

An Emmigrant's Journey
from Constantine, Algeria
to San Jose, California

By Josephine B. Calleri
417 Ardis Ave
San Jose, California 95117
408-296-8230

Preface

The prologue was written in response to my daughter, Ann's suggestion that I write our immigration history for her children.

I decided to write them a letter, but phrased it to accommodate their young ages and understanding, at that time, 1985.

I decided to include that letter in this essay as it was, since that history was the beginning of my family's arrival in San Jose so many years later.

I abbreviated the Jamestown section of the essay because I wanted to concentrate on the San Jose years and its phenomenal growth since the Korean War and wished to conform to the space limitation of the essay rules.

I visited the library and read many of the year 2000 prize winners and was so impressed by them that I almost gave up. However, my friends encouraged me to enter the contest anyway just for my own satisfaction because I never like to quit anything I've started!

Prologue



Maria L. Barile

Josephine's Story

Dear *Michael & Jean*:

Your mother asked me to write out for you the story of our family's migration to this country, the United States of America, so that you and future generations would know about your maternal ancestors as far as I know them.

The reason I know the story is that when I was a little girl, we had no radio or television, so that on winter evening we would all sit around the wood stove in the living room and my mother, your great-grandmother, Maria Lombardo Barile, would entertain us by telling us stories of when she was a little girl growing up in Sicily, Italy and how she met your great-grandfather, Michael Barile.

Maria was born in a small town in Sicily on April 18, 1880. That was 105 years ago. imagine that: She was the youngest of a large family and was orphaned when she was about 2 or 3 years old. That means that both her mother and father died. She lived with her older brothers and sisters. They were all poor people so she wasn't always welcome with some of her sister-in-laws. She told us a story of how when she was about 8 years old, she put a snake in her sister-in-laws bed. Of course, that was a very naughty thing to do and you can be sure she was severely punished for it. She also told us of how at times there was very little to eat and they had to have bread and onions to eat sometimes. Of course, there's nothing wrong with onions. They're a very healthy vegetable because they have lots of vitamins, but little children like other things better, don't they?

Anyway, when she was 18 years old she met Michael Barile who was visiting in her village. He was 36 years old and that was twice as old as she was. He was born on March 18, 1857, place of birth unknown. Anyway they decided they loved each other and wanted to get married. I forgot to mention that he was

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visiting from his home in North Africa, Algeria. So, Maria's older brother, Joseph, objected to her marrying a man so much older and from a different country. However, she was tired of always having to live with relations and not having a home of her own, so she eloped, that means went away, with Michael without their consent. They traveled to Tunis and from there to Constantine, Algeria, where his family already lived. I don't remember hearing very much about them. But his mother, my grandmother, your great-great grandmother, lived there, too.

Maria and Michael lived there 20 years altogether. Michael formed a partnership with a friend, name unknown, in a mine about 20 miles outside of Constantine. They mined granite from a mountain side which was used in building bridges, houses, etc. The partner was in charge of the accounts and money (capital) while Michael was in charge of the quarry works (the mine). He hired the native laborers Arabs and organized the actual work of quarrying the blocks of stones.

Their house was built against the mountain side, so the entire back wall was the mountain.

During those 20 years, many things happened, of course. The most important were that they had 12 children, four of whom died in infancy (little babies). They had a good life. Michael was a good father and loved his family dearly. He loved to buy them presents and make sure they always had good food and a good home to grow up in.

The children attended a convent school where they learned to speak French as Algeria was at that time a French colony. Maria learned to speak French and also the native Arabic language, because they employed many native laborers at the quarry as I said before.

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As I said, they enjoyed a very good life and the quarry was very successful. Although there were problems, of course. In every life there must be problems, or life could become very boring, right? The two oldest children, Rose and Ernest became ill with smallpox, a terrible disease. They both became well again but had bad pock marks on their faces for the rest of their lives. Ernest's were deeper than Rose's. However, they gradually cleared up somewhat and were not too disfiguring as they grew older.

Arcelia was also very ill at one time. Her school mates missed her so much because she was a very bright and pretty little girl and when she was well enough to receive visitors, the whole class came to visit her and brought her presents.

During their eighteenth or nineteenth year, around 1898-1900, Michael became very ill for several weeks. They didn't have the wonderful medicines that we have today, such as penicillin, etc., so it took a lot longer for people to get well again and many people didn't get well. However, Michael was fortunate enough to get well. However, while Michael was so sick, Maria was able to manage the actual working of the quarry works. But the partner, took all the operating capital, the money out of the bank and went away with it. So there wasn't any money to pay the laborer's wages, or other expenses of operating the mine and feeding the family. The laborers became very angry and one day, when Maria looked out the window of their house, she saw some Arabs about to attack Michael, so she quickly grabbed a pistol and shot over their heads to scare them off. At first they tried to keep up the business with bank loans. During that time, Maria would drive a surrey with a fringe on top 20 miles to the bank in Constantine for the payroll money with one of the older children, probably Rose or Ernest. She carried a pistol on a belt in case bandits tried to rob her, because

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in those days, 20 miles was a long way to go with a horse and buggy. What I should say is that 20 miles then is the same as 20 miles today. It just took longer to ride 20 miles with a horse and surrey than with a car as we do today. The reason we know it was a surrey with a fringe on top is that one day when we went to San Juan Battista in California, Arcelia saw a surrey with a fringe and she exclaimed, "Why that's like the buggy we had in Constantine".

Anyway it was a losing battle. Michael found it impossible to carry on the business, since he didn't know how to arrange the accounts, bookkeeping and other administrative details so he went further and further in debt and finally had to give up the business.

The family moved into Constantine where they lived in a small house. At this time there were seven children, Ernest, Vincente Antoine, Arcelia, Anthony, Annette and Mary. I had not been born yet.

Michael had to work out of town so he would be away weeks at a time. As you can imagine, this was not very nice for the mother and children. They missed him dreadfully.

Maria worked as a kitchen help at the Convent and the Sisters gave her food to take home to the children. The older ones looked after the younger children. She also added to her income by keeping her oven hot with a fire underneath it and people brought their loaves of risen bread dough to bake and paid her for the use of her oven. Arcelia remembers how cozy it was sleeping in the loft above the oven in the wintertime, but how hot it was in the summer, so they moved their bedding to a cooler spot during the summer months.

The older children also helped to earn some money by running errands for people, such as going to the store, or delivering messages as there were no

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telephones at that time. They also lighted the stoves for the Jewish people on their Sabbath as it is against their religion to do any work on that day. They would prepare all their food the day before the Sabbath. Arcelia remembered going to their homes and striking the match to light the burners under the pots. They were paid a few pennies for this service.

Maria and the family were very unhappy that Michael had to be away so much of the time. You know how it is that Dad has to commute to Grand Rapids to his office and how late it is when he gets home at night. This was even worse because Michael was gone for weeks, or days at a time. One day Maria went to a fortune teller, a person who was psychic and thought they could tell people what was going to happen in the future. Sometimes things they foretold did happen and other times not. However, in this case, the fortune teller said, "You should be receiving a letter from far away soon". And this came true! Not too long afterward, Maria received a letter from her brother Joseph, who had migrated to the U.S. several years after Maria was married and moved to Algeria. He now lived in Jamestown, N. Y. with his family and other brothers and sisters. He said in his letter, "I've been having many dreams about you lately and am very worried that you and your family are having trouble." "Write to me and tell me if anything is wrong."

Maria had never learned to read and write when she was a little girl because they were very poor peasants in Italy and only rich people could go to school in those days. However, there were people who were willing to write letters for a few pennies and Maria went to one of those people who read the letter to her and she told this person what to write in answer to his letter. She told him about their troubles and losing the business, etc. Joseph answered her letter

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by suggesting to her that she and her family migrate to the U.S.

When Michael came home between jobs out of town, she showed him the letter and urged him to make this move. He didn't want to do this. By this time he was 56 years old and thought it was too late for him to learn a new trade. However, she was very anxious to go and kept talking about it so he finally gave in and agreed to go to Jamestown by himself to study the situation and what the possibilities for earning a living and supporting his family were. When he left Maria was expecting the eighth child, which she named Josephine Michaeline (Grandma Jo) in honor of St. Joseph with prayers that he would take care of Michael in his travels.

Well Michael arrived in Jamestown without any difficulty and all of Maria's relatives welcomed him royally. However, he discovered that there were very few job opportunities for him as a foreigner and an older man, so he decided to return to Constantine. But Maria decided she wanted to see the new place for herself, so she raised enough money by selling the furniture, horse and surrey, and some other equipment. Michael's mother, your great, great grandmother, said, "If you're determined to go, why don't you leave the three boys with me and just take the four girls and the baby. You can send for the boys later." But Maria refused to consider this. She said, "Oh, no, we all go together or not at all."

When people traveled by steerage, all the people were in the bottom deck of the ship. the women and girls on one end and the men and boys at the other. Maria had been told that the food wasn't very appetizing or tasty. It was all thrown together in some kind of a container and she knew that her children wouldn't want to eat such slop. She baked lots of loaves of bread with cinnamon, raisins, and butter so it would keep for quite a long time without getting

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moldy. She also made delicious cheese and packed the breads and cheeses in wicker hampers (like big baskets with covers). That way the children could eat bread and cheese, drink milk and have fruit, so they didn't go hungry.

After all preparations were made, they said good-bye to all the relatives and took the train to Algiers where the ship was in the harbor. At the dock, while waiting to go on board ship, they met a young French couple who were worried about being separated on the ship at night, so Maria agreed to look after the bride. Maria had let Tony's hair grow long and dressed him in dresses so he could stay with the women and girls. At that time he was about 8 years old and hated being dressed like a girl! The husband looked after the two older boys at night.

When they arrived in the U.S. in New York City Harbor, they sailed past the Statue of Liberty and on to Ellis Island where they finally got off the ship. On the Island, doctors and nurses examined them thoroughly to be sure they were healthy, otherwise they would have been sent back to Algeria.

On the Island, Travelers Aid Society people helped the new immigrants by furnishing meals and helping them to exchange their French money for American money. From there they went to the Grand Central Station in N.Y.C. where they bought tickets for Jamestown, N.Y. While she was buying the tickets, a lady with three children from Sicily was trying to buy her tickets, but she had not known to change her Italian Lira into American dollars, so the station agent would not sell her any tickets. This poor lady could not understand why this man would not take her money and was very upset and her children began to cry. So Maria loaned her the money she needed after she explained to her what was wrong. This lady was going to Pennsylvania and they exchanged addresses and she later sent the money to Jamestown after she joined her husband in Pennsylvania.

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Then they arrived in Jamestown, after traveling all day on the train. This was in September, 1913, there was no one at the station and they were all hot and tired and hungry. Michael didn't know they were coming. He had hoped to get back to Algeria before they left. When this French speaking lady and 8 children got off the train, there was a young man there who turned out to be one of her Sicilian cousins. He was quite excited, of course, seeing this family there with no one to meet them. He quickly sent a message on ahead and showed them the way to Tower Street where Joseph and his family lived and where Michael had been staying. Actually Michael had been going around saying " Good-bye" to everybody. But, of course, after the family arrived he had to stay. There wasn't enough money to take the family back.

He was never happy here and only lived 3 years. He died on Oct. 9th, 1916 at the age of 59. It was difficult to accept the fact that he could not support his own family. In Algeria, he had been a respected businessman. Here he was considered a foreigner and despised. In those days, many Americans looked down on foreigners with disrespect and it was very hard. Ernest and Rose went to work in the worsted mills,--- factories where woolen yarn was woven into cloth. Arcelia went to work when she was 12 years old with her cousin's work permit. This cousin's name was Sarah and we all started calling her Sarah so she would get used to it. When inspectors came through the mills checking to see that no children were working there, the older women would hide Arcelia so she wouldn't be caught. Michael hated to see his little daughters do such hard work. He would walk them to the trolley cars early in the morning, before daylight, and meet them when they returned home again in the dark.

When they came to this country, Rose was 17 years old, Ernest was 15,

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Vincent, 13, Arcelia 10, Tony, 8, Annette, 5, Mary 2.5 and Josephine (Grandma Jo) 4 months old. These ages are approximate, since our birth certificates were destroyed when our house burned down, so we had to go by 1920 census.

Someday, I may write more about how it was when we first came to this country and how we adjusted to such a different way of life.

I hope you'll keep this little history safe so that you can show it to your own children and grandchildren some day.

There's a picture of Maria for you. Unfortunately, Michael's picture was lost when a dishonest man came by and took the picture away with him with the \$1.00 that Maria paid him to make an enlargement. He kept the \$1.00 and never returned either the picture or the enlargement.

I forgot to mention that one child was born in this country in or about 1914. Her name was Salvatrice. She died of complication resulting from measles and flu when she was about 4 years old.

Between 1820 and 1920 about thirty million immigrants arrived in the United States. At first most of these immigrants were from Northern Europe, Ireland, Germany and Scandinavian Countries. Many of them arrived at the Port of New York. In later 1860's the next influx of immigrants came from the Mediterranean Countries and Eastern Europe. They were generally welcomed although there were some restrictions by this time, Ellis Island was prepared to process the immigrants' health checks, financial means, etc. After 1921 when quotas on immigration began, mostly northern and western Europeans were allowed into the U.S.

In 1913 when we arrived, we were very fortunate to go immediately to Jamestown, NY. instead of staying in New York City, as many did.

Jamestown had a large Swedish population which had established themselves very successfully.

With my mother's relatives to help us get acclimatized and settled into a predominately Italian section, we also became integrated.

We all (except the youngest three girls) were immediately entered at the St. James School. Of course, there were language difficulties since the Barile family were the only French speaking immigrants in the city!

However, through the years we all were educated and became American citizens. Of course, it wasn't an entirely painless process. There were many traumatic events.

Of the original eight immigrant children, I was the only one to gain a higher education by being accepted at Albany State Teachers College, after my graduation from Jamestown High School in 1931, I borrowed money from the AAUW and College Funds and worked for my room and board with a wonderful family, with whom I stayed all four years until graduating in 1935.

Those were depression years so I was fortunate to get a job teaching Business courses at Pine Hill High School in Cheektowaga, N.Y., a suburb of Buffalo, for the munificent sum of \$1000, which was excellent in those days. The one restriction was that single women could not marry.

In 1937, I met I. Michael Calleri (Bud) who taught Woodworking, Mechanical Drawing and coached Baseball.

In 1938 we were secretly married, and I continued teaching until 1939, when we remarried in the St. James Church in Jamestown.

In 1941, that "Day of Infamy" when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, changed all our lives! I remembered asking Bud, "Where is Pearl Harbor?" So we looked it up. Bud changed jobs and started working for Curtis Wright Aircraft in Engineering where the salaries were much better for supporting a family.

In 1942 David Michael was born and in 1945 Ann Maria came along.

In 1946 we bought a house and moved from our little 3 room apartment, taking Bud's mother with us since it was no longer safe for her to live alone.

In February, 1949 we persuaded Bud's brother Joe and his wife Helen and daughter, Janet to move into our home by continuing the house payments and leave everything for them to use so they would not have to unpack their own furniture, and we could drive to San Jose, California to visit my sister, Sarah, and her family and look for an Engineering position for Bud.

We bought a good used 4-door Nash, packed necessities, David (6) and Ann (4) into the back seat and took off. We stopped off to say "good by" to the family in Jamestown. We decided to travel the southern route to avoid the winter Rockies. It was quite an adventure, but I can't take time and space for that story. We arrived in San Jose before February 24 and were royally welcomed by Sarah and Joe Palermo. We stayed with them until October. I immediately got a secretarial job in the International Division of the Food Machinery Corp. (FMC). They sold food processing machinery all over the world. Their Sales Engineers mailed me their reports which I typed up into combined Purchasing and Sales contracts.

However, it was a different story for Bud. There was a recession and no openings in Engineering fields. So he worked in the orchards when the fruits were ready for picking and did other ranch work before that.

By June, we decided it was time to return to Buffalo, so we wrote to Joe and Helen that we were returning in July. Helen wrote immediately that the home they were building would not be ready for a long time and there wasn't enough room for all of us there!

We all loved San Jose and really didn't want to leave. Santa Clara Valley was truly the "Valley of Hearts Delight" especially in the spring when all the orchards were in bloom. The wonderful fragrance filling the air was unbelievable!

After discussing our dilemma with Sarah and Joe and some friends, John and Bob Joyce, who suggested that we buy a lot in one of the new subdivisions in west San Jose and build our new home there. This was off Stevens Creek Rd., a two lane country road.

While we were with Sarah and Joe, during the winter, there was a frost and one morning we woke up with blackened faces especially around the mouth and nose. Ann looked at us and then herself in the mirror and asked, "what happened to us last night?" "There was a frost, Honey, and the ranchers had to burn the smudge pots in the orchards so the smoke would protect the fruit from freezing."

Orchardists had already realized the potential in selling their lands to developers for home building. The trees were bulldozed and trunks dynamited to make space for new subdivisions. Ellis W. Fenley and Margret A. Fenley were such ranchers who had already started doing this in their orchard in West San Jose. We bought Lot #39 (See Plot Map #1) from Mr. and Mrs. Fenley, Track # 641, Arcadia Manor, Unit#2, \$1,400.00 with a \$100.00 down payment. (See map in the illustrations.)

The day we finalized the purchase of the building site, Mr. Fenley emphatically stated, "Believe me, some day Stevens Creek Road will be a Million Dollar Highway!" Truer words were never spoken, except that I think he understated it!

In order to start building our own place, we had to sell our home in Buffalo. Bud's sister, Maria, offered to buy the place so their mother would be safe there. Then we could apply for a building loan from the First National Bank. We needed to have enough funds to build the foundation before we could get the first installment on our loan. Which, Bud did while I continued working at FMC and the children David (6) and Ann (4) were in Child Care at Hester School. David was in Second Grade and Ann in Kindergarten, although she was a little young, but would be five in January.

David had completed First Grade at the historic Burbank School, a one school, school district on San Carlos and Wabash Ave's, which is still an unincorporated area, and is still an eight grade school.

Because of the recession in '48 and '49 jobs were scarce, so many carpenters created their own jobs. They would buy a lot from an orchardist, start building a house, living in part of it until it's completion,

when they would start another, move into it and sell the first one. They would do this over and over again without requiring a contractor's license.

In October, 1949, we started the foundation. Bud secured the electric wiring for our building from San Jose. The man building next to us no. 409, a Mr. Plummer, used our electricity in exchange for the loan of his power machinery, saws etc.

Bob Joyce offered to hire a roofer to roof our house in exchange for Bud's services in building the fireplace in the house he was building.

Bud agreed, since he knew more about building fireplaces than he did about roofing.

Ardis Ave had been graded but not paved because of the rains, so we drove to our building site through the walnut orchard behind our place (Now Bundy Ave). As soon as the foundation was completed, Bud started building the garage so we could move into it. In January, 1950 we move in and furnished it with Goodwill's best. We found a lovely old fashioned stove with a wood burner in one end which helped heat the room. We had a bathroom complete with shower, laundry tub, etc. Actually it was quite comfortable, a little like deluxe camping! See the photographs on page 5 including a picture of the house as it looks today.

While we were still in the garage in the summer of 1950, after Ardis Ave was paved, private builders, and developers built homes all around us and to the end of the block. People moved in fast as the houses were completed so we suddenly had good neighbors. See plot map of Arcadia Manor. The prune orchard at the end of the block was still there so that Ann and her friends could go there for picnics and playtimes. The children attended Monroe School by bus until Cypress School was completed in 1953, an addition to the Campbell School District. Now they could all walk to school. This was happening all over the county. School Districts throughout the County were adding schools as rapidly as possible during the Fifties and Sixties to accommodate the influx of new residents.

We moved into our completed house just about Christmas in 1950. Bud's sister, Maria, had packed and shipped our furniture, so we were able to donate the garage furnishings back to Goodwill.

Bud started working in the Engineering Department of the California Water Service Co. where he worked for 19 years until his retirement in 1969.



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I quit my job at FMC and enrolled at San Jose State to qualify for an Elementary Teaching Credential in 1953. I received my Credential and started teaching fifth grade in the Moreland School District in Sept. 1954. At this time there were only two schools in the district, Moreland School and El Quito Park School. I started teaching in the Moreland School which was built on the same site as the original school at the corner of Payne Ave and Saratoga Ave. Moreland District was the first Elementary rural School District, established in 1851. There is a California State Historical Marker on Payne Ave, although the school is gone and low cost Apartments are there now. See page 8.

Zecharia Moreland and his family, six of his eight children, traveled by wagon train from Missouri in the Spring of 1846.

He bought land at the corner of Payne and Saratoga Avenues, extending to Doyle Road. and San Tomas Aquino Road.

He and his son, Tom, planted wheat on part of the farm. The Moreland House and farm were on the northeast corner of what is now Saratoga and Payne Ave's.

Moreland School started as a "subscription" school with pupils meeting in private homes and parents contributing to pay the teacher's salary.

In 1851 the first School District was established. The first school was for three months and taught by Charles LaFollette in his home.

The second term was a 6-month term in the home of Abraham Featherman.

At first there were only 2 or 3 pupils, but the enrollment gradually increased to 23 pupils.

In the early years, the school opening date was largely determined by the prune picking season so the students could work in the orchards.

In 1852 Moreland started to build a new home on the west side of Payne Ave.

He offered to sell the original house for \$350 for a school and meeting hall, contributing \$50 to the School District #2 formed in 1850. He felt that having the school across the road would prevent the children from tramping across his wheat field!

This was a good start but the school might not have survived, if it had not been for Sam Curtis Rogers, to become State Historic Landmark #489.

Sam Rogers came from Indiana. He was the only teacher in the newly formed District and at first held classes in his own home until the school was built.

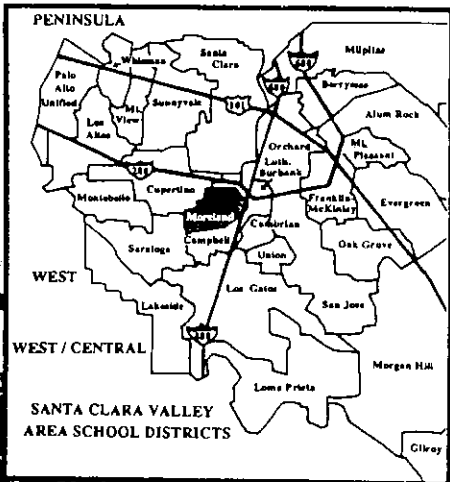
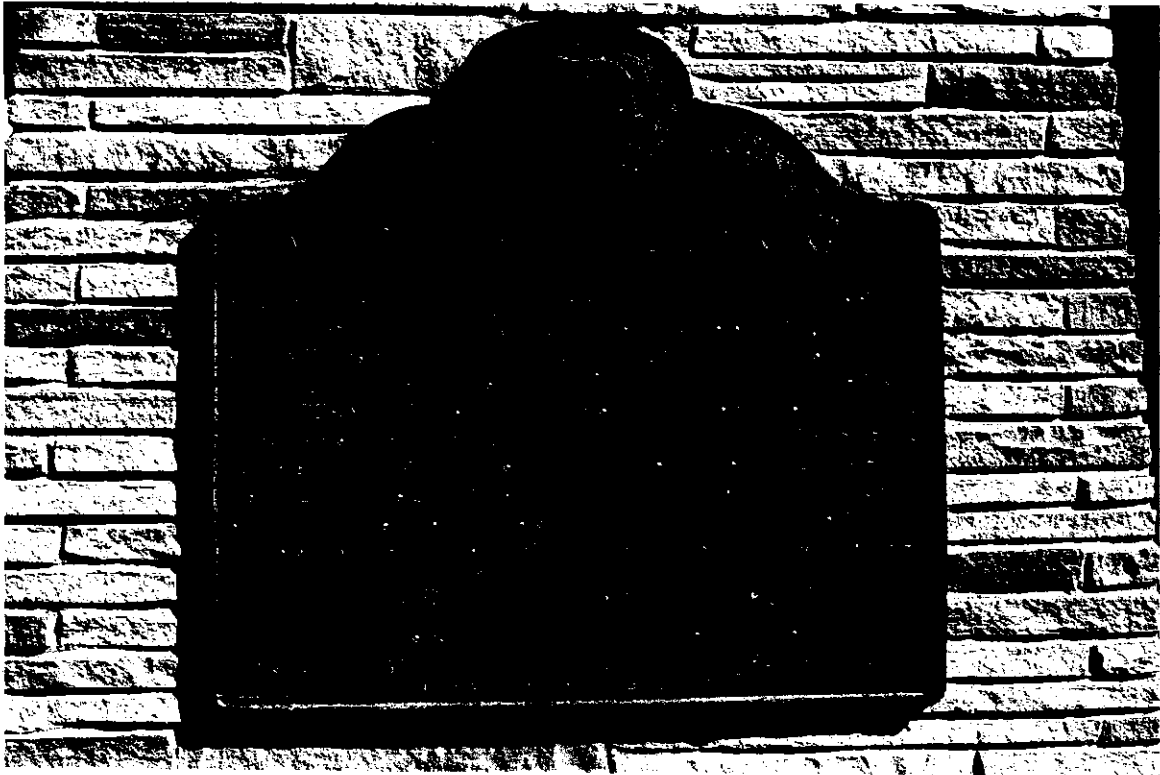
He taught school and arranged its financing. He built most of the furniture, donating necessary supplies from his own pocket. Each parent was required to pay a subscription of a forth of a cord of firewood or the equivalent in cash (about \$3.50) with each child at his enrollment. When he found it impossible to collect from three-fourths of the parents, he abandoned that system at the end of four months, charging \$10.00 per pupil for three weeks of school attendance. Rogers found it difficult to collect this modest sum. So he applied to county treasurer in February, 1854, but he got only \$150 of the \$396.50 owed him because the treasurer had skipped out with all the county funds. Rogers left the following June to return to Indiana for his family. However, he never returned, because he stopped in Arizona and started a school there. He had kept meticulous records which were rescued when the first school was burned.

However, in 1954, Gussie Baker was Superintendent and principal of Moreland with Frank Lavoie, Vice-principal, Bob Tack was principal of the El Quito Park School. (The brief history is in the attached copies furnished me by Ms. Caroline Hastings, Secretary of Superintendent Jim Richey.) See page 9.

In my first Fifth Grade class, I found quite a number of the Japanese-American students had been born in Heart Mountain, in Wyoming, during the Second W.W. When I questioned this, I was informed that their parents were in the Internment Camp (Relocation Center) at Heart Mountain during the time when the U.S. was concerned about possible invasion by the Japanese.

During the war 900 Japanese-American men and women enlisted in the Army, serving in both Europe and the Pacific Area. Some of them were with the legendary 442nd Division, which became the most decorated in the history of the U.S. Army.

I was an active member of the Moreland School District Teacher's Ass'n. eventually serving as its President in 1960-61. My second year in Moreland School, the two fifth grades were housed in an old metal building at the end of the school lot beyond the Cafeteria. There were two classes and the library. The other Fifth Grade teacher was Malvina Nelson, from



Brief History - Moreland School

February 2, 1972

1st School - 1851 - 3 months session in private home taught by Charles La Follette.

2nd School - 1852 - 6 months session in private home taught by Abraham Featherman.

3rd School - November 1852 - Samuel Curtis Rogers became teacher

1852 - Zechariah Moreland proposed to sell his home for \$350--\$50 of which he would donate for a school. Mr. Rogers solicited the sum of \$335 in one week - He was paid \$10.

1853 - District #2 recognized on state records.

1854 - County Treasurer quietly skipped the country leaving Moreland destitute.

1862 - Became Moreland District on official County Records.

1880 - Mrs. Moreland died - death of Z. Moreland earlier. Burial place not known.

1894 - New school built - torn down in 1950.

1946 - New school.

1952 - New multiuse room.

1953 - Historic marker placed (#489)

1972 - School still in same location - 120 yrs.

Minnesota and Leila Deitz, the Librarian. Sometime in the late fifties, the rainy season was very heavy, water came in under the door so we had to pack newspaper in the entrance and the rain drumming on the roof made it really difficult to teach. We tried to make the classrooms as pleasant as possible, especially at Christmas, making decorations and gingerbread houses.

We were studying about George Washington at this time and when we read that he died on December 14th, one little girl said very sadly, "Oh dear, he missed Christmas!"

As soon as the new wing on Payne Ave was completed, we moved into it. It was especially noisy from the hammering etc. going on from the homes being built across Payne Ave!

I was moved from school to school as it was completed. I taught in seven of the schools as they were completed and several of them during summer sessions.

After I started teaching in Amber Drive School, in 1961, until 1971 and my retirement from Phelan School in 1972, one of our Third Grade's favorite field trips was to visit Connie Perhams's Indian and Mercury Museum in New Almaden. She would spread out Indian rugs on the concrete floor, settle the children comfortably and lecture to them about all the artifacts displayed on shelves around the room. Chinese businessmen had been important customers for mercury and had donated a lovely Pagoda and placed it on the grounds of the mine site, I remember she had a wonderful manner with the children and they were completely absorbed and attentive.

While we were still visitors, we attended St. Martin De Tours Church on the Burbank section on San Carlos Ave. After we were established in our own home, we became permanent members of the Parish and helped build the new church where it was built on O'Conner Drive. During the late fifties and early sixties I sang with the choir in the balcony until Fr. Tim moved us downstairs. Bud joined the Men's club and worked with them fund-raising for the new church and later St. Mary's Cathedral in S.F. We became active members of the community, working with Boy and Girl Scouts. Planning card games to raise funds for the new Cypress School in the Campbell School District, in our neighborhood.

This was a time of expansion in San Jose. Orchards were going down like nine pins. Engineers were moving in to work in the new companies. Lockheed was the biggest employer at that time, late fifties and early sixties. One day in 1966 when I was teaching third grade at Amber Drive School, a group of boys came over to me, very much perturbed. "Mrs. Calleri, who is right, our fathers, or the book?", holding up an Encyclopedia. "What's the problem?" I asked. "Well," Matthew said, "The book tells one thing about rocket ships but my father tells me something different!" "Well," I said, "Maybe they're both right. Look at the beginning of the book and check the publishing and copyright dates. Your father is working on rocket and spaceships now. When the book was published, it was telling the truth for that time. Now it's quite a few years later, so your father knows the latest facts and he is telling you the facts as they are today." The boys went back to their desks well satisfied! I mention this incident because it illustrates how rapidly changes were coming about in scientific and technological knowledge. The Russians sending up the first space ship in 1956 spurred us on.

In 1956 the Mercury Newspaper had a big headline across the top of the first section, "San Jose now 100,000 population." When we came in 1949, the population was about 80,000.

I'm including the copies of the History of Moreland Dist. because it is indicative of the rapid expansion of San Jose from a small provincial town to a big Metropolitan City.

More schools were added in all the school districts as the population grew after the Korean War.

In the Moreland Dist., in 1954, there were only two schools. By 1964 there were 14 added schools, plus two middle schools and a District Office! The schools were being built so rapidly that it was necessary to have double sessions and the District was advertising all over the country for more teachers and other staff members. All the school districts were doing the same. Moreland celebrated its 150th birthday on March 31, 2001! The Valley of Hearts Delight had become Silicon Valley!

I can't end this essay on a negative note. I have bemoaned the loss of the beautiful orchards, however, the historical heritage has been preserved and cultural aspects have been further developed.

The restoration of St. Joseph's Church in downtown San Jose and its elevation to Basilica Cathedral, and many other churches of all denominations similarly restored. The addition of San Jose State College to the State's University System. The Performing Arts Center and the Arena which has brought many world famous artists and entertainers to San Jose. Santa Clara University has maintained its prestigious position as a great seat of learning. The Tech. Museum of Innovation and the Children's Discovery Museum grace our downtown as well. San Jose has a Light Rail system whose development was spearheaded by Rod Deridon. The County Hospital is now Valley Medical Center, O'Connor Hospital moved from Race Street to Forest Ave where it opened its doors to new patients, in 1954 and many Convalescent hospitals were added to accommodate the needs of the Senior Citizens, along with Senior Centers. The advances in medical Science were enabling people to live longer, as many amenities were added to make life more pleasant.

San Jose Airport became an International Airport.

There had been only two notable places to 'dine'; mainly 'Lou's Village' and Vahls in Alviso, otherwise people had to drive to the "City" for elegant dining.

Joe's Pic a Rib, the fast food place on San Carlos, was the one for casual dining. Now many fast food places sprang up to accommodate the needs of the fast growing population and many new restaurants were added in San Jose, Santa Clara and along the El Camino.

The development of San Jose Historical Museum where old historic buildings have been moved to preserve them for future generations to enjoy. The preservation of the world famous beautiful Rose Garden, which is best visited in May and June although it blooms all year. We enjoyed driving past it when we took the children to child care and Hester School, while we were building our home.

It is through the foresight of the California Pioneers and the people like Andrew P. Hill, Clyde Arbuckle, The Warburtons, Connie Perham and many others that our history is being preserved by the establishment of the museums, the Sempervirons Society, The Pioneer Annual Essay Contest, etc. I am also a member of the Sempervirons Society and have dedicated two trees in the Forest Glen Grove for my husband, who passed away December 31st., 1993, and myself.

In this essay, I have mentioned the organizations who have worked to preserve the environment, and others who have preserved the past. Since my retirement I have worked to help people in need. I learned of an organization, Catholic Daughters of the Americas, (CDA), an international organization, in existence since 1903. Our local branch is CDA Court San Jose #281, in existence 85 years, supports the national programs and in addition collects funds to benefit local needs, such as Catholic Charities and Visiting Nurses Assn. with layettes for babies in need, Alshiemers Victims and their families, Scholarships etc. Also, the Italian Men's Club, through Dominick Valletta, have generously donated to CDA \$500.00 annually to be dispensed locally. We also collaborate with the U.S. Navy by gathering all kinds of necessary equipment, medicines, clothing, etc., which are distributed all over the world, wherever the ships go.

I lived through this expansion and was only vaguely aware of what a monster had been created. I was like Rip Van Winkle, asleep for fifty years! We started by building a house surrounded by orchards, prune trees at the end of Ardis Ave, Walnuts and pears behind us and then woke up to discover that the orchards were all gone!

I've already mentioned Andrew P. Hill and his friends who saved the redwoods and wildlife in the area which is now Big Basin State Park and the beginning of the entire State Park System. These dedicated people worked for preservation of our natural wonders by peaceful means, soliciting funds to purchase lands threatened by loggers and lumber companies. Other equally dedicated persons have tried to do the same thing by violent methods. I think the peaceful means work best although they take longer to accomplish.

Addendum.

My son David received a citation from the Marine Reserves, when he and his partner in Air Delivery calmly extricated themselves when their parachute lines became entangled and succeeded in landing safely. He was a firefighter in the Central Fire District and active in the Firefighter's Union. He later graduated from San Jose State U. with a Degree in Anthropology and Archaeology. My daughter graduated from San Jose State U. with Distinction and a Teacher's Credential to teach French and

Art. She earned her Master's Degree in Childhood Education in Kalamazoo, MI. She is now the Librarian in the Central Catholic High School in Grand Rapids.

First through fourth generations have and are still distinguishing themselves in business and the various military services in every war including WW II.



Illustrations

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5. Arcadia Manor plot map. Page 5a.
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7. Historic Marker #489. Page 8.
9. Brief History of Moreland School District. Page 9.
10. Our trees. Page 15.

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Afterward

Yesterday is History.

Tomorrow is the Future.

Today is the Present, that's why we call it the Gift!

Today is truly a gift because we are living it and creating the History as we go.

I came to understand this as I realized how much History we had been creating in past 52 years. We lived through the tail-end of the agricultural and orchard era, which was so rapidly followed by the population growth and industrial and cultural expansion as well as the preservation of the past.

History, by the people like the California Pioneers, who were aware of what was going on!

As I became aware of this I became quite enthused and told my son, "David, this is all so exciting, I could write a book!" He looked at me, wryly and responded, "That's OK, Mom, but don't expect me to type it!"

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