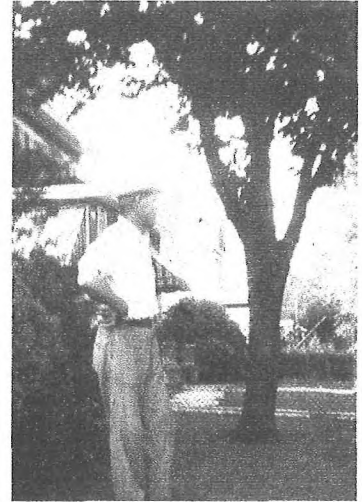


owned a home there. We took long rides in his car on Sunday afternoons and went to Olympic Park for entertainment. When I was around twelve years old, he and my mother took me to New York to Radio City Music Hall and to have dinner. I remember that so well. We took the train into the city. I even remember the movie--John Steinbeck's "A Bell for Adamo".

Wine making every year in October was a ritual in the Italian community. My father would go to Newark to get the best grapes and for weeks the house would reek of grapes fermenting in the basement. I treasure the smell now (but not then), the wine-making press and copper funnel that he made that I now have in my home.



He could fix just about anything. The house on Mountain Avenue was renovated and he did most of the work. It was a nice home. When we moved to 1622 Front Street, we left behind a culture. Our neighbors were Italians from the same village in Montazzoli, and moving up and out to another area isolated us from that community.

During World War II he wrote many letters to Mussolini asking him not to use the family home as the town headquarters. At the time we did not know this. He would ask us to address letters to Italy and it was not until my daughter, Terry, visited Montazzoli did I learn that these letters were directed to Mussolini. He would listen to Gabriel Heater (news commentator) every evening--for his country was deeply involved in the war and the nightly news kept him apprised of what was happening. He and Joseph DiSanto (ZiPap, married to my mother's cousin) would spend countless hours debating the war. We were too young to understand what this was all about.

Later in life, I came to appreciate my father's talents. He was a craftsman--one of the best in stone masonry. I remember when he put in a flagstone porch at our home in Green Brook. I watched with amazement as he cut the flagstone and creatively placed them on the porch. When we moved, I wished I could have taken that porch with me.