); *Sviluppo della Popolazione italiana dal 1861 al 1961 in Annali di Statistica*, anno 94, serie VIII, vol. 17 (Roma: Istituto Centrale di Statistica, 1965).

[8] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, grandchildren of Giovanni Battista and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[9] Dominick Giancini, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, and Marie (Giancini) Teot, grandchildren of Giovanni Battista and Fausta (Leo) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 30 September 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[10] Atto di matrimonio, Eugenio Giancini e Settimia D'Annibale, 1907, numero d'ordine 94, Comune di Ceccano.

[11] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[12] Index to Deaths, 1935, E-G, Pennsylvania Department of Health http://www.health.state.pa.us; Information supplied in notes from original research compiled by Emma Urban, Lineages, Inc., 1985; Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, children of Eugenio and Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[13] Angelo Montrone and Beatrice Giancini marriage, 1934, certificate no. 466, p. 466, Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania [FHL microfilm 2313060].

[14] *My Memories: A Written Record of My Life and Times to Hand Down to My Family* (Metropolitan Museum of Art); completed by Beatrice M. Giancini Montrone in 1985, held by Paul Montrone.

[15] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, *Bea's History*, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.

[16] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[17] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, *Bea's History*, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.
[18] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[19] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[20] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, *Bea's History*, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.
[21] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[22] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[23] MarywoodU, "2013 Presidential Medalist: Sandra and Paul Montrone," video (19 Dec. 2013), online at youtube.com/watch?v=AFVKJZRACsc.