

SHENANGO





SHARON,

MERCER COUNTY PENNSYLVANIA
1901.

INTRODUCTION

Shenango, a college publication, represents the dream of one creative history professor come true. About a year and a half ago, Jim Siar read the book **Foxfire** and became so impressed and enthralled with it that he asked several of his fellow faculty members to read it. We did.

Our school, the Shenango Valley Campus of Edinboro State College in Pennsylvania, is located in an industrial steel area and populated by citizens from various ethnic backgrounds. Jim Siar saw in this situation opportunity rich in **Fox fire** project possibilities. Faculty members Eugene Antley, Assistant Professor of Sociology and Anthropology, Edward Lindway, Assistant Professor in Science, and Caroline Daverio and Dr. Carmen J. Leone, Associate Professors in English, soon became enthusiastic supporters of Jim Siar's ideas about the **Foxfire** concept for our school. Thus was born the project for ethnic studies at the Edinboro Shenango Valley Campus.

The Shenango Project in Ethnic Studies is carried out by means of oral history, one of the approaches to the preservation of the past. Oral history does not in any way supplant the traditional, documented recording of history. Rather, it is an enriching addition to the traditional method and can, conceivably, provide, in some cases, primary source material for documentation.

The students participating in the oral history project interview people with interesting ethnic backgrounds, record, photograph and transcribe the interviews, and cull from the transcriptions one or more illustrated stories of individuals, rich in the culture of many lands and nationalities.

The Shenango Project has become for us much more than a college course to take or to teach, much more than searching for good stories for our magazine, in fact, much more than the publication of our magazine, important as this is; it has become the means of a new awareness, a new appreciation of the contributions of all peoples to the culture of our American community — contributions of foods, customs, the arts in every conceivable form, ideas and philosophies.

Working in the Shenango Project has revealed a new and exciting view of American culture. The United States of America we have decided is not really a "melting pot" but a "bouquet of flowers." It is understandable that immigrants have not simply discarded the old for the new or forgotten the familiar for the unknown or the novel. Rather the immigrant has striven to save and protect the old and familiar, and at the same time, has added the new. Alex Kasich, interviewed by Kerry Generalovich, said it well in these words: "America should be a bouquet of different flowers. Each group should contribute everything best they have to this country instead of unifying to one to erase everything."

Those of us who were born in the United States of immigrant parents know that they came to America in search of a better, richer life for themselves and their families. We also know that though our parents still honor the culture of their fathers, they have readily espoused and cherish just as intensely the American ideals of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

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Fernando Brestelli



A
Rich People's Name!

A RICH PEOPLE'S NAME!

by
Don Reiter and Paula Lazor

"You are not old. It is just that you were young, a long, long time ago."

—Pablo Casals

It is now sixty-five years since Fernando "Fred" Brestelli immigrated to America. But still the spry, good-natured Italian emigrant — now a full-fledged American citizen — possesses the same self-reliance and zest for life as the day he set foot on American soil in 1910.

Fernando arrived in America at the age of eighteen. His initial desire, upon arrival at the Battery (an immigration station) in New York was to look American and not like a "green horn" — the name given to newly-arrived immigrants, usually because of their appearance.

And so he arrived in America wearing a new tailor-made suit with a new shirt, a new hat, and new shoes to match. "I got that suit on — very nice, but the hat was funny. The shoes the same thing. When I see — I no want — I go barefoot. I no want those shoes but I had to. The shirt the same thing. A woman over there, she make a funny style. The hat — no tie — and the shoes and the shirt, but the suit it was number one," Fred explained.

Fred is a self-taught man. In his lifetime, he learned to read and write in both Italian and English, without any formal education. He has also held various jobs such as barber, noodle-maker, papermill worker, railroad-man, highwayman, and factory laborer.

Before coming to America, Fernando spent the first eighteen years of his life in Ceccano, Italy, a small village outside of Rome. Fernando was a foster child, who was born illegitimately in Rome and raised in Ceccano by a foster mother. The government paid foster mothers for wet-nursing infants, like Fernando, and raising them to adulthood.

It was a common practice in Italy for wealthy men to father children outside of marriage, and then to have the child given "for adoption" via the Italian Government. "My poor mother (foster) had a bambino (baby) so she took away from her baby and took me, so she got two dollars a month."

Fernando continued "Fernando Brestelli is a rich people's name. The rich people, they make me and they give me to the government. You see, the rich people up there have more chance to make family. If he no like his wife, he use somebody else — pretty. Then give baby to government. That's a cheap way."

And so Fernando was raised with 15 or 16 brothers and sisters in a one-room house. "This place where I was raised was poor; where I was born was rich — maybe the son of lawyer, judge, maybe engineer . . . high people."

Living in such a large household, Fernando learned responsibility at an early age. "I had to watch myself — like a babysitter," Fernando explained.

After work his mother came home every evening to make supper for all her children. "She did it up before we (children) go to bed. God always provide. Either Cornbread — we never see much white bread."

"Sometime (there was) nothing in the house, (and) you have to borrow, like in business: 'Can you give me two tinell — like a bushel — to keep 'em going?' They give it to you and put it on the book, but you have no time to pay back. So she (the owner) sues you. Maybe five lira (18-1/2 cents each) for a one-dollar order."

Fred recalled getting his first job when he was eight years old. "This neighbor friend of mine called Amerigo — nice-built, well-fixed. The father got property, land: they got a store that sell candles, confetti, candy and goods. This man came near me and say, 'Fernando, I got a job over here as a timekeeper in this big office.'

"Say this man to me, 'you want to come to work at macaroni factory?'" To me, this is just like Saint Peter come to me, (and ask me): 'Fernando, you want to come to heaven?'

"So I run to my mother and say, 'Ma, guess what happened! This Amerigo tell me to go work in the mill!' Oh! She was so proud, too".

Work at the macaroni factory required many long hours of hard labor for very little pay. Fernando's initial salary was only eight cents a day!

"(I worked) dark to dark. No six hours or eight — dark to dark," Fernando emphasized. "Sometimes you get up at one o'clock in morning to run over there."

"After awhile they give me a better job. They raise me in wage — twelve cents a day. I carry noodles up stairs — three or four stairs way up. We make fine-a-stuff — **pasta-fagioli** — we put in a sack, haul them up to dry out in tents, if rain; in dry weather, then outside," Fred said.

Fred's daily 12-cent wage, however, was not a permanent guarantee. One day the owner's chauffer saw Fernando caught in the middle of a scuffle with his cousin. Fred recalls: "I pinch my cousin a little bit . . . It happen the owner's chauffer pass through there. So, he say, 'What has happened?'"

"Oh, Fernando do this," Fred's cousin cried. So the chauffer then asked how much Fernando earned. When Fred told him his daily earnings, the chauffer replied, "So now, you will work for **two cents** a day."

"I got so disappointed. I could not swallow up that," Fernando said. "So my mother was at a mill built up on a mountain. When I went over there, it was hot in July." Traveling barefoot, Fred arrived at the factory to tell his mother the bad news.

"Mother, I quit. I wash out," Fernando declared. "So when fall come, my father, he make a grain field. Some people own the land so they make an agreement for more space to make a grain field. One year my brother help him and next year, I help him".

Then Fernando's brother left for America. Fernando recalls: "I work one year and finally my brother send forty dollars home. Them people never see forty dollars in their whole life."

Thinking that Fernando was asleep, his parents discussed the plans they had for the money. "One of them said, 'I have an idea to send Fernando to America.' I hear that — it make me proud," Fernando said.

Fernando's mother then spoke with the village postmaster, Lorenzo. "My mother talk to this postmaster . . . She say she has an idea to send Fernando to America but (that) I (would) need my birth certificate from Rome — could he get it as fast as he could?"

Mother put six eggs in a handkerchief. We only had six chickens. She took six eggs from her children to send to this postmaster's wife . . . So when I went over there, she ask me, 'Why she (Fred's mother) took six eggs off her children to give us and we no need it.' The postmaster's family had "a pile" (of money), Fred explained.

The postmaster's wife then worried about Fernando's family. So when Mr. Lorenzo came home in the evening from the post office she told her husband how badly Fernando's mother needed the birth certificate. Fred continued: "It (only) took one week to get this certificate, other people who no bring the eggs, it take one year."

As soon as the papers came, then Mario, the postmaster's son, delivered the long-awaited message to Fernando, good news — the money come for you to go to America."

Fernando's mother told him, however, that he would still need an additional \$42 before he could leave Italy. "So my mother took a day off from her job. We had to walk five miles to see her niece who was way in the country. They were well-fixed — all corporation — the daughter, sister, and brother-in-law. We got the money, but within two years I had to pay them back or else they would make my father work two acres of their land," Fred recalled. "My hair stood up from worry. So much worry for a young boy . . . That means after two years Papa has to go dig the ground. That old man would have to scratch the ground."

"I needed \$82 complete for train. I had to have two dollars in my pocket while I was on the boat and \$25 when I come out, because I had to have at least \$25 to start," Fernando explained.

"When I got in the boat at Naples, my mother, who never gave me a big lunch like that — (gave me) half of a springer (chicken) and half a loaf of bread in a napkin. She thought I was going to starve to death in Naples," Fred said with an understanding grin.

"When I got there, the agent take care of the people. The boat was named "Berlin" (and had) a German captain." Fred continued: "So when I got this package — the spring chicken and bread, the driver, who take the suitcase, he grab that. The agent give it to the driver (and explained to me): 'The company furnishes the food.' So the man eat like he starved to death. I never got chicken like that from my mother (before), and somebody else eat it!" Fred exclaimed. "At least, give me the napkin."

"I no even taste it, but we stayed at a big palace. Make big food. Everybody had his own bed and stuff like that. The next day, we take the boat," Fred said.

"I was afraid. I had never been on a boat. Never been around."

When Fred arrived in America, he first got off at the Battery in New York and met his relatives.

"Over there in the Battery, you go in at six and you come out at six. Crowds. People from everywhere come from the boats. The crowds all the way. I had to wait till six o'clock for them (Fred's relatives) to come out."

"Oh! I was so hungry. I see a guy over there with a little wagon who sells peanuts. So my guts were crying. Hungry." So Fernando went over to the peanut vendor and with a handful of change bought his first American food — a nickel's worth of peanuts!

Fernando's cousin then took him shopping in downtown New York. Fred explained: "She had a friend who sold shoes, caps and everything. So she take away my funny shoes, and she buy me nice regular shoes. Button shoes. They cost two dollars. Buy me silk stockings, buy me a shirt, blue tie, and a cap — blue. Match 'em with suit."

"I look like I was born here, so when I went to Croghan, New York, where my brother be, I am no more green (an immigrant)."

"It was May and it was cold yet," when Fred recalled first arriving in Croghan, a small town located in the middle of the woods. This friend took me down to the house where he boarded. They had a saloon, a restaurant, and a bakery. This man, he was Italian and (his wife), she was Polish but she talk Italian good. So the man said, 'Make some food for this boy and he is going to pay.' This woman, she had the coal stove — red hot. She made five or six pounds of meat, bread and beer. She made a big pan of sauerkraut." Fred continued: "I thought we were going to eat and (leave) some to sell, too. She ate the whole thing! All herself!"

"When she was finished then she said, 'I made it for you.' So when my friend from the Battery yet come on the bicycle — **paesano** — we make a steak, not for one man but two. I thought he was going to pay. Then he told me, 'You pay for the food. I am going to give you the money after while. I never saw him pay back yet,' Fred declared.

"The owner of the bakery, he have a boarding house from one to twelve. My brother board in number three. I go to number three and I got in the house. My brother we kiss each other, we celebrate and I take a beer."

Fernando's first job was in a paper factory at Croghan where he worked both outside and inside. "The bosses were Irish people. So my brother, he took a box of cigars to the big boss by the name of Mac. He said, 'to come to work tomorrow morning.' So I go over to work in the woods and cut wood to make paper."

"In the summertime, there was built another place near the factory, need more room. The officer was a bricklayer from Germany — nice people. They tell me to help the bricklayer, so this suit me better."

"I spent all summer in the brickyard. After it was cold, I had to go back to the paper mill gang. Finally, the people got wise over there (at the paper mill). Everybody inside (formed) a union — outside, no union. The outside workers also got wise and wanted join the union, so they strike; the company no like."

During this time of workers' unrest, Fernando's brother left for another job on the railroad, Even though the outdoor laborers were on strike, Fernando continued to work.

Fred explained: "My brother, he took all the money. He no left me not one cent. I need the money. I need the work. I have no money to eat, so I work, work. Finally, I got to be the leader of the gang."

"In the wintertime, over there (at the papermill), there is zero weather from September to June. The mill is located alongside a canal. One day the boss wanted to know where Fernando was staying. "You see, I wasn't stupid. I could see this man was going to bother me at night . . . to go to the canal to break the ice, so the mill can run," said Fernando.

"So one big lie came in my mouth. I give my number eleven but I live at number three. So he called at number eleven to find me. So when this Charlie (Fred's boss) come look for me, this lady says to Charlie there's nobody here who works for you. So her people no bother to tell him anything. So he look and could not find me, so he went away."

"In the morning when I want back to work, he came to see me, mean like a bear. "Where you been last night?" he asked. "I got a big lie in my mouth. Me in Watertown — like (the distance) from Sharon to Youngstown (approximately 15 miles) — no convenient at that time. He said, 'How . . . you get to Watertown — no car, no nothing — you lie to me?'"

"You talk all you want. I no hear nothing. Second time he went, the same thing. He could not find me, I was still in number three. So then another big lie come in my mouth."

"Me in Carthage (New York)," Fernando claimed. "But the third time he find me. So he told me he would fire me. So he found me and he give me a big kick in my hind end," said Fernando, eyes twinkling, "and it still hurts."

Fred continued: "One way Charlie hurt and another way he helped. So when my pay come, instead of drawing \$9.35, I got \$42 and some cents. So I tell him, 'Good-bye Charlie.'"

Fernando then took a train to Rome, New York, where his brother was working. "When I got there, it was a lot of traffic over there. The guy, we was raised together and worked in the macaroni factory, was telling me my brother lived in a box car. My brother had a bunk for me. I sleep with lots of rags on my feet. There was a crack in the box car and when I got up in the morning, there was three foot of snow on my feet but I wasn't cold: I was warm!"

On the morning Fernando went to the railroad yard with his brother and began shoveling snow. "In the summertime, we work on the railroad." One day Fernando's foreman, Harry, asked him to leave Rome and join him in his home town where he was returning to be with his wife.

Harry explained: "Here in Rome you got show, saloon, you no can save money, but over there they just have a grocery store, and post office and one hotel. And a mill for cow feed." So Fernando left Rome and lived in a toolhouse that his foreman provided for him.

"In one year, I save three hundred dollars. I took care of myself. I eat good. So when my brother decided to go back to Italy, he come visit me at the toolhouse."

Fernando's brother then tells him: "Give me some money, I got to go to the old country." Fernando said. "I give you plenty before. You take care of yourself and I take care of myself. So I give him twenty dollars, the reason, to buy Papa a pair of shoes. But he didn't even bring the family a bag of peanuts."

After his brother's departure, Fernando also left his job to seek work in Niagara Falls where his cousin had told him there was "lots of work and where you could make two dollars a day." But the whole town was on strike when Fred arrived.

Fernando then traveled to Saranac Lake, New York, where they needed roadbuilders. Once again, Fred had poor living accommodations. "When I got there, they (relatives of his father) had a place down in the cellar — a couple of rooms. They had a bunch of kids. She (the wife) was a terrible cheat. One day she tell me because everybody was outside that Sunday she was going to make eat and if somebody sleep in the floor, it would cost 15 cents, sleep in the chair — 25 cents, and sleep on the bed — one dollar.



to work on a long road to be built by hand — a job that would last all winter.

"There was a big banker from Italy there who took care of all the people who come from Italy. He was told that they had eighty-two men over there that needed jobs. We were sent to a highway at Rochester. There was engineers there and nobody could talk English but me. So he told me that I had to be foreman."

"Most of the men were about forty or forty-five, and I was about twenty-two. Nobody paid any attention to me. So instead, I got to work and the men stood around the fire."

Fred continued: "One time they got a field on fire and the big boss said, 'That's a helluva gang you got.' Well, I had to shut up. I told him that I don't like this job. So then I went to another company near Plattsburg. I got the flagman job there to flag the train because the foreman was worried that I was going to take his job. He told me that he knew all about this gang — nobody wanted to work."

"Well," Fred said. "He made them work. The men got mad and wanted me to be foreman." I said, 'I got you by the neck. You no want to work for me — I got my flag, my bucket, and sing by myself.'

"It come time I write to my mother and father and said, 'I don't like nobody over here. Would you pick me up one girl over there that suits you. Nice.'" Fred continued: "They pick a girl from my godfather. She was number one — a beauty. So she wrote me that she wanted to come to America but wanted to go to Sharpville because she had a sister and a brother there.

So Fernando took a train to Sharpville. "It was almost dark when I got there. I stopped at a grocery store to find my brother-in-law. The place I got to stay, they charged thirty-five dollars for one month." After becoming better acquainted with the area, Fred moved to a house on Main Street, close to the Shenango Furnace where he worked.

"I worked six o'clock to six o'clock. At this house where I live, I told the woman how to cook the sauce slow and no worry, I cook myself when I get home. I make my own homemade noodles. Them people never saw that before, they cook sloppy," claimed Fred.

The enjoyment of Fernando's noodles was not a new occurrence. Fernando had been a cook in the armed services, too. Fernando explains: "Uncle Sam wanted volunteers for the cooks. So I stepped forward — one-two-three-four. I cook in the kitchen. I had an idea to learn so when Thanksgiving come, Uncle Sam furnish eighty to ninty chickens.

Fernando grows his own garden stakes

"And in the morning, the first coffee to wash your mouth — 15 cents, your second one — 10 cents with a little bit of milk. She was not a regular woman, she could take your eye out for business."

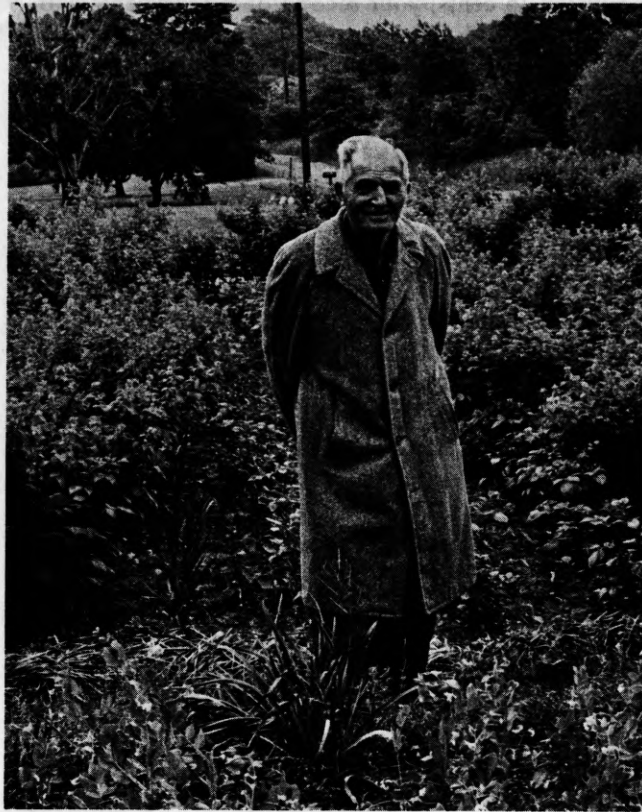
One Sunday Fernando took thirty eggs and made macaroni. "I made the dough and spread it. She cooked it, but still charged me for it at dinner."

Fernando moved out of that house even before the road was finished in the fall. He went instead to another Italian woman in town, and made macaroni at her house, free of charge.

After completing his work in Rome, Fernando and his friend John Battiste moved to Elmira, New York,



Fernando in his fine garden



Before they send the boys back they want them a little fatter. So the mess sergeant decided to have chicken soup. So I make noodles. The officer wanted to know who made the noodles. Fred Brestelli! 'Well, I'll be darn, I am going to eat over here,' the officers said. And so they brought a bowl and took some over to the officer's mess hall."

Fernando's self-education went beyond the kitchen. He also taught himself how to read and write, first in Italian, and then in English. "When I come to Sharpsville, I buy a **grammatica** (grammar book). Some words I don't know — I watch television, pick 'em up a lot."

Some words, like the word 'delight,' I don't know this word but I learn from a book. I got a letter from a lady, who wrote, 'I was delighted with your company.' I keep this word in my heart," Fernando said softly.

"I sent ten dollars to Roma for books. I sent ten dollars but they only send me a book worth 50 cents, yet they take the rest of the money. They send me a song book about romance and stuff like that. Anyhow, I got **Arrivaderci Roma**. Since then I started to read English," Fred explained.

Fernando also ventured into barber school 45 years ago. "When I was workin' the mill (in Sharpsville) I got sick and I went to a doctor. Later when I better, I decided to try barber school. I go in the morning — back in the evening — to a school in Youngstown."

"I went to work in a shop over there but I no stay, the man say to me 'Hey Dago!' I no can take that," Fernando said. "So I decided to come back home. I work with Mike Kristich. He was a good man. Later, I got my own barber shop on Main Street and Sixth Street. It was hard to pay the bills. So I decided to quit. I just cut my family's hair," said Fernando.

Fernando returned to the mills after his career as a barber. He first went to Valley Mould to work as a member of the electrician crew, but did not last there very long.

Fred tells why: "I like to shovel sand — a job on the floor. I no be an electrician. I no can't take it. I can dig a ditch, make a mould, but I no can climb up there. I am no use to that. So I quit. Then I go to Sharpsville Furnace."

Fred retired at the age of sixty-six. He had worked at the railroad roundhouse, a job which terminated with World War II; then he temporarily worked at the water company, and later on, Fernando was employed by the Malleable, from which he retired.

"You see, I couldn't do my job anymore (shoveling sand) because of my back. I went up to the retirement office to retire. I lost a pension because I did not have enough time," Fred explained.

"I was a widower when I retired," he said. Fernando who had married Theresa on Dec. 27, 1919 had two daughters, Maria and America. So now Fred lives alone in his eight-room house, living only off his Social Security. Fred said that he does the best he can.

"I made the garden. Make my own noodles. Make my own bread." And he still sings.

Fernando is glad that he moved to America. He jokes: "Over there (in Italy) I never had a penny in my blue jeans, but today, I have fifty cents!"

In a more serious vein, Fernando admits: "When I was young, I like America too well — you see I happen to be married — the first child, either boy or girl was going to be named 'America.' She change her name because it is funny to be called 'America,' but on my letters, she signs her regular name, your daughter, 'America,' (although) she calls herself 'Mickey'.

Fernando Brestelli is now 83 years old. Yet the self-assertiveness and independence so characterized by his youth still shines through his ruddy, sun-weathered cheeks and laughing eyes.

As Fernanco aptly concludes:

"I don't want anybody to take care of me. I want to do everything myself. I no can stand somebody doing up for me. You understand?"

Yes, Fernando, we understand.

Italian Proverbs

*Think of the last step,
but be sure to take the first.*

*Wanting all
loses all.*

*Even a small flower
is a sign of affection.*

*Serve not to others
whatever is unpalatable to you.*

*Those who sympathize with troubles of others,
will find their own diminish.*

A prized possession is not to be borrowed.

The best word often remains unsaid.

*Heed all advice,
decide alone.*

Se Dio Volle — (If God will).

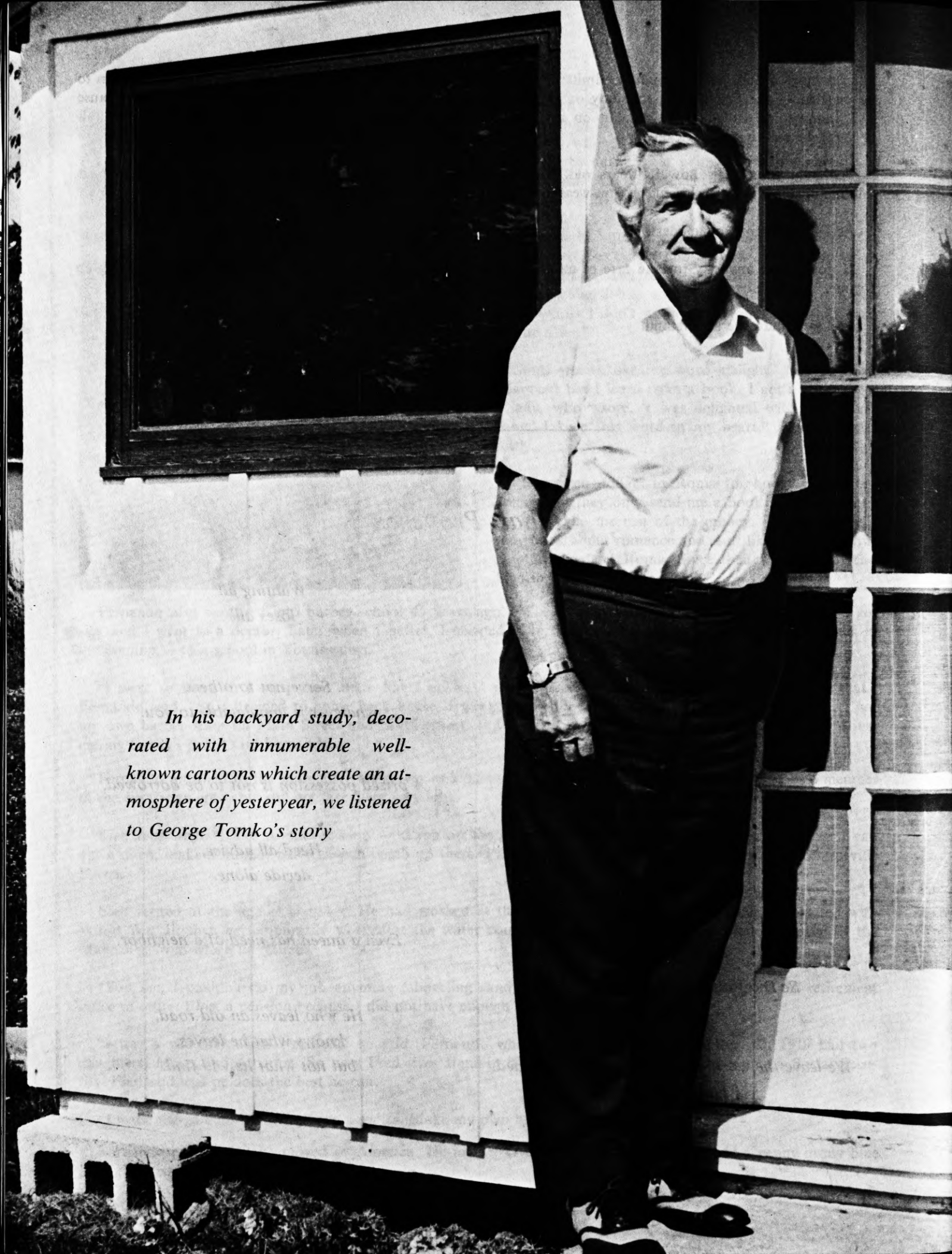
Even a queen has need of a neighbor.

We leave the world as we enter, empty handed.

*He who leaves an old road,
knows what he leaves,
but not what he will find.*

Memories of George Tomko

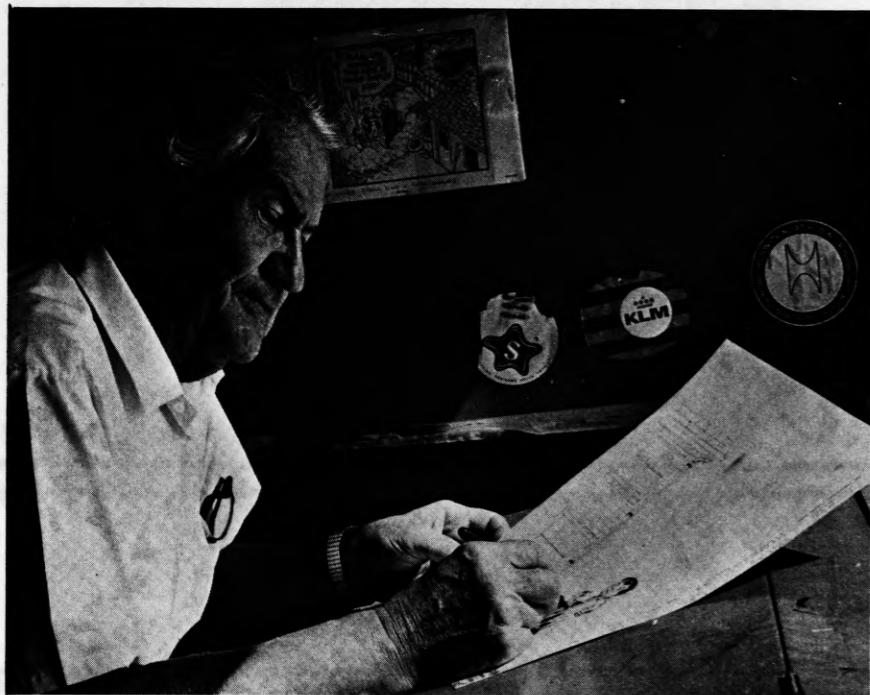
by Ruth Ann Slater



In his backyard study, decorated with innumerable well-known cartoons which create an atmosphere of yesteryear, we listened to George Tomko's story

George Tomko's parents came from Austria-Hungary in the early 1900's and settled among the Slav people on Florence Street, Sharon, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Tomko was born. He has many fond memories of his childhood and enjoys reminiscing about those carefree days. Besides being an artist, he enjoys singing and remembers when he and his youngest sister would do the supper dishes and harmonize while singing a popular song. When he joined the seminary in 1925, he sang with their quartet. After ten years in the seminary, he returned to the Shenango Valley and started work in the Sharon Post Office. He "joined up with a local orchestra and was on the radio on Sunday afternoons during the World War II years. They sang such songs as "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World," "Johnny Doughboy" and "I Found My Rose in Ireland."

*Mr. Tomko retired from the Post Office in February, 1973 and enjoys gardening and continues to sing, mostly in the church now. He has a shelter in his backyard where he retreats to draw his monthly cartoon for the **Sharon Herald** which gives the people of the Shenango Valley a glimpse of what life was like in earlier days.*



"I'd practice, practice"

Here is George Tomko's story as he told it to us:

"My dad first settled in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. He worked in the coal mines for awhile. When he came to this part of the state, he worked at the old Stewart Iron Furnace. I used to visit every now and then when I had to take my dad's lunch bucket down to him.

"My mother and dad first lived in what we call "down in the valley," down by the railroad tracks. They lived in so-called "company houses" near the furnace. I remember them. They were all built in the same fashion, style. Painted red. From there, they moved up on to Florence Street. That's where I was born and raised.

"I received my early education in Illinois and later attended high school in Sharon, Pennsylvania.

"I left high school during my sophomore year since I wanted to attend a missionary society. I left the seminary in 1935 and graduated from Westminster College in 1936.

"I've been drawing ever since I can remember. Since I was six or seven years old. When I was about ten or eleven, I used to draw Indian heads. I mean, being a youngster, you felt like adventure. We used to go to the movie and see the Indians. I just kept drawing. I used to copy a lot of the funny papers, especially Maggie and Jiggs. I used to like Maggie and Jiggs. I used to copy, sometimes, the whole Sunday comic section. I'd color it with watercolors.

"That's how I spent a good many evenings. Of course in those days we didn't have places to go like they do now.

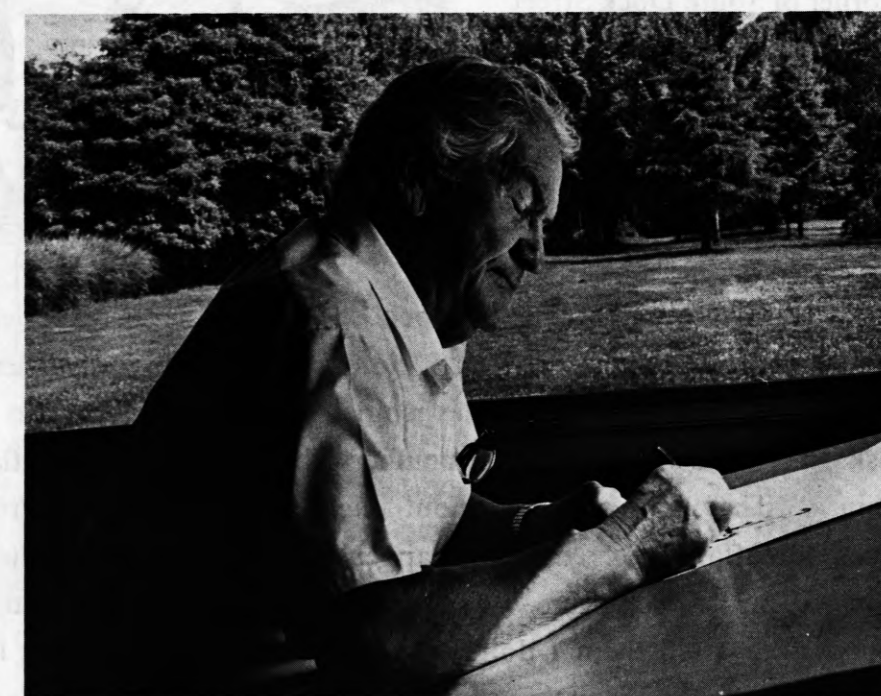
"I remember in the dining room, we had one of those low-hanging lights over a round table. I'd shut the door, because my mom and dad would have company. In those days, the neighbors used to visit. Two or three doors down, they'd come up and visit. They'd just sit there by the table and talk and talk. Maybe they'd have coffee or tea or something like that. But they'd spend the evening in conversation. That's how I spent a good many of my evenings, under the dining room light. I'd practice, practice. If you start drawing a vase and flowers or something like that, just keep doing it over and over again. Eventually you are going to get it into a drawing that looks good. So it just means practice, practice. That's all there is to it.

"Of course, when I got older and I was out of school I would subscribe to magazines. I still have some in my possession and find articles in them that apply to the present.

"Of course, I always like to look back to when I was a kid . . .

"What really got me started in the **Herald**, was the fact that there were so many articles in there about war and crime . . . It was so pessimistic. So I wrote to the editor and asked him if he would like to try some of my drawings. I drew that first one about the old swimming hole and added a few sentences. I sent it in. He said he would accept them all and was delighted to have something like that."

"Since 1969, I've been trying to send one cartoon every month to The Herald"





George Tomko in His First Pair of Long Trousers

HE PICKED THE WRONG PLACE TO SHOW OFF HIS EASTER SUIT.



MEMORIES OF THE FLOOD OF MARCH 13, 1913

"A view of the devastating flow of the flooded Shenango River from the corner of South Dock Street and Budd Avenue."

"Hardly ever has it happened, after I had them in the paper, that I didn't get a phone call or letter from some people. They ask me, 'How do you remember those things?' They will tell me about such and such an affair or event that happened. I'll say, 'Well, I wasn't there. I can't write about it.' I always tell them I don't want to make anything about something that I myself

never experienced or was in contact with. This way I get to tell something about what we did when we were kids, and I illustrate it with a little drawing of some kind. Since 1969, I try to get one out once a month. I get many interesting letters because of these drawings. So, it's interesting to me. It's a good hobby. I like to draw."

WEDDING SERENADES

"A wedding in those days gave the youngsters in the neighborhood an opportunity to serenade the newlyweds. The sooner we collected our loot, the sooner peace and quiet returned to the neighborhood."



JITNEY BUSES

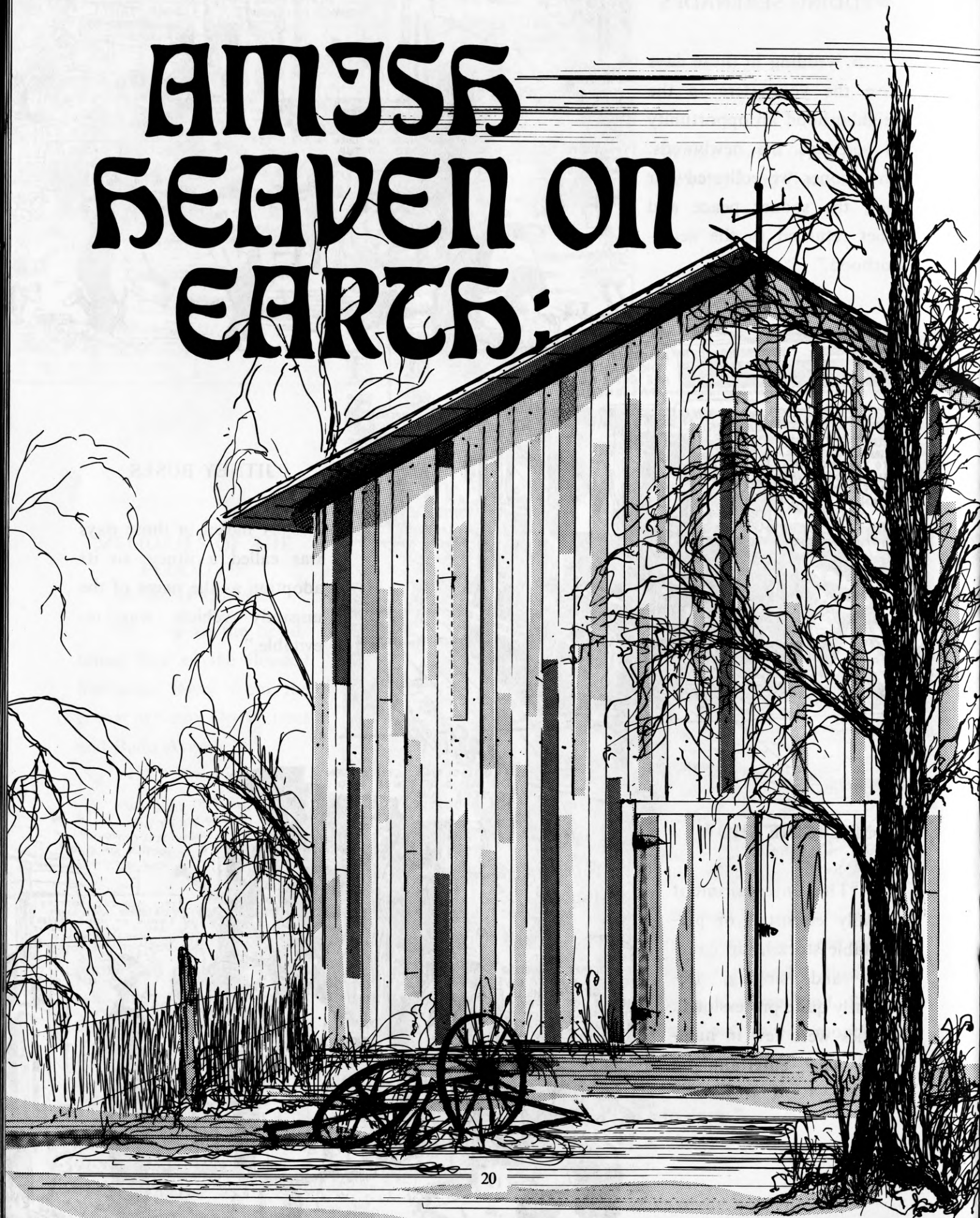
"A nickel in those days was called a jitney, so its adoption as the name of the ungainly vehicle was inevitable."

MEDICINE SHOW

"The entertainment usually consisted of presentable stories, tap dancing, and singing, frequently quite professional. Critics were few in number: The entertainment was free."



AMISH HEAVEN ON EARTH:



AMISH HEAVEN ON EARTH

by Thomas Wilds

The ethnic background of the Amish is unique. One of the oldest of the ethnic groups, they have not been pressured into accepting the ways of the typical American community life. Many similar groups have disappeared, while others have undergone radical changes as they come in contact with our ever advancing, mechanized society. The use of the distinctive Amish language, dress, and religious convictions tends to preserve their image and quiet way of life. In a country as standardized as the United States, it remains a difficult task to remain unaltered in a society that leans toward maintaining a strong group identity.

"BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD, BUT BE YE TRANSFORMED BY THE RENEWING OF YOUR MIND THAT YE MAY PROVE WHAT IS THE GOOD AND THE ACCEPTABLE AND PERFECT WILL OF GOD."

If you've ever driven through an Amish community you cannot help but be aware of its distinctiveness. The Amish people follow a doctrine of nonconformity to the rest of our modernized world in their dress, furniture, farming methods, language tools, books, and ways of life in general. The Amish use none of our modern conveniences: they use no modern machinery, no electricity, no running water, no plumbing or even telephones.

The Amish speak a German dialect

but write in English. Children speak only English at school. The young are taught the standards of the community. Religious beliefs constitute the main core values of the Amish community. In the community, people share a common intimate relationship with one another. "The good life", as it is referred to, is the way of life for the "chosen people of God". With practical knowledge and hard work, a good living can be made from the soil. The Amish self sufficiency is the key to their way of living.



THE QUIET OF LIFE

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE FUELISH WITH THIS ONE.



Amish live by these ways and teach them to their young. They do not retaliate against hostility. They show no violence or even bad habits. Their religion is their way of life, not just an activity as it is for many others. The rules of the Amish church are very specific in regard to our present life styles. They forbid such things as electrical appliances, worldly dress, worldly amusements, decorative items, musical instruments (although singing is a big event in the community), working outside of the Amish community, luxury items of any kind, automobiles and tractors with inflated tires.

An Amish woman's work is never done: housework, farm work, cooking, sewing, canning, gardening, painting, milking, caring for the family. Although she has voting rights in religious activities in the community, her role is a subordinate one. For

her, satisfaction is a benefit of hard work. The canning of food consumes a large part of the wife's time during the summer months when fruits, vegetables and meats are preserved for the winter months. In the eyes of the Amish it is the duty of a good Christian to keep himself separate from what they believe to be the satanic kingdom that dominates our present world. One gentleman had but this passage from the Bible to pass on to me:

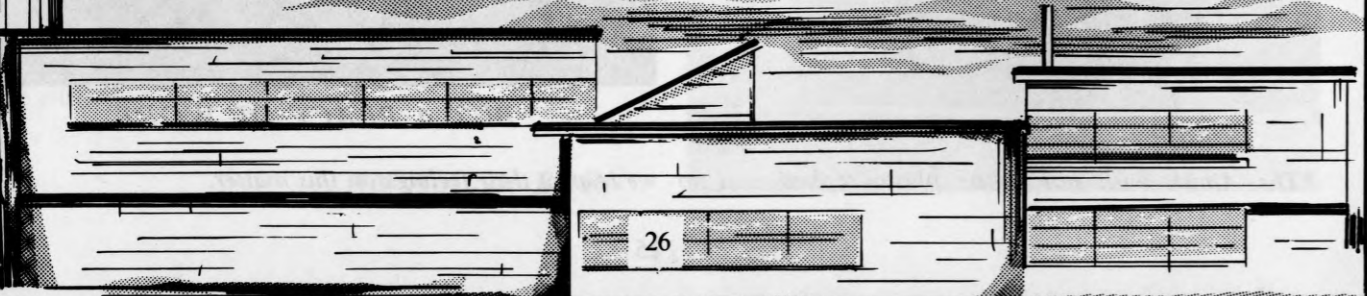
"Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind that ye may prove what is the good and the acceptable and perfect will of God."

Romans 12:2

Amish preaching and teaching emphasize the need for a separation from the world in order to carry on a Christian life.

a
working
class
hero
is
something
to
be

J. Lennon



A WORKING CLASS HERO

by Henry Michaels
and
Corinne Antley

Four intricately hand-carved model stagecoaches, hundreds of wooden cups and an assortment of beautifully finished furniture provide convincing testimony for that old truism that "a happy retirement is a busy one."

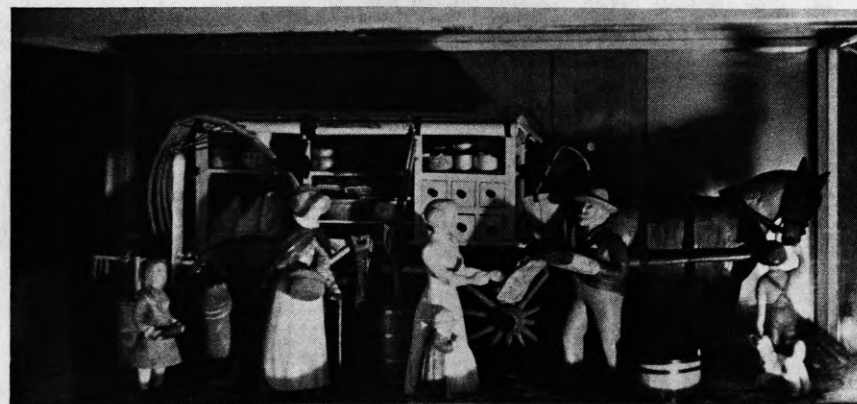


Hand Carved Stagecoach

The craftsman behind this impressive demonstration of skill is a former German immigrant who began his carving almost three quarters of a century ago while employed by the Diamond Match Company. Charles Pullam is his name and he is 93 years old.

Never one to while away his afternoons with a pipeful of tobacco and a vacant smile, Charles Pullam first learned to appreciate the value of free time while working for the railroad as a telegraph operator. Of those years Mr. Pullam says, "It was mostly 12 hours. Then when eight hours came, that was something I couldn't believe. In all that time I had one Christmas off in 45 years."

Charles Pullam decided to carve his first stagecoach one evening when he got tired of reading and was looking for a way to pass some time.



Another Work of Art

"I had a hard time getting a plan for it," admits Pullam. He sent away for a couple of plans but found they wouldn't work. In desperation he remembered that there was a real stagecoach in a Harrisburg museum he could look over and use as a model.

"My wife and I went down to Harrisburg," said Pullam. "I took a pad of paper with me but they had it fenced off. You couldn't get close to it."

Never one to admit defeat, Charles Pullam began guessing at the measurements and noting his approximations on a piece of paper. Finally he had a bit of luck. A guard whose first reaction was a suspicious "What are you doing?" softened and offered to let Mr. Pullam in to do his figuring.

"You go right in there," he said, "and you take all the measurements you like".

Pullam recalls, "I went in there and I stayed there for an hour and a half."

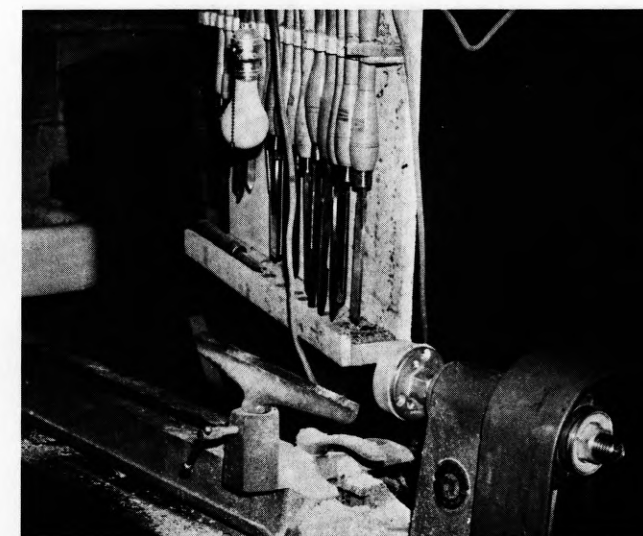
Measurements in hand, Pullam came home and sketched his idea out on paper. Three hundred and thirty-seven hours after he began, the first stagecoach was completed. Two of the coaches are on display and can be seen at the Nightingale Inn which is owned and operated by members of the Pullam family.

Not all of Pullam's creations are planned in such a painstaking manner. Of a knick-knack shelf he made he says, "I just started scratching something and that's what I ended up with".



Furniture of All Kinds

Much of Pullam's work is done on a lathe rather than carved with a knife. One exception is the pair of horses he made for his stage. He explains that he overcame the difficulty of making them the same size with the help of mathematics.



Pullam's Lathe

"I took a course with the International Correspondence School in Scranton, Pennsylvania" says Pullam. "I thought I was foolish at first for doing it, but, no, by golly, the young fella today, if he doesn't know it in his head, he is lost".



At Work

"I keep my mouth shut," he says. "I don't do much talking when somebody's

working. I leave them go. I watch them close and if I see any mistakes I don't tell them. I went to a fella's house one time and he was just an ordinary fella and he was putting a room on his house. He was no carpenter and I went up there to visit him . . . and he put all this finish on, I wouldn't tell him that. I told him he did a good job. I wouldn't want him to feel bad and it would. That would be on his mind for a long time."

A sign of the tremendous amount of labor put into his hobby is the fact, that, after years of steady use, his metal tools are pretty much worn out. With a spark of humor Pullam remarks that if he had sold his stuff instead of giving it away he would not only be able to buy new tools he would be better off than Nixon, but then again as he quickly added, "I guess I am anyway."

Charles Pullam and his dog



THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW

The Polish spirit is the spirit of song, the song of sorrow, of courage, and of an everlasting nature. And that song which most typifies the Polish spirit is the little hymn called the Heynal, which is sounded hourly from the tower of the Church of Panna Marja, or the Church of the Trumpeter, in Krakow. Its sweet notes rise from a trumpet whose brass bell is clearly discernible from the street many hundreds of feet below. At the end of the little strain is a sudden breaking off of the melody, in what the Poles call the Broken Note. The story of this song and the Broken Note is known to many people throughout the world. It is a story of a youthful watchman who played a trumpet in this tower, when the Tartars were besieging the city, far back in the year 1241. He did not leave when the city was taken and burned, for he had a Tartar arrow which sped from the hostile bow below him. He was playing at the time he was shot and he tried to finish the Heynal as he had sworn. His life ebbed slowly away and he sounded a last note which was broken off when death overtook him. From that day to this, the Krakow trumpeters have finished the Heynal on the Broken Note.

This story had a miraculous sequel in the year 1943, 702 years later. A Polish historian, whose word cannot be doubted had been a prisoner in Russia and was on his way with other soldiers to Palestine, when they happened to stop for the night in Samarcand. They were approached by a greatly excited priest from the Mosque of Mahomet which lay on the edge of the city.

"Are you from Lechistan?" (the old name for Poland), asked the holy man. "We are." "And do you believe in God, your old God?" "We do. We have priests; we carry the Cross." "One more question. Have you trumpeters among you?" "We have." The priest grew more and more excited. Finally he cried out, "Then will you do us a great favor, will you have your trumpeters come to our Rynek (marketplace) tomorrow evening and play in front of the Mosque, at the place where lies the tomb of the great Timur Khan?"

"What shall they play?" "The sacred hymn that is played from the balcony of the great church of your land every hour. I do not know its name . . ."

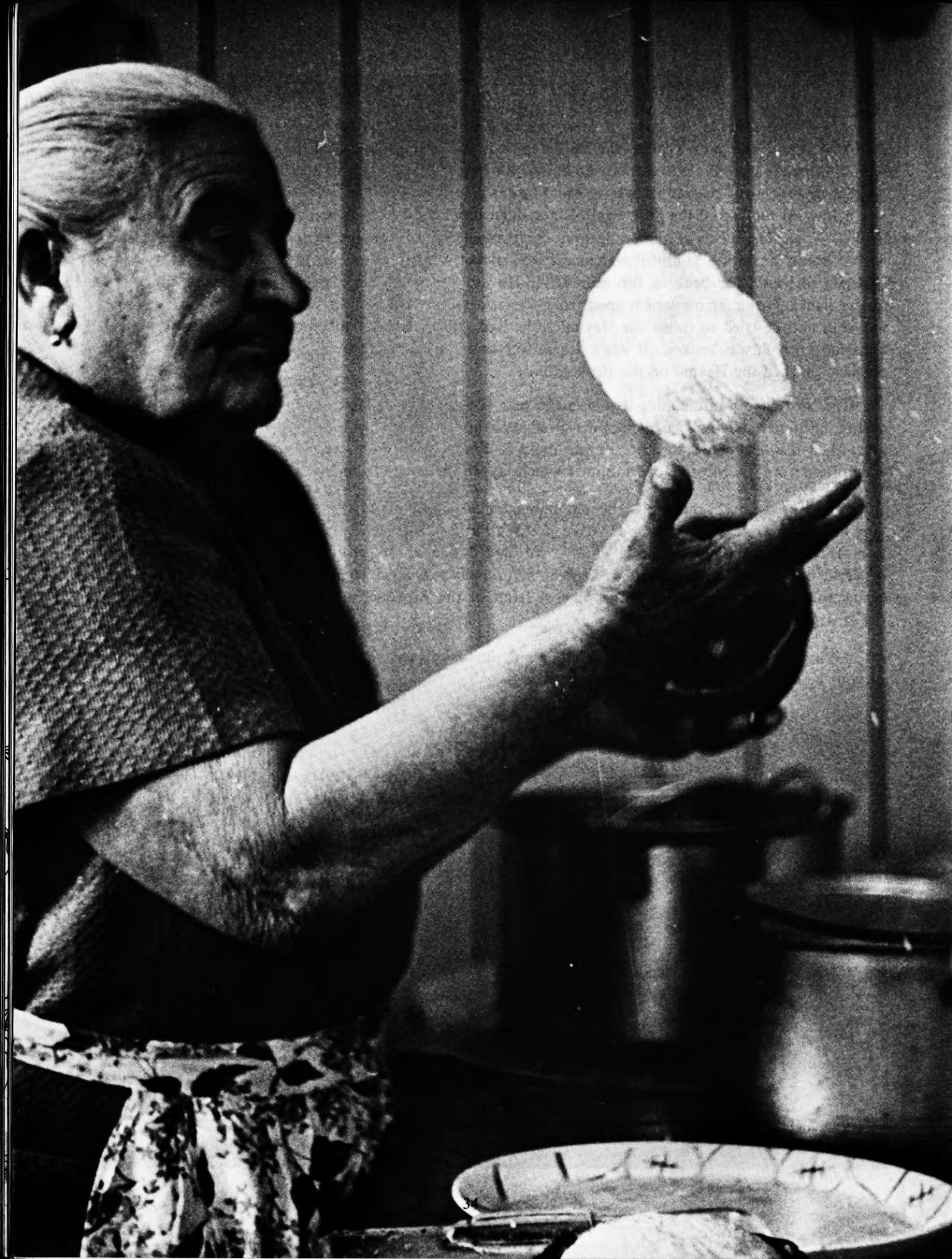
"Oh, that must be the Heynal," said one of the soldiers. "Yes, our trumpeters will gladly play it for you."

The priest burst into tears and hurried away. The next evening the square was crowded with the inhabitants, all of them descendants of Tartars. Excitement was visible everywhere. Young and old fell on their knees before the four Polish trumpeters sent by their commander, kissing their hands and coats. The trumpeters did not know what it was all about, but they advanced to the tomb of the great Tartar leader, and played the Heynal. After the first playing they were asked to play it again, and they complied.

The scene then became indescribable. The whole city went into a transport of joy. The old priest explaining said to the Poles, "That removes the curse of our race. It happened 702 years ago that one of the warriors of the Tartars shot a bow and killed a Lech (Polish) trumpeter while he was playing the sacred song. After that day a curse fell upon our land. We were defeated in battle, enslaved and an old prophet of that day said that the curse would not be taken away, until soldiers from Lechistan believing in the old God, and bearing trumpets, should play the same tune before the grave of Timur Khan. Thus the prophesy is fulfilled."

The Trumpeter of Krakow who died 702 years ago, for his country and his faith, is still helping to bring peace to a troubled world.

The following was printed and distributed at the Spring '75 International Folk Festival in Pittsburgh.



An Italian Tradition

Cheese Making...

-By Mary Conti-

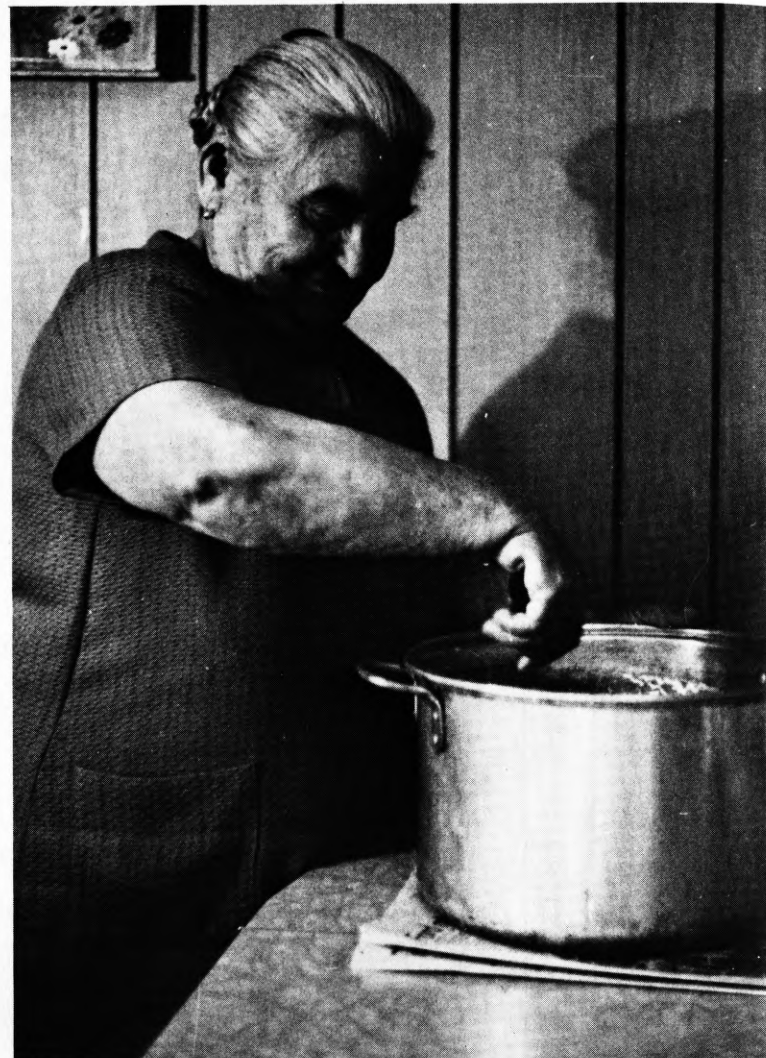
If you look beyond the sauces of the Italian cuisine, you will find a basic flavor ingredient, cheese. If you wish to find a little piece of "the old country", you need not look any further than the kitchen of Mrs. Arcangela Conti of Sharon, Pennsylvania. At age 73, Mrs. Conti is still making cheese the way her mother taught her when she was only ten years old.

Basically, Mrs. Conti makes two kinds of cheese, Sweet Basket and Ricotta. It is very interesting to note that one is produced from the by-product of the other. Waste is not a part of the old Italian culture.

During our interview with Mrs. Conti, she busied herself repairing the baskets she used as molds for her cheese. She then took us into her kitchen where we witnessed her cheese making.

"Italian Sweet Basket Cheese"

To make three, 10 ounce baskets of cheese, Mrs. Conti uses two gallons of raw milk and two Rennet tablets. The first step is to dissolve the Rennet tablets and put them into lukewarm milk. When the milk forms one big curd, you break the curds and let them settle to the bottom of the pan until the milk is all clear.



Dissolving the Rennet tablets

Mrs. Conti is very particular concerning both the ingredients and the containers which she uses for cheese making. The milk, for example must be raw. The baskets were handmade in Italy and were brought to this country by Mrs. Conti shortly after World War II. All other equipment is spotless also.



*Pressing
and
Turning*

After it settles to the bottom of the pan, you collect the curds and put them into the baskets, pressing all of the water out of the basket. This process takes about one half hour. You keep turning the cheese and pressing it until all of the liquid is out.



Breaking the Curds



Salting the Cheese

SALT AS A CURE!

Salt is added to the mixture in the basket and you place the baskets in a pan to allow any remaining liquid to drain from them. When it has been in the basket a day or two, it is referred to as sweet cheese and then it begins turning into cheese. The longer it ages the stronger the cheese gets. When you take the cheese out of the basket, it is salted on both sides and let dry. The salt preserves the cheese.

The Cheese Ages



"Ricotta Cheese"

About one pound of Ricotta cheese is made from the leftover milk of the basket cheese, plus two cups of raw milk, two tablespoons of salt, and two tablespoons of vinegar. To make Ricotta cheese, the whey (the liquid part) is taken from the sweet basket cheese recipe

and two cups of raw milk are added to it. This mixture is then brought to a boil. To the boiled milk are added two tablespoons of vinegar and two tablespoons of salt, which has been dissolved in a cup of warm water. Bring this mixture to a second boil and wait until it gathers and floats to the top. A spoon with holes is then used to skim the Ricotta cheese from the top of the liquid. The Ricotta is placed in a dish and left to cool. When it has cooled it is ready to eat.

Buon Appetito!



Italian Proverbs

*Where there is pleasure,
there should be prudence.*

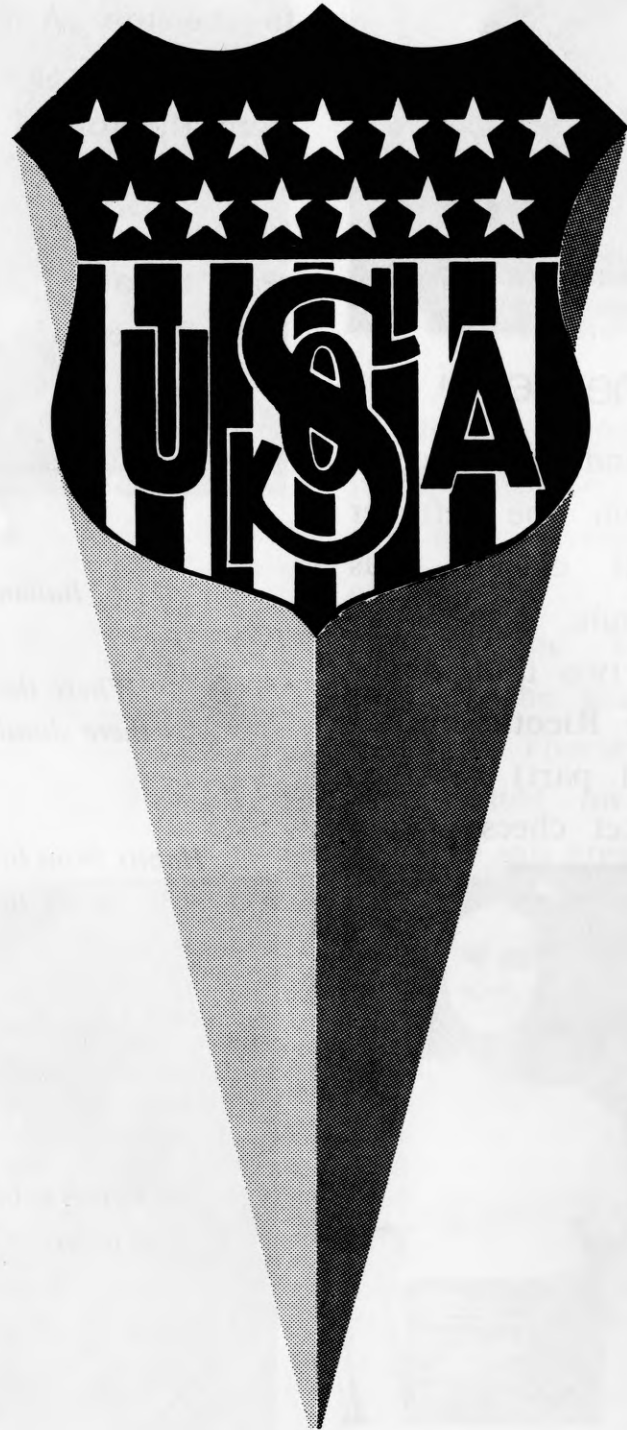
*Habits from birth last until death,
make them all good.*

*Appearance is nothing,
behaviour is all.*

*Not to think before acting,
is to invite a sigh of regret.*

A GATHERING OF FALCONS

SOKOL USA



The Sokol Gymnastic Movement and the Valley's Role in It

by Al Krochka

"The author Al Krochka gathered most of his material for the following essay through interviews with leaders in the Sokol movement in this area, who not only gave generously of their time but also supplied him with the documents and historical information necessary to compile the following account."

On February 14, 1865, ninety-six years before President John F. Kennedy established the Council For Physical Fitness in the United States, a group of Czech immigrants to St. Louis, Missouri, organized the first Sokol Unit in America. Only three years previously they were members of the first society of SOKOL in their native land of Czechoslovakia, embracing the philosophy of its founder that, in order to gain and retain freedom,



Al Krochka

a nation must be healthy and strong, physically and morally. Though strangers in a land where they were neither understood nor recognized, often ridiculed but barely tolerated, they adopted it as their own. And as has been indelibly branded on the mind of every Sokol since that day, they were guided by the idea, "This great land owes you nothing but the chance to develop to the pinnacle of your ability. For that opportunity you owe it everything."

Within a few years Sokol units were formed in all the cities inhabited by Slovak immigrants, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Rio Grande.

Early in 1906, a group of Slovak Pioneers in the Shenango Valley applied for affiliation with the Sokol organization and on June 10, 1906 they became members of the Slovak Gymnastic Union Sokol, Lodge #103. Why would a group of Slavic immigrants fleeing oppression from a Slavic country form an ethnic group in another land? These people, regarded as "different", were isolated by the established community which looked down upon outsiders for talking, dressing and behaving "funny". So the ethnic fraternal society was invented to meet needs of immigrant groups. A local lodge was a place where people could meet with their own kind, wear old country dress, speak the mother tongue, and follow familiar customs — without being persecuted or laughed at. The society also provided some measure

of financial security: in the event of illness, death, or other misfortune, all members chipped in to help those less fortunate than themselves. But why choose the Sokol? More to the point, what is Sokol?

Sokol originated at a time when the Czech nation was recovering from the almost fatal consequence of the Thirty Years War. Being then one of the most respected nations in Europe, it lost its independence during the struggle for religious freedom in the 17th century and was subjugated to the Hapsburg Dynasty which endeavored to destroy the Czech national character. The middle of the 19th century saw again a revival of Czech cultural life. However, a young professor of history at Charles University in Prague, Dr. Miroslan Tyrs, realized that a truly characteristic national life could not be achieved within the Austro-Hungarian empire; that sooner or later the Czech nation must free itself, even perhaps through the use of arms. But the problem was how to achieve a union of the people forbidden to form political or social organizations, serve in the army, attend school beyond

a few years, or in any manner, to serve in an organizational capacity. At the same time, he realized in order to gain and maintain freedom, a nation must be healthy and strong, physically and morally. To this end he sought to educate his nation and begin its physical and moral regeneration. He intended to achieve this through physical education and to attain this goal; he founded in 1862 a society called Sokol. The name means "falcon", a bird known for its courage, endurance, speed and its love for soaring high above. It was taken from the old Slav tradition of naming heroes "Sokols".

When groups of people sprang up around the country, flapping their arms and legs and gyrating their torsos, they presented no threat in the eyes of their political masters. But Sokol was not to be only a gymnastic society: physical education was to serve as a means to multiple education. The means, the teaching methods, the organizational principles involved, and the structure — all these were but a part of the overall educational goal. This goal of Sokol education was for healthy, moral, and efficient men, aware of their responsibilities toward the nation whose welfare would be paramount. In other words, Education Toward Conscious and Active Citizenship. This education was aimed at enrolling the largest number of citizens, young and old, and instilling in them the principles of democracy and love of country.

Through the physical education system created by Dr. Tyrš, self-confidence, courage and competitiveness became a byword among the people; teamwork and organizational capabilities were developed. At the height of the Sokol movement in Czechoslovakia, 8 million out of a population of 13 million men, women and children were enrolled. Small wonder that toward the close of World War I, organized Sokol groups disarmed the troops occupying the country and held them for the Allied Forces. When Czechoslovakia was proclaimed a democracy, the results of Dr. Tyrš's philosophies and efforts quickly manifested themselves. The transition to a democratic form of government was orderly, without the struggle for power, bloodshed or strife which so often accompanies the emergence of new nations. The service rendered by Sokol was well recognized by the grateful nation. Sokol national holidays were established and the Sokol idea became part of the nation's culture, a living symbol of democratic and freedom loving forces in the nation.

Cognizant of their influence, the Nazis disbanded Sokol, jailed 20,000 leaders, and put thousands to death. The Communists also disbanded it in 1948 when they found it impossible to use it for their own purposes. Additional thousands of Sokols were jailed for refusing to serve the Communists with the Sokol program.

Though Sokol #103 in the Shenango Valley began working together in the ideals of brotherhood in the early days, the only sources of recreation were dances and plays. The Sokol aim of development of the physical, spiritual, moral, and cultural enlightenment of its members through active participation of young and old was not as easily achieved. Occasional gymnastic exhibitions were put on, with a limited number of gymnasts. But ideas for concentrated gymnastic exhibitions in those early days were not very encouraging. In 1906 there were very few trained gymnastic instructors. Pittsburgh and Cleveland had trained instructors, but traveling difficulties in those days restricted movements of these experts from place to place. Membership began to drop and the lodge was in danger of breaking up.

One of the charter members, Brother Michael Evan, took over as president at this time, and decided that definite action must be taken. With the assistance of a few other dedicated visionaries such as Andrew Bobby Sr. and Michael Lucas, a concentrated drive to regain lost membership and enroll new ones was begun. They enrolled men like Paul Stupka, Paul Krivosh, John Betts, and Michael Bobby in their cause. They secured the services of Martin Cervenak, an organizer in the Slovak Gymnastic Union Sokol, National Headquarters. Through his determined efforts the Farrell, Pennsylvania, lodge began to grow in strength and achievement. By 1913, not only Slovaks but others began to take notice of the Slovak gymnastic Union Sokols. During an exhibition in Cleveland, the Farrell gym team met Brother Paul Gallick. Brother Gallick was a wonderful instructor in calisthenics and a champion instructor in apparatus. In gymnastic circles he was known as "Professor of Gymnastics". In 1915 he agreed to come to Farrell, and through his tireless efforts Farrell Sokol Lodge won second place in the men's division of regional competition. At this point Brother Gallick left the Farrell lodge to return to his home lodge. But a better example of the brotherhood, and cooperative spirit prevailing through the Sokol society could not have been found. He boosted and guided the early destinies of the lodge. Farrell Lodge #103 could not repay Brother Gallick or any of its early Sokol Pioneers for the wonderful cooperation and untiring efforts in helping to put the Slovak Gymnastic Union Sokol in the highly respected position it holds in our country today.

During the same year, 1915, the Sokol lodge was instrumental and active in the construction of the Slovak Home, headquarters of Lodge #103 to the present day. During this same year, and after Brother Gallick left, Brother George Hammrack was named Gymnastic Instructor of the lodge. One of the top instructors of his day, he came from Pittsburgh, and under his leadership a Juvenile Department was established. Within three weeks children were doing calisthenics and apparatus drills. Brother Hammrack left Farrell, in 1916, with a great sense of pride, knowing that he had helped in advancing the aims of Farrell Lodge #103 in the gymnastic and administrative fields of fraternalism. From that day, the Farrell Sokols were to stand on their own, with instructors to come from within their own ranks, prepared by schools sponsored by the National Organization.

One of the first home town instructors was Brother Stephen Petrick Jr., who held the position for 5 years. He was followed by John Kvocak as Director, and Brother John Beca as his assistant. In 1922 John Beca became Director of the Gymnastic Department, and faithfully served for 12 years. Under his leadership the Farrell Gym Team took many prizes in competition, and became known, not only in our National Organization, but in gymnastic circles throughout the country.

Brother Beca's star pupil, George Zipay, became his successor, and under his leadership and training, was produced one of the finest gym teams in the Sokol Organization. He had every reason to be proud when his team placed in the Senior Men's Division in the National Competition.

Other gymnastics instructors were George Madura, Nick Zipay, Edward Zipay, and Ted Zipay. (You will note that this Zipay family was very active in the Sokol movement.)

In 1954 under the combined directorship of Stephen (Sinko) Banjak Jr., Stephen Petrick Jr., and Andrew Churlik, Lodge #103 gymnastic team won honors in National Sokol Competition held in Chicago. In 1955 many top awards were won in Cleveland, Ohio.

In 1962, four male and four female gymnasts of Farrell Sokol Lodge #103, accompanied by instructor Banjak were members of a team which performed in Hungary. One of the local female gymnasts, Diane Kurtz, received a long, standing ovation for her "free" exercises.

At the present time Lodge #103 is under leadership of Stephen Banjak Sr., president and supervisor of the gymnastic and calisthenic training program, a veteran of 45 years in the Sokol movement. Another 40-year veteran is Treasurer Adam Krukar who also served as an instructor for many years. He also serves the National Sokol Headquarters on the finance committee and as a trustee.

The aims of the Sokols in the Shenango Valley were the same that guided the development of the movement in Czechoslovakia. Dr. Tyrš believed that people must be properly brought up, educated and prepared for the duties of citizenship. Physical education seemed the best way to create a "complete man", physically, mentally, and morally fit. By conducting this physical education on a large group basis, the necessity for cooperation, the need for proper organizational methods, and the spirit of togetherness, were established. The individual identifies with a group on a basis of a truly democratic principle: "One for all and all for one." He becomes aware of his responsibility as a person and a member of the team. Self-discipline, so vital in the development of youth, is achieved early by an active Sokol youth. There were the days when Joe Evan and George and Mike Zipay (as teenagers) worked all day on the golf course under a boiling sun, then proceeded to walk the three miles toward their homes. But they walked straight past their homes and another mile to the Slovak Home because it was drill night on the horse, the parallel bars, and the rings.

In the gymnasiums as well as summer camps, children develop their minds and bodies. They find the stimulating social environment of their equals where they put their imagination to constructive uses, in developing abilities of leadership and initiative. Their experiences lead to development of self-discipline, self-reliance, responsibility, awareness of one's duties to himself and to his fellow men, and, above all, loyalty and patriotism to his country. Consequently, there have been no delinquents in the ranks of the Sokols. And NO Sokol has ever been rejected as physically or mentally unfit to serve his country in time of need. Such an outstanding record for citizenship and patriotism could not have been achieved had not maximum effort been exerted by all Sokols in a united effort to achieve a main objective of the organization, "A gymnasium for every Sokol Community".

Though the Sokol fraternity began in Czechoslovakia, and in the United States was also organized by Czechs, it was later adopted by Americans of their Slavic origin — Poles, Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Ukrainians



Sherry Summersgill, R.D. 3, West Middlesex, Pa., age 11, member Farrell Sokol Lodge #103, does a Lever on the beam during gymnastic practice at Slovak Home, Farrell, Pa.

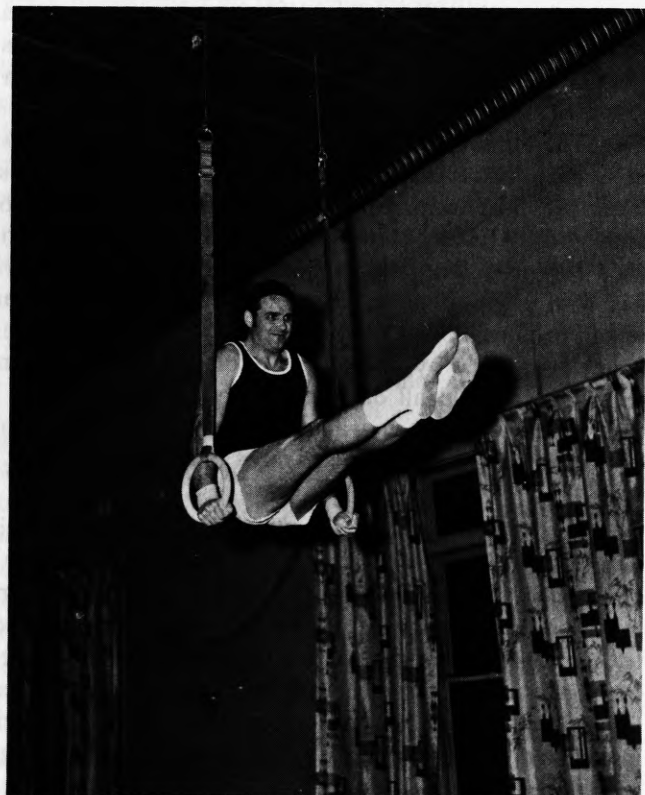
Competitions on group and individual levels are held at meets or "Slets", as the Sokols call them. There are district, regional and National "Slets". Districts or regional Slets are held at the discretion of local organizations. A National Slet is established once every year by some branch of Sokol — U.S.A. when performers gather from all over the country. These Slets have drawn as many as 30,000 Sokols. International Slets were held in Czechoslovakia until 1948 after which they were abolished by the Communists. The stadium in Prague, Czechoslovakia, in 1948, drew a total of one million spectators during the week's festivities, to watch 370,000 participants in group calisthenics and individual gymnastic exercises. Certain parts of the program had over 30,000 participants performing at one time.

In uniting the American heritage and the Sokol ideals in the hearts and minds of their members, the Sokol organizations have contributed greatly to the welfare, safety and freedom of the United States. The United States Armed Forces adopted the Sokol Calisthenic method of developing and maintaining physical fitness. During World War II hundreds of Sokol Instructors were utilized by the Army to establish sound physical fitness programs in the training camps.

American interest in gymnastics has increased ten-fold in the past two decades, chiefly because of the impact of the Olympic Games. Most colleges and

and Russians. The Poles call themselves the "Falcons". Originally, to qualify for membership, it was necessary for one to be of Slavic origin. But in order to truly exemplify the spirit of democracy, membership is now open to anyone irrespective of race, color or creed. To further demonstrate unity of purpose, ideals and a true spirit of fraternalism, various branches of Sokol organizations have united as SOKOL U.S.A.

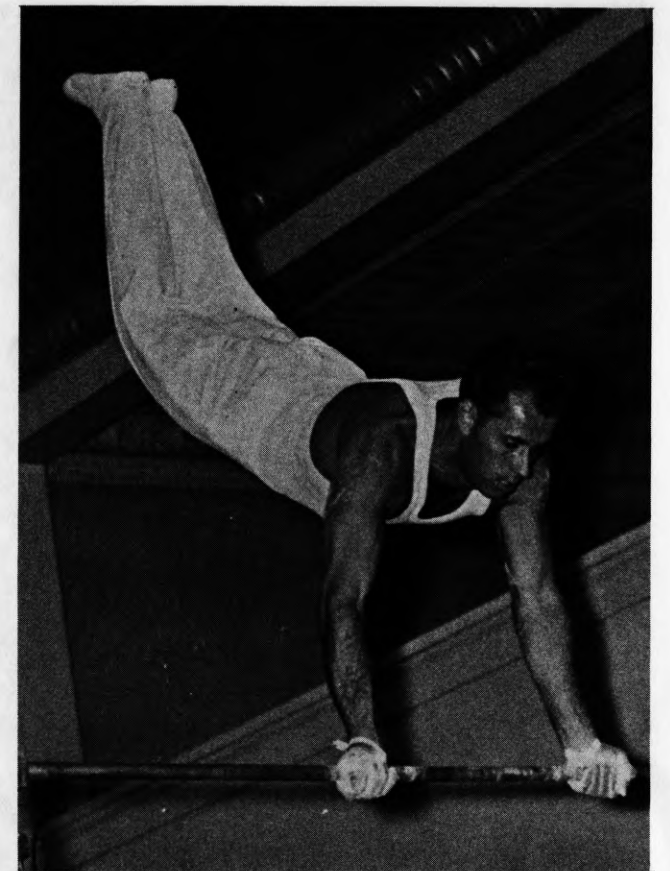
Participation in calisthenics and gymnastic events on a National level is the ultimate goal of Sokol youth. But, as is the case in every worthy endeavor, much hard work and self-discipline lie ahead of the aspirant. At least twice a week practice is held at the Sokol hall. There for a period of at least two hours children as young as seven years old practice gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, individually and in groups, under the watchful eyes and helping hands of qualified instructors. Many years may be necessary before a boy or girl is skillful and confident enough to perform on apparatus such as the "horse", "rings", "beam", "parallel and unparallel bars", etc. Sokol summer camps have been established, under the supervision of expert instructors, where skills can be further developed, and ideas and techniques exchanged.



Don Patrick of Farrell Sokol Lodge #103 performing a L Lever on the rings.



Tammy Parkany, Sharpsville, Pa., age 14, Farrell Sokol Lodge #103, doing a Leg Hold on the beam.



Unidentified man swinging on the parallel bar.

universities as well as high schools have adopted a gymnastic program. A large number of the instructors in our schools, as well as the trainers for Olympic prospects of the future, have come from the Sokol Organization. Brother Stephen Banjak Jr., a member of Farrell Lodge #103, is presently the gymnastic instructor at Slippery Rock State Teacher's College.

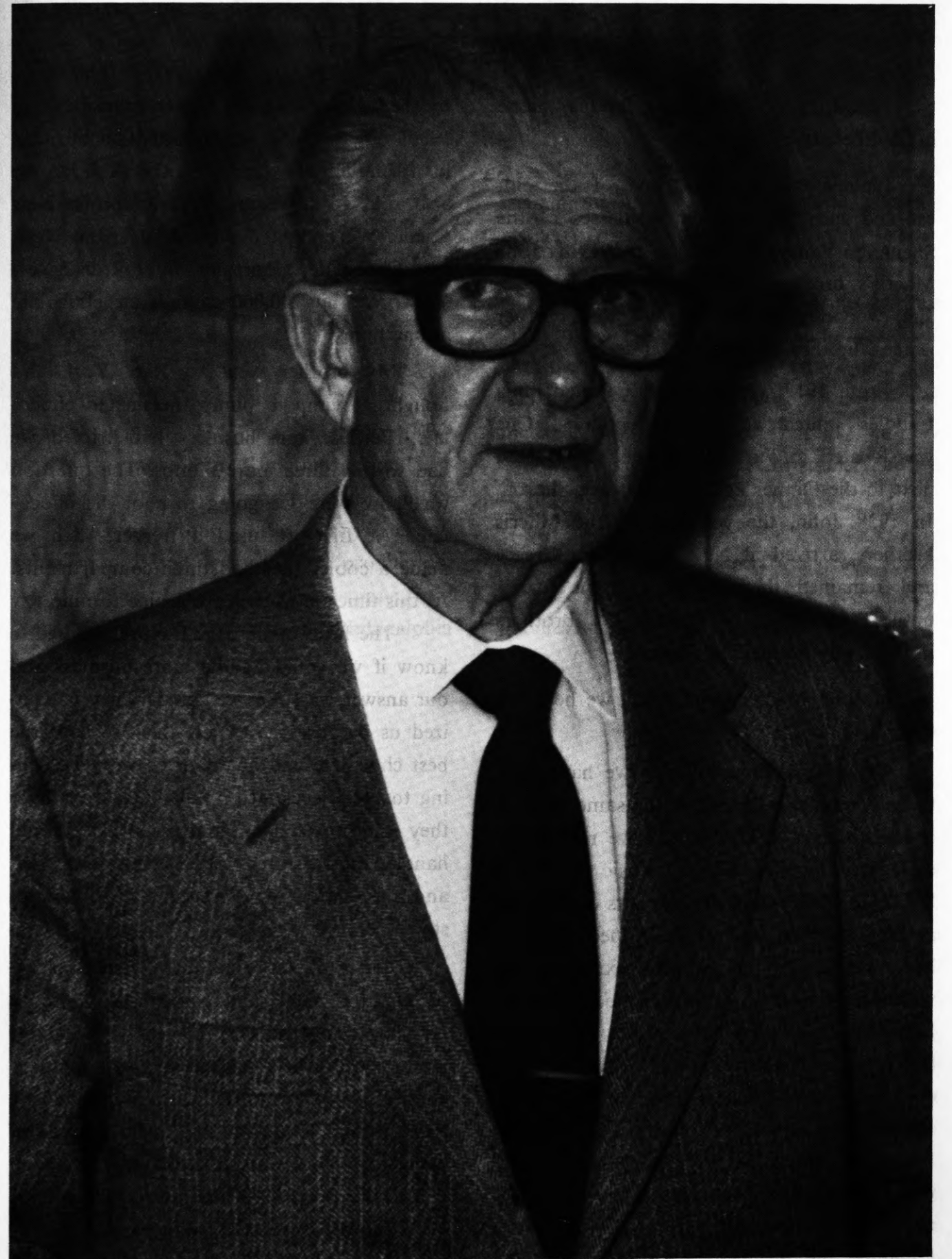
In 1965, on the 100th anniversary of the Sokol movement in America, our country, in recognition of the great contributions the Sokols had made to health and well-being and for their devotion to democracy and human freedom, honored the movement by issuing a special Sokol Centennial Postage Stamp in Washington, D.C.

Slovak Gymnastic Union Sokol Lodge #103 of Farrell can proudly share in this honor for its contributions to the Shenango Valley during the past 70 years. Its membership has proved that people can be loyal, patriotic Americans without forsaking their ethnic heritage.



Sokol Postage Stamp

THE MACRIS STORY



SUCCESS IN CANDY

by Juliana Sofranko

Philadelphia Candies is a familiar name in the Shenango Valley.

Philadelphia Candies, one of the oldest and most prosperous businesses of the Shenango Valley, was started in 1919 by John Macris's brothers Steve, who died in 1952, Jim, who died in the late 40's, and brother Louie who died in 1963.

From 1919 to the late 40's Philadelphia Candies rented at several locations. One was located in Farrell and one was located next to the Dinner Bell in downtown Sharon. In 1938 John, the youngest of the Macris brothers, arrived at New York from Greece and remained there working as a furrier until 1945 when he joined his brothers in the candy business in Sharon.

In John Macris' own words we hear his story:

"At Philadelphia Candies we have kept the old way. We have used the same kind of chocolate since 1932. In 1919 we rented the store that is now King's Music on State Street. In 1920 one of my brothers came here, and it was then that he developed some of his own candy recipes. He experimented with these recipes for about eighteen months. Little by little we learned about the candy business. In 1929 during the crash, we lost everything and then we had to start from scratch. It was a lot of hard work. In 1939, I was 36 years old and I decided that if I was to succeed in life I would have to work no less than sixteen hours a day. In 1945 I entered the business and bought out my

brother Louie's share of the business in 1960. My son Spyros joined the business in 1970. Then we sold to the A & P. We also sold to stores in Warren and in New Castle. We bought our chocolate from Nestle's Chocolate Company in Fulton, New York. We buy 40,000 pounds of chocolate at one time.

"My brother went to New York and bought a pump to pump the melted chocolate. Because our business had tripled we had to buy three more pumps. The question was how were we going to cool the chocolate? At first we used a freezer, then we made a cooler that had three compartments. At this time we worked from nine to nine.

"The head of the A & P stores wanted to know if we could handle more business and our answer was, 'Yes we could.' They patronized us because they knew that we used the best chocolate and at this time we were selling to the Cleveland division. One year later they came to us again and asked if we could handle more stores. We again said 'yes' and this time they gave us the Pittsburgh stores.

"Our store at 138 State Street was becoming too small and I was looking for a new location that was bigger. In 1959 we almost lost everything because on January 18 or 19 in 1959 it started to rain and then we had the big flood. We lost 5,000 pounds of chocolate. This was just delivered the day before the flood. We also lost 3,000 pounds of finished chocolate products and Easter eggs. The only candies that were saved were

the Easter bunnies. It was the chocolate Easter bunnies that kept us from losing the business. At this time I said that before I died I would move my business up the hill. With God's help I found a new place. When the flood came I stayed at the store for thirty-six hours and went all of this time without sleep. The water was up to my knees. We had to keep the store closed another ten days before we could get everything cleaned up again.

"In 1960 I found this place that we are in now, here at 1534 East State Street. We started to move our Christmas machinery to the new location. It was too late to move the Easter ones too. In 1961 we had everything moved and were in full production. At this time I asked the salesman from Nestle's Chocolate to represent Philadelphia

Candies. He was director of sales, and with his help we increased our sales again. We sold to Sparkle Markets, Grant's, A & P stores.

"In 1965 or 1966, there was a carpet cleaning business next to us. We bought this property to add space to our business.

"We have used the same formulas since 1929 and we have used the same grade of chocolate since 1932. We never changed this and I will never change. We still use the old ways. At Easter time we employ about fifty people and at Christmas time we employ about twenty to twenty-five."

Thus customers come from near and far to purchase Christmas candies and Easter bunnies at Philadelphia Candies.

A PICTORIAL ESSAY OF MACRIS CANDY MAKING



Anna Tzotis—Feeding Conveyor



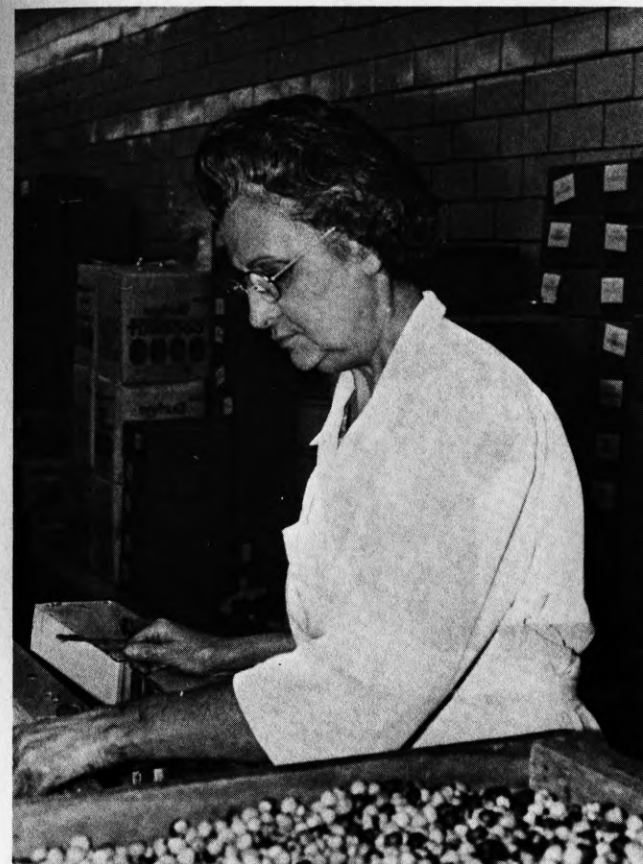
Angie Karavolias—Feeding Conveyor



Victoria Muraca—Feeding Conveyor



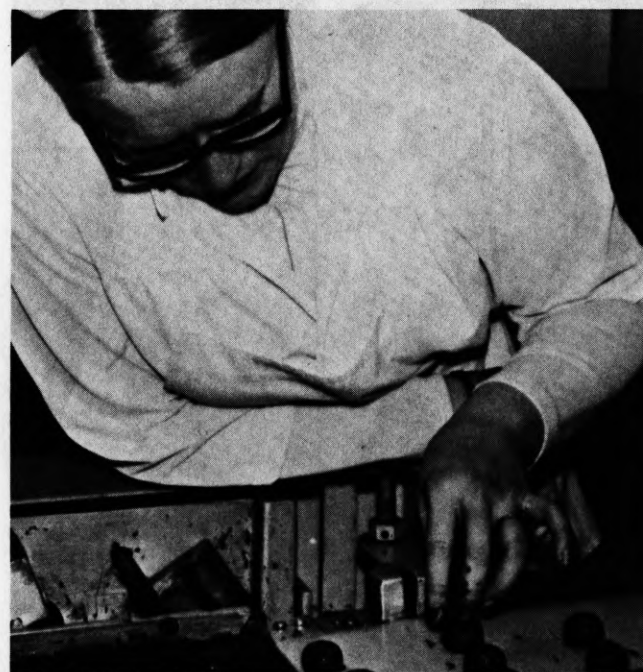
Conveyor with Candy to be Chocolate Covered



Helen Gutowski—Feeding Conveyor



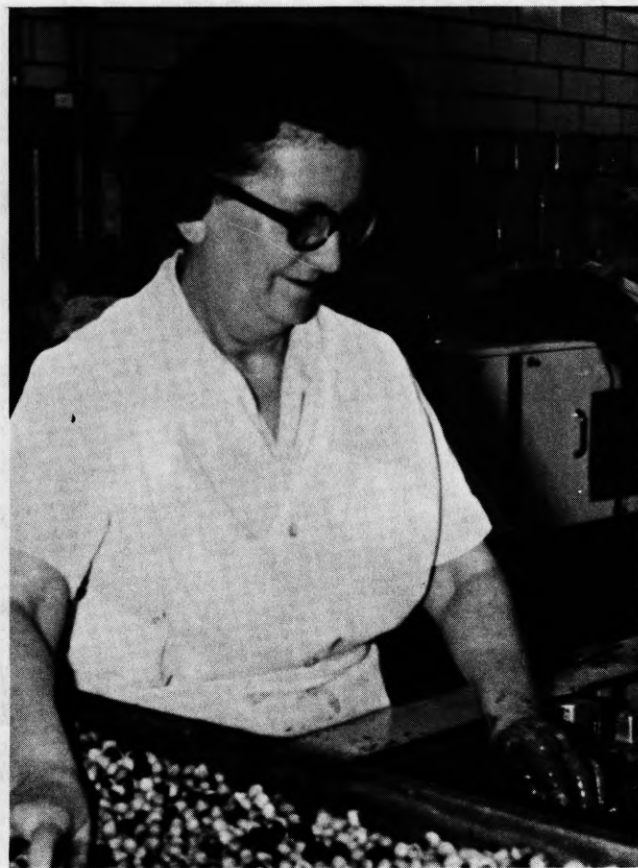
Karleen Sotus—Hand Dipping Chocolates



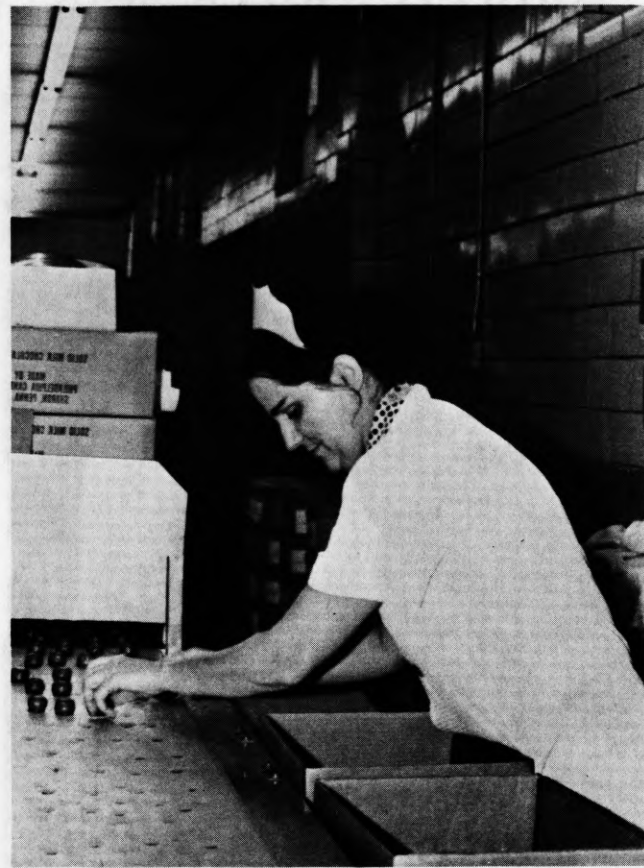
Bonnie Dallus—Putting the Design on Candy



Feeding Nuts to Conveyor



Minnie Whiteman—Feeding Nuts to Conveyor



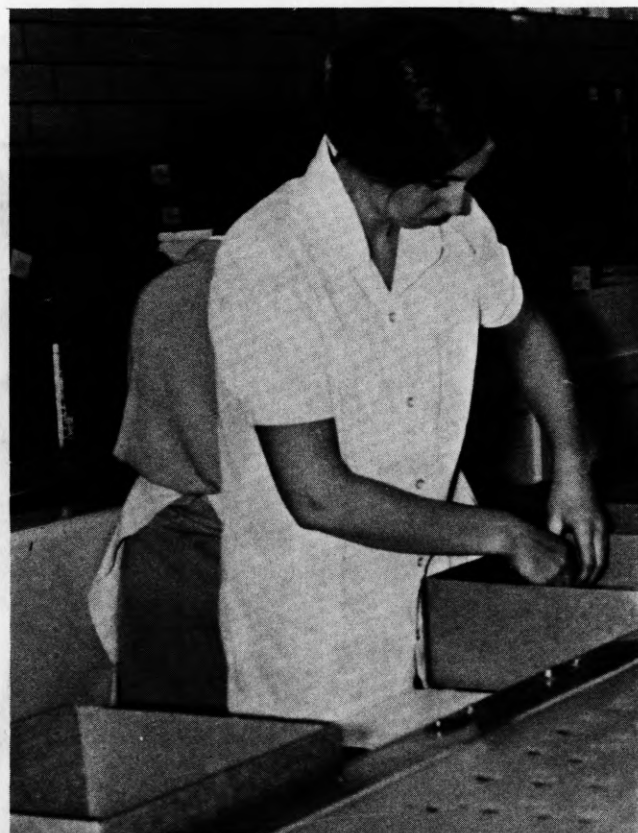
Carmela Spadafora—Removing Nuts from Conveyor



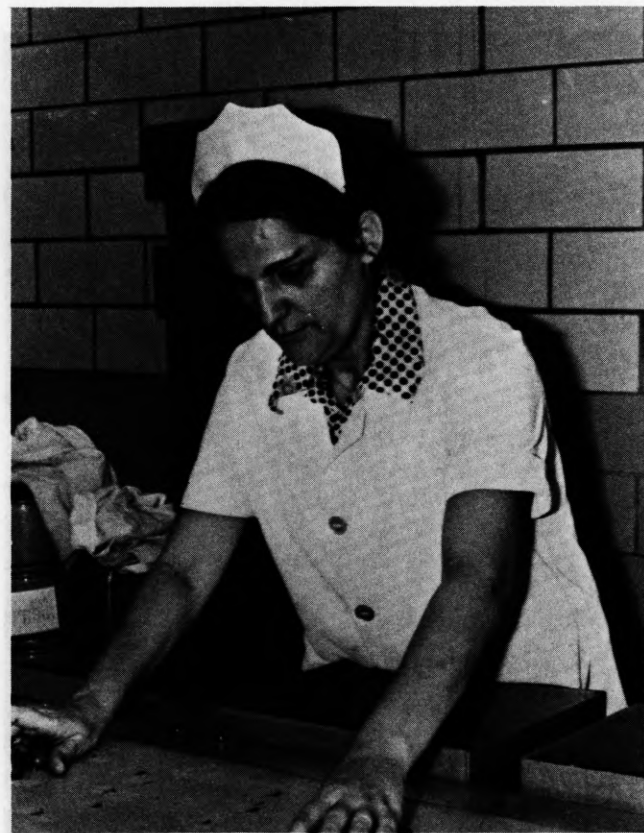
Anastasia Kladitis—Designing Candy



Candy on Conveyor being Designed



Cheryl Graham—Removing Candy from Conveyor



Carmela Spadafora—Removing Candy from Conveyor



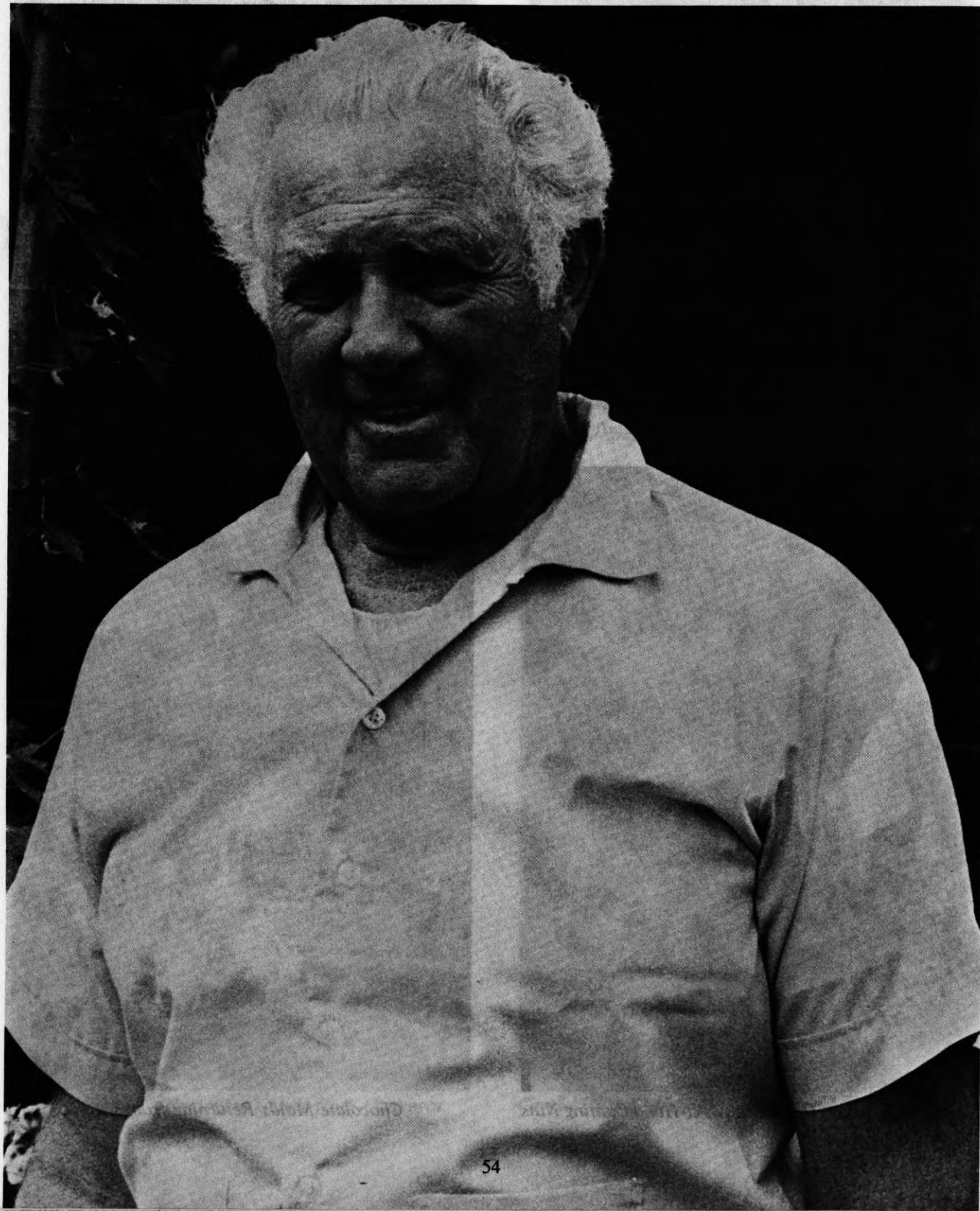
Minnie Whiteman, Helen Gutowski—Hand Coating Nuts



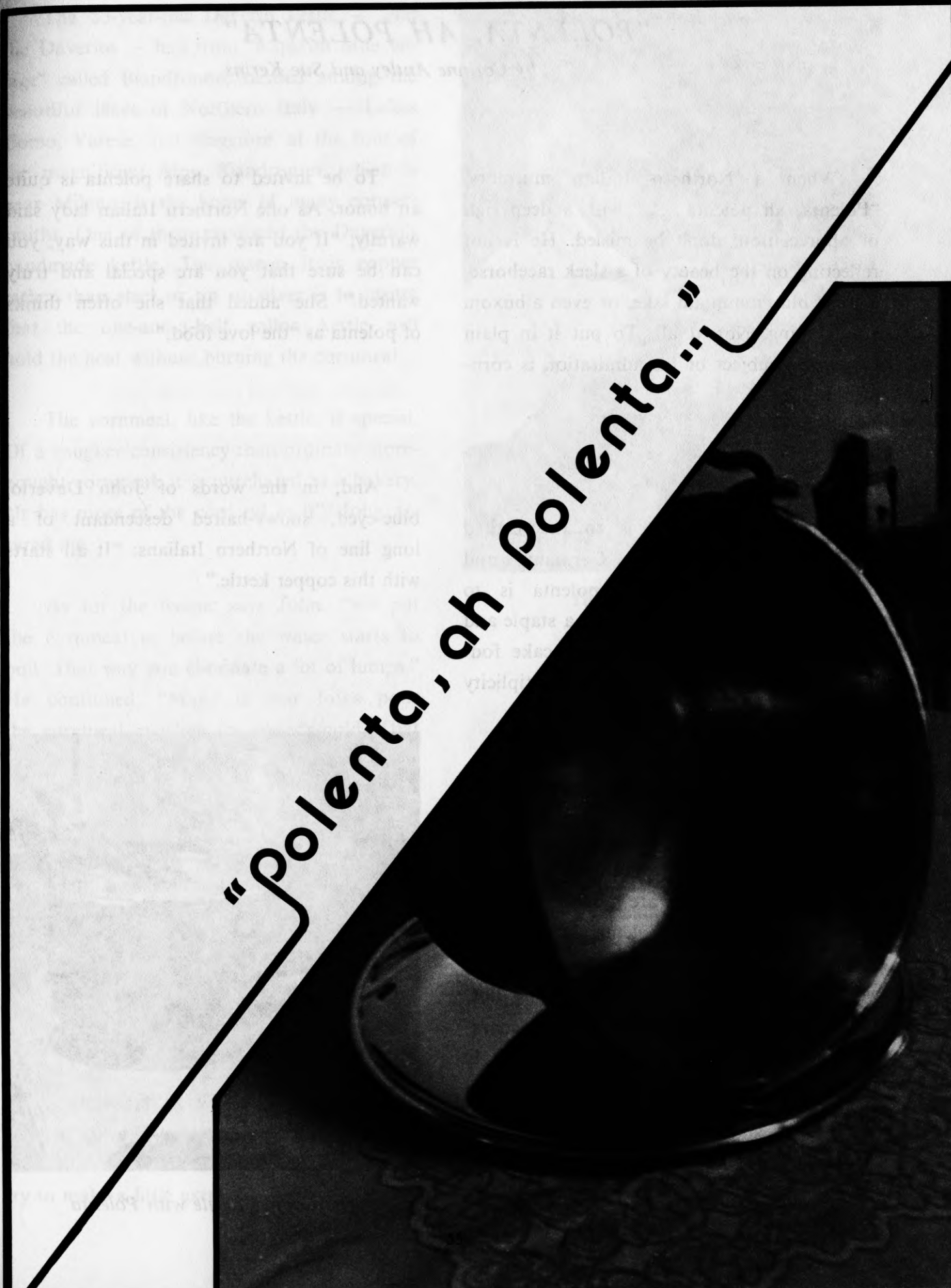
Chocolate Molds Returning from Cooler

A Touch of Quaint Biandronno

by Sue Kerins and Corinne Antley



"Polenta, ah Polenta..."



"POLENTA, AH POLENTA"

by Corinne Antley and Sue Kerins

When a Northern Italian murmurs, "Polenta, ah polenta . . ." with a deep sigh of appreciation, don't be misled. He is not reflecting on the beauty of a sleek racehorse, a clear blue mountain lake, or even a buxom young thing. Not at all. To put it in plain terms, the subject of his admiration is cornmeal mush.

What a hamburger is to the United States, sauerkraut is to Germany, and crumpets are to England, polenta is to Northern Italy. That is, it's both a staple and a delicacy. It's the bread, the pancake fodder, and the raw material for a multiplicity of other fine fare.

Yet, most non-Italians have never heard of "polenta". Whereas spaghetti, pizza or even lasagne are popular entree's at many restaurants, polenta is rarely if ever served in them — perhaps because it would be difficult to serve it fresh and hot, in a restaurant, because of its long preparation time. To experience polenta (and it is an experience) one must be invited to the home of a Northern Italian.

To be invited to share polenta is quite an honor. As one Northern Italian lady said warmly, "If you are invited in this way, you can be sure that you are special and truly wanted." She added that she often thinks of polenta as "the love food."

And, in the words of John Daverio, blue-eyed, snowy-haired descendant of a long line of Northern Italians: "It all starts with this copper kettle."



The Copper Kettle with Polenta

The 53-year-old Daverio kettle — and the Daverios — hail from "a quaint little village" called Biandronno, nestled among the beautiful lakes of Northern Italy — Lakes Como, Varese, and Maggiore, at the foot of the magnificent Alps. Biandronno, which is near Milano, is the home of many copper-smiths. One of them produced the Daverio's handmade kettle. The reason it is copper rather than steel or tin or silver is to insure that the one-and-a-half gallon kettle will hold the heat without burning the cornmeal.

The cornmeal, like the kettle, is special. Of a rougher consistency than ordinary store-bought cornmeal, it is purchased at a bakery. "It has more of the corn oil in it", John assured me.

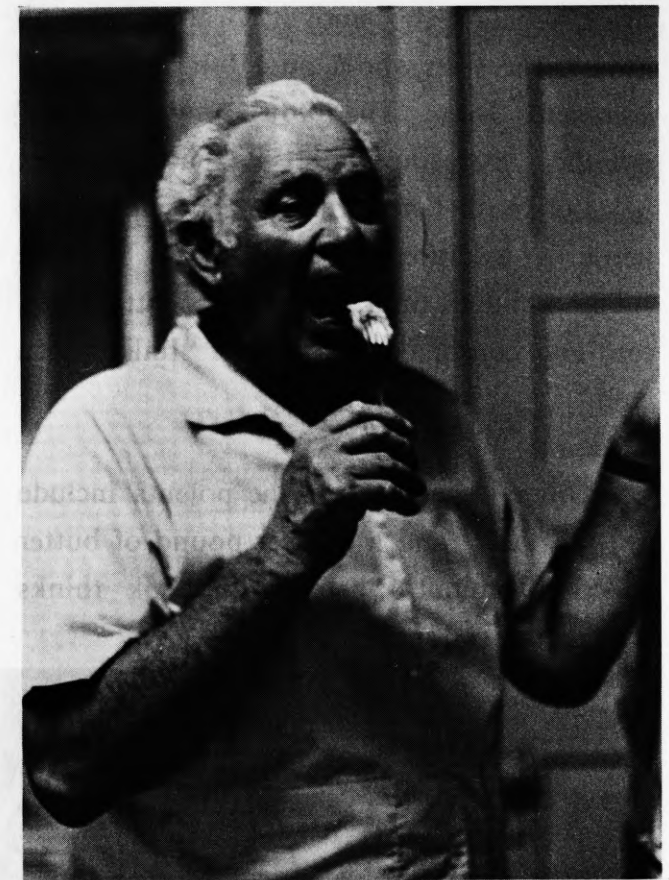
As for the recipe: says John, "We put the cornmeal in before the water starts to boil. That way you eliminate a lot of lumps." He continued, "Many of our folks pour the cornmeal in when the water's cold. That way you get no lumps whatsoever."

How much cornmeal?

"Oh, we have about three pounds of cornmeal in here and we may have to add a little more," says John.

Three pounds! Isn't that an awful lot of cornmeal?

John admits it is. "Oh this could serve . . . oh, we've served 20, as high as 22 people with this amount of cornmeal. We always try to make a little extra."



Tasting Polenta for Salt

The "little extra" can be saved to be eaten later instead of bread or fried in butter and topped with maple syrup. John's sister, Caroline, adds, "The polenta can be used as another breakfast food also. We sometimes eat polenta with milk as a hot cereal by mixing it to a thinner consistency than usual".

As the mush is cooking it must be stirred continuously. "You have to stir constantly so that it doesn't get lumpy", says John, "and so that it cooks equally". Endurance is a key factor in polenta-making because the entire process takes at least 45 minutes of this constant stirring.

"We cook this until it forms a crust all around the sides about an 1/8th inch thick," comments John. "Then you know it's done." Another interesting point is that the dried layer of mush that forms on the sides of the kettle is traditionally pried away by little Italian children (and some not so little ones, too) and consumed as a sort of "Italian corn chip."

Other ingredients of the polenta include salt "to taste" and a quarter pound of butter added 10 minutes before the cook thinks the polenta is done.

Italian men as well as Italian women are fine cooks. In fact, it is almost traditional that the gentlemen make the polenta. In the words of Caroline Daverio: "Although women can and do make polenta, the men of the family are usually elected to make it — especially large amounts since the kettle is very heavy." (With 1-1/2 gallons of water plus three pounds of cornmeal plus the kettle's own weight, it is not surprising.)

John Daverio cautions that Northern Italians favor a "white" sauce for their polenta, rather than the tomato sauce so commonly associated with Italian cuisine. Mushrooms, butter, and wine are a few of the sauce ingredients. (So who's to miss a few tomatoes?)



The Polenta is Poured

A particularly rich polenta can be made by adding cheese soon before the mush is cooked. "Brick cheese, swiss cheese or one of the Italian cheeses" are recommended by Mr. Daverio who notes that people from the province of Brescia are fond of polenta this way.

"Our family prefers the polenta plain," says John. They eat it with chicken or veal or sausage. Caroline reminisces, "When we were children we would eat the hot polenta with milk first and then with meat."

Finally the polenta feels firm to the touch. It is done. John's sister, Caroline, has spread a large white napkin over a plate. With a satisfied grunt John lifts the kettle over the cloth and pours. Nestled inside the cloth, which has been folded over, the polenta will stay warm until it is served.

When everything from the mushrooms to wine is ready at the table, Joe Daverio, John's younger brother, climaxes the ritual

by uncovering and slicing the polenta with a string into "man-sized pieces."

Eaten under a meaty sauce it is as all expected — superb!

"Polenta, polenta,
La bocca si contenta!"*

*Polenta, polenta,
The mouth-watering anticipation
is satisfied."



Corn Chips . . . and Satisfaction

TAMBURITZA

by

Al Suchy

Pearl Ann Longietti

Frank Egercic of Farrell, Pennsylvania, accompanied us on our trip to Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, to interview his good friend Nick Hayden on the making of a Tamburitza. It was Frank who supplied us with our general information about the Tamburitizens. He founded a local Tamburitza group in Farrell in 1954, a group which today consists of some seventy members who perform on various occasions in their brightly colored native costumes.



The T A M B U R I T Z A



Frank and Nick Examining a Work of Art

Referring to the type of Tamburitza known as a **prim**, Hayden states, "A friend of mine who had been making them for years told me what to do, so I made one **D-prim** and one **G-prim**. After that I took a liking to it. I've worked with wood all my life."

Hayden can only play the **prim** a little, by ear. However, he does not see this as a handicap. "If I played, I wouldn't have time to work on them." When we learned he has distributed the instruments in California, Chicago, New York, Quebec, Canada, and Youngstown, as well as Farrell, we agreed he needs all his time for manufacturing.

Hayden invited us into his workshop to witness the making of a Tamburitza, which proved not only very informative, but also very interesting.

When someone orders a Tamburitza, Hayden makes several. This gives the purchaser some selection. This we believe is a unique service in that most manufacturers would make just the one instrument. He explained, "Now if you came here and told me to pick out an instrument for you, I wouldn't do it. You pick out what you like, nobody else. As long as the instrument is good for **your** ears that's all that counts. You may like it and another guy does not."

The Tamburitza, the favorite instrument of the Croation people, originated as a one-stringed instrument sometime during the fifteenth century. The original instrument resembled a pear cut in half and its original name was **Samica** meaning "by itself" or "lonesome". This name came about because a shepherd played the instrument while he tended his flocks. Later on it became known as a **Dangobica**, meaning "passing of the day".

Nick Hayden, of Aliquippa, not only makes Tamburitzas, but also repairs them. "I would rather repair them than make them," he says. Hayden is employed elsewhere and does this as a hobby, a very enjoyable hobby. He became interested when his daughters were in a junior Tamburitza group. It soon became evident that the group needed someone to see that the young musician's instruments were ready to play.



The first step when ordering a custom made Tamburitza is to select the type of wood you prefer.

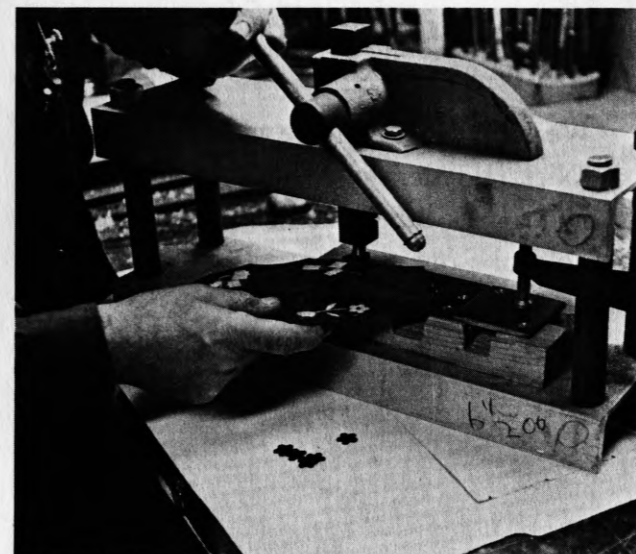
The tops are all made from spruce, either Bohemian or Yugoslav Spruce. However, the purchaser has a choice of rosewood, mahogany, maple, or zebra wood for the sides of the instrument. Hayden explains, "Spruce gives it resonance; it throws out the sound. The wood is cut according to the size of the instrument the customer wants. What I usually do is sand it down to the thickness I want. I have a bender that works on a gas flame. It's easy to bend, it is done in ten minutes.

Some people bend them on a pipe, a brass pipe, and then they work on a form, but that maybe takes two or three hours to get what you want. This system here, which I like, I get them done in no time. The wood I bend is called the box. Once I get it bent, I glue the box on the bottom and on the top. After gluing the box I glue a cork ring on the inside. That is to strengthen the sides and to glue the top and bottom on". Braces are glued on the backs before putting the body of the instrument together.

Bending the Box



Hayden puts butterflies or flowers on the scratchboard inlays before he glues it on the top. He has special home-made clamps he uses to hold the parts while the glue is drying.



Putting butterflies or flowers on the scratchboard

He next begins to work on fingerboards. Fingerboards are usually made from ebony or rosewood, but Hayden uniquely uses micarta. He says, "It's a beautiful material. I use a jig to cut it and it only takes two minutes. The tops have to be trimmed out to fit this in. Then I put the fingerboards in and sand it and position belts on the sides." He then drills holes for the sound and fills them with rosewood.



"My necks are made out of maple, birch, mahogany, or walnut. I cut the neck out and run the vibrator to get the shape I want. Then everything is glued together."



Using a jig to cut micarta

Hayden does not waste time. While glue dries, he goes on to other areas of the instrument. This time he began showing us how he shapes the neck of the Tamburitza:



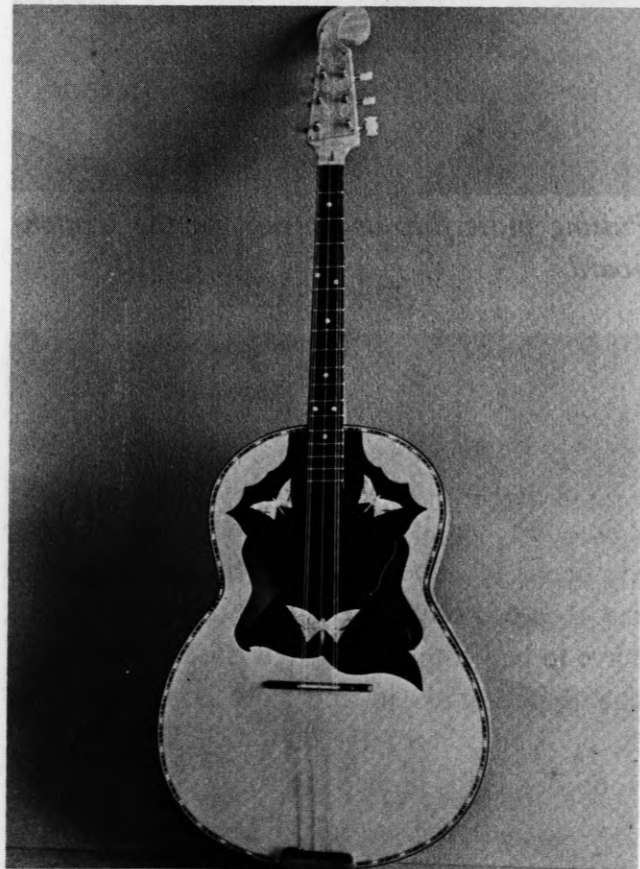
Setting the bridge

SETTING THE BRIDGE

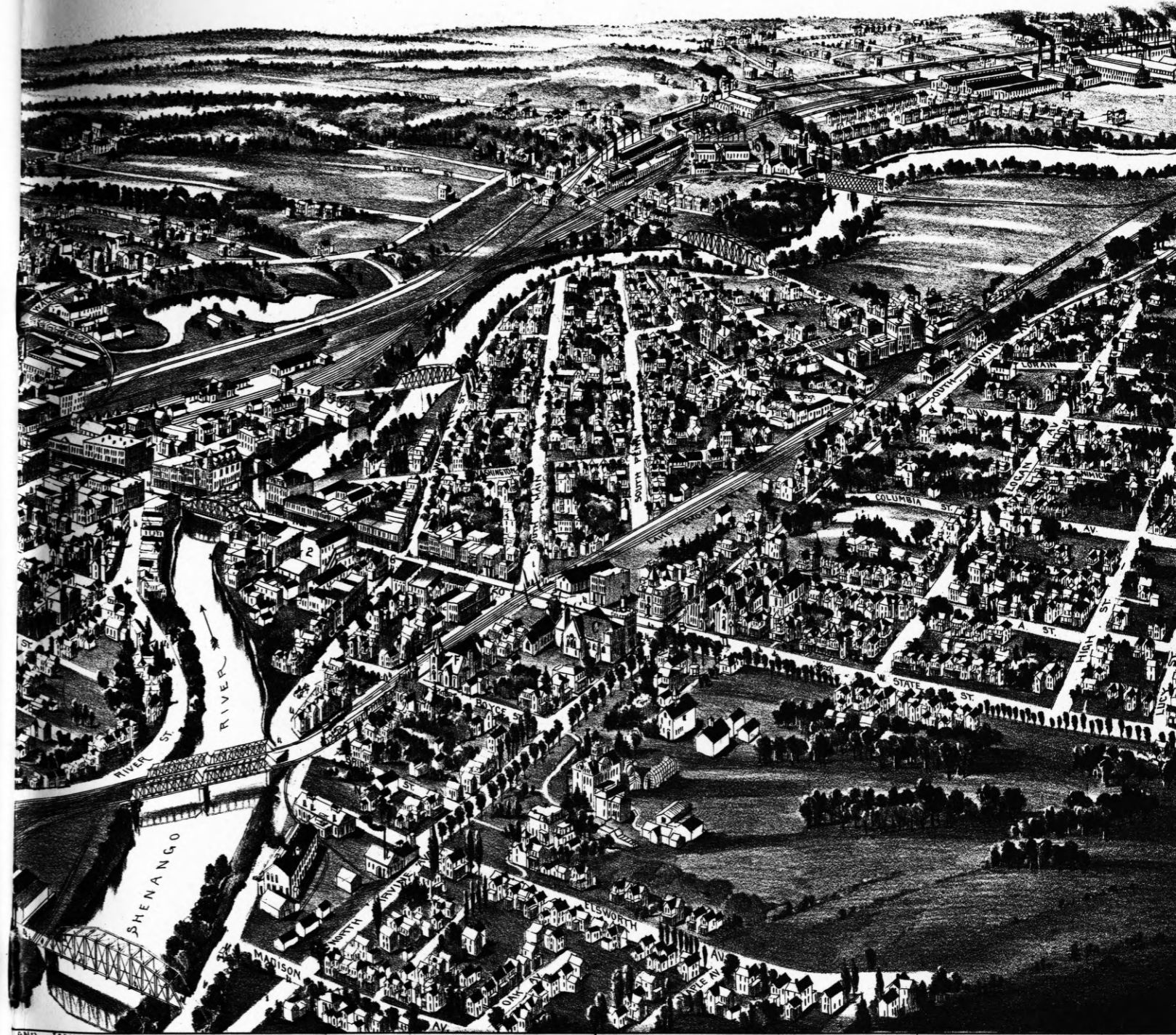
Setting a bridge in the right position on a Tamburitza is very important to the sound of the instrument. Scales are made to insure the proper placing of the bridges: "make the G **prim** 12-1/2 inches, the D **prim** from 14-7/8 to 16-7/8 scale, and the **bracs** a 21 inch scale. Frank Egercic's son, Dave, I believe is one of the best to get an instrument in octave. When I get mine done he usually comes over, sets them all. Sometimes you have to move the bridge back. Sometimes you have to drill more holes to get a deeper tone. You would be surprised how that brings out the tone. Now **prim**s, I make with long holes. These are dug out."

When the instrument is finished, Hayden lacquers it. "I lacquer, then I sand. I use a water sand paper. After a couple of coats I use a pumice rock." Hayden estimates it takes him about six hours to complete a small instrument and about twelve hours for the large instrument. The instruments vary in selling price, the **prim**s range from \$110 upward, **bracs** from \$165, and the **bugarita** and **cellos** from \$190.

We would have to agree with Frank Egercic that Nick Hayden is a master at his craft. Although Nick states he could teach anyone how to make one — "Anyone of you people. Repair them, that's where the trick is".



—we hesitate to believe we could construct a Tamburitza as uniquely beautiful and well done as Nick Hayden's.



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SPECIAL RECOGNITION

We recognize in a special way Mrs. Carl Valerius, librarian, and Corinne Antley and Thomas Wilds, student photographers whose tireless, expert work enabled us to publish **Shenango** at this particular time.