

# Clementina Marcovecchio

## Florence Iaione Kelly

She was my friend. We had a wonderful relationship even though she spoke Italian, I spoke English. But we understood each other.

As a child I can remember that she was a devoted mother, loved to cook, buy nice clothes for her children and for herself. She always bought the best.

She taught her daughters to keep house, iron, wash clothes--we did all of these with her. She did not command us to do them--it was part of being the family.

During the summers we were part of the "canning" crew, which meant we had to help with washing Ball jars, peeling tomatoes, peaches, pears; running the veggies through the processor, stirring the stuff on the stove. It was everyone chipping in and doing the work. Afterward we would always have a fabulous lunch. Of course, we were set for the winter because now my mother had a room in the cellar reserved for all of her marvelous "fruits of our labor"--along with the wine barrels. We would surely not starve come winter. Remember, this was before we had supermarkets.

During the war there was no transportation except for buses so shopping had to come to us--the baker, milkman, vegetable peddler, meat vendor--all of this was delivered.

*This is my  
mother. This  
picture was  
taken in front of  
my house*

*Jean*

She was a great housekeeper--very clean. I can remember her routine; to get us off to school, clean house, and then in the afternoon when we came home from school she would be resting and doing her lovely crochet. She was an expert at this craft. Then it was getting dinner ready. She did not wash the dishes--my older sisters did that and then when they left home or went off to work, Jeanie and I washed them. My brothers did not do kitchen work.

