

Rose & Tony, an American Marriage

I. Rose (Borrello) Luciano

My Mom was born Rosina (Rose) Lillian Borrello in Newark, NJ, on April 12, 1911. She was destined to become the oldest of ten siblings. Her parents were a young, immigrant Italian couple whose names were Concetta (Antullo) and Crescenzo Borrello.

I'm not quite sure about the exact addresses in Italy that their families had immigrated from, the exact dates when they arrived in this country, or the exact circumstances of their arrival.

We do know that grandmother Concetta Maria Antullo was born in Bartheloma, Italy on Dec 3, 1888 and died on March 17, 1938 in Newark, NJ. Her extended family was Protestant in Italy and, according to family lore, one of the primary reasons that influenced her family's emigration to the USA was to escape the, then, religious persecution that Protestants experienced in Catholic Italy.

We also know that grandfather Crescenzo was born in Ariano di Puglia, Italy on October 12, 1889 and died on March 26, 1957 in Newark, NJ. As can be imagined, as the head of the household and bread winner for twelve people, he was a very hard working and dedicated family man.

(Note: For more details on Concetta and Crescenzo see my sister Arlene's descriptions of their backgrounds in more depth. Her research of the family history is attached in the Addenda of this report.)

At any rate it is certain that the Borrello's were a practicing, religious Christian family who were active members of the First Italian Baptist Church of Silver Lake, NJ. The church is located on Franklin Street near the Belleville section bordering Newark, not far from the Borrello family home. The church is still there and it is still active. In addition to the supportive family values and the strong work ethics that were taught and practiced in the Borello home, the church had a very powerful influence on the molding of the character of the Borrello children.

The siblings entire young lives outside the home and public school were centered about the church and church sponsored activities. On Sundays, especially, there were two services, one in the morning in English and another in the evening that was preached in Italian. In addition there ~~was~~ Sunday school ~~and~~ plus a variety of other activities that reached out to the predominately Italian-American community that surrounded the church. One of the more obvious of these outreach activities was the formation and building of the "Friendly House", a YMCA type of building complete with swimming pool and gymnasium, that the congregation built around the corner from the church. This building and its church sponsored activities became a cornerstone of the church's youth directed programs.

The original pastor and organizer of the church and its activities was the Reverend Benedetto Pascale. He was a strong and charismatic leader and a staunch disciple of the Baptist faith. He had an infectious, almost regal manner about him, one that automatically elicited respect from all who associated with him. He was a very knowledgeable and articulate believer in the Christian faith, ~~an ardent anti-papist~~, a strong anti-papist, a skilled orator and debater, a born organizer, and a truly caring person who exerted a very compelling, paternalistic influence over his flock. He was widely respected and, in his later life, he was frequently recognized in the general community, both inside and outside the church. On one occasion he was invited to (and did) open the proceedings of the United States Congress. His strong and positive influence on the formative years of the Borrello children cannot be emphasized enough. This influence continued until his death in the late 1980's.

Rose Borello and her destined to be husband, Anthony (Tony) Luciano, met as young people and grew up in the church, jointly participating in a variety of its activities. He was three years older but, apparently, he recognized her as someone special at a very early age. She liked to tell the story of the time when she was just twelve years old that this fresh, older boy (Tony) informed her that he was going to marry her when they grew up.

The Borrello home was located on Rose Avenue near the Belleville line and the Branch Brook Park section of Newark. Rose Avenue was a one block long, unpaved street that entered from 6th Street and dead ended at the, then still functioning, Morris Canal (now part of the above ground section of the Newark subway tracks). The street was one block away from and parallel to the Heller Parkway which is an extension of Franklin Street, the street on which the church is located. The house sat on the left side of Rose Avenue, about 2/3 of the way from the 6th Street entrance. There was the Borrello house, an empty lot which the Borrello's owned and cultivated, and, then, another house which bordered on the canal.

The Borrello house was small and so was the lot on which it stood (I'm guessing, but I remember the lot as being in the order of 50 feet wide by about 120 feet deep.). The house was small for the number of people who lived in it: 10 children and 2 adults. It was a two story, wooden frame structure with overall dimensions of (again, I'm guessing) about 20 to 25 feet wide by 45 to 50 feet long. It had a two section gable roof line with a smaller length, elevated gable section to the rear. To my mind, as a child, the overall shape of the house's silhouette reminded me of a ~~“choo-choo”~~ train locomotive.

The bottom floor of the house consisted of a small, closed in front porch that spanned the entire front of the house, a living room that also contained the stairway to the 2nd floor, a kitchen that was as wide as the building, and a building wide back parlor that also, at different times, served as a bedroom or sitting room, ~~or sitting room~~. In this back room there was a small, closet sized toilet in the corner of the room that abutted the kitchen (no bathtub or shower). Upstairs, starting from the front, there was the master bedroom parallel to the stairs, a bathroom with tub, a middle bedroom, and a back bedroom. The stairs entered the second floor in the middle bedroom so it was necessary to pass through

the middle bedroom to get to either of the other bedrooms or the bathroom. There was no central heat. There were two pot bellied coal stoves, one in the living room and one in the downstairs back room. There were open, iron grates between the floors to allow heat to rise to the upper floor rooms.

In the kitchen there was a large sink with running water and a sideboard and, in the center of the room, there was a large table on which the meals were prepared and eaten. The kitchen also contained an icebox/refrigerator (later exchanged for an electric unit), a coal fired range (later turned to gas) for cooking and heating purposes, and along the back wall there were cabinets and shelves. There was a side entrance door connecting the kitchen to the outside on the side of the house facing toward the canal and the adjacent lot with its well tended garden. This side entrance was used as the main access point into the house by the family and their close acquaintances, the front door usually being used by strangers. A concrete sidewalk, closely adjacent to the side of the house, ran between the house and the garden for the entire depth of the house, connecting the front of the house, the kitchen door, and the rear of the house where the outbuildings were located.

Approximately 2/3 of the front portion of the adjacent lot was fenced in with an open mesh wire fencing. This fenced in portion of the lot contained the family garden and was, to my recollection, approximately 50 feet wide by approximately 80 feet deep. There was a wooden shed extending from the rear of the house, parallel to the garden, that had a "root cellar" underneath. This shed was used, primarily, for food and fuel storage. Extending from the back of this shed on an L-shape was a line of other outbuildings that consisted of a wagon/tool shed and other wooden structures that housed the family's livestock. This line of outbuildings extended for the width of the lot and bordered on a walkway that, in turn bordered on the rear portion of the garden area. The whole layout had been designed and constructed by Crescenzo in his spare (?) time and I remember everything about it as being efficient and good repair.

This was the family homestead and the source of most of their food supply. Crescenzo was a good provider and a hard worker. He had a green thumb and from the garden he managed to grow enough to keep the family in vegetables and fruit for the year round. Concetta, with the help of the children, picked and canned or dried most of the vegetables from the garden. There was also an herb garden, grape vines, and some fruit trees. Jellies and jams were made and canned and herbs were dried. Everyone in the family shared in the work. Such was Crescenzo's skill in garden management that, at harvest time, there was usually enough produce left over after providing for the family's needs that he was able to peddle the excess on the streets of Newark with his horse and wagon to bring in extra income for the family.

~~One of my clearest memories of Grandmother Concetta (I was not quite 4 when she died) was talking to her one time in her kitchen where she was preparing and canning tomatoes from the garden. I remember her giving a piece of fresh tomato to eat – which I took and did eat. I remember her as a kind and caring person.~~

The livestock consisted of a (provided by the city) work horse named Jimmie that

Crescenzo needed for his job as a lamplighter for the city of Newark, some chickens that were a source of both meat and eggs, and pigs that would be fattened over the course of the summer to be slaughtered in the fall. All of the manure from the livestock was spread in the garden as fertilizer. (After Crescenzo died we dug into the garden and the topsoil was thick and rich. It was well over one foot ~~thick~~~~deep~~!) The pork would be butchered and preserved by salting and smoking. Trimmed and ground pieces of meat and fat would be made into savory sausages by mixing them with herbs and stuffing them into the cleaned intestines. Tubs of lard would be prepared from the rendered fat. The sausages would be preserved and saved immersed in these tubs of lard that would be stored in the root cellar. Nothing was wasted. Everyone in the family worked hard in the preparation and preservation of these foodstuffs. All of the preserved food was stored in the shed and root cellar at the back of the house in preparation for winter.

Even though such things as electricity, automobiles, labor saving home making appliances, and other modern conveniences existed at the time of Rose's childhood, it was an age wherein these things were neither prevalent nor readily available, especially, to recent immigrants of limited means such as the Borrello family. The street lights in the section of the city where Rose Avenue was situated were not electrified. They were powered by gas and had to be individually lit, by hand, each evening and put out, again manually, early each morning.

It was Crescenzo's good fortune to get the job as lamplighter for that section of Newark. It meant that the city had to provide him the means to have and maintain a horse and wagon in order to facilitate the daily lighting procedures.

It also meant that he had to be up before dawn each morning and that he did not finish until after dark each evening. Coupled with the maintenance of his horse and equipment it was a full time job for any man; however, the fact that most of the activities occurred in the morning and evening left the middle of the day free to be used as he saw fit. This enabled him to spend the time necessary to devote to his garden and livestock. It was a tough life but, with a lot of hard work, long hours, and determination, Crescenzo managed to provide a good life for the family.

Even with all his hard work, however, the only way such a large family could survive by what was, to a great extent, subsistence farming was for everyone to pitch in. Everyone was required to work. As the family grew, each of the children, in turn, inherited jobs to help Crescenzo with the chores that needed doing in the various activities required to keep everything going. As the oldest child and, in spite of the fact that she was a very young girl, Rose, inherited many of the harder jobs until her brothers were old enough to take over. She often told the story of how she periodically had to get up before dawn to help with the lamp dousing chores. This had to do with the periodic maintenance of the lamps and necessitated her having to crawl within this "dark box" on the wagon to hand her father supplies and to clean parts as he handed them to her.

She also had to participate in the maintenance and care of their horse, Jimmie. By her telling, he was a very gentle animal and she loved him dearly despite the hard work and,

sometimes embarrassment he caused her. Until her brother, Tony, became old enough to take her place it was her job to clean the stalls, to clean Jimmie, and to her great embarrassment, it was also her job to take him to the blacksmith whenever he needed shoeing. To get to the blacksmith shop she had to ride Jimmie bareback through the city streets, past the school, during the middle of the day and often her schoolmates would see her on the way. Many times, as horses often do, Jimmie would choose the occasion to defecate in the middle of the street with a steaming hot load of horse manure nuggets. Even when she was well into her 90's, mom would relate the story with great embarrassment of how the kids would sing out derisively, "Hot Buns, Rose has Hot Buns for sale!"

In many ways it was a hard life for the children of the family but because of the rich family and religious values that they were brought up under, the children of the family grew up ~~securely~~, knowing not only the value of hard work and self reliance but, also, the inherent worth of honesty and high moral standards.

The family was never rich in terms of money. No matter how hard they worked there never seemed to be enough of it, especially, for the needs of a family of their size: two adults plus 10 children. However, they were truly wealthy in other, more important ways. Due mostly to Crescenzo's hard work and leadership, there was always enough food on the table and their clothing, while not the fanciest (many times it was "hand-me-downs"), was always clean and well pressed. Once a year each person in the family got a new pair of shoes. Concetta insisted on high levels of personal hygiene for each one and they were always clean, with hair combed, whenever they went to church or to school.

If Crescenzo was the force in their life that taught and demanded the hard work and self-reliance in each of his children, it was the mother, Concetta, who was responsible for inculcating the "good" and gentler values of life that they learned. She was the religious leader of the family and it was she who insisted that they be brought up as practicing Christians. She was adored by all of her children, so much so, that for close to forty years, or so, after her death, the children held an annual special memorial service in her honor at the church. After the service we all met at the Rose Ave house and had a tremendous "homemade potluck Borrello meal" home cooked by the Borrello siblings. The meals were sumptuous and plentiful! The family jointly shared many stories of Concetta's exemplary and inspiring life.

By today's standards, Concetta married at a very young age. She was only 19. However, it was the custom in those days to marry young, principally, because life was harder then and it really required the strength and endurance of youth to get a marriage started on a sound footing. Just to subsist, everyone in a family had to pitch in for the common good. With few exceptions, the female children were brought up and trained to become housewives and mothers. Their training in these areas began at a very early age and continued throughout all of their growing years. Probably the very first jobs had to do with assisting with the needs of the younger siblings. There were cooking and cleaning duties and, as noted above, outside chores, tending the livestock, and the preservation of food. The net result of all of these activities and responsibilities was that a young girl in

her late teens was truly ready to take on the responsibilities of being a wife, a mother, and a homemaker. This training was passed on from generation to generation, as it was from Concetta to Rose and her six sisters.

Rose grew up under these strict and demanding, but nurturing, influences. She did well in her schoolwork, which she liked very much. I found in her papers certificates for academic excellence from the Abington Avenue grammar school that she attended and graduated from. The school was located on the corner of Abington Avenue and Sixth Street, a number of blocks south of Rose Avenue. It had separate entrances for the boys and the girls, as was the custom in those days. In addition to her academic excellence she was also good at athletics. By her own telling she was the pitcher on the school's girls' softball team.

An interesting story relating to school that Rose liked to tell had to do with the fact that when she started school, along with many of the children in her class, she spoke very little English – her basic, everyday language was Italian. It's what was spoken at home and, in fact, neither Concetta nor Crescenzo, until their dying days, ever did learn to speak fluent English.

The story she told was about one teacher's requirement of making her students get up and speak in front of the class as part of improving their oratory skills. The fact that this teacher didn't understand Italian and that many of the students could not speak English well enough to make a coherent speech in English did not matter to her – she made them get up and speak anyway, in Italian if necessary, with one of the brighter students, who was sufficiently bilingual, acting as an interpreter. Rose proved to be the brightest in her class in this regard. She had taught herself English quickly once she was exposed to it on a daily basis. Apparently on one occasion this one student who, in Rose's description, was one of the most devilish boys in the class, was asked to tell a story to the class.

He spoke in Italian and Rose was the interpreter. The problem was that he started to tell the class highly imaginative "dirty" jokes about happenings in the bathroom concerning problems with excess, overflowing diarrhea, vomiting, stinky smells, etc. Naturally the class was delighted and the speech elicited much laughter from them. Conversely, in order not to get the boy in trouble, Rose's interpretation to the teacher was a completely different, more serious and cleaner story. The teacher approved of, and was pleased by, Rose's story but she was completely mystified by the amount of laughter it produced from the class. Rose told her that it was due to the fact that some things simply sound much funnier in Italian than they do in English. Apparently the teacher accepted this as factual and the boy received a passing mark.

Unlike today, the public school's position at that time was that it was up to the student to learn English and not the school's responsibility to change the curricula to teach any of their courses in a foreign language. There were remedial classes that taught Italian to English but all other courses were taught strictly in English and the students had to keep up as best they could. Apparently, despite some obvious pitfalls as demonstrated by Rose's story, the policy worked. According to Rose, virtually all of the children in her

class spoke and wrote fluent, unaccented English by the time they graduated from Grammar School.

Rose went on and graduated from Barringer High School and she wanted to go further and attend teacher's college but that was not really an option that was open to her at that time. Her father couldn't really afford it and he was also against it for, what to him were, very practical reasons.

Instead she attended a trade school and was trained to be a beautician, a trade that she worked at in her early years out of school and one that stood her in good stead in later years when she needed to make extra money. It was the custom at that time for the working children in the family to share a sizable portion of their earnings with the family. This was a custom that Crescenzo believed in and that Rose observed in her early working years, until she married.

There was a darker side to Crescenzo that detrimentally affected his relationships with both his wife and his children. It surfaced periodically when he drank too much wine. In a mutual effort with some neighbor men, Crescenzo would participate in buying quantities of grapes each year from which the group of men would collectively make quantities of wine. The wine was usually red and very dry, almost to the point of being bitter. The Italian men who made it called it Barberone (Others who were not so kind called it "Guinea Red").

The wine proved to be a mixed blessing. It provided much needed relaxation on the Sunday afternoons that the men would get together after the family meal to play cards and drink. They, after all, worked hard and long hours for little pay and some form of stress relief was necessary and, in that way, the wine and the cards provided a good outlet.

However, Crescenzo was one of those men that tended to ~~became~~tended to become nasty when he had too much to drink and he would take out his frustrations on his wife and family, unfortunately, sometimes physically,. Such episodes were periodic and always short and temporary. He never let them affect either his job performance or his responsibilities to his family. He worked hard to support his family until his dying day.

However, the drinking and resulting, sometimes nasty, results toward the family had a permanent effect on Rose. It turned her completely against the use of alcohol. Hence, for her entire life she resolutely never, knowingly, touched a drop of alcohol and she was dead set against its use in any form. This was due not only to the negative experiences in her home life but, also, to her strict upbringing in the Baptist faith. They were, at that time, very firm in their belief that alcohol was evil and very strict in their observance of rules that strictly forbade its use.

When she was eighteen the attentions of Anthony (Tony) Luciano, her soon to be husband, became serious. He was twenty-one. He began to pay her much attention in church and to walk her home after services and church affairs. (Virtually their entire

courtship was destined to be carried out in church sponsored activities.) He did not waste much time in asking her to marry him and, subsequently, to ask her father, Crescenzo, for her hand in marriage.

She was a very attractive young woman with naturally curly, dark hair that was cut short in the style of the times. She knew fashion and how to dress well on a budget. For Tony she was a “good catch”. She was well brought up in the “old ways”. She knew how to keep a house, how to cook and sew. She was experienced in bringing up a family, having been like a second mother to many of her younger siblings, and she was a truly “good” person. She was a practicing Christian and, possibly best of all, she was also an incurable optimist. She had this knack of always looking on the bright side of any situation, a trait that was destined to never change throughout her entire life.

Another endearing trait that she never lost was her invariably sunny disposition. Even when she was in her late 80’s she would often giggle like a young girl over some humorous incident or another, especially, when the incident involved a young member of her family. She was a very generous and charitable person, another trait that she was destined to never lose. She had an inquiring mind and read voraciously throughout her life. And then there was her natural ability to organize and provide leadership, especially, in situations where no one else would step forward. This ability was destined to become more and more evident as she grew older.

As it turned out all of these positive traits would be put to the test in her married life because the initial fifteen years were spent, first, in the extremely hard times of the depression and, next, in separation from her beloved Tony as he went off to fight in the second world war. The story of her successful married life that lasted fifty-six years, until Tony’s death, is a compelling one – a story that is a testament to the worth of commitment and dedication by two people to achieve successful lives despite extremely trying conditions. This is the story that, ~~hopefully,~~ will be told in this narrative.

II. Anthony (Tony) Luciano:

My Dad’s birth name was Antonio (Tony) Alfredo Luciano. He was born in Prata, Italy on June 12, 1908. He emigrated, through Naples to the United States at the tender age of two, arriving in New York on the ship, Regina Italia, on August 25, 1910. His mother, Giovannina Romano, was born on June 26, 1881 in Provencia D’Avellino, town of Prata, and died June 20, 1957 in Orange, NJ. His father, John Alfred Luciano, was also born in Prata in 1871 and died prematurely on June 21, 1909. Tony was only one year old at the time. We know nothing else about John, how he died, what he did for a living, etc.

This left my grandmother, Giovannina, a young, single widow with a one year old dependent son and no extended family or other visible means of support. In those days there were very few options open to a widow in her situation. However, there were two viable, Christian options that were open to her. The first option was to surrender her young son to a local monastery where he would be cared for and raised by

the monks. This option was not acceptable to my grandmother. She did not want to lose her child.

The other option appeared in the form of Luigi D'Onofrio. He was a single man, somewhat older, from Prata, who had emigrated to the U.S. years before. Now that he was settled and earning a living in the U.S. he was desirous of attaining a bride, preferably one from the "old country", Italy. We are not sure of how it was arranged but somehow he managed to contact Giovanina and get her to agree to a marriage between them. The net result was that she agreed to emigrate to America and enter into a marriage with him. He paid for her passage along with my father, then aged two, and they both arrived in New York on August 25 of 1910 as 1st class passengers on the ship, Regina Italia. They were married on that same day in a Catholic Church in New York City.

The new family moved into a house that Luigi owned at 252 East Day Street, Orange, New Jersey. The marriage proved to be fruitful, producing 4 additional siblings, a sister and three additional brothers (Mary, John, Vincent and Lou (Gigi) – my aunt and uncles). The entire family lived and grew to adulthood in the Day Street home.

My Step Grandfather, Da' Deal:

Giovanina had a strong, domineering personality. From the beginning it was she who unquestionably ran the family, making all of the important decisions.

In contrast, her husband, Luigi, (His nickname within the family was "Da' Deal".) was very mild mannered and he had a most complacent personality. She was the boss and he was decidedly "hen pecked". He smoked a pipe with strong Italian tobacco. She wouldn't allow him to smoke within the house, always outside, on the porch, the way I remember it.

He never learned any English besides saying "hello", and a few other basic words, so communicating with him was difficult for me. I spoke no Italian. Despite this he could be very entertaining. When he was a young man he had served time in the Italian Army. Sometimes, after dinner, he would tell us children "stories" of his experiences as a soldier. We didn't understand a word he said but it was still great fun to hear and see his very animated reenactments of those experiences. He would march back and forth, pick an imaginary rifle from his shoulder, and "shoot it at an enemy" with loud banging sounds. He would sometimes emulate a soldier being shot and falling to the ground. I never knew if he was that soldier or the enemy.

Above all, he was a very hard worker and he made his living as a gardener, working at some of the more "well to do" homes in the nearby, then suburbs, of Montclair and other surrounding towns. He never had a car or a driver's license and he daily walked to and from his jobs – mostly a mile, or two, away. My Dad often told me that, as he grew older, he often would accompany and assist Da' Deal at his work – walking miles to and from the various job sites. To me, Da' Deal was a grand old man and I remember him fondly.

My grandmother, Giovanina, was a good cook (I remember many good meals from her when I was a child). The house on Day Street, similar to the Borello's, had a good sized, fenced in garden adjacent to it wherein she grew vegetables and herbs. She was a good gardener and had a definite "green thumb" skill with plants (I still remember many times when she visited our home in Cedar Knolls, NJ, her going out on the front lawn and the nearby woods and coming back with dandelions and other green plants - sometimes, replete with wild mushrooms - to make the daily salad.).

Grandma, Giovanina, Stories my Dad told me:

Dad told me some stories of early misadventures that he had with his mother, Giovanina, that illustrate her fierce competitiveness and sometimes short temper. These stories belong in the family lore:

One time he accompanied his mother to the local, neighborhood store when he was about 8 years old, or so. It was during World War 1 and some food items were hard to get. At that time the local neighborhood was populated with a mix of mostly Italian and Irish immigrants and – the two different groups generally did not like each other – to the point that each competitively thought that they were the superior group.

The store was owned by an Irishman. My grandmother asked for some butter and the store owner stated that he did not have any. While grandma was shopping for other things an Irish woman came in and grandma overheard her asking the owner for butter. The owner went into the back room and brought out a package of butter.

Grandma was incensed. She challenged the store owner and asked why he had lied to her. Apparently he was somewhat of a wise guy and he said something like, "You Guinney Whops are a pain in the ass. We don't need your kind in here." This was the wrong thing to say to my very competitive grandmother. She immediately replied in her accented English, "Who Guinney Whop?" And, with that, she picked up the 5 lb weight from the counter scale and hit the owner very forcefully in his rib cage with it. (Later it was determined that the owner suffered some broken ribs!) Anyway, the police were called and a big argument ensued; however, nothing ever came of it. The police were tired of the constant squabbling between the two groups and they treated it as just another minor incident.

Another time the story had to do with, "Doing what you are told":

In the early years at the Day Street home, when Dad was still an infant, automobiles were relatively scarce and the dangers emanating from their traffic was not a large item. However, by the time Dad became a "big boy" street traffic had become a big problem and serious accidents with pedestrians were no longer uncommon. Consequently grandma, Giovanina, lectured my dad, Tony, and his siblings to be very vigilant and careful when crossing Day Street in front of their house.

Dad was probably about 10 years old. A musical truck selling ice cream pulled up across the street and people lined up next to it to buy the treats. Dad heard and saw the truck. I guess he had a nickel, or so, that he had saved. He immediately started to run across the street, without looking. It just so happened that his mother was at the front railing trimming some potted plants on the upstairs porch and she saw my Dad starting to run into the street. She immediately started to scream at him to stop. She had been engaged in trimming the plants with a knife. In her excitement, she threw the knife at him to emphasize her screaming. Unfortunately her aim was good and it hit my Dad squarely in the head but, fortunately, with the handle side of the knife!

She was immediately frightened and contrite that she might have caused a serious injury. She ran down, grabbed and hugged my Dad, crying with tears and all apologetic. Dad told me that in spite of a growing bump on his head he was not very seriously hurt but he played the incident to the hilt. He started to cry and carry on. Grandma was so contrite that she personally went across the street and bought Dad some ice cream “to calm him down”. Dad told me that it was one of the better days in his young life. It wasn’t often that his mother bought him ice cream and then treated him so well for the rest of the day!

Another incident was more serious. It occurred later on when dad was much older. Apparently Grandma rented a room to a male boarder in order to increase the family income. I don’t have too many details but after a while the arrangement soured and Grandma wanted the boarder to leave. He refused.

Shortly after his refusal she was working in the kitchen when the boarder came in and opened the door to the cellar which opened off the kitchen. He started to enter the steps going down into the cellar. At that point Grandma ran up behind him and gave him a big push! He tumbled down the steps, head over heels! Grandma simply closed the cellar door and went back to work in the kitchen. According to Dad, the boarder moved out that night.

Dad’s Early Life:

Dad grew up and went to school in Orange, NJ, living in the Day Street house. He was the oldest of five siblings and, hence, he was responsible for doing all of the chores around the house until his siblings grew old enough to progressively inherit the responsibilities of doing them. He was a good son and as he grew older he early exhibited a decided talent for construction projects. As examples, he built the fence around the garden and, as he grew older, he tiled and renovated the bathroom, renovated the kitchen, closed in the front porches, etc. He did a good job on such projects. I remember seeing many of them. It was years after he had done them when I saw them but I can attest that they were all, still in good shape, and that they had been professionally done with the highest quality of workmanship.

When Dad started school he spoke no English and, along with most of the other kids from the neighborhood, he had to learn it in remedial classes in school wherein all other subjects were taught in English. In this he succeeded greatly and as a grown man I never

remember even a trace of an accent. He graduated as a machinist from a local Vocational High School and joined the working force, as first, an apprentice machinist, but quickly, because of the then current real estate boom, went into the more remunerative field of painting and paper hanging. He became a naturalized American citizen as soon as he was eligible at the early age of 21.

The family joined the First Italian Baptist Church in nearby Silver Lake, NJ, soon after moving into the Day Street home. Dad grew up to adulthood in this church and he spent the majority of his time outside of home and school participating in church activities. Besides regular Sunday school and Church Service attendance, one of the major activities that he participated in was the building of the church's adjacent "Friendly House". This was a building replete with a gymnasium, a swimming pool, and facilities for young people's activities. The church managed facility sponsored and conducted organized activities for the church membership, as well as, for the adults and children in the surrounding neighborhood.

Subsequently, at the age of 22, he was to marry my mother, Rosina Borrello, in 1930. She was 19. They had both met and grown up together as members of the First Italian Baptist Church of Silver Lake, NJ.

III. The Marriage:

When Dad asked for my mother's hand in marriage, Crescenzo was immediately against it. (Dad always thought that it was because of two reasons: One, because he did not want to lose Rose's paycheck so soon after she had started working and, ~~Two~~^{two}: because he did not want to pay for a wedding that would set an expensive precedent for the remaining six sisters.) ~~that would eventually be a precursor to a total of seven weddings~~. Crescenzo did not absolutely forbid it, however, and he proposed that, before a courtship could begin, Dad had to prove to him that he was "man enough" to take care of his daughter. For this purpose he set up a number of contests between himself and Dad to prove his capabilities.

I'm not familiar with all the contests but I remember two that Dad described to me. He was a strong young man. One contest was to pick up progressively heavier weights (stumps, an anvil, etc.) until one of them failed. The other was to throw a log to see who could throw it the farthest. Dad won both of these contests, as well as, the others that Crescenzo had set up. Reluctantly, Crescenzo allowed the courtship to begin but, not without the condition that a chaperone be present at all times.

The chaperone proved to be her younger sister, Mary. When Tony came courting Crescenzo insisted that Mary sit between them on the sitting room couch. Tony would bring flowers and chocolates and most of Rose's younger siblings would sit and watch the courting, munching on the chocolates. On the rare occasions that they would go to a movie or other affair, Mary had to accompany them.

In spite of these conditions the courting was a success, a wedding date was set and the arrangements for the wedding were made. Crescenzo remained against it and refused to pay for the wedding. On the day of the wedding he refused to attend the service despite the fact that he had reluctantly agreed to give the bride away. Part of the family's lore is that, at the last minute, when everyone else was already at the church, Tony's mother, a very strong willed woman, took Crescenzo into the back parlor and had a private conversation with him. No one knows what she said to him, or how she said it, but the net result was that he emerged from the room, went to the church, and "gave" Rose to Tony.

So Rose and Tony were married on June 6, 1930. It was the beginning of the "Great Depression". She was nineteen, he was twenty-two.

For their honeymoon Dad borrowed a car (a Ford Model T) and they drove north to Watkin's Glen in upper New York State. Dad, as an ex Boy Scout Leader borrowed a tent from his former Troop. They brought the necessary cook ware, bedding, and supplies to camp out. According to the stories told to me by my Dad, the trip proved to be a real life adventure because of the car. It featured all bald tires with a couple of spares. There were many stoppages along the way to change and repair flat tires! However, they were young and on their honeymoon and they had a good time. Mom always talked about it in glowing terms. Somewhere in the family, snapshot photos of that camping trip exist. I'll try to locate them.

The first years of their marriage proved to be stormy! In the years between Tony's graduation and his subsequent entrance into the work force it was the expected Italian family practice that he would turn over his entire salary to his mother, Giovanina. She would then parcel it out as she saw fit.

While he was still single this practice worked rather well for the overall family's benefit. Tony would receive "free" room and board plus a stipend that was enough for his minimal needs outside the home. The rest Giovanina proved to use rather wisely. She was able to purchase a two family home around the corner from their Day Street home. She also was able to improve the Day Street home itself. Using the extra money provided by Tony plus the "free" labor provided by Tony and his siblings, she was able to add on closed in porches on both the first and second floor, to tile and renovate the bathroom, to improve the kitchen, etc.

The problem with this system arose quickly after the marriage was consummated. Giovanina insisted on still taking all of Tony's salary and parceling it out as she felt it was needed. She put the newly married couple into the first floor apartment in the newly acquired house around the corner - "rent free" - and gave them a periodic amount of money to live on as she felt they needed it.

It was very hard for my Dad to say no to this arrangement. He was brought up as a "good son" and he felt his responsibility to his family very deeply. His stepfather, Luigi

("Da'Deel"), was getting older and it was getting harder and harder for him to bring home enough money to keep the family going: hence, the money that my Dad provided was important for the family's welfare. My mother, of course, hated this arrangement from the beginning.

In the beginning while Dad was still experiencing steady work, the system proved to be bearable, if not desirable. As the depression deepened; however, the money system that was dependent on Giovanina's judgement proved to worsen. Although Mom never elaborated to me there must have been some serious arguments about the situation between her and Giovanina.

As an intended spite to my mother, Giovanina moved colored people into the upstairs apartment. It did not work because Mom soon became fast friends with the upstairs colored woman. (There never was a prejudiced bone in Mom's body!

At any rate, in 1934-35, shortly after my birth, Mom and Dad had had enough. They moved out of the apartment and the city of Orange, NJ, to start a "new life" in Cedar Knolls, NJ. I don't know any more of the details of what exactly happened to cause the move – I just know that it happened.

Cedar Knolls: Today, Cedar Knolls is a fine, well planned and executed suburban section of Hanover Township, NJ. It is a place wherein all of the streets are paved and curbed and each street is replete with all the necessary underground public services (i.e., sanitary sewers, water, gas, and piped storm sewers). It has a desirable school system, its own local post office and Zip Code, and the Township picks up the citizens' garbage weekly. In addition, its Volunteer Fire Company and Emergency Ambulance Service are well planned, adequate, and efficient. The medium sized houses are neat with lots of nicely tended lawns and shade trees. It is within reasonable commuting distance of the NY/NJ metropolitan area. In other words it is a popular, desirable place in which to live and bring up a family. This is well illustrated by the fact that there are no more empty buildable lots left within the original subdivision. The only way available that a new house can be built is to knock down an old one and reuse its site.

All of this was not so in 1935 when Mom and Dad moved their growing family into a small, rented summer bungalow on Summit Ave., ½ of a block west of the town's main street, Ridgedale Ave. At that time, Cedar Knolls was considered to be "in the country", 15 to 20 miles west of the Newark/Orange urban area. Originally, it was a planned subdivision of ¼ acre buildable lots located on lands of the former Wolfe Estate. The goal of the subdivision was to create a 'summer bungalow' colony that would provide "city people" the means to build a second, vacation home in an area that was cooler, with a more natural setting - away from the crowded city during the hot and humid New Jersey summers.

The main street was (is) Ridgedale Ave. From its Summit Ave intersection at the center of Cedar Knolls, Ridgedale ends about 3 miles to the South at Morristown, NJ, the Morris County seat. To the North, it runs about a mile from the Summit Ave. center to State

Road #10 at Malapardis, another, minor local section of Hanover Township. In turn, S.R. 10 runs East to the other, major town center of Hanover Township, Whippany, NJ. From there S.R. 10 leads eastward to the city areas of Orange and Newark, NJ.

The original Cedar Knolls subdivision section is composed of 7 parallel avenues that run west from Ridgedale. These 4 block long Ave's are lined on each of their sides with adjacent, 1/4 acre building lots. At the time, located at the intersection of Summit and Ridgedale (roughly the center of town), was a general store that was owned and operated by the Michas family. Mom and Dad's first rented house was located on the south side of Summit, approx. 1/2 block west of Michas's store. Except for Ridgedale, all of the other Aves were unpaved, dirt roads with no underground "city" services. They did have electricity, supplied by lines strung from "telephone poles" that were spaced along their edges. All of the Aves sloped toward Ridgedale and storm water runoff was drained toward Ridgedale in open ditches that ran parallel on each edge of each Ave.

By today's standards the Summit Ave house (summer bungalow) was really minimal, almost primitive. Water was supplied from a manually dug, shallow well in the back yard. Except for a hand operated "pitcher pump" for water and sink there was no indoor plumbing. The toilet was an outdoor, manually dug pit toilet. There was a manually dug "cesspool" to handle the gray water runoff from the sink. The house was uninsulated and drafty.

There was no central heat, or insect screens, or storm panes on the windows. Refrigeration was supplied by an "icebox" wherein ice had to be delivered every 2 to 3 days. There was no washing machine or other electrical appliances. The house was wired and equipped for electricity but it was minimal (30 amps. as opposed to a typical 200 amp house service today).

Cooking and heating were done on a wood/coal range located in the kitchen (a blessing in the winter but tortuous in the hot summer). Laundry and bathing were accomplished in a galvanized wash tub that would be placed on the kitchen floor when needed. The Laundry required the use of a manual scrubbing board. It was dried on a clothesline in the backyard.

There was no garbage collection. Garbage had to be burned or buried in the backyard. There was no cellar, only a crawl space under the house. The house was built on cedar posts, not a masonry foundation.

Times were hard, money was short, and painting jobs, or any other forms of work, were difficult to come by. Coupled with the shortcomings of their living space one can only imagine the difficulty Mom and Dad had at this time to preserve their marriage and to make it prosper. However, they did!

The 1930's – Hard Times: The family only lived in the Summit Ave house for a short time. I'm not sure of how long but it was in the order of 1 to 2 years. During that time they made some good friends – George and Ida Delp and their family, who lived across

the street. The Delp's were certainly not wealthy but they were much better financially off than Mom and Dad. George was working with a steady job and Ida was the town postmistress. The post office was located in her house. Mom and Ida hit it off really well – almost instantly - and they became good friends.

Mom had graduated from beautician school before she married and she still had the basic hand tools to perform work in that field. Ida introduced Mom around and helped her to establish a number of people who became steady customers for permanents, haircuts, etc. that she performed from her home. It never became a big business nor were her prices expensive. She worked out of our house. Haircuts cost a quarter and permanents were not much more. *(The haircuts were done with manual hand operated clippers and the permanents with manual clamp type curling irons that she heated over the kitchen stove – no electrical operation for either.)* She never made a lot of money with these pursuits but, still, with Dad frequently out of work (in spite of intense amounts of trying on his part), the money that she did make was often needed just to put food on the table for her family.

Ida Delp was a generous source of clothing and other items needed in the raising of two young boys. She had two boys herself, the youngest, Leroy, was a couple of years older than my older brother, Al. Both Al and I spent many years of our early childhood dressed in hand-me-down clothing and playing with used toys that Ida had generously given to us. In addition, she often sent over “extra” food from her family table.

(The Delp's were good, Christian people and their unconditional friendship and generosity made very important contributions to the success of our early family. They remained lifelong friends of our family until Ida passed away in the late 1940's and George 's passing not much later.)

The time period that Mom and Dad lived in the Summit Ave. house was probably the hardest financial period of their marriage. It was the depth of the Depression. There simply was no paying work available to a man with only a vocational school education such as Dad. He was willing to do anything, take any job, but as he told me more than once, even the meanest paying job would have a line of men waiting in line to apply. It wasn't unusual to see a college educated man happily take a job sweeping floors.

Dad was a very proud and principled man but, even though it was against all of his principles, out of desperation he finally applied for and went on the public welfare roll. As he related to me later in life his time on the dole was neither a happy nor a successful experience. He was “hired” to participate in a public works program to improve the Essex county park on South Mountain Reservation. It was in the middle of a bitter cold winter. As Dad described it, the workforce was full of “work shirkers” whose main interest was to extend the job as long as possible; hence, very minimal work was actually done. Conversely, Dad was extremely unpopular with the majority of the workforce because he believed in performing “a day's work for a day's pay” - which he did. At any rate the job only lasted through that cold winter before it ran out of budget money. Dad was laid off and, as he told me, he was never interested in going on the public dole again.

During this time, Mom was having a desperate time of her own, just trying to keep the family well fed and the house warm. In the sporadic times that Dad would work, inasmuch as they could afford them, they bought basic commodities in bulk, flour by the sack, sugar, eggs by the dozens, beans, spices, cooking oil, and baking powder, etc.

Of course there was always also a priority to stock up on macaroni and canned tomatoes. For as long as I can remember, Mom would make a tomato sauce (we called it gravy) and pasta twice a week, on Sundays and Wednesdays. There would be leftovers for the meals the days after, on Mondays and Thursdays. In those early days in Cedar Knolls she was many times forced to make the gravy without meat (*unheard of!*) because of financial reasons. Meats were the most expensive food source, hence, they were the last on their priority list after the staples listed above plus fresh fruits, and vegetables.

In the summer months things were easier. Local fruits and produce were usually abundant and cheap. Mom knew how to go on her front lawn and into the local woods to obtain salad greens, berries, nuts, even mushrooms, etc. She made and canned delicious jelly from wild grapes that grew in the local woods (*I remember the times as a young boy when I climbed into the trees that were covered with wild grape vines to pick their grapes*).

However, in the cold weather of the winter it was another story. Mom often told stories about the winter times wherein the only food left to eat were some of the bulk items that they had laid by for just such a time. More than one time a meal would consist of only fried dough patties (fritters) or pancakes topped with some of her grape jelly. More than once she would go to the local general store and Mr. Michas would cut up bare bones for her for a nickel or a dime. (He was a kind man and often he would “accidentally” leave some minimal amounts of meat or fat on the bones). She would make soup from the bones, including greens if they were available, with spices and dumplings from the stored flour. One way or another, she managed to keep her family fed and healthy but it was never easy.

One other potential source of meat was to hunt the local woods for game. For this purpose Dad acquired a hunting gun. It was a 12 gauge, double barreled, “Damascus Twist” shotgun.

(Damascus Twists were beautifully made and accurate guns. The barrels were made by a process utilizing “formed and twisted” wire. Such a wire design was meant for a previous age when ammunition was made with black powder. Even in Dad’s time, all normally available ammunition was made from newer, higher explosive powders. Using the newer powders, the higher explosive shots were sometimes enough to burst the twisted wires of the barrels causing them to violently unwind and to injure, or even kill, the shooter! It wasn’t too frequent an occurrence but such accidents were known to happen.)

Dad was aware of the potential dangers of such a weapon but he was willing to chance it

since these potentials made the going price of such a fine gun much cheaper, to a point where he could afford it.

(His judgement in these regards proved to be accurate. The gun ultimately proved to be safe using the higher powered, modern ammunition. Dad used it for many years, plus my brother, Al, used it for many more. Al, in particular, was a prolific and successful hunter. To my knowledge, the gun still exists, somewhere within Al's estate.)

Dad's attempts to acquire meat by hunting were only moderately successful. First it was only legal to hunt during the fall hunting seasons. Second, game was scarce because of the proliferation of all the other hunters that the "hard times" produced who were just as desperate for game meat as Dad was. However, the few times Dad would come home with small game (squirrels, rabbits, rarely a pheasant or quail), Mom would cook them for delicious meals. In particular, her squirrel or rabbit pies were great!

(I was too young to know these things while they were happening in the Summit Ave. house but I experienced the same cooking, with the same ingredients, later as I grew older. I can attest to Mom's mastery of them.)

The provision of fuel for heating and cooking in that early house was also a big problem. Deadwood was available from the local woods but, as the Depression progressed, many people were as desperate for fuel as my family was. The local woods were picked clean of deadwood and, unless one owned the land, it was highly illegal to cut down living trees. As Dad described it to me years later, he was forced to go deeper and deeper into the woods surrounding the town to obtain sufficient firewood.

A better fuel was coal. Coal burns longer and slower than wood and it gives off a more even heat. Unfortunately my family could not afford to buy coal in other than small quantities - when they could afford it at all! (It was sold by the bag at the Michas general store.) Obtaining fuel for heating and cooking, either wood or coal, was a constant problem.

In these regards, Dad also told another story. There was one source of coal open to him that was very inexpensive, if not abundant. The engines on the local, Morristown and Erie Railroad, ran on coal. Times were tough and the stokers on the trains' engines were, after all, empathetic human beings. They were well aware of the desperate needs of the people for fuel that so many could not afford. The stokers would periodically, "accidentally" throw shovels full of coal at certain spots onto the tracks. Such a spot was the intersection of the tracks with Cedar Knolls Road (below the schoolhouse). Dad told me that whenever he had the time he would go there with a pail to pick up whatever coal he could find. He said that many times he would meet other residents of the town there with the same purpose in mind – sometimes they were the "leading citizens" of the town. Times were indeed, tough!

Mountain Ave.: I don't know how long it was but the family only lived on Summit Ave. for only a short time – in the order of a year or two. My younger sister, Arlene, was born

on Dec. 6, 1936, and I don't even know if we were still living on Summit Ave. or if we had already moved, however, it was right around that time that we did move – to the Mountain Ave. home that was destined to be the only home wherein Mom and Dad would live for the rest of their lives. It was the only home wherein the siblings would be brought up and wherein each would live until each, respectively, moved out to begin their respective married lives.

The owner of the Mountain Ave. house was an older, local, immigrant widow of German descent – Mrs. Krumholz. At the time that Mom and Dad purchased the house Mrs. Krumholz was living with her married daughter's family, 1/2 block from the Michas general store, east of Ridgedale Ave.

(Mrs. Krumholz's daughter was married to a man named Schneyer and they had one son, William (Sonny), whom I can remember. William was my age and he and I went to grammar school, in the same grade, together. The reason I mention it is that years later, William was destined to meet and marry my Aunt Mickey's eldest daughter, my cousin, Concetta (Connie). Sonny and Connie lived in the Schneyer house for the rest of their natural lives. They had 4 children – but all of that constitutes another story.)

I don't know the whole story but Dad and Mom met with Mrs. Krumholz and, after a suitable negotiation, they bought the Mountain Ave. house. The price they paid for the house was \$2,000.00 and, as far as I know, they bought it with no down payment via a "hundred year mortgage" for the full price that was held by Mrs. Krumholz – no banks were involved in the transaction.

(A "100 year mortgage" was a common mortgage transaction vehicle at that time, Its terms were simple to understand; hence, it was widely used for private transactions. Simply put, its terms were that only 1.0% of the principle was due to be paid each year plus interest. Under these terms, Mom and Dad's first monthly payment would have been only \$20.00 and the monthly payments would be progressively less from there on.)

Dad's ensuing life proved to be a model for success for an immigrant Italian American. As the oldest son, as stated above, he had done much of the work to refurbish and expand the Day Street home; hence, learning to "do it yourself" from a very early age. He was destined to continue this trait of strong self-reliance on his own initiative and skills throughout the rest of his life.

Nowhere was it to show up better than in his continuing (successful) efforts in refurbishing the ultimate family home on Mountain Ave. It took him many years but, ultimately, and when he could afford it, turning the original summer bungalow without indoor plumbing or central heating, into a modern, comfortable home with all conveniences.

Over the years, from the time we were kids, I'll always remember Dad as successfully working on every aspect of the house that needed doing. He did it all, many times with the help of my brother, Al, and/or myself. From plumbing and electrical work to

carpentry, heating and water/well supply, we did it all, never with an outside contractor!

In this way, Al and I both learned a lot from my father – most of all, self-reliance on one's inherent ability to develop a way to accomplish goals by developing the needed skill sets to do a job on one's own initiative, as the need for them might require.

However, I'm getting ahead of myself because, in addition to the fixing up of their home and raising their family, both Rose and Tony would go on to simultaneously lead very full and exemplary lives. Over the years, the volunteer Civic activities of both were destined to have profound influences on the progressive growth of the Hanover Township in which they lived.

Shortly after arriving in Cedar Knolls, Dad joined and became active in the local Fire Department. He never really left his active involvement with the Department, over the ensuing years he attained active exempt status, and, finally, he became a member of the Fire Commissioner's board in his later life.

Not to be outdone, Mom joined and became very active in the Ladies Auxiliary of the Fire Company. *(As a child I can remember, more than once, being awakened at night or in the predawn hours, being warmly dressed by Mom and, then, accompanying her to an active fire that was being fought by the Firemen. Dad's job was to fight the fire, Mom's was in a support role – to provide coffee, food, and comfort to the fighting Firemen. At that time the Township had some industrial buildings that experienced extensive, severe blazes that took many hours to extinguish. In particular, twice in my memory, the local "cork factory" experienced spectacular blazes that lasted many hours.)*

With regard to the Fire Company activities, among many others, I particularly remember two different incidences.

The other significant thing that Mom did early on, was to join the local Presbyterian, "Hildale Park", church. As noted above she was raised in the Baptist faith but there was no locally convenient Baptist Church in the Cedar Knolls area; hence, she and her family became lifelong Presbyterians. She was destined to become, one of the most active and important members of her newly formed church. She soon became a Deacon and, then, an Elder of the church. Later on, she organized the Junior Choir when my sister became of age. Somehow she obtained a used piano and, with the aid of Mrs. Cooke (another local church Elder), all of the junior choir's weekly practice sessions were held in our Mountain Avenue home., In addition, she personally made and hand sewed all of the children's choir robes.

(Both mom and Dad were destined to, and did, become much more civically active in their community and, over the years, were each personally responsible for important improvements in the structure and activities of Hanover Township; however, more about that later.)

The Cedars and other Acquisitions:

These were hard times and there was little remunerative construction work available during the “Depression Years” of the 1930’s. Despite his intense efforts, Dad was only able to find work sporadically. Mom and Dad referred to it as the “hard times” period of their marriage. However, their marriage persisted and proved to remain strong and fruitful – producing three children – myself, my older brother, Alfred, and my younger sister, Arlene.

By the early 1940’s my dad was working steady again at a good job as a machinist with the Bell Telephone Laboratories of AT&T.

Then World War 2 broke out. Dad joined the US Navy as a “Sea Bee”. His three brothers were also in the service. The brothers each served in the Army and each saw action in Europe including each in the “Battle of the Bulge”. Dad saw action in the Pacific participating in several of the island invasions. He did not talk about them much but I know he won Battle Stars for participating in the invasions of such Japanese stronghold islands as Iwo Jima, Eniwetock, and Okinawa. His division was in charge of building the pontoon docks over which the necessary supplies that eventually won the battles flowed. The docks were built simultaneously as the invasion battles were fought all around them. He brought home many photos of ongoing fighting (overhead tracers, Japanese Kamikaze aircraft attacking, etc.). Again, as I said, Dad did well in the service – he entered the service in early 1943 as a 3rd class Machinist Mate and when he was honorably discharged after the war in late 1945 he had risen to the rank of Chief Boatswain’s Mate.

He went back to work at Bell Laboratories where he was quickly transferred to their Security Division. In those “Cold War” years security was a very serious matter at the Whippany, NJ, Bell Telephone Laboratories facility wherein Dad worked. At the time, the Labs was a prolific provider to the U.S. government of applied research in the area of developing advanced technology weaponry systems for the defense needs of the USA (Among other projects, they successfully developed the Nike and Hercules rocket guidance systems, the “Dew Line” early warning radar system that spanned the Arctic Circle, advanced anti-aircraft aiming systems, the first printed circuitry, the first transistor based electronics, early laser based systems, etc.).

The multi acre facility was surrounded by a high, barbed wire topped, chain link fence. It was guarded around the clock by its own armed, uniformed security force that numbered in the dozens. Everyone who worked at the facility had to carry a photo ID badge that also prominently displayed the level of security clearance that one was entitled to participate in (i.e. for access into the facility, into different classified areas within the work place, access to documents and files that were progressively filed as “Restricted”, “Confidential”, “Secret”, or “Top Secret”, etc.). It was the security forces job to assure that no one had access to enter the facility unless they were cleared and, most importantly, that no one had access to classified information unless they were cleared for it.

Dad was familiar with and good at operating both handheld and rifle type weaponry. He attained Marksman Medals for both while he was in the service during the war. Among his other duties he ultimately became an arms teacher and safety instructor for the Bell Labs Security force. He was recognized, and respected, among his peers as a steadfast, “solid citizen”, an honest and loyal person, and he projected a leading, no-nonsense approach to whatever project he became engaged in. Coupled with his recent exemplary wartime experience, he was a natural for Bell Labs security needs at that time. He quickly rose through their ranks to become one of the four Shift Chief Security Officers (akin to an on duty Chief of Police) for the Bell Lab facility – a position that he performed very well! He held this position for some 20 odd years – until his retirement in his early 60’s years of age.

(Some Side Information: At the age of 16, as a recent high school graduate, I was hired at this same Bell Labs facility as a Jr. Draftsman. For the next 5 years Dad and I worked there simultaneously. Even though we still lived in the same house we didn’t see too much of each other at work. Dad was on a rotating shift basis and we both drove separately in our own cars. Still, despite the fact that nearly 1,000 employees worked there at that time, we both became pretty well known throughout the Lab’s staff, although, not necessarily for the best of reasons.

At that time there was an infamous Mafia gangster whose name was frequently mentioned in the news by the name of, Charles “Lucky” Luciano. He was no relation to us but the name, Luciano, resonated by association with us throughout the Labs. Dad became known as “Big Lucky” and I was known as “Little Lucky”. For the entire 5 years that I worked there everyone called me “Lucky”. No one ever called me, or my Dad, by our right names. It was always “Big or Little Lucky”. It was all in good humor though and, to my knowledge it never resulted in treatment in a negative way. To this day, although it’s been some 61 years since I left the Labs, I still have friends who still only know me by the nickname, “Lucky”.)

Dad enjoyed a good period of retirement that lasted some 15 + years. During those years he and Mom accomplished a “Bucket List” of achievements that included the final finishing of his house in Cedar Knolls, NJ; the attainment of a canal front vacation cottage “down the shore” near Tuckerton, NJ; an 18 foot powered motor launch; trips to

Italy, the west coast and other areas of the U.S.; and many meaningful interactions with both his family and a large circle of friends.

In 1973, at the age of 65, he suffered a massive heart attack! The conditions leading up to and following the attack add a sober, but sometimes uplifting, part of the family lore. He and his grandson, Tony, aged 15 (My sister, Arlene's oldest son.) were alone, taking a ride in Dad's boat in Barnegat Bay. The motor malfunctioned and then seized up. It was unable to be restarted.

They drifted into shore and grounded there. Aid was available from a local boatyard that was only a short distance away, across a semi-marsh area. However, these were the days before cell phones and there was no way to contact them from the stranded boat other than directly contacting them, in person, across the marsh.

It was decided that Dad should stay with the boat in case it should loosen and start to drift away while Tony, a strapping young man, went for aid on foot, across the semi marshy area. Dad waited for, what to him, was a seriously long time and no one showed up. He became very worried about Tony and decided to leave the boat to go look for him.

However, when he disembarked from the boat he immediately became mired in the quicksand like mud in which the boat had become mired and he was unable to proceed away from the immediate area of the stranded boat. As he explained it later, he had a really difficult time just physically getting back into the boat, no less trying to leave it on foot. I suspect, but do not really know, that the situation was caused by the changing tides.

At any rate Dad again had to wait an inordinately long time, in his estimation, before Tony finally showed up in a tow boat from the boat yard. As can be imagined, Dad was highly stressed with deep feelings of guilt. The boat was successfully freed and towed to the boatyard. It was left in the boatyard and Dad and Tony returned home.

The next day Dad suffered a massive heart attack! It was caused, no doubt, by the excess physical exertion of re-entering the boat combined with the excess stress he suffered for the entire time periods that he waited for Tony to reappear with the tow boat.

Within two weeks, or so, after the attack he was taken to Houston, TX, for an emergency, triple coronary bypass operation. The operation was still new at that time and, luckily, we were able to have it performed by the actual originator of the operation - Dr. Denton Cooley. (This was all arranged by my older brother, Al.) And, still, it was only marginally successful. Dr. Cooley and his team were able to install only two by-pass grafts when it was judged that Dad would not be able to withstand anymore, so the third graft was never performed.

However, the operation was successful enough to give Dad 15 more years of retired life. He used those years fully and happily. He and Mom enjoyed their shore cottage immensely; they visited Italy and actually met up with many, hereunto unknown to them,

extended family relatives; they were both active in local civic affairs wherein they took prominent leadership roles in such organizations as the local “Senior Citizens Club”, “Meals on Wheels”; but, most importantly, they absorbed themselves in the family which, at that time was expanding rapidly with grandchildren and great grandchildren.

When he died of heart failure at the age of 78 Dad was survived by a family that included his wife, Rose, of 56 years, three married children and their spouses, 13 grandchildren, and numerous great grandchildren that have grown over the years to a current total of 30, and still counting.

Dad led a very successful and full life. A life that had made many positive contributions to his family, to his many friends and peers, to the town in which he lived and raised his family, as well as, to his adopted country which he loved very much. He was much loved and respected by all who knew him and he is still greatly missed to this day. Dad was definitely an integral part of our “greatest generation”. His was a life that attested to the very positive contributions that our early, legal immigration policies have contributed to the overall success of this country.

A Mystery Solved: Some years after his death we, in Dad’s immediate family, wanted to memorialize his immigration to and his service to this country, the USA. To this end my sister, Arlene, entered Dad’s name in a space on the “Wall of Honor” located on Ellis Island that lists the names of all those immigrants who entered the US through the Ellis Island facility and ultimately served in the armed forces of the U.S.

Similarly, as part of a fund raising effort to reinvigorate the Island facility, my wife, Lori, and I bought a “brick” installed in an Ellis Island sidewalk that also listed Dad’s name. These onsite listings of Dad’s name are still in place on the Island and can be viewed at any time.

We have documentation that shows that my Dad, Anthony Luciano, immigrated into this country at the age of two on August 5, 1910. This same document shows that he arrived in New York with his widowed mother as a passenger on the Regina Italia, a ship of the Anchor Line. This was in the middle of the time period when hordes of new immigrants from Italy and other European countries were arriving, and being legally processed, at Ellis Island, New York. The processing was days’ long and tedious. Essentially, it was meant to assure that each new immigrant was healthy and that he (her) had enough wherewithal, either by sponsorship of a US inhabitant or by personal wealth of their own, to become independent inhabitants of this country without need for the public dole.

Although the processing system was long and tedious it was a good system in that it actually worked well to weed out the undesirables from those immigrants who actually met the criteria that had been set to determine fitness for immigration into this country.

As might be imagined the system was well documented and, indeed, scrupulous records for each new arrival were recorded, filed and maintained accordingly. Eventually all of these records were transferred, and recorded onto computer maintained electronic files.

These files are freely available for inspection by anyone of the general public who chooses to make use of them on the Ellis Island Website.

A few years ago I was preparing to record highlights of our family history for the benefit of future generations. I want them to know who we were. For this purpose I went onto the Ellis Island website to verify and, perhaps, expand the information on Dad's arrival into the U.S. Strangely, I could find no reference, whatsoever of Dad in the Ellis Island files, neither for his actual arrival nor for any other record of him. I put in his name, I put in his mother's name, I put in the name of the U.S. inhabitant who was sponsoring them by an arranged marriage to Dad's his mother. I tried different years. I put in the name of the ship and its date of arrival and even though the Regina was a regular visitor to the Island, there was no record of her coming in on that day or, even any other day within months of Dad's known arrival into this country.

Over the next few years I revisited the website and tried again and again to locate any reference to Dad with the same negative results. The Ellis Island files were completely silent on my father and had no reference to him, at all. Yet we knew he had come – there could be no doubt about that. It was a mystery, for sure!

Last fall my wife, Lori, and I made a visit to Ellis Island, now a National Park, and took the guided tour of the facility. It was a fascinating and well run tour. Above all it defined the system wherein our country was able to legally bring in new immigrants and assure that there was a good assurance that most of them would become independent, useful, and contributing members of our society – a far cry from the illegal immigration policies that exist today!

While I was on the tour I had a chance to discuss the situation of my Dad's mysterious lack of immigration details with the tour guide. He was very knowledgeable and he was able to quickly tell me what was wrong in my search. It seems that only the immigrants traveling in steerage were processed at Ellis Island. These were the vast majority of arrivals, by far. But if one were lucky enough to arrive as a first, or even second, class passenger the processing was carried out in a completely different way.

On the way into New York harbor a ship carrying immigrants made a first stop in Brooklyn to pick up a local harbor pilot. There they also took off the most seriously ill, contagiously ill, or otherwise obviously unfit immigrants so as not to "pollute" the highly crowded Ellis Island facility.

They also picked up the pertinent immigration officials needed to process any immigrants who were lucky or rich enough to arrive as cabin class passengers. Such passengers were then processed directly on the ship so that when the ship arrived at its dock in New York harbor they were free to disembark as accepted immigrants with no need for further processing. They were immediately accepted as free inhabitants of the U.S. and they could resume their new life immediately on disembarkation. The ship would then proceed onto Ellis Island where the steerage class immigrants would disembark. It so happened that the Regina did not have any steerage passengers that trip; hence, they

never went to Ellis Island. The mystery was solved.

So it was with my Dad. The man who was destined to marry my grandmother was waiting for them at the dock. He had paid for a cabin class transit for my Dad and his mother; hence, they arrived as first class passengers and were able to receive the special treatment. The new couple was married immediately in a New York church and they then proceeded to their new home in Orange, NJ, where my Dad was destined to grow up, become a U.S. citizen, marry, and become a contributing member of U.S. society.)

Addenda I:

The Borello Siblings

Note: The following are “thumbnail descriptions” of Rose’s brothers and sisters. Each one of these descriptions could, and should, be expanded in much more detail so that future generations of the extended family can get to more fully know their ancestors. However, this is a narrative dedicated to describing the lives of Rose and Tony and their immediate family. Perhaps the children of the siblings can take up the gauntlet and describe their own immediate family’s history. If any do, I would be delighted to provide any assistance I could to help in such an endeavor.

- 1- Lenny:** Lenny was actually the first child of Concetta and Crescenzo. I only know of him through my mother’s description. He died when he was very young, only a few month’s old. The story goes that he acquired blood poisoning after being stuck by a safety pin when his diaper was being changed. If he had lived he would have been older than Rose and there would have been eleven Borrello siblings.
- 2- Mary:** Mary was the next oldest child after Rose. She was born in 191_ and died in 2004, at the age of 91. She grew up to be a very attractive, well dressed and very well spoken woman. She was, probably, the most sophisticated of all the sisters. She married Carmen Cercelli and they lived in Queens, NY (Long Island). Being the two oldest sisters and having all the family responsibilities attendant to those positions thrust upon them, and being separated from the rest of the sisters by the birth of the first son, Tony, she and Rose grew up with a special bond between them. (On her death bed at age 93, Rose repeatedly called for Mary during the delirium of her last days.) When we were children, my brother and sister and I always looked forward to a package of Christmas gifts in the mail from Aunt Mary. She never forgot. Mary had two daughters: Eleanor (born 1934, married John Romaner) and Alice (born 1936, married Martin Dowd).
- 3- Anthony (Tony):** Tony was the first son. He was born in 191_ and died in 19___. He grew to manhood working hard with Crescenzo where, as the first son, he inherited many of the family jobs that had initially been Rose’s. He was probably closer to Crescenzo than any of the other siblings, so much so, that he bought the

family homestead on Rose Street from the rest of the family after Crescenzo died and he, himself, died while residing there in his latter years. He spent his working career as a union member working in construction. He was a handsome, well dressed, outspoken, street-wise, fiercely independent man who always told you what he thought. He was a good husband and father and took good care of his family. He had a penchant for nice things (especially, nice automobiles). As a child I looked up to him as one of my role models. He was married and divorced from Angela _____. They had one child, Carol (born 194_, married Robert Palmieri).

- 4- **Michelina (Mickey):** Born July 15 _____. She married Rocco Gizzo and they had two daughters: Concetta and Angela. They later divorced and she married George Kelly.
- 5- **William (Willy):** Born _____. He married Mary DeSantis and they 4 children: Clara, William, jr., Jerry, and John.
- 6- **Adelaide:** She married Carl Dunster and they had 3 children: Carl, Rose Lee, and John.
- 7- **Yolanda (Yolie):** She married George Drake and they had 3 children: Barbara, Mary, and Christine.
- 8- **Anna:** She married Gerardo Mellilo and they had three children: Gerardo (Jerry), Peter, and Larry.
- 9- **Louis (Sonny):** He married Norma Palmieri and they had two children: Renee and Robert.
- 10- **Eleanor (Snooks):** She married Richard Rocco and they had 4 children: Richard, Judy, Patricia (Patty), and Mary Ann.

As of the date of this writing, October 3, 2015, eight of the ten Borrello siblings have passed, with only Louis and Eleanor remaining alive.

The Luciano/Donofrio Siblings:

Rose and Tony's Family: