

Steve Remembers...

Walks with Lupa (get my boots!) • Hikes at the Trailside Museum. The red and green road. The coatimundi. The copper mine. • Waking up on a houseboat somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico after our anchor dragged. • Parking at the dump (somewhere in Maine, I think) waiting to see the bears, hearing a blood-curdling scream, followed by Dave pleading "Blow the horn, start the car, do anything!" • Our annual camping trips. I remember setting up our Morsan's tent in a torrential downpour, somewhere in the south I think, only to find out the seams leaked like a sieve. • Fruit Pemmican from Morsan's. • Our St. Laurence Seaway houseboat trip. • Watching the tidal bore come in on the Bay of Fundy. • Papa driving the Pontiac to the top of Mt. Washington, and fighting the brakes all the way down. • Trips to Italy. Nonna Maria's & Nonno Corrado's apartment in Rome. The Coliseum and catacombs. The Torrette di Fano house: climbing the fig tree in the yard to pick fresh figs, listening to the band play "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" in the bar next door. The square pizza slices from the cafe across the street. Getting rescued from a riptide by Zio Luciano. Hiking in the Dolomites w/ Zio Marcello, getting to the peak, watching him boil water on his backpacking stove, and enjoying tea w/ whiskey (which I still love today). • Gypsy moth duty in the back yard. • The ham radio setup in the basement. Mark contacting Japan on a 60 watt bulb. • The prosciutto in the basement, and yogurt cultures on the dryer. • Lupa hiding at the sound of thunder, and getting excited when she heard someone pick up the car keys or mention going for a drive. • Bell Labs. The exhibit in the lobby of the cool stuff Bell Labs had invented over the years. Visiting Papa's lab, full of HP equipment. Soaking rubber tubing in liquid nitrogen, dropping it, and watching it shatter. Making the mechanical calculator perform a divide by zero to watch it go nuts. Papa demonstrating the first computerized voice synthesis device. • Papa's brand-new HP35 and the feeling of accomplishment when I figured out RPN. • The issues of the HP Journal that planted the seeds of a dream that grew into a career. • Papa sitting in his "Mr. Chair" using his slide rule to do calculations even after he got the HP35. • Helping Mom make Christmas goodies: Panetone, Panforte and Bows. • My favorite foods: Chicken marsalla, chipped beef, meat loaf, spaghetti. Any of Mom's vegetables: carrots or green beans braised w/ garlic, kale, spinach w/ pignoli and raisins. • Feeling tremendously trusted that I was allowed to work on the family cars: The '72 Dodge Corona wagon, the '66 Mustang, and the Fiat 128S, the yellow Mazda RX4 wagon. Finding the cache of seeds in the carburetor of the 128. • Creature Features. Vincent Price horror movies. "And Then There Were None". • Sunday night pizza, and the Wonderful World of Disney. Getting to have a glass of beer with my pizza when I turned 17. • My favorite birthday/Christmas gifts: Johnny Speed, a chemistry set, and a microscope. • "Things of Science". Probably the coolest thing you could have gotten for us. There are things I know today that I would not have learned elsewhere. Like that salt makes things taste sweeter, and you taste bitter on the sides of your tongue. And that peripheral vision is mostly black and white. • My high school science teacher writing "BS" on my science project report, Mom tearing him a new one, and the resulting apology.

David Remembers...

In the Basement... Playing ping pong with Papa. • Mom catching mice in a trash can using cheese as bait and a 1x2 as a ramp. I also remember water and extra cheese rations at the bottom of the trash can for those mice fortunate enough to be caught by Mom. • Mom hanging food from the rafters that I wouldn't dare to eat!

In the Garage... My little "Speedaway" sled. • Papa's golf clubs. • The big plywood box we used for holding fireplace wood.

In the Laundry Room... Lupa.

In the Yard... Racing with Lupa around the house, "Wait... [whimper], wait... [whimper], wait... [whimper] -- O.K!!" • Playing baseball in the back yard with Papa, and asking him to throw the high pops.

In the Kitchen... "Something!" • I remember Mom frying thinly sliced steak ("chip steak?") that tasted so good! And the Sunday morning donuts. • And egg-white cookies. • And finding Wings in the refrigerator.

In our Bedroom... Baccalà. • Rich's Star Trek fleet and his tribble. • My bird house, and my stereo. • Stickers on our closet doors. • Eating soup in our beds on trays with collapsible legs when we were sick. • Mom coming to tuck us in at night.

Family Outings... I remember going to Bowcraft for miniature golf and pitching machines. I remember the Leaning Tower of Pizza. The trips to the Trailside Museum- the pine grove, the peacock, and the place where we could find pink and green shale-like rock (copper, I think). • I remember the Roma Pizzeria, close to the Watchung circle. • And Two Guys. • And Tico Taco (only once!).

Other Stuff... I remember Mom visiting Mrs. Deinhard (I couldn't understand why), and F.I.S.H. • I remember picking up Lupa at the Cook's kennels and her urinating (she was very predictable in that respect). • I remember birthday dinners (London broil and cook-outs). • I remember Papa using physics to make the Testardi pine wood derby cars the fastest in town (by using polishing paper on the axles, and by putting the lead strips at the back of the car rather than the center). • In Baker Avenue, I remember Mom cutting a big pillow in half and making two little ones for Rich and me-- our first pillows! • I remember Mom making me chamomile tea when I couldn't sleep. • I remember Lupa being caught in the trap, and praying to God, and the blood on the back seat of the car, and Papa driving her for help, and her having to eat ice cream during her recovery! • I remember waking up early on Christmas mornings and trying to be quiet! • I remember fires in the fireplace, and Lupa in the snow. • I remember Papa taking us boys aside and telling us that we were going to drive Mom to the mad house. I remember subsequently asking or thinking, "If she does go there, could we visit her?"

Mark Remembers...

The house on Quaint Street in Secane, playing with Steve in the "jungle bush" in the yard. • Mom throwing us sugar packets from her hospital room window when Rich and Dave were born. • The 33 Baker Avenue house in Berkeley Heights, the black Pontiac station wagon, picking up Papa at Bell Labs after work, sliding down the snow-covered Baker avenue hill. • The 7 Tina Lane house in Warren, center of most childhood memories, with a tree house, home made skating rink, teepees in the back yard, "the ditch" and the bridge Papa built over it, and the "bomb shelter" beyond it. • Papa encouraging my interest in weather forecasting by making a support for me to put some "instruments" out the bedroom window, and encouraging Steve's interest in mechanics by buying a riding lawnmower for him to fix up (remember the bright orange paint?). • Papa's patience with my tears and frustration as I made voltage and current measurements with my new VOM on a resistor network connected to the old red variable DC power supply, struggling to make sense of Ohm's law. • Learning about ham radio from Papa; setting up the 40-meter dipole together on the roof; "contacts" from the basement "ham shack". • Saturday hikes with Lupa around Surprise Lake, the Great Swamp, or at the Trailside Museum; the Delaware Water Gap, Sunfish Pond and High Point State Park. • Great family vacations: Long Beach Island and the Barnegat Light House, Sea Isle City, camping in the Catskills, cabins on Silver Lake (Adirondacks) and a lake in New Hampshire, hiking in the White Mountains, Franconia Notch, "climbing" Mount Washington in the car, Williamsburg and Jamestown (the "Lost Colony" outdoor play), Florida and Disney World (Steve and I sitting in the rear-facing back seat of the station wagon and feeding kite string out the window, trying to get other cars to drive over it), seeing my first live gator in Florida, houseboats in the Everglades and the Thousand Islands, camping in the Smoky Mountains, Acadia National Park, Prince Edward Island, and more! • Ski trips with Mom and Mrs. Onofrietto to Great Gorge, Hidden Valley, and Jack Frost; eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and oranges in the car on the way home. • Serving as an altar boy at Our Lady of the Mount in Warren, my Confirmation and receiving my first Bible. • Mom's answer to my question as to whether I would see Twinkles (my first hamster) in heaven: "If you wouldn't be happy without Twinkles, then Twinkles will be there. Heaven is a place of perfect happiness." • Christmas eve masses, with a "midnight snack" of eggnog, panetone, and panforte afterward; Mom's delicious stuffed shells for Christmas dinner. • Trips to Philadelphia at Christmas and other times; warm family gatherings with Nonna, Aunt Dodie, Aunt Julie and Uncle Jack, Aunt Norma and Uncle Irv. • Steve and I taking a train to Philadelphia to spend a week or two one summer; fun with skateboards and slingshots that Aunt Dodie got for us. • Delightful trips to Italy, Nonna Maria's apartment in Rome (playing on the elevator and dropping "water bombs" from the balcony), the house at Torrette, dinners outside in the yard, the fig tree, Zia Laura's treasure hunt and the clue about the "iron stairs" (the ladder to the roof), long walks with Nonno Corrado on the beach collecting shells, making ash trays and other things with him by gluing shells together, making marble tracks and "volcanoes" on the beach, swimming in the calm sea, renting the double-hull rowboats ("moscoes"?), white pizza; receiving post cards and books from Papa (*Go Dog Go* [my favorite], and *One Fish Two Fish Red Fish Blue Fish* among them); hiking in the Dolomites, Zio Marcello's spiked tea warming us to the core.

Rich Remembers...

I remember Sunday night pizza and milk and the Wonderful World of Disney... And Mom always making carrot and celery sticks! • I remember playing football or baseball in the street nearly every day after school. I remember skateboarding on the hill. • I remember going for "walks in the woods" with the family, and Lupa! And blueberry pancakes on camping trips! And learning to swim ("Oh... I can touch here.")! • I remember Fischer Technic! • I remember sledding in the back yard a mile to I-78! • I remember Papa bringing home parts for me so I could build the robot -- switches, LEDs, and connectors... And then later, bringing home integrated circuits so I could learn digital logic! And then an Intel 8080 processor manual! • I remember Mom teaching me to drive and telling me not to turn the wheel ahead of time, while waiting to make a left hand turn... And Papa teaching me to shift a manual transmission... On the way to pizza!! • I remember my first 8080 -- white and gold (I can still see it now!), and the single board computer I built with it... 256 bytes of RAM and not even an EPROM... And then later an EPROM burner! • I remember Papa working at home on Sundays, and always hoping he'd give me something to do for him! (I know now, that he must not have done this to get done sooner!) • I remember family vacations in the car, and having two seatback pockets, each, to store our stuff... And Hershey Park... And King's Dominion... And Busch Gardens, most of all! • I remember hunger day. I remember not even believing that people were actually hungry. I remember eating 4 peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on other days! I remember Mom making wonderful dinners. • I remember Mom teaching us to eat what we were given. (I wish now that everyone in the world had learned that.) • I remember cleaning the "box room" at E-com, Corp. And then assembling circuit boards... And then testing them... And then writing software on the TRS-80 -- my first experience with an assembler and a Z-80! And then writing firmware for the TRU itself! • I remember asking Mom if I could buy a motorcycle, and her responding, "well, you have the money, if that's what you want." • I remember feeling trusted! • I remember telling Papa that I wanted to be a mechanic after High School, and him telling me that, after I went to college, I could choose to be a mechanic if I still wanted to. • I remember both Mom and Papa in 100% complete disbelief when I told them I wanted to go to grad school! • I remember TTC, and not believing someone would trust me with a key to their business! I remember working on weekends and being paid for my drive time from UVA! I remember thinking this was way better than being a mechanic! • I remember my stereo speakers being stolen from my car, and Mom telling me that there might be people who needed them more than I did. • I remember telling Mom and Papa that I planned to bicycle across the USA... And thinking about them nearly every day on the trip, thankful for who they were, and who they raised me to be. And having them fly out at the end to share a time that I don't know I will ever be able to describe. • I remember running to the mailbox in the snow.

We Remember!

