

Voyage of Two Hearts

“Viaggio Dei Due Cuori”

By
Angela Maria Moresco Kelly



Dedication

I am dedicating this book to my sisters and brothers; To Marcella, who is no longer with us but is spirituality with me always. To Luisa, who developed a strong independence early on. She is a very caring, compassionate woman. I treasure her friendship. To Joseph, his arrival in my life was the moment that made me become a big sister. His growth and achievements into adulthood are admirable, a very caring dedicated man and a great guy. To Albert; whom we all wanted to take care of. He was such a joy. To me he is a Renaissance Man, and a dear friend.

Acknowledgement

I spent many enjoyable hours with my mother as she related her journey through life with my father. This has inspired me to write this book.



Preface

Most of the younger members of the family remember Nonna (Crestina) but many of them did not know Nonno (Beppi)

It is my hope that they will get to know these two people and travel with them through their life's journey.

Everyone has an ethnic heritage, but the Moresco name is the link to our Italian Heritage.

Special Thanks to Ted my grandson for his invaluable help in putting this book together. I could not have done this without him.

Forward

I am a fourth generation grandchild. I am part Italian. While I never had the privilege of knowing my maternal great grandfather, my Bis Nonno, Beppi, I had a very close relationship with my maternal great grandmother, my Bis Nonna, Crestina.

When my grandmother, my Granna, told me of her plan to write a book telling the story of their lives, I was able to think of no better way to explain the history behind each of these two people.... my “ance-story”. It is so important to know who you are and where you come from, especially in the world that we live in today. This book is the perfect door to learning this history. Many of the grandchildren in our family do not know this story. I am one of them. . . that is, I was one of them until I read this story. I am proud to say, now, that I feel as though I have a special bond with my great grandparents. I know where they came from, the hardships they faced and the battles they won. I loved every sentence, every word of this book. It is the ultimate guide to the Moresco family. I am part Moresco, and now, because of this wonderful woman who cared enough to tell the story, I value that name as a symbol of pride which can only be obtained with the knowledge of what is behind the name.

Angela F. Ostrowski

*An Imperial Legacy**

If all roads lead to Rome, it might be said that all roads lead from it. Long before recorded history, people from Asia and Europe drifted down through the Alps to settle in the warm sun of Italy; there were men living on the rich plains of the peninsula 30,000 BC. They were not to remain undisturbed; century after century, invaders poured into Italy. In time their descendants reversed the process, exploding out of their homeland to conquer half of the known world.

Rome was probably founded by the Latinos, a people who were well established on the Latium Plain south of the Tiber by the Eighth Century and the neighboring tribes of the Sabines. It is possible that they set up the city to command the strategic crossroads of the Tiber River route into the interior and the North-South overland route through the Latium Plain, to block the encroachments of the Etruscans, a belligerent people who had arrived in the area probably from Asia Minor, by the middle of the ninth century BC. If so, the plan did not work. The Etruscans conquered the Latium and established a monarchy of their own.

The Etruscans were an advanced people. They drained the marshes of Tuscany, established elaborate rural irrigation systems, and created works of art reflecting the urbane civilization and a tortured concern with the hereafter.

After a century of domination, the Romans overthrew their Etruscan kinds in 509 BC., establishing a republic to be governed by two elected Consuls, an advisory Senate and a Popular Assembly. Despite its forms, however, the Republic was by no means a democracy. It was an aristocracy based on parentage and wealth, particularly, wealth based on land. The patricians, the patres, or fathers of the ancient families, controlled the Senate, the assembly and the consulships. For centuries, the internal political history of Rome reflected the struggle of the Plebeians, or the common people to win a major voice in government and a share in Rome's increasing wealth.

Partly to protect itself from the neighbors on its borders and perhaps because pressure from land hungry Plebeians, Rome now undertook expansions of its own. The Romans formed alliances with friendly tribes, subdued others and spent the next two and a half centuries moving south. By 272 BC, having taken the Greek cities at the peninsula's tip, Rome stood supreme in Italy.

Winning was not easy for Rome. The greatest of the Carthaginian generals, Hannibal, invaded Italy itself in 217 BC, marching a thousand miles from Spain to cross the Alps with his fearsome elephants. He remained 14 years, outmaneuvering the generals sent after him, crushing legion upon legion. The Senate was terrified. For years after Hannibal's defeat in 202 BC, its most distinguished member, Cato the Elder, ended each of his speeches with the words, "Delenda est Carthago" (Carthage must be destroyed!)

Rome's arrival of the Mediterranean turned its attention from internal affairs and inner conflict with a power as great as itself. At the beginning of the third century BC, there were Greek colonies still flourishing on Sicily, more importantly, half the island was held by Carthage, a mighty North African sea power based in the present day Tunisia. Carthage dominated the Mediterranean as far as Spain. Its influence extended as far east as Asia Minor. Expansionist Rome could not feel secure with expansionist Carthage, a short jump across the Straits of Messina, moreover Sicily was the major producer grain and there were many mouths to feed in Roman Italy. Rome attacked.

For a century, the world's two greatest powers struggled for mastery. Rome won and then annexed Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica. It was an epochal conflict, The world would be far different if Carthage had won.

In 146 BC, Roman Legions carried out Cato's admonition. They burned Carthage, leveled its walls to the ground and sowed salt through surrounding fields. Rome was now the dominant power in the western Mediterranean.

Under Imperial Rome, and later under the Popes, Italy was a collection of cities, each its own nation and its own world. For many centuries, the Italian had no "fatherland" but only its own community to which he paid allegiance. But his energies and talents have always been too vast to be limited to geographical boundaries. His "native land" in the broader sense, has been his art and learning, the universal world of Dante, of Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, of Galileo, Enrico Fermi, of Giuseppe Verdi.

Rural Italy is more Greek than Roman, for the Romans of the Empire were urbane people, and Italy is still largely an agricultural land of shepherds and oil tillers. Since before history, man and nature have collaborated to mold the earth to unchanging patterns. Sheep graze on the turf floors of Greek temples in Segesta and

Paestum. The young peasant shepherding them and the bride who waits for him under the olives might be Daphnis and Chloe.

A foreigner on his first visit to Italy feels a familiarity with the landscape about him because he recognizes images that famous artists and poets have created. During the great centuries of religious art Italy was the most painted country in the world, and the landscapes we have thought of as biblical since our childhood are really Italian. Christ entering Jerusalem? He is really a young Tucson vintner riding a donkey into the towered town of Gimignano. The nativity star? It shines over goatskin-clad shepherds in the Florentine hills. The flight into Egypt? It is the artist's family riding over moonlit Umbrian mountains.

Biblical animals, the ponderous ox and the capricious donkey, considered and aristocratic animal, was never used for tilling the soil.

But Italy of the ancient pastures has changed, more transformed by World War II and its aftermath than any other country in Europe. Tourism, a feature of Italy for 300 years, has become a leading industry. The number of visitors exceed 21 million per year.

Italy got its name from the ancient Romans. They called the southern part of the peninsula Italia, meaning land of oxen and grazing land. It is often called "Sunny Italy" as the Spring, Summer and Fall are generally sunny, however, the winters are rainy and cloudy. So, the climate is quite pleasant as it is warmed by the Mediterranean Sea and protected by the Alps from cold northern air.

The Italian language is considered a Romance language, originally derived from Latin. It began to develop as a separate language around 1000 AD. Between 1300-1321, Dante Alighieri wrote his long poem, "The Divine Comedy", in the Latin spoken by the people of a section of Italy, called Tuscany. Dante's poem helped establish the Tuscan dialect as the common language of Italy. The Tuscan form of Italian is now taught in schools throughout the country.

Over 95% of the Italian people are Roman Catholic. Only Spain surpasses that percentage.

Pasta is the basic food throughout Italy which includes spaghetti, macaroni, ravioli, lasagna and vermicelli. The country even has a Spaghetti Historical Museum. Butter, olive oil and tomatoes are often used in cooking.

For more than 2000 years, the Italian people have been leaders in architecture and sculpture, as well as some of the greatest artists of all time who include Michelangelo, Leonardo di Vinci and Raphael. Giotto who's painting developed new forms of art was only one of many Renaissance artists who introduced realism and changes in the use of color in their paintings. In almost every period, Italy has produced an important writer.

Opera was born in Italy in the early 1600's with Claudio Monteverdi, one of the world's first major composer.

The Po Valley, where our roots originated is Italy's most important natural region. It has the largest number of cities and the highest population. The Po Valley boasts the best railways and road systems as well as the highest producers in agriculture and industry. Most of the valley is fertile as the melting snows from the Alps provide plenty of water to irrigate the land throughout summer.

Grapes, wheat and olives are Italy's most valuable crops. Italy is the largest producers of mercury, sulfur, Carrara marble, large deposits of asbestos, oil, gas, bauxite, coal, copper, iron ore, lead, silver and zinc.

Italy's automobile industry, includes Ferrari, Fiat and Alfa Romeo.

Italia is the land of Human Nature. Emotions and sensations are fulfilled and externalized and everything is communicated.

The Italian fulfills each of life's moments without an Anglo Saxon's waste on regret for the past or hopes for the future. His only frustration is poverty and he can make a "scherze" (joke) even of that!

Italy is not one land, but many and the human landscape is as variable as the geographic. There are no "typical Italians". Sicilians are more silent than the Scotsman and prouder than the Irish. The Genoese are taller, black haired and boastful. The Tuscans, with wide brows, are shown in Etruscan paintings. The Venetians are suave and white skinned and seem more like Spaniards. The Lombardos are as fair as their German ancestors.

Bounded on three sides by the sea, and on the North by the Alps, Italy is, practically speaking, a peninsula. It is divided by a cross. The Apennines clearing it almost all the way from the top to

bottom, and the great Po River cutting across its North from Piedmont glacier to the green Adriatic Sea.

The Northwest is highly industrial, the Northeast is agricultural, the South, except for some nearly industrialized areas and a few fertile stretches along the coast, is on the whole, arid and stony.

The Northeast, booming with commerce is another Italy. Its center is Milan, the country's second largest population center, called by other Italians, "The American City." Milan has super markets, corner gas stations, installment buying and a rising skyline of steel and glass office buildings, banks, and apartments.

It has been said, Rome has politics, ruins and the Pope, but Milan is the real capital, financial, commercial, industrial, musical, artistic, theatrical and publishing.

Italy's weather indeed is as varied as its landscape, embracing in an area only about 3/4 the size of California, all the climates from Bavaria to Africa. More snow has been known to fall in the Northern Valley than Iceland. Winter seaside resorts are as cold and wet as a Tucson hill town in December. Yet, the Italian takes his weather in stride.

Italian art, architecture, food, literature, and music form one of the world's greatest cultural heritages. Impressive relics of Italy's great contributions to Western civilizations abound throughout Italy in its buildings, churches, villas, and museums, from the famous triangle of the most-visited cities—Rome, Florence, Venice—to the countryside of Campania.

The Italian language, universally admired and called by many "the world's most beautiful spoken language," is itself a part of the cultural heritage.

The Voyage of Choice

It was a beautiful day that August of 1912. The seaport of Genoa was crowded with throngs of people. Some were boarding ships, others were there to bid farewell to their loved ones.

It was a perfect day to set sail. As the ship cleared the shore, music could be heard; but it didn't soothe the heart of the young nineteen-year-old Guiuseppi Moresco on deck, clutching the rail, tears streaming down his face as he watched his beloved homeland disappear. He closed his eyes tightly, trying to shut out what he was seeing with his heart.

He could see his mother, his dear, dear mother crying because he was leaving her. They both knew they would never see each other again. He would never forgive himself for leaving her, but it was something he had to do. He did, however, leave part of his heart with her.

His friend, Tomaso, approached him and put a comforting arm around his shoulders and hugged him warmly. Tomaso knew of Beppi's heartache. Beppi warmed up to Tomaso's embrace. When he turned his eyes toward the shore for one last look at his beloved Italia, it was completely out of sight. Tomaso coaxed him to go with him to the lower deck to join other men, play some cards and try to relax a bit.

Sleep eluded him that night. Soon he would be starting his new life in America, but as months and years can roll with the speed of lightening, his thoughts took him back home to Marostica.

Marostica, that pleasant little hamlet situated at the foot of the Italian Alps, with its red tiled roof tops, cherry trees, vineyards, small farms, the Piazza where the storied Chess Game* was enacted every two years for centuries, his family, friends and neighbors.



Marostica, whose indecipherable name has given rise to the proposal of many quaint etymologies, has been inhabited since time immemorial.

Its mountains, vast, gently sculpted by water, its undulating hills rising from the sun-drenched plain wherein the cherry, the chestnut, the olive tree and the vine sink their roots in the fertile soil, were as pleasing to pre-historic man as they are to the present day tourist. Revealing fragments of Euganic vases found at the foot of the Pauso and on its level shelves, bear witness to an extremely ancient culture.

The traces of the Roman era are numerous; two venerable tablets (the Grania one is now in the Town Hall Loggia) and traces of two castles, one on the Pauso and the other on Agu Peak, built after the war against Hannibal.

No document or testimony remains of the centuries of the decadence of the Roman Empire or of the Barbarian invasions; only one reference made in 753 AD attests to the fact that life continued in the fortified town. According to Muratori, the hills of Marostica, in front of which Berengario of Friuli awaited the terrible Hungarians, presented the aspect of a forest bristling with castles.

The castle of Marostica reached a position of considerable importance under the Ezzelini. It rose on the Pauso where now the great metal cross opens its arms over its leveled ruins and the little hamlet stretched out at the foot of the hill, around the old parish church.

Ezzelino the Monk engaged in a twenty-year war with Vicenza for the castle of Marostica. Ezzelino the Tyrant recaptured it and, after his death, the citadel, having come back into the possession of the Vicentini, passed, with the latter under the sway of the Carraresi (1263-1311). Under the Scaligeri (1311-1386), Marostica took on its definitive aspect. Con Grande della Scala fortified it against Bassano which was in the hands of the Carraresi, when he abandoned the castle on the Pauso he chose the Pausolino which was both higher and steeper. There he built the "upper" fortress and the "lower" castle which is now the town-hall. Can Signorio united the two with a boldly conceived circlet of walls and towers, following an harmonious and mighty plan and Marostica appeared upon the hills (1372).

In the stormy years of the war against the League of the Cambrai, the fortress fell into the hands of the Emperor Maximilian (1509), was lost and retaken by the Germans. "At last, the Venetians, seeing the siege was in vain, with great sacrifice, hauled their artillery up to the surrounding hills, and so began thundering shot upon the fortress...". With the return of peace which was to last for centuries and the change in methods of warfare, the "upper" castle, once a stately home with its well, its mill and its chapel, was abandoned and slowly fell into ruin. The mighty bell, whose chimes could be heard as far away as Vicenza if the wind was right, fell from the ruins in 1550. Yet, today Marostica is an important and prosperous town. It counts 14 churches and several convents. The Venetian Podesta (Mayor) of the "Lower" castle, restored to power between 1641 and 1663, governs the vast territory from the rivers Astico to the Brenta and from the highlands as far as Sandrigo. When the Venetian Republic fell, Marostica came under Austrian dominion and in 1886 became part of the Kingdom of Italy.

At present, the town, which has outgrown its walls, is active and industrious, with well-equipped factories and flourishing commercial enterprises, a modern fruit industry and up-to-date cattle-breeding establishments.

The straw-plait and straw hat industry, once in flower, have been replaced by others, for example, sportswear, ladies' linen, electrical, rubber and ceramic materials.

THE CHESS MATCH

A splendid paved chess board at the center of the square provides the setting of a chess match that is played here once every two years and which remains one of the most picturesque and evocative open-air spectacles in the Veneto and in Italy.

A brilliant choreography, enriched with colorful and elegant 14th century costumes, with halberdiers and cross-bowmen, provides the background to a romantic tale whose main character is the beautiful Lionora. It is not only a love story, but also a story of chivalry and knightly challenge. Two

Nobel lords, Rinaldo of Angarano and Vieri of Vallonara, both in love with Lionora, daughter of the Lord of the Castle of Marostica, Taddeo Parisio, are said to have wanted to challenge each other to a duel, but since all forms of dueling had been forbidden by the Serene Republic of Venice, Taddeo of Parisio decided that the dispute should be resolved by means of a chess match. The winner would win the hand of the beautiful Lionora, while the loser would still become related by marriage, receiving as his bride, Oldrada, Lionora's younger sister.

So, on the second Sunday of that long ago September of 1454, La Partita al Nobile Ziogo de IL Scacchi began, knights from all over the Veneto came to watch. It was Vieri of Vallonara who won, thus obtaining the hand of Lionora, while Rinaldo of Angarano received as his bride, Oldrada. The match, presented for the first time in 1923 by Professor Francesco Porra, was re-enacted and directed after the Second World War in 1954 by Mirko Vucetich.

In the same year, the mayor Marco Bonomo decided to pave the square which took on the present aspect of a chessboard.

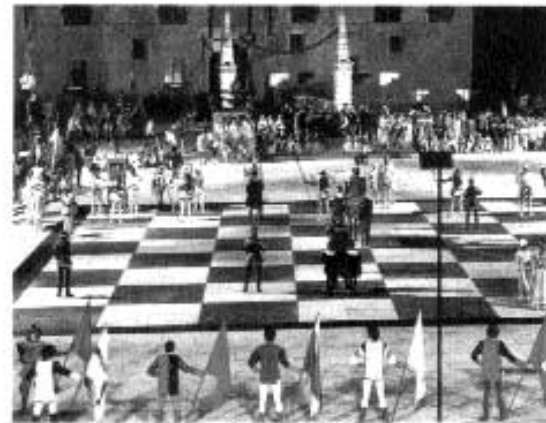
Since then, every two years, Marostica relives and offers to thousands of people from all over the world, this unique and spectacular contest. The players on the chessboard repeat, with precision and elegance, the moves of so long ago, announced by a herald.

The chess match, which has made Marostica famous, represented Italy at the Universal Exhibition in Brussels in 1958.

Its fame has crossed state boundaries and has been consolidated with numerous representations overseas in the past decades.

Some, for example, have taken place in Lucerne (1974), Vancouver (1986) and Stuttgart (1987). The atmosphere of the fascinating and mysterious times of long ago, is relived not only in the chess match itself and in the imposing and colorful choreography, but also in the refined and elegant costumes which can be admired at the permanent exhibition in the west wing of the upper loggia in the Castello da Basso.

CITTA' DI MAROSTICA



PARTITA A SCACCHI
9 - 10 - 11 Settembre 1994

He was that seven year old, barefooted boy again, running up the hill to the top of the upper castle with Tomaso. They could see all around the green valley. They would pretend they were the protectors of their land, looking through the glacies and ready to stop any invader, even Hannibal who crossed the Alps with his elephants.

He could hear his sister calling him to come home to finish his chores. He pretended not to hear. He knew when he got home he would be punished. He didn't care, he was happy right now.

At home, it was always work; do this, do that! His older brother Giovanni, who was much bigger and stronger than he, was always bossing him or boxing his ears. He would make him do his work first, then Beppi couldn't finish his own work. Giovanni would then lie to Papa and say Beppi was lazy. Beppi would be punished and sometimes sent to bed without supper.

One Sunday, on his way home from church, he didn't see the puddle and stepped right into it. It was deeper than it appeared and was full of mud. His shoe got stuck. He pulled his foot out of the shoe and had to walk home with a wet sock dangling from his foot, carrying the muddied shoe.

If Papa would be home, he knew he would be punished. Giovanni would surely be home ahead of him to lie to Papa, telling him that Beppi didn't go to church. But if Mamma or his sister, Regina, would be there, they would listen to him and believe him. They both knew Giovanni lied. Mamma loved all her children, but she had a special feeling for Beppi.

Remembering all of this made his heart ache. It was in the wee hours of the morning, when he finally fell asleep. The next morning, he joined Tomaso on deck. Together they began to talk about the new life ahead of them in a new country.

Beppi's Boyhood

Giuseppe/Beppi was born in Marostica on February 26, 1893. He was the second son, but the fourth child of Giovanni and Luigia Moresco. There were eight children in all, born two and three years apart from each other. Maria, Anna, Giovanni, Giuseppe, Regina, Balbina, Marcella and Ubaldo.

Beppi's father was a share cropper. He had to produce a good yield in order to have a fair share for his growing family. Beppi and Giovanni had to work very hard, driving oxen, tilling the soil, weeding, harvesting and many other chores. There was little or no time for play.

Only seven years old, Beppi worked so hard, sometimes too tired to even take his clothes off when he went to bed. At times he would go off by himself and cry. He felt no one loved him, but it would have hurt him more if they would see him cry and make fun of him.

Parents

Papa was born on May 5, 1847, the son of Giovanni & Maria Moresco, House of Baldi. He was big and strong and muscular. He ruled the roost. He was also a very social man which led him to become involved in politics and eventually become Mayor of Marostica, a position he held until he died in 1905 when he was only fifty-eight years old.



Beppi on Maria's lap

A share cropper was of the working class. Class distinction was and still is prevalent. The gentry are the land owners and business man, the working class laborers, farmers and servants.

Mamma was much younger than Papa. She was a petite woman, sweet, kind and gentle. She had dark, laughing eyes and fair complexion. Her long brown hair was parted in the middle, brushed back in a

chignon. Sometimes she would braid her hair and bring it up and wind it around her crown and brush a few wispy bangs on her forehead. Beppi liked it best that way. She looked like a queen to him.

They lived in a humble dwelling. It was oblong in shape with a peaked roof. The outside of the house was constructed of stone, flat and boulder type, and covered with stucco. There was a fenced in yard with animal pens and a garden. The entrance to the living quarters was accessible from the back yard. It was one large room which contained the kitchen, eating and living area. On one wall was the stove and kitchen sink, which was a slanted, hollowed out slab of stone with a single outlet for cold water which had to be pumped in. Hot water was heated in a large pot on a wood stove.

The kitchen furniture was very plain, but functional. The sleeping quarters were in a loft which was reached by a ladder. The living quarters, kitchen and loft were on one end of the oblong house. The cattle quarters and barn were on the other end. The heat from the animals helped heat the house during the winter months.



Schooling

Going to school was a luxury not afforded to Beppi. Being desperately needed to help work the farm, he was only able to go to the fourth grade. He had a good head for



figures and a good mind. He always read the local newspapers. He loved good music. His favorite song, right up to the end of his life was “La Paloma”, “The Dove”. The words paralleled Beppi’s life.

“The morning was fair,

The ocean blue and free.

Oh! Pray for your child, so loving, so far away from thee.

But should I never return to my home again

A white winged Dove should

To thee appear

Open thy lattice and from o’er

The distant shore

My loving spirit will come to thee

Fond and dear.

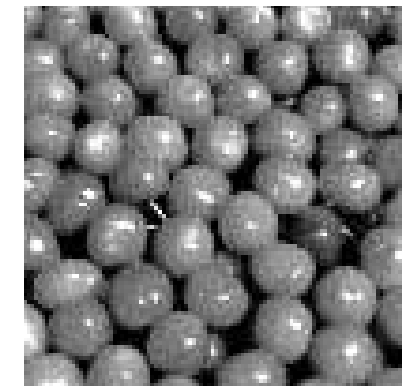
Working on the farm was hard work. He had to work all day, every day. Even though Giovanni was bigger and older, he never eased the load.

His sisters helped Mamma with the household chores, cooking, washing and helping with the younger children. They were able to attend school on a regular basis and in due time, Maria, Regina and Balbina married. Marcella and Anna never married. They became nurses aides.

The Cherry Tree

Market time was a family affair. Crops had to be harvested. Fruits had to be picked and boxed. Families would bring their wares to the town square to sell. Mamma took great pride in packing the cherries which was an important export of Marostica. She would pack them very carefully. They were the oxheart variety, big, black and juicy and were always completely sold.

Years later, when Beppi owned his own home in America, he planted a Bing Cherry Tree. When the cherries were ripe, he would put a tall ladder against the tree where his children and their friends would climb and fill their pails. The friends could keep what they picked, but we children would pit them and Mom would make the most delicious cherry pies. Beppi got much enjoyment watching the children, reliving those market days of his youth, which was one of his happy memories.



Even today, in Marostica, when the cherry trees are in full bloom, a Cherry Festival is held. At the end of May, the tradition of the “Cherry Show” is the Festival of the Harvest. The celebrated cherries of Marostica and the surrounding region are offered to the admiration in the “Show” held in the castle courtyard. A great crowd comes from all over the Veneto, there are dances and popular spectacles and fancifully decorated stands bearing mountains of cherries, the crunching of cherry stones under foot makes a merry sound that accompanies the festival amid the medieval flags that stream from every tower in the hills and in the plain.

The Passing Of Pappa The Age of Adulthood

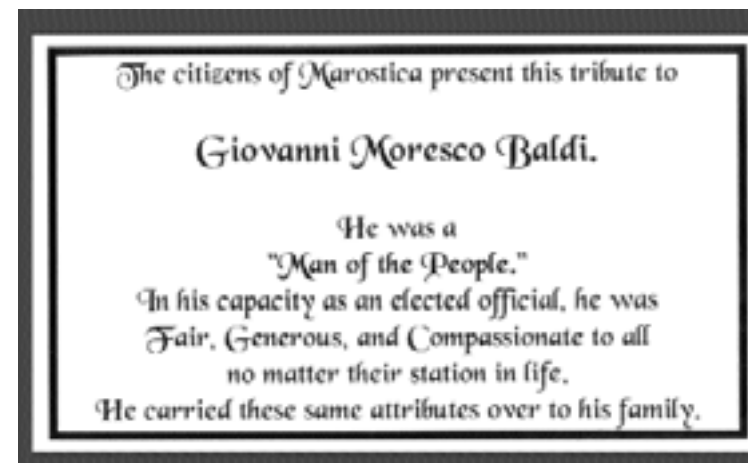
Beppi was beginning to grow in stature. When he was eleven years old, he was 5’6” and very muscular. He was a very strong young man. He had a good crop of hair and was becoming a very handsome youth, however, rather shy. Working so hard and long, he didn’t have much time to dream or play.

When he was twelve years old, his father became gravely ill. One day he called Beppi to his bedside and told Beppi he knew he didn’t have long to live. He then put Beppi in charge of the household and farm, telling his son that he had known all along about the lies Giovanni told and said, “I’m turning the responsibility over to you, because you are my most responsible son.”

Beppi became a man that day. A new aura of maturity came over him, putting an end to Giovanni’s bullying. His mother and sister, Regina were very happy for him, knowing of the treatment he had always endured from his brother.

Two days later his father died. When the funeral took place the whole town turned out, paying tribute for the many years he had served them as mayor. A beautiful document was presented to his family. The document, now framed hangs in the home of his grandson, Albert.

Because of the huge responsibility he had inherited, Beppi was too busy to establish a personal life. He devoted most of his time to





L-R: Mamma, Nonno, Sister Maria

keeping the farm productive. It took him a few years, but he did manage to clear all debts and free the house of any liens.

When he was fifteen, his oldest sister, Maria, married Luigi Serfini, the owner of a hat factory that produced beautiful Panama hats. As they became prosperous, the separation of gentry and peasantry was evident in his family. In later years, Maria's younger sister became her house cleaner.

A choice Is Made

By the time Beppi turned seventeen, he began to notice and enjoy the company of "le ragazze" (girls). Because the political situation was so disturbing in 1911, he did not allow himself to get too serious with any one girl. Military conscription was getting too close for comfort and he knew, because of the many years he would have to follow orders, he could not endure the rigorous Army life.



Beppi at 18

His friend Tomaso had been to America several times. He told Beppi how easy it was to acquire gainful employment and that the mining industry in West Virginia was looking for strong, young men. This seemed to be the answer to Beppi's dilemma. So, with the farm now debt free and providing income for his mother and his sisters, he made his decision. He sold the pair of oxen and bought a steerage ticket for 5000 lire (\$10.00). In August 1912, beneath the hovering clouds of war, bid farewell to his beloved mother and beloved Marostica and with Tomaso, they set sail for America.

Crestina

At the turn of the century, January 28, 1900, when Beppi was seven years old, a very important event was taking place about 24 kilometers in the mountainous town of Lamon that would have a tremendous impact on his life. A lovely little girl was born to Angela and Antonio Cibello. She was named, Crestina. She was a fair haired child with rosy cheeks and a very pleasant personality who never gave her parents any woes.

Lamon is a peaceful little village situated in a picturesque valley at the foot of the majestic Alps. It is dotted with small homes, small yards, small farms, wild flowers in abundance, walnut trees and the famous Lamon string bean. Sheep dot the mountain sides, cow bells



are heard tinkling in the fields. The grouse and partridge are hunted. It was and still is a great ski resort.

One could always see wood carvers along the wayside where villagers and tourists alike purchased these beautiful, original objects of art.

Lamon Beans (a specialty of this area) are shipped all over Italy. The Bean Festival is a yearly event in which the whole community participates, including the selecting the annual "Bean Queen."

Crestina's mother and father met when her father, Antonio Cibello, in search of work arrived from Treviso, a province known for the best white grapes for wine. His mother had died from a stroke when he was eleven years old. His family was very poor. Here in Lamon, Antonio found a job in a bakery shop. Crestina's mother, Angela was the daughter of Crestina Facen of the house of Spilandri and Virgilio Tolardo, from the house of Stritte. Together they had eleven children.



Crestina's grandparents, Angela and Virgilio, were wealthy landowners, owning all the Valley of Cen. When Crestina's grandmother was thirty years old, her husband had a fatal accident. He was killed on a construction site. She was left widowed with eleven children. She never remarried. Before she died, she gave all her children a parcel of land. Our Nonna's mother gave her lot to one of her brothers.

Our Nonna Crestina Cibello Moresco (whom she called Tina) was her favorite granddaughter. She would go to see her grandmother every chance she got. After Sunday school she would always visit her to show her the holy card she received for knowing her lessons so well. Her grandmother had to use a cane when she walked (siatica) and Crestina would always run just a little head of her grandmother and gather a bouquet of flowers for her. They would walk hand in hand up the hill to visit St. Peter's Church and the gravesite of her grandfather Virgilio. On the way back, they would stop at the little store to buy a bit of schnapps and some mints.

Crestina hated to go home and to leave her grandmother. She just loved being with her, sometime spending several days with her. [Many years later, when I had my daughter, I named her Christine, after my mother. My mother asked me if she could call her Tina and, of course, you all know I said yes.]

Crestina's days in Lamon were happy days. She loved the many festivals celebrated throughout the seasons. There was the Festival of Santo Pietro. A parade was held where everybody scattered poppies along the road.



Christmas time was celebrated on the Epiphany, 12th night, January 6, when Bafana, an old Italian Folk Lore, would come and leave oranges, nuts and chocolates. They didn't have Christmas trees, instead, they displayed the Creche, which is still done in Italy today.

Mardi Gras, another big festival was celebrated at the beginning of Lent. Crestina's mother would make "crustili", a sweet pastry, deep fried and sprinkled with sugar (a custom carried on to our home). Mardi Gras was followed by serious fasting until Easter.

The Sister School that Crestina attended had separate rooms for each class. During winter, each child had to bring a piece of wood for the stove to keep the room warm. She liked school and learned quickly. She received her Confirmation when she was seven years old, but she would not receive her First Communion until she was in America. Europeans hold Confirmation first, so as to confirm one into the Faith before the Sacrament of Communion is given.

Although she considered her childhood in Lamon happy days, she was forced to quit school in the fourth grade. Her mother suffered from a serious sinus condition often times confining her to her bed. Being the eldest daughter, Crestina was needed at home to help with the younger children; Emelio, Linda. Victor, the eldest child, was of no help at all.

Working in a bakery didn't earn enough money to sustain the large family, so when he heard they were recruiting men for the bituminous coal mines in Colorado, America, and that the wages were good, he decided to give it a try. If it proved to be good, he would send for his family to join him in America. Six months later, he returned to Italy for a visit and to leave money. He told his family he liked it there and that it wouldn't be long before they could join him. When he set sail back to America, he left his wife pregnant.

Fear of Abandonment

A long time would pass before they would have any correspondence or money from America. It was surmised and embarrassing that her father had abandoned the family. In light of this unexpected happening, her mother had to accept the charity of her neighbors and the church. Although she only was six years old, Crestina went to work for the parish priest, taking on a Cinderella type life of dusting and cleaning while not being treated very well. She was not given much to eat. While she ate her cold polenta and cheese, the priest feasted on full meals of chicken and other warm foods. Until the day she died, she would always referred to priests as "Bastardi."

Although her grandmother was wealthy and wanted to help her daughter, Angela would not let her, reasoning, her mother had enough mouths to feed without adding three more.

Faith Restored

Three months later, the long awaited letter from America arrived with an explanation and money. Crestina's father had fallen ill with Typhoid Fever and was unable to communicate or find anyone to write a letter for him.

It was such a relief when she received that letter. The feeling of abandonment was gone and her faith was restored. Now she could make plans to go ahead and join her husband in America.

Several months earlier in July, she delivered a baby girl, Linda. However, it would be winter before they would be able to set sail.

That Spring brought torrential rains. Water rushed down the mountain side bringing downed trees and other debris with it. Angela left the door open and whisked her family to the safety of the upstairs while the water rushed through the house. Throughout the night, they prayed and cried for help. But it wasn't until the next morning they were finally heard and rescued. Following the destruction, they moved to another house until it was time to go to America.

By Circumstance

Although their friends and neighbors were sad to see them go, there was great excitement too. On the day of their departure they had a farewell party, many well wishes, and blessings.

Crestina's grandmother came by to say goodbye to her daughter and grandchildren which made Angela very happy; however, Crestina cried bitterly upon leaving her grandmother. In the years that followed, they wrote to each other regularly. When Crestina was fifteen years old she learned that her grandmother had died. She was devastated and cried inconsolably for days.

With three children and an infant in tow, Angela took a train to the port of LeHarve France where they boarded the ship “Lorraine”. The weather was cold and the ocean stormy that early December of 1909. It was frightening for the children.

Christmas was celebrated on the ship as festively as possible. The passengers provided holiday merriment with song and goodies and roasted chestnuts. The stormy crossing took two weeks.

It was on New Year’s Day when they pulled into the New York port and saw for the first time, the Statue of Liberty. It was cold and windy and the top of the statue was enshrouded in clouds; but they knew then, it would not be long before they would set foot on terra ferma again. They had to stop at Ellis Island first before they could set foot on American soil. The process for entry to America consisted of examinations and questions about their health. Angela became quite indignant, however, when they asked how much money she had, telling them it was none of their business. The authorities, through an interpreter, had to calm her down enough so they could explain they only needed to know if she had enough money for her final destination. She apologized then and accepted a bag of food they gave to her.

It was late afternoon when she was directed to and boarded the train where she and her children were finally on their way to Colorado to their new life in a new country.

The ride was uneventful, except for a few stops. The compartments were comfortable and it was possible to walk up and down the aisle. The children slept well that night, so when they arrived in Colorado in the early afternoon of the next day, they were well rested. They enjoyed their breakfast and felt the excitement of knowing they were nearing the end of their journey.

The landscape looked quite different from Italia. Here the land was flat, dry and dusty. Some trees were without foliage and were triangular in shape. They had a bluish, silvery cast to them. They were called Colorado Blue Spruce. In Italy, the trees

were tall and slender, Cypress trees, Umbrella Pine and Olive trees. The olive trees had silvery green leaves. Most trees were olive green in color, a color very common in Italian landscape itself and in paintings.

In the Fall, they would see the Quaking Aspen trees with white trunks with bright golden yellow leaves.

The climate here was much warmer, a dry heat, compared to Italia where the climate was moderate. But, although it was sunny, the heat was more difficult to bear. Even the winter in Italia was not too cold because of the protection of the Alps. In Italia, the base of mountains was at your feet, but the mountains here in Colorado seemed so far away.



Cypress



Umbrella Pine



Quaking Aspen

Arrival in Colorado

When they finally arrived at the train station, Angela was disappointed to find her husband was not there to greet them. Noticing her dilemma, a gentleman approached her and inquired if she was Anthony Cibello's wife. He introduced himself as a friend of her husband, who, was unavoidably delayed. They rode from the station to Starksville, where they were to live. The man took them to a nice house which Antonio had rented. He arrived not long after them.

He had a good meal prepared for his family which they thoroughly enjoyed. They all celebrated the New Year together. The beginning of their new life in America had begun.

School

The children were immediately enrolled in school, which was within walking distance. They made friends quickly. Crestina started in the fourth grade but was put back a grade until she learned the American language. The class and the teacher enjoyed hearing her sing in Italian. Before the year was out, she was put back in the fourth grade again.

Besides the 3-R's, they were also taught home economics, sewing, cooking, etc. A sewing contest was once held where each girl was given a piece of material. They were to design a dress for a doll. They had to make the pattern and sew the dress by hand. Crestina's entry won the blue ribbon. She had learned to sew when she lived in Italy.

The children played a lot of games in school. They would sleigh ride in winter and in warmer weather, put up tents, have camp

Colorado

Denver is the capital of Colorado. It became the 38th state in 1876. The state motto is "Vil Sine Vumine!" which means "Nothing without Providence". Their state song is "Where the Columbines Grow" (by A.J. Flynn). Colorado has a cool summers and dry air providing a comfortable climate. The Chinook is a warm wind that occasionally blows down the eastern slopes of the Rockies in winter.

Present day Colorado was once the home of the Arapaho, Cheyenne, Comanche, Kiowa, Pawnee and Utes.

fires and pretend they were Indians. The Apache Indians lived nearby. She had never even heard about Indians before and was curious to know more about them.

She enjoyed school very much and did well in her studies, but she had to leave once again to help take care of the younger children and the chores. Her father hired a German woman to help out, but she had a sickly baby (She had escaped from Mexico during the Mexican Revolution through which her husband was killed). She helped Crestina care for her mother. Crestina would always remember the good pork and sauerkraut she made. The woman left when her baby was well.

Crestina never minded taking care of her siblings, which by now were three more. There was; Victor, Crestina, Emelio, Linda, Julio, Angela and Maria.

One Spring day, she and her brother, Emelio went romping in a nearby field. On their way home, they spotted some early blooming flowers along an ice-crusting brook. She ran to pick them, when she slipped and fell. She was in so much pain, her brother had to help her up and help her wobble home. She had to stay off her feet for a while, but unfortunately, it was realized too late that she had actually injured her hip. The break eventually healed but she was always in pain and was left with a considerable limp for the rest of her life. She was only thirteen when this happened, but her grit and courage kept her going. She never complained. She was growing up now and becoming a lovely young woman.

She worked for a while for Mrs. Giambrini, washing clothes by hand and ironing. She was paid 50 cents per day.

In time, her parents bought a larger house where her brother Julio and sisters Angela and Maria were born. Fate would have it that these children would never make it to adulthood.

Even though her formal schooling was brief, Crestina always kept up with everything. Although self-taught, she was an excellent seamstress and could crochet and embroidery. She was an excellent cook and an avid reader. She taught her three daughters all these things which stood in good stead when they became wives and mothers. She was a remarkable woman!

Beppi Arrives in America

It took two weeks for Beppi and Tomaso to reach America. The seas in August were stormy and made the crossing harrowing. What a relief it was to finally disembark. They had no problem going through the process of entry into America. Soon they were on their way to West Virginia. Upon their arrival there, they were hired immediately to work in the mines. It was hard work, but they were young and strong.

Rumors were heard that the mines out West paid better wages, so they set out for Dawson, New Mexico. Being a foreigner, Beppi feared he might have been a target for foul play, so he purchased a gun. Thankfully, he never had to use it. It was early October when they left West Virginia. The scenery was quite beautiful with the trees in their fall splendor. It was warm and the ride was comfortable. Upon their arrival, they located a YMCA and stayed there a short while. From New Mexico, they went to Starkville, CO.

In the nearby town of Ludlow CO, the miners were striking against the owners, The Colorado Fuel CO. owned by John D. Rockefeller. The men felt they were working for slave wages at \$1.60 per day and under terrible conditions, including, being held captives to the "Company Store." The miners wanted to unionize. In response, the company sent out strike breakers on horseback, running amok through the striking crowd. By the time they were through, 75 miners lay dead in addition to several women and children.

Rockerfeller's son came out West to this scene to placate the workers, promising better working conditions and a slight raise in wages. The miners did not unionize.

This tragic event would go down in history as the "Ludlow Massacre."

When the strike was over, Beppi and Tomaso parted ways. Tomaso went to California. Beppi was looking for a place to board. He heard of the Malacarne family who took in boarders. This was good because they were Italians and he would be able to communicate easier.

Lucia and Peter Malacarne had six children; Arthur, Alphonso, Melio, Paul, Nick and Mary. Peter's brother Gigo (everyone called him Barba Gigo) also lived with them. They were very happy to provide Beppi with room and board over the next four years. This family became life long friends of Beppi. He enjoyed playing cards with them, drinking wine and savoring the good Italina food.



Pete Malacarne: Back row on right



Giovanni

He thought of home often and wrote his mother regularly. He learned his brother Giovanni went to Argentina the same year he had come to America. Giovanni remained in Argentina for three years. Upon his return to Italy in 1915, he served in the Italian Army for three years.

Beppi loved receiving letters from home. He felt his family had forgiven him for leaving. His mother's letters conveyed this forgiveness, however, she never told him how ill she had become.



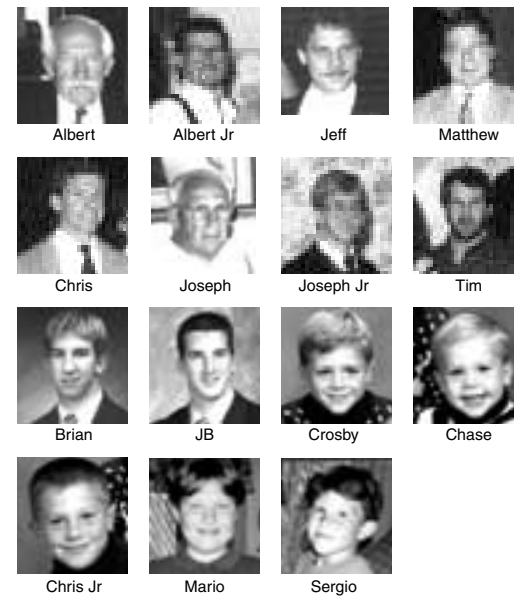
Last letter from his mother

In 1915, he received the devastating news that his mother had died. He was beside himself with grief and guilt, often crying himself to sleep at night. With his mother's death so difficult to accept he began to drink heavily and punished himself by never allowing himself to get close to another woman. His wife would feel the effects of this behavior.



Umberto

Before she died, his mother had lost all three of her sons. Giovanni settled in Australia, Beppi came to America and Umberto drank himself into an early grave. However, it was through Beppi the the Moresco name was propagated. To date there are 15 Moresco males.



The children and spouses



The grandchildren



The great grandchildren

Four years had passed since Beppi arrived in America. He could now speak English and be understood, but he never lost his Italian accent.

The Meeting and the Proposal

One day Beppi noticed this pretty, young girl who was coming to the Malacarne house to help with the washing and ironing. When he inquired about her, he learned her name was Crestina Cibello and that she lived only a few blocks away. He became quite attracted to her and made it his business to make her acquaintance. It wasn't long before they were seeing each other on a regular basis. She brought him home to meet her parents, brothers and sisters, and they liked him.

He did make quite a handsome appearance, 5'9" tall, broad shoulders, a nice head of dark hair and he sported a mustache.

About a year later, Beppi proposed to Crestina. He was twenty-four years old. She was seventeen.

They hadn't immediately set a wedding date, but Crestina wasted no time in designing and sewing her wedding outfit. She made a navy, woolen skirt that buttoned down with a fly front which flattered her figure. Her blouse was white silk, long sleeves and shawl collar. She would wear black shoes.

Although her mother liked him, she warned Crestina that Beppi would be a good provider, but would be difficult to live with. Crestina was young and in love and decided to take her chances.

Even though they still had not set a wedding date, they began looking for a home. They found a nice two story wooden house with five rooms but "alas" outdoor plumbing. There was a nice big, fenced in yard. They paid the first month's rent in advance and immediately started renovating with freshly painted walls. They purchased some second hand furniture; a round table with four chairs, a kitchen cabinet (Hoosier), a double bed and dresser and some pictures for the wall. They had two trunks which they had used to transport their possessions from Italy. The house had a coal stove that kept the house warm and cozy. And Beppi gave

Crestina a Singer Sewing machine as a wedding gift.

The only left to do now was, to actually get married.

One morning several weeks later, Crestina saw Beppi approaching her home.

He was dressed in his Sunday best. She didn't know what to think.

Why wasn't he at work? Of course she let him in. He blurted out that he wanted to get married this very day!

The Marriage

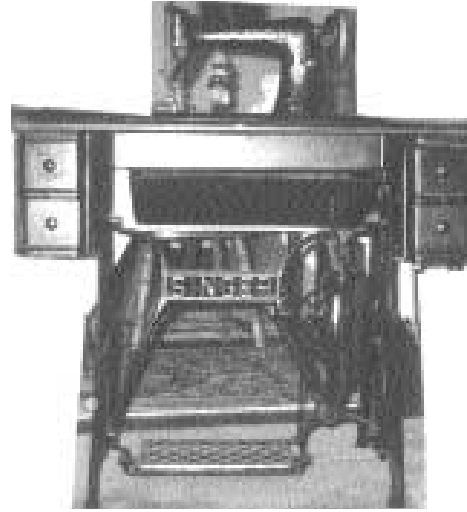
Beppi was dressed in a dark suit, white shirt, a solid blue tie and black shoes.

Crestina was taken a bit off guard, but her wedding outfit was ready. She hurriedly dressed, combed her soft brown hair to the side, leaving her natural wave to lay softly around her rosy cheeked face.

With her mother's blessing, they set off to Trinidad. Beppi had hired a car and driver to take them the several miles to the courthouse where they were married by the Justice of the Peace. The court clerk, who stood as their witness, commented on what a beautiful, blushing bride Crestina made.

With her debonair groom at her side, they made a handsome couple. After the ceremony, they found a photographer to take their wedding picture. It was March 1, 1917.





They celebrated with dinner in a nice restaurant. Crestina was very happy. She had a handsome husband, a wide golden ring on her finger, a Singer Sewing Machine and a home to call her own.

Unfortunately, Crestina's happiness would be short lived. On their wedding night, Beppi went out to play cards for "just a little while". But he didn't come

home until the wee hours of the morning. She cried herself to sleep that night.

He would repeat this often and many times he would come home drunk. Working hard in the mines, he had to get up early in the morning and without much sleep, he was not very pleasant. Crestina would plead with him to stop, but to no avail. She could hear her mother's words, "He will be difficult to live with". Her mother was right.

But, she was married now and her home became her priority. With some of the money Beppi gave her, she bought material and made curtains, some dresses and aprons for herself. Her home was spotless and she proved to be an excellent cook.

In the Spring, Beppi prepared a garden for vegetables and a garden for Crestina's flowers. They planted tomatoes, onions, beans, bell peppers, red beans, lettuce and assorted herbs. Crestina planted roses, zinnias, tulips, gladioli, and of course, Colorado's state flower, the Columbine.

While Beppi worked in the garden, his mind would often take him back to Italia. But his thoughts were sad as he reminisced on his relationship with his brother Giovanni.

Meanwhile, their friendship with the Malacarnes grew, but Crestina missed her mother and family very much. She lived quite

a distance from them now and she had to take a train to visit with them. By now, she had a new brother, Julio and two new sisters, Angela and Maria. She enjoyed her visits with her mother, and never let on about her unhappiness. But her mother knew.

Marcella

That summer, in August, she found herself pregnant. It wasn't an easy pregnancy with the heat. The weight gain was very hard on her legs. That old hip injury was felt, but she plugged along and never complained.

On April 3rd, she delivered a healthy 8 lb. girl. They named her Marcella. Beppi went right out and bought a big doll and a buggy for his new daughter. The baby was a joy to her mother and was a good child. When Marcella was a year old, Crestina was rushed to Trinidad in an ambulance to undergo an emergency appendectomy. What was supposed to be a routine operation, ended up as a life threatening ordeal. Crestina developed peritonitis and the doctors did not expect her to live. When they removed the diseased appendix, they hurriedly and sloppily sewed her back up. But survive she did, however, she was left with a hideous scar and a lump of flesh on her right side.

Marcella loved staying with her grandmother. This was a relationship *dé-jà-vu*; Christina and her grandmother's relationship repeating itself with Marcella and her grandmother.

Upon Crestina's return from the hospital, Beppi hired a woman to help her through her recovery. When she did recover, her life was busier than ever as she now had three boarders with more cooking, washing and ironing, in addition to Beppi's drinking and card playing several nights a week.



To get away from her stressful life, Crestina would take Marcella on the train to visit her mother. Beppi did not like this assertion of independence and would give Crestina a hard time when she returned.

Finally, Crestina came to an important decision. No matter what Beppi would say, she would send Marcella to live with her mother for a while. She didn't feel her home was a very good environment for a young child, because of the drinking and cussing and card playing. Marcella had even begun to call them Crestina and Joe. She stayed with her grandmother for several months, but Crestina missed her so much that she finally brought her back home.

When Spring came, the weather warmed and they enjoyed working in their garden once again. Crestina planted her flowers and her rose bushes were full of new buds. Beppi planted a full array of vegetables. He enjoyed his garden very much. Here, he could do as he wished without being bossed around.

The yield from their garden was plentiful and they shared it with their neighbors. Crestina canned some of the vegetables and they enjoyed the rest on their table.

One particular year, the community offered a prize for the best garden. Between the vegetables and the flowers, they took first prize and were awarded a blue ribbon.

Crestina and Beppi appeared to be a happy couple, but this was not so. Working hard, drinking, late nights, and little rest, caused Beppi to become verbally abusive to Crestina.

Beppi continued his correspondence with his sisters, but, by now, he had Crestina do the writing as her penmanship was much more legible. One letter from Regina informed him that she had married Sabestino Costa. In 1920, she had a daughter named Maria Luisa.

Maria, his oldest sister had married before he left Italy, but by now she had eight children. She lost two sons in World War II. Her son Giuseppe would marry and move to Verona.



Maria's children



Luisa

A terrible tragedy struck Maria's family when her six year old daughter Luisa was walking home from church one Sunday morning. She came upon a group of boys who accosted her. Frightened she began to run and they gave chase. One of the boys got near enough and touched her dress with a lighted match. Her dress immediately went up in flames and before the fire could be doused, she was badly burned. She didn't survive long. The culprits were found and punished, but before she died, she forgave the boys.



Balbina



Maria

His sister Balbina married Domenico Parese. She had two children, one who died at the age of three and Valaria who was born in 1922. That same year, Crestina and Beppi had their second daughter, Angela.



Beppi always tried to supplement his sisters' income. Besides the boarders, he made and sold wine (illegally of course). The authorities did find out, but a friend warned Beppi in time, so they had time to dig a large hole in the cellar of an empty house next door where they dumped all the wine. They burned all the barrels, made a trap door to the hole and covered it all up. By the time the authorities arrived, there was no evidence and had to leave empty handed. This warning, however, did not deter Beppi. Once the air cleared, he picked up where he left off and started making his wine again. But, the authorities kept an eye on him and he was finally caught red handed. He had to spend several nights in jail. When he returned home, Marcella didn't recognize her father as he had shaved off his mustache while confined. Once again, Beppi waited for things to cool down and he resumed his wine making, But now, he was be more careful.

The friendship between the Malacarnes and Morescos grew ever stronger. Lucia and Peter were good people. Lucia was a gentle person and a typical Italian woman, buxom and dressed in her long black dress. She brushed her hair to the top of her head and formed it into a bun. Peter was a big man. He had a full head of dark hair and sported a handle bar mustache. They had a large family. Four strapping sons and a daughter, Mary. Mary liked Crestina and felt badly for the way Beppi treated her. She would often visit and help with the chores and play with Marcella.

Tragedy

Crestina found herself pregnant again. She wouldn't deliver until the summer, but tragedy struck one day in May. Crestina was eagerly awaiting a visit from her two younger sister, Angelina and Maria, who were coming with a friend who



had a motorcycle with a side car. She was outside listening for the sound of the motorcycle. It was a very hot day and being heavy with child, she decides to go indoors and be cool while she was waiting. For some reason or another, she went back outside again; but as she came outside, she heard her neighbors discussing a terrible accident



that had occurred not too far way. When her sisters had not yet arrived, she felt a cold wind across her heart. This feeling was a premonition. This terrible accident her neighbors were discussing claimed the lives of both her sisters and the driver. It was caused by a drunk driver, driving on the wrong side of an incline. There was no time or way to avoid the encounter. Her sisters were only seven and nine-years-old. This tragedy took a heavy toll on both Crestina and her mother. A triple funeral was held on Memorial Day. The whole town turned out to share in their grief and bereavement.

Angelina Maria

Five weeks later, Crestina gave birth to her second daughter. Originally, her name was to be Julia. But in light of losing her sisters, she named her after them, Angela Maria.

She was not as good a child as Marcella. She cried a lot and only wanted her mother. Crestina's sister, Linda couldn't help because Angela would not stay with her or anyone else. This behavior was a blessing in disguise. This cranky child and with many other chores (Beppi was no help at all), helped to take her mind off her grief she was dealing with.

Marcella enjoyed helping her mother take care of Angelina. The two girls played well together. When Angelina was learning to walk, Beppi bought a walker for her. One day, while Crestina was hanging clothes, she forgot to secure the screen door. Angelina wanted her mother, so she started to run towards her. She went right through the screen door, off the porch and landed upright. She wasn't hurt, but Crestina was so upset, she took the walker and threw it in the creek.

Both girls hadn't been baptized. It was customary in mining towns for the bishop to baptize. He was like a circuit judge, coming to the mining camps on occasion. When Angelina was two years old and Marcella was six years old, the bishop made one of his visits. So Marcela and Angelina were christened along with many other children.



Angela and Marcella

Crestina made the dresses the girls wore. She fashioned them in pongeé, a beautiful silk, beige material. Angelina's was trimmed in red, Marcella's in green. They were the best dressed children there. When it came time to put salt in the mouth, Angelina refused it and called the bishop "Bruto". A ripple of laughter was heard throughout the congregation.



It was about a year after the loss of her sisters that tragedy would strike again. In the winter of 1923. A very heavy snow blanketed the area. Trees and wires were downed and schools were closed.

One particular afternoon, Crestina's mother sent her youngest son, Julio to the shoemaker to pick

up a pair of shoes that had been repaired. On the way, there was a step down where he needed to brace himself from slipping on the snow. When he leaned against a nearby pole, his small finger touched a high voltage wire that had fallen during the storm. He was electrocuted and died instantly. He was only twelve years old.

Beppi liked Julio very much. He had bought him his first pair of long pants which he never got to wear in life. He was buried in them.

Crestina's parents were handsomely rewarded for the tragic loss of their son; but there was no compensation large enough to console her mother. The three children Crestina's mother bore in America were taken from her in their early youth. It took a terrible toll on her health. She never stopped grieving. She developed a serious thyroid condition which ultimately lead to her early death.

As with the loss of her two sisters and brother, Crestina had Angelina. With the death of her mother she had Luisa.

When we stop to analyze this, we can see a pattern here. There was always a new child to help her through her most difficult times; Marcella-in her early marriage; Angelina-her sisters' death; Joseph-her move to Pennsylvania; Luisa- the loss of her mother. Albert was the child not affiliated with any sorrow.

Needless to say, her children were a the light of her life and she needed only them.

By the time she was married six years, her life followed a steady pattern; Beppi working everyday in the mines, playing cards at night and drinking far too much. They had a nice garden. Crestina helped in all these endeavors, along with cooking, for both her family and her boarders and taking care of the house and children. She had put on some weight and her leg often gave her much pain, so Mary Malacarne would come and help her. With all this, she also had to endure the verbal abuse from Beppi.

The mines were beginning to slack and many miners went to Sugarite, New Mexico hoping to get work there. Beppi and Crestina decided to make the move as well, so they hired a wagon to haul their scant furniture and her precious sewing machine.

On the way, the driver had to cross railroad tracks but he couldn't negotiate the wagon. The wagon toppled over, damaging the furniture, but thank God, the sewing machine was still in tact. They managed to temporarily repair the damage, but the trip to Sugarite was not good. Not long after their arrival, the mines went on strike, so they moved back to Starkville where they lived for five more years. They moved back into a nice home with a big yard. They were able to have a garden of vegetables and flowers again.

Crestina was glad to be back. She resumed her friendship with the Malacarnes. She also made friends with Sophie Giambrine, who was keeping company with Arturo, the oldest Malacarne son.

Sophie's mother owned a local drinking establishment. She was very popular, especially with the men and was known to have had affairs. It was also rumored she had her husband done away with. Sophie had an uppity air about herself. She would make crude remarks about Crestina's weight. Sophie found herself pregnant and had to get married. This brought her down a peg or two. In spite of all of this, she and Crestina eventually became good friends.

Meanwhile, Crestina and Beppi's family continued to grow. She became pregnant with their third child.

In December, 1923, Arturo and Sophie moved to Pennsylvania. They had heard that the hard coal or anthracite coal, had better working conditions and employment would be more steady.



Rose and Gego

Beppie decided to make his move to Pennsylvania as well, but this time he would go on ahead to see if it was worth the move before uprooting his family again.

It was Beppi, Arturo and Sophie, Gego and Gego's wife Rose who made the train trip East to Pennsylvania. They arrived in the small town of Tamaqua and began to look for work immediately, finding temporary lodging at a nearby boarding house.



Tamaqua



After a few weeks of working in the hard-coal mines, Beppi decided he preferred the anthracite mines here, over the bituminous coal mines of Colorado, so he sent for Crestina and the girls.

Again, there were good byes to family and friends. Crestina found this parting difficult because it would be the width of the country, not just small mining towns that would separate her from her mother. Crestina's mother Angela, too was also very sad. She was losing another child and worried much about her. She knew of Beppi's verbal abuse and now Crestina was with child and a very long journey ahead of her. It all reminded her of the time she crossed an ocean with her small children and now Crestina would cross the vast expanse of the country by train.

Marcella was eight years old and was excited about crossing the Mighty Mississippi. She made her mother promise to awaken her if she were sleeping. It was night time when they crossed the river. The train stopped and lights turned on. Although it was just a black streak, it was still the Mississippi River and Marcella was very happy. The stop lasted for about an hour before moving on again.

The trip took two days. The girls were well behaved and the kind conductor would keep an eye on them so Crestina could get a little extra rest.

They went as far as Harrisburg before changing trains to go on to Tamaqua where Beppi was waiting for them. He rented a two story house with indoor plumbing. Marcella was so excited, she would run up and down the stairs flushing the toilet many times. These things were so new and exciting to her.

They were not to stay in Tamaqua very long. The house was old and in poor shape. It abutted the road and there was no place where the girls could play. Beppi heard the mines in Wilkes-Barre, a town about fifty miles away, were hiring, so again, he was off in search of better working and living conditions. Along with Gego and Rose, they found a double block on Stanton Street in Wilkes-Barre. It was not much better than the house in Tamaqua, but it was very difficult to find something decent as children were not welcomed.

Crestina worked hard to make their home clean and livable, but as time grew closer to her delivery, she cried, thinking of how she had to live in such filthy and rundown houses.

Beppi finally came to realize what she had been putting up with and for once, was moved by her tears. He promised her that he would find a nice home and the next move they would make would be their own home. And he did keep his promise.



Joseph

This particular morning, about 5:00AM while making breakfast, Crestina spilled a pot of hot coffee on herself, sending her into labor. Beppi dashed out of the house in search of a doctor. He ran four blocks before finally finding Dr. Doyle's sign. He frantically knocked on the doctor's door and explained as best he could in his broken English, what had happened. The doctor grabbed his bag and he and

Beppi drove back to Stanton Street. Meanwhile, Rosa, who was pregnant herself and living next door, came over to help Crestina. But as the contractions came closer, Rosa became hysterical and was no help at all. Crestina ended up delivering the baby herself. Dr. Doyle and Beppi arrived shortly after, amazed to find a beautiful, 16 pound baby boy sucking his thumb. The doctor checked Crestina over and gave Beppi a prescription for her burns from the hot coffee.

Beppi was so happy about the new baby, his first son, and a big one at that. He was drunk for three days. Not not much help at all to Crestina. They named the new baby Joseph.

Poor Rosa! Her hysteria over Crestina brought on premature labor two days later. Not reaching full term, her son was born. He was a bit scrawny. Crestina ended up nursing both babies. In time though, Gino thrived and would later grow to be six foot tall, as did Joseph.



Joseph and Angela

In the year prior to Joseph's birth, Angelina remained the cranky child, wanting only her mother or her sister Marcella. She continued wanting to nurse, making it difficult for Crestina to make a move without her. Even in the last days of pregnancy, when Crestina had no lap, Angela wanted her mother to hold her and she did so right up to the night before Joseph was born. Angelina grew up the day Joseph was born. She became the "big" sister. She watched and played with him. Even though she was four years older, he was bigger than she was. Angelina was Crestina's smallest child. Crestina always called her "Jelly Bean."

23 Smith Street

Meanwhile Beppi was looking for a house to buy. Of the many he looked at, none appealed to him. Finally, he got in touch with Callahan Realtors. He told Mr. Callahan he wanted a six room house, a big yard, close to the school and stores, etc. Fate was waiting on Smith Street, a brand new home on a quiet dead-end street with a big yard, adjacent to the school.....Perfect! He knew Crestina would love it and she did. So, with her approval, they bought the home. Number 23 Smith St. It became their permanent home.

When they finally moved in, Crestina shed tears of joy. At last, she had a new, clean house with indoor plumbing.

In the beginning, their furnishings were scant, but she still had her precious sewing machine.



They bought some second hand furniture, a sturdy kitchen table with six chairs, a kitchen cabinet (Hoosier), and a Pittston Stove. The warmth from a coal stove is so comforting that it is like being wrapped in a cozy blanket. They also bought a round table and chairs and buffet for the dining room. There were comfortable beds and a dresser for each bedroom and each room also had a closet. There was no central heat, so they put a pot bellied coal stove in the dining room where many cozy hours were spent.

Not long after the move from Colorado, the whole family developed a strange skin disorder that caused a great deal of itching. Crestina tried everything to help soothe the terrible itching, but to no avail. She would cry each time she would try to gently wash the children. Finally, at her wits end, she sent Marcella to a nearby drugstore. Upon examining her, the druggist asked where she was from and what kind of soap was used. He explained that the altitude in Colorado was high and the climate was dry, compared to Pennsylvania's climate which was cold and humid. When he learned we were using Lifeboy Soap, he explained that it was a strong soap, good for the hard water in Colorado, but not the soft water of Pennsylvania. He prescribed a salve and recommended Ivory Soap. Within two weeks, the skin rashes were gone.

Beppi already made plans concerning what he would do with the property. First he set about digging it up and getting rid of the rocks so he could map out and plant his garden and flower beds. He planted grass and Cherry, Apricot, Sugar Pear and Peach trees and put up an attractive fence in the front. On the left side of the yard, he planted a vegetable garden with tomatoes, lettuce, red beets, carrots, bell peppers and celery. There was also an herb garden which Crestina always used in her cooking. As the children grew, they would learn about all the herbs which were; sage, basil, oregano, mint, rosemary and parsley.

Beppi boarded the vegetable garden with fire bushes which grew about ten inches high. They had beautiful lemon green leaves in the summer and in the Fall, they would turn fiery red.

Beppi made sure Crestina had her flower garden too. She had them planted all around, she even incorporated them throughout the vegetable garden as certain flower types are natural enemies to insects.

She also had beautiful roses. She brought one particular type of rose with her from Colorado, called the Moss Rose. It was a full petal pink rose with a delicate fragrance that only bloomed in June. *(Angela still has a descendent from that original rose which is very dear to her. She has passed on a snipping from that same rose to her own daughter, son and grandchildren)*

Another beautiful rose Crestina planted was a Climbing Tea Rose. Crestina planted it at the far end of the yard but it could be seen from any vantage point. It was a beautiful, delicate peach color. The trellis was filled with bloom and sweet fragrance. In addition, she planted the Columbine, which is the state flower of Colorado, that she had brought with her. Eventually her children and grandchildren would have a cutting from this flower.

Crestina enjoyed her yard to the fullest. In the coming year, it would be thriving, with a beautiful lawn, fruit trees, vegetables and flowers. It would be considered the most beautiful yard in the neighborhood.

The Neighborhood

It was important now to get established and to enroll Marcella in school (Hazel Street School). The school abutted the back yard and went only to the sixth grade. She would have to attend Dana Street School for seventh and eighth grades and then went onto GAR High School until she graduated.

Now that Beppi had a command of the American language, he applied for citizenship for himself and Crestina. With help from Marcella they studied and passed without any problem.



The neighborhood consisted mostly of Irish and Polish ancestry. Italians were few. Italians “per se” suffered and still do, a bad reputation. They carried the stigma of Al Capone and the Mafia. When it became known that an Italian family had moved into the neighborhood, the Moresco family became victims of vicious pranks; the fence was damaged, garbage cans overturned, Crestina’s white wash soiled from dirt throwing. They were called names like; Dago, Spaghetti wrasslers, Mafioso. Crestina taught the children to turn the other cheek and to mind their own business. As time went on the taunting stopped. As they proved themselves to be good neighbors and as a matter of fact, an asset to the neighborhood.

Settling in and becoming a permanent resident of Smith Street, they were touched by several colorful neighbors.

There was this beautiful big house about a block from them where Dan Hart, the Mayor of Wilkes-Barre lived. He was a flamboyant man: Remember it was during the “Roaring Twenties” when alcohol flowed as freely as water. He entertained nightly on the third floor of his home, girls, music, and drink- the whole bit. After prohibition, things quieted down considerably.

When halloween came around and children would go from house to house, Dan encouraged all the children to stop at his home. He would be sitting in an alcove and greet each child and give them a nickel. There would be a line around the whole block of children just waiting for their turn.

When he died, his funeral was one of the largest gathering Wilkes-Barre had ever seen and has ever seen.

Dan had two strange tenants. “Billy the Bum”, who lived in the basement, a harmless man who was the blacksheep of his family.

The other was a parrot. During the day he would be put out on the front porch and he would yakety-yak to passers-by.

When Beppi would walk to the corner to await the trolley to take him to town he would hear this jibberish but couldn’t make it out or who was talking. Upon discovery he found out it was the parrot

saying “Myassissewed”. (If you say it slowly you will know what it says). Many a laugh was had when this was remembered.

Then there was Mary Kalafut, who became a good friend. Beppi ran across her during one of his walks around the neighborhood. He found out she was from a town near Lamon where Christina was born. She lived very frugally and simply, and didn’t keep up with progress. A surprise discovery was made after she died. She was a millionaire.

They found a local grocery store owned by a fellow Italian named, Joseph Campanella, who sold quality foods and an excellent grade of meat. A friendship developed and they patronized his store. The family friendship would last forty years until the day Joe died. Joe had a partner named Peter Rossi who ran a chicken shop in the back of the grocery store and sold live chickens. In order to earn extra money, Beppi worked there on the weekends. Peter also joined the small circle of Italian acquaintances.

About a year after Crestina and Beppi were settled in, Crestina’s family came east. They found a nice little house about 1/2 block away. Crestina was very happy to have her mother nearby and Marcella too was overjoyed to see her grandmother again.

Beppi worked very hard in the mines and was able to secure jobs for Crestina’s brothers, Victor and Emelio. Of course, giving the bosses a bottle of wine now and then helped a bit.

Emelio was a gentle man, but Victor was argumentative. He didn’t get along well with Beppi which caused heated arguments whenever he visited Beppi’s house, making things very difficult for Crestina. Her sister, Linda, was a young woman now and she too argued with Beppi, so this made things even worse. The old feelings he suffered as a boy in Italy would be awakened. In defiance, he would run Crestina’s family down. In turn, Crestina would defend them. This only added to his hurt, and he would verbally abuse Crestina. Having Crestina’s family so close now with his so far away, made Beppi feel like an outsider. He needed someone to defend him and be on his side.

These two people loved each other, but they were always playing “tug-o-war”. They needed each other, but emotionally, they were apart. Their commitment to marriage and family was far too strong to be broken. They raised their family together. Beppi was a good provider and Crestina the strength that held them together. Many years later, she would realize how much trouble her father, her brother Victor and sister Linda caused her. She did regret that she didn’t realize this sooner. Things might have been different, but it wasn’t meant to be.

In the second year after moving to Pennsylvania, some important changes came into their lives. Crestina’s mother began to ail. She would come to see Crestina everyday, walking along the tracks and up the field to Crestina’s house with Marcella running to meet her and walk with her up to the house. She always wore black as she was in constant mourning for the loss of her three children. Crestina’s four children would be the only grandchildren she would ever know as she died before her other children married.

The Children

Young Joseph was growing fast. He had a good start in life and had a lot of friends. Beppi bought him many toys, which included a scooter, and a little car that he could sit in and peddle. But again, the ugly face of jealousy crept in and the older boys in the neighborhood would break his toys and push him around. He wanted so to play with the bigger boys. They would make him do things that would hurt him. He was spunky and he did what they wanted him to do. One incident that must be noted; the boys told him he had to walk through fire barefooted. If he did, he would be able to play with them. He did, but he suffered burns. This was too serious to be ignored, so his sister Angela (yours truly) who was about ten years old at the time, found out that one of the boys, Tom, was leader was of this vicious prank.

In the evening all the kids would congregate on the street (It was a dead-end street with no traffic) and play street games.

There was a house that had a porch with no banisters. The kids would lean against the porch when they played, (three feet from the

mud gutter, etc.) This particular night Angela waited until the Tom was leaning against the porch. She went up the steps and stood behind him and leaped on his back, knocking him to the ground. She sat akimbo on his back and kept pushing his face in the dirt. She made him promise never to hurt Joseph again. He never did, and as a matter of fact, he and Joseph became good friends. When they became adults and World War II happened, Tom was killed in action.

Marcella became good friends with the next door neighbor, Genevieve Lyons. Gen attended the parochial school while Marcella went to public school, but they were good friends anyway. Later, Gen would move to South Carolina and Marcella would marry a neighborhood boy named, John Brunacci.

Angela made friends with a girl named Mary whose back yard met hers. The Moresco’s had a huge chestnut tree and Beppi put up a swing for the children. Before they even spoke to each other, Angela and Mary spent about ten minutes sticking their tongues out at each other. They too went to different schools, but became and remained friends.

Crestina found herself pregnant again and on May 8, 1929, Luisa was born. She was a ten pound baby. The family was growing now with its four children. Things were moving along nicely. Beppi was working steady in the mines and at the chicken shop on weekends. He bought Crestina a new washing machine. Having three daughters now, she made good use of her beloved sewing machine, making her children clothes.

The country was in a sad state of affairs. After the Stock Market crashed of 1929 on the day known as “Black Friday”, the country fell into an emotional and financial depression. Many investors lost all their money. Some committed suicide. Stores went out of business, banks were closed, people were put out of work and bread lines were set up.

Beppi had been distrustful of banks all along and never put his money into one. As a result, he didn’t lose any of his money.

The Moresco family was not affected “per se” by the Depression. Beppi was still working in the mines so his family always had a

full table. There were bushels of apples in the cellar, bunches of bananas hanging; home-made bread and other goodies. They even had pizza, although it wouldn't become a popular dish until many years later. Beppi made a vow to himself a long time ago that if and when he had a family, they would never be hungry. He never forgot how it was to go to bed hungry as part of punishment for his brother Giovanni's lies.

While many other children had to pick coal or wood to keep warm or pick and sell blueberries for money to buy necessities, the Moresco children never understood what the "Depression" was about until they learned about it in the history books.

In the winter of 1929, Cresinta's mother became seriously ill and had to be hospitalized. She was diagnosed with an inoperable thyroid. Her chance for survival was nil. It was just a matter of time. She was only fifty-one-years-old. Beppi, who had the upmost respect for his mother-in-law, was the last one with her, holding her hand until she died. It kind of made up for not being with his own mother when she passed away.

For Crestina it was a terrible loss, but fate stepped in again to help her ease her pain. When she lost her two sisters, she had a new baby, and a cranky one at that, and now with the loss of her mother she had a new baby again.

The day of the funeral was cold and grim and the ground was covered with snow. Crestina's sister, Linda went into a severe depression over the loss of their mother and was afraid to stay alone. So, Crestina sent Marcella and Angela to stay with her. At night, when the cold wind blew, the cracking of the floor boards could be heard in her house. Linda would tell the girls, her mother was coming up the stairs, scaring the girls so much that Crestina refused to let them stay with her anymore. Poor Crestina, with a new infant, a distraught sister and a home and family to take care, had little time for grieving. But, none of this overshadowed the terrible loss she felt in her heart.

It was a very sad Christmas that year. There was no Christmas tree, however, Santa did manage to leave a few gifts. So few that the children didn't even remember what they were.

When the holidays ended, and people began discarding their trees, Joseph and Angela went scrounging for a tree. They found a small one and dragged it home. They decorated it as best they could. Although Christmas was over, they managed to savor a bit of the holiday feeling.

Two years later, their fifth and last child was born. Albert was a dear child. The older children enjoyed taking care of him. Always wanting to grow up faster, he would constantly wear his father's shoes or Joseph's sheepskin jacket, even in summer. His mother had to hide it from him.

Changes

They were in Pennsylvania for seven years now and they had gathered a network of Italian friends. It was a close knit community with the Malacarnes, Pasquinnis, Dal Sassos, Maturis, Regonis, Campanellas, Brunaccis and of course, Crestina's family, the Cibellos.

Visiting was paid back and forth, however, it seemed most of the visits were congregated at the Moresco house. There was always plenty to eat and drink. Having all this wine and dining company on weekends fed Beppi's self consciousness.

There was card playing and drinking at late hours. Many times Angela would go down stairs and chase the company out. When Beppi was drunk, he would talk all night, fighting the demons of guilt he suffered. But the family suffered too. The late nights made for sleepless nights, which in turn caused the children's school work to suffer.

Crestina had put on weight. Her legs were in constant pain. Marcella was now thirteen and Angela was nine. They were great help to their mother, keeping the house in order, ironing the clothes and helping take care of the younger children.

With the bad experiences Crestina and Beppi had with the church in their younger years, they did not force their children to attend. But in associating with children at school, the Moresco children

realized they were not part of an important function in the community. Marcella pointed this out to her mother and Crestina understood, so the family became members of the local Italian church. Marcella would not receive her First Holy Communion until after she was married. Angelina received on her own, but Joseph, Luisa and Albert received the proper Catholic way.

When Marcella and Angela entered High School it was wonderful. They walked about a mile and a half to school with friends; sometimes they took a lunch. It was a must to buy lunch at Thanksgiving and Christmas. One day, Angela brought a homemade salami sandwich. It smelled so good that some of the kids just had to taste it and of course Angela gladly shared. She was getting pretty of sick of salami anyway. (I wish I had some now) It was not a very good exchange, minced ham for salami, but she welcomed the change, nonetheless.

Marcella was a good student, despite the home study situation. Thankfully, by the time Joseph, Luisa and Albert entered high school, the late night entertaining was over.

Joseph and Albert wanted to participate in sports, but Beppi was against it. Crestina, however over-ruled him and signed the permission papers.

Joseph went on to become President of his class and a “four-letter” man, one of only two who had achieved that honor.

Albert was the best student of the five children. He was quarterback for the football team and he received the honor of Best Student, Outstanding Athlete, and Gentleman.

Luisa was also a good student. But, Marcella and Angela were average.

The years were passing by. The children were getting older and in 1935, Beppi decided he wanted a car. He bought a brand new Ford for \$900. “No Blocks Dominick Pasquini”, a constant visitor to the Moresco home, taught Beppi how to drive. But knowing HOW to drive was the extent of it. He knew nothing of the mechanics of a car. It was an experience just to ride with him. He

took so many chances, and had many narrow escapes. The family would breathe a sigh of relief when it was over, praying “Thank God!” “Home safe!”

Selling Cheese and Making Sausage

Now that Beppi could drive, he decided to sell cheese. He made contact with a distributor in Wisconsin (again, relying on Crestina to do the paper work). He had many “forme” (forms) of a variety of cheeses. The cheeses were sampled with a taster, a long, double shaped implement, which was inserted into the side of the form, to pull out a plug of cheese. Crestina would taste it, tell Beppi if it was mild, sharp or extra sharp. He would rely on her decision so that he would be knowledgeable when selling to his customers.

He found some outlying communities where many Italians lived and these people became his steady customers. However, he always took a driver with him because with a glass of wine here and a glass of wine there, he certainly would be in no condition to drive home.

In the beginning, it was “No Blocks” who did the driving; but when Joseph and Albert began to drive they took over the job and it was a job they both resented. Because he didn’t have to drive, he didn’t refuse the drinks and never wanted to go home.

One day when Albert accompanied him, he told Beppi he had to be home by a certain time because he had a date. Beppi agreed, but imbibing more than enough wine, he was not ready to go home, even when Albert insisted. Finally, Albert threatened to leave without him, but even that didn’t work. Albert took off and walked home. An angel must have been with Beppi that day as he was very drunk and certainly in no condition to drive. He made it home safe, but he never did that again. He was ready to leave when his driver was.

In time, he had accumulated quite a few customers in the outlying towns. This venture kept money in the till. He was very generous, and again, his childhood deprivation haunted him, making him want to give more than he received.

An annual winter activity was the making of sausage. This was a whole weekend affair. Beppi would buy a whole pig and some additional pork from Campanella. There would be tubs and tubs of meat in the front room. The house, at that time, had no central heat, so the room remained cold enough. Gego, Pete, Victor, Melio, and Joe and Frank Visentin would come and help to cut and trim the meat into small pieces. They all wore white butcher aprons which would be splashed with blood and grease by the time they were finished.

On a wooden bench, they would attach a heavy duty grinder with a tube extension to slip on the casings. Beppi's two older girls would feed the grinder and then the men would take turns operating the grinder. The ground meat was then put into large stainless steel tubs. Crestina would season it to perfection. Beppi and she would do the tying. They did a professional job. They made salamis and sausage links, head cheese and liver sausages.

The cellar, which was cool, looked like a gourmet shop and the smell was out of this world. When the work was done, they all sat down to a great meal prepared by Crestina. The meal consisted of soup made from the bones, fresh sausage patties and a big bowl of salad. Then came the drinking. Everyone would join in singing lines from famous operas and favorite Italian folk songs. One song that was always sung was "La Paloma". Others didn't notice, but Angela would see tears in Beppi's eyes.

Then came the cleaning. Marcella and Angela would take buckets of hot water, lots of soap and scrub brushes to clean the whole downstairs and steps. All this was accomplished before they went to bed. It was hard and the girls resented it, but in later years, it would become a precious memory. Not many children experienced anything like it.

Making Whiskey and Wine

Meanwhile, Beppi was taking some big chances, jeopardizing all he had worked for when he decided to make whisky and wine. Prohibition was in effect and the penalties were severe. It seemed that Beppi enjoyed testing the law. Our cellar was a gin mill with large casks and barrels lined up on a raised step on one side of the room for wine making.

There was a three burner coal-oil stove. A large oval copper boiler with a coil inside which was used to bring the mash to a boil. When it reached a certain temperature, it would begin to drip from the spout—pure alcohol.

The one job Marcella and Angela hated doing was in taking a five gallon can to a neighborhood gas station to buy kerosene for the coal oil stove. They used Joseph's wooden wagon and put a carpet over the container. Angela would hold on to the can so it wouldn't fall off, and Marcella would pull the wagon. The Moresco home was like a speakeasy. Men would come and buy a few ounces at a time. Beppi never got caught.

When he made the wine, Beppi would buy a box-car-load of concord grapes. They would be delivered by truck. All these boxes of grapes would be deposited on the lawn and then the family would pitch in and carry into the cellar.

All these activities; sausage making, wine making and whisky brewing were under Crestina's strict supervision. Beppi relied on this as he knew without her, it would never get done. She made sure the grapes were washed and put into the barrels to ferment. At the right time, they were removed and put into metal tubs to be mashed and have the stems removed.

Again, Marcella and Angela were involved with this activity. They helped mash the grapes with their hands, leaving their hands purple by the end of the day. Marcella was so ashamed to go to school, she wore gloves under the pretext that she had a rash.

(The "Lucy" episode where she was mashing the grapes with her feet, sent me into a tailspin of laughter.)

Each year at Christmas, Beppi would give each neighbor a bottle of home made wine. And believe you me, they enjoyed it and looked forward to receiving it.

In spite of these illegal activities, the Moresco family remained very respectable. They had the biggest and most beautiful yard. Crestina had the whitest wash and the children were dressed in the best clothes and they ate the finest foods. Their meals were

always on the formal side and they always ate as a family, each in their own assigned place at the table and good manners were a must.

Crestina was a strong influence to her children. She was kind and non-judgmental. The children had their chores to do, but she was not a harsh disciplinarian. And she was always fair in settling sibling squabbles. Because of her handicap, Marcella and Angela had more work than their friends. Although her handicap was never referred to, the family did more to help her in any way they could. They walked slowly with her and always made sure she was warm and had a comfortable chair.

A Bocce yard was put in the backyard which ran the width of the property. This too brought more company to the house. The children learned how to play bocce. Beppi and Angela made a good team, winning many games. Beppi and Crestina were good hosts. They always paid. Free food and drinks for everyone.

Crestina would eventually tire of this constant stream of people. She finally put her foot down and made Beppi stop. He wasn't too happy, but he knew he couldn't do any of these things without her help. She then began to realize she had more strength than she knew she possessed.

Lifestyle Change

In 1938 life took on a tranquil pace. The children were growing older now. Three years after Marcella graduated from high school, she married John Brunacci, the proprietor of the Corner CafÈ, a local drinking establishment. (Together, they had five children. Their first died at birth, the next two, John and Caroline succumbed to a terminal illness, Cystic Fibrosis, at a very young age. The last two children, Diane and Elizabeth, grew to adulthood, married had children of their own. Marcella, like her grandmother, grieved over the loss of her three children, however, she was able to enjoy her two other daughters and her grandchildren in the brief 20 years she had left.)

In 1939, there were rumors of war in Europe. Germany was moving in and taking control of the smaller countries. While America closed her eyes, Mussolini joined forces with Hitler. A big mistake.

Two visitors from Italy, Bob Williams (an ex-patriot of America) and his daughter Sara, who had come to America to visit Marcella's husband, Johnny Brunacci, prior to the outbreak of the war, were detained from returning home. Their funds were cut off, however, they were welcome guests in everyone's home. Bob, who's lineage goes back to as far as the Mayflower was a man who had come from wealth. His family owned the coal rights in the Plains section of Wilkes-Barre. He was well traveled and spent many hours talking to Beppi about the places he had been and the things that he had done. Beppi loved hearing especially about Italy. He even talked Beppi and Crestina into having their marriage blessed in church.

Sara was a beautiful seamstress. Crestina hired her to design and make Angela's wedding dress. This she did, however, her design was far too sophisticated for a young, naive 18 year old. The Williams remained in America until the war was over. When they returned home, Bob became a recluse and died a lonely old man.

In 1940, Angela married a young neighborhood man, Patrick Kelly. (They had two children, Christine (Tina) and Patrick.) The birth of Christine was a near death experience, but she survived. Twelve years later, Patrick John was born.

All these years, Beppi, with the help of Crestina, kept in touch with his sisters. He learned of their joys and sorrows through their correspondence. Whenever he could, he would send money, clothing and non-perishable food to them. But when Italy became the enemy through their alliance with Germany, he could not send them anything. Even letters were censored. He learned later, his sister Maria lost a son on the battlefield in Africa.

infinitamente grazie della
vostre buone opere a cui
sempre avete fatto e non, sempre
vi ricordo col cuore e pensare
avete per il mio padre, Dio
confermi li altri, e sperando
che questa mia supplica vi
trovo ancora tutti in buona
salute marito figli sorella
Linda con i fratelli che pure
a loro giunta i nostri mirari
convinco riprova miseri, ma
affettuosi e riconoscenti affetto
mai farete piacere sapere se
ci puoi fare questa carità, non
sai più dove girarmi, in casa
abbiamo i coglioni ma sono
come il granchio, capite? e in
più la coglione che ti cambia

in tutti i modi e si diventa vedova
soffre, e si che si non coscienza
e guardare in casa ma con un
figlio che ne è fatto ogni specie
vedo già 10 anni che è da una
prigione all'altra per misfatti
odibili. Si racionando silenzio
Di ciò che ti scrivo altrimenti
mi uccide, ma è tanto sofferente
delle umiliazioni che per fare
sempre mi sono ammalata di cuore
anch'io, così che per più per sorte
mi sento scremata di tutto
fatti esserti vicina per dirti tutto.
Noi accontento tanto così ma
Ora ti avrò annoiata stasera
e per tutti unti tanti auguri
Di buone feste Natalizie che tutti
vi porti tanta felicità quanto
ve ne meritate. Off. in Maria!

Prese ricovero, notizie più dettagliate
direttamente da zia Anna

Marostica, 10-8-1964

Caro zio Beppi e famiglia, ti scrivo

e nome di zia Anna che non si sen-
te troppo bene, per farti sapere che
il giorno 5 Agosto, è morta zia
Marie, tua sorella. Spie da un
mese si trovava inferma a letto,
non mangiava più niente, accusan-
do dolori vecchi e febbre piuttosto alta
La sua arteriosclerosi, che da due
anni è più tormentosa, l'ha
condotta alla tomba. Il dottore dice

buoni di bev. in buona salute
 non più presente non è male
 i miei figli adesso lavorano. io mi ho
 messo su un piccolo negozio di bonas-
 tibili tanta che si' più bastanti alla
 meno oggi anche me scullo quasi
 i miei figli lavorano in 3 e così si
 è sistemata abbastanza bene e va tutto
 come v. la passate? Desidero molto
 un tuo scritto. Tuo padre

bene potto ricompensarti di quanto a
 fatto per me anche il cugino figlio
 ricordo sempre ma se avete bisogno qual
 che cosa che io possa scrivete che
 faccio il più possibile, credo di veder
 ti ancora me volte ma quasi perdo
 la speranza il tempo passa e l'età si avan-
 za siamo ormai nell'anno dei 50
 l'anno Santo chissà che ci parli
 fortuna, fatti sapere anche della famiglia



S. Pasque 1917
 A tutti voi, sperando
 in buona salute, por-
 giamo
 i migliori auguri
 di Buona Pasqua.
 Vi ricordiamo spesso
 e de Marie siise
 gradiamo avere sapere
 del suo soggiorno presso
 di voi. A te bene zie,

I migliori auguri
 di Buon Natale
 e Buon Anno

per tutti buona
 Pasqua e Buon Natale

Corris 11-12-17
 giunta mia famiglia
 auguro un lieto Natale
 e buon felice nuovo anno
 sono lieto di sapere tutti in
 buona salute e me grisco della
 tua magra dioro e faccio i
 migliori auguri di serenate
 l'anno e unvi l'augurio
 ancora per lunghi anni
 riguarda mia cognata
 Marie mi è molto cara
 non mi a detto niente
 riguarda i volati io sono

Natale 1976

Cara zia Cristina *

In questo lieto
ricorrenza ci è gradito
pregare a te e a tutti
i tuoi cari, infiniti
auguri d'ogni bene,
uniti al nostro ricordo
ed anche ai ringraziamen-
ti per tutti i bellissimi
e graditissimi doni invia-
ti per mezzo di M. Luisa

Un saluto e un bacio
particolare al piccolo Michel
da parte di Raffaele e
anche da me.

Rinnovando gli auguri,
abbiate un affettuoso
abbraccio

Lidia Serafini

Raffaele

Marta

Serafini

Stato per noi gradito dello scorso
Maggio ~~per~~ per la morte del
mio fratello Valentino
non se lo sapevo il 10 ottobre
è morto anche il marito di
mia figlia Silvia aveva solo
34 anni per una emorragia
interna e rimasto solo
con un bambino di quattro
anni così per noi quest'anno
è un triste Natale. Vito
e Miki e Linda stanno
bene. I suoi figli li ai sposati
tutti? Di nuovo tanti auguri
per tutto voi grazie della
fotografia. Te provo amore giovan
bella. Cari saluti

Microchica 5.000. 1921. Una Pashma e fanno
Pemerar una motta che rischica! et hoc
e agione solo sapessi quassa di parso! Ma Topo
hanko batistie ho paroko, e malgrado no non
avvo volia farlo per nessuno. Si dico solo che
qua! Dopo che ho getta il faruoca fuoro di
l'entando, mi si dove vegliati. Dolore in gono
rati, sand shaha all'ospedale den ke volia,
poi riholmaha a casa, mi ha preso una mala
apatia passando giorni di fira, e io sempre a
casa, e senza voglia di stridere a nessuno.
Ora ho ripreso la rihampabile volia, non
sempre in cura e speriamo in bene. Ma
la rihampare, un vobro, un faruoca de
beroa, poiche malgrado, lavoro, e mesia per
hukhi, non ancora come i sapri, e io per li
che non hanno voglia di lavorare e ferre
l'ano la perocci, e con i fira. Faruoca
if rasiore di 100.000 lire e ora passa a
hutti. Come chate? Va parso bene, in questo
mese e paroko anche il nome di Mestis, e il
mio periodo e chate. Anzi per l'istesso ho
pregato per lui e bakhara, e ho assicurato che
e lo fanno sempre ogni giorno. Stefano e un
antico si fa vero gitehangari per il Nabab
e prossimo Santa Feshe. Ricorrendo a hukhi
e bin e l'antico, e faruoca che e corale sempre
i beghitu paroko insieme a Marashira.
Ora hi dice un'altra storia - Una sorella
Anna Kovar da Emen, in casa di, e poco a
Dassano, aveva hanki di hukhi, che era un
paroko tenuta in casa. Il Signore ha fatto

che e canbaha, e battata benissimo ed ha
ripreso la memoria malgrado, e si
93 anni. Tutti si presano a fare volia e
corale sempre hukhi, e mi ha raccontato di
pensarsi giornalmente, tra me che
camminia col bakhara, ha un viso fresco
come avesse 20 anni! Du che Bakhara
e piena di dolori, ma e sempre forte di
spirito ed ha quella figliola che e un
piccolina da noi l'invano e alle piate
Sabbano continuamente la nebbia, l'indie
abbiamo paroko un po' di hukhi, il tempo
segue il cervello degli uomini! - Volero spiti
ancora che Luisa di Livorno ha una cat-
heraha in un occhio e deve aspettare la
maturazione per farsi operare. Giovanni
sh' bene ha sposato il figlio Flavio
ed e una bella figliola semplice, e
hanno gia un bambino che e una vera
ragia, la sposa e laureata in far-
macia, per ora non professa perche
ne hanno due farmacie e lavora
batta e mamma di lei. Flavio e
diplomato in Agraria e dirige una grande
hunka vicino alle nostre colline. Come
vedi hi ho scritto a lungo e un dimentico
cavo fira che Maria Luisa e sempre in
Africa, ma non ho mai prima di lei
altro uomo, poi non so. Buonno gli
auguri per la prossima Feshe. Il hukhi
il mio pensiero con hanki bakhara di
l'ipoti... hukhi si uniscono a me per au-

When America entered the war in 1941, members of the Moresco family were not old enough to enlist or be drafted. Joseph the oldest boy was still in high school.



In 1944, Joseph turned 18 and when he graduated, he enlisted in the Army. Beppi was heartbroken. He remembered HE left HIS homeland rather than be in the Army. Joseph felt differently, he felt an obligation to his country. Beppi loved his homeland, Italy, as well, but he knew he could not endure military life.

By the time Joseph was shipped overseas, the fighting was over. He was part of the Occupational Army. The family was relieved that he was not in battle. It was just the thought that he was so far away.

When Joseph was discharged from the Army, he played minor league baseball for the farm team of the Brooklyn Dodgers. He had to go to Hornell, NY to play. Here he met Shirley Laine and in 1946 they were married. (He remained in New York and furthered his education through the military service. He became a teacher and a winning football coach; two professions he loved.) He and Shirley had five children. Joseph, Nancy, Tim, Terri, Barbara.

Luisa also married a neighborhood man, Frank Toton. They had two children Frank Jr. and Rebecca.

Events of the world and came and went. Some directly affected them, others did not. The U.S. involvement in the Korean War affected their family head-on.



Albert, the youngest of the family enlisted in the Marine Corps. After his basic training, he was shipped overseas to serve one year in the thick of battle. Many young men in nearby neighborhoods were killed in action, and the Moresco family lived in daily fear of receiving the dreaded telegram. Thank God, it never came, but when Albert came home, everybody was waiting for him; family, friends, neighbors and Genevieve, his high school sweetheart. Welcome banners were strung across the street. It was an unforgettable and emotional day.

In October, after his discharge, he and Gen were married. Gen, a beautiful bride and Albert in his Marine uniform made a picturesque couple. They would have four sons, Albert Jr., Jeffrey, Christopher, and Matthew and one daughter, Judy.



A Medical Break-through

It was in the year 1954 that Crestina would finally find relief from her years of pain, which had become harder and harder to bear.

While Marcella's husband was having emergency surgery at the Danville Medical Center. As she was awaiting his return from the recovery room, she strolled around the hospital and chanced upon the Orthopedic department and was impressed with what she saw. She convinced her mother to check this out. Crestina was receptive. If it was at all possible to help her, she was willing to give it a try. It was getting so that she could barely walk anymore and she feared the possibility of being an invalid in a wheelchair. So, an appointment was made to see Dr. Leonard Bush. With just a cursory observation of her walking across the floor, he diagnosed her immediately and told her he could help her. Crestina could not believe that she heard him correctly and asked him if he was joking. He replied that it was not a joking matter and yes, he really could help her. He would perform a hip replacement operation. This was a fairly new procedure. As a matter of fact, she would be the twelfth person in the country to have it done.

She turned herself completely over to Dr. Bush. The first thing he told her was that she would have to lose weight and put her on a regimented diet. She complied and lost the weight required. Next he took care of the varicose veins she didn't realize she had as her legs didn't have the outward signs. Six months later she was ready to undergo the operation. It was a very traumatic operation of which she almost didn't survive. When she was ready for release, Dr. Bush called Marcella, Angela and Luisa to show them what exercises she had to do and not to let up on her because she was their mother. Crestina followed the program faithfully. She would stay with Luisa for 4 months.

Luisa and Angela had purchased a double block. Between the two of them, they were able to care for their mother. Crestina was cooperative in every way. Dr. Bush was very pleased with her progress and a year after her first surgery, he scheduled the second hip operation which was also a success. For the first time in forty

years, she was without pain. However, Dr. Bush did tell her he couldn't correct the original injury and that she would always walk with a limp. This was a small price to pay for being able to avoid a wheelchair and have no pain. She was now able to dance at a family wedding.

Beppi's Retirement

After forty-five years in the mines, Beppi retired. He received Social Security and the Black Lung pension. It wasn't a great amount, but it was steady, so with this and Crestina's Social Security, they

managed to remain financially independent and were able to maintain their home.

Beppi would walk up to see Marcella and have a few beers everyday. He didn't stop drinking and many times Marcella had to cut his drinks off.

His heart was full of mixed emotions and regret for his abuse to Crestina whom he really loved, regrets of leaving his mother and suffering abuse from Victor and Linda. When his sons became men and were educated, he felt inferior to them. Getting drunk would drown out all these demons.

The years of hard work and abuse of his body began to take their toll. When he reached seventy, he began to fail. He was becoming senile and needed constant care. He could not be put into a regular



hospital because he was not technically ill.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to care for him. It was suggested to try a nursing home. Many were checked out and one was found in Mountaintop. He was there for only one day and was so confused, he became rambunctious and had to be taken home.

In 1972 (he was now seventy-nine years old), the only place that would take a patient in this condition was a state hospital. When it came time to take him, his five children wanted to accompany him, but none were up to the task. They were all too emotionally upset, so it was the grandchildren who took him. He never came home again.

During the five days he was there, each of the five children took their turn at going to see him. One day, they had a surprise visit from Giovanni Costa, the son of Regina, Beppi's favorite sister. They took him to see his "zio" and while he was holding Beppi's hand, he told him who he was. Beppi responded by squeezing his hand. He knew who he was. It was a spiritual meeting with his sister Regina.



Giovanni Costa and Nonna

The Voyage of the Two Hearts came to an end early on the morning of May 23, 1972. The angels came on the "Wings of the Dove" and took him back to Italia where he finally found his peace. Crestina, too found a new peace. She knew Beppi never fully belonged to her.

For Beppi...

The following year, she decided to go to Italy and meet his family and to bring something of him there. She did this for him because she knew he did want to go back for a visit but could never muster up enough courage to do so. It would stir up too many sad memories and the thought of saying goodbye again was too much.



Crestina was accompanied on her trip by Joseph and Shirley. They met Maria, Marcella, Balbina, Valeria, Umberto, Lidia, Maria Luisa, Giovanni and his wife Luisa and their children, Flavio and Flavia. She also visited some of her own cousins and the gravesite of her beloved grandmother.



Cousin; Margurite Right: (Younger)



Nonna, Elizabeth, a nephew

One Heart

Crestina's heart never yearned to go back to Italia. Her family journeyed with her all the way to America. Her heart was always here with the family she and Beppi produced. She shared their joys and sorrows right to the end for her life. She lived to be ninety-five-years-old.

She never realized what a strong woman she was or how much she influenced her children and grandchildren. Her grandchildren loved her company. She told them funny Italian stories and recited poetry and sang cute little Italian ditties.

Her married grandchildren often had her over to visit in their homes for several days at a time. She loved cooking with them and sharing recipes. It made her very happy that they wanted her.

She taught her daughters how to sew and crochet, the two achievements she had taught herself. She would look at a pattern and could emulate it. Her family all possess various crocheted doilies she made. They are treated as the precious heirlooms which they are. As each new member married into the family, they were presented with at least one of Crestina's doilies.

Crestina took tremendous pride in her appearance. Her advice to her daughters was to "always look nice when your husband comes home from work." She also taught her granddaughters to "Learn to do many things when you are young, because you don't know what you will need to fall back on when you reach old age."

She was an avid reader and possessed an extensive doll collection. She liked "spicy books" and loved the "soaps". She would chastise some of the characters, especially the way they kissed. She would say, "they're eating each other up!"

She was always available to her family when they needed her, and they needed her often.



When Crestina was seventy-five years old, her whole family threw a surprise birthday party for her and bought her a fur coat. When she turned ninety, the whole family celebrated with her. She was deeply touched by all the love shown to her by her family and friends.



She and Beppi never yelled at the grandchildren. They enjoyed them so much. She would always cook what they liked and Beppi would

take them for walks or to the carnivals when they were in town. He liked taking them on the ferris wheel and swinging the seat back and forth when it stopped at the tippy top. He was a bugger that way. They were wonderful grandparents.



Nonna with first great great-grandchild, Alexis

The Final Chapter

When Marcella returned from a trip out west, she became gravely ill. Soon after, she was diagnosed with the big "C". She failed daily, but she did reach her seventieth birthday and lived long enough to celebrate her fiftieth wedding anniversary. The whole family; brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces and friends all came to see her. When everyone left, she went to bed and never got up again. She died quietly with her husband and daughters at her side.

Crestina never recovered from their loss, and mourned Marcella to the end of her life.

Crestina began to fail noticeably. One month after her ninety-fifth birthday, she suffered a heart attack. She was in the hospital for five days, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Only Albert wasn't there, as he was delayed by an accident.

When the angels came for her, she asked them to wait just a bit longer. The angel granted her wish and Albert did get there to say goodbye to her. She then reached out for the angel's hand and soared to her heavenly home. There she would join her husband, mother, beloved grandmother, younger sisters and brother whom she barely knew on earth and finally her dear Marcella and her children.

Epilogue

The legacy that these two hearts left us was of strength and commitment, loyalty and love.

We didn't realize the type of upbringing we received until we were adults and had families of our own; their love of family and always keeping in touch with each other.

All of us, except for Marcella, have visited Italy and walked on the soil where our parents walked in their youth and felt the warmth of our Italian blood.

Today will be tomorrow's yesterday. The written word remembers.

AMK



*References

Time Life Books; Life World Library Italy © 1991, 1964 by Time Inc.