Chapter Seven
Education and Language

Central High School
Scranton, PA

Chapter 7 Guide

Chapter 7: Education and Language

Introduction

Among the Italian and Italian American communities, the value placed on education has grown from generation to generation. In earlier times, a disdain for instruction outside the home predominated, with a young person's schooling often cut short by the need to work and contribute immediate income to the family. Over time, parents have increasingly come to support education at all levels. It is commonly viewed now as an essential aspect of family members' advancement and success in life.

Gradually, in America, a good education has become a source of pride, well recognized as a means to open doors of opportunity wider than ever. This is especially true with Paul and Sandra, who have emphasized the value of lifelong learning to their family.

Buon educato (Good Education)

In past generations, to the Italians, a *buon educato* meant that you learned practical knowledge, family values, and social customs. The general view was that these skills and morals were more likely to be learned at home than in school and certainly not in an American school.[1]

Many Italian parents looked down on the idea of teaching girls and young women how to read and write. The fear was that this knowledge would make possible the exchange of love letters and other behaviors viewed as immoral.

"I really don't know how far he [my father] went to school, nor my mother," said Olga (G2 - G) (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, about her parents, born in Sassoferrato during the last two decades of the nineteenth century. "They didn't go to school long."[2] **Similarly, her brother-in-law, Frank (G2 - G) Gaudenzi, said of his father, born in Gualdo Tadino in 1891, "I don't think he had much of an education."**[3]

Italy has had a school system in place since before its unification in 1861, but that very system contributed to the negative viewpoint of education carried by southern Italians in particular. The nationwide school system was first established by the Casati Law of 1859 and governed from Rome but financed by local taxes. As with most government strategies during the Risorgimento, northern Italy had more influence on the running of the schools. The school year was set in consideration of its planting season, a month later than in the south.

Southern Italian provinces had less control of their schools, fewer school buildings, lower funding, and thus less ability to pay and train teachers. As a result, peasants in the south found school taxes to be an unfair and unnecessary drain on their income and an expense that did not give a good return on investment. They viewed school as essentially worthless to their children's advancement. Fortunately for them, the

compulsory attendance law was not rigorously enforced until 1926.[4]

Italy had the highest illiteracy rate in Europe in the latter half of the 1800s and through the turn of the twentieth century. Because they couldn't read, David (G2 - M) Giancini assumed his D'Annibale grandparents had not received much in the way of education. "I never saw them read. Just everything came by mouth." He guessed "there was no material there to read."[5]

In Campania (where the Montrone family originated), the illiteracy rate was at 88 percent in 1867 and still at 70 percent in 1901.[6] **In neighboring Molise, Maria (G1 - M) (DeCristofaro) Montrone attended school only through the fifth grade.**[7] **"But she learned to speak English when she came here [to America]," noted her daughter Helen (G2 - M) (Montrone) Mastro. Furthermore, she said inadequate schooling did not hinder her mother when it came to numbers. She observed:**

> **My mother excelled in math. She used to call on the phone for her order. Where figures were concerned, she was excellent. She would get that bill, make sure that every item was itemized, and then she would add it all up. It was amazing. There was a grocery store called Catalano's Market, [and one time] he gave me ten cents out of the way. She would [let him know it]. . . . She was that type. . . . Very sharp with the money.[8]**

One family member, Anna Buontempo Battista, a cousin of Angelo Montrone (G2 – M), was a teacher in the Molise Province for 46 years, from before WWII until retiring in 1986. She was a caring and devoted teacher and witnessed many major changes over her tenure including a much-improved education system.

Anna's son Michele (IT – M) further clarified his mother's passion:

> **She always tried to help the intelligent children to study, even if the parents were poor. She encouraged the poor parents to send their children to study. She encouraged**

the children. Among her students many studied to become professionals, doctors, school teachers, engineers. She had a lot of patience. She loved, loved her job. When she retired, she went into a depression.[9]

Box 7.1: Anna's Teaching Story

Settimia (G1 - M) (D'Annibale) Giancini, disavowed education as a youth, and stopped going to school at an early age, thus never learning to read or write. In spite of this, her keen mind enabled her to learn what she needed to know through observation, practical experience and an excellent memory.

Box 7.2: "Settimia" Overcoming Illiteracy

Settimia's husband, Eugene (G1 - M) Giancini, on the other hand, took great pleasure in learning how to read and write. In his daughter Beatrice's (G2 - M) words:

He was sort of [a] studious man. He loved reading, and . . . I don't know how much formal education he had, but it

was told to me that he loved reading so much that he taught himself to read and had memorized books of King Arthur. He would have his friends, same age, so interest[ed] in what he would tell them, [that] he would always advise them. They loved to hear him speak about the books he read. . . He would have an audience. They would come to the house just to listen to him, [like] you know now they have professional readers. . . He was ahead of his time. . . This happened in Italy, but it also happened when we migrated to the United States. Our house would be filled. . . He learned English but [was] not as fluent [in that language] as the Italian.[10]

Eugene's eldest son, David Giancini, recalled the storytelling of his father and friends:

In the winter, especially in the winter [when it] was cold, you would get near the fireplace, and they would tell all kinds of stories. . . My father used to tell a lot of stories. Then after I got big and everything else, I discovered they were all fictitious. . . One of them that stuck in my mind was 'The Black Madam.'[11]

Essentially, what the Italian school system failed to provide the emigrants would pick up as they settled into a new way of life in America.

"Dear Old Golden Rule Days"

Like fellow second-generation Italian Americans, in looking back on her education, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone felt she had done well, but she had a sense that her parents could have done more to help her:

> **I wish I could say my parents influenced me. They were proud to say how smart I was, but never pushed me onward. I feel they thwarted me. Maybe it is a child's view. They were busy trying to raise us. We were six children, really seven, but one baby died. I was spunky and pushed myself. My classmates would say, "by real hard work I won the first seat, the others found me hard to beat."[12]**

At the turn of the twentieth century and the height of Italian immigration, American schools were viewed with suspicion by the new arrivals. Many Italian-born parents felt that America and its schools "took our children," drastically

altering their children's role within the traditional family structure.

Instead of working at home for the family farm or business (as they would have in Italy), in America children could not obtain a work permit until the age of 12, as mandated by an 1896 law. There may not have been a home-based family business, with many parents forced to find outside work.

What's more, it was mandatory for children (both boys and girls) to attend school through the age of 14. In 1903, a new law raised that age to 16 and truancy officers followed up to ensure attendance. For a prescribed number of years, these attendance requirements prevented boys from contributing financially to the family and girls from contributing help in the domestic sphere.[13]

Despite the stricter rules about mandatory attendance, Italian Americans still had a reputation for keeping their children out of school, even going so far as to hide them from

the truancy officers. The immigrants sometimes worried that their children might come to think of themselves as better than their parents. After all, one of the underlying purposes of the American school system was to Americanize the student population. And that meant ignoring Italian heritage and the Italian language in favor of American customs and the English language.

David Giancini, who began his schooling while still in Italy, claimed to have attended American schools only up through sixth grade. "Would you believe that I went [only] to sixth grade? In Italy I was there until twelve years [old]."[14] His younger sister Flo (G2 – M) remembered hearing that David went to work even before he was sixteen.

> **Dave [David] couldn't wait until he was sixteen. . . Dave used to help out this Jewish person; he had a radiator repair shop. Dave would go [there] from twelve to one. We had an hour and a half for lunch. He would go down on his bike, and then come back up for the afternoon school session.[15]**

It was typical for second generation Italian American teenagers to leave school of their own accord or at the behest of their parents, as soon as they reached the age of 16, in order to help the family. David explained that he and his Italian-born sister, Beatrice, were put in this situation. "She was younger and stayed around the house more than I did. I had to help at the time because it was a bad time, and I couldn't go to school. I saw her going to a nice school to learn the language more than anything else. But then I started [working] right after [16 repairing] automobile[s]."[16]

David's sister, Beatrice, on the other hand, went to school beyond age 16, and attended Scranton Technical High School but did not continue beyond a year. Flo, their younger sister, noted that although Beatrice was "very smart," their father would not allow her to continue with school. "She [otherwise] would have had to go to business school."[17] **Instead, she went to work in the garment industry, contributing to the household's income until she was married."**[18]

Their youngest sister, Marie (G2 – M) (Giancini) Teot, was the only one from that family who graduated from high school, at the age of 16 having skipped second grade. She observed, "And it was probably because everybody else had to go to work."[19]. Sometimes Marie would take advantage of her mother's' inadequate schooling. She admitted, "I'd skip school and go to the movies. I told you I was a little rebel. My mother couldn't write, so I'd write out my own excuses. Then she would just put her X next to it."[20] She pointed out how well educated her brothers were, despite their lack of high school diplomas:

> **I always thought that Dom [Dominick (G2 - M)] really had such high intelligence. . . I know he taught himself sign language, because one of his friends was deaf. . . He taught himself a lot of stuff. That is just the way he was. He's probably still got all the books. Mikey [Mario (G2 - M)] didn't want to go to school. But, you know, who knows? We don't even know what Mikey's life would have been like (he died in World War II). . . Dave's [David] kind of a self-made man. He didn't maybe go through high school, but he learned business. Went into**

business for himself, made a living, and raised a family on it. [21]

Denise (Giancini) Piepoli further elaborated on her father Dominick's love of knowledge:

He spoke more than once of the desire to be a surgeon. His hands were steady for doing fine detail. He read volumes about the anatomy and was intrigued with Leonardo DaVinci's diagrams and study of the body.

He had this old military ammunition canister box that he turned into a medical box. When we fell and scraped our knees and came sobbing, we couldn't wait for him to bring out that medical box to treat our injuries. He would say …'Well let me see what we have here to fix you up.' We all felt so much better afterward, of course.

He was very interested in healing the body and would talk about all sorts of natural remedies including things that grew in Nonni's [Settimia] yard. Fresh mint and chamomile, burdock root and he loved comfrey. He often

made teas from these plants and used comfrey as a poultice for injuries. He loved natural juices and did juice food quite often. He and mother opened a juice bar in a small rental in town but back then not too many were into this kind of idea.[22]

This attention to natural health foods, herbs and supplements was passed on to Paul, who pursued it in his life and business (see Chapter 8 and Box 8.2)

Another important area of education especially for the Montrone family was music. Flo (Giancini) D'Annibale left school after eleventh grade and worked as a sewing machine operator. "Well, of course, I used to give all my money [to the family]." She said "I was out of high school. I started to work. I was studying voice and had big dreams of being an opera singer. But I had to give it up because we didn't have the money."

Finally, about forty-five years after she had to leave school, Flo obtained a GED in 1983. Her daughter Marisa D'Annibale took credit, reminding Flo, "I took you kicking and screaming . . . I brought her to the local community college. And she got her General Education Diploma (GED). . . I said, 'It's important for you to get that [diploma], even though you didn't want to use it.'"[23] **Flo remembered the testing and mused, "It was funny because some of the questions that I answered, Gene (G3 - M) Montrone says to me, 'Aunt Bob, what did you know about this?' 'I guessed.' And when he saw the marks, he says, 'You did so well!'"**[24]

Many second-generation Italian Americans left school to help in the home. Natalie (G2 – G) Cavagnaro was one:

> **I didn't finish school. I didn't go to high school one week. The family was in need. I was the youngest, and my brother was fierce that time. "Why don't you go to school? You're the only one that didn't go to college [or] high school." I said, "No. I want to help them." I took up dress making. I sewed my own clothes. Not for others, for the family. Then [later] I worked for . . . a store. I**

> **worked there eight years, and then I worked fifteen years for Sebastianelli's store.[25]**

Some of the immigrants' generation distrusted formal education in the belief that it promoted idleness and false pretensions. Paul's distant cousin, Bruno (G2 – M) Colapietro remembered a lesson his father taught him about self-importance. Bruno said,

> **You know, I was the president of the student body, a baseball player. I got a good full-term scholarship to Hamilton. He [my father] said, "You think you're pretty good, don't you?" I said, "Pa, look at my friends. They don't go to school. They don't read books." He said, "Ah, don't you ever think you're better than anybody else." He said, "and don't let anybody think they're better than you." You know what I mean? That stuck in my head.[26]**

Come disse quello (As one said)

Those of Italian heritage have a unique history when it comes to language usage and instruction. Before unification in 1861, each Italian city-state adhered to its regional dialect.

These dialects persisted long after unification; in many cases, they are still spoken.

Because of the dialect differences, Italians from different regions had difficulty communicating even with their fellow Italians. Beyond these regional differences, the occupation of Italy by many different countries over the centuries led Italians to develop a different form of language – hand gestures (a predecessor to today's sign language). Some of these gestures, like asking someone to be quiet by putting one's index finger upright over your lips, have become virtually universalized to this day.[27]

Box 7.3: Italian Hand Gestures

Annamaria Altomare (Paul's second cousin once removed) spoke of her late grandmother's use of a regional dialect in the Molise region of Italy.

There are a lot of very traditional proverbs in Molise. So when Grandmother Anna [Battista] spoke, she would use these proverbs. These proverbs are from [her mother] Filomena. Now she's written all of these proverbs in a little book. When she used one, she wrote [it down] and explained it because she couldn't remember [it otherwise]. . .

These proverbs are in [the Molisian] dialect. . . It's really different because in Italy, we have more than twenty regions. In every region, there is a dialect. So you have almost to translate the sentence because if you don't get used to listening to the dialect, you can't understand really. Finally we said to her, "You have to write [down] these proverbs because we have to transmit the tradition of the family. We have to remember the proverbs." . . . Yes, [they are] part of the tradition of the family.[28]

Although the poet Dante Alighieri and other writers had cemented the Tuscan dialect's place as the "standard" form of the Italian language, it was not until the dawn of the twentieth century, especially in rural and poor areas of Italy,

that a widely recognized common Italian language came into being. "Official" Italian was used mostly in the realm of scholarly writings. The fact that it, rather than the local dialect, was required to be taught in schools provided another reason for parents to ignore the compulsory education laws.[29]

Standardized Italian continues to be taught in Italian schools, so any family member learning the language now will have trouble understanding anyone who speaks a local dialect. For example, Bruno (G2 – M) reported that his wife, who is of Swedish descent, had become more Italian than him. "She's been taking Italian lessons for thirty years. Speaks fluent Italian. I speak dialect. And we go to Italy, and they love it because she's an American who speaks Italian."[30]

When Italian immigrants came to America at the turn of the twentieth century, language was a problem on two fronts: they didn't speak English, and they couldn't understand the dialects spoken by Italians from other regions. And thus

they needed to communicate either by using official Italian or by learning and speaking English.

Choosing to continue using the dialect of a home region signaled a strong regional identity. Switching to official Italian showed an allegiance to the Italian ethnicity. Opting for English, especially to the exclusion of Italian, firmly demonstrated a dedication to Americanize oneself as much as possible, as quickly as possible. Italian Americans tended to choose a language based on context, keeping in mind who they were communicating with, why, and where. As a result, the new Italian Americans created a fourth option, "Italglish," a language combining elements from all three.[31]

The first-generation Italian Americans faced more challenges when it came to learning and using new languages because most had immigrated as adults and had grown up hearing only their regional dialect. Bruno felt that language troubles led his mother Vincenza (Ricci) Colapietro to be "much more morose than my father."

She missed Italy. She didn't really pick up the English language too well. . . . Funny thing is that, she spoke broken English, and my son who from when he was about four or five, learned to read on Sesame Street. And so we would check him as we're driving along the road. I'd say, "What's that sign say?" "It says No U-Turn." I'd say, "What does that mean?" He said, "It's no you turn, it's my turn." I had to stop the car we started laughing so much.[32]

Giovanna (G1 - G) (Mercanti) Emiliani learned English "as well as she could," according to her daughter Olga. "They didn't go to school. . . She didn't speak it fluently, but she got along. . . My father [Iginio (G1 - G)] wrote [English] but not my mother. My mother, it would take her—like when she used to write to my father—a long time because . . . she was struggling with it."[33]

On the Gaudenzi side, Frank (G2 – G) indicated that his parents also learned English but kept up their Italian. Frank said, "She [his mother] spoke English good, and she could

speak Italian real good. My father spoke Italian, and he spoke English. But he always spoke Italian to us. And we could speak it pretty well. . . Not right now, no, because it's such a long time [ago]. But I spoke it pretty well."[34]

Second-generation Italian Americans, who were young when they immigrated with their parents, learned English at school. Despite their education in Italy, since they knew little or no English, they had to begin in the first grade of their public school. As they became more proficient in English, they would advance through the grades more quickly than others based on their previous education.

Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, who immigrated at the age of 8, observed:

> **Remarkable how fast children learn new languages. By September we knew the language quite fluently. There may have been some words that evaded us, but on the whole we did very well. At [Public] School 16, they started us in first grade to learn the grammar. We were**

> **way ahead (in the sciences) and kept pushing us ahead when they felt we were ready. I had trouble with words like tall, the "a" sounds like "o." In the Italian for the most part "o" is "o-," "a-" is "a," and to me tall was toll.[35]**

For the ease of their teachers and to fit in better with classmates, Italian American children even sometimes changed their given names. Regarding the Giancini's, Sylvia (Ware) Montrone recalled:

> **In Scranton, Diodato and Bice enrolled in public school rather than the nuns' school where Italian was spoken. Eugenio [Eugene](their father) decreed they would speak English at school [and] Italian at home. So both began first grade at P.S. 16, and Bice became Beatrice. Diodato became David.[36]**

Beatrice herself remembered, "The children I played with called me Beech Nut (nickname). They heard my mother call me Bice; that started the nickname. I did not mind it."[37] Her elder brother, David, also changed his Italian name to an English one.

David described the change:

> **My name was changed. My name wasn't David. . . See what I started [with] at baptism [was] . . . Diodato, which means "God given." "Dio" means "God." "Dato" means "given." But the kids [here] just couldn't pronounce it. They massacred Giancini, [too], before they got it. I had [to explain and repeat] that [name], every place I went. So I say, why not call him [myself] "David?" Sure, everybody knows "David." You know?. . . And then my father became a citizen in 1928, and [on the papers, we were] all David and Beatrice and Dominick.**[38]

The similarities of the Romance languages helped David with language learning:

> **I only went to sixth grade here. But [before moving to America] I had four years of Italian, as well. So [when] I saw the different languages like Spanish, French, or something written, I could read it. And I know what they are. See the car brakes, the French say *frenos*, the Italians say *frenie*. So what the hell is the difference? And I think Spanish is the same thing; [they are all] the romance languages, you know.**[39]

Because the second generation was taught to strive for assimilation, as parents they often brought up their own third generation children speaking only English.

Gene (G3 – M) Montrone felt this loss but also tried to make the best of it. He observed.

> **She was a sketch, my [Giancini] grandmother [Settimia], even though she was two hundred and fifty pounds and barely spoke English. She was hard for us kids to communicate with. Both my parents spoke Italian, so that was easy for them. They never taught us Italian, because when they wanted to say something secret they didn't want us to know. Which later on in life, when I began with my job traveling all over the world, I told them that I should really know it. They regretted it later. But, their contention was, first of all, we were Americans [and] they didn't want us to speak Italian. And, second of all, as I told you, if they wanted to say something that they didn't want the kids to know, they didn't have to run into another room. They'd shift into Italian, and we would start scratching our heads.[40]**

Sandra's parents would speak Italian when they didn't want her to understand—but she picked up more than they thought and ended up learning the language fairly well. She observed:

> **I can remember, honestly remember, the time I said, "Why are they talking Italian? I know what they're saying." My mother used to write letters in Italian to my [Emiliani] grandmother. She lived in Florida . . . Coral Gables. My mom would have us copy a letter to her, maybe once a week. . . Then she would tell me in English what I was writing. And [from this exercise] there was a point at which I knew Italian. Now I understand it, and I love the sound. Then, I can start talking, not initially, but just hearing it, it comes back. And, I love it.[41]**

Italian Americans truly could be considered one of the most flexible populations linguistically. They may say *goodbye* or *arrivederci* in the language of their current home or their old country. But the Montrone family from Campania and Molise might prefer *statimi buoni* or statte *buone*; the Giancinis from Ceccano in Lazio could instead say *a*

rivederci; the Gaudenzis from Umbria, _a rvadecce_; the Cavagnaro family that married in from Genoa (in Liguria), _a rveise_; and the Emilianis from Sassoferrato in Marche, "_a rivderci_."[42]

While schools were "Americanizing" children and encouraging them to leave their "Italian-ness" behind, at the same time they were creating an environment for children of different Italian regions to interact and overlook their differences.

Education Transitions to a Priority – Second and Third Generations

Those brought to America as children or born in the United States found that a better education could provide a greater opportunity. Helen (G2 – M) (Montrone) Mastro spoke of how her brother Angelo (G2 - M), who was born in America, was told he could achieve great things, if only he could have afforded a college education. But, alas, he departed school at a young age, to help the family. Helen added:

> **He always did like school. But it was during the Depression years, and money was scarce, and so I guess the family did not have the means right then for college. You know how that went, years ago. But in the neighborhood, when he went around making friends or with social activities and all that, everyone seemed to say to him, "Oh, you should go to college. You would make a good lawyer." He had that way about him, you know? He was always the type, I think. He was there to solve other people's problems. . . As a young man, he always enjoyed helping people out. . . And I think that followed through.[43]**

Gradually, parents also began to see the value of a formal education. Francesco Felice Colapietro (Paul Montrone's 3rd cousin), for example, advised his son Bruno to stay in school. Bruno says:

> **My father was a survivor. A strong man. Honest to the core. He gave me more foundation for life than all my education. . . I mean, he would have given me [the] shirt off his back. I'd have to bring him his lunch at the shoe factory during the summer, every now and then. He'd**

say, "Hey, Brun, you want to work here when you grow up?" I said, "No." "Go to school." He kept saying, "Go to school."[44]

Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi was not given a choice about her school attendance, and, in particular, the difficulty of getting to school in the winter stayed with her.

At that time, we went to school regardless of how bad the weather was, and you would get bundled up. One thing I remember: My mother used to make me wear long underwear. We hated that because we could never hide them under our stockings, whatever we had. We used to hate that, but we had to wear them regardless because you walked to school, and we walked in snow. And then when I went to junior high school, we had to walk quite a distance. It was no picnic. Even going to grade school, I remember, we used to get some terrible snowstorms. No one took you. They bundled you up real well, and there were no rides—no rides at the time.[45]

Frank (G2 – G) and John (G2 - G) Gaudenzi, continued their education past high school, with John attending and graduating from the University of Scranton, while Frank spent a year at Temple before transferring to the University of Scranton. Frank's time there was cut short by the advent of World War II.

As mentioned earlier, Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini grew up in Italy and ran and hid rather than attend school. But in America, she changed her tune as she aged. Her granddaughter Marisa remembers the encouragement that Settimia, at age 74, gave her. Marisa says:

> **When I was very young, even as young as eight years old, she would impress upon me the importance of getting an education . . . which was rather unheard of . . . in those times. . . But she said, "You've got to go. You've got to learn. You've got to get an education." She would talk to me about going to the Marywood (College) here, which eventually I did . . . for the reason that . . . she would give me little dollars here and there. She'd say, "Put that towards your education." She said to me, "You must get**

> **an education so that you never have to be under the thumb of any man." A woman born in 1888. Coming up with that? . . . But that's one thing to remember about Nonni (Settimia), that she was very progressive.[46]**

When the second generation became parents, they made sure to drive their children's academic aspirations. Jerome (G2 - G) Gaudenzi, the only one of his brothers to leave high school instead of continuing to college, "was hell bent on having his girls educated," says his daughter, Sandra. Her sister, Gerry (G3 - G) (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, notes, "Both [my mom] and my dad only completed eighth grade, but both of them had ambitions for their children. Both wanted more for their children than what they had. Seeing them through college . . . was extremely important to them."[47] Sandra recalls how her father would not let her attend a certain school.

> **At the end of the summer, they would put on a show at Memorial Stadium from each neighborhood park. And the woman who was in charge of the Techettes—that was the group who were majorettes at Tech (High School)—she took a liking to me. She was trying to talk me into**

> **going into Tech. My father [said], "No way. You're going to Central (High School)." Because, [from] Tech you didn't necessarily go to college. It was a technical school. There was no way.[48]**

Sandra had a very positive experience at Central High School, including as a leader of several clubs and a class officer. Then she went on:

> **After high school, I wanted to be a teacher, so I enrolled in a semester at East Stroudsburg State Teacher's College. I wasn't happy there and I left after one semester. I also had been offered [the job] to be an assistant buyer at the Globe Store, a big department store in Scranton. That was going to be my role. My father would hear nothing of it. [He] never said that, but [he] had me enrolled at Keystone Junior College. . . You know, only looking back at that do I realize what he did for me. I studied business and merchandising. Later, I went to Marywood College and went back into my preferred major, teaching.[49]**

Sandra's future husband, Paul, and his brothers grew up with their parents in full support of education, despite the

fact that their father, Angelo Montrone, completed school only through eighth grade and mother, Beatrice, completed one year of high school.[50] Paul says of their mother, "She was active at St. Patrick's School where we went. She was that type of person. . . She didn't have much of an education either, although she . . . always said she was a very good student. That was one of her big things in life."[51]

It was of utmost concern to Beatrice that her sons attend college, as recalled by Beatrice's daughter-in-law Sylvia:

> **Always in the background was the insistence that her sons, all of whom excelled in school, would attend college and they did—MIT; University of Scranton; Syracuse U.; Columbia U. and the Michigan State University. In those years, her boys brought dozens of friends from Boston for "coffee breaks"; professors from "the U." for Sunday dinner; and pals from Syracuse for weekends, and Bea [Beatrice] fed them all—pre-warned or not.[52]**

Angelo also wanted the same for his sons, Tony (G3 - M) Montrone explains:

> **Our generation, we were the ones who went to college. . . There was a big a push on at that point. My father always knew—I mean, we were just raised—from day one that we were going to college. . . One time, I think it was Gene, said, "I'm going to college, [then] I'll come back and work in the business with you." He said, "Why did I send you to college? There's no life in the garment industry." That type of thing. So that was it. We all got pushed.[53]**

Continuing on this subject, Paul adds:

> **He wouldn't let us go into his business. Then the other footnote is when I went to Columbia Business School in New York City. . . He said to me, "Paul, that is the smartest move you ever made, going to that school. The Jews are the best business people, and that is where they send their kids."[54]**

In gratitude for this parental support, a portrait of Angelo and Beatrice—an oil painting copied from a photograph—hangs in the Montrone Room in the John Gavigan (a close

friend of the Montrones) dormitory at the University of Scranton, where the Angelo H. Montrone Scholarship is awarded to a School of Management student "who best exemplifies [Angelo's] lifelong dedication to self-improvement and ethical behavior in business."[55]

In the homeland, as the twentieth century progressed, Italians, too, began taking pride in having a good education. Angelo's cousin Annamaria (IT – M) Altomare related the following:

> **After her husband, Salvatore, died in 1928, Filomena (Montrone) Buontempo depended on her sister Rachele (Montrone) De Cristofaro to send money from America. Alfredo De Cristofaro 'worked in an orchestra in the United States, so they usually sent, every month, 500 lira. That, for that time, was like a salary of a judge.' Italian relatives back home put this money to good use. With this money, Filomena could send to school all of the children. It was not usual for that time that all of them go to the school until the end of the school. . . All the children could graduate for that [amount of help]. So Filomena,**

> **and also all the children, Anna and the others, were very grateful to Aunt Rachele.**[56]

Annamaria added that her late grandmother Anna Battista continued the tradition for her children:

> **Anna was always ambitious for her children. . . She tried to give to her children something more than she had. [She had been able] to become a teacher, thanks to the help that she received from her family. So she invested in her children [so they could achieve] something that would be better than her life. She [my grandmother] was thinking, "Okay, before me, all of my family worked in the farm field. . ." But she [Anna was given the chance and] could study more, so she became a teacher. So she invested a lot, too, for her children [and] would sacrifice for that.**[57]

As a mother and school teacher, Anna felt justifiable pride in her children and great happiness for their success. As she herself said:

> **The children were great children. They were good children. They studied well. They gave me great joy. They**

> **became medical doctors, specialists. And at school, while teaching, I always tried to assist those children who were intelligent and to help them to go on to university.[58]**

Education Outside of School Expands

A love of reading and self-education has imbued members of the extended Montrone and Gaudenzi families. Throughout her life, Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone read whatever she could, for as long as she could:

> **I loved reading. Every minute I could sneak, I would be reading a book," she wrote. "As a teen I would read far into the night. Finally my father was fed up and would turn off the electric power. . . However, I didn't stop reading. I bought candles and would spend half the night with candlelight. There was a whistle at the D.L. & W. Railroad Station that blew at three A.M. Then I would stop reading and catch some sleep. I think I lived in the library.[59]**

Beatrice's youngest sister, Marie (Giancini) Teot, also took great enjoyment from reading.

> **I'm an avid reader. I read three, four books a week. I read, read, read. I'd rather read than do anything else. That's me. My husband was a reader as well. . . Right now I'm going through the Regency period [but] I will also look for best sellers. I usually get books from the library. . . We have a great library. I just go and show them what I want, and they get it for me. . . Then if I like it, I read it, and if I don't, I don't. I love the Jane Austen books. They are my favorite of all time. *Pride and Prejudice* . . . It was an era, and it's just the [best] writing. I just love the way things were then.**

She adamantly proclaimed, "It's important for kids to pick up a book and read a book!"[60]

Marie's nephew, Gene Montrone, is a kindred spirit:

> **My aunts and uncles never had any problem knowing what to get me for Christmas gifts. It was always books. Books [were] my thing. All fiction. There were the teenage stories, the Battleship Boys, or when I was younger *Buddy on the Farm*, the whole Buddy Series, the Hardy Boys series. I read them all. . . If we could get**

> **outside, we were outside. The only thing that kept me inside on bad days were the books.[61]**

His brother Tony was only four when Gene left for college, and he wanted to read like his big brother. Gene continued:

> **He missed me when I left. He was four years old. He was not reading or anything, but at one point . . . he wanted to read the encyclopedia. . . Tony was a reader like me, but he thought he was going to read at four. Encyclopedia. So, he asked my mother for the book. She gives him the book, and she says, "Why am I giving you this book? You don't know how to read." So, he flips, flips, flips, and said, "I can read this." And, up on the corner was page 229. What he knew was my address in Boston was 229 Commonwealth Ave. He said, "I can read Gene's address."[62]**

This same reading proclivity took place in Italy. Beatrice's cousin Emanuela's (IT – M) Altimari's son, Daniele, also made efforts to learn reading as early as possible. She commented:

> **I remember that when Daniele was around two or three years old, in order to get him to sleep in the evening, we would always read the book *Peter Pan and the Island That Isn't There*. There were many pictures and few words, so for him it became ever easier to learn the words (which I had read to him so many times). Seeing the pictures, he was able to pretend he was reading, too.**[63]

Both Paul and Sandra are also avid readers but enjoy books of quite varying styles. Sandra loves fiction, starting in high school. Sandra says:

> **I always loved reading, especially fiction. Because of my many extracurricular activities in school, most of this reading occurred during the summer months. Some of my favorites were by Jane Austen (Pride & Prejudice, Sense & Sensibility), Louisa May Alcott (Little Women), Harper Lee (To Kill a Mockingbird) and other fiction writers. And I can recall one summer only reading dramatic plays.**[64]

On the other hand, Paul favors non-fiction, and is constantly

devouring information – reading 4 newspapers a day, plus magazines and books related to his business and financial world and across his many interests – including art, music, health, philosophy and theology, the latter a carryover from his education by IHM nuns and Jesuit priests.

Music as a Fundamental

Italians have a long history of a love of music in many forms, but especially opera. This was passed on to the succeeding Italian-American generations, including Paul and Sandra. Paul remembers, "At family events at Nonni T's [Settimia (G1 - M)] home, there were often attendees (boarders and friends from Settimia and Eugene (G1 - M) Giancini's hometown in Italy) playing banjos and a mandolin and singing Italian songs." Eugene especially loved opera, loved to sing, and according to his daughter, Beatrice (G2 - M), 'had a beautiful voice'.

Unfortunately, in Scranton, there was only an occasional performance at the Masonic Temple, and bands playing in

parades. But beyond that there was not much live music performed in the area.

Nonetheless, Eugene's daughter Flo (G2 - M) (Giancini) D'Annibale became enchanted with becoming an opera singer and studied voice. But she was never able to pursue it as a career, mainly because the family didn't have the money.

Flo recalled a missed opportunity:

> **We [visited] St. Mother Cabrini's Church in New York. We met this family from Italy, who were very good friends of my mother. They lived in New York. . . They got to talking, and my mother said to her, "She [Flo] should go to New York to study, but. . . I don't know. I can't just send her there." She [the other woman] said, "She can come and live with me. I only have four boys." Bing!" [her mother later asked rhetorically,] "I was going to send you where there were four boys? You, I could trust. But I didn't know the boys." So that was the end of that.**[65]

The music gene was also passed on to Eugene's grandchildren. Paul and his brothers learned piano from the IHM nuns at St. Patrick's School. Later on, Paul played the clarinet and Gene (G3 - M), the trombone, in the school marching band.

Paul and Gene continued their love of piano throughout their lives. Paul concentrated mostly on classical piano. Gene, on the other hand, flourished as a lover of modern songs, especially with folks singing along at fraternity parties and other events with family and friends.

Sandra also loved music and pursued it through dancing. Through her grade school and high school years, she was a tap dancer and majorette. Later on in life, the family had the pleasure of watching her tap dance and soft shoe dance with her father-in-law, Angelo (G2 - M), who loved soft shoe dancing.

Paul happily added:

> **We are fortunate that the family's love and appreciation of music is continuing to the next generation. Our kids have all studied piano (I spent some time teaching them) and went on to appreciate different forms of music.**
>
> **Our son Angelo has made his life's career composing and producing modern music with various groups. And my brother Gene and Sylvia's granddaughter, Kate, is a budding opera singer. Our granddaughter, Mikela, is already following in Sandra's footsteps studying dance.**[66]

Knowing that music is a healthy and rewarding pleasure, Sandra and Paul are delighted to see this love of music continue in their family.

Box 7.4: Music in New York City and the Met Opera

Higher Education becomes Established

Between their family's encouragement and their own inherent desire to learn and succeed, many subsequent generations pursued higher education both in Italy and America.

In Italy, Angelo Montrone's cousin, Anna Battista attended the Istituto Magistrale, and she briefly studied languages at the University of Naples until interrupted by the war. Her son Michele became a cardiologist and daughter Cleonice (IT – M) became a gynecologist. Cleonice met her husband through the Sapiensa University in Rome. Their daughter Annamaria went to school in Rhode Island in the U.S. and studied gastroenterology. Her brother also attended medical school. Her sister preferred business school. In a different part of Italy, Emanuela studied bookkeeping at the Teresa Confalonieri School.[67]

Box 7.5: Paul Montrone's Education

In the United States, the Montrone boys and Gaudenzi girls, the next generation Italian Americans, also pursued higher education. Gene Montrone left Scranton for Cambridge, Massachusetts, to complete undergraduate and graduate degrees in material science at MIT.[68] A few years behind him, Paul went to the University of Scranton, where he graduated in 1962 with a Bachelor of Science degree in accounting, magna cum laude, and was valedictorian of his graduating class (although he always said the real valedictorian in his class, whom he highly respected, finished in three years and graduated a year early). He then earned a Ph.D. from Columbia Business School in 1966.[69] Tony received a bachelor's degree in economics from Syracuse University and a master's degree from Michigan State University.[70] Meanwhile, Gerry (Gaudenzi) Colizzo graduated from Cedar Crest College, a women's liberal arts college, in Allentown, Pennsylvania,[71] majoring in

elementary education and minoring in business. She continued her education with graduate studies at Penn State University and the University of Scranton.

Sandra attended East Stroudsburg, Keystone, and the University of Scranton, with majors in education and merchandising, ultimately completing her studies at Marywood College where she received a degree in her lifetime goal – elementary education. "This is a woman with a lot of college experience. She can probably give college guidance lessons," Paul said. She joked in return, "Well, I was hell bent on getting out on time. I graduated on Monday and married Paul on Saturday."[72]

Box 7.6: Sandra Montrone's College Experience

Paul believes that one's education actually begins after finishing school:

> **Our formal education system is actually an inefficient way of gaining knowledge. Although it gives you many necessary tools for life, the rigid process, unending**

requirements, necessary certificates and degrees, and accompanying bureaucracy, slows down your growth in knowledge. Once you are free of the formal education system, you have the opportunity to really add to your knowledge in the subjects that interest you or advance your life, and I hope all future generations of our family come to this realization and pursue their education throughout their lives. [73]

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[1] Covello, *Italo-American School Child*, 261-263.
[2] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio and Giovanna (Mercanti) Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[3] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[4] Leonard Covello, *The Social Background of the Italo-American School Child* (Leiden, Netherlands: E.J. Brill, 1967), 243, 250-257. [The Coppino Law of 1877 mandated three years of compulsory school attendance. As of 1904, that attendance was raised from the ninth to the twelfth year.]
[5] David Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[6] Leonard Covello, *The Social Background of the Italo-American School Child* (Leiden, Netherlands: E.J. Brill, 1967), 243-273.
[7] 1940 U.S. Census, Scranton, Lackawanna County, Penn., roll 3687, ED 71-138, p. 8B-9A.
[8] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, daughter of Maria (De Cristofaro) Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[9] Anna (Buontempo) Battista, daughter o Provide Feedback , interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 2 October 2011, transcript held by Paul Mo
[10] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, daughter of Eugenio Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[11] David Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[12] *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.
[13] Covello, *Italo-American School Child*, 289-296.
[14] David Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[15] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[16] David Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[17] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[18] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, Bea's History, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.
[19] Marie (Giancini) Teot, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[20] Marie (Giancini) Teot, daughter of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[21] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[22] As related in an email by Denise (Giancini) Piepoli, 13 August 2016, email held by Paul Montrone.
[23] Marisa D'Annibale, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[24] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[25] Natalie Ann Cavagnaro, Jerome Frank Gaudenzi, and Teresa Giovanni Perugini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[26] Bruno Colapietro, son of Francesco Felice Colapietro, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[27] As related by Paul Montrone 20 October 1921
[28] Annamaria Altomare, granddaughter of Anna (Buontempo) Battista, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[29] Malpezzi, *Italian-American Folklore*, 44; Covello, *Social Background of the Italo-American*, 264.
[30] Bruno Colapietro, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[31] Malpezzi, *Italian-American Folklore*, 44-52.
[32] Bruno Colapietro, son of Francesco Felice and Vincenza (Ricci) Colapietro, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[33] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[34] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[35] *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.
[36] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, Bea's History, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.
[37] *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.
[38] David/Diodato Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[39] David/Diodato Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[40] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[41] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[42] Maurice Elston and Lydia Vellaccio, "Complete Italian: Italian Dialects," on the website Teach Yourself, online at http://www.teachyourself.com/Languages/Level4/ItalianDialects.aspx.
[43] Helen (Montrone) Mastro, sister of Angelo Montrone, interview by Brian O'Connell, 25 July 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[44] Bruno Colapietro, son of Francesco Felice and Vincenza (Ricci) Colapietro, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[45] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone
[46] Marisa D'Annibale, granddaughter of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[47] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[48] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[49] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[50] 1940 U.S. Census, Scranton, Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania, roll 3687, ED 71-136, p. 12A.
[51] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[52] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, Bea's History, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.
[53] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[54] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[55] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, Bea's History, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff; http://www.scranton.edu/financial-aid/endowed-special-awards.shtml
[56] Annamaria Altomare, great-granddaughter of Filomena (Montrone) Buontempo, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[57] Annamaria Altomare, great-granddaughter of Filomena (Montrone) Buontempo, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[58] Anna (Buontempo) Battista, daughter of Filomena (Montrone) Buontempo, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 2 October 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[59] *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.[60] Marisa D'Annibale, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[61] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[62] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[63] Emanuela (Lalia) Altimare, response to interview questions provided by Rhonda McClure, DATE, English translation held by Paul Montrone.
[64] As related by Sandra Montrone, 15, September 2018
[65] Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale and Marie (Giancini) Teot, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed between 10 December 1996 and 21 April 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone; Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[66] As related by Paul Montrone 17 January 2022
[67] Anna (Buontempo) Battista, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 2 October 2011; Annamaria Altomare, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, July 2011; Emanuela (Lalia) Altimare, response to interview questions provided by Rhonda McClure, DATE, English translation held by Paul Montrone.
[68] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[69] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[70] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24/25 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[71] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[72] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 2013; Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014; Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011; Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014; Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[73] As related by Paul Montrone, 17 March 2018

Frequently Used Names in Chapter 7

Montrone Lineage

Code used in book	Birth Name	RELATIONSHIP
Angelo (G2 - M)	Angelo Henry Montrone	P. Montrone's father
Tony (G3 - M)	Anthony Mario Montrone	P. Montrone's brother
Beatrice (G2 - M)	Bice Mary Giancini	P. Montrone's mother
Bruno (G2 - M)	Bruno ? Colapietro	P. Montrone's 3rd cousin once removed
David (G2 - M)	Diodato D. Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal uncle
Dominick (G2 - M)	Domenico Stanislous 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
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
Mario (G2 - M)	Mario Joseph Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal uncle
Paul (G3 - M)	Paul Michael Montrone	Sandra's husband
Settimia (G1 - M)	Settimia D'Annibale Giancini	P. Montrone's maternal grandmother

Frequently Used Names in Chapter 7
Gaudenzi Lineage

Code used in book	Birth Name	RELATIONSHIP
Frank (G2 - G)	Frank Thomas Gaudenzi	S. Montrone's paternal uncle
Gerry (G3 - G)	Geraldine S. (Susan?) 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
John (G2 - G)	John William Gaudenzi	S. Montrone's paternal uncle
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

Box 7.1

Anna's Story

Anna with her Students
Cerro al Volturno,
in the village of Foresta

Box 7.1
Anna's Teaching Story

Anna Battista was the first cousin of Paul's father, Angelo (G2 – M) Montrone. She was born in 1920 in Boiano, Italy. She devoted 46 years of her life to teaching school in Italy and lived to be almost 105. In the year 2020, at age 100, she wrote her autobiography and summarized it in an interview as follows:

"A painful event led me to study at the Scuole Magistrali (teacher training school). In the 1930s, women didn't really study! Only the "in" families sent their daughters to boarding school to give them some culture and to prepare them to be proper housewives. But I attended Magistrali because my mother became a widow at 30, when I was six years old, and she swore that her two daughters (my sister

and I) would study, so we would have financial independence in case of any future misfortune.

I began teaching in 1940 in Castellone di Boiano (a town in the Molise region). I was appointed because the previous teacher had volunteered to go to the Second World War. The students were so attached to him that they wouldn't accept me at first: one of them, the most mischievous, threw a bird into the classroom on the first day! I had to work very hard to be accepted, and later, to be loved.

The following year, in 1941, I was appointed to Cerro al Volturno, in the village of Foresta. At that time, the roads were impassable, there was no public transportation, so I had to walk up a steep path to get there. As soon as I arrived, I met the local girls who were about my age. The school was called a "rural school," and the teacher was also provided

with housing. They took me to this "famous" housing: it was a room with a skylight for lighting and a dirt floor. In one corner there was a bed made of wooden boards, metal supports, and a straw mattress. There was a washbasin and a bucket for personal hygiene.

I felt lost, but I persisted out of pride and dignity: a teacher couldn't give up!

But the discouragement didn't last long, because there was Armandino, a boy from Foresta who played the accordion. He played the song Mamma, and I broke down in tears! Shortly after, I found myself in the house of Filiberto Giancola (who later became a teacher too): his mother came to pick me up. Filiberto was in third grade; I called him "the cherub"—a beautiful boy with blond hair and blue eyes.

In Cerro I met "Don Carlo," a much-loved teacher. Being called "Don" among teachers was unusual since it was a privilege reserved for the local noble families. The title "Don" dated back to the 19th century: my father-in-law used to say that his teacher from Naples was called "Don Raffaele." There were Don Bernardo from the Cifelli family, Don Medoro from the Lombardi family, and Don Mimì from the Farrocco family. Don Mimì, though called "Don," was truly a point of reference for everyone in the village; people would turn to him for anything, and he would offer advice generously.

Later, my husband was also given the title "Don," as was my dear colleague Michelina Farrocco, Don Mimì's wife. I never received that title. They always called me La Buontempo, by my maiden name, of which I am proud. I was never hurt by

this, I never considered it an insult, because my paternal grandfather used to say, "Don is for priests," and "don-don" is the sound the bells make! He said, "Call people what they are! Call a doctor 'Doctor,' an engineer 'Engineer.'"

In my old age, I was finally called "Donna" Anna, because the Spanish doctors who came to visit my son used the Spanish form "Doña," which means "lady." But it was never the title that earned a teacher respect and affection! What really made a teacher respected was their true value—what they could give to the school, because both students and parents knew how to tell the difference.

The town of Cerro went through a major transformation. In the early years after the war, schools still felt the effects of the conflict: classrooms were dark, cold, and damp. The desks were old wooden ones, with inkwells set into the

middle. The teacher would receive a little packet of ink and had to dilute it with water. There were only two maps: one of Italy and one of Europe. The children had no supplies and came from families who lived off the land, which was not generous, since Cerro is in the hills—not the fertile plains of Boiano! People had only small plots of land and sheep. The children were poorly dressed and undernourished; often the mothers would ask to take them out of school because they needed to go herd sheep.

Children of the 1940s knew only school and home—they herded sheep, made whistles and played them. They had no school activities, no extracurriculars. At 11:00 a.m., they'd go home to get their bread. Once, a boy returned to class with steam coming out of his pocket—I asked what he had:

it was a handful of beans! His mother had no bread, so she gave him some beans, half cooked and half raw!

Years later, I saw that same boy again: he had emigrated with his family and was carrying a movie camera on his shoulder. A teacher never forgets her students, even when they're old—they live forever in her memory! I recognized him, called out to him, and he said:

"Wait, maestra! With this camera, I'm going to take you to America, because you loved me so much!"

In the 1960s, many families emigrated to Switzerland or Germany. The money they sent home was a huge help, and life changed—so did the schools, and the furnishings. Mario Di Ianni, who started as mayor and rose to be Regional Health Commissioner, made a big difference. He made sure

that every benefit that reached the Molise Region was redirected to Cerro! We got a school building, a nursery school. He always funded us when we needed something for the children. So the school was transformed: the kids were livelier, more confident. On Tree Day, the children would plant saplings.

From the 1940s on, I lived in the school for 46 years until I retired in 1986. I was very fond of my colleague Michelina Farrocco, a truly gracious, loving, discreet woman. Then there was Marisa Di Ianni, the Mayor's wife—an active and creative teacher. There was Pasqualino Fattore, a kind and loving teacher, one of the best I've ever known. Maria Teresa Iafelice, a teacher from Isernia. Later, Gina Leo came along: she had been one of my students. I had always admired her quick mind and told her mother she had to study—I

insisted! And, with great emotion, she later became my colleague. We did so many things together—we loved each other, never had arguments. We all embraced the curriculum, nobody contradicted anyone. We even worked outside school hours.

My father-in-law once said: "Anna, why don't you bring your bed to school too?"

We did amazing things! The first was the Live Nativity Scene: we organized it in the school, near the washhouse. Mario Di Ianni supported us. We had the baby Jesus, the shepherds—people from Cerro, all locals. It was a huge success: we closed the road from the church to the Italia family's house. There was a voice-over by Nino Santilli, a brilliant boy; there was Giusi Di Ianni and other girls. At that time, the only other Live Nativity Scene was in

Rivisondoli—we imitated them so well that Vincenzo Rossi wrote: "In Cerro, two thousand years of history came back to life."

We also participated in competitions: announcements would arrive from the school board, and we decided to form a folk group. Mario Di Ianni bought everything we needed. We handed it over to a fantastic seamstress, Antonietta Ricci, who made 40 costumes. We participated in three competitions: in Piazza Sant'Egidio in Rome, in Reggio Calabria, and in Barletta. Pasqualino Fattore, a master of writing in dialect, wrote beautiful texts. We searched barns for old pitchforks, rakes, anything we could find. We won first prize nationwide—the school board office was decorated with our awards!

In Barletta, once, my students got discouraged when they saw a school from the North wearing glitter and satin, looking dazzling. They told me: "Signora maé! We're not going to win this time! Look how beautiful those others are!" But I said: "No, no—this is the deep South! The jury will award us!" We were the only teachers—we did everything. If someone needed medicine, I'd give it to them with a little spoon at 11 o'clock.

I remember all my students. Ida Di Ianni was a very beautiful little girl, tall and slender, with two blond braids falling over her shoulders: intelligent, reserved, and emotional—because people with a spark always have that sensitivity. There was also Rosy, Giusi, and Mario. There was also Ida's father, Vincenzo Di Ianni, a very intelligent and hardworking young man, but extremely introverted and

reserved: it took a lot to get him to speak, but he was very affectionate. I had two generations of students—parents and children: Adriana and her children; Nicodemo and his children; Vincenzo Di Ianni and his children. So many children I carry deeply in my heart, and when I see them again, it brings me immense joy, and I picture them as they were, sitting at their school desks.

As for today's school, I can't say much because I'm not in it anymore, but from what I hear from my four grandchildren in Rome, elementary school today has different activities, programs, methods, and teaching styles. But what it lacks—first and foremost—is love, dedication, the desire to truly understand children and study their inner growth. Teachers today don't do that.

In our time, it wasn't like today: nowadays, everyone wants things easy. Children are judged by what they produce, what they achieve. When I retired and gave my farewell speech to my colleagues, I told them this:

When I had a struggling student, I asked myself, "What if this child were my own?" Because the good students succeed on their own! The teacher must care for the ones who need help the most. Today's teachers don't ask themselves that question. But I forgive them—modern schools treat people like spinning tops, they count every minute and second! There's no real attention to the child's personality. Now there are pools, and this and that. The world is what it is; life moves forward, and there's been great progress. But school suffers because of it.

To children, I want to leave a message: love school—because today there are many who study, but also many who see school as a burden, an effort, a sacrifice. Then there's unemployment waiting at the end—no jobs. But the brightest and most deserving ones still shine.

To families, I want to say something too. Maybe they'll think I'm just an old relic, but I've kept up with the times and I still do. Today's parents don't know how to say "no"—but they must! Often! Children need to understand that even if the family has plenty, without sacrifice, there's no achievement. It seems like everything is owed to them, everything is handed on a silver platter. And then they don't know what sacrifice is. They don't realize that parents must work to give them what they have.

Example is fundamental.

Back then, children saw the teacher as a role model. There were no toys—kids played teacher! The teacher was the model.

Today, if parents want truly well-raised children, they need to set an example of thrift, restraint, and sacrifice. They must show their struggles and teach their children to look to the future."[1]

[1] Transcribed from Story of a Teacher: Memories and Reflections of a Centenarian, Copyright 2022.

Box 7.2

Settimia D'Annibale Giancini Overcoming Illiteracy

Box 7.2

Settimia D'Annibale Giancini Overcoming Illiteracy

Settimia (G1 - M) (D'Annibale) Giancini grew up just south of Rome in the 1890s and certainly was familiar with the failed education system and the tendency to avoid education. Her eldest daughter, Beatrice (G2 - M) (Giancini) Montrone, said of her mother, "She didn't like education. She used to tell me . . . she would hide under the bridge until school was over. . . She skipped school. It wasn't compulsory then."[1] Settimia's third child, Dominick (G2 - M), continued, "They couldn't get her to school. . . She would scream her brains out. Finally they got so disgusted, they didn't [make her go]. . . In Italy they weren't very strict in school."[2]

Settimia's granddaughter Marisa D'Annibale heard the stories and remembered her grandmother regretting her past choices and circumstances. "She would say to me, 'Learn to read.' She had not gone to school. . . She [later], would say, 'If only I knew how to read.'"[3]

But as far as practical knowledge, all of her children agreed that Settimia was very good with figures. Dominick attributed this talent to her need to memorize everything.

> **She could not read or write. She was illiterate in . . . general knowledge. But in practical knowledge, you couldn't beat her. . . She never had real schooling. She learned everything in a practical way. Through everyday information and everyday business affairs, that is the way she learned. . . They didn't have books or anything like that. Everything she learned she memorized. That's why she was so good at the cooking and all. She had a good memory that she could retain what she learned, and it'd be there all the time. She used to be able to see the prices and more or less add them in her head… and give you the answer right away faster than you could write 'em down.[4]**

Beatrice added, "In addition to grocery shopping, Settimia used her talent with numbers for more recreational purposes. She got to know English quite well…[and]… I'll tell you, she loved her bingo. She went as an older woman.

She would go five times a week and would play many bingo cards at once. . . They used to say she has thirty baby bingos."[5]

Settimia eventually came up with ways around her illiteracy. For one, she had her own way of keeping notes, as described by her daughter, Flo (G2 - M) (Giancini) D'Annibale:

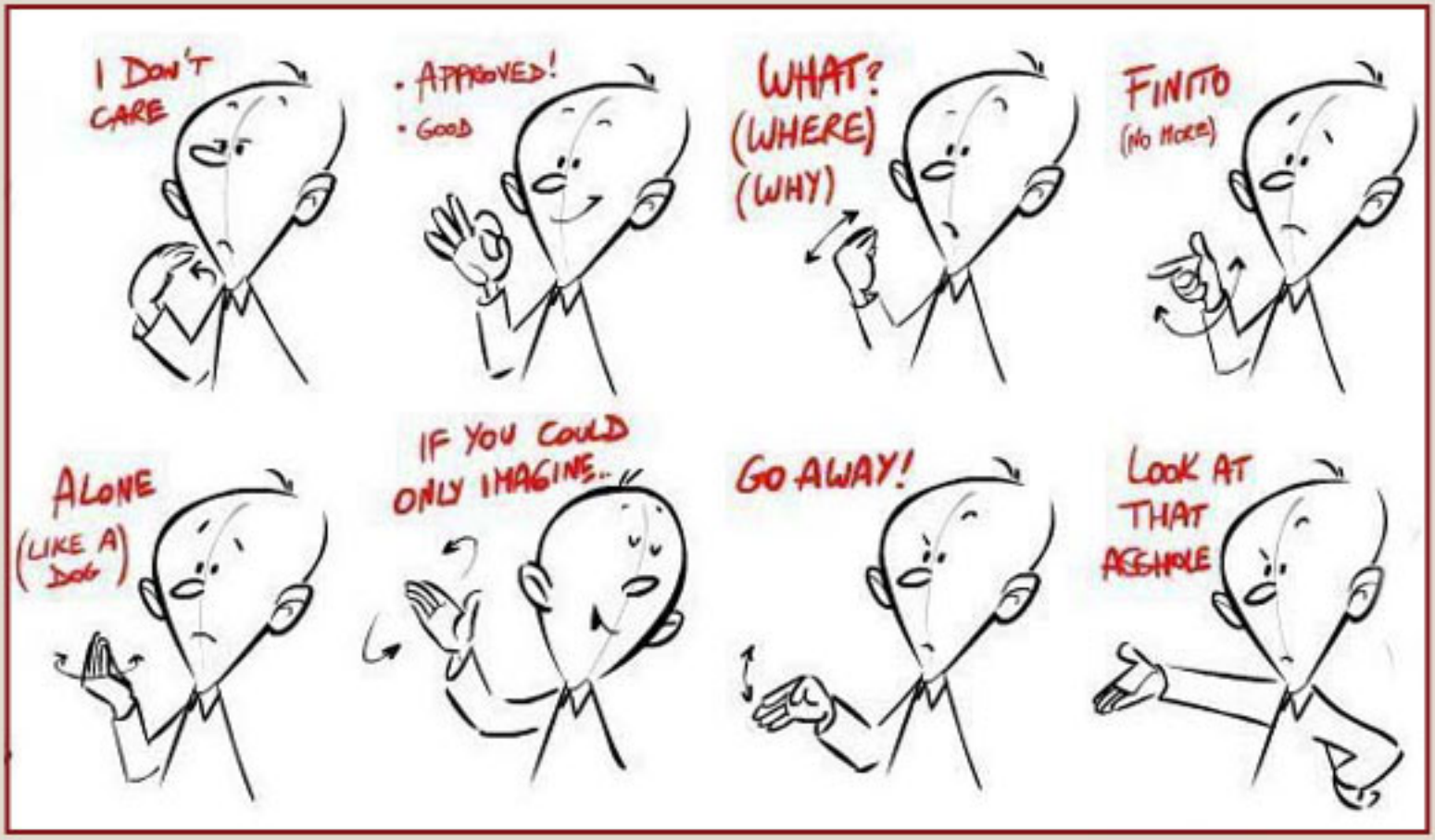
> **"She had her own phone list. See now, you and I couldn't know what it was. But there would be a glass with a number --, and that was Comoda Maria, [because] they had a bar. Grace used to make lace, so her phone number would have a little flower. Chuck used to be the farmer that used to come around. For him there would be an egg."**[6]

This system of icons used to identify phone numbers served her well.

[1] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, daughter of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[2] 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.
[3] Marie D'Annibale, granddaughter of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Rhonda McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[4] Domenico 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.
[5] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, daughter of Settimia (D'Annibale) Giancini, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[6] 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.

Box 7.3

Italian Hand Gestures



Box 7.3
Italian Hand Gestures

Philosophers have always been preoccupied by hand gesture. In "The New Science," the 18th-century Italian philosopher, Giambattista Vico, who once taught rhetoric at the University of Naples, argued that the gesture might have been the earliest form of language.

From the classic fingers pinched against the thumb that can mean "Whaddya want from me/what do you expect?" to a hand circled slowly indicating "Whatever" or "That'll be the day," there is an eloquence to the Italian hand gesture. In a culture that prizes oratory, nothing deflates airy rhetoric more swiftly. To Italians, gesturing comes naturally.

Children and adolescents gesture. The elderly gesture. Some Italians joke that gesturing may even begin before birth.

Isabella Poggi, a professor of psychology at Roma Tre University and an expert on gestures, has identified 250 gestures that Italians use in everyday conversation." There are gestures expressing a threat or a wish or desperation or shame or pride," she said. "The only thing differentiating them from sign language is that they are used individually and lack a full syntax," Ms. Poggi added.

Far more than quaint folklore, gestures have a rich history. One theory holds that Italians developed them as an alternative form of communication during the centuries when they lived under foreign occupation – by Austria,

France and Spain in the 14th through 19th centuries – as a way of communicating without their overlords understanding.

Another theory, advanced by Adam Kendon, the editor in chief of the journal Gesture, is that in overpopulated cities like Naples, gesturing became a way of competing or marking one's territory in a crowded arena. "To get attention, people gestured and used their whole bodies," Ms. Poggi said, explaining the theory.

Regardless of the theories behind the evolution of gestures, Ms. Poggi pointed out that "over the centuries, languages have evolved, but gestures remain. Gestures have changed less than words." One such example is well known: fingers

brushing against the chin, indicating "I don't give a damn," the classic antiauthority brushoff. Such a gesture does not convey information; it negates it. "It's a rebellion against power," Ms. Poggi said, "a way of reacquiring one's own dignity."[1]

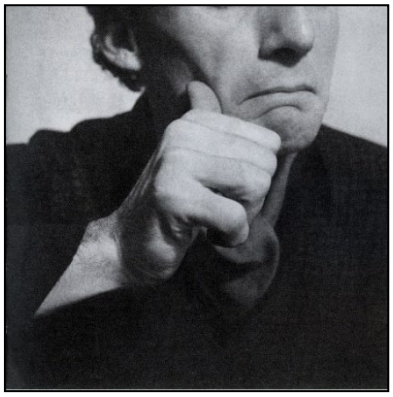
Shown below is a small selection of Italian hand gestures from a book "*Speak Italian*," by Bruno Munari. Many have been adopted well beyond the Italian culture.

Che Voui?

What do you Expect?

E Un Dritto.

Clever.



Niente!

No Good!

Che Peso!

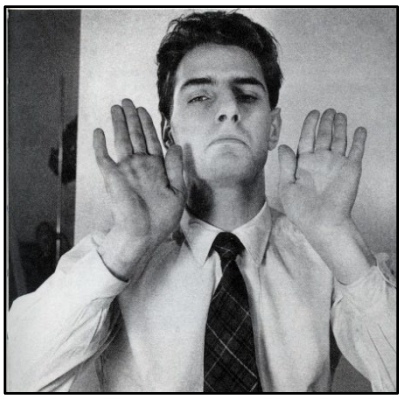
What a Bore!

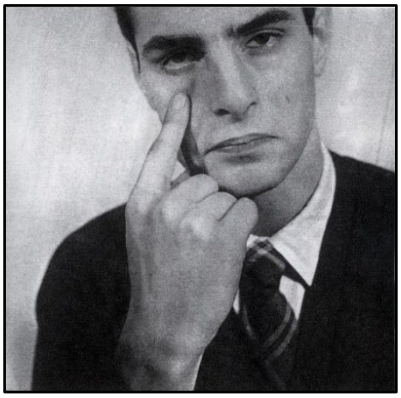
Se L'Intendono.

Secret Liaison.

Io Non So Niente.

It has nothing to do with me.



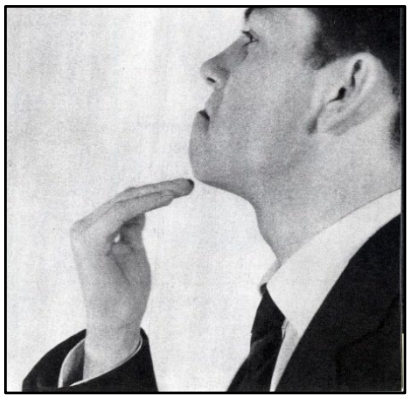


Intesa.

Agreed.

Non Me Ne Importa.

I don't care.



Insisto.

To insist.

[1] Excerpts taken from The New York Times Article "When Italians Chat, Hands & Fingers do the Talking" 1 July 2013.

Box 7.4

Music and The Metropolitan Opera

The Metropolitan Opera in New York, NY

Box 7.4

Music in New York City and The Met Opera

Immediately after marriage, Paul and Sandra moved to New York City, and one of their early and much enjoyed leisure activities was enjoying all kinds of wonderful classical music. This meant Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center for live soloists, orchestras, and operas. Since they could only afford the cheapest seats, this usually meant way up in the balcony; but it didn't matter, they still soaked up and loved the music.

One lucky break they had was a performance at Carnegie Hall where they obtained "student" seats. It was a solo piano performance by Arthur Rubinstein, an incredible name and still considered one of the best pianists in music history.

Paul described it:

> **The student seats were small chairs on the stage, with no reservations or numbers – first come, first served. We arrived very early and sat directly behind the piano**

looking right at Rubinstein as he played. It was stunning. To our surprise, after the performance he received the student attendees in a line, and shook hands with each one. I still remember that his hands were structured differently than ours – his fingers were not obstructed by knuckles – probably because he grew up forming his hands at a very young age as a pianist with his fingers constantly flexing.

But the real music magnet for Paul and Sandra was opera, a family hand-me-down, and in New York City that meant The Metropolitan Opera. They attended as often as they could afford it. They missed the Met when they left New York City for a few years but ultimately returned and picked up where they left off, once again attending many live performances there.

Over time they were able to improve their seats, and eventually Paul was able to convince his business partner, Mike Dingman, to have the company subscribe to a parterre

box at The Met where Paul and Sandra would entertain business customers and investors.

Through a Dingman friend, Paul was elected to be an Advisory Director of the Met in 1986. Over his many years of service there he progressed into being a Managing Director, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and a member of the Executive Committee. And finally, in 1999, he was elected President and Chief Executive Officer (CEO). He was the first Italian-American to ever become President of The Metropolitan Opera, the largest, and he would argue the best, opera company in the world.

It was an incredibly challenging voluntary job, with no pay. He served as CEO for four years with a successful record. Keeping in mind that to stay alive at that time, beyond the need for a large audience, the Met had to raise over $100 million per year from donors, and Paul was an important player in that effort. It required lots of hard work. Fortunately, Paul was not a big sportsman, or sports fan, so

on top of his business and family life, he could devote all of his free time to this worthy endeavor.

Over the years, Paul and Sandra hosted many friends and family to opera nights at the Met, but Paul's most memorable and satisfying family event was when the night he took his Aunt Bob (Flo) (G2 – M) (Giancini) D'Annibale to an opera there while he was President. Flo inherited her love of opera from her father Eugene Giancini. She became an opera singer, but could never make it her career.

Paul and Sandra hosted her for a wonderful evening of dinner and the opera at the Met. After the performance, as President and CEO, Paul had access to any location in the Met Opera house. He and Sandra took Aunt Bob backstage and Paul asked the stage crew to raise the stage curtains. He brought his aunt onto the center of the stage and told her to sing, which she did heartfeltly. Although the house was virtually empty, it didn't matter; she achieved her lifetime goal of singing at The Metropolitan Opera.[1]

[1] As related by Paul Montrone 17 November 2021

Box 7.5
Paul Montrone's Education

Box 7.5

Paul Montrone's Education

Paul describes his educational life after high school:

In my early childhood, I was not actually a big reader. It wasn't a big priority to me compared to my other interests, so I did only the minimum necessary for my schoolwork and that was pretty much it. In high school, I was on the honor roll, so that was enough. I had other interests. I worked and went "cruising" in my "green hornet" (a 1951 Chevy convertible) with my cool 50s friends (like the TV show "Happy Days").

That began to change when I went to the University of Scranton. Keeping in mind that the Jesuit educational philosophy at that time (1958-1962) was that the University would teach you what you needed to know to live a fulfilling life, and as a young person, you had no ability to choose your courses. This was quite unlike what one does in today's university programs. So a large bulk of the curriculum was fixed, and you might have a few electives in your major and that was all.

We were taught the basic liberal arts' tools – English, History, Math, Science, etc. – but the real emphasis was on Philosophy and Theology. Every student had a minor in these areas, with a required eight courses in Theology and eight in Philosophy. That left room for 1 or 2 courses each term in your major – mine was accounting.

For some reason this whole Jesuit approach worked on me. It opened up my mind, and I became a serious student, finding fascination with many subjects.

Between my many extracurricular activities, spending time with Sandra, and working to help pay for my education, I had little time for extra reading.

After graduating from da 'U', I spent a year taking graduate courses there and working and teaching part-time while I waited for Sandra to finish Marywood College.

There was one major lifetime eye opener related to reading that took place during that year. One of my business professors required us to read the business section of the New York Times each Sunday, for a discussion on Monday. Although the Times business section was not very strong, I suddenly realized how much knowledge I could gain from reading the right newspapers – and later the right magazines. Up until that time, I had believed these publications were rather frivolous (keep in mind that the Scranton newspapers were not of the highest quality at the time). I soon moved on to the Wall Street Journal, and from that time until today, I became addicted to newspapers.

Despite the evolution of media, and the digital world, I have continued to read four newspapers per day, and subscribe to numerous magazines. This is not simply for news, but information, knowledge, and to observe the diversity of opinions across our nation and the world.

Sandra and I were married one week after her graduation from Marywood, and we went to New York

City where I entered the Ph.D. program at Columbia Business School. The way I entered this program and received financial aid was itself an educational experience that has benefitted me throughout my life.

My admission to Columbia resulted not from a competitive entry exam, but from a "contact." A close family friend, John Gavigan, was the Dean of Students at the University of Scranton. By coincidence, the head of the Ph.D. program at Columbia was Clarence Walton, a former University of Scranton professor. One call to him from John Gavigan was what did it – admission, financial aid, and a part-time job assisting professors assured my ability to go through the program with minimal debt. In fact, the reason I studied for a Ph.D. instead of an MBA was because Clarence said he could provide more financial aid for that degree. As an aside, Clarence went on to become the President of Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

The academic demands to earn a Ph.D. degree were extensive, and, together with my part-time teaching job as

a graduate assistant to various professors, I had little time for outside reading.

After finishing my Ph.D. in three years, Sandra and I went to Washington, D.C. for my military service requirement (resulting from ROTC in college). Winding up assigned to the Pentagon for my military duty was also the result of a "contact" as more fully described in Chapter 9 (Box 9.3).

Although the job was demanding, it was nowhere near the same time consumer that my college and graduate school days were, so I finally had time to read and learn to my heart's content. So I launched what was to be a lifetime of building knowledge across a variety of fields. This has included not only my business and finance professions, but side interests, like music, art, health, wine, gardening, antique automobiles, and, of course, philosophy and theology.

In this regard, one great fortuity occurred when I was working in the Pentagon. Lyndon B. Johnson was the

President then, but he had succeeded John F. Kennedy, who was known to be a "speed reader". Kennedy had brought in Robert McNamara to serve as Secretary of Defense, and Johnson retained him – so when I went to work in the Pentagon, they made a course in speed reading available to all employees. I took the course, and it was another life changer, enabling me to quickly get through the mountains of reading that I desired.

Of course, all of this relates to non-fiction. I have never been a big fiction person, and speed reading is no help in fiction, since it is all the nifty details that make fiction so enjoyable, and in speed reading you learn to skip the minor details and find the essence of the content.

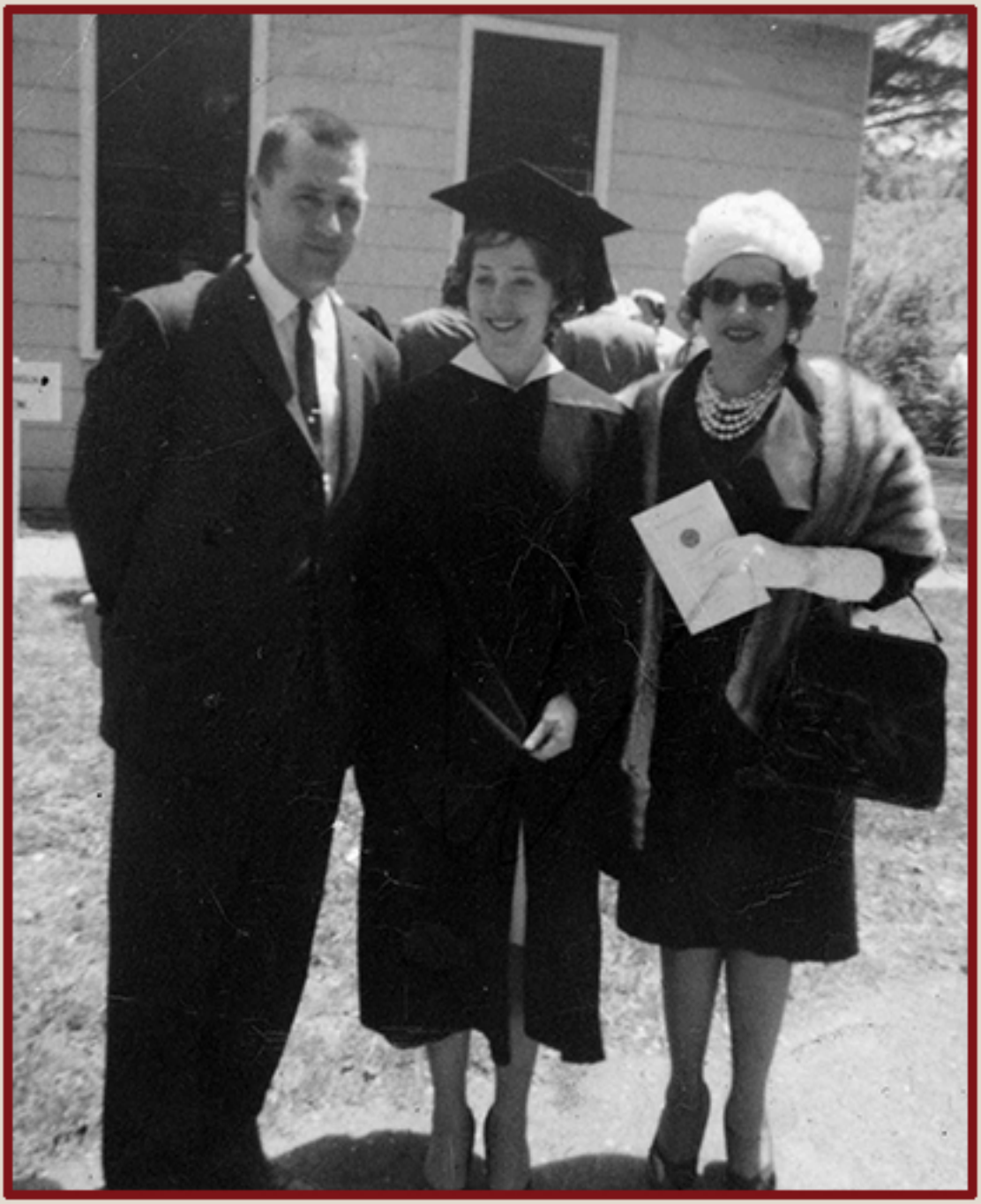
Someone once said that if you spend one hour per day studying a subject, in five years you will be quoted. This is certainly true, as I have experienced, but I do not pursue knowledge for its own sake or to be quoted. My greatest satisfaction is that with a large bank of knowledge, I can engage with people in many walks of life and have an influence on outcomes.

This has proven itself in business, as well as working in non-profits, and politics, and the government commissions on which I have served. For example, for four years I served on the NH state commission for the Shoreline Protection Act. At the final meeting I was voted by my colleagues as the biggest pain in the neck of the group, and the most well informed. I was proud on both counts. [1]

[1] As related by Paul M. Montrone 18 March 2018 and further edited 18 July 2021

Box 7.6

Sandra Montrone's College Experience



Box 7.6

Sandra Montrone's College Experience

Sandra describes her educational life after high school:

I had quite an unusual college educational experience. I attended 4 different colleges on the way to my bachelor's degree, which I was determined to do within 4 years despite transfers. But each of these colleges that I attended were actually quite formative for me in terms of my life experiences and values. As a result, my college education was very interesting and diverse.

On finishing Central High School, I believed I wanted to be a teacher. So I started by studying at East Stroudsburg State Teachers College in Stroudsburg, PA. It was nothing that I thought college would be. So I told my parents I was dropping out at the end of one semester and coming home. My dad wouldn't hear that I was not continuing. He had me enrolled at Keystone Jr. College by the time I got home.

That was the beginning of a very special time in my life. I had wonderful teachers. I majored in English and Business. Mr. Holly was my teacher in Business. He was a black man, and you have to understand I had never had any exposure to black people before. He was fabulous, he used to call me 'little girl'. And I did extremely well, made honors and loved the school. Loved the learning. Loved English. Everything. And that was my real 2nd beginning.

I graduated with an Associate degree in Business. But to graduate on time, I had to make up for my lost semester. So I took some of my business courses at the University of Scranton in the summer and, in fact, had some of Paul's teachers. That was another good experience.

After Keystone I decided to go for the teaching profession once again – it was my true calling. So I transferred to Marywood College for a teaching degree. But I had to get as many credits transferred as I possibly could. So I decided to be a Business minor at Marywood and transfer

all, or almost all, of my credits from Keystone and the University of Scranton.

Being in a Catholic college I also had to make up all my religion classes. I had a wonderful experience with that. For Freshman religion, my professor was the former President of the school, Sister St. Mary. To rotate a college president back into a teaching role is quite common in Catholic schools – good for humility. She and I became good friends. In fact, when Paul and I got married, she gave me a beautiful religious plaque.

Since I was determined to finish with my college degree in four years, once again I had to make up credits, so I went to the University of Scranton in the summers. My dad said he'd never seen anybody work so hard to get her education credits.

And I did it. Four years after finishing high school, I achieved my goal and graduated with my degree in elementary education. As a bonus, besides working hard, I had great experiences at three quite different schools,

each with wonderful and caring professors. From Mr. Holly through many at Marywood and the University of Scranton. Great teachers.

Then came the capstone. I married Paul one week after graduation from Marywood and embarked upon my teaching career with a job in Teaneck, NJ.[1]

[1] Conversation with Sandra G. Montrone, 14 September 2018