

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Youngstown, Ohio: Smoky Hollow

Life in Smoky Hollow

O.H. 189

DOMINIC CIARNIELLO

Interviewed

by

Annette D. Mills

on

April 25, 1976

DOMINIC CIARNIELLO

Dominic Ciarniello was born in Italy on November 25, 1911. His parents were Anna and Ferdinando Ciarniello. He was nine years old when he came to America and moved to Smoky Hollow. Mr. Ciarniello married his wife Almerinda in the early 1930's and they have three children: Violet, Dominic, and a son Donald who is deceased.

Dominic Ciarniello attended East High School. He worked in his Uncle Tom's grocery store at the corner of Walnut and Court Streets from 1927 through 1937. He left the store and started to work at General Fireproofing Company from 1937 through 1973 at which time he retired.

Mr. Ciarniello is active in the Bagnolese Men's Club, Unità, Austintown Optimists Club, Farm Bureau, National Council of Senior Citizens; and General Fireproofing and Commercial Retiree Club. His special interest is farming.

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INTERVIEWEE: DOMINIC CIARNIELLO

INTERVIEWER: Annette D. Mills

SUBJECT: Migrating to Smoky Hollow from Italy; Bagnolese people in Smoky Hollow and other nationalities; early days of grocery business; intermarriages, "steamboat class" at Madison School; baseball games at Harrison Field; scattone, a Bagnolese dish; Golden Eagle Club; employment at General Fireproofing

DATE: April 25, 1976

M: This is an interview with Dominic Ciarniello for the Oral History Project on Smoky Hollow. The interviewer is Annette Mills, at 4795 Kirk Road on April 25, 1976 at 2:30 p.m.

Mr. Ciarniello, would you like to start please?

C: Most of the people that come from Bagnoli del Trigno, Provincia Campobasso, Italy lived on Emerald Street in Youngstown, Ohio. So, it was more or less a paisano community. And that was my introduction to Smoky Hollow. Now, Smoky Hollow is a unique area. As we grew older, everybody that comes from there sure appreciated the fact that they come from Smoky Hollow. It just seems to get into your blood.

Smoky Hollow, of course, was always destined to be a worker's neighborhood. The name implies a hollow which, nautrally, was worker's homes--the area bounded by Crab Creek and Andrews Avenue. And along Andrews Avenue at that time, there was still a big blast furnace, called Valley Mill, operating. And the heavy trains of coal that go up the track on Andrews Avenue up along the railroad track at the Erie, along Crab Creek.

You talk about pollution today, well you just can't imagine the pollution. When those heavy trains would come puffing up the tracks, about a minute after they come into sight, you could feel the particles of dust falling. But it was prosperity. People worked and we

didn't mind the dirt; we cleaned it up.

But it was still hard times and there would be a lot of people that would climb up on those trains and kick the coal off of those boxcars onto the track. And then they would go along with their little four-wheel wagons and pick it up and put it in the bags and haul it home. And there was many families that never bought any coal. They always scrounged enough coal to see them through the season by going along the railroad tracks and picking up their coal. So that's the understanding that I have that Smoky Hollow really got its name.

And being an immigrant boy, we started school at Madison Street School. Well, at the time, there used to be a streetcar track that come up from Federal Street and would come up along Andrews Avenue all the way--it used to go all the way out to the Sharon Line. But this streetcar track would come up Andrews Avenue and then at Maple Avenue, Andrews Avenue would end and we would have a small, narrow path with a streetcar right-of-way and we would walk that path--the streetcar tracks--to school

Now, on our way to school there was--that was on a high embankment above Crab Creek--and at the foot of this embankment there was a spring of cold water and in the summer days, all of the children would go down this incline and get a drink of water and then come up the other side and go on to school. And when we'd come out of school, we would go down and get our drink and come out. In fact, the city water was pretty bad in those days. That was before we had Meander Reservoir and water was quite unpalatable. In the summertime, the teachers would send us boys after a bucket of water for the classes to have some fresh drinking water.

I can remember a Dutch woman that come to Youngstown and she actually had wooden shoes. And it was funny in those days, how all the people from the different countries, even though they were in Smoky Hollow, they would gather on certain streets of Smoky Hollow. We had Oak Park, which was mostly German and Dutch and some Jewish. Emerald Street, of course, was Bagnolese. And Watt Street and Adams Street and Audubon, there was a lot of Slovaks and Polish people. And along Walnut Street and Webb Street we had some Jewish families. And Court Street had quite a few Italian families. So, the neighborhood was really an integrated neighborhood, mixed with colored and all, but yet we had somewhat ethnic purity in our own streets, which we rather felt that we should hold. So, we had people of all races and creeds in Smoky Hollow.

Of course, the Italians are the ones that I knew more of, especially the people from Bagnoli del Trigno, whom I will call the Bagnolese. And there were many other Italian towns that contributed to the Italian population of Smoky Hollow. There were many that came from Agnone, Pietrabbondante, Trivento, San Pietro Aveloano and Monte Lungo. And many from other states such as Calabria and Sicilia and other places.

The Catholic Church that served all these people was Mount Carmel Church on Summit Avenue now known as Via Mount Carmel. Now, the fond memories of the childhood of all these immigrants is what inspired all these people to form little clubs of their own town, which we call paisano organizations, paisano clubs. And naturally, they come from different towns and they all had their tradition and some had their quaint dress costumes and in order to maintain these, they would more or less live on the same street and form their little organizations, and which later on in Youngstown area we have formed a federation of Italian Clubs called Unità. And naturally, we hope that it will better present and get recognition for the Italian people and the contribution that they have made to the vast country of ours.

The Smoky Hollow area, some people say that Wick Avenue is the boundary line, but Wick Avenue is at a higher elevation and naturally, it was way up above Smoky Hollow. I always felt that the big stone wall at Walnut Street was the boundary line all the ways up to Andrews Avenue. And of course, the estates of the wealthy families on Wick Avenue had high board fences along the back of their lots that faced Walnut Street and there was no trespassing. I don't think it was possible to go through there. So, we knew Smoky Hollow only from Walnut Street.

What made it a wonderful place is that those people were all friendly, different nationalities of course, even different color, but they were friendly enough. And they all walked to town to do their shopping. And there was so many small grocery stores in the area, many little family stores. Most of the stores were run by the wife and the husband would work. But the people had a lot of service. They had anything they wanted.

And it was popular because most of the people that lived there could walk to their work. I've known people that would walk to General Fireproofing to work, Republic Rubber Works and Truscon Steel on Albert Street, and of course, to go downtown.

All of the traffic seems to come up to Walnut Street to go downtown. That seems to have been the gateway to Smoky Hollow. Watt Street was used somewhat. Andrews Avenue was almost impassable many times. Whenever Crab Creek would overflow its banks on a heavy rain, we would have trouble. Streetcars wouldn't run, sometimes they would have to evacuate families from their homes down there in the low lands. So, Walnut Street was the main street to go out.

And of course, Maple Avenue was the north boundary and Walnut and Maple Avenue come together and then they led up to Wick Avenue. Where they led up Wick Avenue was the highest part of the area. And us children used to go sled riding there. In the wintertime, Maple Avenue was even closed off to traffic many times and it was used especially for sledding. And the children from many blocks would come around to Maple Avenue to sled ride. It would take us all the way down to Andrews Avenue and if you were daring enough, you could go almost all the way down to Crab Creek, which wasn't paved at that time; there was no street there, but a small foot bridge. And we did enjoy ourselves in spite of the hard times and the dirt we had in Smoky Hollow.

Of course, I know more about the Bagnolese people, because I'm a Bagnolese and that's where I come from and we associated with them the most. So, in associating with the Bagnolese, I can tell of the stores that we had. There was a grocery store at the foot of the hill on Walnut Street, which was, in the wintertime, a very bad hill to climb, icy and many of the cars in those days couldn't make that hill for the icy conditions that developed. In this store is where I got my first business experience.

The first store that I remember was a store that was owned by a little widow woman, her name was Antoinette Donofrio. And she had her store at the corner of Watt Street and Carlton Street. Now, her little store was just full of goodies. She had everything anybody would want. She had thread and needles, black stove polish, macaroni, and cheese, meats, salami. And she had a scale behind her counter hanging from the ceiling, a Toledo scale with a round glass face that exposed the internal weights that attached to the glass platform below. The dial was marked to the ounce and across the face it read, "Honest weight, no springs."

She would put her--whatever--macaroni, or cheese and she would look at the dial and immediately calculate how much it was going to cost you. No self reading

numbers on that scale. She was really sharp in her mind. She could calculate. She could figure things out in a jiffy. But of course, she was getting older and she soon had to let go of her store.

One that I remember real well, because we always walked in the neighborhood, was a little store. It was owned by Silvester Tavolario and his wife and the Tavolario families. And they had a nice little store there. And of course, all the children in the neighborhood would gather at the corner and we'd bring our pennies in and buy our penny candy. The other store on Emerald Street was the Conti family. Louis Conti had a store and he was doing a good business.

From Audubon Street down to Andrews Avenue on Valley Street we had five little store-front homes. The first one was Disemone and the second was Dominic Ferrari and his family. And across the street just a little ways up from that was Mr. Gatti, and further down, Mike DeBartolo's family had a little store. And further down at the bottom of the hill there was a store owned by a Greek family; their name was Stamolas. Now, these names today are pretty well known in the business and sport world. Their families sure come along in this world and in our great country.

My uncle, Tom Ciarniello had a grocery store on Walnut Street for years and years and that is where I got my first business experience, in the grocery store on Walnut Street. It was a very complete store as far stores went in those days. We had a walk-in cooler with bunkers for ice above the cooler. And the ice man would come in and put in probably ten blocks of fifty pound blocks of ice. And that was the refrigeration. And we had fresh meats. I was learning to cut meat and slice balogna.

And naturally, there was nothing prepackaged in those days. Everything that we sold was hand cut and wrapped to the customer's liking. We never had anything prepackaged. And all the groceries that the customer wanted, they would ask for it and we would go to the shelves and pick it up off the shelves and set it on the counter. And when they were through buying everything, then we would write it all up in the book. Most of the customers had charge accounts. And on payday they could come in and pay their bill. And then when they paid their bill we would give them a little present, a few pieces of candy or a few cookies.

I remember the Nabisco Biscuit Company, the cookies we used to have. We had racks of cookies with, oh,
I used to ha

probably fifteen or twenty boxes. And they were probably eight or ten pound boxes. We used to have special lids that we take the lid off of the box and we put this special glass window lid on the box and we'd open them up and take out a pound of cookies or whatever they wanted and then we would close it. And the cookies were always on display. The shelves of the store were stacked high to the ceiling with everything you could think of. The lighter packages were up on top; the heavier canned goods were down below.

On the counter we had a penny candy case which was almost all penny candies. We sold them by the piece, two for a penny or if we had green leaves we sold six for a penny. The back counter had a shelf for tobaccos and cigarettes and Italian Denobeli Cigars which we sold six for a quarter and we used to sell them by the hundreds along with other types of chewing and smoking tobaccos.

The vegetables and potatoes and fruit was all in baskets in front of the counters. And underneath the counter we had boxes of macaroni. We used to have twenty pound boxes of the thinnest vermicelli macaroni to the zitoni and we had everything in between. And we had the linguine di passeri, the very narrow, flat noodles to the wide lasagna and all the cut macaroni and the pastina that was used in those days. And it all come in twenty pound boxes and we weighed out and bagged for the customer whatever they wanted. If they wanted a half a pound or a pound macaroni, spaghetti, linguine, we would make up their order. And naturally, the heavier groceries we would deliver.

Most all the families baked bread. Some bought their bread, but many, many would bake their bread. And we sold ninety-eight pound bags of flour that we used to deliver to their homes. And the sugar and salt was in twenty-five pound bags. I remember a twenty-five pound bag of salt would sell for thirty-five cents. We would deliver it to them with other groceries.

I remember the Sunkist California oranges; it was really a treat. And they'd come in double compartment boxes. And when we would empty those boxes, the kids would take them home and make a skateboard out of the box. The front would be the headboard and they would get a two-by-four and they'd put an old skate underneath and they'd go scooting down the sidewalk like crazy. They had a lot of fun.

The store, of course, was everything in those days. It used to be the meeting place. Everybody would see each other at the store. Of course, on Sunday it would be at church. But during the week, you would always go to the store for your grocery and meet some friends and you'd visit awhile. And on Sunday mornings most of the Bagnolese would come to their cooperative store and visit and when that cooperative was running, they used to have a short business meeting and then they would talk about the news that they got from the old country, and talk about their jobs. Naturally, in the spring of the year, the young fellows would buy new clothes and they would go to the tailor, the paisano tailor and they would have their tailor-made suits made. And they were boasting of the fine selection of material and the nice style that they chose. They really were proud people.

And the cars that we had in those days, naturally, one that had a car, he was in a class by himself. I can remember the first paisano that I knew had a car. He had a Dodge touring car. And he had a cap and a trench coat and he had his goggles that he wore the leather gauntlet gloves. And boy, it was really a sight to see him go down the street with that car. That was real nice. Other cars that were owned by the Bagnolese was an Auburn; one fellow had a Stearns Night. It was a powerful car. Boy, they were really big and these were all open touring cars. And they had curtains that they would roll down in the wintertime for winter driving because it was pretty bad. But those open cars were used everyday.

And then about the middle of the 1920s they started to come out with closed cars, nice carriages with windows and doors. That was the end of the touring car business, but they sure enjoyed their cars. And then of course, these early cars, I can remember some fellows bought Buick Coupes and Chevrolet closed cars, and some Dodge Brothers' cars and they were nice cars. And at that time they were selling for about \$700 or \$800. And if you owned one of those cars in those days, you were really somebody. It was very nice.

Now, the other stores in Smoky Hollow, we had a Jewish family that had a store at the corner of Walnut Street and Kirtland. And then there was the Tucci family had a store. And Mike Lariccia had a store right on Walnut Street close to the entrance of the playground. Across the street from the entrance of the playground we had a poolroom, which was very popular among the young men of those days. And Carmen Cassese, the owner, we called him the house man. And anybody that needed

anything would always go to the house man and he was always ready to help anyone. He could always lend out a couple of dollars or sell you whatever you wanted. And you could spend some time playing cards or shooting pool there.

The playground--Harrison Field--was a big attraction in Smoky Hollow. I think sports was the greatest thing that brought all those ethnic groups together. You didn't know how to talk the language, but you could sure watch a baseball game and tell if somebody made a homerun. Boy, you'd root your head off. Of course, we all gathered there on Sundays and they used to have some very good ball games, baseball and football. And it was the inter-city leagues that played each other. And there would be cars parked all around the blocks. And probably a thousand people come into Smoky Hollow on a Sunday afternoon. It was very popular. And of course, wherever there's a large gathering like that, there was always some drinking, and if you wanted a drink and you knew the people, you could get it in Smoky Hollow during prohibition.

The big attraction on a Sunday was the big craps game that always developed during the football or baseball game or soccer. It seems as though the young fellows would always want to gamble a little bit. The game would get started late Saturday night. The younger boys would start the game. Naturally, they would cut the game. So, then on Sunday when the game would get too big, the big brothers would take it over and they would cut the game and they made themselves a nice piece of change out of it. And it was really something to see all those men gather around. It was probably a ten-foot circle and there was three deep all around this craps game.

They would roll the dice on the ground and the men would call it. Naturally, there was betting going on all around the circle. And it was a real active thing there. But then somebody would get mad and they called the cops and the motorcycle cops would come down and then they would all scatter. We had six-foot board fence all around Harrison Field. And when the cops came, boy did these fellows all run. Some of them would jump over that fence with no effort at all. And it was really funny to see.

Our sport events, like I say, brought all these people together and naturally, there would be some fights and some street fighting. But it was all over at the end of the day and everybody went away happier and better off for being at a ball game. And it made for good com-

munity relations among the people, the Slovaks, the Italians and the colored. And it seemed to help to bring these people together.

Now, to go back to the Bagnolese people, the Bagnolese that immigrated to the United States were mostly classified as contadino, the unskilled workers, but there was some tradesmen; there were some carpenters and masons and blacksmiths and some tailors. The unskilled laborers quickly adjusted themselves to factory work and mill work. They were church going and law abiding citizens. They were devoted to their jobs and they were very anxious to improve their position in life. Coming from a primary family that produced all their needs from growing their grain to weaving their cloth and making their own clothes, made these people very resourceful and resilient to adverse conditions. And they were very desirous of giving their children a good education to improve their position in life. The Bagnolese people of course, were rather clanish.

The first wedding that I went to in Youngstown, this Bagnolese girl married a Marchiggiano boy. And of course the ladies would say, "Well he's a nice fellow, but he's not Bagnolese." They thought it was very desirous in those days to marry one from our own town [Italian hometown]. Of course, that's all gone with the wind today, because we have intermarried into many other nationalities. It seems as though when the Italian boys learned to eat stuffed cabbage and the Slovak girls learned to eat macaroni, why, intermarriage didn't matter.

The big wedding party was held at the Duca d'Abruzzi; that was the big wedding hall in those days. Whenever a big party would come up, why, all the friends would gather and pitch in to help to dress the chickens for the roast and the soup, and to make the taglierine [fine egg noodles] for the soup and scattone, and to help bake the cookies that were needed for the wedding. And everybody would only be too happy to get in there and help so that the party would be a success.

Now, the scattone I must tell you about. It's a traditional Bagnolese dish. It just consists of a small bowl about half full of cooked pasta which you pour a glass of wine into. And naturally, it started from the old country. These people would come home from the fields tired from the long day's work and the long walk home, and being that would be the first prepared food in the house, they would cook their pasta for their meal the they would take a small bowl and put some pasta in it and pour their wine in it. And it served as a real picker-upper, a cocktail to start

their meal. So, this tradition stuck with these people. And naturally, we immigrated to America and we still use the scattone. In our Bagnolese gatherings, which we often have, we always serve scattone to our guests. It's great to have scattone cocktail. So, we all enjoy it. And that is one thing that I think is truly Bagnolese; no other town can claim the honors for it.

Now, the wedding parties we used to have were really something. Naturally, during prohibition, the alcohol beverage was prohibited, but we always managed to have some drinks. The basic for the cordials that they used to serve in those parties was hard proof alcohol, probably a gallon or two and they would cut it down and put some flavoring in it which they would make it into Anisette, Strega, Rosolio and Caffesport. And it was a good cordial and people enjoyed that. And of course, everybody would make their wine. In the fall of the year, they would buy their grapes and make a barrel of wine for home use, which was allowed in those days.

The store used to sell malt. We used to sell many, many cases of malt. It would come in quart cans just like about the size of a quart of auto oil today. And anyone that wanted beer in those days would get a can of malt and a three cent cake of yeast and a little bit of sugar and pour it into their five-gallon crock, add some water and let it ferment for a few days. And then they would bottle it and cap it with a capping machine and little crown caps we used to sell like you have on coke bottles. And then they would let it age for a few days and then they would have their beer.

On Saturday nights there was many house parties that we would have for many occasions, somebody would come from out of town or christening or friends would just gather to party a little bit. And they would all show their skills by serving the dainty pastries that they made, the taralli, and they would get their good wine.

And naturally, they always gathered together and had parties on weekends. For some special occasion we would have music. We would ask Tony Cooke, he was a great accordion player in those days and Joe Costantino; he was the fellow that played the guitar. And the two of them could really play the Italian music, the tarantellas and the Mazurkas. And we enjoyed dancing in the living rooms in those days. There wasn't very many dance halls, but we sure had our dances right in our homes.

In the store at that time, we used to have the large boxes of vegetables; greens and potatoes were lined up

in front of the counters and they would have crates of live chickens outside on the sidewalk. In the early 1930's, before the sexing of day-old chicks was developed, the farmers had to buy twice as many chicks as they needed to fill their hen house because half of them would be roosters. So, as soon as these little chicks would develop and grow a large comb, they would know that they were roosters and they would confine them into a pen and feed them heavy and when they weighed about two pounds, they would start to sell them as fryers. So, early in the spring, there was an abundance of little white roosters sold throughout the stores.

And we would have coops of these roosters. The customer would select them and we'd bring them in, weigh them and roll them up into a paper and tie them with a string and the customers would be taking home live chickens. And you can imagine walking down the street with a bag of fruit and produce and groceries and live chickens under your arms. And sometimes they would flap loose and there would be quite a commotion. But the Board of Health soon started restrictions and the practice of selling live chickens was eliminated.

The imported cheese and salamis and the loose spice and coffee was a coffee mill to grind the coffee gave the store an appetizing odor that is hard to forget.

My people came from Bagnoli del Trigno, a town on the banks of the Trigno River in Abruzzi, Italy. History dates back to 333 A.D. that the town was founded. In Italy there's a strip of public land about a thousand feet wide from the province of Calabria and Apulia to the mountains of Abruzzi, which was used as a drovers trail to move large herds of sheep and goats to the pastures in the cooler mountain areas during the summer months. And these are the people that moved from Italy to Emerald Street.

Our houses on Emerald Street gave me a funny impression at the first sight of those homes with the high pitched roof and the slate roof. Where we come from, all our homes were of stone, masonry construction. And the roofs were all red barrel tile roofs and with stones on top of them to keep the barrel tile weighed down because of the high winds that would sometimes blow them off. So, it was quite a change in the structure of the homes, but we got used to the homes very well.

The Bagnolese people, of course, like all the others that immigrated to America from Europe, were very easily acclimated and were easily absorbed into the

American population. And many of the Bagnolese children of today have intermarried into all other nationalities. And they can be found in all lines of occupations. Many of them are in education, many of them are lawyers, there's many of them in medicine and in music and engineering and many other fields. The Bagnolese immigrants enjoyed their jobs and enjoyed their improved position in life.

In Smoky Hollow, it was the sporting activities at Harrison Field that prompted some of the boys to form a Golden Eagle Club which is still in operation. And it brings the people together at least two or three times a year through their activities, their dinners and dances and meetings and testimonial dinners. Many of the boys from Smoky Hollow have gained wide popularity in sports. Many have become engaged in public works. One of our latest most popular sport activities man was Coach Dom Roselli. He coached basketball at Youngstown University for 33 years and he became a 500 game winner and the golden Eagle Club had a big dinner in his honor. And it makes us feel good to think that we were all at one time a very common people and yet we have advanced into all sections of our great country.

It's hard for people that didn't grow up in Smoky Hollow to understand why we are so close and we feel that we're privileged people because we come from Smoky Hollow. Well, we can boast; at one time we were poor and now we have our place in society and we can probably say that we're a cross-section of America. And we sure appreciated the opportunity that was given us for a better life in America. And that is something that the present day child will never experience.

Is there anything that we should have? I don't know, I might come across something else later. But this is really too much for me. I've never done anything like this.

M: This is fine Mr. Ciarniello. Is there anything else that you'd like to include? One thing that I would like for you to mention is a little about your own experience at General Fireproofing [G.F.]. I think that was the last place you said you worked.

C: Yes.

M: How long did you work there? And how did you get back and forth to work when you first started?

C: Well, I was first employed at G.F. in 1937. Of course, we moved out of Smoky Hollow in 1933. We moved to Austintown, but we had transportation. I had a car at that time. My first car was a 1928 Chevrolet, which I bought in the late 1930's. Of course, had I been wise, and kept it, it would have been a vintage car today. But it was a Chevrolet Coupe that I paid fifty dollars for. And it drove me to work for a couple of years till I got a better car. I think my grocery store experience helped me considerably. I could add up long columns of numbers. It come easy for me. Arithmetic come easy for me all the time.

And I can always remember an incident that happened to me at Madison Street School. After we come out of the steamboat class; [so named because of the many immigrants of different nationalities in the class] oh probably fourth or fifth grade, we had an arithmetic test and in this test the question was; What is one-half of one-fourth? Well, I didn't know how to put it down on paper to prove it, but I put the answer down. It was one eighth. I just figured it in my head. Naturally, the teacher asked me, "How did you get that answer?" I couldn't speak well enough English to explain, but she marked it wrong. She felt that I had looked on somebody elses paper and put the answer down.

When I was going to East High School, I had a little machine shop practice and I did learn decimals and learned how to read a micrometer, and a little blueprint reading experience which helped a lot and it made my work much easier. And when I started working at General Fireproofing, I got a job in the press room and I seemed to fit in there without a bit of trouble. I could meet the production standards and I enjoyed my work.

It was really good for me, but naturally, you get tired of the same grind. When I look back at it now, I feel that maybe I was being jailed for eight hours a day everyday, but it was a way of life. And naturally, for the education and training that I had, I felt that it was a very good job.

M: Now, were you there during the war also?

C: No, during the war I was laid off. Just before the war, when materials started getting scarce, General Fireproofing laid off and they were rather slow in converting to defense work. So, I went to work for the Youngstown Sheet and Tube in their press room for a little while. They were already making landing mats. Well, that didn't last too long. And then I had some

farmland and I farmed quite a bit. Being from Bagnoli and the country, the country was always in my blood and I always had a love for animals and growing things.

So, we moved to Austintown in 1933 during the Depression and that was when my father and I started farming. Since retiring from General Fireproofing, I like to call myself self-employed.

M: All right Mr. Ciarniello, would you like then, to tell us what you feel about Smoky Hollow in general and just your own attitude about it and what you feel this experience did for you or if it did anything for you?

C: Well, it made my life complete, I feel. Like I said before, the people from Smoky Hollow almost feel privileged. Last night I was at a wedding and the reason I was at this wedding because my paisano's son was married and he married a girl from Girard or Niles. Well, the party was held at the Mahoning Country Club and this is one of the biggest parties I have ever been to. I think there must have been 1,200 to 1,500 people there. The place was just overflowing. And it goes to prove that we did live a good life and we kept our friendships and we always promoted goodwill among everybody.

It made me independent. I feel that I'm just as well off financially as I would have been anywhere else in the world, in any other town or maybe much better off. My work was rewarding. I enjoyed my work. I enjoyed my friends. I enjoyed my family. Today I feel that I've been quite successful because of the early hardships probably, that we had from Smoky Hollow.

M: Is there anything else that you'd like to include in this tape?

C: (Laughter) Well, no, I don't think. You better turn me off now.

M: I want to thank you very, very much for permitting me to tape you and for your cooperation in making this tape possible. And thanks a million.

C: Oh, you're welcome.

END OF INTERVIEW