

THE EMIGRATION EXPERIENCE OF SAN MARINO CITIZENS

COMPETITION CATEGORY

Section 1: MEMORY

UN SAMMARINESE NEL MONDO:

A NINE DAY VOYAGE

TO

A SIX DECADE JOURNEY

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My name is Dottore Carlo Augusto Dall'Olmo, a vascular surgeon by profession and a Console della Repubblica di San Marino. I was born in Cailungo di Sotto on April 6, 1943 in my father's family house and lived there with my parents and paternal grandmother until my parents and I emigrated to the United States in October, 1948. My life has been an incredible journey and I consider myself to be a most fortunate individual. As I reflect back on my life it is evident that my parents' decision to immigrate set the foundation to forge the beautiful life that my family dream of. It has provided opportunities that were not available to us in San Marino and provided me with the qualities and tools for me to use along my personal journey throughout the past six and a half decades. I am forever grateful to my parents for their courageous decision to seek a better life in a new land, for the loving support and steadfast values that their heritage instilled in them and that they, in turn passed on to me. My life has been filled with exceptional opportunities, a fulfilling career and experiences which have run the whole gamut of human emotions. I am most grateful for my own wife and family today as I look forward to productive and happy years ahead.

Who I am today has evolved through two diverse cultures. My native culture is from the Sammarinesi nel mondo: my relatives and friends who exemplify the values that the Sammarinesi hold dear. Just a few of these are: a love of family, a zest for life, a remarkable work ethic, a loyalty to friends, a genuine concern for others and a deep love of country and its liberty.

Other major influences in my life have come from having grown up in the American culture which, among many shared values with the Sammarinesi, stresses: competition, risk taking, self-sufficiency, fierce individual independence, the importance of education, the rewards of hard work and a national generosity matched by none. These two cultures have

at times been complimentary, such as the value placed on individual responsibility and sometimes at odds with each other, as in their approach to social class structure. My good fortune has been to have the opportunity to experience both and to choose the best from each, while my challenge has been to identify, confront and discard the elements I found intolerable or discriminatory.

I have come to understand how my character has been shaped by all of these factors: my family, my ethnic heritage and my adopted culture. This narrative of my family's life before immigration, our struggles to assimilate, and our evolution from "immigrants " to "Sammarinese-Americans illustrates how these three elements came together to shape my character and lead me to where I am today. My experiences as a five-year-old boy who grew up but forever felt like an "alien", an outsider, as hurtful and unpleasant as they were sometimes, became motivating forces for me to succeed, impacted my attitudes towards life and all my relationships. What started out for me as a nine-day voyage turned into a six-decade journey.

The Pre-Emigration Years: 1943-1948

I was born with the help of a midwife, in an old stone and cement house in Cailungo on April 6, 1943, the first child of Pilade and Natalina Dall'Olmo. I would live in that house with my parents and my grandmother, Agatha Dall'Olmo, until I emigrated from San Marino in October, 1948. My earliest recollection of my life in San Marino was of the rice I ate in a railroad tunnel at the end of the Second World War. Many people had gathered here to escape the Allied's bombing of Rimini. It seemed like we were there forever; long enough for just about everyone to become infested with lice! Like everyone else who was there I was very unhappy. The year was 1944.

At the time of my birth, Cailungo was a farming community with wide-open spaces. Farmers worked the land for the landowners who lived in Citta (the city within the ancient walls, at the top of Mt. Titano). There were few houses and those that were there were clustered into groups. The fields were planted with hay and other crops and I remember the farmers cutting the hay with their long scythes and stacking the hay in piles around long wooden poles planted in the center of the mound. These mounds of hay were about 2 meters in diameter and about 2 meters high. In the winter the farmers would come with shorter sickles and cut as much as needed to feed the animals.

I vividly remember our old house, now torn down. It had a kitchen with a hearth and fireplace and a cast-iron oven that along with the fireplace was used for cooking. There was a main/dining room and three bedrooms. There was a stall for animals at the ground level and the living quarters, on the second level, were reached via a stairway on the outside of the house. The house was attached along the east wall to another house where a farmer and his family lived. They worked the land to the east. The house was situated close to the road that ran through Cailungo and across from a large field called "*il camp id Gudanzun*" in dialect. While really small by

today's standards, I cannot recall size ever being an issue; to me it was just perfect!

It's hard to believe sometimes, but when I return to San Marino with its modern buildings and obvious prosperity, that when I was a child after the War, my family had none of the conveniences that we enjoy today. The only source of heat in the winter was the warmth from the fireplace. Branches, twigs and logs were always collected where they could be found, bundled and used to make fire for cooking and warmth. When the fire died down, it got cold! Every night after supper the floor would be swept, the dishes washed and dried and preparations made for the next day. The bed I slept in had heavy blankets for the winter and a bed warmer, called „*il prete e la suora*“ --“the nun and the priest”-- that was used to warm the bed before climbing in and going to sleep. It consisted of a wooden frame that supported and suspended a ceramic pot into which hot embers from the fire were placed. The entire apparatus was slipped between the top and bottom sheets of the bed. It did not take long for the bed to warm up and for this child, sliding into a warm bed was such good feeling. Every night I would fall asleep to some story my mother would tell me. I did not care if I heard the story a million times; it was comforting to hear her tell the story. Sadly I have forgotten them but this reminds me to ask my mother to tell me the stories again so I can write them down and tell them to my grandchildren.



“il prete e la suora”



Our House in Cailungo

We had a well in front of the house that provided us with water and it was not until after we emigrated that a water line was connected to the house. I remember my mother heating water in a pot on the fireplace and pouring it into a larger vat that we used for bathing. To wash in the morning the heated water was poured into a the bedside where we washed and my dad, washed and shaved. Laundry was done in much the same way . In the winter water was warmed, the clothes were washed by hand and

rinsed and hung outside to dry. I used to wonder how wet clothes that froze on the line could ever dry. I never understood how but they did dry, even though at times it was funny to see the sheets freeze and become stiff as a board as they hung in the cold air. In the summer I remember going with my mother to a place up the road, toward Citta, not far from our house where a stream ran through the property. There was what appeared to be a sunken tub that the water ran through and the women would gather to wash and rinse their clothes by hand using a washboard, and then rinse them. They then carried them home in a basket and hung them out to dry. My mother ironed the clothes by using the hot embers from the fireplace. She placed them into a hollow iron that heated the base that was used to press the fabric.

I do not remember the old house having any electricity while I still lived there. It seemed like there were candles for light but when it got dark, we went to bed. Needless to say, without running water there was no indoor plumbing. We used a "chamber pot" which my mother emptied immediately after being used in the daytime or first thing in the morning.

Despite the lack of conveniences, I remember the house being very clean and comfortable. I loved living in it I remember everyone being kind to me. We lived with my paternal grandmother who used to place apples in a chest of drawers for the winter and she would often ask if I wanted one. She was a short woman, a widow, who always dressed in black. Her husband had died long ago. Her only living children were my father, Pilade – *Pildaine* – as he was called in dialect and her daughter Ersilia, my "Zia" who was married and lived in Citta. Her other two children, Enrico and Marsiglio had died, one having stepped on a land mine after the war and the other in an accident in France.



My Nonna Agatha and My Father

My father worked away from home and came home in the evening. One evening I remember he brought me a piece of chewing gum. I was being given a bath in a tub on the stairway leading to the house. When he came and told me he had a surprise for me and showed me the piece of gum, I couldn't believe it! It was such a wonderful surprise!

Life in and around the house was enjoyable for me. I remember that for an afternoon snack I was occasionally allowed to dip a piece of bread into a glass of wine and sprinkle it with sugar. I still secretly enjoy doing that! We had chickens around the house that provided us with eggs and when they were too old to lay were sacrificed for food. My mother or grandmother would catch a chicken and wring its neck. My children were horrified when I told them about that, even more so when I recalled my picking snails off the exterior walls of the house or off the wall of the well to be cooked as part of a meal! Another story that is sure to elicit, "Yuck, how could you, Dad?!" is about how in the fall of the year a man came down the road with the many long knives that were used to slaughter pigs. I was terrified by the sheer number and the length of the knives that he wore on a belt around his waist. He went from neighbor to neighbor to kill pigs. I would watch as he used a huge knife to slit the animal's throat. He slaughtered it

right in the yard of the house on a big metal vat. He used the other knives to butcher the meat. Every edible part of the pig was used for either making sausage or prosciutto. Even the pig's blood was collected and later baked to make "blood pies". I, too, shudder to think about that now but I do remember liking the taste of the pies--even though I was scared to death of the knives!

We had some grape vines on our property and the grapes were harvested in the fall to make wine. Taking my sandals off and jumping into a large vat of grapes to crush them was so much fun and I laughed and happily showed off my purple feet and legs to everyone. My father always said that the foot-crushed grapes produced a better wine because, unlike a mechanical press, feet do not crush the seeds. I am certain that he was right, but as a child all I cared about was how much fun it was!

As I look back I can see how hard the everyday work was. There was little time for relaxation. Every minute was spent in tending to the daily necessities of life. Remarkably I remember no one complaining. The work had to be done. Everyone was busy every day. My mother and grandmother cleaned, cooked and did everything to keep up the house. My mother was also a seamstress and skilled enough that she taught other women to sew. The women came to the house in the afternoon and spent several hours sewing with my mother while I played outside. My father was a finish carpenter who worked in Borgo. I do not recall how he got to work because we did not have a car so it was likely that he walked.

I had several friends not far from the house with whom I played. A girl whose name I have forgotten, lived in the house attached to ours. Two boys, John Vincenti and Linone become my life-long friends. It was great fun to have someone to play with but I still recall being warned many times to stay away from the creek which flowed by the house because that was where we might disturb the snakes that would bite us. This was a warning

we listened to! We stayed away from the creek.

Linone was older than I and he treated me like he was my big brother. He and I remain friends and we still try to get together whenever I return to San Marino. We liked to play around the house or even better he sometimes took me with him when he shepherded the sheep into the fields. Even now I can taste the berries we used to pick along the way. Sadly I do not know the name, but, If I were to taste one today, I would recognize it instantly.

John and I played together with our favorite toy, an 8-centimeter wide metal band welded into the shape of a wheel about a meter in diameter. With a stick in one hand, we got the wheel rolling and used it to control the wheel's direction and speed. The object was to run as fast as we could, push the wheel forward and control it with the stick without letting the wheel fall. The faster we ran the harder it was to control. How skilled one was at controlling the wheel with the stick determined whether it kept going or spun out of control and fell to the ground. When we wanted to stop, we would just place our stick inside the wheel and hook it and lift the wheel off the ground. We had to be careful because the road in Cailungo was not paved and it was hard packed with dirt and stones. There were no flat areas; it was either all up or down hill.

I had three other toys that were very dear to my heart, a two-wheel bicycle, a "*tamborino*" and a "*scaranina*". I received my bicycle when I was three years old and learned to ride it then. I was very proud of the fact that I had learned to ride a two-wheeler—there was no such thing as "training wheels". Sadly, when my father left for America in April, 1948, my bicycle disappeared. I was told my father had taken it to America and I would get it when we joined him later that year. I was satisfied with the explanation until about a month before my mother and I were to emigrate. One day, while rummaging through a storage compartment in the ceiling of the

animal stall, I saw my bike. I couldn't believe it! I was both angry and overjoyed--angry that it had been hidden from me and overjoyed to find it, at last. I later learned that my mother had asked that the bike be put away when my father left because she was worried I would be hurt along the road in Cailungo.



My Tamborino

The toy that I loved most as a child was my "*tamborino*". I brought it with me when I emigrated and it has been a constant link to my past. In fact, I can look at my tamborino resting on the mantle of the fireplace as I sit here in my study writing these recollections, It is about 30 centimeters in diameter with a round wood frame over which is stretched a leather cover. It was used to bounce a rubber ball between two people, somewhat like a tennis racquet. As I pick up the tamborino and once again place my hand through the strap and hold it like I did long ago the leather hand rest still feels just as soft and firm as it did when I was a boy. Even though there is a small tear in the leather cover I still love the way it feels in my hand and the memories it evokes.

Another favorite toy was one that brought me hours of fun in the winter: my

“*scaranina*” or sled. My father made it for me and it was a great toy to have in Cailungo because the road there had no flat areas. It was either up hill or downhill and there was never a shortage of □places to sled. In fact, the more the winter snow was packed down on the road, the faster we could go. There were few cars on the road in those days and sledding in the street was relatively safe. The greatest place to sled in the winter, however, was in Citta. There the snow on the street in front of Guilliano’s jewelry store was packed down and two grooves were cut in the snow, like tracks, for the blades of the sled to run on- like a manicured sled run. We had a great time sledding there. I would use this run in the winter whenever I visited my aunt, Zia Erisilia who lived in Citta.

My mother’s parents, Nonno Giuseppe “Peppino” and Nonna Gigia Arzilli, lived nearby in Domagnano, not far from our house and I could walk there. I especially liked visiting them and my mother’s brothers, Tarcisio and



Vittorio. They were younger than my mother and great uncles, “Zii”.

I

**My Mother with Her Brothers in 1995
in Domagnano**

I did not have much contact with Tarcisio because he was away at school studying medicine but I do remember spending time with Vittorio. He was interested in collecting war relics, mostly small ammunition and larger shells. He had several rifles. One was a German rifle with a spiral shaped groove inside the barrel that he told me was to make the bullet spin to more accurately get to its target. Vittorio was preparing to study veterinary medicine at the time but he always seemed to find time for me.



Nonno Peppino's house was along the major road that connected Citta to Rimini. There was a railroad track that ran behind his house and right through the middle of his property. The railroad had been destroyed during the war but I remember that there was a tunnel not far from my grandparents' house and in the tunnel was a place where water leaked through the wall and into a vat or a well. Vittorio and I used to take some buckets, walk to the tunnel, fill them and bring them home for my grandmother to cook. Eventually, my grandparents' house had running water coming into a room next to the kitchen where my grandmother prepared the meals, but that was years later.

Their house had a big fireplace in front of which my grandfather, a shoemaker, worked at his cobbler's chair. I loved to watch him, a mouthful

The Road to Citta with Nonno Peppino's House

of nails, nailing pieces of leather onto the sole of a shoe. He worked so fast that his pounding sounded like machine gun fire! I was proud that he made even my shoes!



**My Nonno Pappino,
Zio Vittorio and Nonna Gigia**

My grandfather was kind but stern with me. He always asked me if I had told my mother I was coming to his house and then put me to work collecting small pieces of branches or twigs on the ground in the field behind his house for firewood. My grandmother was a very kind and gentle woman and I felt very special when I was allowed to sleep over at their house where I had my own bed and my own room. What a treat that was!

My father's sister, Zia Ersilia, lived in Citta. She was married to Giuseppe Reffi, a veterinarian, and they had two daughters. My cousin Pinella became a school teacher and tragically died of lung cancer in her early 40s. My cousin Giorgietta, became mentally ill and lived a tragic life. In those years, however, both of my cousins were going to school and were soon to be off to the University of Bologna. To have two daughters at the University of Bologna was quite an accomplishment. Women did not have the same rights or status as men in those days so It was not until years

later, reflecting on my two cousins, that I came to appreciate how advanced my Zio and Zia were to promote the lives and careers of their daughters.

Going to see my “city” relatives in Citta was like going to another world. They had every convenience that we lacked. My aunt had a house keeper and her life was quite different from the one my mother lived in Cailungo. Their house had running water, electricity, indoor plumbing, a toilet and a big bathtub, I loved taking a bath in what seemed like an enormous tub and it seemed like there was always some chocolate for me! At night when I slept there I fell asleep to the beautiful ringing bells from the campanile striking the hours. Some nights there, however, were really spooky for me especially when it was foggy; the fog could make even the lovely music of the bells sound different. Because of the special attention and kindness that they always gave me I knew that they loved and cherished me. I never tired of visiting my Citta relatives!

I went to kindergarden for two years before we left San Marino. I was so proud of my “smock” outfit that I wore everyday over my clothes. I do not remember walking to the school in Borgo but I know that I did. I guess that I was quite a talker in school because one day, totally exasperated, one of the nuns told me, “Carlo, sei proprio tutto che poi essere:”, meaning, “ You are really a handful”: to which I replied in dialect, “ e ted’ si bella!” which is to say, “ You are nothing to brag about yourself”. I’m not sure where I learned the dialect phrase because I rarely heard dialect spoken by others and never by my family or relatives. In any case, the look on her face was priceless!

My father had been in America for six months, now and the days drew near to the time we were to emigrate from San Marino to America. I vividly remember the fall of 1948, shortly before we departed, because a movie was being filmed in San Marino. Titled the Prince of the Foxes, it starred

Tyrone Power and I recall the actors going up the road past Cailungo to Citta to shoot the film. I stopped them one day and asked them, in Italian, to take me to where my father was in America. I knew that my father sent letters to my mother telling her that things were in order for him and that he was making arrangements for us to join him, but I missed him very much and going to see him couldn't happen fast enough.

Emigration to America: October 1948

The train ride to Genoa on the day we left San Marino was a very long ride for a 5 year-old boy and I became very thirsty. During one of the stops, as men outside the train sold food and drinks, my mother purchased a bottle of orange soda for me. To this day I can still recall the taste of that orange soda. It was one of the most wonderful sodas I ever tasted. Sadly, I have yet to experience that same flavor in all the orange drinks I have had in my life but I keep looking!

As we boarded the boat I remember my mother crying and waving goodbye to her brother Tarcisio, who had accompanied us to Genoa. Looking back, I can only imagine the fear, anxiety and sense of loss she must have felt leaving everything and everyone she knew for an uncertain future in a strange country with a different language. She was only twenty eight years old and had a 5 year-old at her side. Fortunately other people from San Marino were also making the journey with us and they helped console my mother. As the ship set sail, I had no idea of what was in store for us but I was determined to be brave. I had never been in a boat in my life, let alone a boat as big as the *Cristoforo Colombo*.

Thirty-six hours into the voyage, I began to feel ill at ease. My stomach was queasy, I was dizzy and suddenly I became seasick. After several episodes that day, my stomach settled down and I got my "sea legs". I played on the ship's deck but was warned not to go near the edge of the deck railing and to stay well within the central part of the ship's deck. The first few days were relatively calm then all hell broke loose. Five days into the voyage, the clouds darkened and we sailed into the heart of a storm. I have since learned about how treacherous a North Atlantic storm can be

but having never experienced one, I had no clue about what was ahead. The seas began to roll and there were huge waves. Standing on the deck, I saw nothing but grey sky one moment and nothing but the bottom of a huge wave the next. Suddenly I felt that my life was going to end; I feared that I was going to die. For hours the ship rolled and pitched and I believed that with each huge wave that the ocean was going to swallow the entire ship and us with it. I was terrified for my life, fearful that the ship would sink. I don't recall, exactly, how long we endured that storm but it seemed to go on forever. Mercifully it finally did end and fortunately nothing bad happened. I survived! After 8 days, we arrived in New York, tired and so happy to be alive.

I saw the Statue of Liberty, of course, but more importantly I saw my dad. I was so happy to see him after his being gone for 6 months—an eternity for a 5 year old. What was really strange to me, however was the language. All these people spoke a language I did not understand. This was my first clue that this move to America might not be a very happy one for me. I had left my friends, I had left my bike and all my other family members whom I loved. Suddenly I found myself in a place where I knew nobody except my parents. In fact, I couldn't even communicate with anyone. For a five-year old who loved to talk, that was intolerable!

THE POST EMIGRATION YEARS

We in the United States talk about encouraging “diversity” in today's

culture but diversity was not welcomed in America in 1948. The United States had lost many men in a war to liberate the Europeans from the tyranny of the Germans and the Italians so it stands to reason that they were two ethnic groups that were not the most welcome in this country. Speaking English with an accent, especially an Italian or German accent, was the mark of an immigrant. It also became a handy excuse for some Americans, still bitter about the war, to discriminate against immigrants. It was easy to take advantage of people who were unfamiliar with the American culture and its customs. All immigrants paid a price for coming to the US. They had to “earn” the right to be in the United States, to become a citizen. In all fairness, however, once this “price” was paid their lives became quite different, but first, the strangers must have had to assimilate the American way of life.

Learning the English language is always the first step in the process of assimilation, or adopting a new culture. Unfortunately, this process takes time. Because of the language barriers, immigrants tended to live together and doing so, they could help each other with needs such as transportation, but it also slowed down their learning English and consequently their entry into American society. On the other hand, wanting to assimilate more quickly, some immigrants of that day changed their names and attempted to assume an American identity by renouncing their heritage. Sadly, the efforts people made to suppress their past ended up with many immigrants losing their ties to their culture and families. “Fitting in”--trying to be American, extracted a terrible cost to many “ethnic” groups.

Remarkably, this did not happen with those who emigrated from San Marino to the Detroit area. The credit for this goes to those Sammarinese

who had preceded us and who had established the San Marino Social Club in 1938, a place where Sammarinese emigrants could mingle with their own people, speak their own language, play their familiar card games, celebrate the same religious/ethnic festivals and holidays and maintain their cultural heritage in a land far from their old home. This club was a place where the San Marino culture existed and lived in a foreign land". The Club was a magnet for the Sammarinese immigrant, providing social and business contacts that allowed these immigrants to stay together and help each other ease the pains of assimilation. It also helped them prosper.



**MY MOTHER, MY FATHER
AND ME IN FRONT OF THE
VINCENT'S HOUSE**

□When we arrived in Detroit from New York, we lived in Rosa and Giuseppe Vincenti's house, in their basement. The house was located on Tracey Street in Detroit. The Vincentis had three children; Susan, the eldest; Tommy, several years older than I; and Anthony, my age. None of the children spoke Italian. Fortunately three other Sammarinesi families were living within 300 meters of us in which all of the adults all spoke Italian. So, along with my parents, I at least had other adults with whom I could speak my language. Because of this language barrier, my first few months were lonely and miserable. Playing with other children, I began to pick up a word here and there and I slowly built a small, but useful vocabulary. My progress was slow and sometimes painful. Often I would feel stupid and embarrassed like a time when a girl tried to teach me the word "red" by pointing to the color of her dress and I took the word "red" to mean "dress". It is just one small example of the myriad challenges that I encountered as sensitive 5 year-old boy! I missed my friends back in San Marino and I was extremely frustrated by the language barrier. I was also unhappy because I didn't have my toys. Even my tamborino let me down because no one else had one with which to play with me! I felt sad and lonely, isolated from other children and homesick. It was a sad time in my life.

My family spent our first Christmas in America at the Vincenti house and that, too, turned into an unhappy experience for me. The day started off wonderfully. Early Christmas morning my family celebrated Christmas together in our rooms in the basement. It was just the way it had been in San Marino and I was very happy to receive a new toy scooter. My family

was not familiar with how Americans celebrated the holiday so they were happy to accept the invitation to join the Vincenti family upstairs for Christmas dinner with all their relatives.

When we got upstairs, the first thing that I saw was a huge Christmas tree that was beautifully decorated with lights and ornaments! There were many newly opened gifts around it and more toys than I had ever seen in one place. The Vincenti family gave me a gift to open; it was set of boxing gloves (I had no idea what they were)! As the relatives arrived, they brought even more toys for the other children. Like most children, they did not want to share their new toys with me and when I tried to play, they would not even let me touch them. It seemed to me that one either had the toys or one didn't and if you didn't, you were out of luck. I felt very left out and alone; this American Christmas was absolutely no fun at all! I did not want anyone to see that I was unhappy so I left the celebrations and went down to our living quarters and cried. My mother came down to comfort me and years later she told my wife that when she saw how upset and disappointed I was she vowed that our family would always have our own Christmas tree. She kept her promise.

The sad fact was that it was almost impossible for a newly arrived immigrant family to provide an American-like Christmas that first year because they had so little money. The Vincenti family had tried to be helpful by assuring my parents that they would provide a present for me but I don't think that anyone had anticipated the numerous presents that would be arriving with the visiting family and that they would not necessarily think about gifts for me.

As a child I could not understand why there was so little for me, but I was beginning to see more and more how it was to be a stranger living in some

else's house, having so little of my own while being surrounded by others' abundance. For the first time in my life, I realized what I was not the same as everyone else; I was different, I was poor. Later in my life I have come to realize how valuable and important a motivator this painful experience of going without became in my life. I will have more to say about this later but I will say that because of that experience, I grew up being much more compassionate and sensitive to the feelings of others in need.

Fortunately life went on. There were some bright spots in my emigration experience. Once I was enrolled in school a kind teacher began helping me learn the English language. She helped me quite a bit. One day my mother told me that Mrs. Vincenti told her that my English was improving rapidly. I was happy to hear that but I was not surprised because I was finally speaking English with the other children.

There were other positive things that struck me as a newcomer to the US. □ Every family had a car! A *big* car! Two or three "Topolinos" could fit into each one. People even had radios in their houses. One day Mrs. Vincenti was ironing and listening to the radio and she told me that the song we heard was by Frank Sinatra! I was amazed that such a thing was possible! The houses in America were like palaces! All of them had all the conveniences we lacked in San Marino—some I never had imagined. There was plenty of electricity, the lights were brighter and the rooms well lit. Everyone had central heat, running water, refrigerators, washing machines and plenty of room.

Several months after arriving at the Vincenti's house, we moved to the upper level of another Sammarinese's house. The owner was a gentleman named Carlo Putti or "Carlein." There we had our own apartment in the upper level and I had a nice yard to play in.

At the start of my first summer, while I climbing over a fence, I fell and broke my arm. I had to wear a plaster cast for a couple of weeks. Boy, I was just miserable! The cast was heavy and my arm itched terribly. When the cast was finally removed, I can still remember how badly it smelled! Another experience occurred late one evening. I was alone in the kitchen and when I closed the refrigerator a mouse suddenly come from under a cabinet, ran across the floor and over my bare foot! I was so terrified I was speechless! It all occurred in less than few seconds, but I'll never forget that experience!



**Me and My Mother with Pina &
Orlando Raimondi in Carlo Putti's Kitchen
1949**



**My Dad and Mother with Dad's First Car in
Front of our First House
1900 Alden Street, Detroit, Michigan**

After several months, we moved from that house into our first house in 1949. I learned years later that our move was in part due to the fact that someone who lived close to Mr. Putti had called the police to complain that two families were living in Mr. Putti's house, using the excuse that we made too much noise. Twice the police were called and after the second visit by the police, we moved. Though I was too young to understand at the time I have learned that this is just one example of the discrimination that all immigrants learned to expect and endured. We spoke Italian, two families were living in one house and a neighbor did not like the arrangement or the language or distrusted foreigners in general so he called the police to get us out of there. No one questioned or challenged his attitudes or actions towards us.

ASSIMILATION

The first house my father bought, was at 1900 Alden Street in Detroit. It was actually two houses in one, with one house on the street level and the other house above it. I had my own bedroom and I liked the neighborhood because there were a number of children my age.

The house above us was soon occupied by another Sammarinese immigrant, Enzo” Cino” Mularoni and his wife Edda. He would later become a partner with my father in the Titanus Cement Company.

Before I continue, I feel that I must say a word about Titanus Cement Wall Company because it became a symbol of Sammarinesi people helping each other. For as long as I can remember, all the employees but two came from San Marino. As a matter of fact, many new Sammarinesi emigrants worked for Titanus for a few years until they could get help starting their own businesses. We often had newly arrived Sammarinesi living in our house for several months at a time to help them get started in this country. My parents were always charitable toward other Sammarinesi, giving what they could to help them.

I was enrolled in the first grade at a nearby public school named after the American soldier Custer. By now my English had improved and I was very comfortable with the language to the point that my report card invariably indicated that I still talked too much in class! I really enjoyed that neighborhood and made many friends. We decorated our own tree as we celebrated our second Christmas in America in that house. My sister Anna was born while we were living there.

I have very fond memories of Sundays and holidays when other

Sammarinesi families would come together and we would all eat as one big group. Cino and Edda Mularoni, Gigi and Fedora Vincenti along with their sons, and the Canducci family were all frequent visitors to our house and we to theirs. Later, Corrado Mularoni and his wife came over and other Sammarinesi joined us or we would go to their houses. There was a nucleus of close and supportive Sammarinesi families that always spent time together. This was a clear example of the Sammarinesi sense of family and enjoying life together.



A Typical Sunday: Dall'Olmos, Mularonis, Vincenti with a Growing Cadre of Children



**The Founders Titanus Cement Wall Company Partners:
Pilade-“Pete” Dall’Olmo, Cino Mularoni,
and Gigi Vincenti**

M

We

became best friends. We played in the open field next to his house along with several other friends. One of the girls who lived in the neighborhood could draw and color better than anyone I had ever known. Another talent this girl had and that I desperately wanted to do was that she could read books, especially comic books. I could hardly wait to learn to read because I wanted to read comic books about my heroes like the Lone Ranger and The Green Monster and others who were featured in radio programs every week.

A milkman delivered our milk in glass bottles from a horse-drawn wagon. In the summer these trucks had ice on them to keep the milk cool and we chased him down the street to beg for a chunk of ice; he always gave it to us, much to the chagrin the mothers who were afraid that the ice was dirty—we didn't care we loved it, especially the chase! The horse had a bag over its mouth so it could eat as he pulled the wagon. There was a picture of two tall evergreens painted on the sides of the truck. The name of the milk company was Twin Pines Dairy! Our newspaper was delivered in the evening by young men walking up and down the street shouting, "Paper, get your paper!"

This was the time my parents began to take lessons to learn English. They both worked hard and began they began to be more comfortable speaking their new language. They took the lessons at night after working a long, hard day. I could always hear a certain hesitancy in my mother's voice when she spoke English to other people. Some people in stores were very nice to my mother but there were others who were very unpleasant when they talked to her. I noticed that in some instances, people who spoke without an accent were treated better. An immigrant with poor language skills is always at risk for being taken advantage by unscrupulous store-

owners who sometimes charged different prices to different people. As my English language skills got better, I became the interpreter for my parents when they shopped. I was filled with pride that I could begin to help my parents.

I asked my mother one day, did she like being in America, did she miss being in San Marino? She said she enjoyed living in American and did not want to return to San Marino. She was proud of our house and the life she and my father were making. She had all the conveniences she lacked in Cailungo plus we had our own house with no other relatives living in it. Even though she did not drive a car until I taught her how in 1958, she felt much more independent in the US and she was happy with her friends. This independence was an important part of life and I can readily understand this feeling. I rarely, if ever, heard my mother complain about anything. She was always cheerful and always looked at the bright side of life and the best in people.

Out of a sense of family and out of the kindness of their heart My my parents sent financial assistance to all our relatives in San Marino- my grandmother Agatha, my mother's parents, my Zia and Zio Reffi and later, when all the other members of her family had passed, to Giorgietta. My father was a generous man and he always responded whenever family called.

We had nice neighbors in the house next to us, Maxine and George Ward. My mother and Maxine became best of friends. I saw my first television program at the Ward's house!! The television set was very small, by today's standards, perhaps 14 by 14 centimeters but the black and white picture was pretty clear. The program was the McCarthy hearings, during which the Senator asked people if they belonged to the Communist Party. I

was now seven years old but I remember that program because the attorney for Senator McCarthy seemed to ask all the questions and know all the answers. On Saturday afternoon, there were weekly television programs like "Hopalong Cassidy", "The Lone Ranger" and "The Cisco Kid". They were all about cowboys. Hopalong Cassidy, and his friend Gabby Hayes; the Lone Ranger and his faithful companion Tonto; and the Cisco Kid were heroes who always caught the "bad guys" in the Wild West. I liked the programs so much that I would leave the movie theater early on Saturday afternoon to go to the Ward's house to watch my heroes on their television.

Speaking of movies, there were two movie theaters about two kilometers from my house. For a twenty-five cent admission fee, I could watch two full-length feature films, half a dozen cartoons and some newsreel reports. The first full color feature movie I saw, "King Solomon's Mines" was breathtaking and beautiful! I was hooked on movies! I could spend all afternoon at the theater. Life was definitely getting better.

After my first year at a public school, I attended St Gregory Catholic School for the second and third grade and then, in 1953 we moved to a new neighborhood and a new house. I started attending St Monica Catholic School. I really was excited to move to this new house because it was close to a park and there were many other children to play with.

This was our fourth residence since immigrating to the US and none of the neighborhoods were located close to where other Italians or Sammarinese lived. I asked my father why he chose not to live around other Italian speaking people. He told me that he believed we would not become incorporated into the American society as quickly if we lived in mostly Italian speaking neighborhoods. I thought this was a very courageous

decision. Years later I realized that the same spirit that convinced my father to emigrate made him make these decisions on where we lived.

In 1955 my brother Dan was born. We continued to live on Vaughan Street until I graduated from University of Detroit Jesuit High School in 1961. My parents built their first house in Bloomfield Hills. Moving to America had a major impact on my education because it forced me to do all my homework by myself. Because my parents knew little English, and had little education they did not know enough to help me with my schoolwork. As in many things that seemed negative at the time, this experience had positive consequences. It forced me to become more self-reliant and not depend

on others to do my work for me. I learned that, to depend on anyone else. For me, an important lesson is that I discovered that there is almost nothing I cannot learn. This realization has served me well.

The Bloomfield Hills Home that my Father Built in 1962 and Where He Lived Until His Death in 1975

For the most part these were good years, but there were unpleasant episodes. I was called ugly names by other children simply because I was an immigrant. I frequently felt that I always had to be on guard against some of the children. At times I had the feeling that I was looked upon as a second-class citizens. I often felt that I had to prove myself. This social injustice, like the poverty I experienced earlier in my life, has provided great motivation for me to succeed. Success, it is said, is the best revenge. For the insults my family endured, for the insults I endured, for the insults I knew other Sammarinesi immigrants endured, I was determined to succeed for all of us!

CONTRASTING CULTURES

□ From 1954 to 1961, we returned to visit our relatives in San Marino four different times. This was important for me because these trips allowed me to expand my view of the world by observing others. These trips made me realize how important it was to maintain ties with other family members, even those far away. These trips also allowed me to see how people were treated in other parts of the world. During those years I was had enrolled in a classical education tract at a Jesuit-run high school. They stressed social justice for all people.. Trips to Europe allowed me to see a broad range of socially acceptable and unacceptable behavior. I was grateful for the opportunity to make these observations.

I began to realize that the American culture in which I was living was teaching me about me the importance of an open society in which opportunity was available for all, regardless of circumstances or class. I learned that this was the secret to America's great success; anyone could participate if they were willing to work. I also began to see differences in cultures and to become aware of certain aspects of both the Sammarinesi and American culture which I did not particularly like, aspects which I did not want to embrace in my life.

Today the American and Sammarinesi cultures share many common features but the contrast in cultures and opportunities between America and San Marino of the 1950s was very different and became more evident with every trip. San Marino in the 1950s was much different than it is today. The differences then were so great that unless one lived through it, it would be difficult to appreciate.

In essence the San Marino I left in 1948 and the San Marino that existed well into the late 1950's was for the most part a third world country with few opportunities for most of its citizens. It was poverty stricken, badly damaged and demoralized by the war and had few of the conveniences and technical advances I saw in the US during the same period. To make matters worse, there was a discriminatory class structure in place that was very difficult for many to overcome. If one lived in the countryside, he was considered a '*contadino*.' This label was often used to refer to more than just one who worked the land, it was also used as a derogatory name for an uneducated class of people who had little chance of advancement; those living in the countryside, the people who cleaned the houses and worked the farms. Enslaved by poverty and a lack of education, the group, "contadini," was considered the "peasant" class by many in Citta. I refer to those in Citta because in those days, the majority of the educated and more affluent citizens lived there. Sadly, I learned that using different labels we immigrants were treated to similar verbal scorn in our new country. I have been very disturbed by the derogatory attitudes of both the US and RSM people. If we had remained in San Marino my family would have been the contadini, in the US, for a time, we were "dagos" and "wops". Thankfully, as the civil rights movement took hold in the US, much of the name-calling was diminished and the only time one hears those pejorative labels is from the mouths of the most ignorant and uneducated. Fortunately I was able to use the prejudicial attitude as another motivating factor in my will to become successful. I promised that to myself.

With every trip back to San Marino the contrast between the US and the Sammarinese culture became more evident. In the US one had only to go

to school and study and all kinds of doors would be open. Along with the historical vestiges of class structure In San Marino, the economic conditions prevented many people from going to school prior to the 1960's. I feel very fortunate to live in the US and be encouraged by my parents to exploit all of the opportunities that an education could provide. .

Interestingly during the past few years I have begun to write a series of articles on the History of San Marino for the descendants of Sammarinesi immigrants. One of the articles describes the original composition of the Arengo which later became the Great and General Council. The Arengo was composed of sixty heads of families, twenty from the nobility, twenty from the merchant class and twenty from the peasant class. I am happy to see that these attitudes no longer exist in San Marino and that opportunities abound for all in San Marino today.

During those formative years in my life, I was encouraged to pursue an education by both my parents and many of the Sammarinesi. My parents never went beyond the fifth grade. My father needed to go to work at a young age to support his family and my mother's family did not have the financial resources. Not having a better education was a great disappointment for her and a major reason why she encouraged me to do well in my studies. Furthermore, none of the immigrants had yet received a university or professional degree in the United States. A university degree was very prized, a professional degree even more so. Many Sammarinesi family friends followed my educational pursuits and they, like my parents, offered me constant encouragement, hoping for me to be the first Sammarinesi immigrant to earn a university degree. They were another source of motivation for me because I appreciated how proud they would

be when one of their own brought home that prized document. At times the support felt like an overwhelming pressure, but it was good pressure that kept me going when I felt discouraged. I looked forward to day that I could share the joy of my accomplishments with my parents and their friends--my people.

THE POST EMIGRATION YEARS:

THE TRANSFORMATIONAL YEARS: 1961-1975

I call these years in my life transformational because these were the years I prepared myself to assume the responsibilities of an adult. In 1961, I entered the University of Michigan, where I embarked on a pre-medical education hoping to get into medical school. My parents encouraged me to obtain a university degree. It was my choice to attain a medical degree. By 1975, fourteen years later, after graduation from high school, I had obtained a Bachelor of Science degree in biology from the University of Michigan ('65), a Doctor of Medicine degree from Wayne State University Medical School ('69) and I had completed my training in General Surgery (four years) and Vascular Surgery (two years).

When I was a young child, I was puzzled by the importance my parents placed on my education since neither of them went beyond the fifth grade in San Marino. My mother had wanted to continue school but financially her family did not support her studies and instead her parents decided to use what financial resources they had to educate her brothers. She more than anyone made it clear to me just how limited the opportunities in life were without an education and how unhappy she was that she was unable to pursue her education. She had wanted to become a teacher. To understand just how important an education was to my mother one need only know that she returned to school sixty seven years of age and obtained her high school diploma at the age 70! She was easily the oldest student in her classes and it was not easy to compete academically with teenagers, but she had the advantage of

Graduation Day!!

great motivation and a lifetime of living experience. My mother was a wise woman who, by attending school, added information to the wealth of accumulated experiential knowledge. Our entire family attended her graduation and we all shed proud and joyful tears. Her smile was radiant! After seeing that everyone in her family received a good education and went as far as they wished in their studies, the celebration after her graduation was well deserved. This was a truly a remarkable achievement!.

GRADUATION DAY!!



My father had a successful business but instead of expecting me to go into business with him after high school like most of the sons of the other immigrants did. In the early years of the Titanus Cement Wall Company I watched my father work under the most brutal conditions. When the foundations of houses were prepared with large wooden panels that were 2.5 meters by 1 meter and weighed about 40-50 kilos. I watched these men carry these panels from excavation to excavation on their backs. They were like human mules, working hard like animals. I worked with these men during my summer vacations when I was in high school and at the university and from that difficult work, I learned that nothing could be as physically difficult as what those men did.

That was one reason that he always encouraged me to study and pursue my educational interests. When I got old enough, I used to work with his construction crews in the summer. The work was hard and also enjoyable because all the employees of the Titanus Cement Wall Company were from San Marino. Knowing they had to do that difficult labor because they lacked a good education, they all encourage me to stay in school and complete my studies.

Eventually the company could afford to purchase cranes to lift and move

the heavy panels, but working for Titanus remained grueling physical work especially on hot summer days after it had rained the night before. We worked in excavated areas below ground level and the rainwater would be trapped in the holes for several days. In order to keep our feet dry, we had to wear rubber boots that became muddy and heavy. Sometimes I felt like my legs each weighed 20 kilos! On one such hot day when I was working in the mud, struggling with a shovel to push the concrete around, my father appeared and looked over the edge of the excavation. He laughed and offered these words of advice in dialect, "Carluce, it is much easier to push a pencil than to push a shovel full of cement. Don't forget that". Not to worry, I never forgot the truth of those words. I also will never forget how hard the labor was for all the Sammarinese men working for Titanus Cement Wall. It was strenuous, physical work that could result in men being injured on the job.

In choosing a career, family influences did play a role in my decision. I had two uncles who were veterinarians and one uncle who was a physician. I admired them and their skill at helping heal animals and people. I saw the social status they had achieved and the affluent lives they led. Whenever I visited them in San Marino we talked about careers and I told them I was thinking of a career in surgery. They always offered encouragement. My dream was to be a surgeon since I was about sixteen years old. I had read the books of Dr Tom Dooley, an American surgeon in Laos. His writings were very inspirational. I found the challenge of curing an illness or improving someone's quality of life to be very appealing. Surgery offered me that opportunity. My most important goal, from 1961-1965 was to do well at the University of Michigan so that my grades would permit me to enter medical school. □When it came to working hard in school, I never

once complained because I knew that nothing in my studies was harder than the work I did for the Titanus Cement Wall Company. In fact, studying was a whole lot easier.

Entry into medical school in the United States is quite different from the way it is in Europe. At American schools one must compete for a limited number of positions; the competition for medical school seats is intense so the competition for good grades is as well. Pre-med has to be the most competitive major at the university. Each year there are more applicants than seats available in the country's medical schools so the possibility of not being accepted was pretty high. Because of this, my four years at the University of Michigan were spent studying very hard and preparing as best I could for the medical school entrance exams—the Med CATS. One must do well, very well in those exams to even be considered for admission to medical school. Fortunately, I did do well on those exams in 1964 and was accepted to the Wayne State Medical School in 1965. My career path was set. I received my Doctor of Medicine degree in 1969 and pursued my surgical training from 1969-1975. I did become the first Sammarinese emigrant in the United States to obtain a medical degree. Obtaining my medical degree was a great personal triumph for me and it was also a moment for me to bring honor to my family and to all of the San Marino emigrants. Becoming a vascular surgeon was the culmination of all my efforts. Vascular surgery (a subspecialty in surgery) is a field that I have enjoyed my entire career and I continue to be stimulated by its challenges. I could never have imagined having as enjoyable and fulfilling career as I have enjoyed and I am most grateful.

I was during these transformational years, in 1967, that I married my we,

Deneil. We have four children: Elissa, Carlo, Anna and Andrew. And we have been blessed with five grandchildren: Christien, Austen, Savanna, Giancarlo and Isabella. In 1971, we returned to visit relatives in San Marino for the first time as a family. We brought both Elissa and Carlo who were three years and one year-old.

I could see that much had changed in San Marino from 1964 to 1971. It was obvious that the San Marino I knew as a boy had disappeared. Now there were starting to be more homes, big homes, and San Marino had become much more cosmopolitan. Deneil had been to Europe and Italy as a child, but she fell in love with her adopted country and the warm, welcoming family she met there. We continue to return to visit relatives in San Marino whenever possible and are happy to see that our children now visit on their own. Our sons Carlo and Andrew and grandson Christien have attended the Sorgurni and speak passable Italian. Our daughter, Elissa speaks it very well. All of them are very proud of their San Marino heritage.

San Marino And My Professional Career

□ There was one event in my professional career when my having San Marino contacts was a great benefit to me and my group of surgeons. The year was 2001 and we in the United States were just beginning to perform an angioplasty procedure on the carotid artery. Getting additional experience for this procedure was difficult in the United States so I asked a surgical colleague of mine from Modena, Italy, Dr Romero, if he knew of anyone in Italy who performed these procedures. He recommend two physicians in Ravenna, Drs Alberto Cremonesi and Fausto Castriota. When I mentioned this to my friends in San Marino, they told me they knew these physicians very well and when I visited, they personally took me to Ravenna to introduce me to them. This was a great help and I appreciated it very much. My partner, Dr Molnar, and I spent two weeks in Ravenna getting more experience doing carotid angioplasty and we were very grateful to those in San Marino for their help.

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Looking back, it is one thing to talk about observations and immigration experiences, however, one has to also look at the impact all these experiences have on one's sense of self. These experiences can make or break the immigrant. . Ultimately emigration is a journey in which the emigrant's will and courage, confidence and self determination are severely tested. It is ultimately a perilous journey because of the unknowns along the way. It is every immigrant's Odyssey.

Like the odyssey of Ulysses, the emigrant's journey is not measured in miles but rather in the number of disappointments and triumphs, in the number and length of sleepless nights, in the hours of concern about the well being of family members, in the hours of loneliness and unhappiness. The journey is filled with challenges and unexpected obstacles. Many different people will be met along the road, some like the sirens Ulysses encountered will appear to be friendly but ultimately will destroy a man's will or character. Some will truly lend a helping hand while others will do all to make the journey more difficult.

Ultimately, like Ulysses, there is the test of character. When challenged by adversity, how will the person respond? Will he have the resolve to overcome all adversity and succeed in the endeavor, like Ulysses did, or will the challenges and adverse circumstances break his spirit and cause him to retreat and pursue a less challenging journey? The answer to this question is different for everyone. For some who emigrate with greater skills or maturity and have some luck, the journey will be shorter and success will come earlier. For those who emigrate with few skills but with a willingness to work, their determination and willingness to undertake any challenge will serve them well. For some, adversity will confront no matter

where they turn. How each responds is the measure of the person's character. These were the challenges that my parents had to overcome.

For me immigration experience filled me with self-doubt as I was growing up. I constantly wondered, "What is expected of me?" Having come to America as a young child from a small country, the Republic of San Marino, what did I need to learn or do that would help me be accepted? How would I "fit in". My family's success or failure to forge a successful life, to do more than simply survive would have an immense impact on how I would live my life and despite their prospering in our new country, I was always measuring my abilities and work against my peers; wondering if I could compete with someone who was born in the US and had its advantages since birth. How would I compare with them when it came to taking exams? Pursuing a career? How hard would I have to work to prove myself? Was I working hard enough?

I came to realize that some of these are questions that every person has struggled with one time or another and they are not unique to immigrants. For the young immigrant, however, knowing the answers sometimes felt like matters of life and death. I survived of course and can look back and see that my parents and upbringing had provided me with the foundations for my character to strengthen in the face of adversity and doubt. Over the years I did learn a great deal because of my immigration experience. The lessons I learned were not learned overnight, some took years. The following are some of the important benefits I believe have received through my immigration experience.

- The emigration experience made me realize how proud I am to be of Sammarinese heritage and to be a San Marino citizen. I hope this never changes for me and I hope my children's children have the opportunity to become Sammarinesi citizens.

- Nothing in life is as important as comforting, supportive, and loving parents, friends and partners. I did not have to become an immigrant to realize this but through my emigration experience, I realized how fortunate I was to have the parents I had. Unfortunately my father died at a young age, 61, just as I was finishing my surgical studies and I wish often I had more time to spend and talk with him. His courage and that of my mother were incredible. Their willingness to take risks like going to a strange, new country without knowing the language was another indication of their character. This lesson taught me never to fear the unknown. Never walk away from a challenge.

- I learned the true meaning of dedication and sacrifice from my parents and all Sammarinesi emigrants to the US. My mother was forever doing things that made the life of all in our family easier and more enjoyable. From cooking every day to sewing and doing charitable things for others, such as cooking bread for the nuns or for church fundraisers, she was always giving of herself. She will be 90 years old on January 1, 2010, and she is still baking and cooking for everyone!

- I learned the value of friends from other immigrants. Here the San Marino Social Club played a crucial role. I saw families socialize because they had a common source of origin, common language and common traditions. The Club allowed them to carry on their traditions as if they were in San Marino. It felt like a very safe and comforting place for them. For most of

us it made the transition from San Marino to America much easier. The Club continues to be important for the future generations of our Sammarinesi immigrants to keep close ties to our heritage.

- I learned that the customs and values of one's culture and country of origin are important whenever anyone emigrates. The love of family and fairness, along with a good work ethic will make a person more willing to do whatever it takes to succeed. I also learned that some cultural and/or ethnic attitudes should be discarded and not passed on to future generations.

- From the San Marino culture I came to realize that the class structure that existed in the 1950s was not a positive aspect of country. While it seemed to benefit a few, it was actually very damaging to everyone. It's possible that one could make an argument that the class system contributed to San Marino's impoverished economic situation at a time when the rest of Europe starting to recover from WWII. A country's most valuable resource is its people and if they do not have the means or incentives to develop to their full potential, they and the country suffer. Fortunately those days are past. There is opportunity today. The challenge is whether there is also the will to pursue those opportunities.

- I have learned from the American culture that while there is great opportunity there, it's sense of community is very different from that of San Marino. The United States is a country composed of many different ethnic groups. This is often its strength and sometimes its weakness. Often these groups compete for resources and recognition and the society appears to be divided. If there is a crisis, however, everyone pulls together and the differences are put aside. America is the most generous nation on earth, yet it has many homeless people. The paradoxes that exist**

in the richest country on earth are baffling.

•In the end, I have learned that I have been able to confidently face adversities. I've been able to do that because by overcoming many obstacles I can believe in myself. I have enjoyed my journey and in the end every immigrant must answer one question: Who am I? Am I Sammarinese or am I an American? The answer is simple - I am part of both. I dearly love my Sammarinese heritage and hope to have my children and grandchildren continue to embrace it and enjoy their cousins in San Marino. I also hope to have those cousins visit us. □We are and will always be of Sammarinese heritage, regardless of geographic location. It is a source of pride. It is a source of identity. It is unique in this world to identify one's self as being from San Marino. I never tire of telling people about that beautiful mountain. In my professional presentations, I even show photographs of San Marino and weave it into my talks.

onn and Zia Tarcisio Arzilli- for the love and support you always gave me;□• □

• My wife Deneil- for your love ,devotion; companionship and willingness to explore new and uncharted waters;□• □

• My children Elissa, Carlo, Anna and Andres-for the joy you create everyday in my life; □• □

• My brother and sister, Dan and Anna- for always giving your support;□• □

• Sister Mary Corinna, my 8th grade teacher – your advocacy on my behalf and your belief in my ability was the key to opening the door of opportunity for me;□• □

• Dr Jim Alderisio-for your advice on educational pursuits;□• □

• The Jesuits- for the best education one could receive and for teaching me the true values in life;□• □•

Linone- for always being a friend;□• □•

Livio Capicchioni- who, in struggling to overcome cancer, demonstrated more than any other that “life is to be lived”;□• □

• Lucio Capicchioni-for the passion you show when talking about the need to maintain our Sammarinese heritage, forever;□• □

• My grandchildren Christien, Austen, Isabella and GianCarlo- for their unwavering love;□• □

- **Dr Joseph Ponka- whose teaching of compassion and respect for the human condition I carry with me everyday of my life; □• □**
- **Dr Emerick Szylagyi- who passed away November 1, 2009- for teaching that our work must be honestly, constantly and critically scrutinized; □• □**
- **Drs Albert Macksood and Rick Sherrin- no two men could have been better partners to work with; □• □**
- **Drs Allan Ippolito, Wayne Kinning, John McIlduff, Greg Fortin, Robert Molnar, Scott Garner, Rusty Becker and David Wilson and Mr. Gary Paavola- for your support and efforts in creating the Michigan Vascular Center;**
- **Roberto, Milena, Federica, Maria Luisa, Francesco, Chiara, Tomaso, Sandro, Marcella, Andrea, Alessia, Sauro, Mariella, Iacobo and Riccardo- our young Sammarinesi relatives who will interact with my children and grandchildren.**

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CONCLUSION

To say that I have been fortunate is an understatement. Besides having the parents I had, emigration is the best thing that happened to me. The examples of hard work, sacrifice and courage displayed by all Sammarinesi emigrants plus the tribulations experienced by every emigrant were motivating forces in my life.

Honor and dedication to family and country- both San Marino and the USA-have been and remain my continued goal in life. On May 14, 2008, I was honored to be named a Console della Repubblica di San Marino. I consider this a great honor and privilege and a great opportunity. My goal will be to create educational exchange programs in the US for the youth of San Marino.

For my family and my fellow Sammarinesi emigrants, I will continue to pursue my medical career and other interests that I have. These interests include working with the San Marino Club, performing video interviews of old members to capture their story before it is too late and trying to get the young generation of Sammarinesi-Americans active in the Club.

Emigration was only the beginning of the journey of my life. It continues today and I realize I have much left to do.

Respectfully,

Carlo A. Dall'Olmo, MD

BIOGRAPHY

□Name: Carlo Augusto Dall'Olmo, MD

Age: 66 years old

Section of Choice: Section 1: Memory

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Born: April 6, 1943 □ Cailungo, Republic of San Marino, Italy

Emigration to US: October, 1948

**Education:: □Elementary School: St. Gregory and St Monica1949-
1956: □High School: University of Detroit Jesuit High School: 1956-
1961 □University: University of Michigan: 1961-1965 □Medical School:
Wayne State Medical School: 1965-1969 □General Surgery Training:
Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, Mi: 1969-1974 □Vascular Surgery
Training: Henry For Hospital, Detroit, Mi 1974-1975**

Employment: Michigan Vascular Center: 1975- PRESENT

**CURRENT POSITIONS: □Console della Repubblica di San Marino:
2008-Present □President: Michigan Vascular Center: 2000-
Present □Chairman: Society for Vascular Surgery Political Action
Committee □Delegate, American College of Surgery, to the American
Medical Association □President: Michigan Vascular Research Center**

Marital Status: Married Deneil McGarrigle: June 17,

1967 □

Children: Elissa Scheer: September 2,

1968 □

Carlo Peter-Andrew Dall'Olmo: June 8,

1970 □

Anna Garcia: June 6,

1977 □

Andrew Dall'Olmo: