



**Angelo Patri**  
**The Father of New York**  
**City's Educational System**  
**1876-1965**

Angelo Patri was an Italian-American author and educator.

He was born Angelo Petraglia in Piaggine (Salerno). He and his family came to the United States in 1881 and lived in New York's East Harlem. His mother, Carmela, hoped that he would become a priest. His father, Nicholas, a laborer, who though illiterate was a raconteur who re-

galed his neighbors with wonderful tales of historical Italian figures and past events.

His parents, realizing the value of education, enrolled Angelo in school at the age of eleven. With only a limited knowledge of English, Angelo struggled. But his tenacity and desire to learn soon overcame his shortcomings and he made great strides in continuing his education.

He earned a B.A. at the College of the City of New York in 1897, and an M.A. at Columbia University in 1904. He was a schoolteacher in New York from 1898 to 1908, at which time he became princi-

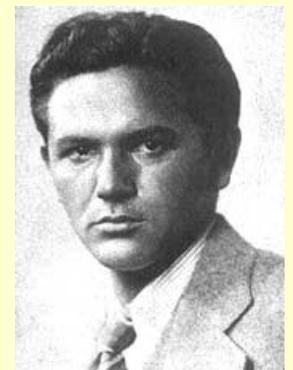
pal at PS #4 (the first Italian-born to do so in the United States)

From 1908 to 1913 he was Principal of PS #45 in the Bronx, a school that housed students from immigrant families. There, one of Angelo's students was Julius Garfinkle, a dead-end kid who was also scholastically poor because he spent much of his time running with neighborhood gangs. Garfinkle's potentially bleak future took a positive turn when Angelo Patri saw something special in the boy and became his mentor. Patri channeled the boy's energy and introduced him to the world of Theatre. Garfinkle began performing in school plays and a new vista opened for him. His scholastic record improved because high marks were required in auditioning for plays.

Patri was later instrumental in Garfinkle receiving a scholarship to the Heckscher Foundation where Garfinkle learned the fundamentals of Theatre. Julius Garfinkle who upon becoming a professional actor and changing his name to John Garfield said of Patri, "For reaching into the garbage pail and pulling me out, I owe him everything."

*Editors note:*

*Angelo Patri's syndicated column on child psychology called "Our Children", appeared in national magazines and major newspapers including those in Buffalo.*



John Garfield

When Joey Giambra called and asked me to write an article for Per Niente about my father, my first reaction was to say no. He had only passed away a few weeks before and the pain was still with me; I felt writing about him would only prolong the grief. But within an instant, I said yes, mainly because dad would want me to. After all, in addition to all of his wonderful qualities, he loved being the center of attention.

Our family wanted his passing to never come; we wanted him to live forever. For so many years he was such a presence in our lives that we couldn't imagine a life without him. His death was probably the only time he ever disappointed us.

Dad, Papa, Grampie, Papo, Uncle Ange, Mr. Fatta, Angelo, Ange, Detective Fatta ... whatever you called him, however you knew him, he brought richness to the lives of those around him. And just who was this special man who was born in 1916 of Angelino Fatta and Giacomena Bianchi of Montemaggiore Belsito, Sicily, who married Helen Oglialoro, had four sons, nine grandchildren, one great-grandchild, was a Buffalo policeman, fought in WWII, operated a hot dog stand for many years, cared about other people, loved a good time and was even known to place a bet or two on a pony at Fort Erie? Let me try over the next few paragraphs to capture the essence of this extraordinary individual.

Well, he was tough – probably the toughest man I ever knew. He would fight at the drop of a hat to protect the honor of his wife, or the safety of his sons and grandchildren or the honor of his Italian heritage. And most of the time, the recipient of his toughness was heartily sorry for the offense. He was strong; he could go 18 hours a day at full tilt and show no signs of wear. Even at the end he waged a fierce battle with death. He did not go down easily; he would not go down easily.

But as tough as he was, he was not afraid to admit fear. On rare occasions he would talk about his time

in the army during WWII. He served in Patton's 3rd Army, 4th Armored Division and was in battle in France and Belgium during the period July to December 1944. He was

awarded a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart with an Oakleaf Cluster. For those who don't know what these last two medals mean, a Purple Heart is awarded when a soldier is wounded in battle and the Oakleaf Cluster is awarded for a second occurrence. On December 23, 1944 he was severely wounded during the Battle of the Bulge. Fifty years later he went to Normandy with his sons and grandsons to visit the battle sites and only then did dad talk about the fear he experienced. To admit one's fear seemed pretty courageous to me. And looking out over those thousands of grave markings at the American Cemetery at Omaha Beach filled me with profound thanks that my father came back. He and they truly were the heroes of our time.



Angelo Fatta and his father, Angelino

But as much of a fighter that he was, my father was kind and compassionate. He cared about people and always had a sympathetic word or an inquiry into someone's or their family's health. When he worked at my company in the 1990's he was always bringing joy and care (and some of my mother's cookies) to everyone's day. And these were no trivial pleasantries; he really did care about people.

Related to that, he was the living example of "forgive and forget". He just couldn't carry around anger or resentment. Our mother often called him a sap; he was too easy going for her likes. She required much more accountability from people. But he would just shrug and say: "Let it go Helen." Sap or no, it's just who he was.

In addition to being a Buffalo cop for 33 years, he was the "family cop." It was not unusual for the phone to ring in the middle of the night from a family member who got into a "little trouble." Dad would run out and somehow

make the situation right. Afterwards there was the forceful warning to the errant relative and more often than not, that person stayed on the straight and narrow. Many of us, his sons included, owe him a debt of gratitude for those midnight rescues.

He had a great sense of humor, although he couldn't tell a joke to save his life. The concept of proper timing and emphasis of punch lines eluded him. But jokes aside, his particular talent was observing the ironies and foibles of life and then making some wry comment – sometime in English, sometimes in Sicilian, sometimes with a bit of both – but always withering. One of his favorites was “a posta” which has a lot of translations but usually meant “Get a load of that one!”

He loved his family with a passion, our mother Helen, his four sons and their wives, and his nine grandchildren. There was no “dad-loved-me-best”. He made all of us feel equally loved because there was more than enough love in him to go around for everyone. Of note is the special relationship he had with his grandsons Rob and John - the kidding, the giving, the love that went back and forth among the three of them was beautiful to see. I remember clearly the night my son John was born. Dad came up to the waiting room with me and after we went in to see baby John, dad said to me “I only hope I live long enough to see him grow up.” Well not only did he live long enough, they created a very special thirty-eight year relationship that was one of the joys of my life. But this is not to say that he didn't love his granddaughters or the four younger grandchildren just as much.

Lest we forget, he was a social animal who loved a good time. When we were kids, every Saturday night he and my mother would make the nightclub rounds of the Colony Club, the Town Casino, or the Chez Ami. He loved to dance, as the women from my former company would gladly testify. He charmed them all and they did the same to him in return. It was wonderful to see them wait in line to dance with him at the company Christmas parties.

He liked his scotch. Johnny Walker Black was his favorite, but every once in a while he'd give me that look and I'd know it was time to break out the Johnny Walker Blue. And his passion in life was the Yankees. Every spring he'd be getting himself ready for the opening game wondering if this season the Yankees would break his heart or bring him triumph. If you're a Yankees fan, you understand. If you're not, there's nothing more to say.

There is so much more to say but not enough space. He was all these things and more, a truly extraordinary man. I am reminded of the lines from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar:



The Fattas  
Thomas, Angelo, Angelo Sr., Michael, Robert

*His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'* "

On March 14, 2010 our family had to say goodbye to a man we all loved, a man who was our father, our friend, our protector, our mentor and our biggest fan. He struggled mightily the last seven weeks. He fought off death at the doorstep, but in the end his strong body and spirit gave out.

As we all pass through life we leave a legacy. From my father, I learned the following:

- Stand up and even fight for what you believe in and what you cherish
- Love your family and your friends and let everyone you meet be a friend
- Care for others
- And, last but not least, have a good time

That was my father: Buon Anima

*Angelo M. Fatta*

*A Tribute to the Enduring Friendship of Tom Christopher and Phil LaGreca**By: Philip Dennis LaGreca*

In 1948, I was eight years old and starting my first year at Holy Cross Parochial School on the West Side of Buffalo, New York. It was a bit traumatic leaving the comfortable surroundings of PS 36 where I had spent five years. I started there in kindergarten, failed and had to spend a year in "pre-primer," an abyss somewhere between kindergarten and the first grade. Yes, I failed kindergarten. So what!

Holy Cross parish opened an elementary school at Niagara and Maryland Streets in 1950. It started with kindergarten through fourth grade. Tom and I were among the first fourth graders. Each year thereafter the school would add a grade until it reached eighth grade. The first graduating class in 1954 was made up mostly of those of us who started in 1950.

As the years passed and because we were together for so long, we all bonded in the class of 1954. We had the same teacher, Sister Mary Redempta, a Felician nun for each of our five years. The Felicians were mostly Polish-American nuns who taught many poor Italian-Americans. Wow! What an interesting adventure for the poor sisters and us. If I recall correctly, we were thirty girls and twenty boys. That's right, fifty in a single classroom.

I remember the first time I saw Tom Christopher. What I really saw was his Hopalong Cassidy - Aladdin lunch box. I sat next to him with my greasy brown paper lunch bag. He opened his spiffy lunch box, took out his thermos and proceeded to pour cold milk into his cup. Then, lo and behold, he unwrapped a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on "American bread." Oh, my God, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich! I opened my greasy bag to pull out my sandwich: veal cutlet with peppers and eggs on Italian bread and a carton of warm milk. Oh, how I wanted that peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

I was raised by my elderly grandmother, Anna Maria

Albano, she was loving, but very old school. Tom's parents were much younger and in the vernacular of the day, much hipper. I was included in many of these family adventures: picnics at Sheridan Park with a real Coleman stove. Oh, my God! I was in Heaven! It was great growing up. We lived on the West Side of Buffalo, mostly first and second generation Italian-Americans. Poor, proud and hardworking. Well, one day, maybe when Tom was in eighth grade, the Christophers bought a home in Kenmore, NY and left the West Side. It seemed that it was as far away as anyone could possibly move. What a house! 123 E. Hazeltine Avenue. It was a one-story home with a room in the attic. Tom had his very own bedroom. I remember jumping up and down on the bed just happy as heck with his new house. Wow, Kenmore, New York! It could have been Newport, Rhode Island, or La Jolla, California. Actually, it was a first ring suburb of Buffalo, maybe 10 miles from the West Side.

In 1954 it was off to Bishop Fallon High School. Wow! What a collection of young men; almost all working class hyphenated Americans: Polish, German, Irish and MOSTLY Italian, and all in the same economic strata: POOR! I was proud that on my own I was able to pay the tremendous annual sum of \$60.00 for my high school tuition. Our teachers were the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, i.e. - O.M.I.'s. or the Irish Mafia in priestly garb! They were tough. But they had to be to control us. In today's world they'd have some explaining to do. But that's a story for another day!

It's in today's world that my story begins.

Tom and I are in a plane 37,000 Feet above Denver, Colorado. We our way from La Quinta, California to Toronto, Ontario, a whole lifetime behind us. The unknown before us. I never thought I'd be taking this trip with my good friend, Tom Christopher. He had had two back surgeries, one in early 2009 and one a few months later. During the second surgery he suffered something the doctors called a spinal stroke and his spinal column was cut off for a while leaving him paralyzed.

Tom and I left La Quinta in the California desert at

5:00 a.m. A three hour drive to the Los Angeles Airport. We hired a medivac van; Tom stretched out comfortably on a gurney and me stuffed in a jump seat with no ability to move or stretch. Wonderful trip.

We arrived at the airport around 8:00 am. for a 10:10 flight. Being first class we zipped through the ticket line. With the help of a nice Filipino man named Victor, we quickly made it through security and up to the gate. As we waited, it was time to empty Tom's catheter bag! Not my real strength, but I persevered! Finally, we boarded the plane. We sat in the first row and made ourselves comfortable. Then Tom announced he had to go to the bathroom. Another adventure was about to begin.

Two hours after take off, still up at 37,000 feet, it's a little bumpy and Tom is in a lot of pain. We tried to no avail to take him to the bathroom, but the three of us: two flight attendants and I could not get him to the plane's tiny bathroom. So here he is having an accident and me helping him reconnect his catheter. OK, those of you who

really know me are thinking, NO WAY! Yes, WAY! Sixty-two years of friendship. What's a guy to do?! Some time later Tom woke up to tell me he was freezing. I had pointed each and every vent I could in his direction. I told him if it was a choice of him freezing or me barfing, he would lose. We gave him a couple more blankets and some Tylenol.

When we landed, one of Tom's children met us at the airport in Toronto with a Medivac van and off we went to Tom's new and hopefully short term home. A beautiful place with wonderful staff and his children close at hand. As I said goodbye, I told them all I was passing the baton to them!

After spending the last six months in two hospitals and a rehab facility, Tom has made tremendous progress in regaining the use of his legs and just last week, with support, he was able to walk several steps. He is still confined to a wheel chair and he needs assistance for most purposes. But his will to recover and his great work ethic are an inspiration.

I hope the next time I see my good friend he will be walking again. I really miss him in California already. It all started with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and an Aladdin-Hopalong Cassidy lunch kit!

I remember one friend, Salvatore, a classmate who commented that we were both crazy as kids and that's why we got along so well. He said, "Phil, you were dumb enough to want to trade your wonderful sandwich of veal cutlet with peppers and eggs for Tom's lousy peanut butter and jelly on American bread - and Tom was dumber for not insisting on the trade!" Thanks Sal.

God Bless Tom, friends forever !!!!!



Phil LaGreca and Tom Christopher, March 2010

*This is the 6th and final article of Jerry Grasso's memoirs as told to, and written by, Dick Verso. Our thanks to them.*

Going for an Easter suit with my late grandfather ("Buon Anima"), the family bargain

hunter, to a clothing store for a deal from a guy he knew. When we left with a wool suit and 2 pair of pants for about \$10, he was sure he out-foxed his salesman friend. So did I until I wore the suit on a hot Easter Sunday.

My uncle taking me to the Aud and sitting in the 75 cent seats to watch Joe Trimboli playing for Canisius College. The only time I drove a car was when Dick Verso let me drop him off at The Aud, where his future wife Marcy worked. After taking buses, streetcars and bumming rides I finally got my own car, a 1939 Dodge 4 door. It was really a 1 door because 3 of them wouldn't open. Then I moved up to a 1940 Dodge 2 door. Any time I hit a bump one of the rear windows would drop. Next came the 1940s DeSoto with no parking brake. I just parked with the front wheels turned towards the curb. It worked fine until one day one of our neighbors on Hudson St. knocked on our door to ask if I owned a 1940 DeSoto. When I asked why he said, "Because it's parked on a sidewalk near Cottage Street".

And finally, Babe's Pool-room, a chartered social club known as the Unital Club whose members were able to gather without fearing a police raid. Membership requirements? Asking for a membership card. Precinct 10 detectives Eberle and Mapes checked it out anyway.

"Uncle Charlie," a great guy when sober, but when drunk would warn everyone there to keep their distance because he had a gun and if anybody bothered him he would kill him.

"Captain John," the owner, would growl, "Get out of here you drunk or you'll be the one who's carried out." He never really had a gun. Playing Tap Rummy with the world's worst losers. I hope for their sake that the Lord isn't too tough on those who used his name in vain. "Jumbo," the poor alcoholic who would take any job for enough money to get another drink.

### Food

The aroma of olives, salami, cheese and baccala at the Columbia Market (the Limeri brothers were tough employers). Pasta was served with greens for meatless Fridays. Pasta e sugo, e fagiole (fazole), e escarole, e piselli, e lentils, con sarde, e brodo, e cardune (burdock), e cicoria (dandelion), e baccala, e calamari, e spinghi on St. Josephs Day, Viva San Giuseppe.

We enjoyed cannoli and lemon ice from Romano's Virginia Pastry or Muscarella's on Busti and Georgia. We loved ceci e fave, raw clams and tripe at Scotty's, Ted's hot dogs under the Peace Bridge was as close as we ever came to eating at a restaurant, We ate home. We had caponatina, melanzana (eggplant), pepperoni, Italian bread, mom's pizza before discovering the Bocce Club. We experimented with American Bread and American Cheese from stores that didn't sell the real stuff.

Big kettles in bathtubs with bricks on top of them to keep snails from escaping; snails for which you sterilized a needle before having them for supper.

### Work

Joe Nobile, Joe Notaro and Mr. Tagliarino delivering milk from electric trucks. Joe Sileo and Vinny DiStefano working at Loblaws Bakery. Lifting garbage cans on the East Side with Angelo Massaro. Working for \$1/hour at Chimera's radiator and shooting craps on payday with Pete Runfoia, Jerry Giglia and the owner's nephew, Charlie Chimera. All of the guys working at Birge sitting around smoking at lunch or sticking their heads out of the windows and whistling at the girls walking down Maryland. I worked there

*(Continued on page 7)*

*(Continued from page 6)*

with Mimi Polito and Jim Telesco in the area that was called "The Swamp". Christmas Post Office job at Memorial Auditorium with Antoinette Sciandra, Connie Lo-Brutto at Luigi's Bakery. Charlie Biancross, the painter and his brother, Crazy Joe. Ruby Dauria wallpapering our apartment when we moved into the Gugino Buildings. Louie Guercio and his sister Connie at their restaurant near the tracks at the Front Park.

### World War II

Pearl Harbor. Selective Service. Guys leaving for the service. Looking at the pennants with stars in the front windows of all the houses to see who had boys in the service and getting a lump in your throat every time a new gold star appeared. Remembering how proud 2nd Lt. Mike Billonio looked before leaving for Europe. The bomber on which he was a navigator went down over Yugoslavia and was never found. His brothers Tony and Carmen got through it OK. Glenn Miller's plane disappearing over the English Channel. Paper drives, War Bonds, buying Victory Stamps in school and trying to collect enough to get a bond, saving grease, scrap metal and tin foil. Air Raid drills with wardens in white helmets checking to see if any house-lights were on. Ration stamps for sugar, meat, gas and tires. Women keeping their seams straight on precious nylon stockings. Victory gardens replaced by the Thruway. Soldiers at the Army barracks protecting

the Colonel Ward Pumping Station. Roosevelt dies in office. Newspapers incorrectly declare Dewey the winner over Truman before results are final. Being at Jabber Rizzo's house when his brother Sammy brought home his War Bride.

### Korea

Seeing John Antonucci off to the Marines from the old Central Terminal. Going to Phil Tiranno's wedding in January and then leaving for the Army with him in February. Russ Todaro, Jimmy Biancross and Faw-Faw Polito enlisting together. Phil Limina and Vinny Vella in combat together but only Phil coming home. Sam "Whiskey" Todaro gets a hardship transfer and ends up stationed on Main St., Buffalo. Standing soaking wet in the lobby of the elegant Shoreham hotel in Washington, trying to talk with some of the Yankees, with Gus Monte after sightseeing and hoping to watch our first Major League ball game on a weekend pass from Camp Pickett, VA and getting caught in a downpour. Truman fires MacArthur. "Old Soldiers never die."

### Butler- Mitchell / Muny / CYC

Joe Bi, Ralph Garnish and Al Guarneri were the heart of the Butler Mitchell along with Paul Messana, Millie Battaglia and Benny Constantino. Hoping someday I could play basketball as well as athletes like Pat Raimondo, Pete Todaro, Tony Gregory, Happy Cascio, Vito Leto and Johnny Calabro.

Mr. Todaro, watching our MUNY team from the balcony of the Connecticut Street Armory and laugh-

ing when learning that one of our players who only threw air balls didn't have a vision problem. Al Guarneri suffering a fatal heart attack one night while we were there. Playing while a free-for-all involving one of our bigger teams broke on the next court. Pete Giglia and Tony Pinto left the stands to help and ended up at precinct 10. Nick Croglia, Len Rizzo and Frank Bagarozzo all wanting my shortstop position on the Holy Cross CYC softball team.

### Businesses and hangouts

Buying lemonade at Grace Federico's basement store. C&C Clams on Maryland and Trenton, which later became Al Zarcone's butcher shop. Picking up a Courier around 9 PM at Dominic and Tony Battaglia's news-stand near Shelton Square, Andy Sedita, the Connecticut Street Fishman, Chickie DiCarlo at his office at the El Morocco, Joey Giambra playing his horn at the Gayety, Jimmy Christopher smashing the front window of Nick's Lounge at Busti and Hudson, Cicero (Cirri) Adornetto backing his car up to the front door to let the exhaust fumes drift in. Wedding receptions at Holy Cross Hall, Petruzella's Hall on Trenton and Virginia, Fiorella's Hall, on Virginia and West, the L.O.O.C on Connecticut Street or Mount Major Hall on West Ferry Street.

Fini



## Maggiore's Corner

Email Sal Maggiore: [Smaggiore@roadrunner.com](mailto:Smaggiore@roadrunner.com)

SAL MAGGIORE

### Italians make their mark in Sports this Month

How about Ashley Judd's husband, Dario Franchitti winning the Indy 500 auto race twice in four years? Italians are no strangers in the classic Memorial Day race. Previous winners include Ralph DePalma, Dario Resta, Emerson Fittipaldi, Kelly Petillo, Peter DePaolo, Parnelli Jones, and of course, Mario Andretti .

Lets go to Paris. Francesca Schiavone (*Per Niente member Sal Schiavone's kin?*), a professional tennis player for more than a decade and an independent player for almost thirty years, waited and worked to reach this particular moment on this particular court. There was no way she would conceal her excitement about arriving.

Schiavone moved closer, point by important point, to win the French Open and give Italy its first female champion at a Grand Slam tournament.



In baseball, on Joe Girardi's Yankees we have Francisco Cirvelli an Italian from South America who looks like a winner behind the plate. The Yankees recently put in rookie Kevin Russo, a New York native, who, in his first time at bat knocked in two runs to help win the game.

Francico Cirvelli



Kevin Russo



The world cup Soccer started June 11. Its TV audience was estimated at 715 million as opposed to 106 million for the last Super Bowl or the 22 million who watched the last World Series. That's pretty impressive. Italy, the defending champion, will be well represented with the best goalie ever in Gianluigi Buffon. Though Coach Marcello Lippi has been criticized by many for cutting several of the 2006 heroes it should be noted that the Italians with Buffon coupled with a conservative style, that although boring, gets results. Italian odds maker have them at 12 to 1.



Sam Arena

## ROLLED CHICKEN BREAST

HERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW RECIPE FEATURING CHICKEN .....  
THE DIETERS PARTNER FOR EFFECTIVE WEIGHT LOSS

### INGREDIENTS

- CHICKEN BREAST
- FAT -FREE CREAM CHEESE
- FRESH BABY SPINACH
- LITE HAM
- SCALLIONS
- FRESH BASIL
- GARLIC



1. PUT A PIECE OF PLASTIC WRAP OR A PLASTIC BAG ON TOP OF A HALF-CHICKEN BREAST AND POUND IT UNTIL ARRIVING AT YOUR DESIRED THINNESS.
2. SPREAD A THIN LAYER OF CREAM CHEESE ON THE CHICKEN, SEASON IT WITH SALT AND PEPPER AND-PUT A SLICE OF HAM ON THE CHEESE.
3. IN A SAUTEE PAN WILT THE SPINACH LEAVES WITH A SMALL AMOUNT OF OIL AND CHOPPED GARLIC. ADD THE BASIL AND SPREAD THE SPINACH MIXTURE EVENLY ON THE CHICKEN AND ROLL IT TIGHTLY, YOU CAN USE TOOTH PICKS TO KEEP THE ROLL CLOSED
4. BRUSH THE CHICKEN WITH OIL AND BAKE FOR 25 MINUTES AT 375 DEGREES.
5. IF SERVING AS AN ENTRÉE , ADD A SIMPLE MUSHROOM GRAVY.
6. SAUTEE SOME FRESH, THINLY SLICED MUSHROOMS. COMBINE 1 CAN OF CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP WITH 1/2 CUP OF SOUR CREAM ADD 3 TBS. OF FRESH LEMON JUICE.
7. ADD THE SAUTEED MUSHROOMS AND THE JUICE. IF THE SAUCE IS TOO THICK, ADD SOME LOW-FAT MILK.
8. SPOON OVER THE CHICKEN. EVEN WITH THE SAUCE THIS IS A LOW-CAL ENTREE.

Remember K.I.S.S KEEP IT SIMPLE WITH SAM

Buon Appetito !!!!

Our very dear friends Tom and Cathy Mancuso introduced us to your very delightful newsletter, the Per Niente. My husband Dave and Tom met about twenty years ago, when they were both preparing to be judges for Social Security. We have been close friends ever since. I am Teresa Gerard. My Maiden name is Curto. For several years now, I have worked on the genealogy of our family. When I saw the article written by Sara Insana Lepeirs, I was overjoyed! Although, I do not know her, my older sister Carolyn Curto Morgante does remember the family.

It turns out that the Insana family lived across the street from my maternal grandfather's house at 420 Seventh Street where our family also resided. My maternal grandfather's

name was Salvatore Licata. It is very exciting for me to learn of neighbors, who, very likely, knew my parents Jeanette and Joseph Curto.

Our dad's first tailor shop was also on Seventh Street just two doors down from our home. As his business grew Dad opened up a dry cleaning and tailor shop on Niagara Street near Hudson Street. We later moved to 426 West Delevan. Dad then opened a dry cleaning plant and tailor shop at 223 Lexington Avenue, where dad also sold Men's Clothing. Dad and Mom worked side by side together for most of their married life. Dad's final store was a Men's Wear Store adjacent to his home on Englewood Avenue in the Town of Tonawanda.

Our Dad's greatest love was being a musician. He played Clarinet in Messor's Classic



Joseph Curto pictured to the right of the tuba player

and Marching Band. They played for the religious feasts at the foot of Main Street and also played for other Social events.

Our family's first parish was their beloved Holy Cross parish which was under the leadership of their revered pastor Monsignor Gambino. As we moved we became faithful members of subsequent parishes of The Annunciation, New Cathedral and St. John the Baptist R. C. Church on Englewood Avenue.

Our paternal grandparents Angelo and Cologera Curto and our maternal grandparents Salvatore and Maria Theresa Licata, all came from Montedoro Sicily. My grandmother Cologera's sisters, Aunt Marion Alfano and Aunt Concetta Zanta were very active in St Rocco's Parish in Pittston, Pennsylvania. Their husbands, our Uncle Sam Alfano and Uncle Louie Zanta worked in the coal mines in the Pittston area. They are all buried in St. Rocco's Church Cemetery. So the picture and article about the Blessed Mother of Montedoro was very exciting to my sister Carolyn and to me.

My sister Carolyn also enjoyed the

picture and article on Bessie Bellanca, the florist who sold flowers in a Sicilian Cart to promote the sale of war bonds. She re-



Jeanette and Joseph Curto on Busti Ave

members her well. My brother-in-law Charles Morgante also grew up on the West Side. He grew up at 878 Niagara Street where his mom, Anna Morgante, had a grocery store. Charles also fondly remembers that his dad Gaspare Morgante loved playing cards with his friends in Prospect Park near the armory, on Niagara Street near the Peace Bridge.

Your most enjoyable newsletter has stirred up many cherished memories for each of us. We would also like to receive your wonderful newsletters too. Thank you for rekindling these special memories of our past and who we are.

*Sincerely,*

*Teresa Curto Gerard*

*Mechanicsburg, Pa*

*The past slips from our grasp. It leaves us only scattered things. The bond that unites them eludes us. Our imagination usually fills in the void by making use of preconceived theories.*

*Igor Stravinsky, Poetics of music, 1956*

According to Emerson's rule every scripture should be read in the light of the circumstances that brought it forth.

Prior to, and immediately after WW II many of Buffalo's commercial and residential streets were dotted with nightclubs, restaurants, taverns, grilles, bars and corner saloons. From these often small places of business poured the stench of old and forgotten smoke, cigar butts, stale beer, and, conversely, the sounds of quality musical groups: duos, trios, etc., small bands as they were called.

Co-existing with them but not specifically in the above venues was a large musically social animal aptly called the big band or orchestra.

It usually had fourteen to eighteen uniformed musicians who played as well, if not better, than those in the big name bands of the day: Benny Goodman, Harry James, Artie Shaw, The Dorsey's and the like. In that time, these big bands performed almost exclusively in theaters, pavilions, the Crystal Beach boat, and neighborhood halls and at the Dellwood Ballroom.

Small or big, their leaders had Anglo-Saxon names: Mack, Armbruster, Austin, Cheskin, Flynn, Crane, Reeb, Brittain, McPartlan, Nicholson, Armstrong, Farrell, Westfield, Lee, Powers, Ingram, Carl, Orion, Small, Collins, Norton, Cromwell, Maran, Gags, Oldman, Carol, Terran, Van, Trent and Gramercy.

The list is endless – but with the exception of

the first eleven names

Entrepreneurial Italian-Americans created the remaining twenty. They, like their counterparts in other fields saw a name change as a tranquil route to needy employment. They experienced and quite often enjoyed this vowel movement, as it enhanced one's chance for social acceptance in Buffalo and in the America of that day, and as such it was considered prudent to do so.

Today, small and big bands still dwell in Buffalo, albeit they border on fossilization but a name change isn't a prerequisite to garner performance venues.

Case in point: I spent a recent Wednesday evening in airy surroundings dining on fine food at Root Five Waterfront, a restaurant at 4914 Lake Shore Road (Route Five ) on the water in Hamburg, New York. My associates, Joe DiLeo and Mike Giallombardo were there filming the Pete Ciruolo big band for a segment of the forthcoming movie, Yesterday Today and Tomorrow, (Ieri, Oggi e' Domani)

This superb band, young-old-male-female rehearses every Wednesday night at Root Five. Its leader, Pete Ciruolo, whose name in another time would have been Pete O'Clair, is a Niagara Falls, New York native and a retired music educator who resides with his family in Hamburg, New York. Pete, a trumpet player-arranger graduated from Adam State College in Alamosa,

Colorado with a degree in Music. While there he initiated a seminal jazz program on campus.

Upon graduation he returned to this area and with his earned expertise ultimately became the jazz ensemble director

and the band director at Lake Shore Central Schools in Angola, New York. He held that position for thirty-three years, many of which were spent chairing their music departments.

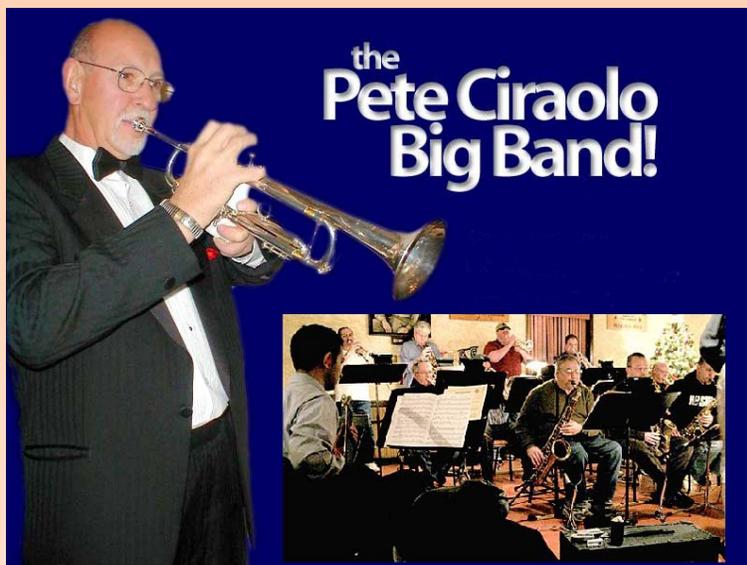
At his alma mater's fortieth reunion in Colorado, the school honored him for initiating the curriculum that has since been studied by hundreds who are now professional musicians, guest soloists, private teachers and international educators.

### The Pete Ciruolo big band personnel -

**Reeds:** the underrated Victor Chiodo, Vincent Ciruolo, (Pete's cousin) Mike Idhe, the bird-like Kelly Bucheger, and Laura Bogner Anderson in whose lineage one finds the name, Gullo.

**Trumpets:** the lead player is high note virtuoso, Chris Hooten. Fiery Joe Parisi, melodic Phil Nyhuis and Jayd Mollnar, jazz artists all, share that chair.

**Trombones:** Scott Smith, Bob Reichard, Fred Secor Jr., and Dave Dewitt, a passionately



swinging player!

**The pianist,** is Doctor Joe Baudo a big band leader in his own right and a musician for all seasonal-musical reasons. The guitarist is Steve Parisi, son of trumpeter Joe. The drummer and keeper of the time is Tom Kasperek, a hard

driving veteran of the swinging 1970s Tommy Dorsey orchestra.

**On Bass Guitar** is Melissa Bender. Not yet twenty, this multi-talented and scholarly musician is the granddaughter of one of my early heroes, the late jazz pianist-singer Jiggy Gelia. Also on Bass Guitar is Lackawanna's Ray Chamberlain, who, musically, has traversed with noble friends, Romans, countrymen and with the most noblest Sicilian of them all, Frank Sinatra. Speaking of singers, on occasion, the Pete Ciruolo Big Band features vocalist Cheryl Ferris, a beauty who renders tender, and who can swing with the best.

Make it a point to see and hear this great eighteen-piece band every Wednesday night (around seven) at Root Five as they relive standards from the great American Song Book and explore the avante garde and the demanding music from the scorching pen of Buffalo-West Coast legend Don Menza. And it's all PER NIENTE!

Info: 716-627-5551-[www.rootfive.com](http://www.rootfive.com)

In the heart of Sicily, on a modest mountain in the province of Caltanissetta, sits the city of Mussomeli (Mussumele to its citizens). The name is derived from the Arabic “Manzil mel”, meaning “a farmhouse that is good”. But after the Moorish occupation, like most of Sicily, it was held by the Normans, Swabians (Germans), and Angevins (French). In the 1400s, an Aragonese prince, Manfredi Chiaromonte III, rebuilt and renamed the town “Manfreda”, but locals eventually applied typical Sicilian word-play to the original name, calling it Mussumele, or “mouth of honey”.

Many Western New Yorkers claim Mussumeli as their origin, and an annual fete for the Mussumelese Madonna of the Miracles is held in Buffalo to coincide with the same event held in Mussumeli. Strong proponents of the Buffalo event have been two sons of Mussumeli: Father Charles Amico and his brother the late Monsignor Richard Amico. Another descendant of Mussumeli forebears is my wife, Angie Bongiovanni, whose maternal grandparents Paolina Bellanca and Salvatore Lanza emigrated from Mussumeli, via De Lancey, Pennsylvania and Silver Creek, New York, to Lloyd Street, bordering Buffalo’s Canal District.

Angie and I had planned to visit Mussumeli for one afternoon during our first trip to Sicily. There, we found a rather cosmopolitan town, with modern as well as historic neighborhoods. One of the most striking locations was the cathedral of Chiesa Maria Santissima dei Miracoli, built to honor the Blessed Virgin, who had restored the ability to walk to the crippled son of a supplicant. The ceiling fresco is awe-inspiring, spreading over 1,000 square feet, five stories above the nave.

We had planned to do some research of Angie’s ancestors at the local cemetery. We found it open, but it was a Sunday, and there were no staff to show us the burial register. So even though we hadn’t planned to, we went back again the next afternoon, only to be told that we had to be there before 3 o’clock to speak to ‘The Professor’ about the register. We made another trip the next day, and found that the weekly outdoor market had set up in the middle of the road to the cemetery, and there was no access to the cemetery on that day! We couldn’t go the next day, because it was a Sicilian holiday.

Finally, we went back (for a fourth time!), and arrived at the cemetery at 3 o’clock. There was a note on the caretaker’s door which said “I’ve gone to town on an errand, I’ll be right back.” After a few minutes, a car pulled up, and a modestly-dressed old gentleman got out and entered the caretaker’s booth. I asked “Are you the Professor?” He smiled shyly and said “That’s what they call me, but I’m just a caretaker.”

I asked “Could we see the burial register?”

He responded “Nicolo has the key.”

“And where is Nicolo?” I asked.

“Unn c’e’. (He’s not here.)”



So, after four trips to Mussomeli (we had planned only one), we never did see the burial register. The moral: if you go to Sicily to do genealogical research, don't expect to find anything on your first try, and be sure to account for the day, the hour, local markets, holidays, absent key-keepers, etc.

On another visit to Mussomeli, I did go to the Municipio (Town Hall), and was able to see the register that holds birth records in a huge ledger. I found a record that I had not been able to locate via review of microfilms in Buffalo. Excitedly, I asked if I could have a photocopy made, but the head librarian said "Sorry, privacy concerns, we can't make copies." Her assistant, though, said "Do you have a camera?", and I hopefully readied my camera. But the librarian insisted "No, no photos, either." With a crestfallen feeling, I asked the librarian her name.

"Pinuccia (Josphine) Alessi" she responded.

I said "Mia mamma era Rosa Alessi!! (My mother was Rosa Alessi!!)"

Pinuccia signaled her assistant, who locked the library door, while she let the blinds down on the office window. They looked at me and uttered 'the Sicilian oath' - - "We see nothing!"

I got my photo.

Mussomeli has other

attractions besides those of genealogical interest, one of which is the fabulous medieval Castle of Manfredi, which was built at the top of a hundred-foot-high monolith, and looks as though it grew from the living rock. It has a drawbridge, torture chambers, and a 'camera di morte', a room of death, in which enemies were drowned. The guide told us the legend of an enemy knight who was killed by the local Baron, and who haunts the place still. Another myth tells of a prince who walled his three sisters into a tower room for safety as he went to battle. He returned after years, to find they had died, but not before they had eaten the leather soles of their shoes.

I told the guide that my wife was a descendant of Mussomelese, and that her grandfather's name had been Salvatore Lanza. With a surprised look, the guide said "Lanza? The last princely family to own this castle was the Lanza family! Lanza is a noble name." I glanced at Angie, who was looking at me with her sweet, knowing smile. With a bow, I said "*I always knew you were my princess!*"

And besides, she's a real honeymouth.

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## Fried Pork Chops and Spinach

Tonight while frying pork chops in my cast iron pan, I was transported back to my younger days. When in college I'd often go to my nana's house on the West Side of Buffalo for lunch. I remember the walk up to her second floor flat on Potomac Avenue. She'd greet me with a kiss, say something pleasant in Italian, then ask, "are you hungry?" Her refrigerator always contained eggs, milk, pecorino romano cheese, butter, milk, cucumbers, celery, and tomatoes for a salad, miller splits, some coca cola, and whatever meats papa would buy on Grant Street that day. Sometimes she'd have rice pudding with shaved chocolate or orange rind on top. Ah, simplicity! Take a look in your refrigerator...is it cramped with foods and dressings, and sodas, and cold cuts, and...well you name it.



Frank Di Leo with grandmother Lucia, 1980s photo

Then nana worked her magic. While sitting at the living room with papa playing a game of "war" or some other card game, nana cooked. On her stove she boiled water for pasta, heated some sauce that she made on Sunday, then fried pork chops in her cast iron pan. A white and red checkered table cloth draped over the square table in the kitchen. On it: salt, pepper, romano cheese, and bread from Christiano's bakery.

"Mangia," Nana yelled to us. We sat at the table and feasted. The salt and pepper taste on the chops, the pungent smell of the romano cheese on the pasta, the small salad with oil and vinegar, and a slice of Christiano's bread with butter to clean the plate. Nostalgic!

So tonight I seasoned the thin chops with sea salt and cracked pepper, heated butter in my cast iron pan, then fried the pork until it became crisp on both sides. I sauteed some spinach and garlic, and enjoyed a glass of 2009 Robert Mondavi sauvignon blanc.

It is nice to reflect fondly on the simplicity of life!

**PN:** Jack you've lived in Los Angeles for 40 years. What can you tell us about the city?

**JS:** Los Angeles is like the story of the Dutch kid with his fingers in the dyke trying to staunch the flood. He has ten fingers but there are 4000 holes in the dyke.

**PN:** Why do you spend your vacations in Buffalo?

**JS:** Because 1) its fun and 2) its cheap. Also I have all these friends I have known for 50 years or even more who are happy to see me because they know in 2 weeks I will be gone.

**PN:** What is your favorite thing to do in Buffalo?

**JS:** I have two favorite things. 1) playing golf with my buddies at Bridgewater and 2) eating a meal cooked by Sam Arena.

**PN:** Give me some others.

**JS:** I love the people, the architecture and the river.

**PN:** What needs to be done to rescue the city from oblivion?

**JS:** Oblivion isn't so bad. It beats Florida.

**PN:** Have you ever considered moving back?

**JS:** Yes—many times. But what about those winters?

**PN:** Any thoughts on the Tiger Woods scandal?

**JS:** His personal life doesn't interest me. He's just another zillionaire with a stable of hookers, porn stars and starlet wannabe chippie types. There is nothing new there. I do find it surprising he was able to keep it all under wraps for so long and also, you have to admit, low-life that he is, the mental gymnastics required to juggle 14 girlfriends along with a wife and two kids along with winning 6 golf tournaments a year is a phenomenal performance.

**PN:** You're a student of military history. What are you reading now?

**JS:** I am reading two books about Mussolini. The Brutal Friendship—a study of the alliance between Italy and Germany during the war and The Ciano Diaries. Ciano was Mussolini's son-in-law and foreign minister at that time and generally tagged as a playboy type more interested in chasing woman and playing golf than supervising the affairs of his office, but the diaries reveal a different side—intuitive, witty and totally opposed to the war. He never trusted Germany and considered Von Ribbentrop, the German foreign minister, a complete imbecile equally responsible, or even more, for the war than Hitler. But Mussolini was convinced Hitler would prevail over England to rule Europe and was determined to share in the spoils. When the tide turned it was too late. Italy was between a rock and a hard place to surrender to the allies and suffer the wrath of Hitler or, failing that, await the wrath of Churchill, who said: "we are going to skewer Italy like a kebab and blacken her from head to toe."

**PN:** How did you become a writer?

**JS:** I became a writer by growing up in Buffalo on the West Side. That gave me an attitude and a particular way of viewing life and the world around me—a little twisted and perverse, true enough—and, you might say, totally narrow minded—but an attitude nevertheless and that is the important thing. Once you have the attitude all that remains is to do the work.



Jack Spiegelman

When I was very young we lived in the Perry projects on South Park and my father would take me down to the DL&W train terminal where the lake ferries once docked—the cement wall is still there behind the NFTA barns and some of the two story terminal, minus the trains and the ferries and the people. One of his favorite stories was about his younger brother Hank, someone I don't think I had met yet, who as a teenager played in a band on one of the boats that left from that dock bound for exotic ports of call like Erie and Cleveland, places that sounded quite romantic to me. As I said it was a very long time ago. My father liked to recount how one of the Buffalo musicians who worked with Hank got seasick at the dock when the ship's engines began to rumble. Leaving Buffalo has never been easy.

Like my father, Hank had started on the violin at PS 43 in East Lovejoy where the family had settled after a few years in East Rochester (which in most bios is given as Hank's place of birth, March 21, 1915). He moved on to the clarinet and sax, for him the alto, as it had been tenor for my father. It may have been from one of those early lake jobs that Hank joined the Paul Specht band in 1936. Later after traveling with Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey he joined



**Hank D'Amico**

Bob Crosby's orchestra and then settled in New York. He made quite a few recordings with Norvo. By the time I remember visiting Manhattan he had married my aunt Grace, a singer, and had started a family, the eldest Henry and Betty, both of whom have sadly passed. In that period he worked for CBS. Hank was gifted with great technique and "ears," and like my father and most of the professional musicians of that era was an excellent sight reader, all of which made him a valued staff musician. But he was also an in-

ventive improviser, someone who produced a warm tone on the clarinet and could swing. Among musicians he was considered the equal of the more famous Goodman or Shaw.

He recorded with his own groups and with noted musicians like Jack Teagarden, Billy Butterfield, Cozy Cole, Milt Hinton, Charlie Shavers, and Johnnie Guarnieri, and like many of them he spent some time at "Jim & Andy's" the famous gathering place for musicians in Manhattan. Later I remember visits to the house in Queens where he should have settled—but Hank's temperament was more artistic than practical. From the later 40's to the 50's there was plenty of work and he did it all. He was on the staff at ABC for ten years, made some excellent recordings with small groups and had his own big band for a short time.

Later the family, which had grown to five children, moved to an apartment in Jackson Heights. When I visited there, Hank was typically on his way to or from a job—always ready with a funny story, delivered in his laid back, sardonic style. There was less work, but he never considered a day job and was never one to sacrifice his musical standards. One night at the Statler in Buffalo with my father we chatted with the legendary alto saxophonist, Phil Woods, before he went on stage to play and he put it simply, “Hank—he was the best, man.” You can hear what he meant in a lovely tune Woods composed called “Ballad for Hank.”

Later when I did have a bit of a sea adventure on a trip not to Erie but to Naples aboard the USS Constitution, I ran into the great stride pianist Dave McKenna, who had a gig playing solo in one of the dining areas, laying down

those incredible left hand lines for the oblivious passengers. When I mentioned my uncle he sat down and talked, with only a little bitterness, of how the music business had changed in the 60's and how difficult it was for musicians like Hank, trying to be at once professionals, creative artists, and fathers who needed to make a decent living. No easy task. But the other fine musicians of his era knew what he stood for and they turned out, from Stan Getz to Coleman Hawkins, for his memorial concert in 1965 not only to help his family but to express their respect for someone who was among musicians a legend. Thankfully many of his recordings are still available and he can be seen and heard on YouTube playing with energy, invention, and style.

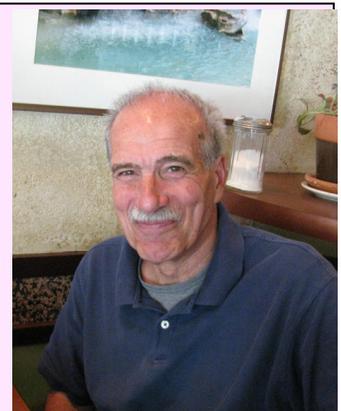
#### *Editor's Note*

*To see and hear Hank D'Amico, Coleman Hawkins and others playing “This Can't be Love” go to Art Ford's jazz party, 9-18-58 (part 5) on YOUTUBE.*



Jack D'Amico is a PhD at Canisius College. His areas of interest, teaching, and publication include Shakespeare, English and Italian Renaissance drama and theater, Machiavelli, Byron, and swimming.

In addition to which he has written a book, “La Famiglia”, a history of the D'Amico family.



*Per Niente Club*



**“Sera Sotto Le Stelle”  
“Evening Under the Stars”**

*Per Niente Club*



**Saturday July 31, 2010**

**DiTondo’s Ristorante**

**370 Seneca St**

**Buffalo, NY**

**Casual Dress**

**Socializing begins at 6:00**

**Dinner at 7:15**



**Hors d'œuvres**

**Shell Pasta with Ricotta**

**Roast Beef**

**Chicken with peppers, onions & mushrooms**

**Italian Sausage with peppers, onions & mushrooms**

**Salad**

**Coffee/Dessert**

**includes**

**Open Bar**

**Music**

**by**

**Joey Giambra’s Orchestra**

**\$45 per person**

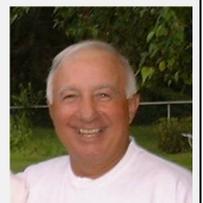
**RSVP and send your check by July 16**

**to either co-chairperson**



Susan Maggiore  
133 Bedford Ave  
Buffalo NY 14216  
716-875-5311

Charles Tasca  
18 Colvinhurst Dr  
Tonawanda NY 14223  
716-875-5483



**What:** Annual Per Niente Golf Outing

**When:** Monday August 9, 2010

**Where:** Bridgewater Country Club  
700 Gilmore  
Fort Erie, Ontario



**Time:** 1:30 Shotgun Start ( all start and finish at same time )

**Events:** Calloway Tournament  
Closest to the pin on all Par 3s  
A, B, C Skin Games

**Cost:** \$100 Includes: Golf, cart, Dinner, Beer, Pop and Prizes  
*Those who pay by 7/17/10 will receive a personalized Per Niente desk pad*

**Payment due** Len Pepe  
**by July 1 to:** 26 Greenhaven Ter  
Tonawanda, NY 14150  
716-693-6848

## To Sponsor a Hole

**Type #1:** \$40.00 donation or \$40.00 worth of merchandise/gift certificate for prizes. A sign with your name will be on a tee box.

**or**

**Type #2:** For \$50.00, a golf hole flag with the Per Niente logo will be placed on the green. The flag will include your name as a sponsor.

In the ensuing years your sponsorship cost for the outing will be reduced to \$30.00 and your flag will be used again. You will have the option of holding the flag for the year but you must surrender it for the 2011 event.

\* *Revenue generated from golf outing supports the Annual Per Niente Christmas Fund*

My story is about Canada and the United States, their diversified heritage, language, diplomacy, etc. It's about a dark historical period in those countries, a time when men were breadwinners, women were housewives and children obeyed and respected their parents. It begins prior to WW II and deals with the unjust treatment of hard working immigrants from neighborhoods like the one from which I emerged in Canada.

Living in ethnic neighborhoods meant the security of your ethnicity, enjoying the same foods, religion, and the comfort of a common language, but still proud to be an immigrant-Italian. Italians had been in Canada and America since the 1920s or prior. They were laborious, raised families and contributed to society. Many came to North America to flee Fascism.

When Canada entered WW II many of its soldiers were Italian-Canadians. Conversely, during WW II, America had 12 million combat forces, 1.2 million of them were Italian-Americans: the military's largest minority. Hitler was blitzing his way across Europe while Japan made noise and anti U.S. sentiment was rampant.

Prior to WW II The American and Canadian governments had compiled lists of suspected undesirables. J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI created one in 1939 and gave it to President Roosevelt the day after Pearl Harbor. Roosevelt, concerned about national security, the vulnerability of America's coasts, enemy infiltration, etc., focused on the incarceration of "enemy aliens."

As a result, Presidential Proclamation # 2527 was created on December 8, 1941, and declared that all immigrants from Italy who were not yet American citizens had become "enemy aliens." With this turn of events the lives of many Italians - immigrants and U S citizens - would turn chaotic when internment camps, remnants of WW1 (mostly in America's west coast) were established.

That Proclamation affected 600,000 Italians in America. Italians who had worked at the 1939 World's Fair and on Italian Cruise ships in the Panama Canal were rounded up and interred. Very few were released once arrested. Joseph Aiello, a U.S. resident for fifty-six years was removed in a wheelchair from his home in Pittsburg, California, a small town near San Francisco. Placido Abono, a ninety-seven year old fellow townsman was incarcerated after removal from his home on a stretcher.

Women were also incarcerated. No one was exempt. Joe DiMaggio's father, a San Francisco fisherman, had his boat confiscated. The laxity of the rules was legendary. Anyone with problems with Italian neighbors could report them as persons of interest. These reports were never investigated, merely acted upon with subsequent arrests.

Restrictions were numerous: no Italian alien could live within 5 miles of America's shore even if they worked within those boundaries. An Italian in California was denied permission to go to attend his brother's funeral (an American citizen), because it was within the 5-mile restriction. Entire families had to move. Some sold their homes within days and lost equity due to the pressure.

Boys, 14 and older had to register with the authorities for evaluation to determine whether they were to be interred. Those who were not supported the family in their father's absence. Parents of Italian-American soldiers stationed at military installations were denied visitation.

Permission from the authorities was needed for travel. All guns, cameras, shortwave radios, all boats and flashlights were confiscated. Many fishermen in California lost everything because it was they who provided most of the fish for the U.S. Their boats were stripped and refitted for war service and were rendered unusable when returned.

Italians were subjected to arbitrary visits from the authorities who were always accompanied by an FBI agent who spoke and understood the Italian language and who had the right to read any and all mail from Italy while the house was searched fastidiously and often times, repeatedly and with reckless abandon.

Any sign of an affiliation to Mussolini or an Italian club was prohibited. My cousin's father in Canada was interred for forty-eight months for displaying a picture of Mussolini and for being a member of a group called "the Sons of Italy." (Incarceration of Italians in Canada was usually for a term of four years while their American counterparts were interred for a little more than two years)

*More in next issue*

(Editor's note: Diane Scime, a non-Italian was born in Hamilton, Ontario. Her husband, Buffalonian Jim Scime was a salesman at Chandler's Shoes on our once thriving Main Street when they met and ultimately married)

Photojournalist Joe DiLeo and cinematographer Ken Giangreco recorded for future generations this snapshot in time of twenty-five distinguished Western New York Jurists of Italian heritage. Though engaged in constant and purposeful activity, they gave graciously of their time to participate in a Hooks Production of Antenato Films “Ieri, Oggi ‘e Domani,” (Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow) a forthcoming docu-drama written by Michael Giallombardo and Joey Giambra.

Though Giambra wrote and directed the critically acclaimed docu-drama, *La Terra Promessa* in 2007, *Ieri Oggi ‘e Domani* is not a sequel to that prior work.

We at Antenato Films sincerely thank the Honorable Salvatore R. Martoche, New York Supreme Court, Appellate Division, Fourth Department, and the Honorable Joseph A. Fiorella, Buffalo City Court, who were wholeheartedly devoted to this cause. Their dedicated efforts in making this extraordinary assemblage possible shall never be forgotten.



Row 1 Diane L. Vitello, Louis P. Violanti, Angelo F. Tona, Joseph S. Mattina, Marjorie Creola Mix

Row 2 Marilyn C. Gerace, Frederic J. Marrano, James M. Vallone, Joseph J. Cassata, Thomas P. Amodeo, Thomas M. DiMillo, Angelo J. Morinello, Sharon M. LoVallo, Sheila A. DiTullio, Mark A. Violante, Michael L. D'Amico, Patrick M. Carney, Joseph A. Fiorella, Henry Nowak

Row 3 Ralph A. Boniello, Russell P. Buscaglia, Joseph Gerace, Salvatore R. Martoche, Joseph J. Sedita, Frank A. Sedita Jr.

