UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday, April 24, 2004
3rd EOLIAN ISLANDS HERITAGE DAY
On Saturday April 24th from 11 AM to 4PM we will celebrate our Eolian heritage with the theme "growing up as an American with Italian roots." Again this year the event will be held on the lower level at the Order Sons

Heritage Day (Continued on page 6)

Sunday, August 1, 2004
2nd SANTO STEFANO FAMILY PICNIC
On Sunday, August 1, we will celebrate our Second Family Picnic in honor of Saint Stephen of Filicudi. It will take place at Beaver Brook Reservation, from 11 to 5 PM with a procession of the statue of Santo Stefano and a mass celebrated before lunch. Last year there were a number of

Family Picnic (Continued on page 6)

Saturday, October 9th
44TH ANNUAL BENEFIT DINNER/DANCE
This year's event will be held on Saturday, October 9th at the American Legion Post 440, 295 California Street, Newton, MA, from 7PM until midnight; cocktails served at seven o'clock, dinner served at eight. Dinner will be provided by Tina Marie's Catering, and Italian/American music offered by the fabulous Italian Connection. Contact Catherine Umina for tickets at 978-371-1840 or cathy@flicudi.org.

RAFFLE RAISES FUNDS FOR EOLIAN EMIGRATION MUSEUM
The raffle from our Annual Benefit Dinner/Dance was organized, thanks to our vice president, Cathy Umina, to benefit the Eolian Emigration Museum on Salina. The proceeds of that raffle, plus monies from additional member donations for the museum last year, netted slightly over $1,000. The raffle proceeds were earmarked for the costs of a new roof for the Palazzo Marchetti where the museum is housed, but after we had the raffle, we were notified that the museum has received, since then, a government grant to pay the total cost to replace the roof on the Palazzo Marchetti. Renovations to the roof should begin this coming summer. We have been advised to hold onto the funds received from our raffle and other contributions to the museum until we are informed of an appropriate specific expense-area for the museum to use them.

MEMBER IN THE NEWS
Sal Pinzone wins title "Man of the Year"

Each year the Sicilia Mondo society awards the title "Man of the Year" to a member who has displayed outstanding society and community accomplishments of service. This past fall, at the Sicilia Mondo society's annual dinner dance, the international society's regional president, Mr. Antonio (Anthony) LoNigro, honored our own Mr. Salvatore Pinzone with a plaque naming him as Man of the Year. The society is committed to charitable works and bringing people of Sicilian descent together. A table of members representing our society was there to show our respect and included Maria Taranto and John Mahon, Cathy and John Umina and Anthony and Patricia Rando.
HOW I CAME TO BE HERE

by Maria Taranto
President

Thirty years ago I never would have dreamed that I would become so involved in my ethnic past or so devoted to exploring and saving a family legacy.

My father’s love for his parents’ islands and his continual teachings of the beautiful values of the Eolian people drew me in to a long and growing attachment to the Eolian culture. Years before I knew the Eolian people, I had attended the Filicudi Associates, I knew that I had to go to these islands and see the land of my roots. So, in 1968 I made my first visit to Filicudi. I was there for only an hour with my younger brother. Since then, I have returned five times and each visit has strengthened my attachment to these islands of the winds and their people. It wasn’t until 23 years later, ten years after my father’s death, that I attended my first Filicudi Annual Dinner/Dance and was given a membership card, but I had no idea what it meant, since I never received notices of meetings. So, I did not really consider myself a member of “the club,” as some refer to it. A year later, in 1992, my husband and I along with other “members” enjoyed a two weeks’ vacation on Lipari and Sicily with an afternoon in Filicudi, and I began to experience the congeniality of my Eolian/American compatriots from the club but, still, I only attended the Annual Dinner/Dance.

After that trip to the islands I became fascinated with genealogy and the people and longed to return. In 1997, I visited Alicudi with a niece to do first hand research on Eolian history and the Taranto families. Coincidently, just before docking in Alicudi, my niece met a woman who had been researching our surname for over 25 years. The incident was a fate-filled blessing for our genealogical search. However, on that trip, I began to realize that the traditional Eolian culture of my grandparents was vanishing through modernization and tourism.

The next year, 1998, I learned of the Aeolian Islands Heritage Week to be held in New York City and that a delegation of the society was going to the gala at the Waldorf Astoria. The affair was to be held for five days prior to the Gala and I was able to go for the whole week and attend every event. I saw four popular movies filmed on the islands, one per afternoon, at the Museum of Modern Art. At New York University I attended evening lectures, and slide shows, and saw photographs and underwater films about the oceanography, volcanology, geology, literary culture and history of the Eolian Islands. I attended a buffet dinner with regional Eolian foods and saw more photographs of the islands at the Institute for Italian Culture. I came home exhilarated. Yet, during that week of glory shed on the Eolian islands, there was no praise for the ordinary person: the landowner, the fisherman, the wine maker, the store owner, the master builder, the door maker, the ship owner, the Eolian woman who baked her bread and cooked the meals, and no portrayal of everyday life as those islanders lived it, working in the fields, making wine and olive oil, drying capers, or of entertainment, religion, celebrations of life’s moments of passage, or of Eolian values. I came home craving to do something to fill that void.

So, in the spring of 1999 I approached members of the Filicudi society and told them that I wanted to have an Eolian Islands Heritage celebration to demonstrate the culture of the islands from an “ordinary people” point of view. The members of the society could not have been more gracious and helpful. They gave me their stories, memoirs and proverbs of island living; about twenty of them showcased artifacts of the islands and photos of immigrants. They prepared the most delicious island foods: from “zuppa” to “biscotti” for visitors to sample. They served the food, decorated the hall with island flowers, herbs and vegetables, and manned a genealogical table. We had Eolian music to listen to and pictures of the costumes our ancestors wore, the architecture of their houses, their stories, memoirs, proverbs and traditional recipes displayed in scrapbooks for people to view, as well as videos of the islands. Over 150 people attended, and the sense of community warmth offset a cold and windy April day. From then on I began attending society meetings faithfully. The following year, 2000, I helped co-chair the 90th Anniversary Gala and constructed a souvenir booklet. In 2002 I was secretary for “the club.” Since that year I have enjoyed interviewing 30 members of the society to preserve their personal histories for the future. In 2003 and in 2004 I have served as president of the society. I have enjoyed thoroughly the continuous love; energy and generosity of our island people and their descendants, and thanks to them, along with our annual Benefit Dinner/Dance, we now have a heritage day, a Santo Stefano Family picnic, and a bi-annual newsletter.

My involvement in the society came gradually but surely, due to the love, kindness and sense of community of our beautiful members. “The club” has come to be like one big family, and my knowledge of Eolian culture has enhanced my knowledge of myself immeasurably.

If you have an interest in joining us to learn more about and celebrate our fascinating ancient heritage, we welcome you with open arms. Who knows where it will lead you?
Again we request that anyone with memorabilia of the Filicudi societies or memorabilia of our ancestors or their descendants who were members of any Eolian society, please contact us so that we can make copies of these precious records for our archives. Let us save our stories and those of our ancestors who immigrated to the United States so that they can be preserved for future generations and showcased in heritage displays and in ethnic-oriented museums. We only want to copy them. Call us at 508-875-7616.

Maria Taranto is president; Cathy Umina, vice president; Pat Rando, treasurer; Jennifer Taranto, recording secretary and Phil Giardina, is correspondence secretary. Along with the foregoing members, Anthony Rando and Roland Vanaria are trustees.

Jennifer Taranto is starting a genealogy group. If you have an interest in pursuing the surnames of the Taranto family, please contact her at aeoliangenealogy@yahoo.com. Information about surnames can also be posted on our website as soon as the website is active.

Since we now have added two new social activities and a bi-annual newsletter we have begun to have more costs. Mailing and printing, as well as rentals for places for our new events have produced necessary added expenses beyond the standing costs of our Annual Benefit Dinner/Dance, yet member attendance was high at our events and we have gotten very good reviews on the newsletter. If we are to continue these activities, we need funds. Furthermore, as a not-for-profit, fraternal organization we are mandated to make charitable donations. We are not just a social club. Finally at the beginning of each year we need enough funds to cover costs that must be paid a year in advance, such as costs for reserving a function hall, a caterer and a band.

Last year the members voted in a mandatory $10.00 dues statement for individuals or $25.00 for families. We would like our members to pay dues at the beginning of the year. Otherwise we will be forced to raise the money by charging for our events and charging for the newsletter. As we have figured it, the expense to members would be about the same either way. The only difference is that if members pay dues at the beginning of a year, we have money to work with in advance and a sense of security and a sense of membership. The choice is yours, pay dues or pay as you go, but we would prefer you to pay your dues.

We are now meeting at Cable TV Channel 8 on Main Street, Waltham generally on the third Tuesday or Wednesday of each month from 7 to 9PM from March through December. All members, social and regular are welcome to attend. Social members do not vote, but do have the right to voice their opinions.

We welcome any and all contributions for the newsletter and suggestions for its content and format.

Newspaper Staff
Editor: Maria Taranto, Assistant Editor: John ‘Curt’ Mahon, Lay-out: Tom Taranto, Photo Editor: Allana Taranto Contributing Writers this issue: Joan Paino, Richard Robusto, Bernardo “Rusty” Restuccia

La Canna Siren c/o Maria Taranto
24 Trafton Road, Framingham, MA 01702
STORIES OF THE ISLANDS: “Going Home”

STORIES OF THE ISLANDS: “GOING HOME” TO SALINA In our last issue of La Canna Siren two descendants who visited Filicudi spoke of their experiences. This issue features the island of Salina and some descendants who have visited it. We welcome memoirs of other descendants who have visited any of the Eolian islands and will feature, when possible, different islands. The islands may be different but the experiences are much the same, and each account teaches us a little more about these islands of our past and allows us to share our special memories.

Dressed to the Nines for Pollara
By Joan Paino

I’ve gone to the island of Salina a number of times now. The first time I went was in 1968. I was the first of my generation to go. I was 32 years old and I went alone, but my mother was a great correspondent and kept in touch with all the relatives there. So when I arrived I was treated like a princess, fresh eggs almost every morning, and so forth. My mother had said to me "Now, make sure that you're dressed up when you go." So I got dressed "to the nines," high heels and all, but I didn't realize that there were no paved roads in Pollara! They were just paving the roads on the island and had stopped right at the church of Sant' Onofrio.

I went over on the Aliscafo (hydrofoil) but I didn't stay long. When I arrived and saw what it was like— it was so remote, like the end of the world — I was glad that my father had the foresight to leave. The first night there I was sleeping in a bed with my cousin and in the morning I heard this roar. I went to the window but didn't see anything, so I asked her "What was that?" "Oh, nothing," she answered. At lunch someone said "Did you hear the sound of that earthquake this morning?"

But Salina was where my parents came from, and I truly felt like I belonged there. I went because I wanted to experience as much as I could of what my parents had talked about. There were all these stories about people and so forth. My mother had talked about her family upbringing, about how they all knelt down each night and said prayers before going to bed, how they would go out on the "faraglione" and have picnics, about the big Christening parties, etc. At home, I couldn't make the connections. Now I could. But, I wasn't in Salina long enough the first time, and I wanted to come back. I was impressed by the remoteness of the island, and there was so much natural beauty: the flowers, the sea, the sky!

In 1972 I went to Northern Italy with friends but when they left to go home, I knew that I wanted to return to Salina, so I headed for the islands and stayed about a week. I took an overnight ferry from Naples, but it was the worst night in my whole life. The boat was pitching forward, then sideward, then forward then sideward, all night. When we arrived my cousins met me and said "You look tired!" I stayed with my mother's sister in Pollara and by then the roads were completed and the footpaths were formed. I saw Malfa, Santa Marina, Rinella and Leni as well as Pollara. I went into the valley picking grapes, figs, pears and capers. I even brought some "pera di paradiso" home to my mother and a sampling of the fruits that were in season. I got to the church my mother had talked about where the interior was not true marble, but they had made it resemble marble by using egg whites in the paint. Of course, Mass didn't start until the people got there!!! I got to go into the ocean (like Jacques Cousteau) and there were the cliffs and the black sand. I remember sitting there in the warm breeze and someone said "Oh, that's the African current!" and I realized for the first time how close the islands were to Africa. After lunch, of course, they had their siesta and sat on the veranda to digest their meal and someone had a guitar. One evening I went out walking and saw a cousin who was sitting on a rock and she pointed out some pomegranate trees. I had never seen pomegranate trees before! Another time there was something growing on the path and I asked "What is this?" and they said "Lentils." I was so interested in all these different kinds of plants. One day I went on a boat ride into the grottos; there are so many beautiful grottos in the cliffs. Another time I met a wild goat. I mimicked its voice and it answered me. And at night it was so dark, and the sky was studded with stars, just studded! Unbelievable! So many stars! And, then, there was that smell of jasmine, which my mother had told me about! Now I had the pleasure of experiencing it first hand. They all are wonderful memories to have!
Going to and coming from Salina
By Richard Robusto

In May of 2001 my son Dan and his wife Sheila took my wife Margie, her sister Theresa and me to Italy. The goal was to visit Salina, the island where Margie’s mother and father came from. Arriving in northern Italy we toured Milano, Venezia and Firenze. Then we departed from Firenze and flew to Reggio Calabria where Danny rented a station wagon. We boarded the ferry then sat out the trip across the straits to Messina and Danny drove to Milazzo. We pulled into Milazzo with plenty of time to spare for the 3PM ferry to Salina, but when I went into the ticket office to inquire when the ferry would leave, I got a curt reply: “Cancelled!” When I asked why, the clerk got very upset and said again “CANCELLED!!!” When I told Danny, he got upset and went in to ask the clerk why. Boy, the guy almost threw Danny out the door! No reason has to be given, I guess, by a short-tempered Italian. So we had to wait until 9PM for the next ferry.

We spent the rest of the day watching the fishermen work on their boats and play cards, had some afternoon wine and began to wander around. Margie and I went into a police station to ask where we could find a good restaurant for supper. The policeman in charge could not have been nicer. He came out to the street to direct us; then, in case we didn’t like that restaurant, he showed us where there was another. We thanked him for his help and he was so happy to talk with us knowing that we spoke a different dialect than that of the locality. We had to wait until 7PM when the restaurant opened but we had a delicious dinner. For me there was never any decision. I always ate pasta con pesce (pasta with fish). Being that we were so close to the water, it figures that the fish had to be fresh, or, at least, caught within the day! We finished in time to make the 9PM ferry, drove on, and got out of the car to enjoy the ride. It was dark and there was a stiff breeze. Good thing that they have an enclosed heated cabin. The ferry filled up with people for it was a Friday night. Many on board were teenagers who evidently had gone to Milazzo for the evening and were returning to Lipari on the last boat. It was cute to hear these kids bantering to one another in Italian. The total trip to Salina took four hours with a stop in Lipari and we arrived at the dock in Santa Marina, and then drove the dark narrow roads, situated on the edge of the cliffs, to our hotel in Malfa. We got to our hotel about 2AM. The next morning we toured around the island, about two by three miles in size. We asked if anyone remembered Gaetano Conti, Margie’s father. We did not find anyone who could help us, so we went to the cemeteries and photographed all the interesting names that we could find that might be of relatives. Legend has it that Napoleon sent three families to Salina to populate the island. They were the families’ of Cafarella, Conti and Giuffre. I guess we were asking for the wrong name: the Cafarellas seemed to be the more dominant strain.

On Sunday morning our hotel manager informed us that there was to be a mass at Sant’ Anna’s Church in Capo, Gaetano’s home church so we rushed to get there, Salina (Continued on page 6)

Fresh Soup
By Bernardino “Rusty ” Restuccia

On our very first trip to Salina in December of 1961 we stayed with an Anna DeLorenzo who was a Restuccia. Her husband, Bernardo, who was deceased, had spent some time in Philadelphia and Boston. One of the first persons that came to meet us was a Cafarella; I can't remember his first name. He hugged and kissed me like a brother. Later, Anna told me that Signore Cafarella was worried that I was coming back, or was going to inherit some of the family property that he was working, and that he expected to own outright. My recollection is that Anna was, in fact, the grandchild of a Felicia Restuccia. Anna was special! She lived alone and was a spokesperson for many as she spoke sufficient English to translate for a number of those who came to Salina. She grew fruit and grapes and had chickens. One afternoon, she asked me if we wanted chicken soup for lunch. “Sure,” I said. She reached over and grabbed an unsuspecting chicken walking by, strangled it and started to de-feather it. We had chicken soup for lunch, and it was delicious!!!

(Continued on page 6)
and sure enough, the whole population of Capo was there: all eight of them! After the service they greeted us and we asked if anyone knew any Conti or Cafarella. This one woman, Concetta, who lived next to the church, knew of Gaetano Conti and knew where his house was! She took us to see the cemetery, an old building that had been a chapel. Etched in the concrete was the date 1787. There we found the grave of Margie’s aunt, Grazia, Gaetano’s sister, who had remained in Capo.

Then, Concetta took us halfway up the mountain and showed us the house that Margie’s father had lived in. It was all fenced off by the owners who used it as a resort, but we walked around it and took all kinds of photos. Also we could see clearly across to Malfa, about a mile or so away, the house where Margie’s mother Eleonora lived. When Gaetano’s family wanted her to come to visit, they would hang up a big white sheet as a signal.

The vineyards all around what was Gaetano’s house were extensive. He also had grown figs and olives. The history of the island says that the volcanic soil on Salina was responsible for a very good grade of grapes, which was highly prized for it made an exceptional quality of wine. We saw many abandoned buildings throughout the island. History tells us also that in the late 1880’s a parasite struck the vineyards on the islands and the ensuing disaster caused many people to leave. In those days Salina had a population of 6000. Today there are only about 2300 people left.

We were due to leave Salina that evening, Sunday, but a heavy rain made the ocean too rough, and we decided to leave Monday morning. However, then we had a problem, since the car ferry on Monday would get us to Milazzo too late to catch the Messina-bound train we had a reservation on. But the woman manager in Salina figured out a solution. She suggested that Danny put the car on the ferry and then, we all take the faster hydrofoil. She arranged for someone to return the rented car when it arrived in Milazzo. So I took all the suitcases and the girls and waited on the dock while Danny drove the car onto the ferry. Then, the problems began again! First the ferry was late in arrival. We had enough time, but the ferry men were rushing like crazy. They just wanted to stop, load quickly and take off! Danny got in line and drove onto the boat, but the men directed that he park way up front. In the meantime they were getting ready to shove off, with Danny on board! I was standing there and told the guy in my best Italian that my son had to get off! He started to argue that there was no time. So I yelled to Danny in a loud voice, “Get off quick!” I never saw Danny do the 100-yard dash so fast! With the dock man cursing at us, Danny jumped off, just as the motors kicked in and the boat pulled away to sea. He barely made it!

We walked to the Aliscafo (hydrofoil) dock; the boat soon came and we got on. On the way to Milazzo we passed the ferry. When we arrived in Milazzo, as arranged, the guy was waiting for us and his son drove us to the train while he waited for the ferry and the rental car. What a relief it was to make that train! What would we have done if Danny had not been able to get off the ferry? Danny had reserved a compartment and we sat down and relaxed.

Since the train had to be put on the ferry to cross the straits of Messina to Reggio and there was a little extra time at Messina, Danny and Sheila got off and came back with some wine and cheese and crackers for our afternoon wine feast. From Reggio we went to Rome and the rest of the trip was easy and uneventful, but it was exciting to see Salina and the houses where Margie’s mother and father had grown up.

FAMILY PICNIC (Continued from page 1) requests that food be placed on a common table so that we all can enjoy each other’s cooking. You are welcome to share and also to keep some food for your own table. However, as much as possible, we would like to spread a “community” table with an “abbondanza” of Eolian/Italian foods prepared by our members. Of course, we welcome desserts as well as main dishes! Let us make this summer another grand family reunion. Invite your relatives from near and far. Give them enough notice so that they can plan to come. You pray for sun and we will bring the tents, just in case. And, please, by mid-July, let Al Bonica at 781-891-5746 know that you are coming and who is coming with you. Also bring folding chairs, sunscreen and umbrellas.

HERITAGE DAY (Continued from page 1)
of Italy Hall, 520 Pleasant Street, Watertown, Massachusetts. For our first Heritage Day we showed “The Way it Was” on the Islands when we or our relatives left. For our Second Heritage Day we expanded our exhibit to “The Immigrant Experience,” what it was like to come to and adjust to a new world, America. For our Third Heritage Day we would like to expand our exhibit further to show what it was like “Growing Up Italian/American.” So, please, go to your closets and pull out all the Eolian and Italian/ American memorabilia, photos and records that you did before for an earlier show; then add to that any old photos of things you did as a child, that were especially related to your Italian heritage: picnics, or earlier society gatherings such as benefit dinners, religious festas, or processions, or anything else you can think of. Please gather them and bring them in to display. In those days there were not so many photos taken, so don’t worry if you have only one or two. Also, if you have photos of trips to the islands, especially, from the 1920s through the 1960s include them as well.
Cassatedde di Pasqua
Adapted from a recipe of Jenny Ferlazzo

During springtime in Sicily there is an abundance of fresh ricotta cheese, hence the lavish use of ricotta in "i dolci" for the Pasqua (Easter) season. Like a small cheese pie "Cassatedda" is one of these delectable pastries to enjoy.

**Dough**

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<th>Ingredients</th>
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<tr>
<td>4 cups flour</td>
<td>3 cups Ricotta</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup Crisco, butter or margarine</td>
<td>sugar to taste</td>
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<tr>
<td>2 eggs</td>
<td>1/3 cup semisweet chocolate chips, optional</td>
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<tr>
<td>Milk (warm) about 1/2 cup</td>
<td>1/4 - 3/4 - cup finely chopped almonds</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup sugar</td>
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<td>Grated zest of 1 lemon</td>
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Combine flour and sugar in a large bowl. Add Crisco by cutting it into the flour, and then work with fingers into a course grainy consistency the size of small peas. Mix milk and eggs. Make a well in the center of the Crisco and flour mixture and add the liquid slowly until you form a soft but solid dough. Roll out the dough into a long strip and with a cookie cutter cut out circles about 3 1/2 inches in diameter. Mix the ingredients for filling. Drop a heaping tablespoon of filling onto one side of a circle and fold it over to form a half moon shape. Press all around cookie edge with a fork as you would for a piecrust. Bake in a 350 degree oven on a greased cookie sheet for about 15 minutes or until lightly golden.

**ITALIAN TRIVIA: The Story of Italian Cabbage**

While most of us associate cabbage with the diet of the Irish, surprisingly, it was eaten in Italy before the tomato. Most people know that tomatoes were not introduced into Italy until fairly recently and were considered poisonous for a time. According to an article by Food Network as reported last fall in the newspaper The Enterprise tomatoes were introduced into Italy in the early 1700’s, did not resemble tomato sauce, as we know it until the 1800’s and only began to characterize the Italian cuisine in the late 1800’s and early 1900’s. Prior to the tomato the food staple on the Italian table was boiled or stewed cabbage! Sent in by Fran Rando Dufromont.

**ISLANDS TRIP SOLD OUT**

Thanks to Cathy Umina and Roland Vanaria's fine work 52 people are traveling with us to the Eolian Islands and Taormina from June 11th - 24th. The Durgan Travel guided tour offers those going a panoramic memory of the Eolian islands as it will give them the opportunity to visit every island.

**LUNCHEONS**

We are thinking to organize occasional luncheons at a local restaurant for society women, for reminiscing and enjoying each other's company, and would like to know who is interested in attending or in helping to organize such events. Please contact Maria Taranto at 508-875-7616.

**REMEMBERING OUR DECEASED MEMBERS**

George A. Rando: Nov 8, 2003, 86 years old; husband of Marian (Russo) Rando.

Nancy (Rando) O’Toole: Dec 4, 2003, 69 yrs. old; wife of the late John O’Toole.


FILICUDI ASSOCIATES OF WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS
2004 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

DUES: Individual: $10.00/year, Family: $25.00/year, Life Membership $50.00

I am interested in becoming a member of the Filicudi Associates, Inc.

Please check one

☐ Social Member (A person who wants only to attend social functions of the society.)
☐ Regular Member (A Filicudato or spouse, or a descendant of Filicudati.)
☐ Life Member (Individual over 65 years of age.)

Name_________________________________________________________________________
Address_______________________________________________________________________
Number/Street                      Town/City                      Zip Code
Telephone/E mail address______________________________________________________

Please detach or copy this application and send it with a check, made payable to Filicudi Associates, Inc. to:
Ms. Cathy Umina, V.P., Chair of the Membership Committee, 160 Range Road, Concord, MA 01742

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE FILICUDI ASSOCIATES OF WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Maria Taranto, President,
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Framingham, MA. 01702.

We’re on the Web
Http://www.filicudi.org