

**In Dedication to my Parents
DAMIANO and OLIVA GENETTI**

A special thank you to Dr. Harold Aurand of Penn State University for his assistance in compiling this book and to Mary Brennan, a twenty five year employee of Genetti Enterprises for her efforts in the preparation of this history.

TYROL

In this nation of immigrants it is not uncommon to trace one's origin back to an "old country." For the Genetti family the "old country" is Tyrol, the Alpine district between Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Austria. Geographically Tyrol is composed of two "mother valleys;" the valley of the Inn River, north of the Brenner Pass, and the Adige River valley, south of the Brenner. Numerous smaller valleys open off the two major or "mother valleys". The Genetti home village, Castelfondo, is located in one of these smaller valleys, the Valle di Non, in the Italian province of Trentino.

In America it is a common mistake to equate Tyroleans with Italians. It is true that parts of Tyrol are now provinces of Italy and some Tyroleans speak Italian as their native language. But historically Tyrol is a unique entity.

In 15 B.C. the Romans, commanded by Drusus and Tiberius, the stepsons of the Emperor Augustus, were able to defeat the Raetians or the original settlers of what is now Tyrol. Even after the conquest, however, the Romans did not merge the region into Italy. Rather they administered it as the separate province of Raetia.

Two major cultural events occurred under the Roman rule which lasted more than 500 years. The first was the introduction of Christianity which began around 400 A.D. Since then the Tyrolean people derive strength and inspiration from their Christian faith and have solidified their unity with the Church. Indeed, the area has been long known as "Holy Land Tyrol."

The second cultural event was the evolutionary blending of the Raetian language with Latin to form dialects which are still spoken today. The people of the Valle di Non, for example, speak a dialect known as Nones which is closer to Spanish than it is to Italian.

The decline of Roman power during the Sixth Century exposed the region to incursions by Germanic barbarians. The Bavarians invade North Tyrol and pushed through the Brenner Pass into modern Italian province of Bolzano. The Bavarians submerged the local language and customs until German became the prevailing language of the area.

South Tyrol or what is now known as Trentino was invaded by the Lombards. Unlike the Bavarians, the Lombards made no effort to germanize their subject peoples. Indeed, they were unable to retain their own cultural identity and gradually became Latinized. As a result, Tyrol became linguistically divided. The village of Saint Felix marks the southern limit of German penetration into the Valle di Non. Above St. Felix, German is spoken; below it, Nones.

Divided between the Kingdoms of the Bavarians and the Lombards, Tyrol began its slow evolution towards political unity in the Eighth Century when the two kingdoms were merged into the Frankish Empire. For almost two hundred years the territory was theoretically under the suzerainty of the Holy Roman Emperors, but local magnates such as the Duke of Bavaria held actual control over the region. In an effort to break the power of the local nobility, Emperor Henry II began a policy of placing strategic areas into ecclesiastical hands. In 1004 he assigned the territory of the Brenner Pass to the Bishop of Trent. In

1024 Emperor Conrad II continued Henry's policy by enlarging the Bishop's fief with the counties of Bozen and Vintschgau. He also bestowed the Inn, Puster, and Eisal valleys to the Bishop of Brixen.

The Prince-Bishops, however, delegated their secular authority to members of the local nobility, the most important of which were the Counts of the Vintschgau. This noble family later adopted the name of their ancestral castle, Schloss Tyrol, located near Merano, as their family name. Over the years the Counts of Tyrol extended their power and possessions until they became the acknowledged rulers of the region in 1253. The lands ruled by the Counts of Tyrol were eventually inherited by Margaret of Carinthia. Upon the death of her son in 1363, Margaret ceded their territory to the Habsburg Duke of Austria, Rudolph IV, and from that time until the end of World War I, Tyrol remained a possession of Austria.

One of the most important Habsburg rulers of Tyrol was Maximilian I, who was Holy Roman Emperor between 1493 and 1519. Maximilian loved his Tyrolean lands and once compared them with the coarse peasant's cloak whose folds gave warmth to its wearer. In 1511 he conferred the freedom to carry weapons upon his beloved Tyroleans and asked in return, only that they defend their homeland from outside attack. The peasants cherished their new privilege and constantly exercised themselves in the use of arms. Indeed, the large number of rifle clubs in Tyrol and the Tyrolean's passion for shooting can be traced back to this provincial decree of Maximilian I.

Nor did the Tyroleans ever forget their promise to the Emperor that they would defend their homeland. In 1703, for example, Tyrolean levies defeated a vastly superior army commanded by the Elector of Bavaria. The Anna Saule in the middle of Maria-Theresien Strasse in Innsbruck commemorates this great victory over an invader. Again in 1796 Tyrolean peasants checked the advance of Napoleon upon their lands.

The victory over Napoleon, however, was only temporary, for what he failed to win by arms, he gained by diplomacy. In 1805 Austria ceded Tyrol to the French. But the Tyroleans refused to surrender. In 1809 they rose in armed rebellion against the French and their Bavarian allies. Led by Andreas Hofer, the Sandwirt of the Passeirtal, they defeated the French Army in the battles of Berg Isel. The defeat of Austria outside of Tyrol, however, sealed the province's fate and in 1810 Hofer was shot at Mantau. Not until 1814 was Tyrol restored to the Austrian Empire and then Hofer received a hero's burial.

The Hofkirche of Innsbruck contains the famous tomb of Maximilian I. Next to the Emperor's sarcophagus is the resting place of Andreas Hofer. The significance of an emperor lying beside a peasant cannot be overlooked. From the Middle Ages the Tyrolean peasant had enjoyed freedom and was able to take part in the affairs of government. With the exception of Switzerland and the tiny province of Ditmarsh in Schleswig-Holstein, Tyrol was the only country in Europe where the peasant was master of his own fate. It was this freedom that instilled an intense pride in the province and strong support for its institutions and local government. Unified by faith in the Church and pride in the region, but not by language, the Tyroleans developed a strong national identity.

Although proud, the Tyroleans were very poor. The main meal, for example, would consist of corn meal mush or Polenta, cheese, potato cakes

and dumplings. They also ate what was called "snowballs" and soup out of vegetables. Meat was served only two or three times a year, usually on high holy days as Christmas. Snails would be gathered from sand bars during the rainy season to supplement the diet. Always bread and wine accompanied the meal.

The peasants would rent ovens and bake their bread twice a year. Usually the baking season would last for three days during the spring and again in the fall. They would make a flat rye bread approximately eight or ten inches long in the shape of a figure eight. The bread would then be put on a rack until it was eaten. Over a period of time it became so hard that it would take a half hour to soak up soup or coffee.

In the mountains winter was very cold. Wood was the only available fuel, but the government owned most of the forest land. Each year the government would allot a few trees to each family for its energy needs. The small amount of wood could not be used for cooking; it had to be kept to ward off the severe cold of winter. One of the first chores assigned to the children was to supplement the meager fuel supply by gathering pine cones to supply heat for cooking.

A severe land shortage was responsible for the prevailing poverty. Over the centuries the Tyroleans extended their agricultural domain by draining swamps and clearing vast tracts of virgin forest. But the mountainous terrain limited the amount of land available for farming. What land was available was often remote and nearly inaccessible; some of the ravines around Castelfondo were between 4,000 and 6,000 feet deep.

The land distribution system compounded the problem of accessibility. Land was distributed in small parcels around the village rather than being concentrated in a single area. As a result, some people spent more time walking from plot to plot than they did tilling the soil. The strip system, as this distribution plan was known, also aggravated the problem of insufficient land. Each parcel required its own boundary which was usually unplowed and unplanted strip one furrow wide. One furrow may not seem a large amount, but when multiplied by the total number of small parcels in which the fields were divided, it represented a substantial reduction in the amount of land actually available for farming.

Subdivision of a family's farm upon the death of the father further compounded the problem of a limited amount of land aggravated by an inefficient distribution system. It took only a few generations to subdivide the originally small farm to the point that another division of the land would result in a parcel so small that it could not support a family.

Usually farming families would seek to replenish their land holdings to provide for all the children. But there was a shortage of land in Tyrol. Unable to provide for all the children, the parents had to deny some in order to preserve the farm. In some families the oldest son was given the farm and all other children had to move elsewhere for there were few industries in Tyrol to provide jobs to the landless.

By the mid-Nineteenth Century economic pressure began to force increasingly large numbers of Tyroleans from their beloved land. For example, of the ten children in my grandfather's family; of the seven boys, three went to South America, Uncle Joe went West looking for gold, Uncle Ralph went to Weston, Pa. and, of course, my father came to Hazleton.

Just recently, I found out that my father's oldest brother, William, located in Illinois. Of the girls; one went to Seattle, Washington, one to Weston, Pa., and one to Sheppton, Pa.

My uncle Ralph and my father married two sisters. Uncle Ralph had four daughters and two sons. Uncle William had two sons and a daughter by his first marriage and after his wife passed away he re-married and had identical twin girls and another son. Uncle William's granddaughter, Dorothy Keck, came into my restaurant one day and gave me this information on her grandfather. Until then I had no knowledge of where he located after leaving Tyrol.

DAMIANO GENETTI

Unfortunately very little is known about the history of the Genetti family. Traditionally the family dates its founding in Castelfondo in 1548. In that year two brothers, one of which was said to be a general, named Genetti, acquired land and built the family home in the village. It is certain that they were of noble rank; the Genetti crest--the badge of nobility--was carved on the wall of the family home and it is one of four appearing over the altar of the village church.

It is quite possible that they were on the losing side of one of the many wars of the era and forced to leave their home territory. Or they may have been given land in Castelfondo out of gratitude for their support in one of those wars. In either case, their new holdings could not have been extensive. My grandfather, of whom I have dim recollections, worked and lived as an artisan rather than a member of the aristocracy.

Grandfather was a baker and I remember hearing stories of him carting his bread from village to village on a mule with two big side baskets. He also owned a lumber mill and, I think, a grist mill. The mill was in a ravine so deep that it could only be reached by ladders. Despite his apparent wealth, he came to America and worked in the coal mines. After his wife died, she is buried in Weston, Pa., he returned to Tyrol.

My father, Damiano Genetti, was born in Castelfondo on September 26, 1857. He was the second child. During his youth he was exposed to a great deal of good natured kidding for he was the shortest of the seven boys in his family. He was 5 feet, 11½ inches. The tallest was 6 feet, 6 inches. He graduated from grammar school at the age of 14. He then worked for his father for several years. But the lack of industry in the village and the general state of the Tyrolean economy convinced him that he would be best advised to seek his opportunities elsewhere.

Accordingly, he left Tyrol at the age of 18 to seek employment in nearby Switzerland. In Switzerland he secured a job driving rock tunnels. A very hard worker, he was promoted to foreman within the year. His success aroused jealousy among the other workers. One of the disgruntled workers shot him in the left arm. The wound confined him to a hospital in Zurich for six months. Upon his discharge Damiano returned to Castelfondo to continue his recuperation.

While recuperating, Damiano decided that he would go to America rather than return to Switzerland. Perhaps he heard about the United States while in Switzerland or, more likely, someone from Castelfondo or a nearby village had written back glowing reports of America. In 1878 he again left Tyrol in search of opportunity.

The trip took six weeks. After landing in New York he went to Hazleton, Pa. by train. From that city he walked to Nuremberg. How he even knew that Nuremberg existed remains a mystery to me. It is possible that he knew of a fellow villager or Tyrolean who had settled there and sought him out for guidance. Or, as was the practice of the time, he may have been recruited as a worker by a representative of a coal company on the docks of New York.

His first job was at the Deringer mines of Coxe Brothers and Company, a leading mine operator in the Hazleton area. After a few months of working in the hard coal mines, Damiano moved again. He secured employment in the bituminous coal mines in the Pittsburgh area. But dissatisfied with intolerable working conditions there, he returned to the anthracite fields within a short time.

He again secured work in the Derringer mines. A few months later, however, he took a job driving rock tunnels with the Ario Pardee Coal Company in Lattimer. His experience in Switzerland proved to be a great asset for in a short period of time he rose to the position of foreman, directing the activities of about 90 men. The best evidence of his skill is the fact that over a five year period he did not have a serious accident. The state mine inspector presented him with a certificate in recognition of his outstanding safety record. Damiano was the first person in the history of the hard coal industry to receive such an award. Because of this excellent record he was offered a position in the Safety Department which he refused.

While working for the Pardee Company, Damiano sent for his two sisters in Tyrol to keep house for him. At the time the coal regions contained a large number of unmarried men who recently arrived from Europe. Seeing an opportunity to increase their income by supplying housing to these men, Damiano and his sisters opened a boarding house. Almost from the very beginning the new enterprise was successful for twelve boarders filled it to capacity.

Feeling financially secure, Damiano decided to begin his own family. In 1886 he sent to Castelfondo for his bride; as was the custom in the old world, the marriage had been arranged by the parents of the groom and bride. In the same year Damiano Genetti and Oliva Zambotti were joined together in marriage by Bishop Hoban in Wilkes Barre. The fact that the Bishop and not a parish priest conducted the ceremony reflects the high stature that Damiano attained in his community. The following year the couple was blessed with their first son, Leon.

When the baby was three months old the family returned to Castelfondo. Along with the child my father carried \$7000 in gold, which he saved in America. Upon his return to Tyrol he invested his money in farm land, a few head of cattle, and two sawmills. Damiano's hope of leading a quiet and comfortable life among his mountains, however, was temporarily smashed by the Austrian government.

The Austrian Empire maintained a program of universal military training. Under its provisions each male subject was required to enter the armed forces at the age of twenty one and was prohibited from marriage until he completed his military service. Damiano, it must be remembered, left Tyrol in 1878, prior to his twenty first birthday, and returned a married man. He was clearly in violation of the law. He was arrested as a draft-dodger and sent to jail. While in prison he began reading books on veterinary medicine in an effort to improve himself. Upon his release he entered the calvary. After basic training, his superiors, who had learned of his interest in veterinary medicine, sent him to school in Vienna. When he completed his seven year tour of duty he was a well trained veterinarian and spent seven years in the Austrian Army.

As a civilian once again, Damiano continued his lumber business. The family, of course, had increased by several children. His village paid him the honor of electing him mayor. Despite his comfortable life and the respect of his neighbors, Damiano became restless; he decided that he would return to America.

In 1902 he left for America with two daughters and a son. His destination was Weston, Pa., a small town in the anthracite fields not far from Nuremberg where he had settled. But Damiano did not choose Weston out of nostalgia; his brother Ralph maintained a tavern in the town. Damiano planned to board with his brother until he became established. He had no intention of seeking employment in the coal mines. Rather he wanted to start his own business. He paid \$28 for a horse and buckboard for he planned to peddle meat. He converted the buckboard into a meat wagon and painted it red which remained the color of all our wagons. He also built a meat block out of a large tree. The block served as a counter for grinding machines and a sausage stuffer as well as a cutting surface. Fully equipped, he began his business.

After nine months of operation, Damiano concluded that Weston was not an ideal base and moved to Hazleton where he rented a house on Pine and Green Streets. Hazleton was the commercial center of the Eastern Middle Anthracite Basin and was therefore a more logical base of operations. Most of the small mining villages in the district were located within a ten mile radius of the city. Each morning my father would rise at four and start making fresh sausage. By seven, he would hitch the horse to the wagon and load it with cheese, salami, and sausage. He would then tour the area selling his products.

The business prospered so well, that he sent for my brother Leon in early 1904 to help him. The following year he sent for the remainder of his family. With the entire family to help him, Damiano continued to expand his business .

In the 1920's father began to relinquish control over the business to his children. He gradually retired and in 1931 returned to Tyrol to live out the remainder of his days among his beloved mountains. Mother, however, refused to return to Tyrol. She passed away in August, 1938.

Father and family continued to correspond until World War II interrupted mail between Italy and America. In 1943 we received a brief letter from him, stating that he was enjoying good health. It was the last letter we ever received. We learned later that he died suddenly on December 3, 1944.

We also learned after the war that father helped hide five American Airmen, who were shot down over Tyrol, from the Germans. In the raid following the information, two of the airmen were shot by the Germans while three escaped. My father, however, was temporarily held and questioned by the Germans. Whether this ordeal contributed to his sudden death or not, I do not know.

Father was a generous man. In his will he maintained the ancient Tyrolean custom of good will by directing that each family in Castelfondo and the nearby village of Salobbe be given three kilograms of salt in his memory. He also gave 20 Lire to each person in the two villages who were receiving public assistance.

His greatest contribution to his native village occurred upon his return to Tyrol in 1931. Aware of the custom of not accepting orphaned girls until they attained the age of six years, Damiano decided to do something for young female orphans. He sold most of his farm land and the sawmills to raise enough money to establish an orphanage for young girls. When I last visited the orphanage, it had fifty girls under its care. It also contains a portrait of both my parents and a plaque commemorating their memory and kindness. Each year I purchase playground or some other equipment for the girls home my father established.

STANLEY V. GENETTI

I was born on December 27, 1899 in the village of Castelfondo, Trentino, Tyrol. Despite the passage of the years, I have quite vivid memories of both my ancestral home and the village. The home had three floors and a large hall, paved with cobblestones. The hall was located on the ground level and provided a sheltered place for the unloading of hay, lumber, and other supplies. The barn was connected to the house. It was possible, for example, to walk directly from the house into the hayloft and climb from there down to the floor of the barn. It was very important to be able to tend the animals without venturing out into the high winds and blizzards of the winter.

During warmer weather we reached the barn by an outside stairwell which ran along the back of the house. The stairwell also opened into a very small backyard which contained one of the family's most cherished possessions, an apple tree. Approximately 500 feet behind the yard a stream flowed off the mountain. My father built a sawmill at this site to utilize the waterpower.

Only 400 or so people lived in the village. The streets were very narrow and paved with cobblestones. The church was located at one end of the village. Behind the church building was a well kept cemetery. The village also boasted a four room schoolhouse, which I attended for a year and a half.

I was a little terror in those days. My father left for America when I was only two years old and my mother had to look after the family property as well as do her household chores. She simply could not devote much time to overseeing my behavior. She did appoint

an older sister, Irma, to supervise my conduct, but Irma was unable to control me. As a result, I was rarely punished for doing something wrong and I began to feel that I could do whatever I wished, without paying a penalty.

Sometimes, however, I overextended myself and suffered the consequences. One incident I remember very well was the evening a friend and I climbed up the church steeple. We had climbed up several times before, but on this night we lost track of time. When we came down we discovered that the sexton locked the church and went home. Since it was getting dark we also wanted to go home. But we were locked inside the church! Finally, we decided to attract attention by ringing the church bell which also served as the village fire alarm. When we rang the bell the entire village ran to church to determine the location of the fire. Everyone was angry that two small boys would cause a false alarm. Needless to say, both my friend and I received a spanking for this escapade.

Some time later the same friend and I set fire to a pile of seedling at his home. My friend's mother ran out from the kitchen to put out the fire. She used the soup she was making for her family's lunch to extinguish the flames. When my mother heard of this episode she became very upset. She punished me by making me sit in the dark cellar and told me that the police were coming to arrest me. Sitting in the dark, I was terrified that I would spend the rest of my life in jail. The terror quickly faded when I was permitted out of the cellar and I continued being a pest. Indeed, I was so rowdy that I sometimes wonder if the whole village was not relieved when my father sent for us.

My mother, three sisters, Tillie, Irma and Ann, brother Gus and I left for the United States in early December, 1906. On the day we were to leave I remember getting a yearning for an egg. I begged my mother to let me eat one before we left. Mother prepared the egg for me and it was the best thing I ever ate; I will never forget it.

We strapped our clothing on our backs and with two baskets of food we left Castelfondo with a team of mules for Merano, where we would take a train to the port city of Cherbourg, France. Although Merano was less than 15 miles away, I had never been there before. When we got to the railroad station I was surprised to see the train. It was the first train I ever saw. I told my mother I did not know how people could stand the smell of the smoke. The trip to Cherbourg was uneventful for I do not remember many details.

Cherbourg, however, was new and exciting. I was amazed how the people were dressed. I simply could not understand why people would work their fields in top hats and button shoes. I knew it was not Sunday and in our village people only had two sets of clothes, one for Sunday and one for working. So, I reasoned, they were going to work and it never occurred to me that people would work anywhere else but in the fields.

At Cherbourg we boarded our boat, which was called the "cattle boat." The ship did not have refrigeration so live cattle were carried aboard to provision us with fresh meat. They would slaughter some of the cattle every other day.

We traveled as steerage class passengers. The steerage compartment measured approximately 40 ft. by 40 ft. It contained three tiers of

bunks. Each bunk was 6 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, and 2½ ft. high. An aisle 2 ft., 6 in. wide separated the tiers of bunks. Every three days this crowded room would be hosed down and swept with a broom made out of twigs. Unfortunately, it was impossible to remain personally clean; water was restricted for drinking purposes only and was turned on for two hours in the late afternoon and once more at night. We ate off tin plates and drank out of tin cups. I also remember that we had no sugar or cream.

After the first week at sea we encountered a severe storm. The waves came up and washed over the ship. All the hatches and doorways were sealed and we were not permitted out of our room during the storm except during dining hours. I remember getting up at 5 A.M. and going to the kitchen for black coffee for the rest of my family. They were all too seasick to move! During the rest of the day all we could do was sit in the compartment and watch the raging storm through the port holes. The ordeal lasted three days.

During the storm an elderly woman died and I overheard some sailors say that she would be buried the next morning at 8 A.M. My curiosity was aroused and I decided I would have to witness the event. Since the storm was subsiding it was possible to move from one section of the ship to another with the aid of ropes tied for that purpose. I, therefore, took a vantage point where I could watch the burial. At 8 A.M. four men carried out the corpse which was wrapped in a white sheet. I remember her face was covered by the sheet but her black boots were visible. They placed the body on a shuttle and lowered it into the ocean.

When the storm subsided, I decided to investigate the ship. On one of my exploring trips I discovered a sliding door to the boiler room which was located at the bottom of a winding stairway. I could not resist climbing down those steps. About halfway down I could see men without shirts shoveling coal into the boilers. I was so fascinated that I sat there in the dark for several hours watching the men work.

Unknown to me, the family became alarmed at my absence. They alerted the crew who organized a search party. Everyone was looking for me! Failing to find me, they feared that I fell overboard. When I finally came up from the boiler room one of the men grabbed me. He was so angry that he tied me to the bed to prevent my getting into more trouble. My sister began screaming when she saw me tied down. Between her screams and my promises never to stray again, the man left me go. Unable to continue my exploration of the great ship, I became bored and was very happy to see Ellis Island.

Located in upper New York Bay, just off the coast of New Jersey, Ellis Island is known as the gateway to freedom to millions. But for newly arrived immigrants it was a place of inquisition and fear. Here they faced a barrage of questions and a physical exam with the knowledge that failure in either would mean deportation. "Do you have any money?" "Where did you get it?" "Do you have a job waiting?" Answers to questions such as these had to be carefully worded. American law excluded paupers from entry, but there were fears that many immigrants were thieves or convicts unloaded on the United States by their home governments. American law forbade the entry of people likely to become public charges, so the immigrant had to produce some evidence that he would become gainfully employed.

Young single women who arrived alone encountered other problems. Prostitution was a very great problem at the time and it was feared that many of the girls were brought over to America for immoral purposes. If the girl was sponsored by an aunt or uncle, she would be released only to the aunt. Government officials suspected that the man may not be a relative at all but a white slaver who had recruited the girl in Europe or planned to force her into a life of prostitution. If the girl was to be married to her male sponsor, they had to be married at Ellis Island.

Although the questions were difficult, the medical examination was even more feared by the immigrants. Inspectors lined the landing to the great hall. Some would simply observe for signs of an infirmity. Did a person limp or breathe too heavily? If he did, he would be pulled out of line for a closer examination. Some officials spoke to the children to determine if they were deaf or dumb. Everyone underwent a quick medical examination which entailed: a search for trachoma; a probe of venereal diseases; an examination for favus, a contagious fungus of the scalp; and a test for leprosy. The inspectors placed chalk marks on the coats of those to be detained. An "E" meant eye problems; "H" signified hernia; and "S" perhaps the most dreaded, stood for special inquiry.

Eighty per cent of those who arrived at Ellis Island passed the inspection. Many of those who were turned away, however, were children. A young child was returned with an adult. But children of ten years of age or older could and often were sent back to Europe alone. The steamship company bore the responsibility of returning rejected immigrants to the port from which they sailed. But that was the end of its responsibility. Since most immigrants did not live in the port of embarkation and often passed through several nations to get to that port, they confronted a long return trip with no one accepting responsibility for their safe arrival. Cast off in a strange city with little or no money, many of the deported children were never heard from again.

I mention this fact to explain the terror that beset our family at Ellis Island. Before we left Europe my three year old sister, Ann, suffered from leg poisoning and had to be operated on. She was still unable to walk when our ship docked at Ellis Island and my oldest sister carried her. One of the inspectors told her to put Ann down and let her walk. When she responded that Ann could not walk, they were both detained for special inquiry.

The rest of the family had passed through inspection when we received the bad news. We had to wait three days for my father to arrive from Hazleton. During our wait mother became very upset. She said she feared that we would all be deported, but I think that she was more afraid that the two girls would be deported by themselves. Finally, my father arrived and convinced the authorities that he would have a doctor treat my sister and she would never become a public charge. We were released on the fourth day.

As we left Ellis Island my father took me by the hand--it was one of the proudest moments of my life. We went to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station and boarded the train to Hazleton. When we arrived in Hazleton we discovered Dora, Esther, Al, and Leon waiting at the station to welcome us. It was a joyous moment. The Genetti family had finally been reunited!

Later that year we moved to a home at Cedar and Elm Streets. Our new home had two bedrooms which the children shared; the four boys slept in one, while the five girls used the other. Mother and father slept in the parlor on the first floor. A coal stove in the kitchen furnished the only heat in the house. In the back yard we had a shanty equipped with a wood stove. During the summer we would cook and eat in the shanty in order to keep the house as cool as possible. In addition to the shanty the back yard contained the outhouse, a horse barn, and a shed for the meat wagons.

In 1911 my father returned to Europe in order to sell some property to raise cash. He used some of the money to purchase a new home on Pine and Chapel Streets from a Mr. Burns. The house contained only a coal stove for cooking in the kitchen and a smaller stove in the parlor. During the winter it became so cold in the house that we kept the faucets running during the night to prevent freezing of the water pipes.

I remember once the boy's bedroom had a broken window. One night I stuck my overalls in this window to keep the snow from blowing into my bed. When I woke up the next morning the pants were frozen solid. When we woke up, around 5 A.M., we boys would run to the kitchen and dress near the kitchen stove.

After dressing, we would have two eggs and milk before doing our chores. When we returned around 7:30 A.M., we would sit down to a breakfast of sausage, chicken, steak, and home made rye bread. Lunch was always the same, polenta, veal, and wine. During the summer, fresh vegetables would be added to the standard fare. The evening meal consisted of baked potatoes, buckwheat cakes and Tyrolean sausage.

During this period the Tyrolean community was growing large enough to establish its own church. At first they met in the Liberty Hotel Hall on South Laurel Street. Mass was held there until they built a church building. Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church was the first and only church to be founded in the United States.

At the age of nine I became an Alter Boy, serving the six o'clock Mass every Sunday morning. Alter Boys received five cents for serving Mass. I spent two cents on ice cream and candy and saved the rest. Indeed, it was as an alter boy that I made my first "big money". I served my sisters' wedding Mass and my two brothers-in-law each gave me two dollars. Since my sisters were married on the same day, I received the magnificent sum of four dollars and promptly opened a bank account. I remained an alter boy until the age of fourteen when I began singing in the choir.

In the early days Tyroleans were exposed to a great deal of prejudice. Whenever my sister and I would go to school the other "American" kids would throw rocks and snowballs at us. They would also pull my sister's hair and call us names. To escape this abuse, we would wait on the street until the school bell rang and then quickly ran to our rooms. Because of this prejudice going to school was one of the saddest experiences in my life.

We received a report on deportment in school every sixty days and mine were always bad. My father had to sign the reports, but he never questioned me about my behavior in school. I earned very good

grades in history, geography, reading and arithmetic. But my spelling was terrible. Part of the problem was that words in my native language were spelled phonetically and English, of course, is not. I had great difficulty, for example, with the words "right" and "write".

At the end of fifth grade I told my father I wanted to quit school. He was very much against my leaving school. Finally, I threatened to run away if he would not permit me to quit school. Father, however, called my bluff. "Which way do you want to run? he asked, pointing in opposite directions, "this way or that way?" Well, I did not run away from home, but I did quit school and went to work full time with my father.

Upon our arrival in America my father had to become very stern with me for I had grown too accustomed to having my own way back in Tyrol. At first, it was a rare day that I did not get a good spanking for doing something wrong. Although I may have resented it at the time, I now realize that my father's strictness saved me from a great deal of trouble.

A hard working man himself, father insisted that we also work. He would instruct us, "don't play baseball! Don't play football! Don't play marbles! One day I asked him why I was not allowed to play any of those games.

"Well, he said, "it's very simple, you don't have to play any of those games to make a living. There are more important things to do with your time than play games, so you might as well forget about them."

The games were all new and exciting to me. But I was ordered by my father not to play them. And an order from father was not to be disobeyed.

One day, however, my father went to Freeland on business and I decided to join in a game of football. During the game I managed to smash a window in our house. My mother tried to protect me by replacing the window. But when my father came home he noticed the fresh putty around the glass. He asked mother about the new glass and she told him what had happened. Mother had to tell him I smashed the window while playing a forbidden game.

After dinner my father called me to him and said, "well I see you had nothing to do so you decided to play football. Since you have so much free time on your hands, I want you to stay in that corner from 1 o'clock until 3 o'clock for the next two weeks". Believe me, they were the longest two weeks in my life! I just sat in that corner and watched the clock which was the slowest clock in the world.

Father was stern and demanded that everything be done correctly. But he would never tell us how to do something nor would he show us how to do it correctly. He would simply say do this or that. When we were finished he would inspect our work and if it was not done correctly, he would tell us to do it again. One day after being told to do something over, I asked him why he did not tell us how it should be done in the first place. His answer was very instructive. He said that if he told us how to do something correctly he would be doing our thinking for us and we would not learn how to do anything by ourselves. It was much better to do our own thinking.

Sometimes learning to think for ourselves became very frustrating. I remember we were promised that we would have the afternoon of our first Fourth of July in the United States free to enjoy ourselves. My brothers and I made great plans to go to Hazle Park that afternoon. At lunch, however, my father announced that we would have to resalt 500 calf skins. All our plans for Hazle Park were smashed! We had just been given work which would keep us busy until dinner, if not well into the night.

My first chore was to keep the horse stall and the remainder of the stable clean. I also had to grease the wagons every day. I once asked my father why I had to grease the wagons even when they were not used. He told me that by having me do the job each day, he could be sure that I would never forget to grease the wagons.

Another early responsibility was to shovel snow during the winter. I shoveled all the buildings clear of snow. I also earned extra money by shoveling out the neighbor. He would pay me 75¢ to clear his walks. During the summers I cleaned grass out of the gutters and cut wood for the stoves.

Summer also presented the opportunity to earn extra money by picking blueberries. I remember one day I picked berries without a hat and suffered a sunstroke. During the night I became delirious and kept shouting to my brother Gus that the walls and ceiling of the bedroom were crushing me. Father did not call a doctor for me. As a veterinarian, he knew something about medications and prepared some medicine for me. By the morning I had fully recovered from the sunstroke

Father also applied home remedies to us children. One winter he made me and my brother Al run barefoot in the snow from Cedar to Poplar Street. Every snowfall that year we had to get out and run over the course in our barefeet. His theory was that by doing so we would become strong and immune to the cold. And the theory worked! I was never bothered by cold weather even though I ran around without an overcoat in the winter. I did not get an overcoat until 1917 when my brother Gus gave me his Army coat after being discharged from the service.

With the exception of the sunstroke, I remember being seriously ill only once during my childhood. One day I was kicked by one of our horses. I spent two days and three nights in bed due to this injury. Every half hour my mother put cold water applications on the wound and on the third day I recovered without side effects. Naturally, I returned to my chores on the third day.

By this time my major chore was delivering meat. During lunch hour at school I would deliver orders. Many times I was late returning to school, but my job came first. As the family business grew, the delivery schedule increased to three times a day.

I tried various methods of getting around town with my packages. First, I bought a second hand bicycle to speed me on my way. But the bicycle was of very little help on the steep hills of Hazleton. Indeed, I think I pushed the bike as much as I rode it. Next, I tried using an express wagon. But I wasted too much time lifting the wagon over the curbs. I gave up the wagon for a basket strapped to my shoulders. Finally, in 1914, my father bought a horse and buckboard for making in town deliveries. Riding the buckboard made my job much easier, but I was unprotected from inclement weather.

Several things impressed me as I made my deliveries around town. I was really struck by the ice cards. In those days people had ice boxes rather than refrigerators to preserve their food. Whenever they needed ice they would place a card printed with figures "50¢" and "25¢" in their window. In this manner the iceman could learn who needed ice and how much ice was required without going into every house.

I also remember a man by the name of Mr. Bonner. He was the health inspector and drove around town on a buckboard. Whenever someone had a communicable disease he would post signs quarantining the home. During the period of quarantine, approximately four weeks, no one but the doctor was permitted in or out of the house. At the end of the quarantine Mr. Bonner returned to the house and fumigated it before taking the signs down.

One day while delivering meat on North Wyoming Street I noticed a wagon with a red cross painted on it. When the wagon stopped two men got down and lifted out a body of a dead man. They carried it to one of the houses and simply threw the body into the parlor. I found out later that the man was killed in a mine accident.

The coal companies had little regard for their men. There is an old story, and it is true, that if a man accidentally killed another man in the mines he would not be punished for his carelessness. But if he accidentally killed a mule he would be fired. The reason being that a man cost the company nothing, while it paid at least \$300 for the mule. Nor would the coal companies do much for the family of a person killed in the mines; they were left to their own resources. In those days there was no welfare and the orphan boys would have to work in the breaker to support their family.

Breaker boys worked from ten to eleven hours a day picking slate out of the coal for ten or twelve cents an hour. The sharp pieces of stone and slate would cut open the boys' fingers. When they came home from work they soaked their hands in salt water to cleanse their wounds. The next morning their mothers would wrap their hands in bandages. But the slate would tear away the bandages and reopen the wounds. The breaker boys called their bleeding fingers "red tops".

I drove around Hazleton delivering meat until 1917. When World War I broke out my brother Gus was drafted into the army. When Gus left, I and my sister had to manage the family's main store.

It was during this time that the flu epidemic hit Hazleton. It was terrible! Entire families became sick at once. The hospitals were filled to capacity. Churches and auditoriums were pressed into service as emergency hospitals. People often died of the high fever within 24 hours after contacting disease. So many people died that they could not be buried promptly. At one time Saint Gabriel's Cemetery had to store between 200 and 250 unburied bodies in rough boxes until enough people recovered from the sickness to bury them.

The flu epidemic almost closed the town down. For a period of time there was no school or church services. Everyone stayed at home either tending the sick or trying to escape the epidemic. Some tried drinking whiskey and eating garlic as preventive measures. Other sniffed camphorated oil. But such home remedies offered little real protection.

The Genetti family was not immune from the flu. My oldest brother and his entire family suffered from the illness. My mother, my oldest sister and her entire family, with the exception of the baby, also contracted the disease.

It was very trying for our family. We not only had to take care of our own sick; we had to meet a great demand for deliveries. People could not leave their homes because of the flu and we filled their orders. Indeed, we were so busy that we had little opportunity to shop for ourselves. One afternoon I felt weak and complained to my mother that I thought I was coming down with the flu. She promptly made me go to bed. But after sleeping fifteen hours, I awoke feeling fine. I had suffered from exhaustion, not the flu.

During most of my youth I received no pay for working for my father. He believed in the old European idea that children should be willing to work for their food and lodging. When my brothers Gus and Al were in their mid-twenties, however, they approached father and threatened to quit working for him without pay. Perhaps father was upset by their demands, but he did agree to pay them \$35 a month plus their lodging. In all fairness to my father, however, it must be noted, that up to that time we were able to take money out of the cash register for clothes with no questions asked. But father also demanded a full day's work. When my two sisters were married, the ceremony was held at 5:00 A.M. so the family could attend the Mass without missing work.

That is not to say that there was no time for fun in the Genetti family. Sundays were days of relaxation. In 1914 we bought our first automobile, a green Stern's Night, which had wire wheels. On Sundays we would load lunch baskets in the car and visit friends in nearby towns. We always took our lunch when we went visiting because we did not want our friends to think we were seeking a free meal.

It was really an adventure to travel in a car in those days. The roads were unpaved and narrow. I remember we once set out for Harwood, a mining village four miles from Hazleton and never got there. We had three flat tires in less than four miles of travel. The patches for the inner tube would not take hold so we stuffed the tire with leaves. What a mess! When we got back home we had to clean the inside of the tire with a hose. We then sprinkled flour inside the tire to help dry it out.

During the winter the streets were not plowed so father put the Stern up on blocks until Spring. But then Al and Gus bought a brown Model T Ford. We would drive their car around during the winter.

When it snowed we put chains on the tires and placed bags of corn in the rear of the car to give it greater traction. But even these precautions would not guarantee our not getting stuck on the unplowed streets so we would use the trolley as our personal plow. If we had to travel to our store in the heights area in or after a snow storm we would shovel the street in front of our house for a block until we reached the trolley line on Wyoming Street. We would then wait for a trolley to pass and follow in its path. We would do the same on the return trip.

I loved to swim and skate during my free time. When I was 19,

I took dancing lessons from a Mr. Wenner who ran a dancing school in the Feeley Hall. At first I felt that everyone was laughing at me and that I would never learn to dance. But I continued with my lessons. After I learned to dance it became my favorite form of recreation.

In 1921 a man by the name of Hymy Wagner and I decided to run dances at Hazle Park. We named the dance hall the "Klover Klub" and advertised it by placing banners on the trolley cars going to Freeland and McAdoo. We began the season on May 1, but we attracted our largest crowds between Memorial Day and Labor Day. During the summer, open trolley cars ran between Hazleton and Hazle Park every half hour which permitted people to come and leave the dancehall with ease.

The open trolleys had a very high step which played havoc with the fashionable women. During 1921 the hobble skirt became the great fad. Since the skirt was narrow at the ankles, the women found it difficult to step on or off the trolley. It was really something to watch them attempt jumping onto and off the cars.

Finding it expensive to hire bands by the day or evening, we decided to cut costs by employing bands on a weekly basis. The bands would play several engagements for us during the week and then, on their off nights, work a dance in either Mount Carmel, Coaldale, or Wilkes Barre. It was really a good arrangement for both parties; we got bands at the cheaper weekly rate and they had an opportunity to make extra money by working dances in nearby towns.

I met some excellent musicians while running the dances. We had an Irish Tenor named "One Armed Jack Gallagher". We also hired Fred Waring when he was still a college student. Indeed, his entire band was composed of college students. The band I remembered best, however, was the Billy Lusty Band. It originated in Scranton and featured the two Williams sisters as vocalists. One of the sisters later married Jack Demsey. The Dorsey Boys also played for the Lusty Band. I got along well with the Dorsey family until I tried to date Mr. Dorsey's daughter, Ann. One Sunday I visited their home and her father asked what I wanted. I told him I came to see Ann and he said "Get the hell out."

One of the most embarrassing episodes in my life occurred while I was running the dances. We hired a Mr. McBrearty to announce the bands that would play the next week at each dance. He also worked as the "call boy" for the Lehigh Valley Railroad. As "call boy" he would tour the city and tell the railroaders when to report for work. One evening McBrearty failed to come to the dance. I told Hymy Wagner that I would make the announcement. I got on the stage and the band gave me a drum roll. I made the announcements. But as I came off stage a man named Wenner asked me what band was playing at the dance next week. I told him I already made the announcement. "No you didn't," he replied, "you didn't say a word while you were on stage! I discovered he was telling the truth; I just stood there on the stage. I guess I just froze. For the longest time after that incident I refused to speak in front of any group.

With this exception, dancing was pleasure as well as a business for me. In addition to the dances at Hazle Park, I sponsored dances

in McAdoo, Weatherly, and Freeland. At that time most of my friends frequented poolrooms and bars. But I did not have the time for those activities; I was too busy dancing.

In 1931 I decided to take my very first vacation. Charles Rice and I took a bus to Philadelphia where we embarked on a cruise to Florida. When we got to Florida we looked up Mr. Goesser who once owned a grocery store in Hazleton. Mr. Goesser rented us a room in his apartment building for three weeks. We also contacted another ex-Hazletonian, George Breme, who generously gave us the use of his car.

I had taken Three Hundred Dollars with me. On our first night in Florida I decided to be careful and packed Two Hundred and Twenty Five Dollars in my suitcase before going out. My precaution paid off for I was robbed that very night by a pickpocket.

During our stay in Florida we decided to take an overnight trip to Havana. There we went to a place called "Sloppy Joe's". It was a very old bar with sawdust on the floor. But since they made their own alcohol, the cost of the drinks was reasonable.

On our return to Florida we visited Miami Beach. The now famous resort was not developed at the time. I remember a man offering to sell me a block of ocean-front for \$300. I turned him down because I did not have the \$300 in cash. I still wonder sometimes if I missed a great opportunity or narrowly escaped being swindled by a con artist.

While at Miami Beach we decided to see the famous development at Hollywood. It was a great disappointment. We expected to see a wonderful new city and found only seven houses, all painted a different color, at the development.

Both Charles Rice and I were broke at the end of the three weeks we allotted for our vacation. Together we had a total of 35 cents which we used to buy a dozen tangerines and two minced ham sandwiches. Assured of something to eat, we returned to Pennsylvania. When we got back to Hazleton it was snowing. The people on the streets stared at my golf clubs as I walked home through the blizzard.

Later that year I married Eleanor Rauzi. The wedding took place on June 22, 1931 and the reception was held in the home of my wife's parents.

At the time I had an even greater problem. I planned to use my car for our wedding trip. But that day I had trouble with the brakes. Fortunately my brother offered to lend me his Pierce Arrow so I would not have to postpone the honeymoon. We left Hazleton and went to Buffalo where we visited Niagara Falls. From there we went to Kingston, Canada and on to Montreal. We returned from Canada through Maine, Vermont, and New York.

Upon our return we began housekeeping in a three room apartment over the family's store on Broad and Pine Streets. While staying in this apartment we had our first two children, Beverly and Richard. Later we moved to Church and Elm Streets.

But we found this apartment too small and purchased a home on the corner of Diamond Avenue and James Street. Here we had our third child, Edward.

Four years after we purchased the home, we built four apartments on the rear of the property. We also purchased a house on 7th and Church Streets, which we converted into three apartments. I began building my present home in 1951.

My wife and I took a trip to Europe on the same day construction of our new home began. We took an Austrian ship, the Strath Heathen to London. Upon our arrival we discovered that accommodations were difficult to secure. But we took a chance and hailed a taxi. After riding around London for several hours, we finally secured a room at the Mount Royal Hotel. We stayed there a week. At the time there was a meat shortage in England and we ate corn flakes and fish most of the time.

Our London experience did not dampen our love of travel. We have taken seventeen trips to Europe crossing the Atlantic on such ships as the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth. In addition, we visited Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, China, Singapore, the Philippines, Thailand, Guam, New Zealand, Australia, and the Figi Islands. We also took a three week cruise from Morocco down the African Gold Coast across the Atlantic to Brazil and back to the United States. One of our most interesting trips was behind the Iron Curtain in 1964, which I describe in detail in Appendix III.

Travel did not interfere with my work. After my marriage I continued working at the store on Broad and Pine Streets. In 1934, however, I took over the management of all of our smaller stores. I remember that year for one day I went to get my car and it was missing. I called the police and reported my car stolen. They were unable to locate the car and I gave it up as lost. Three days later a friend stopped me and asked why my car was standing in front of the Markle Bank Building for four days. Suddenly, I remembered parking it there. I had been so busy that I completely forgot I drove it that day and walked home.

Indeed, I worked until I became exhausted and, as a consequence, suffered a nervous breakdown in 1942. After I recovered, the Doctor asked me what I did for recreation. I said "nothing", explaining that I went to work at 5A.M. each day and continued working until late at night. He suggested that I either take up hunting or fishing as a method of relaxation if I wished to avoid a relapse.

I took up both! I never had a gun or a fishing rod in my hands until I was 42 years old. I thoroughly enjoyed both activities. I wanted to purchase a farm with a suitable lake so I could pursue my new hobbies without worrying that I might accidentally destroy someone else's property. Finally, in 1964, I found and purchased the perfect ground for these purposes. The ground was located between White Haven and Bear Creek. I enjoyed hunting and fishing on that land until I broke my ankle while playing with my grandchildren.

My new forms of recreation did not prevent a second nervous breakdown. In 1949 business began to falter. I became very

depressed for I feared that my life's work would end in failure. After I recovered from the second breakdown, I went away by myself. Alone, I determined my goals in life and developed a strategy for accomplishing these objectives. Since then I have adhered to my plan and enjoyed excellent health.

Many parents wait too long to turn over their business to their children. Some men wait until they are seventy or eighty years old before allowing their children a voice in the family enterprise. But by this time their children are fifty years of age and too old to accomplish something on their own. I am proud to say that I practiced my belief by gradually increasing my children's responsibility in the family business.

I also believe that a person owes something to the community in which he lives and prospers. To better serve my community I joined the Kiwanis Club in 1929 and continued my membership to the present. I was elected to its Board of Directors and in 1945 was nominated for the Vice Presidency. Remembering my sad experience as an announcer at the dance, however, I declined the nomination. But when my good friend Els Karchner became President, I accepted the position of Vice President. In 1947 I was elected President of the club. I am also a member of the Hazleton Chamber of Commerce. I supported efforts to revitalize the economy of the area and was one of the first members of CAN-DO. I helped Els Karschner and others secure the location of a branch campus of the Pennsylvania State University at Hazleton. In 1966 I was elected Director of the National Association of Retail Grocers of the United States at its annual convention in Dallas, Texas.

In 1966 I also received a franchise for the Golden Skillet Fried Chicken Operation. When we sold the supermarkets, I lost the franchise.

I am now a Director on the Luzerne County Industrial Board and have been an original member for twelve years.

THE FAMILY BUSINESS

When my father, Damiano, came to America for the second time in 1902, he wanted to work for himself rather than for someone else. Boarding with his brother Ralph in Weston, he purchased a buckboard and a horse for he saw an opportunity in peddling meat to the miners' families living in the small villages surrounding Hazleton. At first he limited his products to fresh sausage and Swiss cheese.

Father made his own sausage, but purchased his cheese in New York City. At that time swiss cheese was shipped in large rolls weighing between 80 and 100 pounds. Although wrapped in hardwood cases secured with an iron band, some of the cases would break loose during storms. The large rolls of cheese would be broken as their cases fell to the floor of the ship. The large buyers refused to purchase cheese broken in transport. Damiano, however, bought these damaged rolls; the cheese was still excellent and the price, between 1½ and 3 cents a pound, was very attractive. He would bring the damaged rolls home, carve them into smaller blocks, and sell it for 15 cents a pound.

The business demanded a great deal of work. During the night Damiano would carve the damaged rolls of cheese. Lacking refrigeration, he made his sausage each morning. He would begin his day at 4 A.M. and by 7 A.M., finish making the sausage. Loading his wagon by 8, he would set out on the day's tour of the surrounding mine patches.

The coal companies made it difficult for father to carry on his business. Most owned their own stores from which they realized a very large profit; prices in the company stores were 30 to 40 per cent above those in other stores. Naturally, they wanted to keep as much of the miners' trade as possible. Indeed, some companies forced their employees to deal at their stores. The old rule in the coal regions was "if you did not patronize the company store, you did not work in the company's mine."

Since the companies owned the mining villages, they could arrest competitors for trespassing should they venture off the public highway. Fortunately, the public highway usually served as the main street of the mining villages. Father would ride into the village, stop on the main street and ring a bell to attract customers. He soon established a reputation for selling good products at reasonable prices which enabled him to establish a loyal clientele. Within a short time the red Genetti Meat Wagon became a hallmark of the Hazleton area.

The meat wagon was opened in the rear which posed quite a problem. During the summer we had to use a large bed sheet to cover the meat so dust and flies could not settle on the food. We also had trouble with dogs who jumped into our wagon and attempted to steal the meat. At first we took along our own dog to keep the others out of the wagon. Finally, we placed doors on the rear on the wagon.

He also realized that capital was the key to continued expansion. But he also had the old world dislike for debts. He plowed the larger part of the profits back into the business, but it was not enough. In June, 1911 he returned to Tyrol where he disposed of some of his real estate and a sawmill to raise much needed capital.

With these funds he opened a store at Chapel Street and Fulton Court. The new store contained a cooler and a sixty gallon boiler. We used the boiler to generate hot water for washing the meat wagons. We also used the hot water for cleaning poultry which we now began to sell. We found it impossible to get turkeys in Pennsylvania so we had them shipped live from Wheeling, West Virginia by express.

At that time people demanded fresh, not frozen, poultry. We had to kill and dress all the chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys we sold. Let me tell you it was really a difficult job. If, by chance, the poultry was killed too far ahead of the plucking, it would be impossible to take off the feathers. In such a situation it was easier to skin the bird. We also began to manufacture scrapple and pudding in our new store.

The entire family contributed to the expansion of the business. In 1915 my oldest brother, Leon, opened a branch market at 436 South Poplar Street. Father and Albert peddled our products in the mining villages, from our wagons. Gus and I operated the Chapel Street store. My sister Esther took Gus's place when he went into the Armed Forces during World War I.

When Gus returned from the service I told father that there was not enough work for both of us at the Chapel Street store. I also told him that I wanted to run my own store. He asked me if I had a particular store in mind. I replied in the affirmative, saying that I was interested in a store on Green Street in West Hazleton which was up for sale. Purchasing the store for \$2700, father made me its manager. He purchased its entire stock of groceries. The purchase marked a dramatic change in our business; up to this time we specialized in meats. Now we entered the grocery trade as well.

I do not remember if I recognized the significance of the addition of a grocery line at the time. I was too excited at the prospect of managing a store on my own. When we opened the store that day, my father told me, "if you run the store, you run it! I will never set foot in your store." He never did interfere with my operation. I must say, with some pride, that I was able to turn a profit for the family in the West Hazleton store. But I must also confess that I made a decision that almost landed me in jail.

After prohibition was enacted it seemed as if more people than ever wanted to drink alcohol. My brother and I were acquainted with huge profits associated with supplying illegal booze to the thirsty people by a salesman from New York. He said that we would make at least \$50,000 selling two carloads of whiskey. Well, you can imagine how excited we were at the prospect of turning over such a large profit. We asked father's permission to buy the whiskey from the salesman. We were very disappointed when he refused. The gentlemen from New York asked my father how he could decline such a great deal. "First, my father replied, it is violating the law of the United States". "Secondly, I do not want my sons to be bootleggers and carry guns." "We are in the meat business and doing alright." "Fifty Thousand Dollars will not make us any happier."

When I took over the West Hazleton store, I remembered the profits associated with bootlegging and conveniently "forgot" my father's advice. I asked a local bootlegger to sell me a barrel of alcohol. I did not have the money to pay for it for I was not receiving a wage or salary, so I asked father for \$300 which was the asking price. He gave me the money without asking questions, but he warned me to "stay out of trouble". I placed the barrel in the cellar of the store. Since it contained 180 proof alcohol, I mixed it with an equal portion of distilled water. If a customer requested gin, I put essence of gin in the diluted alcohol; if he wanted whiskey, I added carmel coloring. In this manner I netted a profit of \$180 on the barrel.

I invested the profit in a larger purchase of alcohol. A Group of men approached me saying they planned to rob a distillery in Sullivan County. They said it would be safe for they paid a

guard \$7000 to look the other way. I agreed to buy some of the stolen alcohol from them. They went up to the distillery and rolled out ninety barrels. Returning to West Hazleton, they hid the booze between a double wall in a garage.

Unfortunately, the State Police became suspicious of their activity. They raided the garage but were unable to find anything. Later, someone must have turned informer for they returned to the garage and this time knew exactly where to look for the stolen merchandise.

Two of the men were arrested as a result of this second raid. During their trial the District Attorney noted that they were recent immigrants. Turning to the jury, he remarked that it was difficult to believe that such men came to our beloved country for the express purpose of committing crimes. The defense attorney objected to this appeal to ethnic prejudice. But the objection was of no avail! The jury already heard his remarks. I believe the jury was influenced by ethnic slur for it took little time to render a verdict of "Guilty". The two men were sentenced to serve two years in prison. Needless to say, the experience ended my venture into the bootleg business.

In 1922 father retired from active participation in the family business. He turned everything over to my brothers and myself for he felt we had reached the age where we should make our own way. We reorganized the enterprise as a partnership trading under the name D. Genetti's Sons.

The following year we undertook our first big venture. Selling the West Hazleton store to raise the capital, we purchased a large building at Broad and Pine Streets which then was the center of Hazleton's Shopping District. We remodeled our newly acquired building into the most modern and complete food market in the coal regions. We were one of the first stores in the nation to have refrigerated show cases. We purchased an ammonia plant from the Carrier Company. At first, we had some difficulty with leaking valves, but the problem was soon solved. We also opened a delicatessen in the basement of the building.

Although retired, father disapproved of our plans. He felt that we were building such a grand store that people would be afraid to shop in it. He continued to believe that the customers would prefer to purchase their merchandise directly from the meat wagon. In a sense Damiano was correct. At first people were hesitant to buy meat from refrigerated show cases. But we explained that the new method was more sanitary than buying meat from a horse and wagon.

Business boomed after the initial doubts were dispelled. We bought a delivery truck and quickly built a fleet of five trucks to service our many customers. We employed three girls to take phone orders. We had approximately 280 charge accounts.

Indeed, our business prospered so well we needed more room for the store so we bought the house in the rear; tore it down, and built a three story building. We then moved the restaurant from Broad Street to Pine Street on the first floor and the second and third floors were the bakery.

We had two bakery trucks delivering house to house and we had seventeen people working for us. Earlier we began bottling our own milk which we purchased in bulk from Price's Dairy Farm. In 1927 we took another step in controlling our products by purchasing a farm in Conyngham Valley. We used the farm to house a dairy herd to supply our bakery, raise a large number of hogs, and supply "in season" produce to the stores.

The purchase of the farm enabled us to enter into a new line of business. We bought two pair of foxes in the hope of establishing a profitable fur business. Unfortunately, our hopes failed to materialize. The depression caused a sharp decline in sale of such luxuries. We, nevertheless, persisted in the venture and in 1935 added mink to our fur line.

In 1942 we purchased a 175 acre farm at 5 points in Sugarloaf. We had 43 head of cattle and farm equipment. I hired a man by the name of Joe Swope to run it for me. We made an agreement that I would give him 10% of the profits of the farm. Joe was from Lock Haven and had three children.

Let me tell you an interesting story about this man who is "one in a million": Unfortunately, when I decided to sell the farm, according to my accountant, the farm showed no profit and so the farm manager did not share in any profit.

After 30 years, I was driving back from Western Pennsylvania one day and I decided to stop and see Mr. Swope in Lock Haven, where he runs a sawmill. He told me his three children were married and he was in the process of adopting seven more children. He also told me that he wanted to come to Hazleton and visit me. Not too long afterward he and one of his adopted children, Jeff, who was sixteen years old, came to my restaurant. I met with them and just as Jeff was about to take his first spoonful of soup, his father stopped him and said he had forgotten to say "Grace before Meals". He thanked God for the food and he also thanked me for serving them. When they were finished, I took them to see our Shopping Mall, and when we got there he got out of his truck and said he wanted to talk to me privately, and this is the story he unfolded:

When he left the farm, he took with him Three Hundred Dollars worth of my equipment which, of course, did not belong to him. According to the records he kept, he felt this was due him since he figured the farm had made a profit. That bothered him for thirty years and he figured that the Three Hundred Dollars, plus interest for that time would come to Eleven Hundred Dollars. He handed me an envelope that contained that amount of cash. I gave it back to him and told him that after being so honest, I could not accept the money. He said he would send it to Arizona to the Indian School. I said, since it was my money, and since "Charity begins at home", with all his children, he should put it towards clothes for them or towards schooling for the oldest. Not many people in this world would be so honest to return that amount of money after so many years.

Our competition, however, never left us forget that our major line of business was retailing food products. A quality

produce store was located next to our Broad St. store. An Acme Store was in the same block and the Otter Meat Market occupied another corner.

Our greatest competitor, however, was the A & P store located directly across the street from us. Their managers worked eighty to ninety hours a week. Paid a salary plus commission, they actively sought out new customers by touring the mining villages during both day and night. As a result, the store did a brisk business.

We met the competition with long hours of hard work, combined with a success formula of good products, reasonable prices, and excellent service. We also expanded our outlets by opening several small service stores.

We experienced our greatest expansion during the depression of 1929. In that year we purchased a group of stores from the First National Chain Company which gave us outlets in Berwick, McAdoo and Freeland. By 1936 we created a chain of eighteen stores which serviced, in addition to Hazleton, McAdoo, Tamaqua, Conyngham, Freeland, Beaver Meadows and Berwick.

We also expanded our restaurant business. We took over the operation of the Hotel Altamont's restaurant. The first Sunday we ran the dining room in the hotel our total income was only Sixty Dollars. After a reorganization of the staff, we were able to increase Sunday's total receipts to Two Hundred and Sixty Dollars, which represented a very good business during the depression. The Valley Country Club asked us to manage its dining room. We operated the Country Club's dining room for a period of two years.

During the depression we became interested in radio. At first, we used the Reading Radio Station to broadcast a live program in Hazleton. Every Sunday we would drive Wendels band to Reading for our program. In 1935 we joined Vic Diehm in the Hazleton Broadcasting Company which operated under the call letters of WAZL.

As the family food business expanded we realized that it had to be reorganized. In 1937 we formed a family corporation, D. Genetti's Sons, with Gus as President. Leon served as Vice President, Albert became the Secretary and I was the Treasurer. We assigned control of the food business, farm, bakery and restaurant to the corporation. We continued to hold our real estate under the Genetti Brothers Partnership.

Despite the pressures of expansion during a depression on our capital, we continued to keep our facilities modern. On the average we would remodel the stores every seven years. By the late 1930's we gained wide acceptance. We, of course, changed with the times, opening our first supermarket in Freeland.

In 1939 we built a supermarket in Hazleton at Laurel and Spruce Streets. While digging out the basement we uncovered a tunnel which ran from Laurel Street to the old Pardee Mansion which once stood in the center of the block, bounded by Laurel and Church Streets. It seems that this tunnel led to a vault where they kept their money before banks were built.

When opened, the Laurel Street store was our crowning achievement. It was equipped with the most modern air conditioning and refrigeration devices in the world. Of particular interest was our "magic eyes", which opened the main doors without a touch of the hand.

In addition to the store, the Laurel Street building housed a restaurant, the famous Tyrolean Room in the basement. The second floor contained our general offices and a banquet hall. Later we changed the building by moving the stairs to permit more floor space for the store.

We experimented with live entertainment in the Tyrolean Room. In 1939 we hired Freddie Houser to play the organ in the restaurant. Recently, Freddie went into "semi-retirement", but until then he played six hours every night for forty years. At various times we supplemented his performance with such well known celebrities as Rudy Vallee, Bob Eberle, and the Three Sons.

Although we opened a modern super market on Laurel Street, we maintained the store on Broad and Pine Streets. We did, however, close our Restaurant on North Pine Street. We used the freed space to expand the bakery.

The family business had not only survived the great depression of 1929, it flourished. As prosperity slowly returned after 1939, we anticipated an even greater future. Unfortunately, our dreams were almost smashed.

In part, our problems were personal rather than economic. In 1941 my brother Gus left the family business. His leaving required a reorganization of both the corporation and the partnership. I was elected President of the Corporation while Leon remained Vice President and Albert became Secretary-Treasurer. I agreed to accept my new responsibilities on the condition that the first brother to complain about my administration would assume the presidency.

The real estate partnership, of course, had to be dissolved. Leon took the Broad and Pine Streets store and building. Gus accepted the Diamond and James Street property along with several apartments. Albert settled for the Freeland store and cash. I took the Laurel Street building.

In 1942 I suffered a nervous breakdown. The pressures of my new position and the reorganization of the family business contributed to the illness.

The outbreak of World War II also created serious problems. We got into difficulty with the government because we failed to report that we were raising hogs on our farm. The Office of Price Administration complained that we were violating the rationing program.

Although a wartime necessity, the rationing program created problems for retailers. Under the program families would be allotted food stamps according to the size of his family. Each stamp book contained red stamps for meat, yellow for dairy products, and brown for groceries. The customer had to present a correct colored stamp prior to his purchase of a particular item.

The rationing system increased administrative costs as we not only had to collect the stamps but verify they were used in the prescribed manner. We had to furnish proof of purchase of sufficient goods to cover the redeemed stamps. Rationing also translated into a lower volume of business; indeed, the system was designed to provide equity in distribution of scarce resources. But since profits represented a small percentage of total receipts, the reduction in the volume of sales caused a precipitous decline in profits.

The war also created a personnel problem. Many of our experienced employees entered the armed forces and a few found jobs in the higher paying defense industries. It was difficult to operate during such trying time with an inexperienced work force.

The end of the war brought retrenchment rather than continued expansion of the business. Labor difficulties combined with competition from larger corporations forced the closing of our bakery. We realized that the small neighborhood store could not compete successfully against the supermarkets. Moreover, we needed capital for renovations, restocking, and operating expenses. To raise the necessary capital, we sold all our stores except those at Freeland, Broad and Pine Streets, and Laurel Street. Since each store was owned by one of the brothers, the corporation was practically dissolved for we each operated independently.

I decided to expand with an additional store. Rather than buy a building in the downtown business district, I wanted to build a modern store on the outskirts of the city where the population was expanding. I selected a location on Fifteenth Street.

I required additional outside funding for this undertaking. I sold two prepaid insurance policies, one for Ten Thousand Dollars and one for Twenty Five Thousand Dollars to pay for the ground. I received a total of Twenty Seven Thousand Dollars for the two of them. The Girard Bank in Philadelphia refused to lend me money as did several local banks. I approached Mr. Alvin Markle of the Markle Bank and he agreed to lend me Two Hundred Thousand Dollars on the basis of my father's reputation. As a result of his faith in the business, I transferred our accounts to his bank. The new relationship enabled us to develop a first in the supermarket industry.

While planning the new market, we felt that we needed something to draw traffic to the store. At first we considered a restaurant. That idea was quickly dismissed. We also considered obtaining a branch post office in the building. Finally, I suggested locating a branch bank in the southeastern corner of the building. I experienced no difficulty in selling the idea to the Markle Banking and Trust Company. Thus, we became the first super market in the United States to house a bank.

It was a very successful relationship. The bank was able to develop new clients who found it convenient to be able to shop and bank in the same building. At the same time, it was able to provide better service through expanded office hours. The presence of a bank in the building freed us from cashing checks, thus speeding up our check-out operations and reducing our cash supply requirements. We were also able to eliminate losses due to bad checks.

In addition to the bank the new store, which opened in 1954, pioneered in parcel pick-up. The system was designed as a convenience for the customers by freeing them from carrying their bags back to their cars. After the bags were packed at the check-out counter, they would be numbered and the customer received a chip with the same number. The numbered bags would then be transported by an underground conveyer to a loading shack near the exit of the parking lot. The customer would stop at the shack, present his chip to the attendant who then loaded the bags with the same number in the car.

The new market's greatest appeal, however, was S. & H. Green Stamps. One day I and Doctor Moran stopped for gas while returning from a fishing trip. The woman asked us if we wanted green stamps. Doc Moran said no, but the idea interested me. When we returned home, I wrote to Sperry and Hutchinson Company, requesting information about the program. Mr. Walter Whitnack, Vice President of the corporation personally came to Hazleton to explain the system to me.

I liked the idea of using stamps as a promotional idea. The president of my company disagreed, but I, as Chairman of the Board, insisted that they be introduced. Within three weeks he came to me and admitted he made a mistake; our sales were increasing by leaps and bounds. Once I asked a customer why she liked the stamps. She replied that her husband allotted her only so much money for groceries and she regarded the stamps as a bonus which permitted her to acquire items she otherwise would not be able to get. Her response convinced me of the need to increase the number of businesses in town offering the stamps. I reasoned that if a potential customer was introduced to the program at a service station or whatever, he or she would want to increase their collection by shopping at our market. With this idea in mind, I contacted many business friends to enlist them into the stamp program. As the stamps became more popular, our sales increased, just as I predicted.

The success of the 15th Street store permitted further expansion of the business in which my sons were playing an increasingly active roll. In 1956 we opened a store in Lehighton. One year later we established a market in Lansford.

At this time I felt the need for additional office space so we purchased the Karns warehouse for Forty Thousand Dollars. I did not have enough money so my mother-in-law loan me Ten Thousand Dollars. I sold it at a later date to Lenny Cerulla for Sixty Five Thousand Dollars and bought it back for Ninety Five Thousand Dollars a few years later, when I felt the need for additional office space.

We centralized buying, accounting and personnel operations in our new office building. A short time later we bought the old Hazleton Ice Plant which we converted into a perishable warehouse for frozen foods, meat and produce. With this new building we increased our total warehouse facilities to 74,000 Square Feet.

We also continued to add stores to our chain of supermarkets. We owned a small store in Tamaqua which I wanted to expand. I attempted to purchase the old round house from the Reading Railroad Company as the site for the new store. At first they asked One Hundred and Three Thousand Dollars for the old building, but I refused to pay such a high price. After waiting three years the company agreed to sell me the ground for Fifty Thousand Dollars.

We tore down the round house and replaced it with a modern market. The store had nine departments, 8100 square feet of marketing space, and 214 feet of refrigerated cases. It was highly regarded for its beauty as well as its functional organization. We also opened a market in Shenandoah.

I always wanted to enter the Wilkes Barre marketing area. I had a close friend, Percy Brown, who enjoyed an excellent reputation in the food industry in that city. Besides the store, Mr. Brown operated a bakery and a sausage kitchen. I approached him several times about forming a partnership with me, but we were unable to organize one. Since I valued his friendship, we did not enter Wilkes Barre until he passed away. Within a year after his death, however, we opened a supermarket in that city.

In December, 1964 the two boys opened the Edwardsville store in the Narrows Shopping Center. I regard this as the most beautiful store that we built. It featured a sweeping arched roof and rafters of Douglas Fir while the front contained 2000 square feet of polished glass. The roof was prefabricated at Portland, Oregon and sent to Pennsylvania in large sections on railroad flatcars. The prefabrication permitted us to construct the building in the record time of three months. The building contained 20,000 square feet of marketing space serviced by twelve check-out counters. The parking lot held 800 cars. In 1965 we opened a market in McAdoo.

Around this time we changed marketing strategies. Sensing that convenience stores had a promising future, we organized a new corporation, Pantry Quik Inc., to exploit this new market. We quickly established a chain of 11 convenience stores; four in Hazleton, four in Wilkes Barre, one in Kingston, Forty Fort and Wyoming. Our convenience stores enjoyed such a great success that in 1969 we sold our supermarket business to Victory Markets Inc. of Norwich New York. The sale only included the grocery stock and inventory. We retained ownership of the real estate which we leased to Victory Markets for a period of 15 years.

Over the years we established an excellent relationship with our employees. We experienced some labor difficulties during the late 1930's. After the Second World War, however, our people formed their own independent union. Our relationship with that organization was cordial.

I tried to develop a full line of benefits for my employees. I started a retirement plan which paid benefits to the spouse as well as the employee. After the second World War, I inaugurated a profit-sharing program. Each employee shared in the profits of the particular store in which he worked. He also had an option as to the form of payment his share would take. He could either withdraw it in cash each quarter, or we would place the amount in an escrow account for him.

When I explained the plan at a general employees' meeting, I urged them to permit us to deposit their shares in an escrow account. I pointed out that the quarterly cash payments would not be very large, but if they were allowed to accumulate over the years they result in a considerable sum. Most of the workers, however, refused to take my advice. Now, years later, some of them tell me that they wished they would have listened to me. They spent their cash payments as quickly

as they received them on small items and had nothing to show for their participation in a profit-sharing program.

I also permitted my employees full use of the recreational ground I purchased in 1964. The major attraction on the land was a 27 acre lake. I drilled two wells for pure water, put in three cooking stoves, constructed picnic sheds, and placed three boats on the lake. I had a caretaker to keep the facilities clean and in repair. My employees fished, hunted and picnicked on the farm. In fact, when we sold the supermarket chain, we left the caretaker go and the land fell into ruin.

In 1968 I was granted a patent for an automatic food dicing machine. I got the idea one evening around 9 P.M., when I was walking through our salad kitchen and saw three employees cutting potatoes by hand. This seemed unnecessary with all the modern equipment available so I asked my son to look into the market for a potato dicer. Believe it or not, he couldn't find one. No one made them, yet there seemed to be a crying need for one. I checked food handling machines for myself and began to try to figure out a way for a machine to handle hot peeled potatoes. Working with an old mechanic, I spent 18 months putting machines together, tearing them apart and building them over again. My efforts were finally successful. I placed the food dicer into operation in the salad kitchen of Genetti Super Markets. The device, which was operated by one woman, could handle 700 pounds of potatoes an hour. The same quantity which previously took three women three to four hours to prepare.

While I was in Europe I had an idea about a food broiler. It seemed to me that whenever I ordered hamburgers, they were too raw or too well done, greasy or whatever. It was obvious that the customer was a victim of green employees, or those who weren't paying too much attention. I wondered why a cooking unit could not be developed that would take the human element out of cooking. That is, cooking would be uniform for a given amount of meat and a customer could specify whether he wanted it "medium" or "well done". I was just too busy to follow through on this idea.

In 1963 we purchased the Capitol Theater Building, remodeled it and converted it into stores.

I believe I would be guilty of false modesty if I failed to mention my most cherished award in recounting the history of the family business. During the 18th Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania Food Merchants Association, I was honored with its highest award, the Presidential Citation. The award had only been presented twice; one to Joan Crawford, the internationally famous screen actress, for her contributions to the food industry as an executive of Pepsi Cola Company; and once to me. I was deeply honored the night I received the award, but I also realized how much I owed that honor to my father, Damiano Genetti, who so well laid the foundations upon which I built.

APPENDIX I

MY PHILOSOPHY

Being in the food business I am often asked the question what I think contributed most to the growth and success of our organization. I don't have to think twice about my answer. There are a dozen or more reasons I believe account for our success.

The most important reason has been the emphasis we lay on human relations toward the public or the consumer through careful service and providing the utmost in value. Also human relations toward our employees.

I have been connected with the meat and grocery business all my life and have observed and learned much. In the past I spoke to many grocers throughout the world. I discovered that too many modern grocers have little or no contact with their fellow grocers. They live in their own little world continuing to make the same mistakes. That is why I firmly believe in not being afraid of making changes or exchanging ideas. If something has been done in a particular way for 20 years, that alone is often evidence that it is being done wrong. Too many people are slaves of their own business, while others are just plain lazy and refuse to change. Some people want to drink their bottle of wine and still have a full bottle. This attitude reminds me of the old army sergeant who was put in charge of a plot of grass in front of headquarters building of a camp in Michigan. He promptly delegated the job to a private and told him to water the grass every day at 5 o'clock. The private fulfilled his assignment conscientiously. One day, however, there was a terrific thunderstorm and the sergeant found the private doing bunk fatigue. "What's the matter with you?" the sergeant bellowed. "It's 5 o'clock and you're supposed to be out watering the grass."

"But sergeant," the private said, looking confused, "it's raining, look at that thunderstorm." "So what? yelled the sergeant! "You have a raincoat, haven't you?"

Because some people go about their jobs in the same way every day of every week throughout the year, they never get a new idea which may prove to be worthwhile. You can only get new ideas and techniques from others who tried them and you can only broaden your knowledge by listening to others.

The most successful people today owe their success to the ideas and methods they learned or picked up while attending meetings, clinics or conventions.

I feel success in the food business is determined by how well you respond to the public's wishes and desires. You must think of your business operating as a backboard does for a basketball. You must respond quickly to changes in the desires of your shoppers. In our business we use surveys and consumer panels to attempt gauging and keeping track of the changing attitudes among consumers. These panels and surveys often produce more criticism and complaints than praise. One of the most important traits for success, however, is the ability to capitalize on criticism, especially when it is done in a constructive manner, and turn it over to your advantage. No one really enjoys crit-

icism. But it is the mark of a mature, well adjusted person to be able to accept criticism in the spirit in which it is being offered.

In our company the important thing is not how much money we have, but what the money is doing. If it is working to produce better things at cheaper prices for more people, then all is well. If not, then it is up to us to remedy the situation. That is how we can earn our share of the profits.

I never feel sorry for poor boys. It is the children of wealth who deserved sympathy. Too often they are starved for an incentive to create success for themselves. I am reminded of a story about four sons who started in business working for their father. Eventually they left to work for a large company. The boys left because they had a lack of interest in their own family business. People should devote their valuable time in teaching their own family the proper ways of running a business efficiently.

The building of an organization is necessary for expansion. Andrew Carnegie was quite correct when he said if he could keep his organization he might lose his entire wealth, but he would regain it in five years. Organization means delegation of work. A person must analyze his workload and delegate as much of it as he can to allow himself freedom for creative planning.

Delegation helps keep your business from becoming a bottleneck, which is apt to happen when you insist upon doing everything yourself because that is the only way it will get done correctly. Delegation also instills interest in the business among family members and employees by providing them with a feeling of shared responsibility. Moreover, it provides incentive for each to accomplish success.

I do not believe that "just having money" is the answer to real success. Real success is an ongoing business with a good organization. I believe that if you leave your family with a well established, successful business, you have given them something much more important and meaningful than if you left only a large insurance check.

APPENDIX II

PRESIDENTIAL CITATION PRESENTATION

The Presidential Citation is the highest award bestowed by the Pennsylvania Food Merchants Association. I was awarded this coveted citation at the 18th annual convention of the association in Philadelphia. Below are the remarks made prior to presentation of the citation by the president of the association.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Two years ago at this Convention I was pleased to award the first Presidential Citation in PFMA's history to the distinguished internationally known screen actress, Miss Joan Crawford. The citation was afforded her because of her contributions to the food industry as an executive of the Pepsi Cola Bottling Company.

In reviewing possible recipients for our second Presidential Citation, we concluded that contributions to our industry are not the exclusive domain of internationally known figures.

In truth, more valued contributions to the industry are made by industry members themselves and tonight our second Presidential Citation goes to just such a person.

I doubt very much if we would be assembled here tonight were it not for the initiative, inspiration and leadership which this evening's recipient provided to this Association in the early days of infancy.

Our Executive Director, Al Vicks, who has been with the Association since it was founded has stated on many occasions that our honored guest provided the driving force behind PFMA in its early days. He contributed not only his service on the Board but by holding the reins of President during those difficult days when PFMA consisted of a handful of members in Erie, Hazleton and York, Pa., our honored guest, on many occasions, hosted our annual meeting in his own banquet room in Hazleton. He underwrote most of the expense of some of these affairs. He offered the facilities of his organization and members of his staff to us in time of need. Most important of all, he added the stature of a successful enterprising merchant to PFMA's image. He served on our National Board as a Director and participated in many national and state conventions and I can truthfully tell you he has helped many small grocers with their problems although they operated in his own competitive area.

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with great pleasure that I present to you Mr. Stanley V. Genetti of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, Past President of PFMA and still a member of our Board of Directors, our second Presidential Citation. This desk set which is properly incised will stand as a memento of this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Genetti please come forward."

APPENDIX III

21 DAYS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN (as we saw it in 1964)

One day I was called by Frank Strauss, the Secretary of the Virginia Grocers Association and was asked if I would join a group of people to go to Russia for 21 days. I accepted the invitation and we were called to Washington for a briefing, since it was the government who wanted us to compare the food industry here with that behind the iron curtain.

In the group there were people from North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia. There were twelve couples in all. Why I was picked, I had no idea. The other couple from Pennsylvania was Mr and Mrs. Sterner from Hanover, Pennsylvania. I must say that Frank Strauss did an excellent job in handling the group all through Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and East Berlin.

Our tour was designed primarily to compare the food industries in the two countries; however, we came home with much more than just an idea of their food supply, which could be summed up in one word - "scarce".

All the supermarkets in Poland are called "Sams" and all are owned by the the government. We asked how business was going, the clerks would reply: "Good" -- for the government.

A look at some statistics would soon tell you why they feel that way. The average pay in Warsaw for a supermarket employee was \$48 a month (that would be in terms of U.S. money). 98% of employees in the supermarkets were women. The government takes from 8% to 10% of the receipts as a net profit. In this country the average was more like 1¼%. One of the most noticeable differences in life behind the Iron Curtain compared to what we are used to over here is the fact that so many women work at manual labor. In Russia, for example, it was not uncommon to see them doing such jobs as wielding a jackhammer or laying bricks. The only trade which we didn't see woman working at was that of an electrician and I fully suspect that they do that too.

One of the five stops on our tour was Prague, Czechoslovakia, where we spent two days. This is where we visited the oldest synagogue in the world. Some 70,000 names of deceased Jewish people are incised on the walls of this synagogue. We also visited the original Pilsenheimer Brewery in Prague, reputed to be the oldest of its kind in the world. One day while they were playing the Czechoslovakian national anthem we were quite surprised to find out it was to the tune of the "Beer Barrel Polka".

Money, as a medium of exchange presents an ever present problem behind the iron curtain. We generally could not go to a bank and convert our money into the proper exchange although it could readily be done in "gray market areas". Prague has a special "gray market square" for this purpose. Our guide was asked why the banks didn't take over this function and he simply said "they claim it would be too much trouble so they let the gray marketers alone. To show you how this problem of money can pose a problem, let me cite the case of the Jalta restaurant in Prague. We did not spend all of our Czechoslovakian money on the meal. Rather than present us with the currency as our change, we were given four Czechoslovakia cigarettes.

It seemed everywhere we went behind the Curtain, the American cigarette was a most precious commodity. Apparently over there they hadn't heard of our government reports on the ills of smoking.

Most of the satellite countries of eastern Europe suffered an immeasurable manpower shortage after World War I. This was compounded considerably by World War II. Net result is that their population is predominantly made of women, and also accounts for the reason that some three hundred professors and doctors work in the mills in Prague in their off-hours.

As you may have noticed, one thought on this tour leads to another. Speaking of hours, we asked some of the workers in Prague what sort of man hours per day they were putting in. Imagine our surprise when they said "a half day". We couldn't believe they worked only four hours and it wasn't long before someone qualified the half day retort with something like "our half day is twelve hours".

There are many accounts of tragedy available in iron curtain countries. You can bet we weren't exposed to many of them...being, as it were, wards of the government while we were on our tour. However, we did learn of this incident in Prague: Seems a young son of a college professor was anxious about his father's health. The father had diabetes and was forced to put in his regular shift in a Prague mill. Being a young man with foresight, the son had enrolled in college. He finally prevailed on authorities to release his father from the manual labor but only at the following expense..the son had to take the father's place in the mill and was thus unable to continue in school.

To get on to another subject; the main drink in Prague is wine. In fact, after a certain hour, you can't even buy a glass of beer in Prague, but they'll sell you all the wine you want. Curfew rule supreme in Iron Curtain countries. Prague, for instance, has a 10 P.M. quit and everything shuts down tight. The idea apparently is that the government doesn't want people to have too much idle time to compare notes on their plight.

For the beverage connoisseurs, consider these prices; in Prague, a bottle of champagne was going for \$32 and one ounce of Scotch was \$2.50. On the lighter side, a jar of Maxwell House Coffee sold for \$11; and remember, this was in 1964. We inquired as to why the price of liquor is so high in Prague and were told it's because the country is short of grain.

We visited Catholic churches in Prague and we were disappointed to find so few people attending services. Apparently the communist line of atheism has been getting through. The churches were ill kept, unheated and badly in need of repair.

There is not better place in the world today to compare its two leading ideologies than in Berlin. We started our tour in West Berlin and the very first thing we saw was a "rubbish dump", as it is called by the German people.

The "rubbish dump" is about 450 ft. high and was made by piling all the bombed out buildings together after World War II. In a way it's a testimonial to the ingenuity of the German people. Since the greater part of West Berlin is completely level, the residents use the "rubbish dump" as a ski slope in the winter.

West Berlin has undergone an almost unbelievable transformation since the bleak days immediately after World War II. In keeping with the progress evident throughout Western Germany, West Berliners have constructed beautiful, if not magnificent structures, which would do any architect proud. The many new buildings and progressive mood of West Berlin has its sharp contrast on the other side of the wall.

We crossed over into East Berlin through "Check Point Charlie", where we got through inspection by the Russian troops. They even used a mirror on a long stick to look under, on top of, and all around our bus. It was a first class grilling to say the least. One of the first things which became evident to us in East Berlin is their constant guard against escapes to the West. We've all heard about the wall, but seeing it is something else again. It makes you think about how lucky we are in America.

The communist wall is twelve feet high with broken glass set in the top. It is situated so that anyone who tried to jump from a building to freedom will land on the broken glass. In areas where there are no high buildings, walls or fences, they have placed three separate clusters of barbed wire. These spots are constantly guarded with police dogs, spotlights and mines. The best part of Berlin, according to all authorities on the subject is actually the Eastern half. It is there where they have all the Castle Theaters, the main subways and the better buildings from a pre-war standpoint. Our tour in East Berlin was little more than a propanganda excursion.

Once we crossed through the checkpoint, we were taken by a guide to their "Unknown Soldier" where we were allowed to take pictures, a liberty not frequently granted behind the Iron Curtain. We noted that most of the young children in East Berlin were being cared for by their grandmothers, their mothers were all at work. Since our tour was based on an exchange of supermarket ideas, we visited a food store in East Berlin. All of the employees were either young girls or grown women. The only male worker was the store manager. We were not allowed to buy anything since they would not take American money. It was also claimed that the East Berliner needed the food more than we did. After noting the scarcity of supplies in the store, we would be inclined to agree with them. Some of the prices we noted in the East Berlin supermarket went like this: Pineapples 1½ oz. can, \$1.03, chicken was 85¢ a pound. The working class of people in East Berlin, which made up the best majority of those we met, were very poorly dressed. Average monthly wage was \$100, there was a feeling of emptiness everywhere.

I have found that the working class of people throughout the world is fairly similar. The working class in Russia is happier now than at any time in the past. Their standard of living is gradually increasing and is higher now than ever before. The same, however, can't be said for the people in Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia where their standard of living has decreased. Nor can it be said for the young people of Russia itself. They are restless. An American tourist has little trouble holding conversations with young Russians since English is the second language they are taught. The same American Tourist will hardly be able to make himself known to the older Russian.

The young people in Russia are anxious to improve their lot in life. They try to purchase American clothes and want to know all they can about how an American businessman operates. This is not to indicate

that there is a shortage of clothing in Moscow. It is evident that Russian clothing is not up to our standards and their prices are outrageously high. A suit that you could buy in Wilkes Barre or Hazleton for Fifty Dollars, will cost you One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Moscow. Appliances in Moscow seem antiquated. The new refrigerators looked like a 1930 American ice box. Design seems lacking in most things. However, that is all changed when it comes to materials. Their aircraft is an obvious designers masterpiece.

There are no farms in the Moscow area as we think of them here in our area. Thousands of acres of land are under cultivation over there and in the center of the entire area is a cluster of farm houses. Women, as is the case in the other iron curtain countries we visited, hold down most of the jobs, including the manual types. That's because millions of Russian men were killed in World War II. The younger men were in colleges and universities. The Russians take their education seriously. Students undergo a series of aptitude tests and their future depends strictly on the basis of their marks in the tests. Young people have a six day week in the classroom and have heavy homework schedules. They have a fourteen hour day of study and recitation, each year it gets tougher. The child who doesn't measure up is soon dropped from consideration for higher education. There is no place for this child to go but into the common market.

I must say a word here about the Moscow subway. It is the most beautiful, most immaculate anywhere in the world. There are oil murals on the station walls. There are crystal chandeliers. The stations and trains are spotless. Maybe it's because the train is driven by a woman. A woman collects the tickets, a woman repairs the tracks and a woman sweeps the station. The subway was the most fascinating thing we saw in Moscow. It is 200 feet deep and has eight escalators at every entrance. It is much larger than the New York City system because there are so few cars in Russia.

Russians take their vodka seriously. We visit a vodka plant which employs 1200 people. They have a hospital, nurses and dental facilities for the families of employees. The Russians claim that our policy of advertising liquor is all wrong. First, we advertise and tell people to drink liquor and then we form Alcoholics Anonymous to stop them.

It seems everywhere you go in Russia there are waiting lines. People utilize the time they waste in these lines by reading. There are many Communist papers from other countries to be seen on newstands with the obvious idea to create a false impression of the spread of their doctrines.

The Kremlin, as an architectural achievement, is a masterpiece. It brought to mind the "Central Palace" in Warsaw, Poland, which the Russian government built for the Poles. Our guide on a tour of that palace said the majority of Polish people feel they could have used food instead of the magnificent palace. The guide said something akin to our "we need that building like we need a hole in the head".

Every phase of life in Russia carries tones of Lenin. The name and figure of Stalin are nowhere to be seen.

The parks are beautiful and it seems even the children are indoctrinated into believing they are part owner. Most of the children take pains to care for the parks when they are at play. We noticed one

incident where an older person, seeing a boy neglecting to pick up a piece of blown paper, gave the lad a boot in the proper area.

I noticed during my tour that the Russians have simplified their marriage ceremony to an incredible degree. It takes only five minutes for a Russian man and woman to become husband and wife. The ceremony, which costs \$1.56, is performed at a community hall, called a marriage palace, before a tribunal of three public officials. The Chairman of the Board, so to speak, reads the brief pronouncement, which the government has adopted to counter the appeal of church weddings. After the ceremony spectators applaud while bride and groom shake hands.

I also noticed that the Russians have their main meal at noon. They claim they can work better in the afternoon after a big meal. I also noticed that the older buildings in Moscow had very thick walls with double windows. This is to conserve heat in winter. All apartment buildings in Moscow were air tight and windows could not be opened, again to preserve heat. Only opening for air is an 8 inch by 10 inch vent. Russian women were working as late as 11 P.M., laying bricks for a new housing development.

Culture seems to rank high in the Russian scheme of things. Some of their best theatres are priced low enough to allow even the peasants to get a ticket.

Hotel shortages are the rule, rather than the exception, and whereas the Russians have little trouble finding room for tourists, their own often have to sleep on makeshift cots in the corridors.

Those are the main impressions of my stay in Russia. By far the one which sticks with me the longest is the restlessness of the younger set.

Communism will have to become much more convincing in terms of material things before the newer generation is convinced. Here, my friends, may be communism's Achilles heel.

I remember another incident that took place on this trip. When we arrived in Moscow we had to fill out a form listing the amount of money we had with us. Mr. Sterner, one of the men in our group, made a mistake of \$200 unintentionally and was interrogated for over an hour. One tour guide was a woman and when I asked her why the delay and she explained about Mr. Sterner's error, I told her that if she didn't get this matter straightened out, none of our group would spend one cent in Russia. We were told that we would have to account for any money that we spent in Russia; but after I had my say to the girl in charge of the group, we didn't even have to do that.

In Prague we were guests of the Pilsenhein Brewery. At 10:30 in the morning we were drinking beer and eating pretzels. It was the finest beer I had ever tasted. We had two Baptist gentlemen in our group and they never touched anything alcoholic in their life. The water was so bad that we got them to try the beer and they really enjoyed it, so much that was all they drank for the rest of the trip.

That same night we were invited by three of the top officials of the food industry in Czechoslovakia to have dinner. The head man's name was Mr. Engle and as we got to talking about the beer we had earlier that day, I said I would like to have that type of beer in the United States, because,

in my opinion, it was the finest beer in the world. We had a meeting after dinner where we discussed the possibility of my opening up this type of brewery in our country. Mr. Engle told me that Czechoslovakia had the best growing hops in the world. They told me they would send the hops through Czechoslovakia to Yugoslavia. They would send a man for three months to Yugoslavia. They couldn't get out of Czechoslovakia. I was thinking about starting a brewery in Nanticoke, Pa.

After getting all the information, I told them that I would let them know by mail, how the prospects in Nanticoke would stand. They told me that the mail would be censored and I would have to go to Washington to talk to the Czechoslovakian Embassy, where the mail would not be censored. This I did, when I arrived at the Embassy I was told to ask for a Mr. Zdenek Spicka, who was commercial Attache at the Czechoslovak Embassy. When I told Mr. Spicka what had transpired in Prague, he said he would let me know.

I waited three months and I didn't hear from him so I called him. Two weeks after that he called me for an appointment in Washington and this is the story he told me:

I could not use the name of Pilsenhein Beer and I agreed to this. Next he said he wanted one third interest in the brewery and one third to go to someone in New York who I didn't know but who handled the imports of Czechoslovakia. I told him if I had to receive just one third for all my work, he should forget about it and I walked out of his office. That was the end of the idea as far as I was concerned.

The Bergamo Story

Another story I recall took place in 1947. A gentlemen from Bergamo Italy came to my restaurant along with two other gentlemen and we had quite a conversation. He was looking at some Anthracite Coal Equipment which he anticipated buying under the Marshall Plan. The cost of this equipment was somewhere around 7½ Million Dollars. He gave me his card and said if I ever went to Italy to look him up. At that time I was involved in too many things, but I took the card and in 1951 I decided to go to Italy. We landed in Italy and went to Venice and there I made the acquaintance of a "gondola man". Every night we would sit and talk. I would buy the beer and we had quite a few talks during the five days that I was there. One night we got on the subject of Communism. Prior to 1947-1948 Italy was heavily Communistic and I asked why the change; since Italy was Catholic, why were they leaning towards Communism. This is the reply I got:

"I work all summer on the gondola and I have two brothers and a sister who are not able to find work. Therefore, all the money I make in the summertime, I share with my brothers and sister. Come the first of March, we have nothing left in our family to buy food. He continued, in one hand I hold a straw, that's what Communism is offering us, in the other hand I hold the government with nothing in it, so we feel that holding the straw is better than nothing."

From there we went to Milan. Milan was highly communistic at that time and when we got to Bergamo after an hour and a half ride, the people in the town were so different from those in Milan. Families were in front of their places having their wine or coke. Everybody was neatly dressed. When we arrived at the office of my friend, we found that he had a large interest in the cement industry. There was a vast demand for cement because of the bombing Italy had taken in the War. We got to his office and we had a very interesting meeting. He showed us around and pointed out one very high mountain that was used by the people of the town in earlier years to protect their babies from cannibalism. They used ropes to climb up to the top and then would pull the ropes up so no one else could get up and steal their children.

He also told me that while he was in the United States he learned quite a lot about people. While in New York visiting with a very successful businessman, he stopped to talk to the lady who was scrubbing the floor. He said, that was one of my biggest surprises because when I was a boy I was told to talk to no one in the working class of people. I found out that I was wrong and after I returned to my country after visiting America, I put my help (4000 people) on a five day week at the same salary that they got for working six days a week. It was the best thing I ever did for my company and the people. The people who were working for me didn't even hear the word communism in Bergamo because they all made a decent living and worked five days a week. Then I asked this man about Mussoline. He said "The Capitalists, (and I was one of them) and the Church were responsible for the downfall of Mussoline and a few years after that happened we found out we were wrong in what we did because we were not able to set up the government as we would like to have it. That's the reason I think that Italy has almost become a communist government.

APPENDIX IV

I married Eleanor Rauzi on June 22, 1931. The Rauzi family homestead was on the northeast corner of Broad and Pine Streets, Hazleton, which was Eleanor's birthplace. She attended parochial school for two years and then the public schools. At 14 years of age Eleanor worked as a cashier at Allen's Shoe Store, Hazleton. She graduated in 1927 from Hazleton High School and attended West Chester State Teachers College. She was a teacher in the Hazleton Public Schools for two years.

After we were married, we set up housekeeping at the northwest corner of Broad and Pine Streets, where our first two children were born.

Beverly was born on March 25, 1932. She went to Wyoming Seminary and then on to college in Allentown. From there she attended Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. After graduating from Cornell, she married William Perry and they have four children, Mark, Hugh, Jill and Gail.

Richard was born on November 3, 1933 and attended public school. After high school he enlisted in the U.S. Air Force for 4 years. He was stationed in New Mexico and spent 13 months in Korea. When he got out of the service he went to school at Michigan State University for two years. After this, he became Vice President of Genetti's Super Markets, Inc. He married Barbara Bolish and they have 8 children: Brian, Wayne, Kathleen, Thomas, James, Andrew, Ann and Peter. Presently, Richard is Vice President and General Manager of 11 Pantry Quik Stores, located in Hazleton and Wilkes Barre Area.

Edward was born on August 12, 1936 at Diamond Ave. and James St., Hazleton, (Northeast Corner). He attended public school and then to Wharton School of Finance for 4 years, and then to Law School for a year. He served 2 years in the U.S. Army and after this he became Vice President of Genetti's Super Markets. In 1967 he and Richard purchased ground on North Church Street for what is now the Church Hill Mall. Edward is in charge of all real estate holdings and in August, 1979, he and Richard purchased a radio station in Freeland, Pa., which he is now operating under the call letters WQEQ FM. They have just recently received their license to operate an AM Radio Station in West Hazleton.

Edward is married to the former Rosemary Gaudiano and they have two sons, Timothy and Alan.

Stanley V. Genetti

December 27, 1981



DAMIANO AND OLIVA ZAMBOTTI GENETTI ON THEIR
WEDDING DAY - 1886



PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE DAMIANO GENETTI ORPHANAGE
CASTELFONDO, TRENINO, TYROL



DAMIANO AND DAUGHTER ESTHER
ORIGINAL FAMILY HOUSE BUILT
1553 GENETTI CREST OVER DOOR



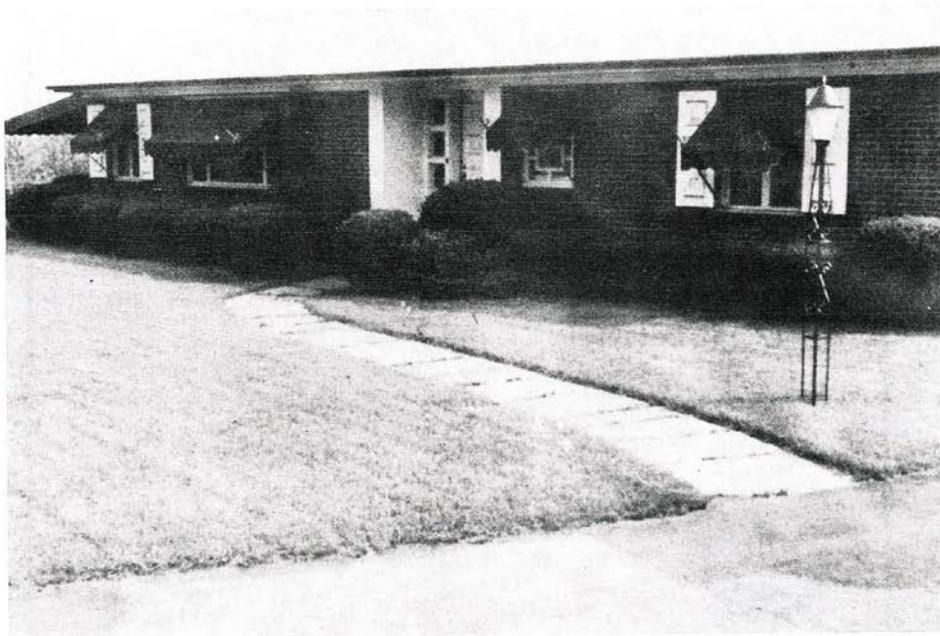
DAMIANO GENETTI'S GRAVE
Castelfondo, Trentino, Tyrol



MY WIFE ELEANOR'S PARENTS
MR. & MRS. FRANK RAUZI

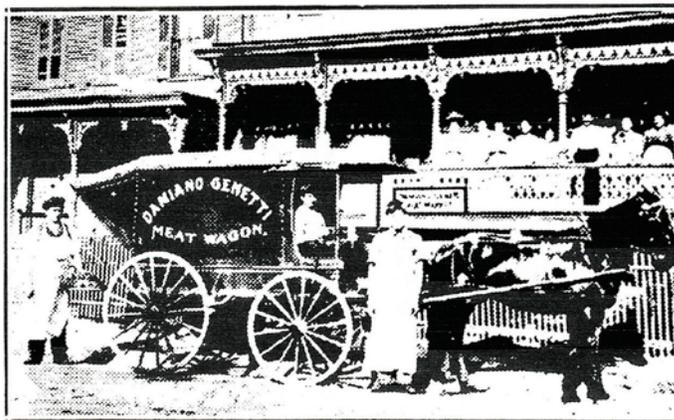


STANLEY AND ELEANOR GENETTI
50th Wedding Anniversary-1981



STANLEY AND ELEANOR GENETTI'S HOME
755 East Broad Street, Hazleton, Pa.
(Built 1951)

1901 *Genetti's* 1957
SAV-WAY MARKETS



WAY BACK WHEN . . .

Mother and Dad will remember the days when your favorite butcher stopped with his horse and wagon in front of their home and summoned half the neighborhood with a loud ringing, so called "butcher bell."

The meat block and scale plus an assortment of fresh and smoked meats were right at your door. Folks gathered around with their plates waiting to be served, while the butcher carved the meat.

All this has changed with the times. Today you can serve yourself at any of the 5 Genetti Sav-Way Super Markets. There is no waiting or fuss and everything is right at the tip of your fingers. Yes, it is a great new age, an age that the founder, Damiano Genetti had the foresight to help plan back in 1901.

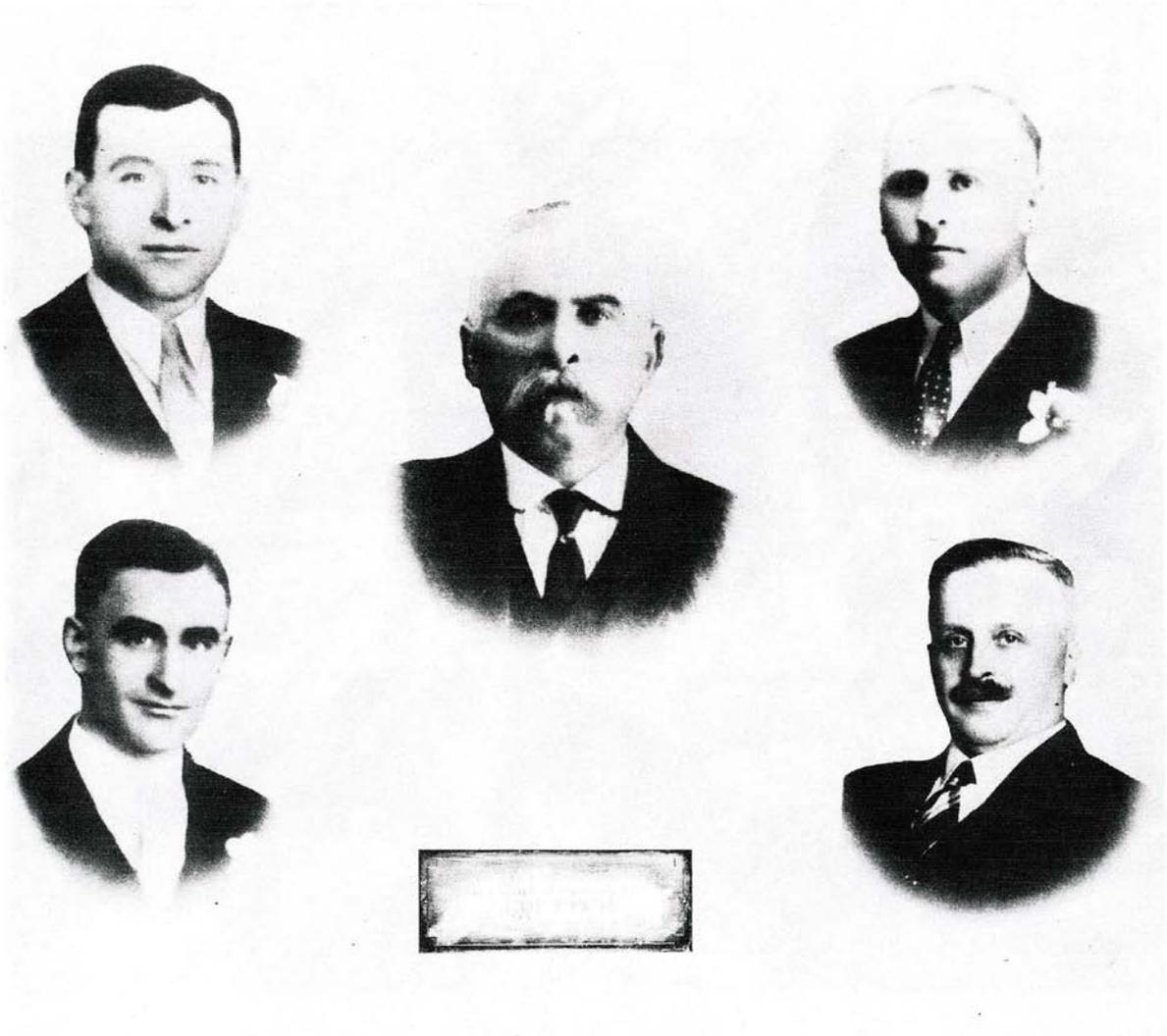
Today the Genetti organization is following in their father's footsteps and are successfully carrying on one of the finest food establishments in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

You are cordially invited to visit Genetti's Sav-Way Markets located at

20-30 North Laurel Street, Hazleton
999 West 15th Street, Hazleton
Also Freeland, Tamaqua, Lehighton



GENETTI MEAT WAGON - 1909
LEON, GUS AND AL GENETTI - FAMILY ON PORCH

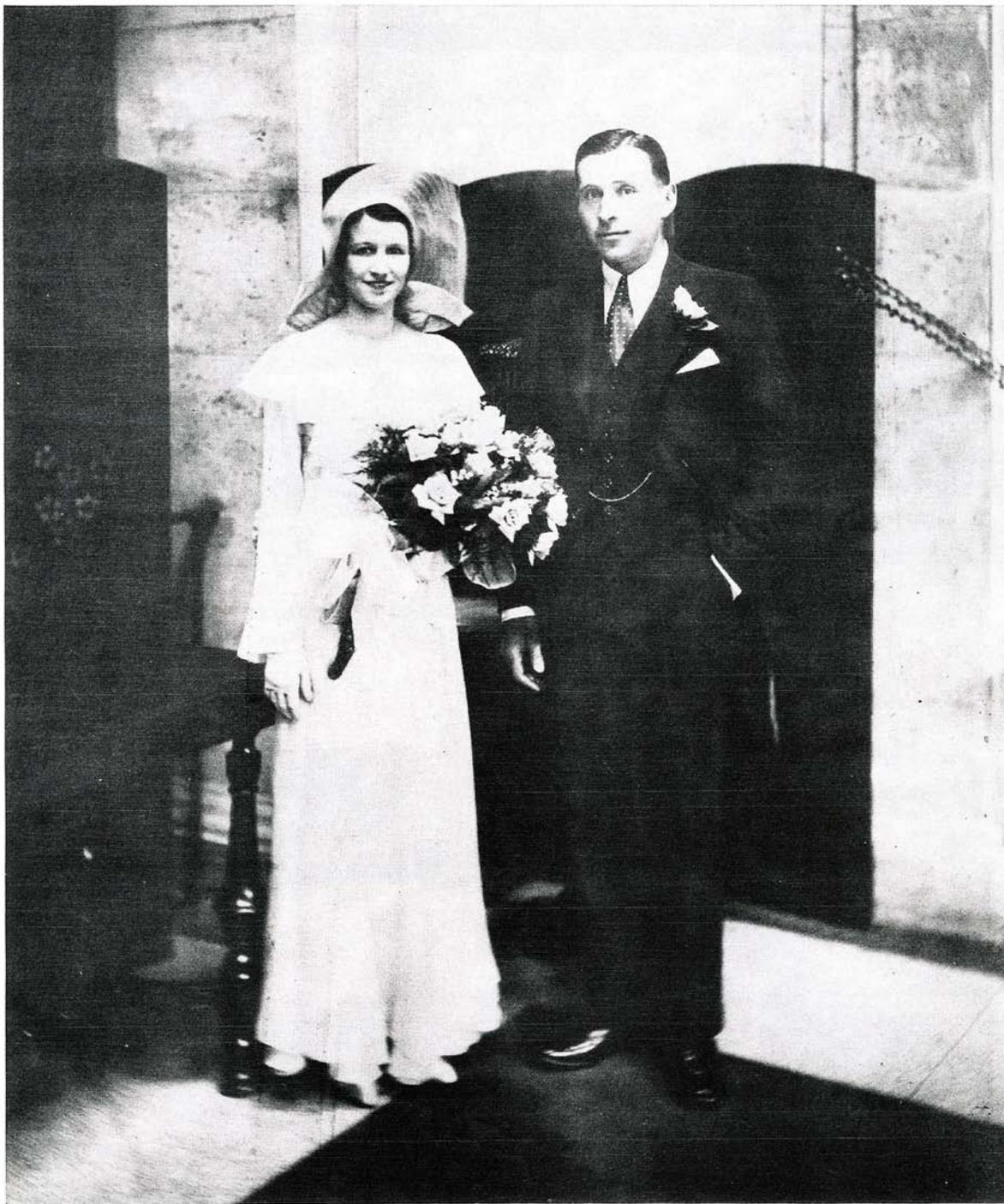


DAMIANO GENETTI AND SONS - 1934

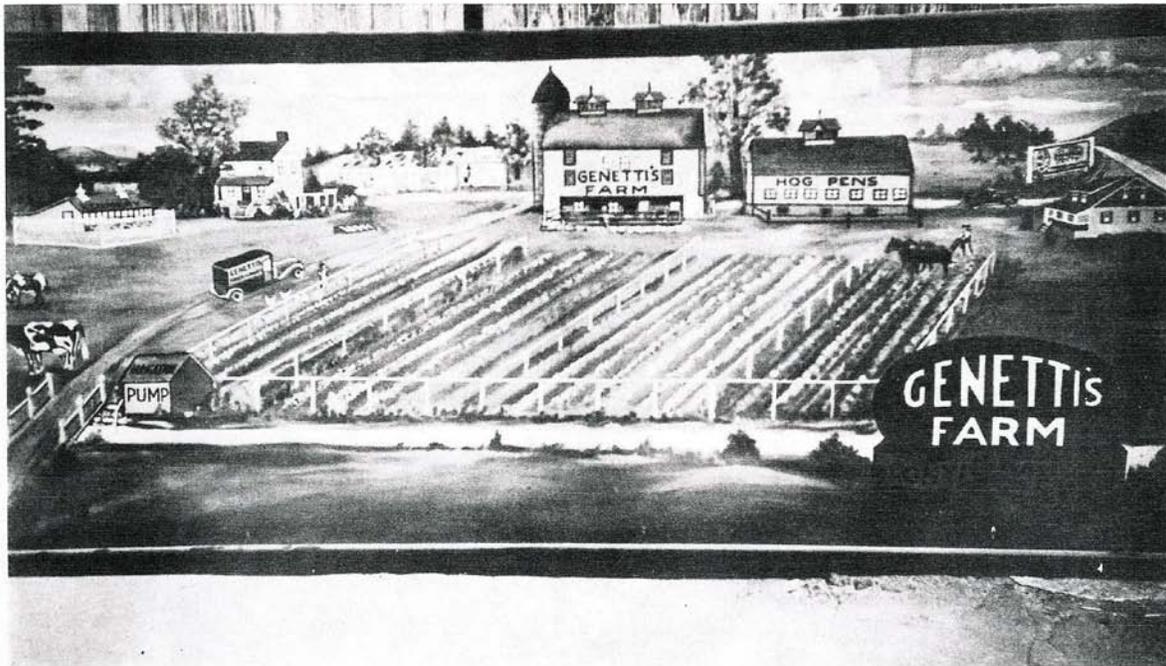
DAMIANO GENETTI (CENTER); STANLEY GENETTI (UPPER LEFT); ALBERT GENETTI
(LOWER LEFT); AUGUST GENETTI (UPPER RIGHT); LEON GENETTI (LOWER RIGHT)



GENETTI'S STORE - HAZLETON HEIGHTS - 1921
OPERATED BY LEON GENETTI, STANLEY GENETTI AT COUNTER



STANLEY GENETTI AND ELEANOR RAUZI GENETTI
WEDDING DAY - June 22, 1931



GENETTI'S FARM 1925 - PRODUCING VEGETABLES
FOR GENETTI'S STORES - INCLUDES FOX AND
MINK RANCH



SILVER FOX - 1927



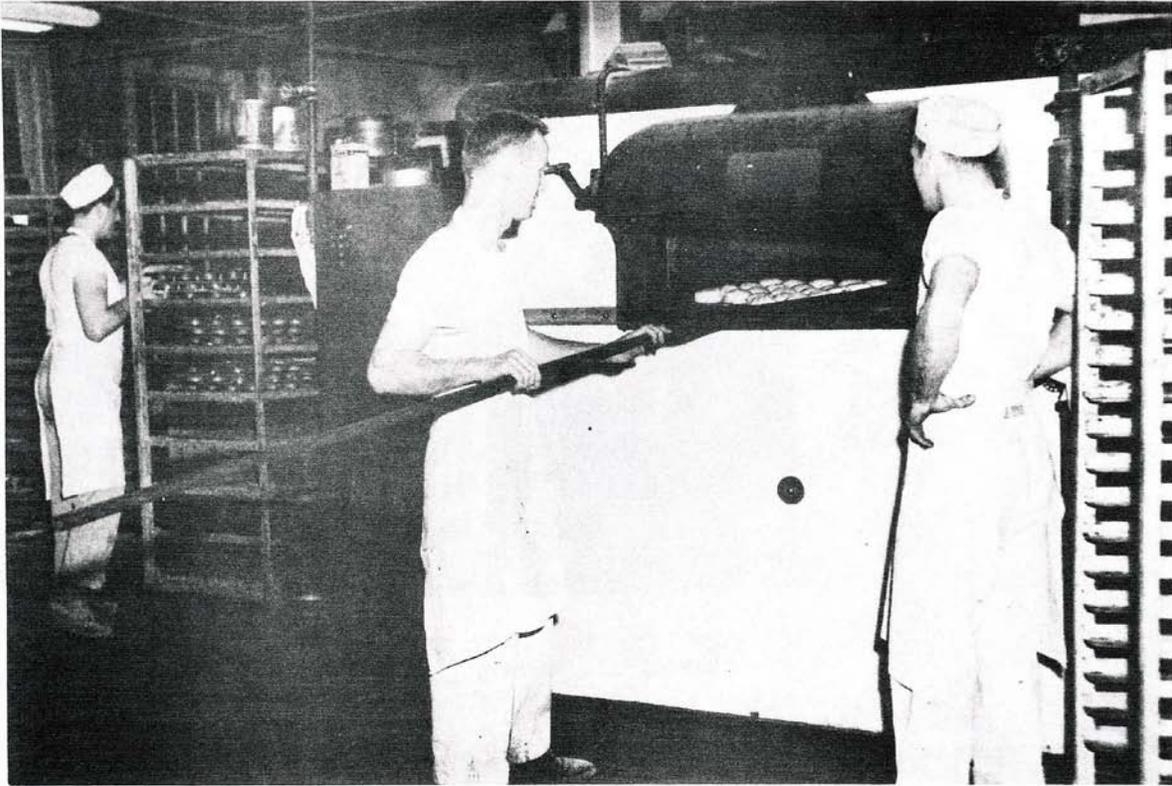
PRIZE WINNING SILVER BLUE MINK - 1947
ONE OF SEVEN DIFFERENT MUTATION MINK



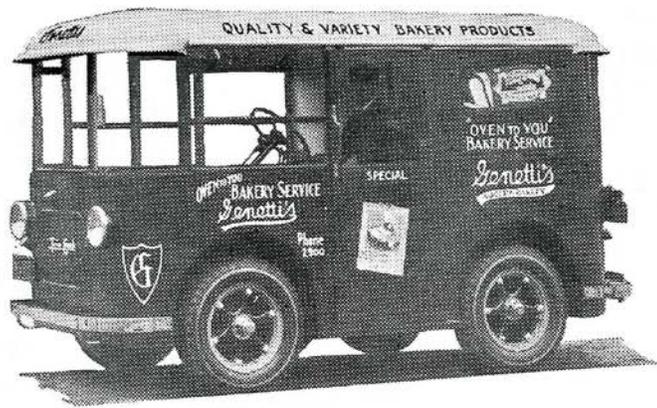
STANLEY GENETTI - AGE 11
CHAPEL ST. HOME



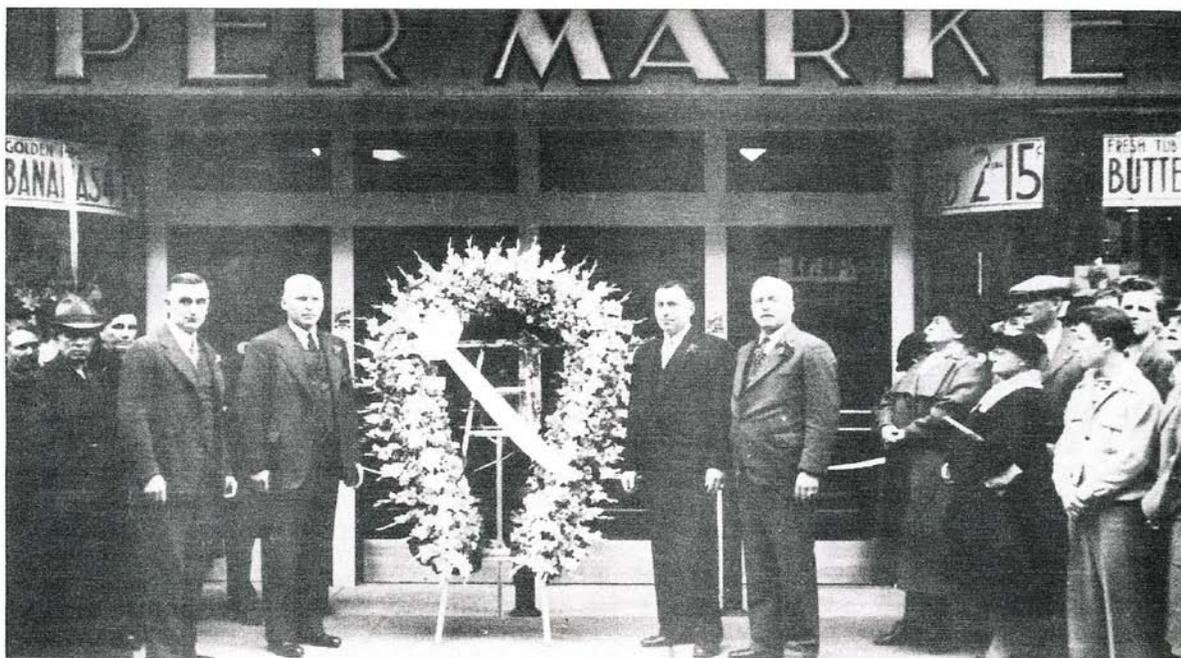
STANLEY GENETTI - 1942
PRESIDENT OF COMPANY



GENETTI BAKERY - 1926
Rr. Broad & Pine St. Store



"OVEN TO YOU" BAKERY SERVICE



GRAND OPENING - LAUREL ST. STORE - 1939
FROM LEFT: AL, GUS, STANLEY & LEON



INTERIOR - LAUREL ST. STORE



"GRAND OPENING" - 15TH ST. MARKET 1954
LEON, STANLEY, AL AND MRS. AMERICA



Genetti's parking facilities accommodate 100 autos and customers appreciate the one-stop convenience.



Branch bank requires space 18 by 24 feet only and a total investment of about \$5,000.

America's First Branch Bank in a Super Market

Genetti's Rise Laced With Civic Spirit

By ED McLAUGHLIN

HAZLETON, Pa. — "Welcome to Hazleton, All-America City . . . home of Genetti's Super Markets."

The billboard proclamation suggests there's considerable civic pride motivating residents of this mountain city in the heart of Pennsylvania's anthracite region. It also tells newcomers the nine-unit Genetti's chain puts lots of emphasis on its community relations.

"It's true, we're very conscious of our role in Hazleton," said Joseph B. McNelis, president. "This is our home base, but it is the same way in the other communities where we operate. We give financial help to these towns, and encourage our managers to take part in civic affairs whenever they can."

Genetti's often stresses the idea that dollars spent in its stores bounce back to the community in the form of payment for merchandise, equipment, public utilities, wages and the like.

A typical theme might be, "You Haven't Seen the Last of the Dollars You Spend at Genetti's." A recent ad listed some Genetti contributions: \$10,000 Hazleton Industrial Development Corp. . . . \$1,600 to Community Chest . . . \$21,000 State and local taxes . . . \$888,000 wages to local people.

Mr. McNelis is convinced the homey approach goes a long way to keep Genetti's an important market factor in the coal regions where its chief competitors are such formidable firms as Acme, Food Fair and A&P.

Stanley Genetti, chairman, agrees, pointing out that civic pride in the coal regions is high.

"In Hazleton, for instance, the business people voluntarily put up the money to finance sewers for new plants, while the working people buy interest-bearing bonds to build plants as a means of attracting industry."

This cooperative effort, he added, is the main reason Hazleton was given the "All-America City" title by the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Both Mr. Genetti and Mr. McNelis point out that community responsibility is only one of the reasons Genetti's Super Markets' success continues despite the big competition of corporate chains.

Genetti's units are in a 30-mile radius of this city. Two are here, the others in Edwardsville, Wilkes-Barre, Tamaqua, Shenandoah, Lansford, Freeland and Lehighton. Sizes range from 30,000 to 17,000 square feet, averaging about 13,500 square feet.

A unit of 8,000 square feet will be opened in McAdoo, south of Hazleton, in December. "It is small because McAdoo is very small," said Mr. Genetti.

The competitive situation requires Genetti's to be very flexible. For this reason, the chain advertises in nine newspapers, and has three price zones, despite the fact it operates in a relatively compact area.

Mr. McNelis said this approach is chiefly due to the fact Genetti's offers S&H stamps in only six stores. The unit in Shenandoah carries King Korn stamps because Acme had the S&H franchise there. In Wilkes-Barre and adjoining Edwardsville, Genetti's units are stampless (because Acme had the S&H franchise) and are actually discount units.

The first Genetti's discount store was opened four years ago when the firm decided to face up to the stamps problem and because the unit was near a big discount store. By the time the second discount store was opened last December, Genetti's had had plenty of experience in low-margin retailing.

"We have no reason to regret going into this, especially because we couldn't get the stamps we wanted in Wilkes-Barre and Edwardsville," the executive said.

In each price zone—the discount stores comprise one zone—buyers are required to check competitors' prices and change Genetti's prices accordingly.

From a promotional standpoint, Genetti's recently made an important switch.

For years, Genetti's ran one continuity program after another on

non-foods, each ranging from four to eight weeks. It was felt that much of the effectiveness of these programs had been watered down because they had been under way so long . . . not to mention the fact that customers often could use trading stamps to obtain premiums similar to some of the continuity offerings.

"We dropped the continuity program and instead push three or four important loss leaders every week," Mr. McNelis said. "This is getting us considerably more attention because people wait to see what we are up to each week."

Because of its size, Genetti's would find it difficult to launch a private label program with any semblance of those of its chief competitors. Mr. Genetti said this obstacle has been overcome by the chain's participation in Staff Supermarket Associates, of which Mr. McNelis is a vice-president.

"Staff enabled us to put in a controlled label line that is competitive with the major chains. We could never have developed the program we have without Staff. Today, there must be close to 700 items under controlled label."

Genetti's was founded 64 years ago by Stanley Genetti's father, a veterinarian who emigrated from the Austrian Tyrol to Hazleton. Prevented by the language barrier from practicing, the immigrant eventually found that the wives of miners would buy meat if one had a horse and wagon to take it to their doors.

His horse and buggy route gradually evolved into a chain of butcher shops supported by a farm and slaughterhouse. It wasn't until 1919, when the present chairman was 19 years old, that groceries were added. Mr. Genetti recalls starting in a small way, and finding a growing demand for groceries.

By 1937 the company was operating a self-service store in Freeland, as well as a group of "mom and pop"-type stores. In 1949 there were 17 stores doing about \$1.8 million annually. They were consolidated into four supermarkets, the farm and a fox and mink ranch were closed, and Genetti's tied its future to the wave of supermarketing that began sweeping the country at that time.

Today Genetti's sales for nine units total between \$17 million and \$18 million, the executives said. In addition, its wholly owned subsidiary, Laurel Grocery Co., does \$5 million in sales of groceries to Genetti's units and to small grocery stores and institutions, including a Genetti restaurant. Laurel Grocery, other warehouse facilities and headquarters offices occupy about 60,000 square feet in a group of buildings here.

The firm still makes its own cold cuts and sausages.



Sixteenth in a series



WELCOME, FRIEND: Billboard at Hazleton, Pa., welcomes motorists to the "All America City" and, not-so-incidentally, to Genetti's Supermarkets. Billboard is only one of many ways the firm keeps in the public eye. Another way is to use newspaper advertisements to show consumers how their dollars spent at Genetti's work for the good of the community.

costs about \$4,700, and more Genetti units would install them if they had space.

In 1954 Genetti's inaugurated a profit-sharing program for employees and has paid out nearly \$500,000 to date. Management considers the profit-sharing program a psychological inducement for employees to give more of themselves to their work. Payments are quarterly—"and we have never missed a payment," Mr. Genetti declared.

At present the profit sharing program is based on profit performance of the whole chain, since management feels this is more equitable. Profits once were awarded on a per-store basis. A problem here was that better quality employees who were assigned to "bring along" a less successful store did not get what they deserved, and what they would have received had they been assigned to a "better" store.

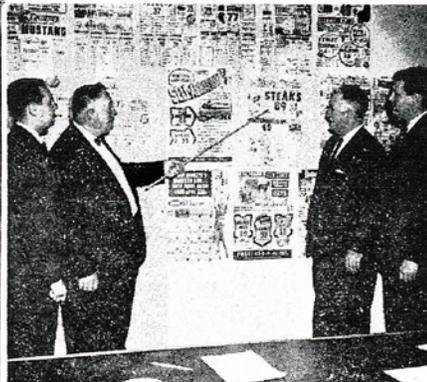
Mr. McNelis attributes a low turnover rate among the 370 employees to profit sharing. Genetti employees also have a retirement plan and a medical care program.

What does Genetti's plan for the future? Mr. Genetti said he has no major plans beyond opening the McAdoo store late this year, explaining:

"We will go along as we see fit. We are still looking for sites, but have no program which calls for the opening of 'X' number of stores in the next few years."

The chain has no plans for acquiring other firms, and no intention of selling out.

Other top officers are Mr. Genetti's sons, Richard, vice-president, operations, and Edward, vice-president, administration.



GENETTI MANAGEMENT: Officers of Genetti's Super Markets, Hazleton, Pa., check advertisements. They are (left to right), Edward Genetti, vice-president; Stanley Genetti, chairman; Joseph B. McNelis, president, and Richard Genetti, vice-president.



CELEBRATING 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF BUSINESS
STANLEY AND SONS, EDWARD (LEFT) RICHARD (RIGHT)



"MISS AMERICA" & STAN GENETTI
50th ANNIVERSARY OF STORES
HANDING OUT ROSES AT LAUREL
STREET SUPERMARKET



BEVERLY ANN PERRY
(Our Daughter)

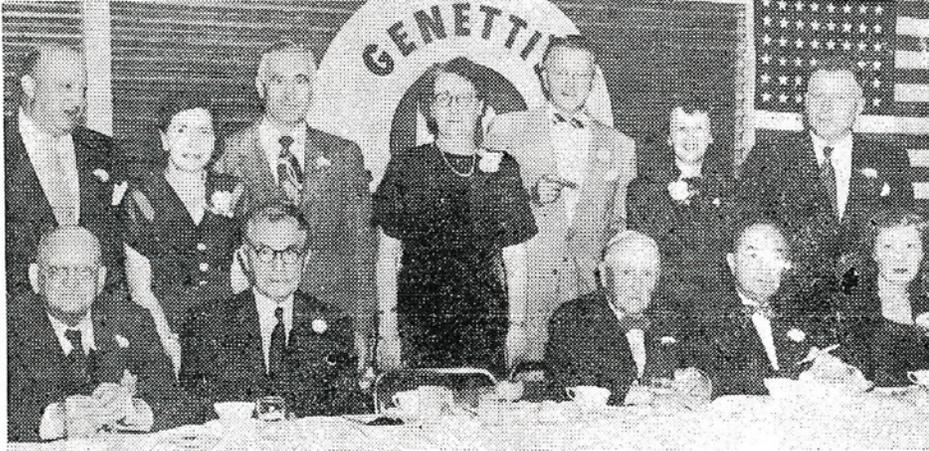


GOVERNOR LEADER AND STAN GENETTI, PRESIDENT OF THE PA. FOOD MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION, WITH A PRESENTATION TO MISS SPECTACULAR FROM THE FOOD INDUSTRY



EMPLOYEES ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY
PRESENTING BANNER IN CONNECTION WITH THE
PINE VIEW RECREATIONAL CENTER FOR
EMPLOYEES AND FAMILIES

Genetti's Observe 50th Anniversary



These are the guests seated at the head table during the 50th anniversary dinner party of D. Genetti Sons, Inc., last night in the Laurel street theater-restaurant. Seated, from left: Atty. John R. Sharpless, Jacques Romano, Henry Walsler, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Brandeis. Standing: Mr. and Mrs. Victor C. Diehm, Albert Genetti, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Irish, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Genetti.



TYROLEAN DANCER - 1968
NOW STUDDING IN AUSTRALIA



Genetti Builds Better Mousetraps

By ED McLAUGHLIN

HAZLETON, Pa. — For a man who claims he doesn't know how to use a screwdriver, Stanley V. Genetti spends a lot of time around the machine shop.

A fascination for "doing things" has become a driving force for the 68-year-old chairman of Genetti's Super Markets, which operates 11 supermarkets, six convenience food stores and three restaurants in east central Pennsylvania.

He recently was granted a patent for an automatic food dicing machine (shown above). He's now hard at work putting together a food broiler which, he claims, "will take personal judgment out of cooking."

"Actually, I'm not at all mechanically inclined," explained Mr. Genetti, a sturdy descendant of Austria-Tyrolean parents, who has spent his entire business life in the food industry. "But I do get these ideas, and I like to go down to the shop and work them out with the people who know how to make things."

Ideas come easily to Mr. Genetti. Of his food dicer, he says: "I was walking through our downtown restaurant one evening around 9 p.m., and saw three employes cutting potatoes by hand. This seemed so unnecessary today, with all the modern equipment available. I asked my son to look into the market for a potato dicer — and he couldn't find one. No one made them, yet there seemed to be a crying need for one."

Mr. Genetti checked food handling machines himself and began to figure out a way for a machine to handle hot peeled potatoes.

"Working with an old mechanic, I spent 18 months putting machines together, tearing them apart and building them over again," he recalled.

The efforts were successful. Two years ago, Mr. Genetti placed his food dicer into operation in the salad kitchens of Genetti's Super Markets' headquarters, here.

The device, operated by one woman, can handle 700 pounds of potatoes an hour—the same quantity which previously took three women three to four hours to prepare.

The food broiler Mr. Genetti is now working on was similarly born.

"It came to me when I was in Europe. I noticed that whenever I ordered hamburgers, they'd be presented too well done, too raw, too greasy or whatever."

"It was obvious the customer was a victim of green employes, or those who weren't paying too much attention. I wondered why a cooking unit could not be developed that would take the human element out of cooking. That is, cooking would be uniform for a given amount of meat and compensation provided for the customer who specified 'medium' or 'well done.'"

Mr. Genetti's idea, essentially, calls for "feeding" given portions of meat, or any food to be broiled, through a radiant-heat oven by means of a chain drive, cooking both sides simultaneously.

A timing mechanism, permitting adjustment for different cuts or foodstuffs, will make the device flexible enough for any food to be broiled. By broiling, greasiness virtually is assured and the timing device makes it possible to cook to orders of "medium rare" or "medium well."

Mr. Genetti admits the idea is a simple one—the difficult part is bringing it to fruition through a thoroughly workable broiler.

Genetti's Super Markets are an important factor in this region of Pennsylvania, partly because the chairman's interest in his restaurant business attunes the firm to the idea of how food should be prepared as well as how it should be sold.

The salad kitchens are an important aspect of the retail business. So are sausage-making kitchens ("our business was built on our sausage") and in-store bakeries.

The newest wrinkle for Genetti's is a separate corporation operating two experimental restaurants.

One, located in a new shopping mall provides an extensive menu at attractive prices. Waitress service is offered, and quality dinnerware is used. This restaurant is in French decor, with carpeted floors, white wrought iron railings, orange lights and colorful awnings.

The "Sidewalk Cafe Ristorante" gets a realistic flavor from a facade along one wall simulating a grocery, bakery, beauty shop and barber shop.

The second restaurant, a free-standing unit located on a Genetti's market parking lot in Tamaqua, Pa., has a more limited menu—principally sandwiches. Customers pick up their own orders, served on paper plates, and carry them to the table. Prices are somewhat lower, and the unit can be operated by two women. Decor, however, is just as attractive.

"We are experimenting," said Mr. Genetti. "We don't know which type of restaurant will be the most successful. Maybe we'll operate both types. When we know more about them, we may even go into a franchise program."

This flexibility is somewhat characteristic of the Genetti organization. The company was founded in the early years of this century by Mr. Genetti's father, a veterinarian who emigrated from Austria to Hazleton. Because of a language problem, he couldn't practice his profession, so he started a horse and wagon food route. This evolved into a chain of butcher shops, and these grew into the supermarket chain.

Genetti's was one of the first Pennsylvania firms to get into food discounting. It was also among the earliest to go into convenience food units. For many years, the Genetti family has operated downtown Hazleton's leading restaurant.

Board chairman Genetti admits he has more time to dabble with his experiments because his two sons, Edward and Richard, have entered the business. They provide strong support for Joseph B. McNelis, president.

"I can't stand having nothing to do," he said. "I like to get ideas and see them develop. Right now, I'm considering developing some land I own into a hundred or so home sites."

STAN GENETTI'S FOOD DICING MACHINE - 1968



GENETTI WAREHOUSE, VINE & WALNUT STS., HAZLETON, ENLARGED 1963
PRESENTLY HOUSES THE PANTRY QUIK OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE OPERATION



HAZLETON ICE PLANT, CONVERTED TO GENETTI'S PERISHABLE WAREHOUSE



GENETTI'S SUPER MARKET
Church Hill Mall - Nov., 1967



GENETTI'S SUPER MARKET
CHURCH HILL MALL
STANLEY GENETTI AND
JOE PETRUZZI (MANAGER)



50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PARTY (ELEANOR, STANLEY & GRANDCHILDREN)
 FIRST ROW: JAMES GENETTI, ANN GENETTI, STAN GENETTI, ANDREW GENETTI
 SECOND ROW: ALAN GENETTI, THOMAS GENETTI, ELEANOR GENETTI, MARK PERRY
 THIRD ROW: TIMOTHY GENETTI, BRIAN GENETTI, WAYNE GENETTI, GAIL PERRY,
 KATHLEEN GENETTI, JILL PERRY (MISSING FROM PHOTO, HUGH PERRY AND
 PETER GENETTI)



STANLEY & ELEANOR GENETTI
 MASS AT ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH
 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PARTY
 ELEANOR & STANLEY CENTER
 FROM LEFT: ROSEMARY & EDWARD,
 BEVERLY, RICHARD & BARBARA



CHRISTMAS EVE, 1965 (STANLEY & ELEANOR GENETTI'S HOME)
 From Left: Adelaide Rauzi, Edward, Richard, Barbara,
 Rosemary, Mayme and Frank Rauzi, Eleanor.



STANLEY & ELEANOR GENETTI
 DALLAS, TEXAS, 1966
 Elected to the Board of
 Directors of the National
 Association of Retail
 Grocers, with over 140,000
 stores in the U. S., having
 their main office in Chicago.

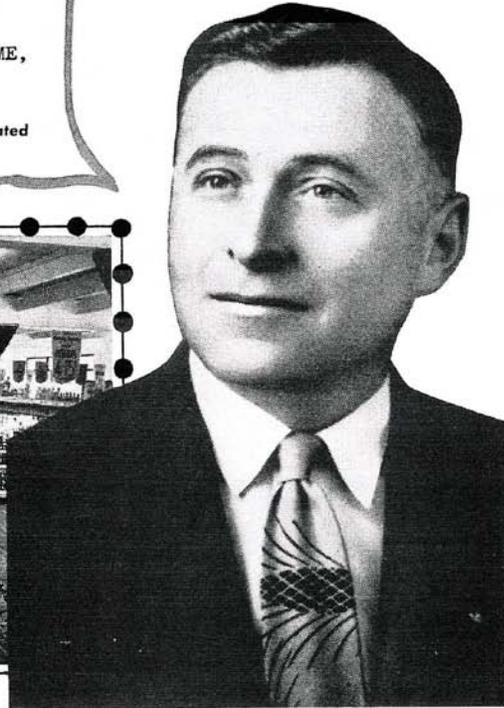


Front Row: Lynn Logudic, Mother Rauzi,
 Eleanor Genetti, Mayme Rauzi

Back Row: Mary Rauzi DePierro,
 Nick Logudic, Jayne Logudic, Stan
 Genetti, Adelaide Rauzi, Frank Rauzi,
 Angeline Master, Warren Master

"When I looked over TIME's subscription list for Hazleton, I wasn't surprised to find the names of a whole lot of my best customers. When I see the better brands I sell advertised in TIME, I know it will help my business."

—STANLEY V. GENETTI
D. Genetti's Sons, Incorporated
Hazleton, Pennsylvania



ALL OVER AMERICA BEST FOOD STORES SAY...

"Our Best Customers Read TIME"



*A Great Consumer Magazine offering you more than
three million people who are America's Best Customers*