



ORDER OF THE SONS OF ITALY IN AMERICA

West Shore Lodge #2651

July, 2008

From the President

Salvatore Guaragna was born in Brooklyn N.Y. on Christmas Eve in 1893. He was the son of immigrant parents from Calabria. Salvatore wrote about 350 songs and 42 of these songs were in the top ten of the hit parade more than any other composer including Irving Berlin. He won three best show song Oscar's for "Lullaby of Broadway", "Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe" and for "You'll Never Know". He also did the score for the highly successful Broadway Show "42nd Street". He is quoted as saying "I remember as a child I had no interest in being Italian, only an American. Strangely, many years later, as an adult I got to appreciate my Italian background and thought about sometimes going to Italy to live."

I think that is true of most of us, that as we get older, we have a greater appreciation of our Italian Heritage. Hopefully the next generation will also come to realize the great sacrifices that our forefathers made, leaving their home country, and coming to this great country to make a better life for their family.

Who is Salvatore Guaragna? See Page 3

Charlie Pisano

Garibaldi Monument

On July 13 a wreath laying ceremony took place at Gettysburg National Park to honor the Garibaldi Guard - 39th New York Volunteer Infantry. The Guard was comprised of mostly immigrant soldiers who fought in the Civil War. This annual ceremony was started by Peter Cucchiara eight years ago.

Wearing red, white, and green sashes, our group was lead by Vince Leone and Harvey Bilger carrying the American and Italian flags from the Cyclorama to the monument. Catena Spiritosanto presented a history of the group of volunteers who fought bravely in over 30 battles throughout the war. Many who enlisted were "Garabaldini" or soldiers who were veterans of Garibaldi's campaign in Italy during the 1850s. In addition to highlighting the regiment's involvement at this site, Catena reminded us that Italian Americans were represented in battles from Revolutionary War times to the present. We also learned that Italian American soldiers were the largest ethnic group to have suffered losses during World War II

WHET YOUR APPETITE!!! DINNER AT NINO'S

DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS:

AUTHENTIC ITALIAN HOME MADE FARE MATCHED BY THAT UNIQUE WARMTH THAT CAN ONLY BE GENERATED BY ITALIANS--AND/OR THOSE MARRIED TO ITALIANS--AND/OR THOSE WHO WISH THEY WERE ITALIANS--WE SAY SO HUMBLLY.

BE PREPARED AT NEXT MEETING TO DECIDE WHETHER TO ATTEND, SO THAT PROPER ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE.

WHEN? A SUNDAY NIGHT IN SEPTEMBER (PERHAPS 9/7) OR EVEN IN OCTOBER--- WHATEVER IS CONVENIENT TO THE GREATER NUMBER. WE'LL DISCUSS IT

LOCATION: NINO'S --18TH.AND MARKET--- CAMP HILL BOROUGH---6:00 PM RESTAURANT WILL BE CLOSED TO OTHER TRADE

COST: \$24.95 PER PERSON + TAX AND GRATUITY. NOTE: THIS IS A REDUCTION FROM 29.95 FOR SAME DINNER. INCLUDES SIX COURSE FIXED (BUT EXQUISITE) DINNER. BYOB.

THANK YOU

BILL MONTONE

Sons of Italy Meetings
4th Wednesday of each month
VFW Hall
4907 Carlisle Pike; Mechanicsburg

Visit the West Shore Lodge Website

WWW.WESTSHOREOSIA.COM

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My Grandfather's Fig Tree

My grandfather's fig tree, planted as a healthy cutting somehow carried across the Atlantic from his family home in Palermo, thrived for decades in a sunlit corner of the small backyard behind his house in Newark, NJ.

By the time I was seven, this solid and sturdy tree, rooted in fertile ground when my mother herself was a child of seven, stood wider than tall in the middle of its lush green life.

The yard, like most in old urban neighborhoods, was long and narrow, an efficient and precise rectangle apportioned years earlier by a city planner's parsing pen.

Unlike many neighbors, who cemented their properties in gray square slabs, my grandfather heaped his space with rich dark soil, and in it created a generous garden, flourishing beneath bright summer skies.

Laboring each day as a carpenter, erecting sun-blocking monoliths on downtown concrete grids, my grandfather retreated each evening to his bountiful garden, cultivating it with fingers calloused and knotted by unforgiving saws and hammers and bitter Northeast winters.

In that dense garden, by far a more fruitful construction, the carpenter's hardened hands gentled, coaxing nascent plants to bloom, a patchwork quilt of plump, firm vegetables and fresh, fragrant herbs, daily bounty for my grandmother's waiting table.

Of all the garden's gifts, the fig tree, which itself must have felt an alien in non-Mediterranean earth, pleased my grandfather most, and he lavished it with artful pruning, measured feeding and ample watering, tenderness briefly rewarded each late summer with the grateful tree's sweet abundance.

Then, when autumn's chill settled on its shoulders, before any bruising by an early freeze, the vigilant gardener wrapped the shivering tree in thick sheets of burlap and canvas, tied round with strong braided cord, insuring protection against winter's unflinching siege.

Released from sheltering cocoon at spring's first thaw, the immigrant tree reawakened, eager for budding. Later, in summer's enveloping heat, broad luxuriant leaves offered the garden's only cooling shade, and from muscular branches, a multitude of soft-skinned figs, filled with tiny edible seeds, hung warm and ripening.

That sweet blooming surely stirred in my grandfather memories of Sicily, the home he left forever at age seventeen, with its dazzling Mediterranean vistas of cloudless cerulean skies, lush verdant slopes, and an aquamarine sea that stretched toward a limitless horizon.

One sweltering August Saturday, when figs hung warm and newly ripened, I saw my grandfather pluck the season's first plateful, then carry them into my grandmother's welcoming, aromatic kitchen, where basil-scented tomato sauce simmered and thickened, and I, suspicious of exotic fruit, hesitantly took a seat at the well-scrubbed, wooden table.

I watched as he slowly sat down, the stoneware plate and small glass of homemade red wine resting in front of him. Cupping each fig in the palm of his hand, he chose the ripest, then held it up between forefinger and thumb for me to see. "Look at this, little one," he said, his accent thick. "Just like in the old country."

His eyes grew tearful as he stared toward a distance far beyond kitchen walls. I nodded at him, remembering vivid stories he often told about that ancient land, his first home. The faraway island, where generations of his ancestors had been birthed and buried, remained rooted in his soul.

"The old country," he repeated softly, and he closed his eyes and bowed his gray head as he bit into the fig's sweet succulent flesh. "Try one, try one," he implored, and to please him I took a small bite of the fig he offered. My tongue pressed amber jellied fruit against my palate. The honeyed taste surprised me, and I smiled into his eyes and nodded again, this time with understanding.

N.D. 2007

Naomi Duprat is an English teacher of Italian decent.

Italian Classes

Our language group is well underway with our new teacher, Beth Underwood, leading a group of 15 eager learners. Our 6 week beginner course is providing us with a basic review and opportunities to engage in conversation. Our initial session is ending in July. Beth has impressed us with her expert teaching style and most likely will be continuing lessons in the fall. If anyone else is interested in joining us, contact Joan Rottmann 737-6565 for more information.

Non mi dispiace andare al lavoro, ma otto ore di attesa prima di tornare a casa sono una grossa seccatura.

See page 3 for translation

Translation from page 2

I don't mind coming to work, but that eight hour wait to go home is a big nuisance.

(Unknown)

Welcome New Members

Antonio Morrone

President message from page 1

Salvatore Guaragna changed his name to Harry Warren because of the rampant prejudice Italians experienced at the time.

BOCCE

The West Shore Lodge Bocce League is playing every 2nd and 3rd Thursday at Scott's Grille in New Cumberland starting at 6 PM. The competition continues to be fierce. With all enjoying the competitive spirit and camaraderie. Scott's has a new menu, the food is great, and between 4pm and 6pm, certain menu items are reduced. Come on out and join in the fun. Call Tom McFiren Jr. at 385-8170 for additional information.

*Tom McFiren Jr.
Bocce President*

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Next Meeting

West Shore Lodge Sons of Italy

Wednesday, July 23, 2008

VFW

4907 Carlisle Pike, Mechanicsburg

COME MEET OUR NEW SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS!

Social hour begins at 6 pm

Meeting begins at 7pm

West Shore Lodge # 2651
Sons of Italy in America
P.O. Box 1293
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055



