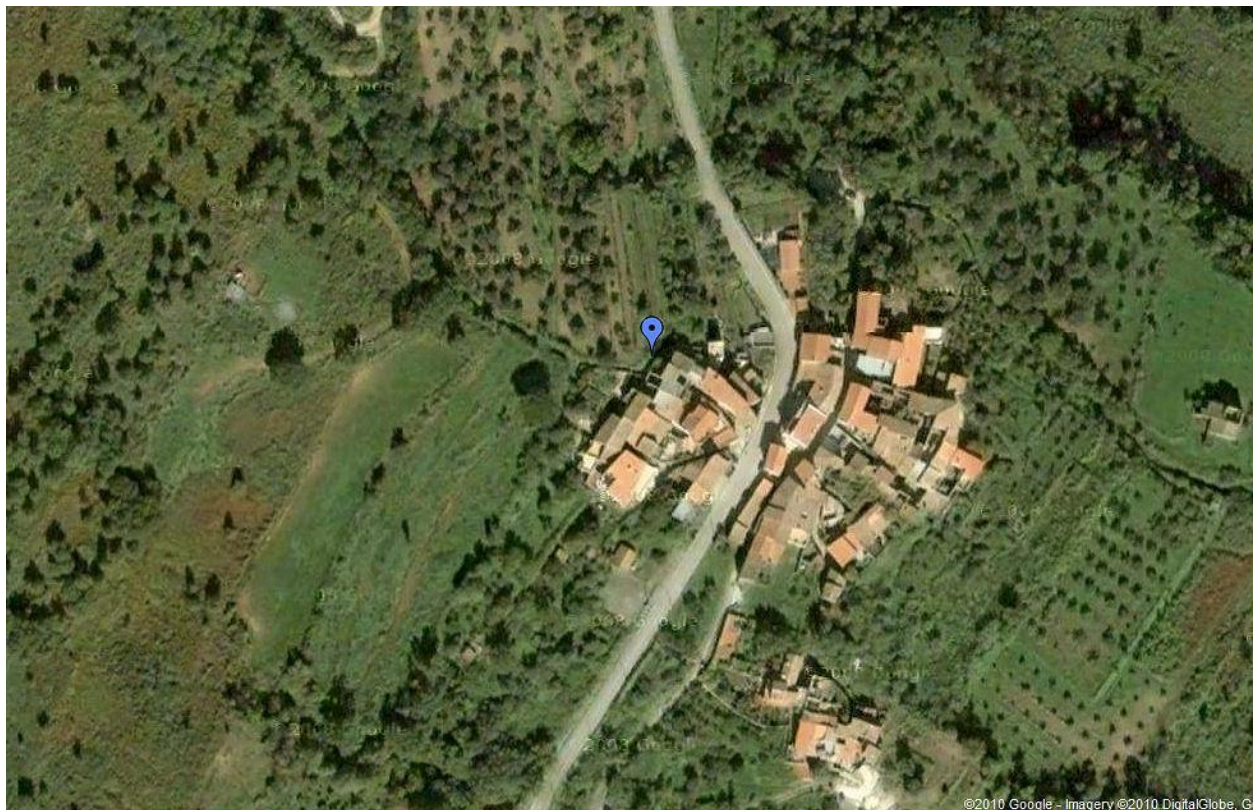


Visit to Campo Di Galluccio and The Search for Grandfather's House

September 14, 2009. The true genesis of this trip happened at Aurelio Verdone's funeral, January 2007, when Gloria and Emilio came up with the wild idea that us cousins should go together to Italy and visit the area where our grandfather came from. After a year of haphazard planning this plan actually became a reality for us who could make it. Here are photos of "The search for Grandfather's house". We were also lucky and able to connect with distant relatives in the area.



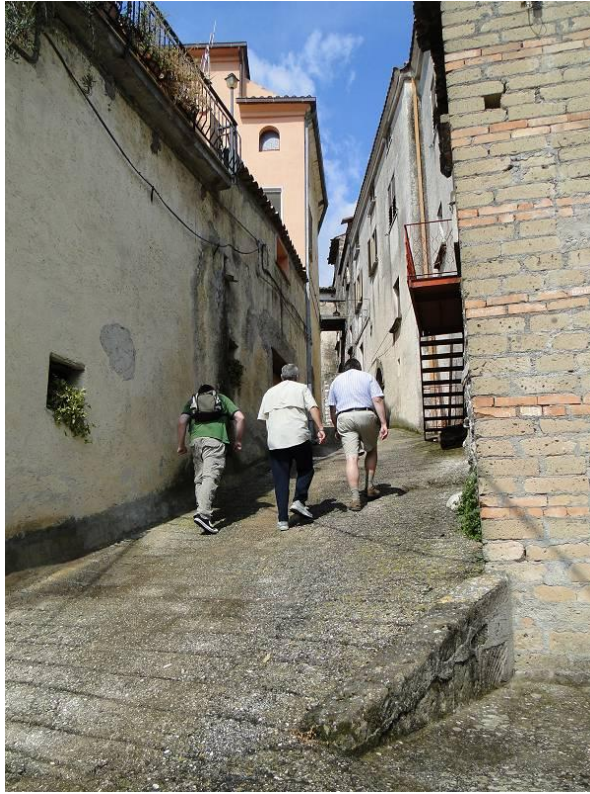
What remains of the house are the stone walls visible as the small dark rectangle on this photo of Campo Di Galluccio. The Verdone family left this house for Canada in 1928



On the way to Campo di Galluccio, we took a wrong turn and ended up in the home town of the Marandola's named Cocuruzzo. Very serendipitous for my cousin Emilio Marandola, our driver.



Judy and Gloria's group had arrived before us in the black rental. Our's was the second car to arrive. Emilio could hear the town folk saying "Who are these people? We don't know them. Those are all rented cars!. I think they are German." To the right of the silver car is the street of granfather's old house.



Emilio, Mike and Ray heading up the street which is the only one which matched the description as recalled by relatives who had travelled there a few decades ago.



Up the street. Houses built in the 1800's complete with modern doorbell and Intercom.



Doorway on one of the old houses.



Detail from the same doorway. Note the date 1821. The rock is porous and pitted. Definitely provided by Mount Vesuvius.



Detail from the bottom of that same doorway.



Looking back down the street.



At the end of the street there is a little tunnel under a house. Walk to the right 10 feet, turn left and you are in these houses' "backyard".



Looking back. The street we walked up is to the left of the doorway.



The "backyard". This is the famous mountain from which very large boulders would tumble from. The Verdone's were always glad the boulders did not destroy their house.



There it is, the entrance to the old house from the "backyard".



A closer look at the door reveals a red stained panel.



At this point we had no idea we had already found the old house. So we went looking for another ruin in the "backyard". The back yard had chickens and a couple of goats. Just as it must have been when grandfather left this in 1925.



Wonderful plants grow in the "backyard" such as grapes,



...and olives,



...more olives,



...see, olives,



Emilio and Mike still searching for the house, none of us realizing we had already found it.



The view from the "back yard".



OMG! So this is where Aurelio Verdone got his craving for prickly pears.



Beautiful figs growing in the "backyard".



A close up of
the figs.

Looks
yummy?



Ray also
looking for the
house. Nope,
not here!



More cactus prickly pears.

Looking West. Note the lovely valley in the background.



A close up of a fig.



A "way too" close up of a fig. Creepy but wonderfully delicious.



OK, enough of this house search (we say as we head right for the lost house).



The owner of this set of houses eventually came to see who the visitors were. He confirmed that this was in fact the house the Verdones lived in "way back".



Direct descendants of the Verdones who once lived here. From left to right are: Mike Verdone, Emilio Marandola, Gloria Rolfe, Ray Verdone, Judy Anthony, and Jason Rolfe.



The mountain from the site of the house is much more impressive and steep than it appears in this photo.



The house door again (now that we know we have the right place).



This may also have been part of the house. Not quite sure.



Definitely part of the house with 3 walls "upstairs" which would have enclosed 2 rooms.

Souvenirs were taken from the wall at the right side of this photo.



Mike
Verdone,
heading back
down the
street...



...which one
would
surmise is
called Via
Castelloi



A last look back at the street.



Another similar looking street just across the way.



Campo.

Population
37
(honest!).
Plus 9 more
visitors on
that day.

Galluccio
means 'little
rooster'.



Next stop
was the
home of a
distant
cousin
Carla.

This, it
turn's out is
the house
where Ray's
grandmothe
r was born
September
27, 1890.



Lunch at Carla's sister Antoinetta, accompanied by a few bottles of Delli Colli Wine. That is Ray's grandmother's maiden name.



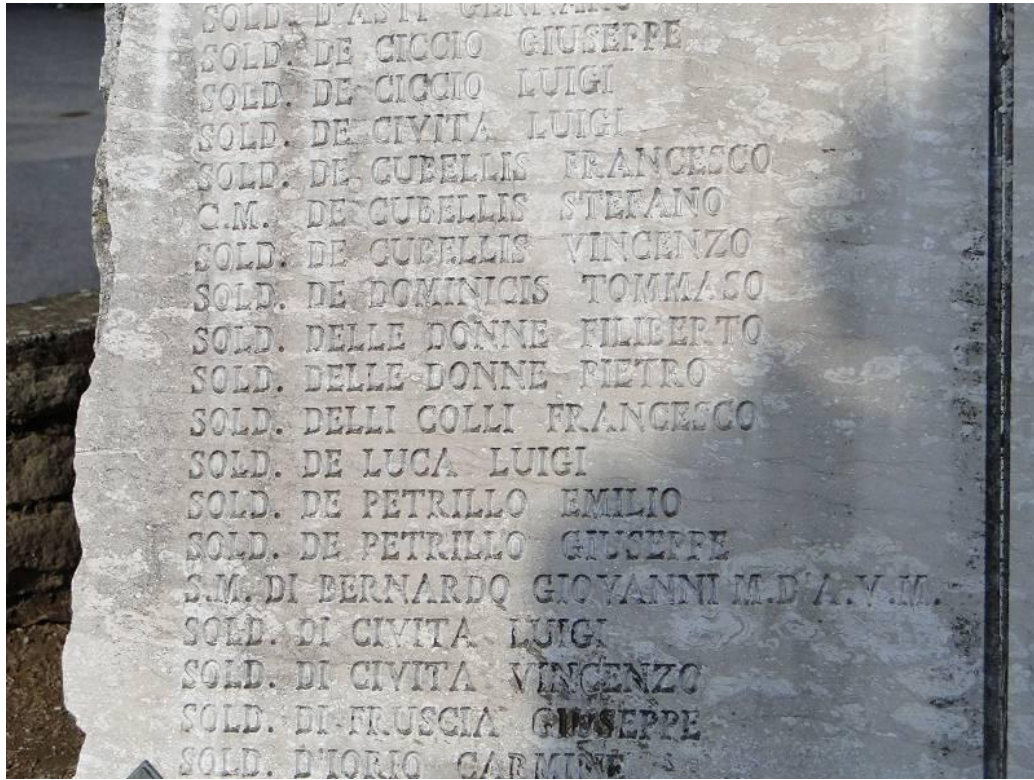
Micheline (Emilio's better half), Antoinetta, and Carla.



Emilio showing photos of his children to Carla, Antoinetta, and three of her four children.



We went for a little walk in the town where they live, San Clemente. Very quiet. This is around 3PM and everything is closed between 2PM and 5PM as is a common tradition in Italy.



Names of some of the soldiers who died in WWI. We note a Francesco Delli Colli. But other names familiar to this family (D'Iorio). So interesting.



Lizards a plenty.



Part of the Delli Colli wine producing facility.



Standing by the front door of the facility.



The wall behind which there is a Garden which was tended by Carla's and Antoinetta's father.



The garden's lemons,



One of 6 vineyards which supply the Delli Colli winery. This one was the vineyard for their father's personal use.



Far from being seedless grapes but...

Yum!



Part of Rocca d'Evandro. This is Upper Vaglie where uncle Ferdinand Riccio was born



Another view. Note the chestnut trees with spiny fruit almost ripe and ready to be collected, roasted ("...on an open fire, Jack Frost...") and eaten. These are the edible kind of chestnuts Italy is famous for growing.



Another view looking towards the center of town.



The church in Vaglie where Ray's grandparents (Roberto Verdone and Maria Delli Colli) were married.



Hello Kitty.
Good Bye
Vaglie,
Rocca
d'Evandro,
Campo di
Galluccio.

And special
thanks to
Carla and
Antoinetta
and Emilio,
and all who
helped make
this day very
special to all
who were
there.

