Chapter Three
Life in America

Members of the Giancini Family

Chapter 3 Guide

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Introduction

To Italian immigrants, America was not just "the area between Canada and Mexico," but also "a legendary land, as far removed from their experiences in their native land as any mythological entity could be," as author Angela M. Jeannet wrote. "But they were also the ones who dreamed of a place where fate could be overcome, not in an abstract way, but through the humble means of adequate food, schooling, work, money, and justice. They had pinned their hopes on the name of a land, America."[1]

The immigrants had moved from their old country in order to embrace a new way of life in their adopted nation, the United States of America. Henceforth, their descendants would consider themselves Americans, or in remembering their heritage, Italian Americans. Their neighbors often still labeled them as Italians, however,

and therefore as different than real Americans. Feeling the pressure to conform or wanting to assimilate, Italian Americans have had to choose how much or little of the old country to hold onto for themselves and future generations. Usually, the places selected for their new homes influenced this decision and much about how the Italian Americans lived.

Perceptions and Italian American Discrimination

In the period from the 1880s to the 1920s, Americans saw the arrival of 4 million Italian immigrants to the United States. The majority of this influx came from depressed or impoverished regions in southern Italy, rather than from the more prosperous north, where western European influences were more prevalent.

In general, these new arrivals were not welcomed with the helping hand nor easy acceptance that one might expect from a democratic nation founded by other, earlier immigrants. Instead, Italians in this era often

faced prejudice and mistrust, which sometimes escalated to violence. They had to struggle for fair treatment and respect, as they encountered ignorance, lack of understanding, competitiveness, and xenophobia. In short, they contended with harsh conditions that had many facets – if it had occurred a century later it would be called "discrimination" and "racism".

Because their culture and language were relatively unfamiliar to the American public at large, those arriving from Italy tended to be ostracized as the alien "Other," both feared and looked down upon. For economic reasons, many congregated in urban neighborhoods, which then came to be viewed as unsafe enclaves by the public at large. In addition, the jobs that the Italian immigrants took were often for low wages and dangerous, lacking prestige or easy routes for advancement.

White Anglo Saxon Protestants (WASPS) dominated the country's established power positions and were generally not tolerant toward Catholics, which, of course was the principal religion of Italians. One has to wonder anew about the impoverished circumstances that Italians left behind—about the conditions that would have prompted them to endure this reception. Yet many thousands in this era made the voyage to Pennsylvania and other places not only once, but in some cases multiple times.

Standing out as perhaps the most extreme expression of anti-Italian sentiment—The Crescent City Hangings, as they are often referred—are considered to be the largest mass lynching in American history. It is an incident that seems to be omitted from the normal study of American history, perhaps because it was an embarrassment. So very few Americans have ever heard of it.

The lynching of 11 Italians took place in New Orleans, Louisiana on March 14, 1891. Nineteen men, all Italians, were indicted the previous November for the murder of New Orleans' Superintendent and Chief of Police, Dave Hennessy. It was after the verdict of not guilty was announced for these first 11 men that an attack on the prison took place. When the violence was over, ten of the men were dead and one was critically injured. It wasn't until 2019 that the mayor of New Orleans officially apologized to the Italian community for the events of that shameful day.

This incident had a lasting impact on the relationship between Italy and the U.S. By March 31 of that same year, Italy's Ambassador to the United States had been recalled. Originally thought to be a simple diplomatic ploy to show Italy's dissatisfaction with the lack of response by the United States regarding the vicious event, the ambassador's recall began to take on an air of something much more damaging and perhaps

permanent in regard to the diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Ultimately, President Benjamin Harrison ordered a U.S. government payment of $25,000 to the families of the Italian citizens who were victims of the lynchings and proclaimed Columbus Day to honor Italian Americans (see Box 5.1). For decades these painful events remained known among Italian Americans, and others, as one would expect.

Sadly, among the more established and well-to-do citizens, the rather widespread anti-immigrant sentiment and bigotry (not just to Italians) reached its peak in the period of greatest influx, from the 1880s to the 1920s. The hostility that Italian immigrants experienced might, in part, also have been an unintended result of the "bird of passage" attitude that some Italians had initially demonstrated.

A percentage of these Italians came to America to work and may have decided that, since they did not plan to stay in America for long, they need not learn its language or culture. After all, their goal was to acquire a decent sum of money so they could return to Italy, where they felt their real roots and their futures would be.

Whatever the reasons for the intolerance and prejudice, virulent stereotypes cast Italians—especially Sicilians and immigrants from the southern Italian regions—as criminals, beggars, and lazy ne'er-do-wells. These damaging views proliferated throughout the entire United States, spread in conversations by ignorance and small-mindedness and seemingly endorsed as true by the mainstream media.

Unfortunately, from the beginning of the Italian immigration into America in large numbers, they have been subjected to negative stereotypes—principally as being involved with organized crime. This association

was partly due to some Italian Americans' tendency to carry, or at least to own, knives and guns. A 1907 article in the *Scranton Times* addressed this point:

> **In the interest of peace and law-abiding citizenship, the suggestion is here made to Mayor Dimmick that he institute an early and effective police raid upon Italians who go about loaded down with knives, stilettos, and revolvers. . . There are many thoroughly good Italian people in Scranton, but there are also a large number who know not what the meaning of liberty is, and the minute they set foot in this country and get enough money to visit a hardware store, one of their first purchases is a deadly weapon, and it is prized as one of their closest possessions.[2]**

What was less often noted, however, was that Italian Americans tended to arm themselves only in response to the suspicion and discrimination they faced. For example, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the press and other social commentators gave attention to

the Black Hand Society, about which little was known but much was feared.

The media claimed the Italians had started the society and built up an entire network of conspirators. However, "Black Handers" appeared to be single persons who (perhaps with accomplices) sent anonymous letters threatening the recipients with harm unless certain demands were met.[3] The priest at St. Lucy's Church in Scranton had received such a letter, threatening, "We give you and the [other] priest three days to leave, but if you refuse, after that the house and the church will be blown up with dynamite."[4] The police took the threat seriously and monitored the house and church for the rest of the week.

Even as late as 1923, Italian Americans in Endicott, New York, had to defend themselves against accusations of being Black Handers. That year a reporter wrote in the *Binghamton Press*:

> **Endicott Italians frequently have claimed that too much notoriety has been given their colony here and that the Black Hand does not actually exist. While there are hundreds of Italians of excellent character in Endicott, the authorities say, nevertheless, they are convinced that the secret society "has headquarters here" as well.[5]**

With no regard for repercussions on the part of immigrants, the media propagated a negative perception of Italians by printing sensationalized stories designed to sell newspapers. For example, in 1893 the *New York Times* hyped the deportation from Ellis Island of nine Italian immigrants who had been jailed for petty crimes, referring to Italians as bandits, bravos, and cutthroats, engaged in vendettas and feuds. Three years later, Italians detained at Ellis Island rioted and were described as "restless, depressed, degraded, and penniless."[6]

Newspapers and magazines consistently chose words and covered stories that highlighted only the negative and, in many instances, ignored reality completely.[7] Unfortunately, the Italian Americans had little recourse against this fear-mongering. They were not sufficiently organized or cohesive as an ethnic group to launch a concerted reply, and any response only seemed to reinforce the views of their detractors.

That fragmented nature of the Italian ethnic groups from various Italian regions certainly did not help matters. The *campanilismo (Italians' sense of identity and pride in their regional heritage)* of the old country continued in the United States, but instead of regional biases coexisting just among the Italian immigrants themselves, the general American population now also picked up on and amplified the Italian regional differences.

Northern Italians (like Sandra's paternal Cavagnaro family from Liguria) were more accepted by their new countrymen because there were fewer of them, they were viewed as more European and thus relatively familiar, and they tended to be better off, due to their advantages in Italy.

In contrast, the southern Italians (like the Montrone and Giancini families) bore the brunt of the negative stereotypes because there were more of them, and they were viewed as more like the Mediterranean, Greek, or Middle Eastern peoples and thus relatively different, and they tended to congregate in America's poorer urban areas.

After World War I ended in 1918, Italian Americans were divided further from the general American population by the rise of the Fascist party in Italy. Many Americans continued to discriminate against certain immigrant groups like the Italians, even though they

had been allies during World War I. In part as a result, many Italian Americans wanted to join in the national pride being promoted in Italy by the Fascists. These Italian American efforts to recruit their compatriots to the cause (with over 60 percent of U.S. Italian-language newspapers being pro-Fascist) sometimes resulted in violent backlash.

In June 1931, embittered by the tensions between Mussolini and Pope Pius XI, Fascists were blamed for bombing St. Lucy's Church in Scranton and in November of that year, anti-Fascists were accused of bombing the home of the Italian consul for Northeast Pennsylvania. Of the first, Bishop O'Reilly of the Scranton Roman Catholic diocese reportedly exclaimed, "Our American sense of justice and peace has been outraged by this sacrilegious act, and I can scarcely find words forceful enough to condemn it."[8]

The vast majority of Italian Americans and most Italians had rejected Benito Mussolini's regime (1922–1943) by the time the United States entered World War II in December of 1941. Paul's mother, Beatrice (G2-M) explained that her cousins in Ceccano cut ties with a close relative in Rome, Joseph D'Annibale, because of his political leanings: "They disowned [him]. They were ashamed of him because he became a Fascist."[9]

Still, by 1940, as the U.S. edged closer to war, more than 600,000 Italian immigrants were labeled as "enemy aliens" or "resident aliens."[10] Some Italians were immediately deported, approximately 1,500 Italian Americans were arrested by 1942, and approximately 250 Italian Americans were suspected of being saboteurs or were otherwise considered dangerous—often on little or no evidence—and were interned in military camps around the country. During this period, the U.S. government took similar actions against U.S. Citizens from Germany and Japan.

Law-abiding Italian Americans were understandably angry and unhappy to be labeled as enemy aliens, especially as more than half a million people with Italian backgrounds [such as Victor (G2 – M) Montrone, Mario (G2 - M) Giancini, Frank (G2 - G) Gaudenzi and John (G2 - G)] Gaudenzi were fighting in the war on the side of the Allies (see Chapter 9). Many others (including many of the Montrones and Giancinis) were working in U.S. factories, part of the massive industrial effort that was essential to military success and had volunteered in various World War associations, like Anna (G2 – M) Montrone, who was a member of the Red Cross Nursing Reserve.

There were vigorous petitions made to the U.S. government to have the "enemy alien" designation removed. Trade union representatives launched a protest, for example, on behalf of their 200,000 Italian American members who had started citizen paperwork

before the United States entered the war. Like many of German and Japanese descent, Italian Americans did not feel it was fair to be stigmatized and treated with suspicion just for their ethnic heritage. In October 1942, restrictions were eased.

Concurrently, some notable Italian Americans rose to prominence, helping to change views. These included the war hero John Basilone, physicist Enrico Fermi (who created nuclear energy), and factory worker Rose Bonavita (known as Rosie the Riveter). And gradually Italian Americans began to be portrayed as "innocent but patriotic Americans who eagerly learned American ways."[11]

Raised in Scranton, which is known for its naming of neighborhoods, memoir author Terry Carden wrote about his experience with how Italian Americans were treated in Nativity, a mostly Irish and German area, during the 1940s:

There were virtually no children of other ethnic derivations in the parish. I recall the experience of an Italian family who moved into a small house just west of the school on Hemlock Street. The grandfather, who apparently came from the 'old country,' had a vegetable garden that the young Irish-German thugs of Nativity [of Our Lord School, one block up Hemlock Street] loved to raid. The old man would run out of the house and chase the boys down the street, but either was too slow to catch them or just wanted to run them off. I did not participate in the escapades because I was sure he would catch me if I did, and I knew that Father would make me pay twice for the transgression.

Ralph Falzetti, the old man's grandson, was a classmate of mine. He was the only child in that house. There was no father. . . Life for Ralph was difficult. Nearly every school day as classes were breaking for lunch, male classmates cornered Ralph in the 'cloak room' and administered corporal punishment. His transgression was that he was different. . . It did not seem to affect him physically,

but I have no idea the emotional price he paid. And for what? Being different.

I can say that we were never taught prejudice against any ethnic group-either at home or in school. But the nuns had to know this was going on. Were it an Irish or German boy being abused, they would have stepped in immediately… Eventually, the bullies tired of the ritual, and Ralph was accepted as one of us. His sunny disposition and engaging smile certainly helped.[12]

The portrayals of Italian Americans in the popular culture of the United States make clear a timeline of common perceptions, good and bad, of the ethnic group. Professors Luciano J. Iorizzo and Salvatore Mondello studied Italian American stereotypes in mainstream American culture up to the year 1980. They generalized that on the positive side, Americans were attracted to the artistic side of Italians in the nineteenth century. For example, Enrico Caruso was a highly acclaimed Italian

operatic tenor of the early 1900's, regularly singing at opera houses across the United States including the Metropolitan Opera. But, at the turn of the century, they focused on the criminal reputation. Al Capone, born in America to Italian immigrants, rose to fame & notoriety during the Prohibition era (1920 – 1933) as the head of a criminal bootlegging syndicate.

In the early twentieth century, Italian Americans also became the butt of jokes and seen as "comical, always good for a laugh." The 1920s emphasized them as racketeers and lovers, two of the five stereotypes (along with artists, showmen, and family men) that were prevalent in the 1930s. In the World War II era, Italian Americans became known for their heroes and icons, for example, Joe DiMaggio became a towering sports star and Frank Sinatra a giant in the music and entertainment worlds.[13]

As mentioned earlier, Italians were regularly accused of participating in organized crime syndicates, such as the Mafia, by having far-flung connections, or being accused of passively paying to be left alone by those groups. Fear of—and fascination with—this underground world have led many people to exaggerate the connection, to the point where many believed that all Americans of Italian descent had illicit connections with organized crime.

Box 3.1: Italian Stereotypes and Prohibition

Frank (G2 – G) Gaudenzi pointed out that some Italian Americans actually tried to play up that reputation. Talking about the scene in Scranton after he came of age in the 1940s, he commented:

> **The ones that are really in the Mafia won't talk about it. But ones that want to be in it, they try to talk about it and try to build themselves up as Mafiosos… I've seen it even in the Southside (of Scranton) . . . where there's the Palasaris, which are**

> **notorious as gamblers and everything else. They were never Mafia, but they sort of tried to be. They tried to be connected with them.[14]**

Marie (G2 - M) (Giancini) Teot emphasized that "we were very law-abiding people." She continued: "All Europeans . . . would never do anything to shame [their] name. . . I mean, that was like a no-no. So we weren't part of, say, the Mafia or any of that stuff. We just were never part of it. And I can't remember any scandal at all, in our name."[15]

Around this same time and into the 1950s, Italian American women were not treated or viewed kindly, and the Italian American family structure was not seen as the ideal. Going into the 1960s, the Italian American was still caricatured as a "lower-middle-class clod" and worse, as "a hard-hat racist." Finally, in the 1970s the reputation of the Italian American seemed to improve, to the point where this ethnicity became "chic" and

represented by the media as typical Americans rather than stereotyped Italian Americans.[16]

The Italic Institute of America (IIA) found that between 1972 and 2002, there were 293 "mob movies." In fact, from 1928 to 2002, only 31 percent of films with Italian characters portrayed them positively, leaving 859 movies showing negative stereotypes.[17] In more recent years, television programs in particular have shown Italian American characters as sweet but stupid ladies' men or as loud, temperamental women. Movies such as The Godfather and the Sopranos television series only helped to propagate these myths. Italian American groups and individuals are challenging these stereotypical representations and pushing for more accurate, well-rounded characters.

In 2001, as a panelist for a National Italian American Federation (NIAF) event, Camille Paglia (a distant cousin of Paul, spoke out against the television series *The Sopranos*.

> **I, too, never took seriously the complaints of some Italian groups about the proliferation of mafia stereotypes in the media because I am a great admirer of Mario Puzo's work and think that the first two Godfather films . . . are masterpieces and in fact do represent the tremendous range of Italian American personalities and mannerisms and the dignity of the Italian American man is well shown in those films . . . so it's not the Mafia part of *The Sopranos* that I detest, but rather the way the show shows Italian Americans as vulgar, buffoons who don't know how to eat, stupid, and graceless. And the show so infuriated me when I first tried to watch it that I joined this organization NIAF as a protest, and I have become absolutely militant on this question. I think Italian Americans need to go to war on this question. . .**

> **I feel that it is the responsibility now of Italian Americans to speak out, especially those like my own family who in fact were not urban. We came from the small towns in Italy. . . And we are the product of the countryside. My family came *en masse* to work in the Endicott-Johnson shoe factories in New York. We're not part of metropolitan New York. I'm sick and tired of the way that media, the way that television and movies, continue to focus in on particular sort of psychopathology of degenerate urban or metropolitan life and ignore the great mass of us out there who are products of the village, who have strict ethics, very strong family life.[18]**

Later that year, Paglia continued the fight against *The Sopranos* and reportedly stated, "Real Italian-Americans finally got noticed after the World Trade Center attack in 2001, she said. The people who have been the invisible "backbone" of our nation's infrastructure—the police, firefighters, and janitors—were being recognized as the sexy heroes they deserved to be."[19]

The more subtle consequences of these ongoing negative representations include a change in the connotation of certain words and symbols which have come to be associated with the Italian Americans. As summarized in a book titled *Italian Americans (1971) by Iorizzo and Mondello*, "The innocent use of words such as family, godfather, friend, brotherhood, respect, etc., can lead to suspicion, ridicule, and/or hostility. Italian-American children have been known to shy away from taking violin lessons so as to avoid the merciless teasing they would have to take when carrying the symbol of 'Godfather' crime."[20]

Bruno (G2 - M) Colapietro (a distant cousin of Paul) made light of this when he told the story of his brief experience as a musician:

> **On the north side of Endicott, if you're carrying a violin case, there shouldn't be a violin in there . . . [but possibly] a machine gun. And I [took] a lot of grief for that.[21]**

Of course, the stereotypes of Italian Americans as lawless and violent are false. In the first thirty years of the twentieth century, immigrants (including Italians) were less likely than the American-born to be incarcerated. And, as of 2012, the Italian American population consists of about 17.3 million individuals but only slightly fewer than 3,000 are thought to be involved in organized crime of any kind.[22]

In the decades since World War II, Italian Americans have seen negative perceptions slowly dissolve. Despite the movies and TV characterizations, most people now recognize the stereotypes – of Italian Americans as second-class citizens, or as members of the mob, or as loud and temperamental- as exaggerations which have precipitated a decline in these characterizations in today's culture.

Paul explores this evolution based on the experiences of his and Sandra's generation:

> **Discrimination was to our families, a normal part of life, but it was not looked upon as such. Our relatives lived in the Italian neighborhoods with a very inward togetherness. They realized they were looked upon as foreigners by the establishment, but that was expected. They were grateful for being allowed to come to America and it was up to them to work their way into the American society. That meant proving you could do it. Acceptance would not be handed to you. You had to earn it through hard work and education.**
>
> **And, by and large, this worked. Succeeding generations mixed into the American melting pot, as they reached for the American dream. The Italian neighborhoods also evolved and are no longer what they were.**
>
> **The most obvious "discrimination" was in social groups and clubs. And the solution to overcoming**

this was to form your own. So, as described in Chapter 10, numerous Italian groups, like UNICO and the Victor Alfieri Literary Society, were formed.

Over time, all of this changed, and Italian-Americans became Americans living in the melting pot, fully integrated into our society.

The Great American Melting Pot

Despite the discrimination against Italian Americans (and other immigrant groups), living in the United States meant gradually becoming American, conforming to American values, and with time, taking official steps towards citizenship. After all, in the words of political columnist Charles Krauthammer, "America's genius has always been assimilation, taking immigrants and turning them into Americans."[23] This idea can be traced all the way back to the beginnings of the country, when George Washington wrote to John Adams, "Whereas by an intermixture with our people, they, or their descendants, get assimilated to our customs, measures and laws: in a word soon become one people."[24]

The first generation Italian-Americans were considered resistant to assimilation because they held on to so many Italian customs. In actuality, once the family settled in permanently, its members eagerly attempted to adapt so that their progeny would have more opportunities. Typically, it took only two generations to "Americanize."

The adult immigrants, considered the first generation, usually remained firmly connected to Italy and its culture while concentrating on employment to cover the physical basics necessary to survive and support their families in America. According to immigrant Vincenza (Ricci) Colapietro (Paul's distant cousin (the mother of Bruno (G2 – M)), "You're either Italian or American. Not both."[25]

Their children, the second generation, struggled between the traditions in which their parents raised them and the

American traditions of their peers. They worked hard to fit in and succeed beyond their parents' capabilities. Vincenza's granddaughter Camille Paglia summarized how the generation between them felt. "My parents' generation wanted to assimilate. My mother was born in Italy, came over at age six; my father was born here, but all the grandparents were born in Italy. And my parents wanted to blend in with America."[26] Her distant cousin Flo (G2 – M) (Giancini) D'Annibale commented, "There are some people that refuse to bend. You have to bend with the times. You have to bend with your children."[27]

One step toward American acceptance has traditionally been the official attainment of citizenship. The general requirements for becoming American citizens included proving one's good character and commitment to the Constitution by taking an Oath of Renunciation and Allegiance to "entirely renounce and abjure forever, all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate,

state or sovereignty" and "support the Constitution of the United States."[28]

Iginio (G1 - G) Emiliani took the oath of allegiance and became a naturalized citizen in 1915, the same year Italy officially entered World War I.[29] Five years later, his first cousin Giuseppe Nataloni declared his intention to naturalize in Buffalo, New York. He completed the process a year and a half later when he submitted his petition for naturalization from Peckville, Pennsylvania.[30] Although many Italian-born immigrants were somewhat slow to naturalize, this accelerated by the last half of the 1940s, and the Italians were second only to the British in the numbers of those who became naturalized citizens.[31]

In general, the immigrants' grandchildren, the third generation (which included Sandra and Paul), were fully Americanized and thus able to focus more on educational, entrepreneurial, artistic, or intellectual

pursuits. At the same time, they have also come to appreciate the culture of their grandparents by embracing their Italian roots.[32]

Sandra's sister, Gerry (G3 - G) (Gaudenzi) Colizzo expresses it this way:

> **I'm proud of my heritage. I would say that . . . when I meet someone who's Italian, I gravitate to them and I want to find out more about them. That [experience] just happened a few months ago. I was at a fundraiser and sat next to someone, and we had the best time talking about Italian traditions or just growing up Italian . . . and other fun things that other people wouldn't understand.[33]**

This return to an ethnic identity resulted, in part, from America's turn toward multiculturalism. The positive trend in the late 20th century was for there to be an acknowledgment and celebration of the various cultures of the people who make up the country, rather than a smothering of that rich diversity.

The result is that many Italian Americans today still feel connected to their Italian roots and admire the enterprising immigrant generation, even though the third and fourth generations have accepted and been accepted into American society. For example, each year the National Italian American Foundation recognizes the outstanding achievements of Italian Americans in a variety of fields. Past winners include Mario Gabelli (Business 2015), Justice Antonin Scalia (Public Service 1986), Yogi Berra (Sports, 1996) and Paul Montrone (Humanitarian Service, 2007).

In Italy, it was rare for anyone to marry a person from outside his or her hometown, much less from beyond that particular region or province. When Italians first immigrated to America, those from different regions would marry; the important thing was that both spouses were Italian. And then in later generations, Italian Americans began marrying outside their ethnic group –

this became one of the most obvious signs of Italian Americans' gradual immersion and acceptance into the broader society. This has been the case for both the Montrone and Gaudenzi families. They truly became part of the American "melting pot".

Box 3.2: Assimilation via Intermarriage

Out and About

In the early and mid-twentieth century, besides family events, the social lives of the family revolved around sports, playing cards, and neighborhood activities. Owning a car was not the norm, and the technology for home entertainment, like T.V., had not yet developed. Listening to the radio and going to the movies were becoming popular.

Members of the Montrone and Gaudenzi families reminisced fondly about what socializing was like in those "good old days." There was an enormous amount

of face-to-face social interaction, drastically different from the digital communication at the end of the 20th century. Throughout the first half of the 20th century, first- and second-generation Italian Americans held onto pastimes they imported from Italy. For men, that usually meant gathering with friends to play bocce in the backyard, as both Francesco (G1 - G) Gaudenzi and Iginio (G1 – G) Emiliani did throughout their lives, especially from the 1930s to the early 1950s. Olga (G2 - G) (Emiliani) Gaudenzi remembered how much they enjoyed the game:

> **Oh bocce, yes… They were all interested in that. In fact, my father-in-law had bocce courts where they played. And even my father did too, yes. The men used to love that… I wouldn't call it a club, but they would meet and play a certain day of the week, like Saturday and Sunday, up in the back there. My father had even put in lights so they could play at night… Yes, where we lived, where I live now in fact… Oh, yes. They used to love that.[34]**

> **Just men [played], I know, on South Side over where he was, I don't know whether women played, but I think all men played… That was part of my dad's social life… [as] a get-together.[35]**

In an extension of that Italian tradition, Paul and Sandra created an Americanized version of a Bocce Tournament which they continued for over 20 years at their home in Wolfeboro, NH.

Box 3.3: Montrone New Hampshire Bocce Tradition

Hunting was also a popular past time. For example, as Jean (Miles) Gaudenzi recalled, her father-in-law, Francesco, "was one of these guys that belongs to a hunting club and a fishing club."[36] His son Frank confirmed,

> **He liked to hunt, not play cards. No, he was against cards. Gambling, he was against… But they had a hunter's club which they organized, and they shot clay pigeons and real-life pigeons. Like I say, he was a sportsman in South Side… Well, they did hunt out in some farms on the outskirts of Scranton.[37]**

Dominick (G2 - M) Giancini was also a great hunter. His sister Marie remembered:

> **He [Dominick] hunted with a bow and arrow [as well as a gun]. We ate what he killed other than the bear. Rabbit, squirrel, deer… my mother always prepared the rabbit the same way. Hunts has a recipe for cacciatore… cacciatore is like hunter's catch. You don't go out into the woods with a can of tomatoes, you go out in the woods with wine, herbs and a little oil.**

Denise Piepoli, Dominick's daughter, also added; "Back then in the mid-50s, it was not a shock to have these dishes for dinner and talk about it. Ugh."

Denise went on to describe her father's skill with a bow and arrow:

> **I remember my father taking me and [my sister] Marlana to an archery range where he would practice his aim and perfect his bow technique. The bullseye that was tacked to a bale of hay was so far**

away. He was meticulous about preparing his bow to fire. As a small child, I was fascinated. [38]

Growing up, Paul and his brothers also enjoyed a particular Italian game of chance called "lotto" during family gatherings. Although there are some similarities to bingo, it is different and more fun for all ages from children to grandparents.

Box 3.4: Lotto=Italian "Bingo"

Iginio Emiliani, on the other hand, was a fan of card games, but it was his generous post-game habit with his kids that his daughter Olga most remembered.

My father liked to play cards, but that was, what did you call that, a hobby. Yes, he liked to play cards… Men, just men, yes. There was a little room, not a tavern, a place where they would go and play cards. It was like a club, I would call it. We would always wait for him to come home because he never came

> **home late. He'd knock on our window, and he'd always bring these… big Hershey bars that they had. I guess they had to play for something, I don't remember. Anyway, he would always bring us candy. That, to us, was fun. I used to play pinochle a lot. [39]**

While the men enjoyed games with their *paesani*, the women similarly enjoyed spending time with their friends. Frank Gaudenzi reflected on the daily life of his mother Mary (G2 - G) (Cavagnaro) Gaudenzi and her friends, recalling,

> **They would quilt a lot… Friends would come in the store [she owned]… friends that were from… the same province. They would get together every once in a while. They would all come to the store just to talk and enjoy themselves, even though it was an excuse to come to the store, really.[40]**

When Phil Rossi's (Sandra's second cousin) grandparents would pay their weekly respects to his great aunt Mary, Phil would occasionally tag along. He

observed how the females formed their own social circle whenever they got together:

> **So we… my grandfather (Frank Rossi) would take my grandma (Rose Cavagnaro Rossi) over to Aunt Mary's, and Clem (G2 - G) would also be there. My grandfather would sit in a chair and roll his cigarettes, and I would sit around and eat lonza that Frank Gaudenzi made [Lonza is a pork butt that is seasoned with pepper and salt and vinegar, similar to prosciutto, but saltier and darker.], while the girls would go into the kitchen and they'd make coffee and sit around and eat some cookies and talk. And that was almost every single Saturday or Sunday night.[41]**

The boys gravitated to sports like baseball and football. Frank Gaudenzi was proud of the family's athletic abilities, stating, "All the Cavagnaros up here [in Pennsylvania] are good football players."[42] Apparently true children of their mother's side of the family, Frank and his brother John Gaudenzi were the athletes. Frank observed:

My brother John and I were out either playing football or, you know, we played sports. We played in Scranton, and we played with the University of Scranton also. But, like I say, we were "fun seekers."… [My brother Jerome (G2 – G)] later played golf, but he was too busy working. My brother John and I played sports… My brother John was good track man, good football player. I played football. I played baseball. And John, we both played baseball. We were into sports. See, this is why we were never around the house. We were always out… I know my dad drove to all the football games. And even [though] he was Italian, he didn't understand football that much, but he learned it… And I can remember one time when my brother John got hurt, my dad ran down [to the field].[43]

According to his wife, Jean (Miles) Gaudenzi, Frank helped pass on his love of sports. "His nephew--he more or less helped raise [him]--was quite a good baseball player… I think sometimes he used to take Gerry to the games, after he wasn't playing any longer." She

attributed Frank's strong connection to team sports to the "camaraderie of (and maybe a respect for) the coaches. Friendliness. He enjoyed being with people and helping people."[44]

Television came on the scene in the Scranton area between 1948 and 1951, beginning with just one channel, bringing entertainment into people's homes—but those who lived through that time saw the surge in TV's popularity cause a decrease in face-to-face socializing.

Olga explained, "Well, [you had] a lot of friends, because at that time you didn't have TV, and they went visiting a lot. Once TVs came out, people didn't visit like they did. But on Sunday, you went visiting your friends or relatives or whatever."[45] Her brother-in-law Frank Gaudenzi echoed these points when describing his parents' (Francesco & Mary's) lifestyle. He commented:

> **The older people, well, you'd have to be born in that era to understand. Most people, they had enough to**

do to work and raise a family…? That was the biggest thing. Now, you have so many things… my father would have never seen TV because in 1950, we didn't even have one. My father drove. My mother didn't drive… She never went anywhere. Never went too many places. She stayed at home most of the time.[46]

Frank and his cousins, Natalie (G2 – G) and Teresa Perugini, seemed to miss the days before the major technological advances. Here's a conversation:

Natalie: Scranton was beautiful, and so was [nearby] Jessup. On Saturday night, we used to dress up and go up. You know, we had clothing stores, furniture stores. We had all kind of [stores and civic places]. It was beautiful. You'd have to excuse yourself to go by. The people all gathered. It was nice. Well, … Scranton's not what it used to be.

Teresa: We were always out. The streets were full of people at nighttime… No television. No radio.

Frank: They went out to meet people… This is how

they enjoyed themselves.

Teresa: No telephone, no radio, no television… You had to talk to somebody. You have to go up and see them.

Natalie: We had our Victrola that we had to wind [to play records].[47]

Later when Jerome Gaudenzi owned a bar, women also socialized there, but not with the men. As his daughter Sandra described,

> **We had a bar… Men would bring their wives. There was a back room. The women never sat at the bar. There was a back room with tables… Not uptight, but very appropriate. The women had a ladies' entrance into that room. So they didn't go through the bar room, if they didn't want to...[48]**

Sandra indicated that her father would never have put up with drunks or any of that kind of stuff. "He would show them the door. And their language was never anything that a woman couldn't hear, because… our

home's kitchen was off the back room… We kids weren't allowed in the bar… No, we didn't even go into the back room."[49]

As a part of promoting his business and thanking his patrons, Jerome continued the tradition of men socializing together. He had an annual beer party in his backyard for the male customers of his bar. Free beer, a cookout, card playing, bocce and a day of friendly comradery.

In the 1940s and 1950s the Gaudenzi girls often socialized with their neighborhood friends in playgrounds. By 1941 (when Sandra was born), Scranton had more than twenty-five parks and playgrounds, five municipal pools, fifteen tennis courts, thirteen baseball-softball diamonds, and four football fields.[50] Gerry (Gaudenzi) Colizzo reminisced:

> **We had a lot of neighborhood fun. What I recall is going outside and playing--doing jump rope, playing**

> **hopscotch, playing kick the can, playing red rover, neighborhood fun, hide and seek. Those kinds of things are the memories that I have from my childhood. . . [My friends] were all in the neighborhood. We would all congregate across the street from where I lived. There was a neighborhood grocery store, and they had a large, paved area in front of the store. And that was where we played all our games.[51]**

Sandra's favorite thing to do as a child was "in the summer, play hopscotch and other outside games." But the nearby playground, just a short block away, was a draw. "I spent my summers basically going down there. It was wonderful… Mayor Hanlon put in all these parks for kids… There was a little pool."[52] The playgrounds offered organized programs similar to day camps, and Sandra particularly loved the crafts and dancing.[53] In fact, Sandra fell in love with dancing and not only had lessons but joined in with others in performing at her Scranton playground.

When winter arrived, it was time for sledding. Sandra observed:

> **We were lucky to be able to sled right behind our home. There was a small street next to our house that accessed the local alleys but dead ended right before a nice hill. That's the hill we used for sledding.[54]**

Sandra showed her leadership skills early. As a youngster she converted an unused chicken coop behind her parents' home into a playroom where she and her friends could gather and play games together.

By the time she was 10 years old, the Scranton community knew Sandra was someone special. At the annual Founder's Day program, Sandra performed a doll's dance. At the opening of the local Tripps Park playground, she performed a ballet dance and in a later event she was one of a 100 contestants in the local talent show, performing a tap dance.

Sandra had a natural talent in this art. She observed:

> **The woman in the park in charge of dancing told me that if I went to Tech (Scranton Tech) I would surely be the "Indian" (the leading majorette). But my father wouldn't hear of me going to Tech. I was going to college, so that meant going to Central (Scranton Central High School). My formal dancing faded out at Central, but to continue to express that desire, I became a majorette there.** [55]

Her popularity continued; upon entering high school, the Scranton newspaper did a two-page spread on her attendance at her first formal prom.

Sandra's sister Gerry also participated in these programs:

> **Outside sports were my favorite activities … I was a good volleyball player … I was on several city championship teams. At the summer playgrounds they always had competitive basketball, competitive**

volleyball. And I was always on the volleyball team, and we won a good many times.[56]

Paul Montrone's school also had playgrounds, but athletics were not very popular in his school until he reached high school. That meant sports took place on the Scranton streets after school and on days off. Paul said:

We played baseball, football, kick the can, kick the stick, and hide and seek with our neighborhood friends on Sumner Avenue and in the local alleys, where there was sometimes a basketball hoop. Occasionally the neighbors would get upset and complain, but no big deal. And traffic was no problem in those days. Sometimes the action shifted to the local playgrounds.

In the winter, sleigh riding took place on our neighbor's hill, and especially on Schlager Street nearby. Two blocks were closed off by the city, and an official sled stopping area at the bottom was laid

down with ashes for safety. Lots of kids would gather there for hours of fun.[57]

Paul was never much of a sportsman. As described above as a youngster he played sports with his friends and neighbors, mostly in the streets and local fields. His parents built a tennis court at their Newton Lake summer home, so he played tennis with friends and family.

In high school he did not join a sports team, but to stay connected to the excitement of football at Central High School (including seeing Sandra, who was a majorette) he became a water boy for the team, and in junior and senior years was promoted to trainer.

Box 3.5: Gene Montrone's Reflections on Baseball

Looking back at his teenage years, Paul felt that he and his friends resembled the characters on the television show *Happy Days*. "Okay, that was us. They nailed it

right there. We'd go, after school, to the soda fountain, gather there, then we would go up the steps in the Y (YMCA), play a little Ping-Pong, and then we'd head home."[58] Although he was one of the youngest students in his high school class, he "got driving early." "In fact, I had my driver's license at age 15."

> **Then, thanks to my father's help, I wound up with a car at age 16 … I had my green Chevy convertible. It was called the Green Hornet, or sometimes it was the Green Bomb. The guys, like my friends Bingus and Souper, would pile in, and we would go "cruising". We had no trouble getting the girls to join in … And I met Sandra, obviously a high point. So I have a very, very positive feeling about that whole period.[59]**

It must have seemed that those halcyon days of youth would last forever. Times may have changed, but in the modern era, children still enjoy their time growing up, and adults still manage to spend some time together in a variety of ways. Perhaps the reminder of how people used to enjoy each other's company will serve to

enhance social interactions well into the future, assuming technology does not eliminate all human interaction.

There's No Place Like Home –Family U.S. Geography

Where new immigrants chose to reside could profoundly affect the types of jobs they worked, the kind of social life they had, the treatment they received from others, their participation in the church, the education of their children, and even the food available to put on the table. In short, nearly all of the things that Italian Americans traditionally consider important are influenced by the place they call home and their place within that community. So where did the majority of this family's members settle within America? For the most part, they chose to call the Middle Atlantic states their home.

Scranton, Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania

At one time or another, Scranton, or its immediate surrounding towns, was the home of every single direct Italian American ancestor of Paul and Sandra. "Our roots are there," said Paul. "Even though we've been [in New Hampshire for] decades … we never gave up our Scranton roots."[60]

Scranton was the first and last American home of the Montrone immigrants Antonio (G1 - M) and Maria (G1 - M), who were living there before 1910 and then again by 1935, after spending approximately 25 years in Bound Brook, NJ where they had both family and the promise of work.

When Beatrice, her brothers, and her mother, Settimia (G1 - M) (D'Annibale) Giancini, came to America from Italy to join their father, Eugene (G1 - M), in 1920, it was to Scranton they traveled, and there they stayed.

After his career in Toledo, Ohio ended, Angelo (G2 - M) Montrone returned to Scranton and remained there to marry and raise his family with Beatrice.[61]

In 1915, Francesco Gaudenzi had moved to Scranton upon marrying a local girl, Mary, and all of their children (including Jerome) were born there. Mary's parents, Giovanni and Geronima (Bava) Cavagnaro, had been in the area since the 1890s.

Olga's parents, Iginio and Giovanna (G1 - G) Emiliani, wed in Italy in 1909 but settled in the Scranton area in 1911.[62] The family spent a few years (probably between 1914-1918) in Dawson, New Mexico where Iginio went to work in the mines there. They returned to Scranton prior to World War I as job opportunities returned to the area.

Located in the Lackawanna Valley in northeastern Pennsylvania and incorporated in 1866, Scranton became one of the leading industrial centers in the United States because of the successful development of three major industries: anthracite coal which led to iron and railroads. Within twenty years of its incorporation, Scranton earned the nickname "The Electric City" with the introduction of electric lights at Dickson Locomotive Works in 1880. Six years later, the nation's first streetcars powered exclusively by electricity began operating there."[63]

More important, from the 1870s to the 1920s, the region supplied over 85 percent of the world's anthracite coal, establishing Scranton as the Anthracite Capital of the World.[64] Anthracite coal is the hardest of the coal types, producing more heat than other types of coal, making it suitable for many different types of uses, especially for heavy industry.

Immigrant workers came from all parts of Europe, bringing with them traditions that would contribute to Scranton's rich cultural history. The town became home to the first Italians in that part of Pennsylvania by 1870; by 1900 there were 1,312 Italian-born residents;[65] and as of 1920, the Italians made up Scranton's largest immigrant population.[66] The historic districts and landmarks, such as today's downtown Lackawanna Avenue Commercial Historic District, including SteamTown (a National Park), reflect the history of this once-bustling commercial and cultural center.

Box 3.6: Won't You Be My Neighbor?

Many Italians initially arrived in Scranton to work in the coal mines and textile mills, and on the railroads. These new immigrants would go on to become stonecutters, tailors, barbers, and business owners. Like many immigrants from southern and eastern Europe during the late 1800s and early 1900s, many Italian immigrants had limited English-language skills. They

were subjected to unsafe working conditions, low pay, and long hours. Italian Americans became active in early labor unions to protest unfair labor practices and conditions.

Italian immigrants established businesses and became pillars of the community. One such immigrant was Frank Carlucci, a stone worker, who established his own building company and started the first Italian-language newspaper, *Il Pensiero*, in northeastern Pennsylvania.

Another Italian immigrant named Amedeo Obici came to Scranton as a young man and worked with his uncle as a fruits-and-nuts peddler. Noticing that hot peanuts were a popular seller, by 1906 he and his partner, Mario Peruzzi (another Italian immigrant foodstuff seller in Scranton), had established Planters Peanut Company in nearby Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

America's general industrial relocations after World War II had dire effects on Scranton's businesses and thus its residents. Angelo Montrone certainly noticed the decreasing opportunities in the area. His son Tony (G3 - M) recalled his father's views on Scranton in the 1950s and its future:

> **My father made it very clear to us. He said, "They say Scranton is the hub of the east because all the interstate highways come together here… Get on one of them and go. There's no future here." … So we all got pushed to leave. He always said there was no future in Scranton. It's a dying city.[67]**

Angelo was right in noting the town's steep decline in the number of residents. In 1941, Scranton was the third largest city in Pennsylvania, with a population of 140,393.[68] By the enumeration of the 2010 U.S. census, that population had dropped to 76,089, about half of its peak.[69]

However, a look into the rate of decline tells a different story. After the 1970s, Scranton's decline significantly slowed. The first decade of the twenty-first century saw a loss of only 0.4 percent, "the smallest on record," according to Austin Burke, president of the Greater Scranton Chamber of Commerce. Burke attributed this stabilization of Scranton's population to the rise in minority populations. They are, he said, responding to "an improving quality of life and new economic opportunities."[70] As of the census of 2000, Italians still made up 18.6 percent of Scranton's populace and are the third largest heritage group (after German and Irish) in Pennsylvania.[71]

Today, in the early 21st century, Scranton is experiencing a revitalization. Among other developments, it is a destination for historical tourism. The city has preserved many of its historic buildings and places, such as the Steamtown National Historic Site and the Anthracite Heritage Museum, which offers a Coal Mine Tour.

The Lackawanna Heritage Valley Authority was established to promote and preserve the area's many parks and walking trails. Italian culture is also alive and well in Scranton through annual festivals like La Festa Italiana, northeastern Pennsylvania's largest Italian heritage celebration.

In the realm of popular culture, Scranton was the backdrop for the popular NBC show, *The Office*, which aired from 2005 to 2013. Going into this new millennium, civic and business leaders continue to focus on the city's revival. The current "generation of Scrantonians is determined to revive the city using the heirlooms, pride, passion, and perseverance, passed down by those whose strong backs and rugged faith raised a city to prominence."[72] Even politics are giving Scranton a plug; both Hillary Clinton's parents, and President Joe Biden, were Scrantonians.

For many reasons, the Montrone, Giancini, Gaudenzi, and Emiliani families would agree with that assessment. Despite departing the area in their youth, the Montrone and Gaudenzi families have both remained connected to their Scranton roots and have many relatives still living there. Gerry (Gaudenzi) Colizzo fondly looked back on her childhood in Scranton and her own children's visits to see family there.

> **It's still very nostalgic for me to go back to Scranton. Obviously, there were happy memories, some good feelings about going back to Scranton. I do [feel] that. And my children, my two daughters specifically, feel the same way. We will take a trip back to Scranton from time to time, and it will be the place where the memories are.[73]**

Gene (G3 - M) Montrone left Scranton after high school to attend MIT in Boston. After a long career in many parts of the U.S. and abroad, he found a job in his metallurgical specialty in the Scranton area and returned to live there in 1976. He and his wife, Sylvia

host many family events at their home in Clarks Summit.

Tony Montrone also left to attend Syracuse University and moved on from there, although he has returned frequently to visit and attend family gatherings.

Paul and Sandra departed Scranton after their college years and marriage in 1963. They lived in New York City, Arlington, VA, next to Washington, D.C., Montclair, New Jersey, and then moved to New Hampshire in 1975, where they have lived ever since. They also return to Scranton periodically for family events, and to connect up with their alma maters, the University of Scranton, Marywood University and Keystone College.

Sandra's sister, Gerry, left Scranton to attend Cedar Crest College (a woman's liberal arts college) in Allentown, PA. She met her husband Francis Colizzo in

Scranton shortly after graduating from college in 1959. In the three years before they got married, Gerry held a teaching job in the Philadelphia suburbs for one year, then taught in Waverly, PA for the next two years.

After marrying in 1962, the couple moved to Harrisburg, PA where Francis had a medical internship. Around 1969, they moved to Newton, NJ where Francis was a surgeon and a month before his untimely death in 1976 had been recently appointed Chief of Staff.

Box 3.7: Third, Fourth and Fifth Generations Visit Scranton

Endicott, Broome County, New York

Endicott, in Broome County west of Binghamton in the southern tier of upstate New York, was incorporated in 1906. Endicott's location along the Susquehanna River made it favorable for farming and trade by the early settlers and later for manufacturing. It is the birthplace

of Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company, one of the largest shoe factories in the United States from the 1920s through the 1950s

Although never a residence of the Giancini or Montrone families, thanks mostly to Endicott-Johnson, these families had multiple links to the town of Endicott, New York. Beatrice described a sense of connection that she and her family felt with other Italian families in that town:

> **We had three, four people who were [good friends and] related to us, like Lydia (Colapietro) Paglia, but not close[ly related]. We knew we were related, but we didn't know about the roots, how we were related. They were our only blood relatives in America that we knew. . . So that's where our roots in that area came from.[74]**

As a tanner, Francesco Felice Colapietro (Paul Montrone's third cousin) was naturally drawn to

Endicott and its famous shoe company. A true "bird of passage," he traveled back and forth between Endicott and his hometown of Ceccano (the birthplace of Beatrice), Italy, during the 1920s. Finally, in 1930, he brought his wife, Vincenza (Ricci) Colapietro, and daughters, Angela and Lydia, to live with him in Endicott, New York.[75] where he set up his family at 311 Oak Hill Avenue.[76] It was there in Endicott that Francesco's son, Bruno, was born five years later. Bruno has, for the most part, remained. He observed:

> **I live one mile away from where I was born and raised. I spent a couple of years in Washington, D.C., at the Department of Justice, right after I graduated from law school. But the rest of [my] life has been in Endicott, New York. I like it there. It's a nice place, the greatest children. It's surrounded by hills. It's got a river that runs through it. So whenever I go into Binghamton, which is where my office is, I feel comforted. The hills are there. I cross the river twice to get home. It's a nice place. I love it… Born and raised in Endicott, I will die there.[77]**

Francesco and Vincenza passed away in 1966 and 1986, respectively, after an affiliation with Endicott lasting more than forty-five years.[78]

Today, with redevelopment efforts in "Little Italy," Endicott's North Side, the Italian community helps keep traditions alive through annual festivals and events. Italian Americans still make up 16.26 percent of Endicott's population.[79]

Antonio (G1 – M) Montrone joined the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Factory in the 1940s. His grandson Gene considered this "one of the reasons why we continue close contact with our relatives in Endicott."

> **My grandfather would go up there and spend a week. Then he would be back here [in Scranton] for a weekend. Sometimes he wouldn't even come back on the weekend. It wasn't like today. You were not jumping on interstate. He was either train or bus riding. That was a cost and also time-consuming. So**

he wasn't constantly around. He lived there and was constantly returning. They must have had a dorm or something that they put their employees in up there.[80]

Gene continued:

Our family enjoyed visiting Endicott. We would be up early in the morning, pack a 'picnic' lunch, take a streetcar to the DL & W railroad station in downtown Scranton and board the train to Binghamton. The train made multiple stops so the trip took several hours. Life in Ceccano [where the Colapietros and Montrones were from] had been essentially agrarian, so like Nonni T [Settimia] had a chicken coop in her back yard, Felice (Francesco Felice Colapietro) also had a goat and a pig. One of the highlights of the trip for the kids was walking with Felice among the animals as he introduced them to us, e.g., "this is Churchill the pig." Then during a mid-day course Italian repast, family events since the last visit would be shared from both sides.

Afterwards we'd re-board the train and head home.[81]

Bound Brook, Somerset County, New Jersey

New Jersey was home to members of the Montrone and DeCristofaro families. Paul recalled, "My father spent his younger years in New Jersey so, although we lived in Scranton, we were oriented toward New York and New Jersey".[82]

The pattern of family settlement in this area began when Antonio (G1-M) Montrone spent several years in Bound Brook, New Jersey, before returning to Boiano, Italy, in 1906 to marry Maria (G1 – M). When they returned to the U.S. they went to Scranton, but seeking a better job, the couple later moved to New Jersey again around 1912. At that time, their lives revolved around the towns of Piscataway, South Plainfield, and Bound Brook until the early 1930s when they returned to Scranton.

Maria's brothers, Dominick and Ernesto DeCristofaro who also came to America, lived in Bound Brook by World War I; there they raised their families. Antonio Montrone's sister Rachele and her husband, Alfredo DeCristofaro (Maria's first cousin), joined family members in South Plainfield in 1921 before moving to Bound Brook[83]

Bound Brook, a borough in Somerset County in central New Jersey, is situated on the Raritan River. The borough was founded in 1681, but early settlements can be traced back to the mid-1600s. Historically, the area was an encampment for General George Washington's Continental Army and its forced retreat from the British at the Battle of Bound Brook in 1777.

Other historic sites in Bound Brook include the Bound Brook Train Station, the Old Stone Arch Bridge, which is one of the oldest bridges in New Jersey, and the

Presbyterian Church at Bound Brook. The Queen's Bridge, erected over the Raritan River in 1761, connects Bound Brook and South Bound Brook and was traveled by both the British and the Continental Armies during the Revolutionary War.

The history of Bound Brook is tied to its industrial growth and the development of its transportation systems between Philadelphia and New York in the early 1800s. New roads provided a means of transport for farm products throughout the area and increased stagecoach travel. The building of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and the development of railway systems brought coal and materials to industry for manufacturing and made passenger travel efficient. The result was rapid industrial and population growth.

With industrial expansion, immigrants began to pour into the area to work. The Italians were the largest immigrant population, followed by the Hungarians,

Poles, and Russian Jews. Italian immigrants, like the others, were employed in factories that produced farm equipment, steam engines, oil-less bearings, film used for motion pictures, and roofing paints. Many immigrants found work in the woolen mills and chemical plants. Although the work at times was arduous, the Italian immigrants were willing to endure difficult working conditions to obtain a better life.

The Montrone and DeCristofaro men were part of this working immigrant population. Antonio Montrone lived in South Plainfield, New Jersey, while he worked for the Spicer Manufacturing Company, which produced automotive parts.

Rather than moving with the company to Toledo, Ohio, he returned to Scranton in the early 1930s. His son, Angelo Montrone, briefly worked in a steel factory, then during prohibition, in a liquor still while living in New

Jersey, but unlike his father, he made the move to Ohio when his Prohibition era job relocated (see Box 8.1).

Antonio's brothers-in-law also held typical occupations for Italian immigrants during that era. As a new American, Dominick DeCristofer had his own tailor shop in Bound Brook from the late 1910s into the 1930s. His younger brother Ernest worked at several occupations, but he started in New Jersey as a lathe hand for the Bound Brook Oil-Less Bearing Company. By 1930, he had become a building contractor. A DeCristofaro cousin, Alfred, was known as a musician but made his living as a machinist in Bound Brook until at least the 1950s.[84]

Ernest's daughter Grace (G2 – M) De Cristofaro Sferra remembered the diversity of the town, as manifested in its churches. She wrote, "I grew up in Bound Brook, a town of about ten thousand persons with good schools and many churches of different denominations." Many

of the borough's Italian Americans attended St. Joseph's Catholic Church, where pastors who had been educated in Rome were able to minister to Italian-speaking families.

Grace herself was married there, "on June 25, 1950, the day the Korean War broke out."[85] The Montrone family attended Sacred Heart Church in Bound Brook, which according to Tony Montrone was "run by priests and sisters from Ireland."

Organizations such as the Sons of Italy and the Rosary Society provided support for Italian immigrants, a place where they could band together and maintain traditions from home. Some of the Italians lived in the West End of Bound Brook, where they established restaurants and bakeries. Others assimilated into the larger community and became part of the melting pot of America.

The Bound Brook industrial complex, which provided early immigrants employment, no longer exists. Grace Sferra lamented, "Over the years, the town has changed. I have gone back to visit family and friends, but so many of my friends and family have died or moved away. I still go back to N.J. to visit, but rarely to Bound Brook."[86] Current occupations of the community are in the services and construction industries. Flooding from Raritan River continues to challenge the town, as it has over the centuries.

Today, Bound Brook is a community of diverse ethnic cultures, reminiscent of its immigrant past with Italian Americans still making up about 17 percent of the population.[87] The Bound Brook Community Festival is an annual event that showcases those cultures and celebrates their long history.[88] No matter the changing times, Italian Americans such as Grace still view Bound Brook with affection. "I remember the town with great

fondness," she said. "It was a good town in which to grow and be nurtured by friends and family."[89]

Box 3.8: Family Vacations

The Fruits of Assimilation

For Italian immigrants, nothing was easy about life in America, but far from the Italy of their ancestors, the immigrants and their descendants shaped a new home for themselves. Antonio Montrone's niece, Anna Maria (IT – M) (Buontempo) Battista captured that justifiable feeling of pride, taking measure of a true accomplishment:

> **The story that Uncle Antonio began to write at the beginning of the twentieth century has ended by erasing the disappointments of the decisions he made as a young man, decisions which led him to renounce the wellbeing of his family to try his fortune with the American dream. Paul Montrone is its symbol: he has proven himself beyond all expectation. He is**

> **among those individuals who represent the power, the efficiency, the supremacy, the freedom, and the democracy of a state which is respected throughout the world because it is absolutely the best. I am extremely proud of him. He wears as a crown, however, all those who belong to the Montrone family on account of their culture, professionalism, and prestige.[90]**

The same could be said for virtually all of the third and successive generations of the Italian immigrants across the Montrone and Gaudenzi families. They have vindicated and justified the challenges faced by their ancestors who left their families in Italy to try to attain the American dream – and they did so.

It is Paul and Sandra's hope that their children, grandchildren, and future descendants will not only understand the difficult life paths of their forebears, but from that, will find inspiration for their own journeys.

***Buon viaggio*!**

[1] Angela M. Jeannet, "If America Did Not Exist," *Italian Americana* 6.1 (Fall/Winter 1980): 33.
[2] "Police Guard House of Italian Priest," *Scranton Times*, 25 April 1907, transcribed online at http://www.stlucy-church.org/stlucyschurch/bombingatstlucys.html.
[3] "Those Who Followed Columbus," 132-133. [The Black Hand actually derived from a mostly contrived secret society of anarchists from Spain, but, the Italians were usually blamed as the originators. It was found that most of those who sent the threatening letters signed by the "Black Hand" were not even Italian and certainly not connected to some grand conspiracy group.]
[4] "Police Guard House of Italian Priest," *Scranton Times*, 25 April 1907, transcribed online at http://www.stlucy-church.org/stlucyschurch/bombingatstlucys.html.
[5] "Black Hand' Believed . . . Covered Trail Endicott Slasher," *Binghamton Press*, 13 Feb. 1923, p. 13.
[6] Cannato, *American Passage*, 93.
[7] "Those Who Followed Columbus," 128-129, citing Jacob Riis, *How the Other Half Lives: Studies Among the Tenements of New York* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1890). [The 1893 deportation made all southern Italians out to be criminals, when in actuality Italy had its own laws preventing anyone with a criminal record from emigrating. The reputation of the Italians as beggars was perpetuated despite Jacob Riis's finding that only 2 percent of the vagrants arrested in New York City circa 1889 were Italians.]
[8] Website of St. Lucy's Church, online at www.stlucy-church.org/stlucyschurch/bombingatstlucys.html, citing *Scranton Times*, 10 June 1931 and *Norwalk [Conn.] Hour*, 11 Nov. 1931.
[9] Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone, sister of Fausta (Giancini) D'Annibale, interview by Brian O'Connell, undated, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[10] As "enemy aliens," they were required to register at post offices, be fingerprinted and photographed, and carry special ID cards. They lost the rights to travel freely and to carry cameras and guns. Many Italian Americans were forced to move their homes and businesses, if it was determined that they were located too near factories, shipyards, and power plants.
[11] Joan Saverino, "Rural Roads, City Streets: Italians in Pennsylvania," website of Historical Society of Pennsylvania, online at www.hsp.org; Iorizzo and Mondello, *Italian Americans*, 248-262, 276.
[12] Terry Carden, *Coming of Age in Scranton: Memories of a Puer Aeternus* (Lincoln, Neb.: iUniverse, c2005), 17-18.
[13] Iorizzo and Mondello, *Italian Americans*
[14] Natalie Ann Cavagnaro, Jerome Frank Guadenzi, and Teresa Giovanni Perugini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 1997, 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] Iorizzo and Mondello, *Italian Americans*, 265-284.
[17] Italic Institute of America (IIA), "Image Research Project: Italian Culture on Film (1928-2002)," online at http://italic.org/imageb1.htm.
[18] "Stereotypes: How Harmful Are They?" C-Span, 15 May 2001, online at http://www.c-span.org/video/?164263-1/stereotypes-harmful.
[19] Libby Rosof, "Tony Soprano takes a hit from Camille Paglia," *Penn Current*, 29 Nov. 2001, online at http://www.upenn.edu/pennnews/current/2001-11-29/latest-news/tony-soprano-takes-hit-camille-paglia.
[20] Iorizzo and Mondello, *Italian Americans*, 203.
[21] Bruno Colapietro, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[22] Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), "Italian Organized Crime," online at http://www.fbi.gov/about-us/investigate/organizedcrime/italian_mafia; "American Community Survey," on the website of the U.S. Census Bureau, at http://www.census.gov/acs/www/.
[23] Charles Krauthammer, "Assimilation Nation," *Washington Post*, 17 June 2005.
[24] George Washington to John Adams, 15 November 1794, *The Writings of George Washington,* edited by John C. Fitzpatrick (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1931-40), Vol. 34 p. 23.
[25] Bruno Colapietro, son of Francesco Felice and Vincenza (Ricci) Colapietro, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[26] Christina Bevilacqua, "Interviews: Camille Paglia and Sandra Gilbert," *Italian Americana* 11.1 (Fall/Winter 1992), 71.
[27] 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.
[28] John Fonte, "Dual Allegiance: A Challenge to Immigration Reform and Patriotic Assimilation," online at the website for the Center for Immigration Studies, at http://cis.org/DualAllegiance-Assimilation; "Naturalization Oath of Allegiance to the United States of America," website of U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services, online at http://www.uscis.gov/us-citizenship/naturalization-test/naturalization-oath-allegiance-united-states-america..
[29] Genio Imeliani household, 1920 U.S. Census, Scranton, Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania, roll 1580, ED 191, p. 17B-18A; Egino Emiliani, *U. S., World War I Draft Registration Cards, 1917-1918*, online database at Ancestry.com, citing M1509, roll 1,893,474.
[30] Giuseppe Nataloni petition for naturalization no. 17770, *U.S. Naturalization Records Original Documents, 179501972 (World Archives Project)*, online database at Ancestry.com.
[31] Paula Branca-Santos, "Injustice Ignored: The Internment of Italian-Americans during World War II," *Pace International Law Review* 13.1 (Spring 2001): p, online at http://digitalcommons.pace.edu/pilr/vol13/iss1/5; "Naturalization Records," on the website of the National Archives (NARA), online at http://www.archives.gov/research/naturalization/naturalization.html; U. S. Bureau of the Census, *Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1950*, 71st ed. (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1950), 106, Table 126, website for the U.S. Census Bureau, online athttp://www2.census.gov/prod2/statcomp/documents/.
[32] Iorizzo and Mondello, *Italian Americans*, 110; Coppa, "Those Who Followed Columbus," 137 and 144; Barbara Capozzola, "His Children's Children," *Italian Americana* 4.2 (Spring/Summer 1978): 213.
[33] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[34] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[35] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[36] Jean (Miles) Gaudenzi, daughter-in-law of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[37] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[38] As related via email by Denise Piepoli (cousin of Paul Montrone) on 13 August 2016. Email held by Paul Montrone.
[39] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[40] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Mary (Cavagnaro) Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[41] Frank Rossi (Sandra Montrone's 2nd cousin), interview by Karen Keyes, 7 July 2018
[42] Natalie Ann Cavagnaro, Frank T. Guadenzi, and Teresa Giovanni Perugini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[43] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[44] Jean (Miles) Gaudenzi, wife of Frank T. Gaudenzi, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 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] Frank Thomas Gaudenzi, son of Francesco Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 5 August 1996, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[47] Natalie Ann Cavagnaro, Frank T. Guadenzi, and Teresa Giovanni Perugini, interview by Brian O'Connell, transcribed 1997, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[48] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

[49] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[50] Thomas F. Murphy, "History of Scranton's Founding and Incorporation of the City," *Diamond Jubilee and Centennial Scranton, Pennsylvania: historical booklet and guide*, p. 69, on the website of Lackawanna Valley Digital Archives, at http://content.lackawannadigitalarchives.org/cdm/compoundobject/collection/Centennial/id/3325.
[51] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[52] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[53] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[54] As related by Sandra G. Montrone 18 January 2022
[55] As related by Sandra G. Montrone 20 June 2018
[56] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) ColizzoColizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[57] As related by Paul M. Montrone 20 June 2018
[58] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[59] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[60] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[61] Antonio Montrone household, 1910 U.S. Census, Scranton, Lackawanna County, Penn., roll 1359, ED 104, p. 4A; Anthony Montrone household, 1940 U.S. Census, Scranton, Lackawanna County, Penn., roll 3687, ED 71-138, p. 8B; Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone; Entry for Settimia D'Annibale, 31, on S.S. *Re D'Italia* manifest, 19 December 1920; Passenger and Crew Lists of Vessels Arriving at New York, New York, 1897-1957, microfilm publication T715, roll 2894 (Washington, D.C.: National Archives)
[62] Gaudenzi source 1915; Mary Gaudenzi, Death Certificate, 1969, No. 68889, recorded 22 July 1969, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Department of Health, Vital Statistics.; Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, daughter of Iginio Emiliani, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[63] Thomas F. Murphy, "History of Scranton's Founding and Incorporation of the City," *Diamond Jubilee and Centennial Scranton, Pennsylvania: historical booklet and guide*, p. 21, on the website of Lackawanna Valley Digital Archives, at http://content.lackawannadigitalarchives.org/cdm/compoundobject/collection/Centennial/id/3325. [Scranton was nicknamed "The Electric City" in November 1886, when the city operated the nation's first electric car (charging fares).]
[64] https://pa-history.org/meeting/2017/location/
[65] Longo, *Italians of Northeastern Pennsylvania*, 7.
[66] Jack Treadway, *Elections in PA: A Century of Partisan Conflict in the Keystone State* (University Park, Penn.: Penn. State University Press, c2005), 4.
[67] Tony Montrone, son of Angelo Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[68] Thomas F. Murphy, "History of Scranton's Founding and Incorporation of the City," *Diamond Jubilee and Centennial Scranton, Pennsylvania: historical booklet and guide*, p. 21, on the website of Lackawanna Valley Digital Archives, at http://content.lackawannadigitalarchives.org/cdm/compoundobject/collection/Centennial/id/3325.
[69] "State & County QuickFacts: Scranton (city), Pennsylvania," website of the United States Census Bureau, online http://quickfacts.census.gov/qfd/states/42/4269000.html.
[70] Josh Mrozinski, "Scranton's Population Decline Bottoming Out; Growth Led by Minority Population," *Times-Tribune*, 13 March 2011, online at http://thetimes-tribune.com/scranton-s-population-decline-bottoming-out-growth-led-by-minority-population-1.1118232.

Frequently Used Names in Chapter 3

Code used in book	Birth Name	RELATIONSHIP
MONTRONE LINEAGE		
Angelo (G2 - M)	Angelo Henry Montrone	P. Montrone's father
Anna (IT - M)	Anna Maria Buontempo	P. Montrone's 1st cousin once removed
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
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
Grace (G2 - M)	Grace DeCristofaro Sferra	P. Montrone's 1st cousin once removed
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
Victor (G2 - M)	Victor Montrone	P. Montrone's paternal uncle

Frequently Used Names in Chapter 3

Code used in book	Birth Name	RELATIONSHIP
GAUDENZI LINEAGE		
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. (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 3.1
Italian Stereotypes and Prohibition

Angelo Montrone and an unknown Bootlegger

Box 3.1

Italian Stereotypes and Prohibition

Although the Italians were just one ethnic group among many to take advantage of Prohibition, they received the most attention both at the time and in later depictions of the Jazz Age. Despite the images advanced by movies, only about one quarter of bootleggers were Italian American; the majority of operations were run by people of Jewish, Irish, and Polish backgrounds.[1]

Perpetuating the criminal reputation, the Prohibition era led many entrepreneurs, including Italian Americans, to make money participating in the then-illegal stilling, transporting, and sale of alcohol, the legality of which was hardly ever enforced.

The Prohibition era was best documented by Ken Burns in his 2011 documentary "Prohibition". Sandra and Paul

Montrone were co-sponsors of this series which was of interest to them because of Paul's father's experience as described in Chapter 8, Box 8.1.[2]

The Prohibition laws in the U.S. were adopted after almost a 50-year campaign led by the Women's Christian Temperance Union in an effort to reduce alcohol abuse at home which they claimed was injurious to families and public health. Another group equally vocal in the push for banning alcohol was the Anti-Saloon League, aimed at saloons. Saloons and the heavy drinking culture they promoted were associated with immigrants and members of the working class and were viewed as detrimental to Christian values.

One big obstacle was large federal government revenues from taxes on alcohol sales. This was solved by the passage of the Federal Income Tax law in 1913. After overcoming many additional roadblocks, the 18th Amendment (known as "Prohibition") was passed into law in January of 1919

thanks in large part to the efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League.[3]

The Prohibition era in the U.S. turned out to be among the worst periods in U.S. history for fostering crime, corruption of police officers and elected officials, and would you believe a big increase in alcoholism? Yes, alcoholism among women and children rose to an all-time high. The reason was simple.

When bars were legal there were laws enforced that obstructed sales to minors. With no such laws, it was easy for the minors and their moms to go to "speak easys" and drink to their hearts content. While Prohibition banned the sale of alcohol, it did not make drinking alcohol illegal.

Why did Prohibition last so long (it wasn't repealed until 1933)? There is an easy answer. Despite these fractures, the money made was not taxed, including massive payoffs, so groups below the radar were able to persuade some

politicians and law enforcement officials to continue the corruption.

Prohibition finally ended during the country's attempt to recover from the Great Depression. Its repeal was a way to create badly needed legitimate jobs and increase federal revenues without adding taxes to the normal working class.

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[1] Iorizzo and Mondello, *Italian Americans*, 190-191.
[2] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone, with further additions added 20 February 17.
[3] https://www.khanacademy.org/humanities/us-history/rise-to-world-power/1920s-america/a/prohibition

Box 3.2
Assimilation via Intermarriage

Maryann and Rayjmond G. Kidaloski

Box 3.2

Assimilation via Intermarriage

The melting pot of American culture affects all ethnic groups and the Montrone and Gaudenzi families were no exception to this essential American trait.

In the Montrone family, Maryann Giancini's marriage broke the ice first. She and her husband, Raymond G. Kidaloski, were born in the 1930s and wed in the 1950s. Her first cousin Paul Montrone clearly remembered the momentous occasion.

> **So we had a Polish Italian wedding in Scranton. That was memorable because [it was] so different than anybody had previously experienced. I think you probably see that today, when you have immigrants and they marry. Maryann and Ray did eventually move from town. They're one of the few family members that actually left Scranton at that time. Ray worked for Babcock and Wilcox which closed its Scranton operation in the early**

> **1960s and transferred its employees to other operations throughout the U.S., so Maryann and Ray permanently relocated to Canton, Ohio. Maybe they felt that they were better off not having to put up with the stress of this ethnic combination until it got diluted further, which took place in the years that followed because the next generation has continued the melting pot. In fact, many members of our generation married non-Italians. I was one of the few exceptions.[1]**

Later in life, Maryann and Raymond's daughter, Susan Johnston (Paul's 1st cousin once removed), inquired about the Polish traditions at their wedding, to which Raymond replied "They had the bridal dance and everyone who dances with the bride puts money in the apron. Then the groom throws his wallet in." Susan said "Dad, you have been throwing your wallet in ever since!"

Raymond and Maryann (Giancini) Kidaloski's intercultural marriage must have inspired their children. Their

daughters, born around 1960, both married men who were neither Polish nor Italian.

Like Maryann and Raymond, Bruno (G2 – M) Colapietro (Paul's 3rd cousin once removed) and Jane Larsen, of Swedish descent, were born in the 1930s and then wed in 1959. Bruno recalled:

> **[I] got married in 1959. Fifty-two years of marriage. [I] married a Swedish English girl from Minneapolis. I met her at Cornell Law School. She was getting her master's degree. And she's become more Italian than me. She's been taking Italian lessons for thirty years. Speaks fluent Italian. I speak dialect. We go to Italy and they love it because she's an American that speaks Italian. She's got all my mother's recipes. My mother was worried I was going to starve to death, 'cause I was marrying an American. . . So my mother died happy, knowing that I'm well fed. . .**
>
> **Matter of fact, when I went to register for a honeymoon suite at the hotel [in Minneapolis]. . . I said, "I'm here to**

> **marry one of your girls." And they said, "Oh, we don't get too many Colapietros here. It's a rare name in Minneapolis. Are you here to marry an Anderson, a Larsen, or a Peterson?" I said, "A Larsen." So that was kind of funny. You look at their phone books, fifty pages [of] Larsens.[2]**

Bruno and Jane's children (born in the 1960s) also married outside of their ethnic groups.

Paul Montrone believes that his generation was a "transition generation" with intermarriage:

> **In my youth obviously we were children and grandchildren of immigrants, and we're Italian Americans, and the Italian cultural tie was very, very strong. I think the melting pot of the United States of America iswhere this gets diluted. . . So now you push forward a generation, and we have our three children. And even though we told them they should keep the Italian American bloodlines going, they each married outside of their ethnicity. And now I said, "Well, the one**

thing that my wife and I failed in our education of these kids was we failed to teach them bigotry." We taught them to think worldwide and love everybody, and that's what they did. So that's America. And that's of course what makes America great. We accept their spouses happily into our family.

Naturally when you start looking at, say, our grandchildren thereafter, they're going to have less connection to Italian culture. We try to imbue it into them, so they at least know their heritage. Which is part of why we are creating this heritage book, so they will understand where they come from. It is a great heritage.[3]

As further evidence of Paul's observation on the melting pot, both of his brothers married non-Italians. Gene (G3 – M) married Sylvia Ware of English and Norwegian heritage, from Bolton, MA. Gene met her in Boston while he was attending MIT and she a student at the Modern School of Fashion and Design. Tony (G3 – M) met his wife of Chinese

heritage, Lisa Chew, when they were introduced by friends in Washington, D.C., where Tony worked at the time.

On the other hand, like her sister Sandra, Gerry (G3 – G) cemented her Italian roots by marrying Francis Colizzo, another Scranton native.

For those thrown together and raised in the famous "melting pot" of America, finding a life partner increasingly means a wide, free search, looking for love and compatibility with cultural heritage playing a much lesser role than earlier generations.

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[1] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[2] Bruno Colapietro, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[3] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

Box 3.3
Sandra & Paul's Bocce Tradition

Paul and Sandra's Grandson Playing
Bocce on thier Home Bocce Court

Box 3.3

Montrone Bocce Tradition

Paul and Sandra always enjoyed the old-fashioned Italian game of bocce.

What they liked most about the sport is that all ages and genders could play together and compete – from tiny grandchildren to aging grandparents. Paul and Sandra built a bocce court at their summer home in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, primarily for family competition and fun.

They later built a second court there and began hosting an annual weekend bocce tournament primarily for business purposes. The guests were businesspeople, politicians, and other well-known and highly respected individuals. The tournament was held for over twenty years. Beyond business associates and partners, the invitees included such friends as Boston Mayor Tom Menino, Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia, film producer Ken Burns, Italian Ambassador Franco Mistretta, Boston University President John Silber, AARP President Bill Novelli, and a few New Hampshire governors.

There were a number of significant business transactions that emerged from this networking event. After confidential discussions, this included the largest real estate merger of its time between Sam Zell's Equity Office Properties and Alan Leventhal's Beacon Properties Corp. Most important, the merger of Fisher Scientific with Thermo Electron in 2006 was initiated at the tournament between Paul, then CEO of Fisher, his partner, Paul Meister, and Marijn Dekkers, a guest, and then CEO of Thermo.

Box 3.4
Lotto = Italian Bingo

Box 3.4

Lotto = Italian "Bingo"

In Italy a very common game was Tombola (also known as "lotto"), very similar to bingo. It was a great way for families to enjoy time together, and since there was no advantage to being an adult, all ages, from grandparents to grandchildren, could participate. Thus, it was often played during the holidays, when families traditionally gathered.

The lotto cards are purchased by the players and one person is designated to be the caller. Each card contains both blank squares and 15 squares containing numbers (ranging from 1 to 90) arranged in three rows. Some of the numbered squares will be side by side (if two numbers side by side on a player's card are called, that's known as a double, or an "ambo"), other rows might have three, four or five numbers.

As the numbers are called, prizes are given for having two, three, four, and five numbers in a row, and if all numbers on

the card are covered, that player wins the grand prize, or the "tombola". This is why, especially for young people, lotto is much more fun than bingo – there are far more winners and prizes.

Unlike bingo, in lotto most of the numbers have standard nicknames; however, over time, for even more color in the game, families have adopted and added their own special nicknames. Marie (G2 – M) (Giancini) Teot remembers the number 69 being called 'Su e Giu', which means up and down.

Gene (G3 – M) Montrone gives some further examples:

> **At our family gatherings, Uncle Dave [David (G2 – M) Giancini] was always the lotto master (the caller); he was my mother's oldest brother. He remained the caller until his death. Then his son, Gene, became the caller. Unfortunately, Gene passed away in 2018. Auditions are now underway. We had nicknames for special numbers, for special events. The nicknames are in Italian, so basically the little Italian we ever knew we learned from stuff like that … so I'll give you some of the nicknames.**

Twenty-five, 'Buon Natale', Merry Christmas. So that's the way Dave called the number, he'd never say the number, everybody knew. 'La Bella Anni', that means the beautiful years and the beautiful years are 33. And why are 33 the beautiful years? That's the year Christ died. He was 33. 'La Bella Ani.'

Some of them I don't know the reason for. For example, I think it was 20 lira to ride the merry go round in Naples. It cost you 20 Lira. So 20 was called 'La Carousel d'Napoli.' The carousel at Naples.

66 was called … 'La Spectacle de Zio Papuce'. That means Uncle Paul's glasses. Apparently, there was an Uncle Paul in Italy who wore glasses and the 66 represented 'La Spectacle de Zio Papuce.' These were the ones that always caught my attention.[1]

As time went on, nicknames became Americanized; for example, 25 became "Merry Christmas" in English and

> **66 became "Willy-the-Blink." Others were also added…five was "Joe Dee", the number of Joe DiMaggio, the most accomplished baseball player of Italian descent, 39 was "Jack Benny," the ageless comedian, and 77 was "Sunset Strip," a popular 50s TV show.[2]**

Second and third generation Italian-Americans still enjoy lotto (tombola) at family gatherings today, including the Montrone / Giancini families at Gene's annual reunion in Clark's Summit, PA.

Paul and Sandra Montrone also always play it in the summer at their lake house in New Hampshire when the family gathers together there. Instead of handing out prizes for each small win, the players get points for a double, triple, full row or full card. After playing multiple cards and restarting after any player gets a full card – the players with the top three scores win grand prizes for 1st, 2nd and 3rd place. Paul's summary, "Everyone can play it regardless of age, and they all love the game."[3]

Box 3.5

Gene's Reflections on Baseball

Paul Montrone Practicing at Home

Box 3.5

Gene Montrone's Reflections on Baseball

Growing up in the mid-twentieth century, second- and third-generation Italian American males picked up America's pastimes, and gradually the focus shifted to those activities.

Paul Montrone and his brother Gene (G3 – M) often played baseball as youths. "We used to have a lot of fun activities, I would call them, on the streets. We played baseball there. For a serious game we used to go to the cemetery (the 'ceme' as we called it) and play baseball with our neighborhood friends," said Paul. "Yeah, [Gene] loved baseball. I never got as heavily into sports like he got into baseball."[1]

Gene shared a memory of a particular game:

> **Baseball was a very interesting part of my life. In those days there was no Little League. We played what you called sandlot ball, but we had no sandlot either. Where**

we played was the [Cathedral] Cemetery. . . There was a whole corner of that cemetery, the one on Pettibone Street that had nothing in it. It was just grass. It was all surrounded by this strong wrought-iron fence, except for the fact that it was on the top of the hill, and continual rain erosion under the fence made a hole there. So, I and all the neighborhood friends and school friends would run up there after school, all through spring and mostly summer and fall. We'd sneak under that hole and play ball in the cemetery.

There were really no assigned positions. Because what happened was that you counted that number of heads that there were, and that way you knew how many were on the team. Rarely did you ever have nine guys on the team. So you had to make up rules as you went. If you only had five guys, hitting the ball to right field was out. You had to hit it where the five guys were. So this was the way that we would play, and we played almost every day, unless it rained.

[This is] one of the chief incidents that I remember during those baseball days. One of the kids that played with us was a guy by the name of Kent Watkins, and he had this large Dalmatian dog. And, another guy that played with us, we used to call him Winkle, because he was a short guy. His name was Billy Fox, but we called him Winkle, Wee Willy Winkle. So, Billy Winkle was playing second base, the shortest …. guy on the team.

And, I think it was I who hit the ball. I'm not sure, but whatever. It was going out to second base, at the same time that Kent's dog decided that he was going to retrieve the ball. So the Dalmatian and Winkle grabbed for the ball at the same time. Winkle went heels over teacups, and the dog got the ball. Henceforth Kent was not allowed to bring the dog, or he had to chain him up.[2]

[1] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone, and as added to by Paul Montrone 2-23-18

[2] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

Box 3.6
Won't You
Be My Neighbor?

1908 Prospect Avenue, Scranton, PA
Home of Francesco Gaudenzi

Box 3.6

Won't You Be My Neighbor

Scranton Neighborhoods

So many family members lived in and around Scranton, Pennsylvania, that their recollections produce a snapshot of what the town was like when most of them were being raised in the mid-twentieth century. In particular, they remember the ethnic neighborhoods that grew out of the mass migrations at the turn of that century.

Hyde Park

Angelo (G2 – M) and Beatrice (G2 – M) Montrone raised their three sons in "Hyde Park", an area in Scranton's "West side". The eldest, Gene (G3 – M), recalled:

> **I lived in the Hyde Park section of Scranton until I left for Boston. That's the only place I've ever lived. My entire first seventeen years were spent within the confines of one block. When I was born my mother and father were**

> **renting an apartment on the corner of Sumner Avenue on Schlager Street. When Paul was born they rented a house, half a house, in the middle of that block. And, when Tony (G3 – M) was born they moved two doors down to another [half] house on that block [that they bought]. So, for seventeen years my home was within the confines of one block of Scranton.[1]**

Hyde Park, named for the Dutchess County, New York town of that name, became a neighborhood in West Scranton in 1866. It was known for having the most churches of any area in Scranton. On the occasion of Hyde Park's centennial, one town historian wrote, "In Hyde Park are found places of worship where men of many tongues worship. There are English, German, Welsh, Irish, Italian, Polish, Lithuanian, Russian and Syrian Churches."[2] Gene commented on the close proximity of Saint Patrick's, the Irish Catholic parochial school, to their home:

> **Walkable to Saint Patrick's School, which is where I went for eight years. And, [I] walked every day, four times a day, to school, home for lunch, back, back." There was also a nearby**

> **cemetery where he used to play baseball: "It was right up the hill, which was right across the street from where my uncle and aunt and cousins lived.[3]**

The Italian church, Saint Lucy's, was in the next neighborhood. Paul pointed out:

> **The religious situation was different. . . When Sandra says they went to church at Saint Lucy's that was quite a distance for them to go. . They had to take the bus to go to church. . .We were closer to that church, but instead of going there I would ride my bicycle to Saint Patrick's school, which I attended, and church, where I was an alter boy. It was in our neighborhood. It was half a mile away or something. You could walk, but it was faster on a bicycle, and it was perfectly safe to do so.[4]**

One of the reasons Paul's future wife Sandra took a bus to Saint Lucy's was that the church was the epicenter of an Italian enclave within Scranton. "We lived in West Scranton," Paul explained.

> **It was, I would say, ethnically mixed. This [mix] tied into the churches. . . So, the Italian section, heavy Italian section, which is where my mother grew up, was in Saint Lucy's parish. That was the Italian parish. . . My parents were going to the Italian parish, even though we didn't live in the parish boundaries.[5]**

Eugenio (G1-M) and Settimia (G1-M) Giancini "rented living quarters on Lackawanna Avenue for a few years until they could afford to buy a home around the corner on Chestnut Street (later named St. Frances Cabrini Ave[nue])." Two of their children, Flo (G2 - M) and Mario (G2 – M), were periodically packing their stuff to run away from home, when they got into trouble with their parents according to Flo.

> **[We'd] get down to the corner, and Bea [Beatrice] would say, "They'll be back." My mother would say to her, "How do you know?" "They'll be back." And they would see us marching up with the box or whatever it was we used to pack. "I thought you were running away from home?" "Yeah, but when we get down the corner, we're not allowed to cross the street." So there you were.[6]**

Paul reminisced about his mother's family's house, which was "right there in that Italian section":

> **That's where all the action was. . . It wasn't a big house, but it was the Giancini home and had only one bathroom. Early on they had Italian boarders. Then the family grew to six kids. They were all growing up in that house. . . They had a vegetable garden in back. They had a barn there where Dave [David] (G2 – M) started his auto repair business. And, they would grow grapes and make wine in the cellar. It was like a real Italianesque type thing, right there in Scranton.**[7]

Paul also remembered his neighbors from Hyde Park:

> **I don't have a lot of memories of our original house [on Sumner Avenue]. But I do remember next door was this lady, Mrs. Godfrey. She was always complaining that we would be playing baseball in the street, and when the ball would go into her yard, she'd yell at us and make a fuss. And then my parents announced that we were going to move. And I said, "Oh, good. We'll get rid of Mrs. Godfrey." And they said, "Oh, no. We're only going to**

move two doors down." That was still next door, only on the opposite side of her.

I grew up in a double house. . . And that's common in Scranton. A lot of neighborhoods have double houses. . . Actually, Manchester [New Hampshire] looks a lot like Scranton, and there are double houses there. So we were in a half of a house. We were really close neighbors to the co-owners in the other half, but we were good neighbors to everybody in the surrounding homes. You knew everybody on the street, and the kids, and played with them. And the neighborhood was a really important part of your life. Anyway, your next-door neighbors were in the same house as you. And strangely I don't remember hearing noise through the walls.

The woman living next door in our double house was a teacher, and her husband--I don't remember what he did. But they were kind of older, and he was called the ogre. He wasn't *un*friendly. . . just kind of inward and he didn't smile much. My mom and dad got along with them. They

were good neighbors. The families on our street were all good neighbors.

How times have changed. Paul commented on the community spirit in his neighborhood:

Did you ever hear of the social capital index? . . . It's a measure of, I'll call it, community togetherness. Social capital is a measure of how many people go to Rotary, how many people belong to church, the neighborhood communities, and so on. It's all that. It's actually an index that social scientists have put together.

Nationally, the social capital index peaked in the mid-50s when I was growing up. It has been falling ever since. And, one of the measures is neighbors getting along with neighbors, trust in the community. . . Today, in terms of enforcement of the law, the enforcement is done because neighbors complain about what their neighbors are doing. That's the enforcement. That's the law enforcers' best source of information about what is going on. With a high social capital index, that is unheard of. You don't rat

on your neighbor. They're your friends.

This whole thing about lack of civil discourse is all coming out of weakening communities, which shows itself by the drop in the social capital index. All kinds of communities—whether it's Boy Scouts, whether it's neighborhoods, whether it's churches, whatever it is—[are] weakening – it is not a favorable trend for our country.

I think I would agree with our Italian cousin Anna (IT – M) Battista on what's happened in the last century. She would call it a decline in morality. It's rooted in that same thing. It's like, "Okay, we've got every man for themselves now." That is to me the most distressing thing that I have seen change over my life. And I don't know where it heads or where it ends, but it's definitely going in the wrong direction.[8]

Even though they were all in the same city, sometimes it seemed like a big deal to cross into other neighborhoods. In her memory book, Beatrice (G2-M) (Giancini) Montrone mused:

> **Every year we would visit some shirttail relatives in South Scranton. The whole family would travel by streetcar. It seemed so far, [but] actually they lived on Pittston Ave[nue], as I later discovered, when a little older, which wasn't very far away – maybe a 15-minute car ride.[9]**

Tripp Park (also known as Tripps Park)

Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone took a bus to and from St. Lucy's church from her home in Tripp Park, which was "kind of in between" West Scranton and North Scranton (and the neighborhoods of Hyde Park and Providence).[10] Tripp Park seems once to have been a "fine driving-park" owned by Ira Tripp (1814-1891), a Scranton bank founder and director, great-grandson of an early settler of Scranton,

and one of the heirs to the Tripp homestead in neighboring Providence.[11]

According to her mother, Olga (G2-G) (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, Tripp Park was not an Italian neighborhood.

> **We came to Scranton because all our friends were moving down from towns like Eynon, further up [the] Lackawanna Valley. It takes one family to move, and then everybody follows. So we were about the second family to move into our area … up further, the same street, but up further. . . [Scranton was] kind of building up at the time. . .**
>
> **There were a lot of Irish people living [in this area] at the time and a few Germans, but the rest were Irish. Even when we lived up at the other place, there were all Irish . . McNirneys. Now see, I can only remember one name.**
>
> **As the Italians came down from Eynon, the Irish started moving out. So the Italians took over that one block that we lived in quite a few years. There were no Irish people**

> **left. One by one, we didn't get rid of them, but they left, I guess, on their own. Then when my parents built this house, [there were] all Irish people living around us, and I don't think they liked the idea too much in the beginning, that we bought this land. But then they got to like us, and they loved us. They loved my sister, and me especially, because I used to do errands. I used to go to the store for them or babysit or whatever, so they got to really like me a lot.[12]**

Despite being a mixed neighborhood, Jerome (G2 – G) and Olga Gaudenzi still seemed to have enough clientele for their bar on Farr Street. "They lived upstairs, and the bar was downstairs," said brother Frank.[13] Their daughter Gerry had very positive memories of living there. She added:

> **Everything was a neighborhood at that time. So I'm talking about neighborhood grocery stores, neighborhood drug store, neighborhood bar. Ours was a neighborhood bar. It was fun growing up there in the neighborhood because there was always someone to play with. . . I still have an old friend that I grew up with from the neighborhood, and I try to see her when I go back. She lived diagonally across the street from where I**

lived. She and her husband built a home there. Her name is Lida.[14]

Sandra certainly preferred to remain in Tripp Park.

I liked being home. My sister would go and visit my father's family in South Side, it's called. But I was satisfied where I was. I went less frequently . . . I had the playground, and it was all within reach. Before the playground was hopscotch on the sidewalks and things like that. Judy Greene lived across the street, and Marilyn Vitale lived next door, and it was nice. . . I [had] my world [15]

The Gaudenzi girls' mother, Olga, noted how her father and father-in-law didn't become friendly until the couple met. "They didn't know one another before that. They came from the South Side, and we were living in Tripp Park, they called it. So we didn't know [them]. Well, maybe we knew of them."[16]

South Side

Although Jerome Gaudenzi settled his family in Tripp Park, his parents reared him and his siblings—and had their store—in Scranton's South Side, on the 1900 block of Prospect Avenue.[17]

Frank (G2 – G) Gaudenzi and his cousins Natalie Ann Cavagnaro (G2 – G) and Teresa Perugini remembered life on Scranton's South Side, as well as other ethnic neighborhoods in Scranton.

Natalie: Neighbors were nice. They would all help one another.

Frank: They all knew each other and helped each other. . That's the same way with Southside.

Teresa: South Scranton.

Frank: We were the Italians. Then down a few blocks, oh maybe about four or five blocks down, say Sacred Heart, was Polish.

Natalie: And then St. John's.

Frank: Then, yeah, then down at St. John's was Irish. And then at St. Mary's, which was out near George's Diner, was Germans.

Natalie: And up at Nativity was all German.

Natalie: Well, they used to call South Side "Shanty Hill.[18]

Although each section of Scranton felt like their entire world, through school and church attendance and marriages the family members eventually experienced all areas of Scranton, and it united the city.

Central High School in downtown Scranton played a major role in this unification. Although it was the official high school for the "Hill" section of Scranton, children from all over the city who were planning to attend college went to high school at Central.

The students made friends from different cultures and backgrounds and there was no sign of discrimination. Paul's closest friends – Bing (Bingus) McNulty and Bob (Soup)

Campbell were Irish, and Joe Wojdak was half Italian and half Polish. Sandra's friends -- Gerry Ferrick, Sandee O'Hara, Mimi Kramer, Shirley Hoban and Marita Delaney were from a variety of non-Italian ethnic backgrounds. Joe and Marita also married and after 50 years eventually wound up in New Hampshire as neighbors of Paul and Sandra, reuniting their friendship.

Most important, despite growing up in different neighborhoods, it was thanks to Central High School bringing young people together that Paul and Sandra met. They are a perfect example of how the unification of Scranton paid off in a beautiful marriage and a happy lifetime together.

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[1] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone
[2] Carl R. Healey, "History of Hyde Park: 1852-1952," *Hyde Park Centennial: Hyde Park Borough, Scranton Pennsylvania 1852-1952, Sept. 28 – Oct. 4*, available at the website Lackawanna Valley Digital Archives, at http://content.lackawannadigitalarchives.org/cdm/compoundobject/collection/Centennial/id/2039/rec/1.
[3] Eugene Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[4] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[5] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.

Box 3.7

Fourth and Fifth Generations Visit Scranton

Paul and Sandra Montrone
at University of Scranton

Box 3.7

Third, Fourth and Fifth Generations Visit Scranton

In 2015, the University of Scranton asked Paul Montrone to return to campus to be inducted into the University's Business School Hall of Fame. He and Sandra took that opportunity to bring their children and grandchildren (most of whom had never visited there) along for a weekend outing in Scranton. They arrived on a Friday evening and immediately went to Old Forge, the "Pizza Capital of the World".

Old Forge is heavily populated with Italian Americans and has a number of traditional Italian restaurants of note going back for generations to the present day. The family divided into groups and did a leisurely round robin, sampling a variety of pizzas at four different restaurants.

On Saturday, the whole family toured the Scranton area stopping at all the significant sites in their family history.

These included the neighborhoods of Paul and Sandra's youth, their schools and churches, including, of special note, St. Patrick's where they were married. They also stopped by at St. Ann's Passionist Priest Monastery and Basilica where their family in the past would join thousands of other Catholic visitors for the annual Novena which ends each year with the Feast of St. Ann on July 26th.

They then made a trip to the Scranton Catholic Diocese Cathedral Cemetery and prayed at the sites of their numerous ancestors' graves. Saturday night brought the main event – a dinner at the University of Scranton honoring its new inductees.

The next day was also a very special day as all the local relatives of Sandra and Paul were invited to a beautiful Sunday brunch at Posh Restaurant at the Scranton Club. It was the first large family event for the Montrones and Gaudenzis that included the fourth and fifth generations. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the occasions and pictures were taken for the family albums.

Upon their return to New Hampshire, Paul asked his grandchildren what they thought of Scranton. The answer was "awesome." Enough said.[1]

[1] As related by Paul M. Montrone 17 June 20

Box 3.8
Family Vacations

Sandra, Olga and Jerome Gaudenzi at Atlantic City

Box 3.8

Family Vacations

Early on in their married life, because of the family connection to upstate New York, Angelo (G2 – M) and Beatrice (G2 – M) Montrone, with sons Gene (G3 – M) and Paul, frequently vacationed in Saratoga, New York. Not only were the springs of Saratoga known for their restorative health powers, but the town was also famous for its horseracing. Angelo was "a big horseplayer," according to Gene and "he loved to go to the racetrack." Gene explained the health issues that brought them there:

> **But my father had, I don't know whether it was scoliosis, but his condition wasn't nearly as bad as his brother Albert's (G2 – M). But because of that condition there was a prevailing theory at the time that the springs, the natural springs in Saratoga, New York, had healing powers. So my father, and my mother, who also had scoliosis, they would take us kids and they would go up to one of the big fancy multistoried hotels in Saratoga, New York. And because his brother Albert had the back**

> **problem, he would bring him with them and so they would do the nightlife and Albert would be the babysitter. Tony (G3 – M) was born later, so he missed almost all of this.[1]**

Later on, given Angelo's New Jersey roots, for summer vacations the Montrone's gravitated toward the shores of the Garden State. During the first half of the twentieth century, he and his family joined thousands in the Northeast who flocked to the beautiful New Jersey Shore every summer.

In her memoir, Beatrice (G2-M) (Giancini) Montrone described some of the family's trips—the summer respites taken during the 1940s:

> **As the children grew older we would take them to the NJ seashore, mostly Cape May, Wildwood, and Atlantic City. They really enjoyed the seashore. We would come home with such a deep tan, it was a long time before we bleached. We had to watch Paul carefully because he would burn. He had to wear a tee**

> **shirt for part of the day, and [we'd] expose him to the sun gradually.**[2]

The visits to the Jersey Shore were vivid in Paul's memory, in particular the trips to Cape May, one of America's oldest seaside resort towns. He observed:

> **My father spent his younger years in New Jersey. So, we were oriented toward New York or New Jersey. The result was he would take us to the Jersey shore in the summer for several weeks to a month. In the early years, it was Cape May, which is all the way down at the southern tip of New Jersey, pretty quiet. And while there we would go up to Atlantic City, Wildwood, and some of those places for day trips to have some fun on rides and in arcades. But basically we anchored in Cape May. Then, my father, who was working, would commute and come down on weekends, and we would see him for a week's vacation. We would transplant our family there.**[3] **That was our summer vacation. As a postscript, in later life I developed a mild form of skin cancer on my nose, no doubt a result of sunburn from the Jersey shore as a child.**[4]

For many years, Beatrice's widowed mother, Settimia (G1 – M) (D'Annibale) Giancini, would join them at the shore. The Jersey Shore first became a venue for rest and relaxation when Philadelphia physicians promoted the salt air and water as a health cure. Continuing this curative tradition in her own way, Settimia viewed the hot sand as therapeutic. Her grandson Gene recalled the resulting family routine, with accompanying mischief:

> **[My grandmother] used to travel to go to the Jersey Shore when we were kids to be with us for that month. We would go to the beach. She was heavy, so she had bad arthritis in her legs. . . One of the things that ameliorated that [condition] was that she loved to have her feet buried in hot sand. So, we would go to the beach. She would bundle up so that she didn't get sunburned. She was a very fair skinned woman. She'd put her legs out there. And Paul and I would start to cover them with sand. First we would dig down so that they would set in. They were fairly large legs. And cover them up with sand. She would wait until they were all covered up with sand, we didn't know this, but she would point that her toe on one foot was**

uncovered. And we would go, "Oh, how did we miss that?" We would do it again. Then we'd start to go into the ocean, and she would point. Her other toe was uncovered. What we didn't know, my mother told me much later, is that she would just wiggle her toe until the sand fell off. And we'd come back, come back, come back. She had us running back and forth with the hot sand and packing on hot sand. You know, little things like that, we had fun with her. . . I wouldn't say socializing, [since] from the point of view of oral communication, [it] wasn't a high item, but we still had fun.[5]

Beatrice, Settimia's daughter, further filled in the affectionate picture of her (Nonnie Tee) presence and activities during those vacations:

One of our stays we had Nonnie Tee with us. You can't imagine how she enjoyed the hot sand. The boys would cover her as she sat on the shore. She claimed it helped her arthritis pains. She did walk better. She would sit on a bench on the boardwalk. There was always someone to talk with.[6]

As a theme, memories recur of younger generations playing on the beach and burying older generations in the sand. When Settimia's son David (G2 – M) and his wife, Margaret (Corvelli) Giancini, brought their family to the New Jersey Shore, Susan (Kidaloski) Johnston (Paul's 1st cousin once removed) remembered, "My grandfather would let his children and his grandchildren bury him in the sand."[7]

The Gaudenzis also vacationed in Atlantic City. As Olga (G2 – G) reported, "My husband made sure . . . [that for] a few days, we . . . would go to New York or Atlantic City. We were never [traveling] far, but we had our good times.".[8] Her daughter Gerry (G3 – G) echoed these points, recalling, "One thing that we did growing up [came about because] my parents loved to go to Atlantic City, and we did that every summer . . . with my sister and my mom and dad."[9] Sandra (G3 – G) offered several more details.

> **We stayed at the Morton. How's that for memory? Well, it all comes back. We would do that. It was five days or**

> **whatever. . . And again, because of my mother, we always had pretty dresses.[10]**

While others continued to enjoy the famous New Jersey Shore, beginning in the idyllic 1950s, the Montrone family opted for a closer lakeside getaway, at Newton Lake, a short distance from Scranton Pennsylvania. Angelo Montrone found that he could purchase property in a location just as suitable for peaceful and fun family time near recreational water. In his son Gene's words:

> **By the time I was about maybe a teenager, or just a preteen, my father decided that although he really enjoyed the Jersey Shore and liked the water, he'd buy a summer home near Scranton. So he bought a cottage at Newton Lake, which is about 10 miles from Scranton.**
>
> **Once a year my father would invite his cronies from Penturelli's Café, a watering hole in the Italian section of West Scranton, for a day at the lake. In the afternoon they would form team of two and play bocce in our side yard. My father had a set of wooden bocce balls which were soaked in water prior to use. It was amazing to see how accurately they could bowl the balls.**

> **Afterwards, my mother would serve them all spaghetti and meatballs. Then they would spend some time playing "Tutto la Morra," an Italian game where two men would throw fingers and try to guess the total. Finally, they'd finish the evening drinking wine and singing songs to the accompaniment of guitars and mandolins played by the guests.[11]**

According to Paul, "There was a lot of family activity at Newton Lake in the summer. We would have my grandmother come and stay for a week or two."[12] And "all the action shifted to there in the summer."[13] His sister-in-law Sylvia (Ware) Montrone similarly noted:

> **In 1948, they bought a summer home at Newton Lake. This [place] became the scene of many happy gatherings of family and friends, some of whom came and stayed for weeks on end. There were parties, mounds of Italian food, and music.[14]**

Gene had some favorite activities at Newton Lake:

> **My fondest memories were probably going up to the lake. That's where I learned to swim, where he [my father] bought us a motorboat. We water-skied [and] surf boarded. [It was] what we called then surfboarding; now they call it wake boarding or something like that. . . I learned to play golf because they had a miniature golf and driving range. I never really was on a full course until I was an adult, but then I knew how to do it because of those two things.[15]**

Paul also recalled outdoor pastimes and sports during those times at Newton Lake. "There were a lot of fun activities that took place up there. . . We learned to fish and water ski and all those kind of youthful activities."[16] In particular, he described a quirk of the tennis court that helped to develop their skills:

> **In my youth, I played tennis because up at Newton Lake my father built the tennis court. The tennis court, unlike other tennis courts, did not have a fence around it. So, you really had to learn how to control the ball. Otherwise, you would be running around the woods**

trying to find these tennis balls. So, I kind of grew up with tennis.[17]

In addition to athletic pursuits, these vacations provided opportunities for taking in the arts. As examples, Gene related two anecdotes from his Newton Lake summers.

They had dances there, [with] the big bands. As we got a little older, we would dance, but early on we would go and just listen outside the dance hall. The big bands would come [such as] Louis Prima [and] Tony Martin.

They were all coming there. . . It was always free parking. Once I got old enough to figure out how to make money off parking, we put a sign up that said, "Parking fifty cents." There was no authorization for us to do this, but every car that pulled in was fifty cents! We didn't own the property, we just put the sign up.

The other thing is [that] I saw a lot of movies in those days because about the length of a city block away

from where our cottage was, was the newest rage of the day, a drive-in theater. Right there was the Ideal Drive-In Theater. Well, we couldn't drive. I was a young teenager. So every time the movie would change, we would run to the place during the daytime, turn up all the speakers in the last two rows to maximum volume. There were woods along the side. When the movie came out, we'd be in the woods with a blanket listening to the loudspeakers watching the movie.

We had a lot of fun. That was Paul and me, and a lot of times our cousin, either Maryann or Tina, mostly Tina was up there. She liked to come up for the summer because we had a lot of fun. Several of the friends, lake friends, we'd all just gather around the blanket and go there. I had, of course, the friends that I went to school with and the neighborhood friends that I played ball with. Now I had a whole new group of friends at the lake. And some of my fondest memories occurred up there. [18]

For Tony Montrone (G3-M), going to the cottage up at Newton Lake was also his favorite thing to do as a child. Being ten or more years younger than his brothers, however, he was seeing the end of those days. In recalling the transition, he made reference to the flexibility and resiliency of the family:

> **Actually, we ultimately sold that place, I think while I was in high school [in the 1960s]. Then Gene and Paul at that time were married, and on their own, and my parents and I would usually then go to Atlantic City for a week, while I was in high school. After that, I started taking vacations with my friends. . . And that was fine.[19]**

Fortunately, Paul did not let the tradition of summers at the lake die completely. When his family lived in New Jersey, after trying the New Jersey shore, they found their own lakeside retreat during the early 1970s. He and Sandra observed:

> **Paul: We used to go to the seashore every now and again.**

Sandra: Not a lot though. Remember when we didn't go because the traffic got so bad.

Paul: I hate traffic. So the only way to go to the seashore in New Jersey, in my book, if you don't want to get caught in a lot of traffic, is you would have to go midweek.

Sandra: And the middle of the night.

Paul: And you had to go [then] because people would take long weekends. If you went on Thursday or Friday, forget about it. Or come back Monday or Tuesday, forget about it. You almost had to go there on Tuesday or Wednesday and come back on Tuesday or Wednesday. So we would go occasionally to the seashore, but . . . I was never a big traffic person and that is what led to our interest in finding an inland lake.[20]

Sandra: We were tired of it and wanted to find an alternative.

Paul: We found a little lake in the lake section of New Jersey, and we rented a house there. It was called Green Pond. That was the last couple years before we moved to NH. It was the cleanest lake in the entire

area. There was a guy I worked with at the time who flew. He had a little airplane, and he flew around. I don't remember how we got on the subject, but probably me looking for a lake, and he got talking about it. He said, "Yeah, I fly around, and I can see the cleanest lake from the dirtiest lake. You want to be at the cleanest lake? Go to Green Pond." So [that is] how we wound up with Green Pond.

Paul and Sandra moved to Hampton Falls, NH in 1975 and resided within a few miles of the New Hampshire seacoast, especially, the well-known lively vacation destination, Hampton Beach. But having adapted to fresh water in their youth, they eventually added a summer residence in the center of the state on Lake Winnipesaukee in the town of Wolfeboro – billed as the oldest summer resort in America. It is a quaint New England town with a long history and many family-oriented activities that brings in loads of tourists every summer.

In the family tradition, the lake houses and vacation spots were not reserved just for Paul, Sandra, and their kids; they invited extended family to visit and over the years enjoyed their time with parents, siblings, aunts, uncles and cousins. Tony enjoyed this family time.

> **[During] most of the seventies, I guess, [my brothers] were both in New Jersey—northern New Jersey. So we would go down there. That's where the holidays were celebrated. Then Paul moved to New Hampshire, and he had the place at the lake. And so we would all go up–the whole family would go up. So that kind of became the [place for] more family events.[21]**

In Paul and Sandra's family tradition, spanning decades, the family gathered for summer getaways in many places around the East Coast and by many bodies of water. This practice continues as one that is fun and affirmative, generating happy memories for family members of all ages. Though the venues and particulars of the summer vacations change, the purposes and benefits remain the same: to have a refreshing change of scene, to relax and enjoy outdoor

activities, and to provide opportunities for the generations of family to spend time together.

[1] Eugene Montrone, son of Angelo Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[2] *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.
[3] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[4] As related by Paul Montrone 20 June 2018
[5] Eugene Montrone, son of Angelo Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[6] *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.
[7] Margaret (Corvelli) Giancini, Tina (Giancini) Norkaitis, and Susan (Kidaloski) Johnston, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[8] Olga (Emiliani) Gaudenzi, wife of Jerome Gaudenzi, interview by Brian O'Connell, 21 August 1995, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[9] Geraldine (Gaudenzi) Colizzo, interview by Mary Tedesco, 12 February 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[10] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 23 March 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[11] Eugene Montrone, son of Angelo Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone and as relayed by Eugene in an email of 31 July 2022
[12] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[13] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[14] Sylvia (Ware) Montrone, Bea's History, written as Beatrice (Giancini) Montrone's introduction for the Elmcroft Staff.
[15] Eugene Montrone, son of Angelo Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[16] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 30 January 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[17] Paul Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 22 May 2014, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[18] Eugene Montrone, son of Angelo Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 13 January 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[19] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24/25 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[20] Paul and Sandra (Gaudenzi) Montrone, interview by Rhonda R. McClure, 12 October 2013, transcript held by Paul Montrone.
[21] Tony Montrone, interview by Rhonda McClure, 24/25 July 2011, transcript held by Paul Montrone.