

Andrea (Andrew) Pasquariello, 1874-1960

Andrea Pasquariello was born on December 24, 1874 in a tiny town of Southern Italy known as "Pasquarielli, County of Arpaesi, Province of Benevento. His parents were Antonio and Felicia Pasquariello. Andrea was the third, and last child of the couple. Carmine was the oldest, and Maria the second.

Education at that time was compulsory only up to grade five. The extent of the education for these three children is not known. The father of the family died when Andrea was four years old. The tragedy of being left fatherless was eased a little by Paolo Pasquariello, the children's uncle. Financial resources at that time, in that little town were meagre.

Andrea, (referred as "Papa" from now on) started at a very young age to tend sheep, to supplement the income for the family budget.

Despite lack of adequate education, Papa was by nature intelligent, and extremely courageous. He also possessed a bit of "adventure" and a strong desire to prepare for a life vocation other than tending sheep in the Town of Pasquarielli.

At age sixteen, with mother Felicia's consent and blessing, he enlisted in the Italian Army engaged at that time in the Etheopian Campaign. Being modest, and self effaced, he never elaborated about his activities during those three years in the Service. We are sure that his duties were well performed, and his Discharge most honorable.

When Papa returned to his home town at age 19, opportunities for an intelligent and ambitious young man were limited. However, he did not remain idle, but accepted any type of work, mostly manual, in order to provide for himself, his widowed mother, and sister Maria. Pa- The older brother, Carmine married approximately the year before Papa's discharge from the Army. Papa also had a desire to nurture his natural intellect by improving his reading and writing, encouraged by his Uncle Paolo who was also intellectually born, and an outstanding gentleman.

In the interim, he became interested in the politics of that small town, and held several offices.

It must have been approximately 1896 that he had accumulated sufficient money for a passage, by boat, to the United States. He arrived in Brooklyn, New Yprk, where some of his acquaintances from that small town had previously arrived, and settled. Foremost

(Narciso, and Carmela)

of these friends were the Cennamo's, who ~~received~~ received him to their home immediately. (2)

He lost no time in securing employment, mostly in the construction industry, and, no doubt at manual labor. His first priority was to earn enough money to send to his widowed mother in Italy. This, he always maintained, up to the time of her death, ^{in 1924,} He was always mindful of his Uncle Paolo, who had maintained a fatherly interest and protection of him since his father's untimely death; and never neglected to send monetary contributions to him, whom he loved, and respected as a father. ^{maternal} *Grandfather Paolo died in 1938; remainder in 1940*

Despite the fact that the Italian immigrants at that time were in the minority, he was fortunate to always find employment, especially in the field of construction. In no time, he became an experienced worker in stone masonry, and established himself as a small contractor. Many fellow countrymen who followed him to the United States were employed by him--one of them being Fortunato Papa who, years later introduced the "Progresso", an Italian newspaper which is still in existence today. Because of his integrity, and dedication to his work, he became a financially successful contractor on a modest scale. And He made at least two return trips to Italy between 1896 and 1902.

It must have been during this period of his success in the United States that a spark of romance was ignited in his heart for his cousin, Rosina, daughter of Uncle Paolo. His This "spark" attraction for his cousin must surely have been present perhaps even when they were growing up together, but he revealed it to noone, least of all, to Rosina. Being an honest young man, he chose not to ask for her hand until he was financially secure to offer his bride a comfortable livelihood.

His last departure from Italy was in September, 1902, after the traditional celebration of the Fest of Sts. Cosimo and Damiano, patron saints of that village,

Also, from the time of his first immigration to this country, in addition to hard and honest labor, he lost no time in acquainting himself with the language. He attended evening schools, and within a few years was capable of communicating sufficiently to operate prosper in his small contracting business.

It seems unlikely that he indulged in any recreation, however, approximately in 1904 he boarded a train at Grand Central Station, bound for Winsted, Connecticut. This was "adventuresome Papa"! He was unafraid. While in Brooklyn, he became acquainted with a

Swedish gentleman, Gustave Thorne, how had sometime previously, purchased a home on Hartland,

Connecticut. He- He must have spent a little time with the Torne's. Within that short time, he negotiated with a Bank in Winsted to purchase a tract of land with house, in Hartland. This property is still the Pasquariello Homestead today. As accurately as I can remember Papa's narration to us, it seems that he paid \$1200 for the house and 165 acres of land. The house was a large one, quite well kept, two stories, and 10 rooms. In later years, as we grew up, we became acquainted with ~~many fine p-~~ the descendents of some fine people ~~who had owned~~ who had owned, and lived in that house prior to Papa's acquisition.

Immediately after the purchase, Papa provided the expense for having his brother Carmine, and wife, and seven children to emigrate from Italy, and occupy the home in Hartland. Papa had compassion for the family, especially the children, whom he knew would have more opportunities in this country. They arrived in 1905.

Now was the time for Papa to think about his own future, as a married man with a family. His only love was for Rosina, his cousin. The proper thing to do was for him to communicate with Uncle Paolo, for Rosina's hand. Uncle Paolo at that time was residing with his family in Naples. His sincerely tentative plans were to marry in America, and with his contracting business doing so well, within a few years thereafter, he and his family would return to Italy, permanently.

So, by correspondence, he asked Uncle Paolo for Rosina's hand. Such was the only proper thing to do for a respectable young man. After careful deliberation between Rosina and her parents, the proposal was accepted.

Rosina, who was ^{and respectfully} gainfully employed in Naples prepared her trousseau very completely, even including a wedding dress and veil. The Civil Ceremony was performed in Naples, by Proxy, and the Roman Catholic Ceremony was to be performed immediately upon her arrival. She arrived in Brooklyn, New York during the latter part of September, 1908. She was lovingly welcomed into the home of the Cennamo's, from the day she arrived, until October 4, 1908, the day of the marriage. The Cennamo's were the attendants at the wedding.

Papa then took his bride to the furnished apartment he had prepared. His business continued to prosper. The first child, Emilia (as I was named) was born on August 22, 1909. The second, Antonio Paolo came on September 14, 1911.

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At-- At about that time, Papa had completed the construction of a Duplex home (two stories) at 1418 70 Street, Brooklyn. They occupied the second floor apartment.

At this point, Papa, Mamma, and two children were happily settled in their new and beautiful home. Papa's business was very good, and financially stable. It would appear that this was the time that Papa would fulfill his dream to return permanently to Italy, as he had promised Uncle Paolo, (Mamma's father). But whether it was his desire to accumulate a larger fortune, or that Divine Providence had other plans, Papa was not ready to return. But, being the proud and stalwart gentleman that he was, he wanted Mamma and her two children to go to Italy for a visit. Mamma was elated, and wrote immediately to her parents about the planned trip. But, Boom!! came Grandpa Paolo's reply, like this: "Dear Daughter, unless you come here to stay, do not come at all. Your mother and I cannot withstand another heart-breaking farewell". That was it; they did not go!

The third child, Felicia (named for Papa's mother) was born on January 8, 1914. The fourth, Paul, named for Mamma's father, was born on August 12, 1916.

During the summer of 1917, Papa took us all to the Hartland home in Hartland, for a two-week vacation. Uncle Carmine's family had moved to Winsted during 1910 or 1911. Neither Uncle Carmine, nor the subsequent families which Papa allowed to live there contributed anything for rent; to the contrary, he would contribute to their welfare, if and when it was necessary. When we arrived there (I don't remember the train ride, nor how we were transported from Winsted to Hartland) the house was a shamble! It appeared to Mamma that we were regarded as an "intrusion" to their domain! The whole house was filthy, open windows with no screens, flies swarming in. What a shock to Mamma, and a disappointment, especially to realize that Papa had complacently allow this to happen, without doing anything about it when he made trips, now and then, when time permitted, to Hartland.

Slowly, and as diplomatically as possible, Mamma arranged for these two families to leave. Thus the two weeks vacation was the beginning of a permanently new life style for her, so unlike the manner in which she had lived during her short time of arrival in this country, and her life in Naples. However, she accepted the challenge with much courage and resignation. This became their home from then on, and it is now still the "Old Homestead of the Pasquariello Family". Anna was born in Hartland on August 8, 1919; the last child, Edith on August 24, 1921.

It was also a new challenge for Papa. At that point, his contracting business was proceeding very well in Brooklyn; he was reluctant to give it up, naturally. So we were left in Hartland; Papa, during the peak of the contracting business would shuttle back and forth whenever it was possible. During the winter months, he would live with us.

It was approximately in 1916 (before we moved to Hartland) that Papa, seeing that the property had an ample number of trees suitable for use as lumber, he decided to sell the trees. Unfortunately, not knowing how to go about it, he delegatdd the project to an individual of unscrupulous character; and, unfortunately he did not realized any of the proceeds. This was a heart-breaking situation for Papa, because he trusted this individual~~x~~ implicitly. And thinking back now, it may be accurate to say that this must have been the one time of the courageous man's life that he temporarily became bitterly discouraged, despite the fact that his contracting business in New York was going well. The house was almost unfit for occupancy, the property-was woodland was stripped of the lumber; ~~Se-He-decided-to-sell~~ all because of his complacent character to allow various families to occupy the one-time well kept house, and trusting implicitly the person to whom he allowed to deal with the forester. He then lost no time in finding a buyer for the entire property, and finding a house in Winsted (still standing to this day on Tarringford Street, opposite the lower entrance to the cemetery. But because the prospective buyer from Brooklyn, New York could not finance it, the deals were all canceled. The furniture from our beautiful home in Brooklyn was moved, and the two-family residence was rented.

At this point, Papa and Mamma had no other choice but to repair the house, first of all. Financially, he was still stable, ~~te~~ and with his ability as plasterer and mason, and his good friend and neighbor, with his ability as carpenter, within a few years, the rooms were re-plastered, floors were replaced, chimneys were rebuilt (after a few extensive chimney fires).

It must have been approximately in 1923 that Papa added a partner to his business, and unfortunately, not aware at the time that this ~~individual~~ individual was dishonest and unscrupulous, and within a short time, ^{he} stripped my father of all his assets which had been accumulated for several years by honesty and hard labor. All that was left, then, was the property in Brooklyn, which he sold. The selling price of that home was all that was left, after many years in the modest contracting business which he had built, with honesty and pride.

From 1923 on, not having his own business any longer, he was always occupied, working at his capable occupation of concrete and stone masonry. When weather permitted, he always found work, in Hartland, Winsted, Torrington. Sometimes he would also find work in Brooklyn, temporarily, and lived, temporarily at the home of our Aunt Teresa (Mamma's sister). At one point, he even went to Meriden, Connecticut to work. During the winter months, he would ~~prepare-lumber~~ fell trees on our property, for fire-wood, and to sell to defray the expenses of the property taxes. He would even sell wood to the owner of a feed mill in Riverton, in exchange for feed for our few heads of live-stock, and chickens.

~~Papa's complete retirement from wage earning came in 1951 when Mamma was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage in May, and passed away in August of that year.~~
 ... sadly for us all,

Electricity for Mill Street in Hartland did not come until 1935. During all the years prior, we used kerosene lamps for lighting, had no in-door bathroom facilities. At first, we drew water from a well a short distance from the house. A little later, Papa in the cellar signs of an abandoned well. All by himself, when day-light peered from the narrow windows, he dug, and dug, a little at a time, until he struck water again. They he lined the excavation with dry stones. He piped the well to the room which is still now the pantry. He bought a hand pump, and for the first time, we had water in the house. Then, he excavated a cess pool for drainage, from the iron sink in the pantry.

When electricity came on Mill Street, the artesian well was dug (the same well in use at the present time. Another neighbor, plumber by trade, Ross Hamlin installed the necessary piping for an indoor bath room, with bath tub. A water heater (by electric) was installed next to the kitchen stove; and we had running hot water. An oil-burning furnace was installed in the Spring of 1951.

Complete retirement from wage-earning came to Papa in 1951, a few months before Mamma passed away on August 4, 1951.

A new life began for us and our father when our mother passed away. We four girls performed all the duties of the household; and, most of all, cared for our father. To overcome his loneliness, and because he always wanted to be occupied, he would cultivate huge gardens in the summer; and during the winters, he still would do some "wood-chopping" to keep our favorite kitchen stove going.

Our widowed Aunt Teresa would spend each summer with us. We loved her dearly, and she helped us with some household duties, and was company for Papa while we worked.

We were also blessed with a devoted neighbor, Mrs. Mary Anstett, whose house was down the road, on the opposite side of ours, and within sight of our home. Being a trained nurse, she called on our mother frequently, during her last illness, especially during the last few months of her life when Mamma needed injections to relieve the fluids in her body. After Mamma's death, she took an equal interest in the welfare of Papa, and would always be on the look-out for him, while we were at work.

Thus Papa's retirement years from 1951 to the time of his death were quietly spent. His favorite pass time was reading the Progresso, the daily Italian newspaper which we subscribed for him, and would come daily by mail. His main interest of the news was to follow the politics of our country, and discords among nations. He enjoyed talking to us about events taken place during the First and Second World War, and giving his opinion as to what the heads of nations should have done; particularly deploring the decisions of Roosevelt, Churchill, Mussolini.

His last construction project was to build for us a two-car garage of cement blocks, which still stands on the premises. The one-car wooden structure was moved a short distance north of our house; and by accumulating all the other materials needed, he built what he had hoped to be a little "cottage" with three partitioned rooms on the ground level; and the underground level he had planned it for a kitchen, with a bath room. Further than that, he also excavated and built a cess-pool with drainage pipes. It is not exactly in a liveable manner; but we are allowing it to stand there as a memorial of Papa, who in his prime years had constructed many homes in Brooklyn, New York.

To one side of the "cottage", he built a very large fire place, of stone and masonry. It was when he was constructing the fire place that he fell from the ladder and fractured several ribs. He was strong enough to pick himself up and walk to the home of Mrs. Anstett. She walked with him home, put him in bed, and phoned us girls, saying, "do not speed, I will watch until you come". I came immediately from Torrington, and our brother Anthony followed shortly afterwards. We summoned an ambulance and admitted him to the Winsted Hospital. I believe that he had broken about five ribs. Papa was discharged from the hospital in about eleven days; it was not too long afterwards, that he was up and around again, as usual.

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During his retirement years, he suffered discomfort of prostate glands. The doctor treated him several times at his office, but the discomfort always persisted. Finally, during the Fall of 1958, our faithful family doctor, Joseph Reidy informed Anthony that surgery imperative. Dr. Reidy informed Anthony and Papa that the risk was high, and the chances of recovering from the operating table were slim. Papa agreed to surgery, which was successful, but the post-surgery period was very painful. Thanks to our Divine Healer, who guided the surgeon's hands, and allowed him to recover, he was home again. In no time, the operation was forgotten, and he had no further problems.

There were no other physical problems from then on. He continued to do little chores about the house, continued to avidly read his Progresso, and enjoyed the company of his faithful dog, Laddy, who was constantly with him, and followed him wherever he went.

On the morning of December 8, 1960, he arose early, as usual, and greeted me with a smiling "good morning" as usual. He had breakfast, as usual. Unusual, however, was the fact that he worried about us removing snow from the driveway; and he wanted to fell some evergreen trees on the south side of the driveway. We said "good-by" as usual, and went to work. It was mid-morning of that day that Anthony received a phone call from a friend of the family, ~~WWilli~~ William Osborn who in passing by had observed Papa on the ground, with Laddy at his side. Anthony summoned our doctor who summoned an ambulance and asked us to meet him at the hospital. When Tony and I arrived at the hospital, Dr. Reidy informed us that Papa had passed away. Dr. Reidy reminded us of an remark Papa had made one week before when he was at the office for a periodic check. The doctor had told him that he was in fine shape, and had the heart of a man of 60. Papa's remark was, "When the pear is ripe, it falls!".

And so, came the end of our two parents, not scholars of high education, but both blessed with natural intelligence successfully nurtured. I am sure that their refinement of nature, intelligence, honesty, love of God and fellow-man was passed on to each of their children, particularly the boys Anthony and Paul.

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These two boys were high ranking students from grammar school through their college years. Anthony graduated Yale University with a degree in electrical engineering; Paul graduated Yale University in 1937, and Yale Law School in 1940. Both were successful in the careers they pursued, and displayed much of the stamina and dignity of their parents. We four girls, with no higher university education have successfully held out place in the working world in the same respectable manner as their parents and brothers.
