

"PAST & PRESENT"

KAREN VIOLA BEUKERS, "ENCLOSED IS A CHECK FOR 'ROCKY BUMPS'. MY MAIDEN NAME IS KAREN VIOLA OF 2119 W. INDIANA AVE. MY BROTHER WAS SKIPPY VIOLA. I LOVE GETTING THE JJ AND THINK YOU HAVE DONE A FANTASTIC JOB. I DON'T KNOW IF YOU KNOW THAT MY COUSIN PETE CALVANESE PASSED AWAY FROM COMPLICATIONS OF DIABETES. WE WOULD SIT AND TALK OF THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD AND I TELL YOU—HE HAD A MEMORY THAT WAS UNBELIEVABLE. WE WOULD HAVE SO MUCH FUN REMEMBERING. PETE COULDN'T SEE WELL SO I WOULD READ HIM THE JJ, AND HE KNEW EVERYONE. THE STORIES HE TOLD WERE PRICELESS TO ME. THE ONE I REALLY LIKED WAS WHEN HE TOLD ME HE WOULD DELIVER TO CAT'S POOLROOM (HE WORKED AT CRESCENZO'S MEATS) AND HIS APRON WOULD HAVE BLOOD ON IT. CAT WOULD CALL HIM PEETEY THE WINEMAKER. THOSE TIMES WITH MY BUDDY AND COUSIN PETE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!!"

WILLIAM BRENDLEY. "ENCLOSED IS A CHECK FOR TWO COPIES OF 'ROCKY BUMPS' AND THREE CALENDARS. I AM MARIO AMICI'S COUSIN. MY MOM WAS MARY AMICI AND WE LIVED AT 3022 N. 20TH ST. I GRADUATED FROM ST. MARY'S IN 1952, ROMAN CATHOLIC IN 1956, AND ST. JOE'S IN 1960. I RECEIVED MY DOCTORATE FROM PENN IN 1965. I REMEMBER THE CLASS OF 1952: BOBBY CAPIZZI, LOU CIASULLO, GENE DEMARCO, TOM MARCUCCI, MIKE, TAGLIANETTI, RAY FUSCO, PHILIP VENERI, ROCKY GIANINNI, KEN LUDWIG, BENNIE LAURENZI, MIKE VENDETTO, GABRIEL SPERA, DOMENIC SPERA, ANGELO

GABRIELLA, NANCY BOCUTTO, DOLORES EVANS (BUTTERCUP), IRENE PARISSI, BIANCA MARTELLA, THERESA MARZANO, HELEN STACY, AND ELAINE PICARELLO. I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ANYONE E-MAIL ME AT BRENDLEYW@COMCAST.NET. I WILL BE WRITING SOME REMEMBRANCES OF OUR 'SCHOOL DAYS' WITH: SR. MARY REGINA, SR. MARY AMELIA, SR. MARY STELLA, SR. MARY GERMAINE, SR. MARY ROSENENA, AND SR. MARY ALOYSIUS. STAY IN TOUCH!"

FRANK & JOSIE CAPANO. "HOW NICE TO SIT AND READ THE OLD STORIES IN THE JJ. WE LOOK FORWARD TO RECEIVING IT. THANK YOU FOR THE FOND MEMORIES. WE LOVE TO CONTINUE TO RECEIVE IT AND HAVE ENCLOSED A CHECK TO KEEP THE MEMORIES GOING. THANK YOU."

MARTY CARROLL. "I LOVE READING THIS NEWSLETTER. I HAVE FOND MEMORIES OF CATS POOLROOM AND JOE DELARSO, BOB GATTO, MARIO AMICI, BOB BARRA, SANTO MINGHENELLI, AND MANY OTHERS. I REMEMBER THE NICKNAMES LIKE GENE THE FOOT, JOE NOSE, EDDIE THE EAR, ETC. I REMEMBER PLAYING A GAMBLING GAME ON THE WEEKENDS AT CATS. I THINK IT WAS CALLED HARRIGAN, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, WHERE YOU HAD PILLS CORRESPONDING TO THE BALLS ON THE TABLE IN A BOTTLE. WOW—WHAT MEMORIES. AND CAT COMING OUT OF THE SHOWER WITH NO CLOTHES ON SCREAMING 'YOUR TIME IS UP ON THAT TABLE.'"

ROSE DIBENEDETTO. "I REALLY APPRECIATE WHAT YOU DO FOR ALL OF US. MAY GOD BLESS YOU FOR EVERYTHING."

JOAN DIVIRGILIO ERMEL AND BARBARA HEFFERN MALONE. "I WAS ORIGINALLY FROM 2104 W. INDIANA. I LIVED WITH MY AUNT AND COUSINS, MARY AND BARBARA HEFFERN. WE LIVED IN THE CANDY STORE (2102 W. INDIANA) FOR FIVE YEARS AND THEN MOVED TO THE 2900 BLOCK OF 25TH ST UNTIL I WAS MARRIED. MY GRANDPARENTS LIVED NEXT DOOR TO ST. MARY'S CONVENT UNTIL MY AUNT BEATRICE DIED IN 1994. MY COUSIN BARBARA IS LIVING WITH ME NOW IN NEW JERSEY. WE BOTH ENJOY READING THE JOURNAL. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK AND GOD BLESS YOU."

LAURA BERLANGIERI JAMES, SMC '57. "IT'S ALWAYS ENJOYABLE TO RECEIVE AND READ THE JJ. I ESPECIALLY ENJOYED THE APRIL 15TH 2006 EDITION AND THE INAUGURAL COLUMN—THE CHIEF'S CORNER. HE IS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT—WE MUST NOT FORGET OR BECOME COMPLACENT ABOUT SEPTEMBER 11, 2001. THANKS TO THE CHIEF FOR HIS SERVICE TO OUR COUNTRY. SADLY, I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT MY BROTHER, NICHOLAS (NICK) BERLANGIERI, ST. MARY'S CLASS OF 1960, PASSED AWAY SUDDENLY ON EASTER SUNDAY. HE WAS LOVED AND WILL BE MISSED BY FAMILY AND FRIENDS. ENCLOSED IS A CHECK AS A DONATION PLUS THE COST OF A COPY OF 'ROCKY BUMPS'. KEEP THE MEMORIES ALIVE, THANKS."

LOIS CURTI KITTREDGE. "LIKE MOST OF YOU READERS I GET SO EXCITED WHEN THE JOURNAL ARRIVES. THIS MONTH I FOUND THE NAME OF AN OLD FRIEND WHO LIVED AROUND THE CORNER ON 25TH ST. (I LIVED ON TAYLOR NEAR ALLEGHENY.) HER NAME IS PAULINE FRATTA DAUITOLO. THE ENCLOSED

The Judson Journal

JULY 15, 2006

CHECK IS FOR A COPY OF YOUR BOOK "ROCKY BUMPS". PLEASE USE WHAT IS LEFT TO CONTINUE SUPPORT OF THIS INCREDIBLE ENDEAVOR."

CHARLES (CHALIE) LAFONTANO, SME '55, RCHS '59. "WHAT A SURPRISE TO HEAR FROM YOU, AND KNOW THAT YOU INDEED REMEMBERED ME. I RECEIVED ALL THE BACK ISSUES OF THE "JOURNAL" THAT YOU SENT TO ME AND I MUST SAY THAT READING THEM BROUGHT BACK THE GREATEST MEMORIES, NOT TO MENTION SOME TEARS.

NAMES SUCH AS PATTY NICASTRO, FREDDY CHIARLANZA, DENNY DIGREGORIO, TONY PERNA, MIKE "NAILS" MANGINI, AND HARRY CALABRESSE FROM YOUR ARTICLE "OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH YESTERDAY" BROUGHT SMILES TO MY FACE. I GREW UP AND PLAYED BALL WITH ALL THESE GUYS AND RAN TRACK WITH PATTY UNDER HIS UNCLE, COACH LOU, FOR BOTH ST. MARY'S AND ROMAN CATHOLIC H.S. WE WERE THE DISTRICT CHAMPIONS AT ST. MARY'S AND WE WON THE FRESHMAN CITY TITLE FOR ROMAN IN 1956. I SAW ALL YOUR SPORTS ARTICLES AND I JUST WANTED TO MENTION "BLUE RIBBON HARBALL TEAM" SPONSORED BY "CATS" POOL HALL. BESIDES MYSELF, PATTY NICASTRO, DENNY DIGREGORIO, "PIBBI" MANGINI, ANTHONY "CARROTS" CARRACCIO, JOCKO, AND OTHERS I CANNOT REMEMBER WHO PLAYED ON THAT TEAM. IT WAS MANAGED BY "JUNIOR". WE ALSO PLAYED IN A SOFTBALL LEAGUE WITH ALL THESE PLAYERS AND OTHERS SUCH AS FREDDY "RAGS" RAGNO, CARMEN, AND OTHERS.

OTHER NAMES, LIKE BILLY SAULINO, GUY ANTONINI, JOE ROSMINI, HARRY BOCK, RALPH DICIANO, GABBY AND RONNIE

DEBRIGIDA, AND MICKY AND ANTHONY PASSAMANTE, MADE ME FEEL LIKE I WAS BACK IN THE FIFTIES AGAIN. WHAT GREAT DAYS!

EARL MERCADANTE BROUGHT BACK A MEMORY OR TWO. WE USED TO HANG OUT AT PASSAMANTE'S STEAK SHOP ON 22ND AND SOMERSET. I WONDER IF HE REMEMBERS THE FOOTBALL GAMES WE PLAYED AGAINST A TEAM IN HUNTING PARK WHICH FEATURED NAIL'S COUSIN FRANKIE. THE TWO TEAMS WERE PRETTY EVEN AND NEITHER OF US COULD SCORE AGAINST EACH OTHER. I PLAYED HALFBACK ALONG WITH GEORGIE BENDER AND WE REALLY TOOK A POUNDING. THE THING I REMEMBERED MOST WAS THAT EARL PLAYED QUARTERBACK AND ALL HE WORE WAS A HELMET AND NO PADS AT ALL. AT THE TIME I THOUGHT HE WAS CRAZY, BUT HE PLAYED A HECK OF A GAME AND WAS A GOOD BALLPLAYER. TOUGH!!

JOANNIE SIEFERT'S ARTICLE "REFLECTIONS FROM 1951" BROUGHT BACK SOME GREAT MEMORIES. THE NAMES OF PLACES SUCH AS SAM'S CANDY STORE, MELI'S BAKERY, ANNA TOMASSI'S DRESS SHOP, AND HER MOTHER'S FLOWER SHOPPE MADE ME FEEL AS THOUGH I WAS ON 22ND STREET AGAIN. JOANNIE WAS ONE OF MY FAVORITE GIRLS AS WE GRADUATED IN 1955 TOGETHER. JOANNIE, I HOPE YOU REMEMBER OUR RIVERBOAT CRUISE AND DAY AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK AS OUR GRADUATION GIFT FROM ST. MARY'S. GREAT ARTICLE!! IF YOU WISH TO CONTACT ME, YOU CAN E-MAIL ME AT ACSL0TMAN@AOL.COM. I WAS SORRY TO MISS THE 50TH CLASS REUNION, BUT LIVING IN COLORADO DOES NOT MAKE AN EASY COMMUTE. BY THE WAY

YOU FORGOT TO MENTION SISTER MARY VERONICA.

AARON, ACCEPT THIS DONATION AND ADD ME TO THE LIST OF RECIPIENTS FOR THE JUDSON JOURNAL. YOU ARE DOING A WONDERFUL JOB AND I FEEL AS THOUGH IT IS GETTING ALL OF US FROM SWAMPOODLE TOGETHER AGAIN. I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT BACK AGAIN SOMETIME TO REVISIT SOME OF THE PLACES AND MAYBE EVEN BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO RUN INTO SOMEONE FROM THE PAST. I COULD GO ON AND ON, AND MAYBE I'LL WRITE AN ARTICLE SO THAT YOU MAY PUBLISH IT IN ONE OF THE ISSUES. IT REALLY IMPRESSED ME THAT YOU KNEW LOUIS RICHUTTI AS "DOONER". IT WAS ALSO GREAT TO SEE TERRY JULIANA'S NAME MENTIONED AS WE WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER. SHE ALSO MARRIED ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS, JOE MILLER.

IF YOU COULD SEND ME ONE OF THE LATEST CALENDARS AND ANY OLD PHOTOS LYING AROUND, I WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IT. IF YOU SEE ANY OF MY CLASSMATES, PLEASE SHARE MY E-MAIL ADDRESS WITH THEM AS I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH.

AGAIN, IT WAS GREAT TALKING TO YOU. TALKING ABOUT THE OLD DAYS GETS ME CARRIED AWAY. BY THE WAY, I LIVED AT 2746 N. 22ND STREET AND AT 2929 N. VAN PELT STREET."

DOM LEPONE, SME '50. "MY WIFE MARIE AND I ATTENDED A WEDDING AT THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY CHURCH ON CATHEDRAL ROAD IN ROXBORO SECTION. IN THE BACK OF THE CHURCH WAS A BEAUTIFUL PLAQUE, MOVED FROM SAINT MARY OF THE ETERNAL, HONORING OUR FALLEN HEROS FROM WORLD WAR II. THE FIRST NAME ON THE PLAQUE WAS FRANK BALLASTUCCI, OUR

The Judson Journal

JULY 15, 2006

NEIGHBOR FROM TAYLOR STREET."

JIMMY MARRONE. "YOU DO A GREAT JOB AND BRING A GREAT DEAL OF PRIDE TO OUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. ENCLOSED IS A CHECK. GOD BLESS YOU AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK."

REGINA MARUCCI MEEHAN. "ENCLOSED IS A CHECK FOR A CALENDAR. I ENJOY THE JJ EVEN THOUGH I COME FROM EAST FALLS. BUT MOM AND DAD SHOPPED AT MELE'S AND OF COURSE, I WAS AT THE HOT SHOPPE! THANKS AGAIN."

BUD (BUSTER) MEGLIO. "ARE ANY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1935 STILL IN THE AREA? IF SO, LET ME HEAR FROM YOU-
BUD MEGLIO 21 SHEFFIELD
LEISURETOWN SOUTHAMPTON, NJ
08088.

I USED TO LIVE AT 2225 W.
INDIANA ON THE CORNER OF
HEMBERGER ST."

MRS. BOBBY PACIFICO. "THIS LETTER IS TO ADVISE YOU AND THE "OLD" NEIGHBORHOOD OF ROBERT (BOBBY) PACIFICO'S DEATH ON AUGUST 11, 2004. YES—IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR SINCE I LOST MY WONDERFUL HUSBAND. BOBBY AND I MARRIED IN 1975 AND WERE MARRIED 29 YEARS AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO WRITE BUT TIME HAS JUST RUN AWAY. BOBBY, ALONG WITH HIS MOM, MOVED TO ROXBOROUGH IN 1971 AFTER HIS DEATH. HOWEVER, AFTER WE MARRIED, WE LIVED IN THE NORTHEAST. BOBBY LOOKED FORWARD TO RECEIVING "THE JUDSON JOURNAL" AND TOOK PLEASURE IN READING IT. AS DID I. I WOULD REMARK TO HIM ABOUT ALL THE "NICKNAMES" MENTIONED AND IT REMINDED ME OF STORIES THAT BOBBY WOULD TELL ME ABOUT THE

NICKNAMES USED IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. IN FACT, I WOULD SAY TO HIM, "WHAT'S HIS REAL NAME?" AND BOBBY WOULD REPLY, "I DON'T KNOW." BOBBY LIVED AT 2013 INDIANA AVENUE AND WAS ONE OF SIX CHILDREN IN THE PACIFICO HOUSEHOLD—ANGELO (AO-THE OLDEST), JAMES (BIBS), ANTHONY (NELSON), BOBBY (I THINK HIS NICKNAME WAS "BOBBY HORN"), JOSEPH (JOEY), AND RITA (THE YOUNGEST). ONLY AO AND RITA SURVIVE. THEIR DECEASED PARENTS WERE LENA AND ANTHONY PACIFICO."

DOMENIC PIAZZILLO. "I JUST GOT MY COPY OF THE JUDSON JOURNAL. I WAS AT THE BREAKFAST ON MARCH 22. IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. I WAS RAISED ON THE 2800 BLOCK OF VAN PELT ST."

WALLY PRICE. "I AM BEN AND IDA JULIANI'S SON-IN-LAW. I AM MARRIED TO DEBBIE. THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF BEN AND IDA. I JUST WANT TO LET YOU KNOW HOW MUCH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IDA AND I ENJOY READING THE JUDSON JOURNAL. IT BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD AND AN ARRAY OF CRAZY CHARACTERS LIKE MY FATHER-IN-LAW BEN AND HIS BROTHER ANGELO JULIANI. MY FATHER-IN-LAW IS GONE NOW (MARCH 30TH, 2002), BUT YOU HONOR HIS MEMORY AND ALL OTHERS THAT HAVE PASSED BY WRITING THE JJ. PLEASE KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK."

DOT PATRIZI RIVIEZZO. "THE JJ ALWAYS BRINGS JOY OF THE MANY WONDERFUL MEMORIES OF OUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK AND KEEP THE JJ ALIVE. ENCLOSED IS A DONATION TO HELP DEFRAY THE EXPENSES. THANKS A

MILLION TO ALL THE STAFF OF THE JJ."

RON ROCCO. "ENCLOSED IS A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR EXPENSES. KEEP THOSE MEMORIES COMING AND THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HARD WORK."

HANK SALVATORE. "I HAVE ENCLOSED A DONATION TO HELP OFF-SET EXPENSES. I ENJOY RECEIVING AND RELIVING MEMORIES WHEN I READ THIS PUBLICATION. I HAD DINNER WITH VINCE MENINO THIS PAST MONDAY, AND, AS ALWAYS, IT IS A GOOD TIME TO SEE OLD FRIEND. BEST WISHES TO ALL."

BILL SAULINO. "ENCLOSED IS A DONATION FOR THE JOURNAL. PLEASE SEND ME A CALENDAR AND USE THE REST TOWARDS YOUR EXPENSES. I READ ROCKY BUMPS. FROM COVER TO COVER, IT WAS GREAT; OVER THE YEARS I'VE STARTED READING MANY BOOKS BUT FINISHED FEW, IF ANY. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK WITH THE JJ."

MARY CRAGER SCIARRA. "MARSHALL SCIARRA AND I HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR 53 YEARS. I HAVE MANY FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. I MET MANY WONDERFUL FRIENDS OVER THE YEARS AND WAS INTRODUCED TO MY FIRST "ITALIAN LEMONADE" AND "ROASTED CHESNUTS", WHICH I LIKED IMMEDIATELY. THANK YOU FOR THE HAPPY MEMORIES!"

JULIE PETRONE SIMON/BERARDO, "ENCLOSED IS A CHECK FOR "ROCKY BUMPS" AND A NEW CALENDAR. THE REST IS FOR EXPENSES FOR THE JOURNAL. MY GRANDFATHER WAS A CONTRACTOR AND LIVED AT 21ST AND STELLA ST. HIS NAME WAS FIORENTINO VIOLA. AND MY

GRANDMOTHER'S NAME WAS CONCETTA. WE WERE THE ONLY HOUSE ON THE BLOCK THAT HAD A BALCONY UPSTAIRS THAT FACED THE STREET, WITH CEMENT FLOWER PLANTERS (THAT MY GRANDFATHER MADE) SURROUNDED BY A BEAUTIFUL IRON RAILING. NEXT DOOR ON THE CORNER OF 21ST WAS A PEANUT/COFFEE STORE. MY GRANDFATHER WOULD BUY PITCHERS OF BEER FROM THE CHICKEN COOP AND HOT ROASTED PEANUTS AND LEMONADE ON THOSE HOT SUMMER NIGHTS. WE WATCHED MANY PEOPLE GO BY WALKING TO THE BALLGAMES AT CONNIE MACK STADIUM. OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS WOULD GATHER OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE AND ALSO ON THE FRONT STEPS OF THE PEANUT STORE AND ENJOY THOSE WONERFUL NIGHTS. WHEN I GOT MARRIED, I ALSO LIVED ON STELLA ST. I NOW LIVE IN AN OVER FIFTY-FIVE ADULT COMMUNITY IN NORTH WALES. BELIEVE IT OR NOT MANY OF MY NEIGHBORS ARE FROM THE OLD NEIGHBORDHOOD; ST. MARY'S, ST. COLUMBUS, AND CORPUS CHRISTIE. ONE OF MY OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIENDS, MARIE PASTORE KELLY, WHO I WENT ALL THROUGH GRADE SCHOOL WITH AT ST. MARY'S. WE GRADUATED IN 1953. SHE LIVES JUST TWO DOORS AWAY!

MY MOTHER, MARTHA VIOLA DUNGAN, (WHO HAD EIGHT SISTERS AND THREE BROTHERS) JUST TURNED NINETY. SHE IS HEALTHY FOR HER AGE BUT A LITTLE FRAIL. WE HAD A SMALL FAMILY GATHERING WITH MY SON, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, AND GRANDCHILDREN TO CELEBRATE HER NINETIETH BIRTHDAY. SHE LIVES IN A NURSING HOME ABOUT A COUPLE MILES FROM ME AND HAS ADJUSTED QUITE WELL. THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES."

PAT ROSSI STEWART. "PLEASE SEND ME A CALENDAR AND A COPY OF "ROCKY BUMPS". THANKS FOR YOUR CONTINUED EFFORTS WITH THE JOURNAL."

RON TUCCI. "YOUR STORY ON THE HALF-BALL WAS GREAT. AS MY MIND GOES BACK IN TIME, I CAN REMEMBER THE GAMES OF HALF-BALL. WE HAD TO BE GOOD TO HIT THAT BALL. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK."

THERESA ZITO TUSCANO. "I HAVE ENCLOSED A DONATION FOR THE JJ. PLEASE SEND ME A COPY OF "ROCKY BUMPS" AND A CALENDAR. I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ON OPRAH WINDFREY'S SHOW ONE DAY. I LOVE READING THE JOURNAL. I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE SO MANY YEARS HAVE GONE BY. THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR HARD WORK."

MARY VACCA. "I HAVE RECEIVED THE JJ. AS USUAL, IT'S A JOY TO READ. "FRATTINI'S RHYME" WAS GREAT. I ALSO ENJOYED VINCE PONGIA'S ARTICLE. PETE ENJOYS THE "NEIGHBORHOOD FRIENDS BREAKFAST" ALSO. ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND A CHECK FOR A CALENDAR AND A DONATION TOWARDS THE JJ. AGAIN, THANK YOU."

CHIEF'S CORNER

"FIGHTIN ON THE 4TH"

Hello from Bagram Air Base in Afghanistan! I hope this commentary finds you all well! Today is the 4th of July, 2006 and this also happens to be my 20th year in the United States Navy. I am still humbled at being able to serve my country; my anniversary date is September 11th. When I joined in 1986, little did I know that September 11th, would become such and important date. Another date most significant to a Sailor was December 7th, 1941, now both dates

"Will live in infamy!" Some will say that serving my country for two decades deserves a celebration. The celebration will come in time. Today is a special day. We celebrate our Independence! I worked 17 hours today fighting for another country's Independence. I also worked today to keep America safe. I am fighting against the Taliban and Al Qaeda who hate American soldiers and anyone who helps us.

Today I entered my office and my troops greeted me as usual, "Morning Chief, did you get enough sleep?" My reply could have been, "No, another rocket landed inside the fence line again and woke me up!" I thought hard about that statement and revised it. "Yes, I got enough sleep and everyone on the compound woke up alive and unhurt." I grabbed a quick cup of coffee, inquired about significant activity that occurred while I was sleeping, other than the rocket attack, and marched off to my daily 0830 meeting. Entering the meeting room I could feel a buzz in the air, something was different. Oh, that's right, today is the 4th of July. This day directs my memories to 321 Walnut Street, Haddonfield, N.J. Times were much simpler and always included family, friends, and great food. Oh, and who could forget the fireworks and sparklers? It provided peaceful times running around the Philly suburbs, without a care in the world. I truly miss those days! Oh, and those times back then were without air condition in the Walnut Street house. My latest 4 day R&R in QATAR provided temperatures reaching a balmy 130°. Back to reality! So as the meeting started, our Commander stood up and read a few lines from the Declaration of Independence, then handed the copy to the person next to him, then that person handed it to the person next to her, and so on, until the entire Preamble was read. I got the goose bumps. We, the American Warriors, still take time from combat to honor our country. Reflecting on history and that over 200 years ago, the founding Patriots of the United States of America, fought and fought hard for freedom. This Freedom I

voluntarily lay my life on the line to protect. Now some skeptics might say I do this for the fame, fortune, and for the privileges I get. Hogwash! I don't ask for praise, I don't ask to be honored. What I do ask for is that everyone remembers what these days signify: Veterans' Day, Flag Day, Memorial Day, December 7th, and September 11th. These days signify sacrifices made by a small population of American soldiers to improve the greater population and enable all Americans to continue the traditions of the land of the free. There are countless stories I could tell about life over here, however I will share only one.

My very close friend, Carolyn Carita, works for a big dental clinic. I asked her if she could send some toothbrushes and toothpaste for the LN's (local nationals). She quickly sent me 1000 of each. We were able to visit a village that had a school to distribute some everyday items. One child meekly approached me and asked if she could trade her yellow toothbrush for a pink one, because pink was her favorite color. As I exchanged the toothbrush this child's smile warmed my heart, I was truly moved. Never in my 40 years of living have I been able to impact someone's life as I did that day. What we take for granted, a mere toothbrush, was the most important thing to this little Afghan child. These little efforts make this job worthwhile. Well, it's time for me to sign off for this edition of the JJ. I suggest one thought—love your family, love your neighbor, and take time to say hello to everyone you encounter in each day. You can influence a life by a simple hello or smile. It will help you and the recipient more than you know!

God bless our Troops and all of you,
Sincerely,

Eric M. Domenico

P.S. I miss Mom's cooking as only a Service Member could ever imagine! First meal should involve Past al Pesce with homemade gravy! Amen!

If you would like to write to Chief Petty Officer Eric Domenico you may do so by either regular mail or e-mail. Eric Domenico

PRG 6-1

APO AE 09354-3005

E-mail

Usn838@hotmail.com

Please, no attachments!

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OUR GOOD OLD DAYS

By Vincent Pongia

- All the guys that fought in WWII hung around Jake's chicken store next to his lemonade stand on 21st street. To mention a few, there was Joe Codispoti AKA Spilapipe (Thin guy), Zay Trignani (Billy Day's Brother), Pat Gallo (Best jitterbugger in the whole neighborhood) and others. They were practical jokers and would send us kids to ask Jake for a bucket of blue stream or a left-handed monkey wrench. Jake would go along with the joke and reward our innocence with a cup or lemonade.
- Pat Mangini had a steak shop at the corner of Van Pelt and Cambria streets. Pat had been a professional fighter and, while good-natured, not one to anger.
 - One day a trucker, following delivery to Zitner's back

warehouse behind the 22nd St. candy store, drove his truck up very narrow Van Pelt Street with one tire on the curb. Pat had just replaced the curb, so he yelled, "Get off the curb!" the driver yelled back a profanity. Big mistake! Pat climbed into the passenger side door and proceeded to throw line drives. The trucker could not easily get out the driver side door because of parked cars. He finally extricated himself and ran down the street seeking a police officer.

- On another occasion, Pat served as a bouncer at "Tommy the Boot's" VPA Club on Broad St. near the Uptown Theater. Two guys got into it at the bar, Pat interceded very quietly, got them seated on stools, and while between them speaking soothingly, banged their two heads together and dragged them out to the sidewalk. Pat was and could be a sweetheart, but don't mess.
- One night word came back that there was going to be a fight between the Irish guys from Kensington and Allegheny (K and A) and our guys from the neighborhood at the Palladium dance hall at Germantown and Allegheny Avenue. At that time I had a 1940 Packard Limousine. I went from corner to corner picking up guys. There were probably 16 guys in the car when we got to the dance hall. All the K and A guys were on one wall and our guys on the opposite. Our emissaries, consisting of Billy Day, Moe Brascetta, and Philip DeAmore, went out to meet theirs at mid-floor. I can still remember Billy in his heavy dark blue six button benny coat, smoking an Italian stogie and Philip in a Philadelphia Angels baseball jacket. One of their guys proceeded to proclaim his toughness by saying, "I've had 101 fights, who's going to take care of me?" Whereupon Philip let out a punch! The guy never got up and we all went home. The

epilogue to this story is that through the years, probably because of our common Catholicism, Irish and Italian have melded together through marriage. We've come a long way.

- When I was in the 7th grade at T.M. Pierce School, I came back from eating lunch at home and was playing in the school yard. Mrs. Brodsky, a beloved teacher called me into the school. I thought I must have done something wrong. When I got inside, I saw that she and Mrs. Tractman were listening to the Italian soap opera *LaRomanza* with bits of Carlo Buti's singing thrown in. Very expectantly, Mrs. Brodsky said, "Now Vincent, I want you to interpret for us what they are saying." I listened very intently to what I thought would be sweet Italian utterances and said, "Mrs. Brodsky, they are advertising Conte Luna Macaroni Products." It was quite a letdown but after much laughter, she proceeded to tell me of the greatness in having an Italian heritage, given the history, arts, opera, and culture in our background. Of course my appreciation of her remarks meant little to me then, but has grown through the years. It was my misfortune to read Mrs. Brodsky's obituary. When I discovered that she had lived to ninety-three years and had been in a nursing home on Broad St., I wished I had known. It would have given me great comfort to have visited her.
- It was circa 1948 or 1949 and a hot summer day. We were playing pinochle on the open porches of Stella St. Someone turned on the fire hydrant (we called it the fire plug) and pretty soon everybody was clamoring to get into the cooling water. Being close to ending the game, we continued playing cards. Frankie Doranzo (Yangy), ever the prankster, threw a bucket of water right in the middle of the card players, drenching us and ending the

game. As usual the police arrived and turned off the fire hydrant. We resumed our card playing and some hours later we were pretty much dried. Meanwhile, Joe Ciasullo, over six feet tall and two hundred and forty pounds—all athlete, had surreptitiously stored a bucket of water and threw it onto unsuspecting Yangy. Ever the fighter, Yangy, less than six feet tall and one hundred and sixty pounds, ripped into Joe. Joe held him at arms length until he cooled down. A few days later, Joe, our ball team catcher, was warming up with Yangy, our second baseman and sometime pitcher. Yangy let go a fastball which Joe happened to misjudge. It hit him full force on his chest, which was protected only by a tee shirt. Anyone else would have screamed in pain. Joe calmly got out of his crouch, picked up the ball, and returned it to Yangy. All Yangy could do was laugh, and I'm sure thankful that Joe had stopped the fight a few days earlier. The one thing I personally admired about Joe Ciasullo was, despite his size, athletic ability, and awesome strength, he was always gentle with everyone.

- Talk about how one acquired a nickname, Augusto Perilli AKA Goo! Goo! and brother of Fortunato Perilli AKA Futty, bough a few properties. It was not beyond Goo! Goo! to do a little positive expressing (bragging). After enduring much bragging, the guys dubbed Goo! Goo! with a new nickname; namely, Conrad Hilton, the hotel tycoon of the era. Incidentally, Goo! Goo! was one of our guys who fought his way through Europe in World War II as a combat engineer. After being away many years, he arrived home on 23rd St. at 4 AM in the morning and fell asleep on the family sofa. You can imagine the excitement and tears when the family awakened later that morning.

- It was 1945 Christmas season, the war having ended in August. There was a great scarcity if Christmas trees. Anyway, what trees there were all came by railroad to 19th and Indiana Avenue. And, of course, the neighborhood toughs, including the weasel brothers Frankie and Youghts (my spelling of Youghts is phonetic) took over the entrepreneurial responsibility of tree selling. The prices, at best, were exorbitant. My job, working for a few bucks, was to tie the sold trees and help load them onto the customer vehicles. Finally, it was Christmas Eve, and we were down to our last scrawny tree. A nice guy with two kids wanted to buy the tree. Youghts was asking \$14 (big bucks then). The guy said he only had \$8.50 on him and it was all he could afford. Youghts let him have the tree. Who said, "The weasel brothers were bad."
- Gooch, Ernie Lucarini, and I were visiting Fort Bragg for a paratrooper's reunion. Once there, were accompanied by another ex-jumper, a friend of Ernie's, named Ed Turner. As things developed, it became clear that Ed was well read and knowledgeable in many subjects. Gooch, being used to assuming the role of omniscience (all knowing), soon acknowledged Ed's role and deferred to him his usual role. But, he also dubbed Ed with the moniker "Saba Tutto Così". When he inquired, Gooch, quickly recovering, said he was talking about the Lone Ranger's sidekick Tonto, who the Lone Ranger referred to as "Kimo Sabe". Ernie and I stifled our laughter. Who ever said Gooch was not quick-witted.

To be continued!

Remember the Murals at St. Mary's?

In late March, Mr. Utti called to tell me what happened to the paintings behind the main altar in our church. When he told me what had occurred, I asked him to write a few lines for the JJ, as people would enjoy hearing about these beautiful paintings that had been a large part of our church life. The paintings in the main sanctuary were oil on canvas and if you recall, went around the total space behind the altar. Because they were painted on canvas, they could be simply cut out of the walls. But the ceiling painting is "fresco", that is, painted on wet concrete, (same as the Sistine Chapel), and it still remains in the building. I have one piece of a painting given to me by Monsignor Busco. Following is the brief story sent to me by Emanuel Utti.

--- Mario Amici

Dear Mario:

Shortly after Saint Mary of the Eternal closed in 1977, Father Lou Giorgi, who was on the Archdiocese building committee, obtained permission to remove the murals off of the sanctuary walls.

Father Giorgi, my son David and I went to St. Mary's and took down the murals and transported them to Saint Justin's Rectory in Penn Valley. We cut them into smaller sizes, so that anyone from St. Mary

could have one as a remembrance.

The murals were painted by Mario Sgambati in 1939 and commissioned by Father Pastor, who was the pastor at that time. Mario Sgambati was born in Avelino, near Naples, Italy, and studied seven years under Vincenzo Volpi at the Academy of fine Arts, Naples, Italy. Vincenzo Volpi was the painter for the royal family of Italy. King Victor Emanuel of the House of Savoy gave him the position in the Academy. Vincenzo Volpi studied under Domenico Morelli, the most prominent Italian painter of his time. I worked and studied with Mario Sgambati for seven years then went to New York for seven years and worked with many artists in the church field. I have made many trips to Italy to study and visit the many galleries. I was born in a house on Stella Street and raised on the 2900 block of Taylor Street.

Emanuel F. Utti, Artist

SIZZLING FUN FOR THE SUMMERTIME SENSES!

Summer has descended upon us full of ripeness and goodness. I often speak of classic foods but this time I would like to turn your attention to different items at the market. Grab a jicama (hick-a-muh) next time you're shopping. Chop it into thin matchsticks, add thin matchsticks of bell peppers, nice summer red onion and toss it in a light vinaigrette. Use lots of Italian parsley. Top your salmon or turkey burger with this or place a nice heap on top of that freshly grilled fish. Jicama provides a nice crunch and has a mild flavor which complements any

ingredients. Instead of grabbing a can of beans, get dried beans. This is a much healthier option than canned with less sodium and they taste fabulous. Toss them in your salad or make a salad with them. Add lemon or lime juice, fresh herbs, onion, bell pepper, tomatoes, and a sprinkling of extra virgin olive oil. Delicious! Another favorite of mine is mustard greens. They are very inexpensive and last 4-5 days refrigerated. You can use them as a salad addition or sauté them lightly as your vegetable. Instead of serving plain peas, take the peas and puree them in the blender with some sautéed onion and garlic. Add water or chicken stock to thin and ladle this on the plate before adding the meat or fish. As you scoop the meat or fish the pea puree adds additional flavor. You can purchase fresh shelled peas which are quite expensive, but you only need a handful for 2 portions. Don't forget to throw the fruits of the season on the grill for additional flavor. Scoop them on top of ice cream or frozen yogurt for a fancy dessert. Have a great summer everyone! For questions just email me at cookerladydeb@msn.com
Chef Debbie Olsen

PRAYER TO SAINT RITA OF CASIA. MY CONSOLER.

GLORIOUS ST. RITA, THOU WHO MIRACULOUSLY SHARED IN THE PAINFUL PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, OBTAIN THAT I MAY BEAR THE SORROWS OF THIS LIFE WITH RESIGNATION, AND PROTECT ME IN ALL MY NEEDS.

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