

1974

I Dedicate This Book To All My Children  
And Their Wives And Husbands Or Whoever Is Interested In Reading Our Family Story  
Past and Present

Also I Dedicate This Book To My Wife Rosina DiFlorio Mariani

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I am writing this book in memory of my grandmother Maddalena, Carlini, from whom many of the information was related to me.

My grandmother, whom was my father mother, was born in S. Pietro Avellana, prov. di Campobasso, Italy in the year 1850. She was very close to all of her family. Her father was Pietro Carlini whom I remember in my younger year. He was a farmer. He married at the age of 30 to a woman from Castel di Sangro prov. di of Aquila Italy. Her name was Pasqua Venditelli; she lived to be 98 years old. I remember great-grandmother Pasqua.

Previously he was married to another woman Maria, with whom they had two daughters. The 2nd daughter was my grandmother, Maddalena. Great-grandfather Pietro Carlini was 101 years old when he died. I remember as a child being to his funeral in 1912. I was 8 years old. Also I was at the funeral of great-grandmother Pasqua, who died later in the year of 1915. She was 98. My grandmother Maddalena lost her husband on her early years by accident; he fell from a tree and as a result of back injury he was confined in bed for two years and died as of that result.

They had three children Incoronato, Mariani and Florindo (my father) whom was three years old when his father died of injury. My grandmother remained widow all the rest of her life. She died at the age of 78, at the time of her death I was in the United States.

During her life she worked hard on her farm helping both her daughter-in-laws and their husbands either they were in the army or emigrated in America. She also was a midwife, helping doctors during childbirths in town, she was a very handy woman all way around; people of the town admired her very much.

She told me the story of one of her husband John (Giovanni) brother who emigrated in the United States in the early 1800 on some kind of sailing boat; and they never heard from him if he landed in the United States or lost at sea. He's name was Florindo Mariani for whom my father was named after.

The Mariani's originated or emigrate to Central Italy from the north to seek for work as they were building roads and tunnels at that time. One of the Mariani got married there and remain there as a worker and a farmer; the family was established there and continue to grow and multiplied.

I want first describe about my hometown of S. Pietro Avellana, prov. di Campobasso, now province of Isernia Italy. It situated in the central slopes of the Appenines 900 meters above sea level. Its population is about 4000 which has been the same for many years, does not very very much, with exception of few emigrants. The rest remain in that town which its main sources is farming. It has a vast territory for farming and growing. It is a mountainous country, with great forest of oak trees, fruit trees, apple, pear, cherry, peaches, the farm produce, wheat, corn, potatoes, peas, lentils, beans. No minerals anyplace around that territory. As for

transportation artery it has a provincial highway which lead to a national highway which is 5 km away. This national highway leads to Rome, East, which is about 75 miles away and southeast to Naples which is about 55 miles away. National railroad comes close to that town with a railroad station about 3 km away. This railroad wind around the mountainous country and over the Appenines, leading to Rome on one direction and to Naples on the other direction. The closest industrial city is Castel Di Sangro prov. of Aquila, which is 5 km away by highway on 3 1/2 km by railroad which goes thru a tunnel of about 3 km in length. S. Pietro Avellana is on one side of the mountains and Castel Di Sangro is on the other side. People of all the surrounding towns do their main shopping in that industrial city.

We had an adequate property in S. Pietro, about 25 acres of land in which we produced all the crop for the family use, we sold some crop each year to pay for taxes and other needs. We had adequate land for grass or hay raising for the animals we had: 2 horses, 1 donkey, 2 goats. Each year we had a pig which we raise for meat supply for family, we had chicken for supply of eggs. Our house was 4 stories high situated on the main highway with balcony overlooking mountain and forest on front and on this forest a Catholic chapel which was built in honor of a patron Saint Amico is situated on the middle of this forest. This beautiful place is also used for picnic purpose especially on holidays. The masses there is celebrated few times each year; most of all resident people and from out of town attend services.

The big river of Sangro goes through there about 4 km from the town, good fishing native trout. The climate is mild and they have considerable rainfall for the crop to grow without the use of irrigation. The forest and the agriculture provide enough food and fuel for the inhabitants of the town. The only hunting there is rabbits, quail, partridge, no big hunting; to get a hunting or fishing license, a person has to be qualified first of all to know how to handle a gun, 21 years of age, perfect mind, and should have a perfect record of good conduct and no crime involvement of any kind. There is no license for rifle or revolver, shotgun is the only weapon can be used.

Before I go on I just remember of a true story grandmother told me about her father Pietro which happened during his young age when the central part of Italy was in turmoil, when many different states tried to take over the provincial government including guerrilla. This was about the year 1840.

He had a land of about 10 acres in the mountains which he cultivated to raise wheat, corn and hay. This land is about 6 km from town. He had a mule which served for transportation to bring crops in town that was the only way of transportation.

That land was his life, his living and his enjoyment to work; also he had there a small forest which furnished him enough wood for heat and cooking each year. The only system of heating was a fireplace roughly built. This also was used for cooking, no stove or other equipment. No electric lights, they used kerosene or candlelight; no water in the house they had to go a few blocks to get water at a fountain where all the people were doing the same thing.

Cooking was made by all material grow from the farm, they had crush their own grain to make flour to make bread everything was hand way. But they enjoyed, also I remember this myself on my early age, especially when the first electric light was installed, which was something of excitement.

Now with great-grandfather Pietro Carlini story. He was working in his farm as usual this one day, (during the turmoil time) when he was approached by an armed bandit (whom they called (gendarme) he pointed the gun at grandfather and said to kneel down to say he's prayer because he was going to kill him and take his mule to

ride away; Pietro was petrified but did not lose his courage, as he was a big and young strong man; the mule was near by him, he knelt down as ordered and asked the bandit if he could pray to the Lord before he dies; he done this to have enough time to think what he could do to save his life and pray of course. Then he ask the bandits that it would be very difficult for him to get the mule as no one could approach him except himself; he said I'll rope it for you so you can take it, the bandit agreed; but he was watch him very closely.

As Pietro got half way up to get to the mule, dashed to the bandit feet which knocked the bandit down; then they struggled back and forth both were strong, the bandit still had his gun and spade knife. Pietro had him down; Pietro was yelling for help, when at that moment the new army platoon, which were on patrol for searching of the guerrilla bandits, heard the yelling and went there and saved Pietro in time as other bandits were approaching. All the bandits were apprehended. Some were shot to death. This particular one Pietro had was the leader. This leader and others were taken to town and tried by military court, and were sentenced to death by firing squad. Pietro was summoned to be present during the trial for which he had to identify for the incident.

After the trial the bandits were shot and gave Pietro the gun his bandit had and a bronze medal for valor. This act saved other people in the surrounding farms which could have been felled by the bandits.

The town people had a little celebration for great grandfather and respect him for his great valor and courage. The gun which was given to Pietro later, the barrel, was made into a fire blower which was used to start fire on fireplace by blowing from the mouth to the fire. I do remember that part as I blow thru that barrel when I had to start a fire, it was a very heavy and long. This is the first time this story has been written so our future relations will know what happened in the past in regard of our ancestor.

I remember my great-grandfather Pietro and great-grandmother Pasqua when I was a little boy going to school. They were living alone on upstairs 2nd floor, after they got old the food was supplied by my mother and my aunt Antonia who was the wife of my father brother.

The little great school of 1st, 2nd and 3rd grades were situated about a block from Pietro home.

Great-grandmother during noon hour, while we was outside playing, she used to call me to go and eat with them. I enjoyed the dinner very much; it consist of corn meal or hand made noodles, or sometimes chicken soup. Everything was so delicious. It most been around the year of 1912 when one day he was splitting fire wood outside when he went up to the house telling his wife that he was tired and said while you are making me some coffee I will go and lay down in bed; when coffee was ready and his wife took it to him; she find him dead, he died peacefully and without pain, just old age.

Great-grandmother, Pasqua, continued to live by herself with the supervision of my mother and my aunt, whom occasionally visit and check with her.

She died in January 1915 also of old age. When she was taken to the mortuary this was in a room in church. While she was there in the casket the next morning, January 15, 1915 at 8:00 a.m. a severe earthquake occurred and the ceiling of that church fell and the casket was covered with debris. The funeral was delayed because of this, they had to uncovered the casket which was not damaged.

Many homes were damaged; but fortunately no one was severely injured. A nearby town of Avezzano was completely destroyed 29,000 people died of injuries. This

earthquake disaster is quoted on the yearly almanac under the great disaster. The funeral took place many days later in which many people attended.

I was very depressed for a while in losing my great-grandparents whom I loved so much.

My mother, Vincenza Settefrati Mariani was born at S. Pietro Avellana in August 1884 her father name was Enrico Settefrati and her mother name was Nicola. I do not remember grandfather Errico but I do remember like a dream grandmother Nicola whom died when I was about 7 years old. I do not know much about their background; I do know they were local farmers. My mother was a very intelligent woman worked hard at home, and at the farm. As my father Florindo was always away either in the United States or in the Army, my mother had all the responsibility of the house and farm. She raised the three children with strictly discipline, we was not denied anything but we had to work according our age or ability; as she had take care mostly she farm hiring help, while we were small children grandmother Maddalena took care of us at home.

As we grew up we had to do as much as we could work at the farm, beside going to school and do home work. My mother was very active and serious, when she said something or give us an order, she always see that it was accomplished, or we would have been disciplined. She also would get all the report from our teachers that we was doing our lesson and with great respect to the teachers and elderly people. Respect at that time was the first thing in life as the teachers was telling us "The good grace does not cost any money; but it can bring a great wealth in time."

My father Florindo Mariani was born in San Pietro Avellana in March 8, 1883 his father was Giovanni Mariani whom he never knew as he died when my dad was only 3 years old, his mother was Maddalena Carlini whom went through lots of hard work to raise her 3 children after her husband died. She had Incoronato 9, daughter Maria 7 and my father Florindo 3.

When the children grew up they had to go to private and night school as they had to go to do the work they could to go ahead with the family. My uncle Incoronato had to go and work with some people which had a pigs farm with a real small amount of money monthly, part of his salary was dust what he ate, he work with them till he was 16 then he decided to come in the United States in search for work; he was in Colorado, in Utah and in Ely, Nevada he work here with railroad until at his old age went back to his homeland when he died in 1970 at the age of 95. His wife Antonia preceded him in death. They left two daughter Maddalena and Ermelinda; they both got married and have children. Maddalena has one son whom became medical doctor and Ermelinda went to Belgium after she got married and she still living there. My aunt Maria stayed home to help her mother.

When my father became 8 years old he was taken to a town named Roccasicura about 30 kilometers from his home town, by some long distant relatives. When there he was put in hand of some rich family, whom had many flocks of sheep; my father was put on charge to guard some of the sheep and feed hogs; he was treated good and well dressed at all time by these people, they also were sending some food to his mother Maddalena occasionally. Their name was Frassani-Fasano. Dad was with them until he was 16 years old, when dad got in love with a girl there when grandmother Maddalena heard about that, she went to that town and convinced my father to come back in town to help her at the farm. My dad as for a great respect for his mother did come back with her 2 years later when he was 18 decided to come to United States in 1901 and he landed in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania where he got work with steel industries. In 1903 he went back home early that year.

He met my mother Vincenza and they got married in August 1903. Before I was born,

early in 1904 he was called to serve in the Italian Army as it is compulsory for every one to serve for 2 years.

He served 3 years and was released as an Army Sargent. I was born while he was in the army; when he was discharged, worked at the farm; acquired little more land, build a new home together with his brother, whom also was married to Antonia Tonti. His brother left for the United States in 1906. My father went back to the United States in 1907. This time he went West and landed in Ogden, Utah where he worked in a factory until 1909. At this time the copper mine industries was booming up, and he decided to come in Ely to work.

He start to work at the Car Shop Department as helper repairing ore cars which were used to hall ore mineral from Copper Flat, Ruth to McGill Mill & Smelter. There were about 12 working men at that department. Within 6 month he became a car repairer with 2 helpers under him. At that time they did not have many modern tools to work with; so everything was hard work, especially they had to deal with iron and rivet to put iron together. They had to cut rivets with chisel an sledge hammer. About 2 years later the acetylene cutting torch was put on the market, and when the company purchase one of those torch, the work was easier as this torch could cut iron, rivets and used for heat the iron for bent. This was one of the greatest improvement they ever had. Passenger train which was operating from Cobre, Nevada and Ely, Nevada about 140 miles of railroad, was connected with Southern Pacific railroad at Cobre and with Western Pacific at Shafter. My dad was made a chief repair mechanic for anything had to be repaired on the passenger coaches.

The train was consisted of baggage and mail car, one passenger coach and a parlor car at times. The train operated every day. This passenger train was discontinued in 1941 do to a declining business; the cause of decline business was because of many automobiles were in the market and bus lines. Also they had a school trains, which consisted of 2 coaches each. One school train was transporting high school students from McGill and the other was transporting high school students from Ruth and Kimberly to Ely. This school train was not in operation until late in 1929, they operated until about 1940, when they were replaced by school buses.

My father also was a passenger train inspector for many years.

In 1914 the war in Europe started and in the year 1915 Italy declared war to Austria. As my dad had his family in Italy, he returned home and was called for military duty in May 1915.

He was made Sargent Major and send to the front combating line.

He served there until the Armistice which took place in November 3-4, 1918. During his war service he was promoted several times, for efficiency and for act of valor. In many cases he was involved in major battles which took place near Udine, Caporetto, and Piave river; these places are situated north of Venice about 40 kilometers (30 miles). The other near city was Trieste which was occupied later by the Italian Army. From Sargent Major he was promoted to second Lieutenant, and then to Aiutante di Battaglia, with this rank he could take command of the company in case the higher officer was killed or captured by the enemy.

On several occasion he had to take the command. Sometime in 1917 during a big battle his commanding officer was killed and dad took command, he got his company back together and during the battle for which he won he captured over 1,000 prisoners with very little loss of his company. He was highly commented with a nice military citation and he got a silver medal for valor.

This rank of Aivtante di Battaglia at time he took command was considered as the same of the rank of major, more like a stand by command, at anytime. They would

need this rank in case of Commanding officer got killed or captured.

He also had many other episodes during the war. Fortunately, as he was always in the front line, never was wounded or sick. In many instances his coat was perforated by bullets, which he took home for a souvenir.

After he got back home, helped at the farm from the end of 1918 to about March 1920 when he decided to come back in the United States. The United States government furnished the Italian soldier whom returned to serve in the Army, a free passage to the place they were working at the time they left to serve their country. The United States went to war in 1917 with the Allied forces, which also included Italy.

My father was back in Ely in April 1920 and went back to work in his formal job with Nevada Northern Railway Company.

The position he held until November 1930 when he decided to go back in his home town, as my mother was sick and convalescent and could never come to the United States. My father never became a United States citizen. At that time they were not considering to become citizen as they always thinking of returning to their homeland. My father saved his money and when he went back he set up a variety store consisted of little saloon, and grocery store in small amount; he made a very comfortable living until when the second World War strike; this town was invaded by their own allied (the Germans) evacuated all the people of the town and dynamited it destroying every home there. They done this to keep the other forces to set a commanding headquarters there.

My father and family had lost everything was send as a refugee to the Southern Italy until the war was over; and rebuilt some shelter for them to return home. They were distressed and had poor food so their health depreciated; when they returned home, they had a little place to live. During the war we could not correspond with them or support them in any way; we did not know of any news from them if they were alive or not.

We were not to happy about that but there was nothing we could do, not even through red cross.

The war was over, and after they got home we received the first news at least to know they were alive.

I began to support them by sending them first of all lots of clothing and money, for which I continue to do so monthly until they died; they died many years later my mother died first. I paid all the doctor bills and funerals. For the land which my dad left for my portion, I relinquished it to my elder sister Paolina, whom took care of them the best she could during their illness. I had two sisters they are both alive.

Paolina had 2 daughters and a son Yolanda, Maria and Raffaele respectively. Paolina husband died many years ago and she has been widow since, her daughter Yolanda has her mother with her. Maria died recently at the age of 44 and Raffaele live in France with his family. Paolina husband Giovanni DiFlorindo was her first cousin as he was the son of my father Florindo's sister Maria. My younger sister Elodia, when everything was normal, married to a government chief of Police; and moved from town to town as his assignment was made. Police there are moved occasionally about every 3 months from town to town so they have no time to make friends. Any crime committed there, does not matter who he or she is; they'll pay for other crime committed.

Her husband name is Domenico DiMenna. They have one daughter whose name is Egle.

She got married also to a government policeman. My brother-in-law is retired now in pension and live not far from our hometown; leaves in Castel di Sangro. The last I saw my mother, my father and both sisters was in March 1933, when I left from Italy, the last time I was there on visit; this I will describe on the following paper, when I will tell all about my story.

I just remember what my father told me about when he was staying and worked with Fasano family, during his teenage. They had a basement with many barrels of wine of different ages. When my father was asked to go down the basement to get wine for table; to make it sure he did not drink while getting the wine from the barrel, he was asked to whistle from the time he left the kitchen until he got back with the wine; he taught this was real funny, but he had to do it.

I still have some of his handwriting when he corresponded with me; in his letters he always instructed me to do the best I could in everything and not to try to get involved in anything which could hurt me, more than do any good. His motto was: Respect people, help them instead hurt anyone, do not argue with those who don't know much; try to explain as much as you can to clarify the issue; if you cannot do anything about it, Just leave them alone; you still will be their friends.

Also try to communicate with those knows more then you do, and you will learn something new and you will be happy and satisfied.

I applied these words during my life and as of today I never had any trouble or any fight with anyone. I don't believe I have any enemy which I know of.

I always done the best I could at work, in society, helping the best I could for what I could do for those who ask to clarify their problem.

I was born in San Pietro Avellana prov. di Campobasso now prov. of Isernia Italy in October 4, 1904. I was born at home, via Santa Maria della neve. This home was three stories home. The first story was a basement used for storage of food and crops which we raised in the farm through the year. In the second story was inhabited by my grandfather Giovanni's brother and the third story was inhabited at that time by my grandmother Maddalena, then a widow and by my mother, whom was married to my father little over a year. She was leaving with my grandmother then because my father was in the Army service and they had no house of their own. When my father was discharged from the Army his intention was to come back in the United States and work to make a little money to build himself a home.

He contracted to build the house before he left for United States. The house was built on a lot situated on the main highway (provincial). The house was built in 1905 consisted of 2 story and 4 rooms and a basement on highway level. The house was build of stone and bricks. The second floor was constructed of steel traverse, same as I beams, ceiling made of bricks and the floor made of about 12" x 12" pieces of clay masonry, no lumber involved. The roof also was made of I beams and clay channels, same as the Spanish style homes in United States. No lumber was involved in any place except for the doors and windows which were made out of wood oak very strong and durable. On the second story we had a balcony, which the railing was made of iron and its platform; which extended out about 30" out were made of marble, which is very customary in Italy to use in balcony, also used in floors. We had a nice place for garden in back and later we planted many fruit trees. After the house was finished, mother and I moved in it; I was taken care by my grandmother, while my mother was working in the farm.

In 1906 my father came back from the United States and helped mother at the farm until 1909 when he returned to America. In June 1907 my sister Paolina was born in the new house. When my father left again my mother took the farm responsibility again and my grandmother took care of both of us.

When I was 4 years old, while playing in the bedroom, the floor broke loose from under my feet and I fell through the hole and I land on top of several bricks in the basement; fortunately I was not injured to severe; I had a cut above my left eye which took 6 stitches. My grandmother was terrified as I passed out; she send someone to get the doctor whom applied the stitches.

After the investigation was made they find out that the house had began to slide and cracked in different places. The foundation were build on top of a sliding terrain, which the contractor did not notice. They repair the house with bolts thru the walls, and it was okay for many years. After the earthquake of 1915 the slide started again, and in 1916 it was condemned. So we had to move out and rent a place.

For many years, we use it as a barn and housed horses, donkey, pigs, chickens and goats. We used the second floor to store hay and other feed for the animal. In the year 1930 we had to demolish the building completely as it was getting dangerous. We store all the material including I beams, doors, roofing, flooring, bricks to rocks. This material was later used in another building which was build in 1931-32.

After the World War I just before my father returned to the United states; we bought a 4 story home along the same highway the street was called, Corso Regina Margherita. This house was sold to us by a relative of ours whom was moving in Northern Italy where he had a mechanic job. His name was Federico Mariani, his father before died, was a county judge for years. His name was Domenico; he always has said if should his people ever sold this house they should ask my father first at considerable price. They did just that and we got the house.

This house was very comfortable and accommodating with lots of room. On back yard we had garden and fruit trees.

In the World War II about 1944 this house among all the others in town were dynamited by the German Army, so the occupying Canadian forces could not use the town for accommodating their troops. To this day the house never been rebuild. When this happened I was in the United States and it was very sad and unbelievable it had happened.

Wars are bad things to get into as no one gains anything at the end, and everyone is affected by. I first emigrated to the United States of America in September 1921. I was little over 17 years old.

I embarked at the Port of Naples Italy on September 5, 1921 on steamship "San Giorgio (Messina) left the Port 4:00 p.m. that evening and arrived at New York Harbor in the morning of September 21, 1921. En route between Naples to New York, the ship broke down and we remained at sea standing still for 3 days until the problem was repaired. The ship was not to large. We were about 1100 passengers on board plus the crew. There were no cabins on the ship; all the men slept on one big room on bunker beds, and the women slept on another similar big room divided only by a big hanging canvas.

When breakfast, lunch and dinner was served, a big bell was ringing, then we all stand in line to get the food in a aluminum container and then sit down anywhere to eat; there were no tables and no waiters on board. The food was good; but very uncomfortable to enjoy the good food. There were no refrigerators. They had live animals on board to provide the meat, anytime they need meat they would kill the animals they needed after 2 or 3 days at sea; about half of the passengers got sick; many of them remained in bed, and none of them would eat. Sea sick is a bad experience, and there was anything anyone could do for them. With me was one of my schoolmate from the same town his name was Gennaro Tonti, (he is still alive in the



San Francisco bay area, married and has two children, both married now; we still have correspondence occasionally). He was one of them who was suffering from sea sickness. He was very depressed during the trip; but I kept him in good spirit. Another passenger from same town was Carmine Musilli (he was our guardian).

The morning of September 21, 1921, we got off the ship on the Ellis Island for inspection on health condition and if all the papers were in good order. The inspection was made by the United States doctors and immigration officer, it took 2 days before we all got scrutinized and released to proceed for destination. As soon as we got off the ship everyone got well from the seasickness.

We were transported to the New Jersey dock to examine our possession by the officer in charge; and then send to different departments for departure of our destination. My friend Gennaro and I fortunately were going to the same destination which was Ogden, Utah. I was to meet my father Florindo whom was working in Ogden, that time, as the Copper industries in Ely were shut down for a year and the men were laid off, seek Jobs in Ogden, which were very hard to get. Dad worked in concrete construction. Gennaro was to meet his brother in law whom also was in Ogden working part time.

We were examined they gave each of us a bag of sandwiches to take along with us while traveling. We were put on one room of a railroad station awaiting there for some official to buy us a railroad ticket to Ogden, Utah; We could not speak one word in English so we had an interpreter there to explain us what to do on the road. They tag us like a package where they describe our destination and a place to change trains. We were on our way the following day on the Erie Railroad which took us to the first stop in Chicago.

By the time we got in to Chicago, our sandwiches were gone and we were hungry. In the trains there were salesman with baskets in which they had candies, fruits and bananas; this latest fruit we never saw before called our attention and naturally we wanted to see what kind of fruit it was; we bought 4 of them, immediately as we were so hungry. I started to chew on one eating the outside part which was very bitter; a woman was sitting across from us came over and showed us how to eat it so then the inside part was very delicious. We then laughed and laughed about the incident. In the train there were no other Italian to talk to.

The railroad conductor made sure that we were sitting on the same place as they were responsible for us until they would deliver us to the next conductor and so on. While we were awaiting for change train in the station the station master was responsible for us until we were put on the train with next conductor and so on until we arrived in Ogden, when the last conductor release us to the station master who called my father and Gennaro's brother in law. When they came to get us they had sign some paper of receiving us.

We were treated like a insured package. Anyway we were handled with good care and did not get lost.

After everything was over, and think back of all had happened in the 4 days and 5 night in the train, was lots of fun and things to remember all through our life for years to come.

My father then was working with a contractor until the Ely Copper mines would be reopened. For several months I was unable to find any kind of jobs; I could not speak English and I was young. This was one of the reason was hard to find a job.

My father and I were leaving with some distant relative and paid rent and board each month until we left for Ely the following year. Finally one day I was called by an Italian track foreman; he gave me a job on the track extra gang, with

Bamburgher Railroad Company for a month, we were repairing tracks applying ties. We worked 10 hours a day at \$2.60 per day. It was a hard work; but I was glad to have a job and help my father to pay for the experience.

In March 1922 my father got a letter from Nev. Northern Ry Co. in which he was called back to work in the Car Department.

We left almost immediately and came to Ely Nevada. At first I was very depressed as there was not very much around Ely; almost like a ghost town, nothing to do, and did not know anyone. My dad went to work right away; but there was no work for me.

At the end of May 1922 finally I was employed to a track gang under the supervision of Frank Rossolo; he was a tough old man and made every one work up to the last minute; we worked 9 hours a day at \$2.80 per day, 6 days per week.

We were living in the bunkhouse near the shops; we were paying \$7.50 per month including all the utilities. After work every evening, we had to do our own cooking, wash our own clothes and dishes. I was real tired after work; but we had to do the work. The groceries were ordered through a deliver man each day. At that time there was no can goods, so we had to cook from all raw food.

We had no transportation, no automobile. The only way to go to town was walking or await late in the evening to catch the passenger train from E. Ely Depot to Ely; then we had walk back home.

There were no highway, just dirt road. It was hard for me as I did not know the English language, and tried very hard to find a teacher suitable to teach me.

Finally around October of that year someone in the shop suggested a teacher, her name was Mrs. Bradley; she was leaving in Ely near where the high school is now. My father went to talk to her; and she was very happy to accept me and teach me 3 times per week from 7:00 p.m. to about 9:30 p.m. The fee was not very much, very reasonable \$6.00 per month. she was also teaching in the Ely grade school.

I started the school right away and enjoy it very much; she was a good teacher. I had to walk from E. Ely to Ely every time I went to school, I did not mind it, as the school was getting very interesting for me. I went to this private school for about 2 years. Then my teacher had to move with her husband in Washington State.

I send for several books and I began to study by myself. Later in the following year they opened a night school at a room in the high school; I subscribe to that and went to school there for another year. This also helped me very much. Then I continued my English study by myself.

As I was much improved in the English language, I was transferred from the track gang to the Car Repair Shop; where my father was working.

The supervisor in charge at the car shop at that time was Robert L. Read (Bob). After few months working there, Mr. Read began to like me; and told my father that he was going to transfer me in the air brake department working with Caesar Colaizzi then Air Brake Repairman. When I started with that work it was easier job; but more complicated and interesting. I got so interested on that job that few months later I took a correspondence course in the Air Brake from Scranton, Pa. That course cost me \$70.00 but it was well worth it; this lasted one year and I became very well acquainted with that job.

In June 1924 we got news from Italy that my mother Vincenza was very ill. I decided then to go back and visit with my mother.

In July 4th I left from Ely, on the train and I went to Denver, Colorado, to get the passport, boat ticket, and had an appointment with Italian Consul regarding my situation in the Military service in Italy. I was not an American Citizen at that time so I was subject to a military service with the Italian Army. The military service there is compulsory for everyone when they reach the age of 19. The Italian Consul draw some paper for me to release me from any charge against me as my class of 1904 was already in service then for 4 months.

I left Denver for New York City, where on July 20th 1924 I boarded a ship Italian Line "Conte Verde" destination was Naples, Italy. Arrived in Naples about the 31st of July. After I disembarked and went through customs I took a train for my home town of S. Pietro Avellana, arrived there in the evening of the 1st of August 1924. My mother was very ill, she did not even recognized me. That was a sad moment for me. My grandmother Maddalena, my two sisters, Paolina and Elodia were there, assisting my mother.

The next morning 2 Carabinieri military police came at the house and told me to appear at the office of their Superior immediately that same morning to report for the military service. I presented myself to the Chief of the Military police and I ask him if I could have a few days with my sick mother. He said that he could not do anything about, all he had to do observe the law he felt sorry about it but he could not help.

I had to leave for Military District of Campobasso that evening at 4:00 p.m. I ask the officer that I had one request to make with his approval; I suggested that if I could send a telegram to the District tell them about the condition of my mother and they would give me a few days to stay with her; the answer could come back by the 4:00 p.m. the time I had to leave on train.

The officer agreed, he was very nice about it; he send the telegram I paid for it, and for the answer, at 3:00 p.m. the Officer himself came to my house and showed me the answer of the telegram in which they gave me 15 days of staying home; that made me happy, that I did not have to leave for few days.

I stayed the most of the time home with my mother; she improved after few days of my arrival; and after she recognized me she was real happy and made her much better daily.

In the morning of August 15, 1924 I left for the District of Campobasso to report for the military service.

Arrived at the District late that evening. The next day, the Military Court conducting a hearing on my case by being late reporting for the service.

At the hearing, in which a Colonel was the head of the Court, asked me why I was late in reporting, I told him that I did not have any money to travel from United States to Italy at that time, so I had to delay until I had enough money to buy a ticket. Well then how you can prove that is the truth.

I then presented to the Court the document I had from the Italian Counsel in Denver, in which he explained my situation. After they read the document they unanimously release me of all charges; and counted the service that was effective from the time my class was called.

I was questioned about the schooling and of any experience I had, after I gave them all the detail of my schooling and experience, they assigned me in the office of Sacile, Udine Northern Italy as a clerk. I was treated real well there very good officers, they all liked me.

I was assigned to the Pension office my job was to get all the information concerning servicemen who were wounded in service during World War I if they were entitled for the pension or not.

First I had to write to their Commanding officer asking how and when the incident happened and then write to the Community where he was from and find out what character he was and what kind of record he had in civilian life. After I would had all this information; put all of them together and send them to the War Ministry to Rome, for them to decide if the man would be entitled for the pension and what type of pension should be granted for him.

This was very interesting Job which I enjoyed very much. I was exempt from all kind of military service. I had my own room and always ate with the officers.

I had special permit to go out and reenter the District at any time. While I was in the service, my mother was recovering very slowly; so my father decided to come home from United States; he got home just before Christmas of 1924.

I could not get a furlow for Christmas; but I got 10 days for the New Year 1925. I went home on furlow and we celebrate the New Year altogethger; my mother was much better then when I left for the Army. That made me very happy, also because my father was there to take care of everything, home to farming; this relieved everyone else of our home responsibility. I went back to my post, after the furlow was over.

I was to serve the minimum of 18 months which was to end at about the end of the year 1925. During the 15 days I was home in August, just before I left for the service; some of my relatives including my grandma Maddalena, suggested that I should get married, so the woman would take care of the house and the farming.

I did find a girl during those few days, her name was Viola Carlini, Viola mother maiden name was Elisabetta Mariani, whom agreed with my plans that she would get married to me right after my military service. While in the service we corresponded steadily, until my father came home from United States; he disagreed with the girl of my choice and put up a discord between us; I wrote the girl and told her that well try to settle things when I got finished with the Army service.

I finished my service on April 12, 1925, when I got the Army discharge, because of royal order of Prince Umberto II that any one in service who was the only son in the family of the class of 1904, regardless of how many sisters, he should be released with honorable discharge; I was in that category; so I was released and went home the 14th of April 25.

When I got home I discussed the marrying situation with my father; he agreed of the plan for me to get married; but not with the girl I have chosen. I was disappointed and I told him that I would return to the United States as a single man. I had a permit to reenter the United States until June of 1926.

During my staying I helped at the farm and repairing on our building. My father did not want me to come back in the United States single, he want me to get married and leave my wife with them, to take care my mother and the house.

I had very much respect for my parents. My father suggested to me that he would be very pleased if I would get married before I went back to the United States.

My father and my mother finally convinced me to get married. He told me then that a very nice girl from a good family, was on his mind, with my approval.

Her name was Rosina Irma diFlorino daughter of Michele and Enrichetta Acquafondata.

Rosina was born in San Pietro Avellana, prov. of (Campobasso) Italy on June 21, 1907, at that time she was little over 17 years of age. The first time I saw her going to church one Sunday; she was a nice looking girl, with blond hair and blue eyes, well dressed and well composed.

At first sight I fell in love with her and this was the start of our courtship. Few days later we send a messenger (this is customary) to ask her folks if they would accept us at their house, to find out if they would agree with our intention. The answer was favorable; so we set a date to met with both families at her house. We, my father, my mother and myself went at her house on the designated date which was May 2nd 1925.

We had a good reception, and also they had prepared a little snack, with wine etc. which we all enjoyed very much.

My father spoke first and asked her father that I had intention to marry Rosina within a month or so, as I had to go back to the United States before the end of the year.

First he ask his daughter Rosina if she would accept my hand, and than her mother Enrichetta. They all approved and so the engagement was made. We talked things over and we had a wonderful evening.

That evening also was present Rosina maternal grandmother Christina Colaianni. She was the only living grandparent on her side. My grandmother Maddalena also was present and she also was the only living grandparent on my side. After all was agreed, I visit with Rosina every night, we could never be alone as there was always someone as a chaperon. As customary could not have any date or going anyplace alone.

All we had to say had to be in front of who ever was there. If in some case there was no one; the girl could not allow anyone to go in and visit including the boyfriend. This was a very respectful way of courtship.

Rosina's paternal ancestors were from the Central Italy (DiFloris). The maternal ancestor Acquafondata came from Northern Italy, when there was some railroad work and tunnels to be build. There were two brothers whom got married there and made their home, had children and the Acquafondata family multiplied. Some of them emigrated to the United States in the early 19th Century. One of their family are Mike Fondi and Tony Fondi who changed their names from Acquafondata, now they are living in Ely, Nevada. About the end of May 1925 we all decided that Rosina and I should set a date for the marriage. The date was set for June 21st Sunday 1925.

Between the end of May and the set date we had to do lots of shopping; which took place in a near by city Castel di Sangro which was located also in the slope of the Apennines with the Sangro River goes through town, it is also a Railroad Center and a business center which supplies all the surrounding towns, farms and small communities of everything from food, clothing and all kind of equipment.

This town is about 6 miles away by rail which goes through a tunnel about 5 kilometers long, and about 8 km via highway, from San Pietro Avellana.

Without families we went there several time and bough everything we needed. As customary there the bride buys all the bed sheets, blankets, pillows etc; also she has to buy all her wardrobe, and of course wedding dress.

The groom has to buy, all the bedroom set, bed, dresser, wardrobe, all necessary utensils customary after the marriage the couples lives with the groom parents, some time permanently. We bought everything we needed, and so preparation for the

matrimony was under way. All relatives of both side and many close friends were invited to attend the ceremony and dinner.

My dad also had an open house that evening, that all resident of the town could come and have a drink and dance. Between the end of May and the wedding day, we had to declare the matrimony intention which takes place in the City Hall, which the Major perform, this should be made 15 days or more before the marriage takes place. This promise could be broken and everything annulled if some disagreement would arise between the parties, but after the marriage is performed; then nothing could be done to annul the matrimony.

The day of our wedding came. On June 20th we had to go to the City Hall and confirm our marriage with the consent of our parents of both side whom were present and sign by all of us the necessary legal papers; after these signature were made we legally became husband and wife. The major who perform the legality of marriage was Amico Giusto DiFlorio a close relation of Rosina.

The next day Sunday June 21, 1925 the marriage ceremony took place in the Church named "Chiesa Madre". The Priest who performed the matrimony was Don Liborio.

That morning, as customary; the groom and the family and relative, walked to the bride's house, where the cortage would start to go to the church. We all got there early and we had a toast drink before we start. The bride was dressed with her wedding dress and all was ready to march; (no automobiles or an other carriage). There were about 50 couples to follow the bride. The bride and her godfather (whom was Gennaro Frazzini) are first then next comes the groom and his godfather whom was Giovanni DiLimbria, then my father and mother, then the bride father and mother and so on the closest relative first.

We marched for half mile to the Church the streets were flanked with people from both sides, confetti candy, flowers, and gunshots in the air. At the church before the altar, we marched through the long aisle, and kneeled before Christ. Then the priest solemnized the high Mass, in the middle of Mass he performed the marriage which was very impressive. The church was filled with full capacity.

At the end of the ceremony and after the benediction; we started out through the aisle, flanked by the people; this time the bride and I first, then the Godfathers and godmothers, and then in order from the closest relatives to friends.

When out the church we continued the journey for about 3/4 of a mile, this time I was taken the bride to my house. Throughout the route, there were many people giving us flowers, throwing confetti and money on street for the children to pick up. Also had many shots in the air announcing our marriage. It was a beautiful day, first day of Spring on Sunday, my wife Birthday and our marriage day.

At the end of the journey, at my house, as customary we met my mother, who left the church earlier, who accept her new daughter in law, with flower and gift of her own choice. After the acceptance was made we all enter the house, and were escorted to the dining room, where the tables were prepared for the dinner for all the guest. They had hired a special cook. After everyone took their place the dinner was served, with wine which is very customary to have with any dinner. After dinner my father made a little speech and all the guest were dismissed until that evening, when the dance would start with an open house for anyone would like to attend; snacks and wine were served. Dance lasted until midnight; when the head of the house, my father ended the ceremony so everyone could go to bed.

The next day was another dinner, this time only for the parents, and godfathers and godmothers of both sides. Customary they served soup and no wine. All the presents were opened; for everyone to see.

People who gave us flowers and gun shots in the air, had to be invited to a snack and wine or liquor throughout the first week. We accomplish this and everything went in good order according the custom. Week after we send out all the thank you cards. After a week the groom goes back to his regular routine, as farm worker or whatever his work, would have been. The Bride remain in the house for 2 week periods, entertaining visitors and friends wish to call and visit. After 2 weeks, all member of the family, would attend the church service on Sunday, and after this everything is back on routine; in which the new comer the bride, is assigned to her new work, by the groom parents; generally this would be house work and farm work, or whatever the thing is necessary. Now that everything was over, I had to make decision, when to leave and come back to the United States before my reenter permit would expires.

I set the date to leave on February 11, 1926 on steamboat Conti Biancamano from Naples to New York. My wife was upset; but we had to sacrifice the separation for while until I could become United States Citizen. I left on that date from Naples and arrived in New York Harbor Feb. 21, 1926 and left by train for Ely, Nevada where I arrived on Feb. 25th and went back to work on the car shop department on Feb. 26-26.

Now I was employed as a Air Brake Repairman helper which I held for 2 years. In meantime I took an Air Brake Correspondence course; when I got through with it I was promoted to 2nd class Air Brake repairman working under Caesar Colaizzi who was the Air Brake Repairman 1st class and also assistant Foreman of the shop. The Car Foreman was Robert L. Read and the Master Mechanic was E. E. Garrett whom was in charge of all the Mechanical Department. The General Superintendent was Duddleson and the General Manager and Vice President was Mr. George L. Hickey.

When I left Italy, my wife Rose was pregnant of 4 months; in 1926 our first daughter was born at home in S. Pietro Avellana prov of Campobasso Italy; we named her Vincenzina; this name was given to her after my mother name Vincenza; she was registered and Baptized Catholic by her Godmother Angela Di Ludovico who is presently leaves in Buenos Aires Argentina.

As I was not an American Citizen at that time, I had applied to have my wife and my daughter to be registered for immigration quota; but their name never did come up to come in the United States.

In September 18, 1931, I was called at the Court House, seventh Judicial Court by the Naturalization and immigration officer, to stand before the federal Judge and District Judge and two of my witness in the hearing on my behalf to become American Citizen. I went through several questions by the Judges, which mostly was concerning the constitution and History of the United States, and my history and background; my family status etc. After everything was accomplished, I was declared a United States Citizen. I took the oath and I received my complete United States citizen paper 9-18-31.

In November of that year 1931 I decided to visit my family in Italy; so I applied for an American passport in Washington D.C.

After I received the Passport; I took a leave of absence from the N. N. Railroad and I set the departure from New York on steamship Augustus Italian Line on November 23, 1931. Arrived in Naples on November 30th 1931 and departed by train that afternoon and arrived in S. Pietro Avellana that same evening. this town is only about 75 km from Naples by rail.

For the first time I met my daughter Vincenzina whom now was 5 years old. It was a great moment to see my first child.

With me my uncle Berardino Settefrati (whom was my mother brother) also came back to Italy, as he suffered badly with asthma. He also was employed with N. N. Ry. Co. My father Florindo, who came back to United States after me in 1926; went back to Italy in 1930 to remain there and set up a little business; and stay with my mother. He never returned to the United States.

While I was in Italy visiting and deciding what to do with my family; I received a letter from my foreman in which he stated that the working condition was very bad and that they had to layoff many workers; and that they only were working 15 days and off 45 days; so he told me that if I wanted to I could stay in Italy as long as I wanted; and he would call me back immediately. On this conditions I decided to remain in Italy for a while.

While in Italy we were living together with my father and mother and I was help them in the farm work.

Under the dictatorship power everything was restricted there, could not talk or gather more then 5 minutes, could not travel from one town to another without permission; if it was not for my family, it would been very bored, and probably I would left the country sooner.

In the meantime, I received word from the railroad that my former supervisor Mr. Read, had died; and that they required me to come back to work within 30 days; also because the working time had improved little; so to hold my seniority I had to be back on my former job. Now again I had to decide quickly what to do with my family; we decided to leave the family with my folks until I came back to United States and see what the working condition was and if I could support them.

I set my departure with the Steamship Counte di Savoira which departed from Naples port on March 29th 1933. Arrived in, New York on April 7th 1933 arrived in Ely, Nevada on April 11th 1933 and went to work with railroad the following day on the same job I had.

Production of copper improved by the end of the year 1933, so we went back on schedule of 5 days per week and sometimes 6 days. At that time there was no time and half no matter how many hours a person worked, no vacations, no Holidays with pay and no compensation in case of lay off or sickness; a person got paid only for the time he worked and no other benefit. The only benefit we had was a railroad pass, one a year any place if a person had the minimum service of 10 years service.

Early in 1934 I made an application to the Department of State for my family to come in the United States.

The application was approved for my wife and for my daughter to come out of quota on an Italian passport; while for my son Florindo, whom born after I was American Citizen, they issued him an American passport he also was an American Citizen.

It took a few months for all the papers to be issued and ready; when everything was completed my wife set their departure on January 20th 1935 on the Steamship Rex, and arrived in New York on January 29th 1935. I met my family in Ogden, Utah where they arrived on Feb. 5th on the Union Pacific train. Two days later we left for Ely, where I had rented a company house near the railroad tracks. I had it all furnished with the most necessary things we needed to start a family life.

While in Ogden couple of days we were hosted by Mrs. Tony Pace, now Mrs. Caesar Colaizzi. At that time Mrs. Pace, Annina Pace was operating a restaurant and Hotel named Bungalow on the 25th Street near the Railroad Terminal. She threaded us real nice, as she knew me and my dad the later for long period of time. We ate there and



slept there and Mrs. Pace did not want anything; she said she was very happy to have us as their guest.

In Ely my wife had a hard time to get use to the new costume and life style in the United States; the most difficulty was that she could not speak or understand English, and the cooking system was much different of that of the old country. Took a long time for time for her to adjust on the new life.

My daughter Vincenzina soon started school on the first grade; she also had to learn to speak English. She was a little over 8 years old then, but did not take her to long to learn the language and the new life style.

My son Florindo was 1 and half year old and my wife had much to do raising the boy and take care of the house work, I helped her as much as I could. Our daughter was a great help as she was a quiet type and we never had any problem with her.

Before the family arrival I had rented a company house by the railroad yard, the accommodation was very poor as we did not have any bathroom or toilet in the house. The toilet was outside and we had to take bath in a bath tub (galvanize tub). We had water in the house; at first we did not have hot water; then I ask the company if they could supply a water tank so we could have a hot water; they did the following year and with hot water things were much better; the water was heated by water jacket in the coal stove. For heating system in the winter we had a coal heather. The rent was not bad as we paid \$9.00 per month unfurnished and one bedroom. At that time I was working at the ore train yard as a night car inspector, I worked for 2 years on that position; then I went back in the car shop as an air brake repairman 2nd class.

As my boy Florindo was getting bigger I was afraid that he might get out the fence and to the tracks where accidentally could got run over by train or any other vehicle on the track. One day an Engineer who was operating a passenger train from Ely to Cobre; stop the engine while my boy was coming across the tracks; took the boy in the house, he tried to talk to my wife who was unable to understand English at that time; the engineer name was Roy Noble, he was taken the engine from the round house to pick up the passenger coaches and get them ready for the regular routine to Ely and Cobre.

The next day the engineer came and see me telling me about the incident and suggested that I should move out of there because of the danger of the boy.

Then he said that he had a house for sale in East Ely (this is the same house I am living now) and if I would be interested he would make a good price for me and on easy payments.

We went and saw the house and I agreed to purchase it for the price of \$1,000.00 to be paid at the rate of \$22.50 per month plus 4% interest. We made all the arrangements to make the payment direct to Mrs. Noble; we did not have to go to the bank.

The house was small but it was the best we could do then. The following month after we purchase it we moved in; and there was lots of improvements to be made; It had a bathroom with tub and toilet. Well it was more safe for my children; thanks to Mr. Noble to give me suggestion and a very reasonable deal.

Now my daughter could went to school without crossing railroad tracks and highways; also was much closer to school.

When my wife Rose and children came from Italy I was Car Inspector and then back by my request to Air Brake Repairman at the Car Shop; later I was promoted to

Assistant Car Foreman in 1938.

I was passenger, inspector, school train inspector for years; In 1960 when the Car Foreman retired, I was promoted to that position. I had then under my jurisdiction, car repairman, car inspectors and helpers including extra train men who would work in the car shop when they did not have any regular work. In all I had about an average 32 men.

I had to supervise all the men, I had to order all the material needed to repair cars, keep up all the inventory, and time cards for the men. In 1963 I was promoted to a General Foreman for the Car Department, and I was in charge of all the freight cars local and foreign from Cobre Nevada to Ruth Nevada.

This position I held until my retirement on Nov. 1st 1969 when I was 65 years of age.

When I was promoted my immediate boss was Mr. H. M. Peterson General Superintendent and Vice President of Nev. Northern Railroad Company.

During my supervision years I served with the best of my knowledge and ability. When I retired I was proud for the many years I served as a labor and supervisor for the Nevada Northern with the total of 45 years.

When I retired many of the men contributed to buy me a farewell present which consist of movie camera; many were present when Mr. Peterson presented me the gift with a little farewell speech.

After I retired I took many different activities, including many vacation trips in California.

Think back in 1940 we took a trip on train to Aurora Minnesota and Rhinelander Wisconsin where my wife Rose had some relative whom she never met.

In Aurora she had an uncle who had 13 living children all married some with families, when we gathered for a picnic on one of the lake shore there was a big family reunion as they all came and met us for the first time. Then we went to Rhinelander and met the other uncle and the family. We were there for three weeks, and then back home.