

*In the Beginning....*      *The Di Salvo Family Roots*  
(remembered by Mary Di Salvo Lafuente #10) 6-16-05

The history of Francesco and Gelsomina Di Salvo

*Birth - Coming to America*

Enclosed are  
two separate items:  
*The History of the DiSalvo  
Family Roots  
and  
a list of the DiSalvo  
Family's addresses*

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Rosa

**In the Beginning.... The Di Salvo Family Roots**  
(remembered by Mary Di Salvo Lafuente #10) 6-16-05

The history of Francesco and Gelsomina Di Salvo

**Birth - Coming to America**

Francesco Di Salvo was born in Bagheria, Palermo (Sicily--therefore a "Siciliano") on April 19, 1887, to Tommaso Di Salvo and Antonia Miosi. He had a sister Giovanna and 2 brothers Tommaso, Paolo. Sometime in the year 1907, Francesco, as many of his "paesani" were doing in those days, came to America *the land of opportunity*. He settled in Port Henry, New York and worked in the iron work factories used to building the railroads. Being in a new land and needing a place to eat and sleep he stayed at what was called a "boarding house" with the family of Giuseppe and Lituina Esposito. This was something all the immigrants did. (This family would later become his brother--in-law and sister-in-law).

Gelsomina Bottillo was born in Cervinara Valle, Avellino, Naples--making her "*Napolitana*" March 19, 1892 to Pasquale Bottillo and Filomena Valente. She was one of 13 children. Only 3 survived --the rest died as infants. Gelsomina was the only surviving child at home, since the other two sister had gone to America with husbands. Her father was so upset over the loss of most of his children that he took it out on the saints by taking down all the Holy Pictures in his house and destroying them. All the children were girls except one, whom they had named Andrea. This boy died from chicken-pox. Gelsomina had chicken pox as well but somehow she survived while the boy died.

Pasquale had grown accustomed to expecting his only daughter to help him in the fields as if she were a young man. This upset the mother and she vowed to end this by sending Gelsomina to America to help her other daughter, Lituina, who had some 8 children at the time. The sister was in need of help not only with her children but also with running "a boarding house". These boarding houses not only provided meals but washed clothes and kept the rooms clean for the boarders. Thus in August 1909 Gelsomina landed at Ellis Island and arrived by railway in Port Henry, N. Y.

Gelsomina was 17 at the time and traveling by herself on such a long voyage was very frightening for her. She did not speak the language and even trying to get a drink of water proved disastrous. While on the train to Port Henry, being quite thirsty, she selected hot water instead of cold and practically burned herself. Also she had been warned by her mother to beware of strangers and not talk to them. In any case, she arrived in Port Henry, and the very day she arrived she had several marriage proposals. In those days the ratio of men to women was not what it is today. It was not easy to get young pretty girls from the old country; besides she was a good looking girl!!

### Courtship and Wedding

The rest is like a storybook. Apparently her sister, and brother-in-law had in mind for her to marry the brother of Giuseppe Esposito. This made great sense to them, since they would then have two sisters who would be married to two brothers, and since the brother was Napolitano it was just the thing to do. But it was not to be so. Apparently, Gelsomina had seen Francesco, (not face to face, of course), and fell in love with him and vice-versa. He would leave her chocolates by his pillow and that would show her that he cared. There were also matchmakers who would ask her if she was interested in Francesco--which she definitely was. He too was quite a handsome young man.

The matchmaking proved to be rather difficult with the Espositos opposing the marriage. The main reason was that Francesco was not Napolitano. Back then a marriage between a Sicilian and a Neopolitan was considered no different than a "mixed" marriage. And to top it off ... he was a Siciliano--and what about the "knife thing"? Wasn't it true that those Sicilians carried knives?

When Lituina expressed the wish that Gelsomina should forget the "Siciliano" and marry Giuseppe's brother, Gelsomina made it very clear that **she would never marry "the brother". She said that what she really wanted was to marry the Siciliano.** Well, that got her a good slap on her face by her sister. This was followed by the Espositos immediately asking Francesco to leave their boarding house. Francesco became quite upset with the situation, especially since now he had no place to stay and had been rejected as a prospective suitor to Gelsomina.

He had, of course, many "paesanis" (these are people from the same hometown), who came to his rescue. One, in particular, offered to switch places with Francesco so that he would stay at his boarding house, and the paesano would go to the Esposito's boarding house. Having settled this matter, now there was the important matter of getting approval for marrying his "Gelsomina", the love of his life. Later he would call her by a pet name of "giummiddu", (little pompom).

There were intermediaries who were happy to help the couple in love. It was decided that the thing to do was send a letter to the parents of Gelsomina in Naples. Francesco had decided that *the sister did not, after all, have the authority to decide who Gelsomina should or should not marry*. It would be fair to let the parents decide. This would then be the final decision. This letter was to state what Francesco's reputation was--namely that he was a good worker, not a drunk, and a respected member of the town. These virtues were to be included in the letter as well as his intention to marry Gelsomina. They would then wait for a reply and abide by that letter accordingly. However, since Francesco was unable to read or write, there would be a non-biased party who would write this letter. Lastly, Francesco requested that, *he would be the one to*

*personally mail this letter*, as he wanted to be sure the letter would be mailed.

This being done, time went by, and the favorable reply eventually came. The letter stated that since it appeared that Francesco was a good man, the sister should not stand in the way, and let the marriage go on. This was good news for the Francesco and Gelsomina but not so for brother-in-law Giuseppe. Since he had paid for Gelsomina's trip over to America, he insisted on being reimbursed for his expenses. This probably alleviated some of the pain of having had his brother refused by Gelsomina. Francesco was also to pay for the wedding dress, and everything needed for the wedding. Francesco of course, agreed, and on June 19, 1910 the wedding took place in Port Henry, New York.

It was said that all the Sicilians rejoiced and stood by at the wedding to make sure that the angry Napolitani should not cause any problems because of their defeat.

It was interesting to note that Gelsomina had never really had any sort of conversation with Francesco, until the day they were walking to the wedding rehearsal to church. His first words to her were: "And when the Father speaks English, will you understand him?". Her reply was: "And will you?" That sounds like her...wow....

June 5, 1911, son #1 Tom was born, followed by daughter Antonetta, born June 1, 1913. Son #2, Pasquale, was born on August 29, 1914. Sometime after this, it was decided that it was time for a trip to Sicily. Francesco had wanted his new bride to meet his family in Sicily. So, in 1915 they set off with the three children, and.... yes, once again, she was with child (who would be son #3 Paul). The boat trip to Sicily proved to be disastrous in more ways than one. First of all, she was very seasick during the whole trip, and second, she was nursing the youngest and she was also pregnant. By the time she arrived in Sicily, she practically had to be carried off the ship. Incidentally, while they were en route to Sicily, the ship was stopped at Gibraltar and inspected as WWI had just begun.

### **In Sicily---1916**

As soon as they arrived in Sicily, Francesco was called to serve in World War I. This meant that Gelsomina was left in Sicily, a strange place to her, with people she did not know, and a dialect that was like a new language for her. She had the three little ones to care for, and was pregnant. Worse of all she had *in-laws who were quick to dislike her and looked down on her and treated her as an inferior*. This was further complicated by the fact that, when Francesco arrived in Sicily, his family convinced him to go in the family business, of making alcohol. This meant that he contributed *all the money he brought with him*. They, in turn promised that while he was away at war, they would be looking after Gelsomina and the children. This meant that whenever Gelsomina needed

anything she would have to ask the in-laws for whatever she needed.

This fact was most degrading to her. She missed her husband's, and the fact that the Di Salvo family really did not like her made life unbearable. Also...they would said *she was short!!* One of the relatives said to her was that, they would hoped she would die. This way one of the cousins would marry him and then they'd have two sister married to two brothers. Apparently, that was something done a lot then.

Needless to say, the situation became most difficult for Gelsomina. She spent most of her time crying and was almost ill from her situation. Seeing her dilemma, a good neighbor wrote to her parents in Naples explaining that if something did not get done and get her out of there soon, she would more than likely become sick and die as the relatives hoped.

### "The Lion"-- The Hero--Naples 1915-1918

When the letter reached Naples, her parents immediately sent an uncle, (who was strong and well built and tall for a Neopolitan, he was nicknamed "the Lion"). He went to get her and the three children and brought them to Naples to her mother. That is the reason why Paul, #4 son, was born in Naples on April 10, 1916. These were happy times for her except for the fact that Francesco was in the war until sometime in 1918. She spent a lot of time praying for his safe return.

While he was at war, Gelsomina learned how to read and write because she wanted to write to him. She learned from a book that a teacher had given her that comprised all types of letters such as one would write to family and friends. This fact would later be the reason that Francesco would tease her by saying to her that she was very smart, and after all she was a *literate person*, instead he was just a *poor illiterate man*.

### Back to Sicily - 1918-1949

When the war was over, Francesco went to Naples and brought back the family to Sicily. Gelsomina's parents remained in Naples for a while and later, at the insistence of her mother, they came to live with them in Sicily. The mother persuaded her father by stating that Gelsomina was all they had, and she could use their help. They did come to Sicily and were most generous to their daughter. It was sad that while her parents were living in Sicily, the Di Salvo relatives convinced Gelsomina's father that he was being taken advantage of and that he should go back to Naples, where he belonged. The father did return to Naples, alone, against his wife's wishes. When his wife was ill and dying, a letter was sent to him to return to Sicily he mistook the information as just a lie to get him back to Sicily. He never saw his wife alive again. Gelsomina's father did eventually return to Sicily and died there.

In Bagheria, before the family purchased their own home, they lived in many houses. Many times because they had so many children, they were asked to leave the places they rented and therefore needed a new place. She said that, she would get all dressed up and go looking for a new place to live. She would look like a young girl, and not any of the unsuspecting landlord would guess that she was the mother of 7. She was quite proud of that! Being short was not something her Francesco minded about her. He would tell her, during the years of his retirement: "You are my little boss. Speak and I will be your servant". And should she ever be sick, he would become so upset that they would have to take care of him as well. As for her being short she'd say: "I've done things that tall ladies could not do".

Her other favorite saying was that "***I've had 10 children and did not allow any of them to die.***" This really is a great tribute to her. It was no accident that none of us died as children. At that time infant mortality was common. For example, Pete was quite ill as a child. While she was visiting her mother in Naples, he somehow became very ill and almost died. She said that she became afraid that if Pete died because she had been away, she would be blamed for his death, and that her husband would surely kill her. She swore, that by some miracle while she took Pete to a procession, (Saint Statues are being carried through the streets) he asked for water-- apparently he had been so sick and not spoken for days. They even had clothes ready for his burial. Thereafter, he improved and was fine.

Another victory for her occurred when her daughter, Filomena, had contracted typhoid fever. This disease was almost always fatal, but somehow she managed to nurse her back to health. Often Gelsomina went to the pharmacist and begged to get medicine to nurse her children back to health. Of course prayers was most important. Her mother attended Holy Mass everyday of her life; this was something that Gelsomina herself would also do until she died. She said that it was a promise she had made to God and the Saints provided her husband and sons returned unharmed from the wars.

Once in Sicily, son #4, Onofrio was born on February 21, 1920, followed by son #5, Andrea, born February 4, 1922, and son #6 Peter, born February 15, 1925. The following were born in the new house son #7, Frank, December 17, 1928, a daughter (finally), Filomena born March 27, 1931, and lastly another daughter (a surprise no doubt), Mary born December 20, 1937. Incidentally, the new house was purchased with the help of the moneys from Gelsomina's parents.

It would not be fair to Francesco if his excellent work ethic and overall love for his family were not mentioned. Raising a family of ten in those days was no

easy feat. He worked very hard six days a week for what appeared to be a "feudal" system. On Sundays, he worked in our own land for half a day. The owner of the land was regarded and treated as "a Lord", and his children were treated as the "young Lords". These "lords" would be greeted with "we kiss your hands" phrase. He worked for this family all the years I can remember until he left Italy. Some of the boys probably worked for them as well. Francesco often worked a night job as well. This meant that he would not come home at all for many days. Food would be brought to him by one or two of the boys by bike. While he was at the night job, where he would be operating an irrigation system, (sometime in 1941), he fell into the huge reservoir. He *did not know how to swim, causing him to nearly drown*. His entire life flashed in front of him at the time. He thought he was going to die. He was so ill that he was brought home by carriage, something that never happened. (Generally the men would *walk* to work for hours to their job). This near drowning later would become a family joke. When he was not enjoying a situation or place he was at, he would say sarcastically: *"In my lifetime, twice I've had a good time... now and when I fell into the reservoir."*

He never really wanted anything for himself. His only request for money was when he needed to buy his seeds for planting, never anything for his enjoyment. He did have a problem with the fact that Gelsomina would do all she could to make sure everyone would be well dressed. This fact would sometimes cause friction between husband and wife, as Francesco's relatives would become jealous of how well dressed everyone was, and tell him that "This wife of yours, with her fancy clothes is sure to see you to the poorhouse". If the truth be known, a lot of money was never spent on clothes, instead Gelsomina was very thrifty and with just some plain material, could make anything look like the most expensive garment. She would say that her mother taught her to run *from* cheap and *toward* the good stuff. About clothes: she had several good sayings: One of her favorites was: "dress pauper, and you'll look like a baron". Also: "the clothes speak these words to us: 'Treat me well at home and I'll make sure you look great when you are in public places". Great advice!!

### **The Beginning of Many Changes**

1927 was a memorable year. Tom, the oldest, was sent to America to be with Uncle Joe Esposito and his second wife, Annunziata. Tom was to be instrumental in getting us back to the United States. Somehow this did not happen then. *However this was realized beginning in 1947 -1955.* (see news clip). It is of interest that since Tom had been in America since 1927 those of us born after that, namely, Frank, Filomena and Mary met Tom for the first time here America.

When the boys began to be of "service" age, they had to sign up for the service. Pat enlisted and was in the Navy--thereby being nicknamed: "the sergeant", Paul also had done his service duty, as had done Onofrio. The latter

was in the artillery and was nicknamed "the captain".

### The Lean War Years

1940 was to be the beginning of some 6 years of tough times for everyone. To begin with WWII caused the much loved 4 boys to be called to war. These were: Pasquale, Onofrio, Andrea, and Paul--not to mention that Tom was in the American service. Fortunately an appeal was made to the government and they did approve a release of Paul, since only three in one family had to serve.

(The following is what I remember and will try and write in that form)

The war years were tough on the adults at home; more so than on the young ones, who did not know any better and thought the war to be exciting in some ways. It is still vivid in my mind how many airplanes would fly over the houses. There were so many that it looked as if birds were invading the skies. When bombings became close to our city, it became necessary for the families to move out of their homes and go into shelters out in the country. For us there was a mountainside that had been excavated by the men at home (those too old or too young to be at war). This was used as a shelter for those of us who were home. Antonette who had married in had Mary and Angela and was at the shelter with the family. Mary of Onofrio was also with us. Antonette's husband, was in the service as well. On the way to the safer place, we took the rabbits and chickens with us. Unfortunately the rabbits had been packed tightly and suffocated.

We ate well for awhile! We lived in a very large room next to the barn. The smell was something to be remembered!! We slept on the floor dressed, in case we would have to make a quick get away. To us children, it really was not as scary as it was for the adults. We did enjoy the beautiful lake thereby where the sunrise seemed like stars dancing on the water. We did not starve and we did get plenty of attention.

This process of being out of town--out in the country was called "being (evacuated) sfollati". We remember while being "sfollati", that we had German soldiers camping close by us. Pete had become quite friendly with some of them. They would share with us their "ration". It was good... It was rice with big chunks of beef, and much better than we usually ate. We in turn would offer them what we had. They were nice guys. Mom would say that maybe someone was being good to her sons who were prisoners in Germany or wherever... we did not really know where they were. We seldom heard news of them. There were people who had a radio and there would be a broadcast that gave the names of soldiers, and then say: "living and well". That was great news...enough.. just to know they were alive.

Onofrio and Andrea and Pasquale were victims of atrocities as prisoners of war. Some of them were nearly shot just before the war ended. We were just



blessed to have them return home safely. It must have been all the prayers and a lot of luck. When they did return they must have been shell-shocked. Perhaps in today's standards these guys would be diagnosed as victims of traumatic/shock syndrome.

We were very fortunate during the war as Mom Gelsomina, for many years prior to the war, had an hearth oven built up in the terrace by Pasquale. The oven would hold some 13 good size round loaves of bread. Sometimes neighbors would come and use the oven. For payment they would give us a small amount of the cooked bread. This oven was the way Mom would assure us of not going hungry. There was always bread at least. (That had not been so prior to my time, since even bread had not been plentiful.) During the war times, Mom would come home from the shelter and bake bread and then return to the shelter. She would also sell bread to people in the town and out of town. Unfortunately some of these poor people sometimes would "charge" and then not be able to pay. You never saw them again nor the money they owed.

In any case, after the war ended there was a ritual to go to the train station and wait many hours until the trains bringing home the soldiers would arrive. The excitement as to whether that would be the train that would bring home a loved one was only equal to the disappointment when that loved one did not arrive. I remember that it was customary to put one's ear to the ground, (at the train station) as vibrations would announce the imminent arrival of the train. As soon as the train arrived one would hear parents and relatives calling out the names of their expected loved ones. These trips were made pretty much daily until all the loved ones came home. And oh.. the excitement when they finally did come home!! I remember that when Andrea came home, my mother actually went into a convulsion from the shock. Personally, since I did not really remember the brothers that well, when they did come home, I would hide under the bed, and they would have to pull me out.

After the war, finding work was a problem.. Pasquale resorted to making soap. The others went to sell flour sort of in a black-market way. Pasquale also somehow enrolled himself in a correspondence type of course, and learned what he had not as a child. He did feel that his parents should not have had all the children they had. He loved doing crossword puzzles, something he continued to love to do here in America as well. He was a very generous soul. When he won the lottery in Italy, he bought everyone new suits. When he came around to visit, he never came empty handed. I remember that Mom was ill for some six months. He'd come for the usual visit and would slip money under Mom's pillow. One could always count on his help. Even here in America, if you needed financial help, he was there to offer it.

None of the brothers or sister really went to school for long. Usually they attended second and third grade. They went to work as young children. Paul worked as helper to a blacksmith. Pasquale worked in the quarry as did Tom,

before going to America. Andrea, after the war, traveled to France and worked in the coal mines for awhile. Peter learned to be a tailor, and later he had his own school of tailoring. Tragedy visited Paul in 1941. His first wife Francesca La Tona, of only six months, died of meningitis and since she was pregnant both mother and baby died.

### Life in Sicily--the way it was

Our house had two floors. It was comprised of a large room, which served as wood burning kitchen and dining area. This same room had a small water reservoir. This room would also house the donkey at night, as well as a rather large barrel of wine. A goat, a pig, and many rabbits, chickens, and roosters were kept on the terrace. The very bothersome nightly chore was catching the rabbits and storing them under the oven to keep them from roaming around at night. Filomena had that awful chore, and since she was deathly afraid of the rabbits to start with, the screaming coming out of her while she tried to catch those rabbits could scare the dead. My job was to be with her while she did this chore. Not funny then!! The first floor was made of ceramic tile. The back room of the first floor was the master bedroom. This is where Mom and Pop slept. In that same room slept Filomena and myself. There was also a "wardrobe" used for storage. Bread was stored there on the very top shelf. In the lean years, I've been told that the bread was kept locked and rationed out. Mom was given extra bread, as she was pregnant most of the time, and Pop felt she needed the nourishment, but she would say: "how could I possibly eat the bread and have none for the children?"

The room up stairs was rather large with a terrace just outside. There were be about three beds where the boys would sleep. Some slept at the head of the beds and others at the foot of the bed. There would be turns taken as to who would sleep at the head of the bed--since that was considered the better spot. And of course, these turns were strictly adhered to. There was also a loft in that room for storage, and maybe for sleeping at times. When Mom had her parents come live with them, I believe that Grandma and Grandpa might have slept upstairs as well.

Our meals were simple but healthy--according to my dentist. Breakfast was milk, (fresh milked from the cow), and bread. Lunch was sometimes left over moistened bread, which would be made very tasty with parsley, oil, and grated cheese. Sometimes we would buy the leftover pieces of cold cuts from the deli and eat them with bread. Dinner was always some type of pasta with either kidney beans, or peas, or broccoli, or lentils, or cauliflower, or escarole. But always plenty of pasta. Sometimes for a treat my mother would make an omelet with potatoes and onions and eggs. Sunday we would always have Pasta with sauce and meatballs. A real treat would be when at night there would be

vendors who would come around and sell fried eggplant. There were also different types of food that we would have like bloodwurst. Fish was also a good treat. Sometimes my mother would make tripe with peas and eggplant. She also made patties of neonatal fish to which she would add the same ingredients as meatballs. Potato croquettes were also a treat. Another delicious meal was eggs poached in tomato sauce. Very delicious. Many times we would have salads with tomatoes and onions. Anchovies, oil, and lemon and bread would make a great lunch too. Bread and cheese was another good lunch. We did eat lots of legumes such as chick peas, peas, beans of many varieties--mostly grown by my father. We also had plenty of fresh fruits in the season.

The men that went to work out in the field had to walk hours before getting there, and for lunch they took bread and cheese, or bread and olives; sometimes just bread and onions. After a long day of tilling the soil by hand they had to walk home. There was different seasonal work, planting time and reaping. There were always the lemons and the figs, and olives to pick. Of course in September, it would be time for the grapes and the wine making. and followed by the olives and the making of the olive oil. I loved the grapes when they were almost like raisins. Very tasty.

### **Antonetta - the Pioneer/Immigration Queen** **We come to America 1947-1955**

After the war years, it was depressing to look around the town and see the many buildings that had been destroyed by bombs. Work was not plentiful, and the dream of everyone in our family was to go to America. Unfortunately, the dream was not easily realized. Antonette, who was an American citizen was the first to make the dream come true. In 1947 she left Italy with daughters Mary and Angela, to join brother Tom in Highland Falls, N.Y. This, however, did mean that she left behind son Cosimo, four years old at the time, as well as Joe her husband. Thanks to God this separation lasted less than a year, since in 1948 both arrived in America .

In November 1949, Mom and Pop left Filomena and Mary in a convent, and the other 6 sons and family. They arrived in America and joined Antonette and family and Tom and family. Once they were residents they were allowed to apply for visas for the rest of the family left behind. Filomena and Mary arrived here in August 1950. Meanwhile in 1952 Antonette and Joe had a son, Frank. Brother Pasquale arrived in 1952, alone and was joined the following year by his wife Anna and sons Frank and Tony. In 1954 both Frank and Peter arrived about 6 months apart. 1955 Onofrio, Maria and sons Frank, Mike and Tom, along with Andrea. Rosa, Frank and Gelsomina arrived. The last ones to arrive here from Italy were Paul and Rosa, Tom, Jack, and Pat. Most settled in the area of Highland Falls. Paul and family decided to try their luck in Milwaukee where Rosa had family. While they lived there Peter was born June 1957. They later returned to join the rest of the family in Highland Falls.

Andrea and Rosa, who were living in Newburgh, found it very difficult to adjust to the new world. Mainly, there was no family life, as Andrea worked at night and Rosa in the daytime. To make matters worse, work became scarce and they decided to return to Italy. Two or three years later, Andrea alone did return to America to try and relocate back here and then send for Rosa and children. That was not to be as there was no work available.

Only recently did I learn from Andrea that Mom told him something he really hated to hear and Mom hated to tell him--although the truth--mainly she said: "Andrea you best return to Italy, it looks like America does not want you here". I can understand how much that must have hurt her, since she always wanted everyone close by her, and the closer the better.

### ***A New House of Our Own***

Mom and Pop and Pete bought the house on Carpenter Avenue in 1956. Pop really loved that house. It was built on 2 lots, and he had great fun planting all his vegetables in the back lot. There they celebrated their 50th Anniversary in great style in the garage in 1960. He loved that house so much that often he would say that he would never leave that house alive. He'd say dead maybe but not alive. And we all know that he got his wish for in 1965 on December 26th, he fell going downstairs and died instantly.

In 1957 Maria, Peter's wife arrived with 3 yr. old son Frank. When Mary became pregnant and had Jeanie, the house became a little too small for two families, and Pete moved out and later bought his own beautiful home. Unfortunately Mary did not get to enjoy the house, nor all the new appliances etc.. since...

### **We Face Our First Tragic Loss**

On November 17, 1959 Pete was in a tragic auto accident which took the life of his dear wife Maria, and left him without a wife and the children without a mother. These were very tough years for Peter and the rest of the family, and especially the two young children. Although we all suffered the great loss, her parents in Italy were devastated. In need of a wife and a mother, God sent Fifetta in Pete's life, and in 1960, they married. In 1961 they had a son Peter.

### **We Work, We Grow,**

In 1953 Mom and Pop and Filomena and Mary moved to Newburgh, since Mom and Filomena worked in Newburgh. Pop worked at the Hotel Thayer in West Point and traveled by bus there until they made him retire at age 78. He

was in maintenance/cleaning. Antonette initially worked in Newburgh as a seamstress and later worked in the West Point Tailor shop until she retired in 1971. Joe was employed as a custodian at the Sacred Heart School. Both Peter and Mary of Onofrio worked at the Tailor Shop. Tom was employed at West Point and retired from there. Paul worked in West Point maintenance department, also retired from there and later moved to Florida, as did Pete, Antonette, Fifetta, and Maria. The reason we settled in the West Point area was due to Uncle Tom's being in the service as a young man. He later met Fannie in New Jersey through friends and were married on June 20, 1942. They had 5 children. Angela, Frank, Tom, Joe and John. And we all followed in their footsteps. At present our family has approximately 137 members.....Long Live the Di Salvo Family

**AS WE HAVE GROWN, WE ALSO START LOSING LOVED ONES**

**December 26, 1965: That was a very sad day for the family. Francesco died in a tragic fall going down the cellar to get wood for the fireplace before saying daily Rosary.**

**The following are greatly missed from our family:**  
(according to family number)

4-Francesca La Tona	of meningitis	17/41
7-Maria Tarantino	auto accident	11/17/59
10-Linus Lafuente	at birth	9/23/64
**Francesco Di Salvo	of a fall at home	12/26/65
3-Pasquale Di Salvo	coronary occlusion	10/12/75
**Gelsomina Di Salvo	of bladder Ca/ old age	1/18/83
8-Carmela Martini	of heart disease	6/5/90
2-Joseph Gilbert	of melanoma	9/11/91
2-Joseph Bartolone	of emphysema	5/25/93
2-Antonetta	died of ovarian cancer	6/1/96
3-Tony Di Salvo	diabetic complication	6/22/96
6-Onofrio Scianna	of melanoma	9/26/98
4-Paolo Di Salvo	bladder/prostate Ca.	11/02/98
3-Anna Mineo	of stomach Cancer	6/01/00
4-Jack Di Salvo	of multiple myeloma	01/07/01
1-Fannie Facchino	of diabetes/heart dis.	01/16/03
1-Tom Di Salvo, Sr.	of heart failure/old age	04/12/03

**May they rest in peace. Amen**

## After 48 Years Of Separation

A dream come true after 48 years happened on June 15 to Mr. and Mrs. Francisco DiSalvo of 92 Overlook Place, Newburgh.

For on that date, Mr. and Mrs. Paul DiSalvo and their three children arrived in New York City from Bagherio province, Sicily. And with their arrival, the DiSalvo family group realized the dream of once again being together.

And, according to the U. S. Consul, this is the first case on record where an entire family has migrated to America within one lifetime!

In chronological order, the DiSalvos arrived in the U. S. as follows:

Francisco DiSalvo left Italy in 1907 and settled in Port Henry, N. Y. In 1909 Miss Gesomino Bottillo arrived from Italy and one year later became Mr. DiSalvo's wife. Three children—Tommy, Antoinette and Pasquale—were born here before the family returned to Italy for a visit in 1915.

Caught up in World War I, Mr. DiSalvo entered the Italian Army and the family remained intact in Italy until 1927. At that time Tom DiSalvo, then 16 years old, returned to America. He married in 1933 and settled in Highland Falls, where his wife and three children—Frank, Angela and Tommy—now reside.

Antoinette DiSalvo, while in Italy, married Joseph Bartolone. In 1947, she and daughters Mary and Angela came to America, and her husband followed in 1948. They now reside in Highland Falls.

One year later, in 1949, Mr. and Mrs. Francisco DiSalva returned to the U. S. and settled briefly in Highland Falls before moving to Newburgh. This left the DiSalvos' other children, born in Italy, still waiting to rejoin their parents.

In 1950, two more daughters—Philomene and Mary—arrived here. They both live in Newburgh at present. Philomene was married last year. In 1952, son Pasquale arrived to take up residence in Highland Falls, with his wife Anna and children Tony and Frank following in 1953.

Two more DiSalvos, sons Peter and Frank, arrived in this country in 1954. Peter settled in Highland Falls, Frank in Newburgh. Also in 1954, Onofrio DiSalvo, his wife and children Michael, Frank and Tom, arrived to take up residence in Newburgh. Following close on their heels was Andrea DiSalvo and his wife Rose who, with children Frank and Gesomino, now reside in Highland Falls.

Finally, on June 15, Mr. and Mrs. Paul DiSalvo and children Frank, Jack and Pasquale, arrived in New York to complete the long-awaited reunion. The latter family, presently visiting in Milwaukee, will reside in Highland Falls.

It was a moment of extreme happiness for the entire family, but the happiest people of the group were the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francisco DiSalvo. For to them, it proved that a dream can come true if you are patient enough to wait!

"News of Highlands

6/55

**DI SALVO FAMILY ADDRESSES---BY FAMILY ORDER---JUNE 2005**

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Meehan, Johanna (of Angela & Bart)

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Frank Di Salvo

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STAY IN TOUCH IT'S THE FAMILY THING TO DO.