

# THE JUDSON JOURNAL

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## SUMMERTIME, WHEN LIVING WAS EASIER

**THE FIRST SATURDAY OF SUMMER, CIRCA 1955.** Friday night Uncle Al bought me my PF FLYER sneakers at Dick Crean's. I could hardly sleep last night wondering how fast these black high tops would make me run. Before I try them out, I must get my brush hair cut at "Pete's Barber Shop" on the corner of Bonsall and Indiana. Now with my curls gone my sneakers on and my short pants, (cut down from the long pants that I had torn holes in over the spring), I am ready for a great summer. It is now time to test these Flyers and see how fast they make me run. Running up 23rd St., I wave to Deanna, Janet, MaryJo, and Roseann playing Jacks on the Ranieri's porch. Passing "Canio's Bar" the door is open and I hear Umbrella Joe debating with Roach about the upcoming Marciano vs. Wallcott fight being held at Connie Mack Stadium. Mr. Citro at his stand on Fox St. is starting to make a batch of his delicious Italian Lemonade. Turning down Fox St. I hear Cucci D'Ambra call me "Aron come over hear." Just as I reach his truck outside their grocery store, his brother Brociolo grabs me. Cucci rubs his fist over my head and says, "Where are all your curls," both of them laugh as Cucci flips me a peach. Near Hemberger St. I see Ernie Gallo carrying his accordion case into the shoemaker shop. He explains to me that his leather strap was torn and Mr. Verde was going to sew it for him. Coming up Fox St. I see Ernie DiBenedetto, Anthony Cerone, and Joe Rulli, (all of them

wearing the same PF Flyer sneakers), running toward me. Anthony says to me, "Follow us we're going to get shortstop Granny Hammner's autograph at Framo's Restaurant on Allegheny Avenue." Ernie who is very fast reaches Framo's long before the rest of us. He shouts to us, as we come up 23rd St., "Hold up! He's already gone." The three of us breathing heavily stop running instantly. We simultaneously hear live music playing. We call Ernie and all four of us run in the direction of the music, over Lippincott St and down 22nd St. toward St. Mary's. When we arrive at the school yard, the Coleman's, (Tommy, Maryann, Marty, and Helen), are listening to Uncle Alfred Bonviso's band rehearsing for the summer concerts. The banner being hung on the fence by Jimmy the janitor reads, "Bianca, Presented by, The Holy Name Society." I told the guys I would see them later and ran down Clearfield St. Passing the Gabriel D'Nunzio Club, I stop and talk with Tony (Ape) Petrone who is getting into his huge red Zurnoil truck. I am now running at high speed in the shade along DeLong's. I fly by Ralph Losciavo and Mario Amici on the way to my Aunt Helen's house on Lambert St. When I arrive Tsi Cosmo, welcomes me and says, "Arona you a mangia?" I say, "I'm starved." Tsi Cos gives me a delicious cappacolla sandwich and a glass of iced coffee. After chatting with Tsi Cos about, as he puts it, "Them dam ma bumsz"----- he's referring to the Phillies----- I say

goodby and begin to run again. Running up Indiana Ave., I run smack into Mr. Cappa. His wife Elsie, sitting on the bench outside his barber shop, hugs me, pinches my cheeks and says, "Quanta Bella." I hear Boston Alfieri discussing with Marguerite DiGiacomo the amount of dairy products she needs from his milk truck. Just then Petchy rides up to me on his bike and shouts, "Hop on. The plug at Judson St. is open." When we arrive at the corner, Micky Crow is sitting on the opening of the fire plug and making a huge arch of water across the width of the entire street. My brother Antny, (I can't believe he is getting his DA haircut wet), is holding Coletta under the spray. Edda Nanni tries to get away but doesn't make it, as Joe Brokenheart carries her under the spray. I immediately run inside my house and ask Aunt Martha for permission to go under the plug, but fearing that I might get Polio she forbids me from going under. I guess I'll have to settle for watching Perna, Tac, Ferdi, and Pat Nicastro play Pinochle outside Vito's candy store. Later that night laying in my bed reminiscing today's events, as I listen to the older guys still talking on the corner, I remember that tomorrow is Sunday. I can still hear Sister Anita's words on the last day of school echoing in my mind. "Remember you must go to Mass every Sunday and Holyday during the summer. You can never take a vacation from God." With those thoughts I immediately fall asleep.  
HAVE AN EASY SUMMER!!!!