



It is a Joy to read news about Gioi!—E' una Gioia ricevere notizie di Gioi!

NEW BAPTISMAL FONT UNVEILED



The church of San Eustachio in Gioi has a new baptismal font, the work from A to Z of the multi-talented professor Michele Marmora, son of the late Federico Marmora. Part marble and part carved wood; it blends perfectly with the prevailing interior style of the church. Michele Marmora has also agreed, after the recent deaths of Mario Pagano and Ciccillo Lucchesi, to shoulder the responsibility to erect the annual Christmas Neapolitan Creche (Presepe) in the same church. Gioi is grateful for his donation and is fortunate to be blessed with his creative talent.

ENZO MARMORA

CENTENNIAL OF FELITTO'S ELECTRIC POWER STATION



The first power plant to supply Gioi with electricity was built in 1908. A Vallo group, led by the Giudice and the Passarella families, financed the construction of the hydroelectric power station on the river *Calore Salernitano* near Felitto, 17 miles from Gioi. From Felitto, the electric

power spread in stages from town to town, a task complicated logistically by the steep mountainous terrain and by the advent of WWI, until it reached Gioi's bordering town of Stio. At this point a visionary Gioiese named Michele Errico (1871-1948), grandfather of Gioi's current mayor, Dr. Dino Errico, acquired the right to extend the power lines from Stio to Gioi where electricity finally arrived in 1918. When the Felitto's power plant became obsolete in 1964, the Italian national utility company, "ENEL" became Gioi's electricity supplier. While visiting Gioi in May 2008, Severino and I interviewed Michele Errico's daughter, Ilgida who shared with us some of memories. The Signora Ilgida Errico, despite her age, has an exceptional memory and vitality.



The fast flowing **Calore Salernitano** River, especially when fed by the Monte Cervato spring snow-melt, has now become a destination for canoeing and kayaking experts.

ENZO MARMORA



Dear Friends,

When my father Achille was alive, he and I did not say much to each other. As they say in the spy business, we talked on a 'need to know basis'. Growing-up, I was frightened by his presence and he was exasperated by my lack of response. It was one of those cultural handicaps of living in the medieval life style of Gioi in the 1940's and 50's.

Now, that he is gone, I have come to realize how wise he was and how I would like to go back in time and learn more from him. In one of our rare conversations he said something that has had a major impact in shaping my life. "I tried hard in my life and I did better than my father. Now, it is your turn to be more successful than me." He said. I interpreted his statement as a natural progression law. Each generation, will surpass the previous one in financial success and educational accomplishments. I met his expectations! By no means, am I nearly as ambitious as my father was and I never developed his leadership qualities. But! I am better educated and richer than he was.

Later, having had had children of my own, I expected them to continue this upward progression— namely, they will be richer and better educated than me—I thought. With those goals in mind, I have been monitoring their progress expecting them at some point in their lives, to spring ahead of their parents in these two criteria—It has not happened—Certainly, my daughters are smart and well educated; but, they lack the ambition in financial success and the academic drive that have fueled my accomplishments.

One of my daughters, Danielle, in her early 30's, now, has children of her own. She lives on a farm, growing her own vegetables, raising chickens, pigs and goats. In a way, she wants to emulate in part, that back-to-nature, good-old-days, life style that my grand-parents lived. Ironically, it is the lifestyle that my father detested and fought hard to escape.

Then, was my father's law of generational progression wrong? Did I fail as a parent? Danielle is well educated, but not rich and she does not aspire to being rich. On the other hand, she is a loving and caring human being, something that my father and I were to a lesser degree. Her hero is Mother Theresa. She has a loving husband, something that my father never was. She never raises her voice in front of her children. Her children do not watch TV; they eat healthy organic foods, with no junk food and pop sodas. They are growing healthy, happy and serene. Danielle is the perfect parent that I wish had been. She has that ideal relationship with her children that my father did not even come close to having with me. That is not bad! In fact, I'd say, she is more successful than me and my father was right. Each generation does get better; it was my definition of success that was wrong!

By the way, the picture above was taken two months ago after completing the Los Angeles Marathon. I want to thank Roberto Parrillo for giving me the SOGNA purple shirt and shorts that I wore proudly throughout the 26 mile race! It is the official uniform of the GIOI soccer team. And now here is part II of my story...

SEVERINO

The User Hostile Italian Bureaucracy—My quest to regain my Italian citizenship. (Part 2)

Raccomandati—How to get head in Italy

In 1961, I switched high schools. I went from the Istituto Professionale di Stato in San Marco to the Istituto Tecnico Industriale in Salerno. Naturally, documents were required to make the transaction. But how many? Going to apply to my new school in Salerno, I was carrying a stack of these documents—a big stack! Among the papers was my birth certificate or *certificato di nascita*. Was it really necessary? There I was, looking and sounding Italian. I must have been born at some point in time otherwise how could I be standing there?—Continues on page 3

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Did I really need a birth certificate to prove it? To my surprise, not only I need to prove my birth, but the standard *certificata di nascita* was not good enough. Something else very elaborate called *atto di nascita* was required. In addition to all the information normally found in a birth certificate, such as date and place of birth, the *atto di nascita* listed all kinds of details about my birth, including the exact time. Further, it was an expensive document and it took three days and two more trips to Salerno by train to deliver it. The delay almost made me miss the school registration deadline. Was it really important for the school to know that I was born at exactly 11:25 am? Of course not. Paying the higher tax associated with the more detailed document is the only logical reason for requiring it. In that case, why didn't they just have me pay it and save me the aggravation of going back and forth between my home town, Gioi and Salerno? Incidentally, they never got my date of birth right, but they were right about the time! My mother has always told me I was born on April Fool's Day, not the second of April, as recorded at city hall.

A couple of years earlier, I had applied to another school and unaware of the date of the first day of school, I wrote a letter to the school requesting that information. As it was common in Italy then, the letter was not answered. Growing increasingly nervous about possibly missing school, I begged my father to drive me the hour-long distance on his motorcycle. Once there, we asked the principle if he had received our letter. He said "yes, it's right here". So why didn't he answer? "As you can see, it was not necessary." he said, "You are here aren't you!"

On two more recent occasions, my wife and I, traveling in Italy, wanted to change some dollars into lire. "No problem, I've got connections," said my friend Don Fernando, a priest in Battipaglia. "The bank director is a friend of mine."

"I just want to change a few dollars, not ask for a large loan! Why bother the director?" I answered.

"This is Italy" added Fernando, "you need connections for everything."

On another similar money changing transaction, another friend, Faluccio Bianco, introduced me to his friend, the bank manager, as his relative and asked him to take good care of me, "his relative". I had known Faluccio for years, but we were not related. Apparently, Faluccio, an expert with Italian red tape, felt that my being a blood relation to him would carry some weight with his friend, the bank manager, to facilitate the changing of my meager \$100 into lire.

A widely used Italian term, *raccomandare*, describes the kind of behavior being practiced by both Fernando and Faluccio. I, their friend, would be described as the *raccomandato*. While talking to their bank manager

friends, Fernando and Faluccio used the phrase *ti raccomando*, literally meaning "I entrust my friend to you". Had I needed a serious favor, the action of *raccomandare* would have escalated to a higher level and gifts would have had to exchange hands. These gifts (I did not say bribes!) are given quietly by the *raccomandato*. They are accepted with no hesitation and without a thank-you by the *raccomandat*-or. I suspect thanking the *raccomandato* may be interpreted as an admission by the recipient for accepting a bribe—sorry, I meant gift. Examples of this more serious *raccomandare* include trying to get accepted to a school or landing a good job.

As 10 year-old, I remember benefiting from one of these transactions. In June 1956, I was totally unprepared to pass an exam required to move on from the 5th to the 6th grade. Strange but true, then, completing the 5th grade was the last year of studying for those Italian kids who could not pass this *esame di ammissione*. This rule began changing the following year. Notwithstanding my poor performance, I passed the exam, thanks to a large *provolone* gifted by my mother to an influential teacher and exam-giver.

Out of approximately 30 kids from my hometown, who completed the 5th grade in 1956, only four of us took and passed this exam. One is now a teacher (*professore*) at the nearby high school (*Liceo*). Nearly half a century later, he and I ran into each other along the streets of Gioi. While reminiscing about the good old days, he casually mentioned a lamb given to him by the parents of one of his students. He did not say why and I did not ask. But can any one guess the reason for the gift?

Raccomandare under similar circumstances, accompanied by substantial gifts, is also widely used in Italy to get jobs, receive a government pension or to influence public officials. This practice got to be so rampant and the bribes so large to the point that in early 1990 it became a national scandal under the name of *tangentopoli*. Some militant prosecutors in the Italian justice department decided enough was enough and started a mass scale investigation of anyone in Italy connected with these scandals. Giulio Andreotti, an ex Italian prime minister, and old time politician from the 1950's, was later acquitted from an alleged mafia connection in a *tangentopoli* investigation. Before him, Bettino Craxi, a socialist prime minister was not so lucky. Craxi was convicted of taking large scale *tangenti* and escaped to Algeria to avoid incarceration. He eventually died in exile. The current prime minister, Silvio Berlusconi also under investigation, cleverly avoided prosecution by conveniently passing laws in his favor.

Next Episode—[Are things better today?](#)

FULL TIME FARMER AND "MAESTRO"

Giovanni Scarpa, born in Gioi in 1893, displayed in his youth a precocious music talent and with ease became versatile in numerous musical instruments. Still in his 20's, with astounding confidence, Giovanni enriched the lives of all Gioiesi by single-handedly establishing a symphony orchestra. He started by giving lessons to anybody who shared his passion for music, the only requirement was that they purchase their own musical instruments. (Those vintage instruments are still prominently displayed in their descendants' living rooms.) Giovanni then gradually integrated his students (all full time farmers) into the symphony orchestra that for decades practiced in the convent of San Francesco and regularly performed in Gioi's main square. Maestro Giovanni was also gifted with an extraordinary memory that permitted him to conduct without a score. Unfortunately nobody made contingency plans for a successor and when Giovanni Scarpa died in 1970, also died a proud chapter of Gioi's history.

ENZO MARMORA

PILGRIMAGES THE OLD FASHIONED WAY

I still have fond memories of the processional pilgrimages departing Gioi every August to reach the sanctuary of the "Madonna del Monte," located at the top of the 6000 foot high "Monte Gelbison," 7-8 hours later, (nowadays, most pilgrims, too rusty for the trip on foot, reach the top by car.) Leaving Gioi after midnight, the pilgrims traversed many villages and mountains before reaching the base of Monte Gelbison for the last steep climb necessary to reach the destination. While the sanctuary is approximately 15 miles in a straight line from Gioi, it is much further away when you consider the continuous twists and turns of the old Pilgrim's path.

(Note: Halfway up the mountain is the spring that supplies excellent water to Gioi and nearby towns since 1956 when it replaced the inadequate "Renola" Aqueduct.)

Gioi's Pilgrims, after participating in various religious functions the rest of the day, passed the night sleeping on the wooden planks available at the sanctuary. The following day, after attending mass, the fulfilled pilgrims made their journey back to Gioi, where they arrived with tired feet, aching muscles and tears of joy in their eyes.

ENZO MARMORA

USING GIOI AS A "HUB"

After visiting Italy's celebrated cities and feeling exhausted from packing and unpacking every night, I suggest that you rent a car, drive to Gioi, and while using the town as a base, take day trips to explore the numerous outstanding sights located within the same provincia (county) of Salerno as Gioi.

You will discover that Gioi vicinities are blessed with attractions of unique beauty, both natural and man made. These sights include...

- ✓ The Amalfi and Cilento coasts
- ✓ The 26 century old Doric temples in Paestum
- ✓ Medieval monasteries
- ✓ Fishing villages
- ✓ Beautiful beaches, etc.

Even the Island of Capri, Sorrento and the ruins of Pompeii are nearby. I recommend that you travel by day to enjoy the scenery and to navigate safely the local twisty roads.

Last month while visiting Gioi, Severino and I reviewed the following **accommodations** available in town or in the nearby countryside.

Le Cicale is an *Agriturismo* (holiday farm vacation) comprising two locations both in the countryside. One property is in the *Ferrara* section, surrounded by olive trees, vineyards and fruit orchards. The second is located in the *Sterza* section. Their locations along side little trafficked rural roads will provide you with privacy and rest. Both properties are owned by "Don" Nando Salati. (The title "Don" was once a symbol of inherited privilege; now, it is given exclusively to clergy.) The rooms are comfortable and tastefully decorated. For information visit the site www.provinciasalerno.it then clic on *Le Cicale* in the *Agriturismo* Section.

The Accommodations below are Bed and Breakfast all located in town.

Gelsomino, Via Roma, 32, Gioi
Phone: 011-39-0974-991098
Email: fgrompone@tiscali.it

LOcated in the *Orti Grandi* section of Gioi, the spacious rooms and communal areas are furnished with great attention to details. The location on the edge of town provides the rooms, the communal area and even the glassed walled stairway that leads to the rooms, a splendid view of the surrounding hill towns, countryside and the distinctive rocky mountains of *Monte Forte*. It is ideal for family and friends who travel together.

Maria Teresa, Via Risoregimento 11, Gioi
Phone: 011-39-0974-991071
Email: scarpam@hotmail.com

A budget accommodation located near the San Francesco Convent—the simple and unpretentious rooms are spacious with a view of the green hills south of Gioi offer basic comfort. Maria Teresa, your host, speaks fluent English with a touch of Scottish accent. The layout of the communal area makes it preferable that guests know each other.

Elvira, Vico De Marco, Gioi
Phone: 011-39-0974-991187
Email: elvirandrea@tiscali.it

It is located near Gioi's main Piazza in a wing of a restored 18th century *palazzo* that still retains the original external appearance. The huge rooms have been carefully restored and decorated tastefully with delightful antique furnishings perfectly complementing the style of the *palazzo*. The building has large wrap-around terraces with a magnificent view of Gioi's rooftops, surrounding mountains and the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Al Vecchio Mulino, Via Isonzo 14, Gioi
Opening in the Summer of 2008.

Located between the church of *San Nicola* and the church of *San Eustachio* in a former grain mill (*mulino*), the interior has been completely gutted for the conversion to a B&B, producing an outstandingly functional and elegant layout. This B&B has a private garden. Its access by a narrow street with no vehicular traffic, will guarantee you a good night sleep. It promises to make a great addition to Gioi's accommodations inventory.

At this point, all that remains me to say is...

*"Drive safely and **Buon Viaggio!**"*

ENZO MARMORA

A CLASS REUNION OF A DIFFERENT KIND!

If you were born in Gioi in 1948, Alberto Infante would like you to join him and all the others of your same age, **in Gioi, August 16, 2008**. The year that you were born (1948) was one of those baby boomer years and Gioi was indeed booming. According to Alberto, there were 39 Gioiesi born that year. In contrast, 1944 when I was born, only five or six of us were born in Gioi. Recently, that number is only one or two per year. Alberto has researched that of the 39 Gioiesi turning 60 this year, 6 live in America, 8 are in Gioi, 2 in Switzerland, 15 elsewhere in Italy and 8 have passed away. Sadly, 20% of the cohorts have already passed away! I am too old and do not qualify for the reunion. But, it sounds like an exciting event that I would not want to miss if I were 4 year younger!

SEVERINO D'ANGELO

PICNIC June 14, 2008 by Dr. Roberto Rizzo

The Seventh Annual Sogna Picnic was held at the familiar location of the Holy face monastery in Clifton. The warm sunny day assured all who attended it was a great way to be outdoors. The air was filled with Italian Pop Music and smoke from the grill. Many members took advantage of the event to reunite with relatives and extended family.

Continues on page 7

Cari Amici,

Quando mio padre era vivo, io e lui parlavamo pochissimo. Era un po' simile a come dicono nel mondo dello spionaggio, ci scambiavamo solo l'assolutamente necessario. Da piccolo, avevo una paura matta di lui e lui non conosceva un modo piacevole di parlare con me. Non era colpa sua né mia, era parte della cultura medievale Gioiese degli anni '40 e '50, cambiata poco da centinaia d'anni. Adesso che mio padre non c'è più, apprezzo la sua saggezza e rammarico non aver imparato di più da lui. Nonostante tutto, le poche cose che mio padre mi diceva, hanno avuto un effetto profondo sulla mia vita. In particolare, quando ero trentenne, mi disse: "Ho lavorato molto durante la mia vita e ho avuto più successo di mio padre. Adesso, è il tuo turno di aver più successo di me." Interpretai le sue parole come una legge naturale di progresso. Ogni generazione successiva realizza più della precedente. E stato vero per me! In verità, non riuscirò mai a superare tante qualità magnifiche di mio padre; ma dal punto di vista finanziario e culturale indubbiamente l'ho superato, proprio come voleva lui.

Più tardi, essendo diventato io stesso genitore, posi le stesse aspettative su mie figlie. Dopo di tutto, sono cresciute in un ambiente con più opportunità culturali and finanziarie delle mie.

Mirando a questi obiettivi, stavo con l'attesa che le due ragazze mi avrebbero superato in questi due criteri. Però, niente di simile è accaduto.

Indubbiamente, mie figlie sono colte e capaci, in un certo senso più di me; ma mancano quel desiderio di successo finanziario e accademico che ho avuto io. Una delle ragazze, Daniela, adesso trentenne, ha bambini dei suoi. Vive in campagna dove coltiva frutta e ortaggi; alleva maiali, galline e capre. In un certo modo, vuole emulare il ritorno alla natura, i bei giorni di una volta, il modo di vivere dei miei nonni. Ironicamente, è proprio quel modo di vivere che mio padre detestava e lottò tanto per cambiare.

Allora; si sbagliava quando mi disse che ogni generazione successiva doveva superare la precedente? O forse, io ho fallito come padre? Daniela è colta; ma non è e non aspira ad essere ricca. Dall'altro lato però, è una magnifica ragazza premurosa per gli altri, più che lo sia stato io o mio padre. La sua eroina è Madre Teresa. Ha un marito che la rispetta che è qualcosa che mio padre non lo era. Non alza mai la voce davanti a bambini. I piccoli non guardano mai la TV e si nutrono solo di cibi salutari. Crescono ripieni di salute, felici e sereni. Daniela è il genitore perfetto che io speravo di essere. Ha un rapporto ideale con i suoi figli che mio padre ed io non avemmo mai.

Direi, che dopo tutto, Daniela è un vero successo. Direi pure che mio padre aveva ragione. Ogni generazione è migliore della precedente. Era la mia definizione di *migliore* e *successo* che avevo sbagliato!

La User Hostile Burocrazia Italiana—In cerca di riacquistare la cittadinanza Italiana. (Parte 2)

Raccomandati—Il come andare avanti in Italia

Nel 1961, cambiando scuola, mi trasferii dall'Istituto Professionale di Stato di San Marco all'Istituto Tecnico Industriale a Salerno. Per fare il transito, sapevo che ci volevano dei documenti. Ma quanti? Andandomi a registrare alla nuova scuola di Salerno, avevo con me un gran fascicolo, tra i quali il Certificato di Nascita. Mi dicevo: "E' proprio necessario il certificato di nascita? Non e' ovvio che ad un certo punto sia nato?" Risultò che non solo era necessario; ma, non era sufficiente. Ci voleva invece qualcosa di più elaborato chiamato *atto di nascita*. Quest'altro documento, lungo e costoso, oltre alla data e il luogo, conteneva una lunga lista di dettagli sulla mia nascita. Fu allora in fatti, che scoprii che sono nato esattamente alle ore 11 e 25.

Ottenere l'*atto di nascita* non fu semplice. Ci vollero altri due viaggi col treno da Gioi a Salerno. Il ritardo di due giorni quasi mi fece mancare la data di scadenza della registrazione. Era proprio necessario sapere l'ora esatta della mia nascita? Scommetto, che l'unica cosa importante era il pagare della marca da bollo richiesta per ottenere l'atto di nascita. In tal caso mi avrebbero potuto far risparmiare i due giorni di tempo due viaggi semplicemente facendomi pagare quella tassa. Nonostante poi il lungo ed elaborato documento, la data di nascita era in errore! Mia madre mi ha sempre detto che sono nato il primo d'Aprile non il secondo come documentato al municipio.

Un paio d'anni prima, m'iscrissi all'altro istituto in San Marco, e non sapendo la data d'inizio dell'anno scolastico, mandai una lettera al direttore dell'istituto per chiederglielo. Com'era solito allora in Italia, la lettera non ricevette risposta. Non sapendo cos'altro fare, avvicinandomi all'inizio della scuola, convinsi mio padre di portarmi a San Marco in motocicletta. Una volta arrivati dopo un'ora di viaggio, chiedemmo al direttore se aveva ricevuto la lettera. Rispose lui: "Eccola qua." Allora perché non mi aveva risposto? "Come vedi non era necessario rispondere. Sei venuto ugualmente."

In due occasioni più recenti, viaggiando in Italia con mia moglie dovevo cambiare dei dollari in lire. "Non c'e' problema. Il direttore della banca e' un mio amico." Mi disse il mio caro amico Don Fernando, sacerdote a Battipaglia. "Voglio solo cambiare dei dollari, non ho bisogno di un gran prestito! Perche' coinvolgere il direttore della banca?" Risposi. "Siamo in Italia. Qui ci vogliono conoscenze per tutto."

In un'altra occasione simile, ad una banca diversa, un'altra conoscenza, Faluccio Bianco, mi raccomandò al suo amico direttore della banca come un suo parente. Apparentemente, Faluccio un esperto sul modo di fare in Italia, concluse che e' preferibile essere parenti che semplicemente amici quando

bisogna cambiare alla banca un cento dollari in lire italiane. In verità, conoscevo Faluccio da anni, ma eravamo solo compaesani, certamente non-parenti.

Un termine italiano molto usato, *il raccomandare*, descrive il comportamento di Don Fernando e Faluccio. Io, il loro amico sarei *il raccomandato*. Parlando con il direttore della banca, gli dicevano *ti raccomando*, sarebbe a dire, *Io affido a te questo mio amico*. Avessi avuto bisogno di un favore veramente serio, l'azione del *raccomandare* sarebbe scalata ad un livello più alto. A questo punto ci sarebbero voluti dei regali. Donati silenziosamente dal *raccomandato*, i regali sono accettati dal *raccomandatore* senza esitazione, un gesto o una parola di ringraziamento. Sospetto che riconoscere il ricevere dei doni potrebbe essere interpretato come un segno d'ammissione da parte del recipiente. Meglio non dir niente. Esempi di questa forma di *raccomandare* più elevata include cercare di ottenere un posto di lavoro o ricevere dei voti più favorevoli a scuola.

All'età di dieci anni, fui il beneficiario di una di queste transazioni. Il Giugno del 1956, non ero preparato a superare l'esame d'ammissione necessario per trasferirmi dalla quinta elementare alla prima media. Strano, ma allora la quinta elementare era l'ultimo anno di studio per quelli che non volevano o non potevano superare l'esame d'ammissione. Nel mio caso, nonostante non essere preparato, superai l'esame grazie ad un gran provolone donato da mia madre all'insegnante in carica della commissione.

Tra circa 30 ragazzi di Gioi della quinta nel 1956, solo quattro fecero e superarono quest'esame. Uno dei quattro, più tardi diventato professore al Liceo, un giorno, ritrovatici a Gioi, casualmente mi disse di aver ricevuto un capretto da uno dei suoi studenti. Non mi spiego' la ragione per il dono, ma scommetto che aveva a che fare con i voti ricevuti da quel studente.

Il *raccomandare* accompagnato da doni considerevoli su circostanze simili, e' una pratica comune in Italia usata per ottenere un posto di lavoro, una pensione governativa oppure per influenzare reggenti d'uffici pubblici. Questa pratica era così diffusa negli anni ottanta che divenne uno scandalo nazionale chiamato *tangentopoli*. Per rimediare, alcuni magistrati di stato decisero di investigare chiunque fosse sospettato di questi scandali. L'ex Premier, Giulio Andreotti, sospettato di aver collegamenti con la Mafia, fu più tardi assolto. Prima di lui, un altro ex-premier, Benito Craxi non fu tanto fortunato ed eventualmente prese rifugio in Algeria dove morì. Il presente premier, Silvio Berlusconi anche lui sotto investigazione, ha evitato azioni giudiziarie, passando leggi favorevoli alla sua causa.

SEVERINO D'ANGELO

Il Prossimo episodio—E' la situazione migliorata oggi?

La foto in cima, pagina 2, fu fatta due mesi, alla fine della Maratona di Los Angeles. Voglio ringraziare Roberto Parrillo per avermi dato la camicia e pantaloni che indossai con fierezza per gl'interi 42 Km di corsa.

SEVERINO

RIUNIONE DEI SESSANTENNI!

Se sei nato a Gioi il 1948, Alberto Infante t'invita a partecipare ad una riunione dei tuoi coetanei **a Gioi, il 16 Agosto, 2008**. Il 1948 fu un anno in cui a Gioi nacquero un gran numero di bambini. Dice Alberto, quell'anno Gioi acquisto' 39 nuovi cittadini. In contrasto, il 1944, l'anno che sono nato io, Gioi vide solo cinque o sei nascite. Recentemente quel numero e' diminuito ad uno o due all'anno.

Facendo un po' di ricerca, Alberto ha scoperto che dei 39 sessantenni di quest'anno, 6 vivono in America, 8 sono a Gioi, 2 in Svizzera, 15 altrove in Italia e 8 non sono più con noi. E' un peccato che l'alto tasso del 20% sia già morto!

Non ho l'età giusta per partecipare alla riunione. Ma, se avessi 4 anni di meno, vi assicuro, non la mancherei!

SEVERINO

Riconoscente al Signore,
alla mia famiglia, all'Ispeatoria salesiana meridionale e a tutti coloro che mi hanno accompagnato in questi anni

MARCELLO SCARPA

annuncia con gioia la sua

ORDINAZIONE PRESBITERALE

per imposizione delle mani e la preghiera consacratrice di
Sua Ecc. Rev.ma

Angelo Amato

Segretario della Congregazione per la Dottrina della Fede
Sabato 5 Luglio 2008, ore 19.00
Parrocchia S. Giovanni Bosco
Salerno

don Marcello celebrerà la prima Eucarestia Domenica 6 Luglio, ore 10.00 - Parrocchia S. Giovanni Bosco, Salerno

Don Marcello Scarpa becomes a Silesian priest



July 5, 2008. The nephew of Don Fernando Scarpa, Marcello decided to become a priest late in life. In his 30's, after graduating as an electrical engineer, he decided that he would rather deal with souls than transistors. Many of you know his brother, Fernando Scarpa (named after his uncle) who has participated at some of the SOGNA dinners and picnics. Fernando, an established theater director in Germany and Italy, now is taking on Hollywood as a movie director.

SEVERINO D'ANGELO

PICNIC: June 14th —Photos by Bice Del Galdo



The menu of hotdogs and hamburgers was the starting point of various other side dishes from zucchini in olive oil to macaroni salad which made an Italian feast. Home-made wine only was allowed and traditional refreshments like watermelon were served. Mario Torraca's pheasant dish prepared in his usual fashion, was appreciated by the "buon gustai". Among the activities was the Wine Tasting and the *Gara di Scopa*, the popular Italian card game. The grand prize, a ticket to the Dinner Dance, was won (after experienced and knowledgeable players were eliminated) in the end, a 16 year old teenager, Katerina Romano. *The winner!!* Second place was taken by Joe Gargano, who won a new SOGNA T-Shirt.



This year we were visited by Gioiesi from around the world. Maria Torraca from Uruguay was delighted to meet paesani like Assunta Torraca and Attilio Rizzo whom she had never dreamt of meeting again. Assunta and Attilio were among the oldest members of the group.

Elena Errico in Rizzo visiting from Gioi, made the Zeppole di San Giuseppe which are fragrant fritters seen in the photo above.



June is a busy month for everyone and those who make the effort to attend the picnic are appreciated for their support of SOGNA.

DR. ROBERT RIZZO

GIOI 2008



THE CARD GAME—Gioi's favorite past time. Is it La Scopa, Lo Tressette or la Briscola?



SEVERINO, DONATO AND DONATUCCIO

SOGNA next Dinner-Dance is Saturday, October 25, 2008
This year, we will go back to La REGGIA, Meadowlands Plaza Hotel
40 Wood Avenue, Secaucus, N, J. 07094
Details will be published in the next September, **SOGNA** Quarterly.

SOGNA

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FIRST CLASS MAIL



Gioi 2008—ANGELO AND VINCENZO