

**A Brief History
of
The 400 Block of South Second Street
Bangor, Pennsylvania**

**By
Edmund "Chip" Turtzo**

January, 2016

SOUTH SECOND STREET



THE SECOND STREET GANG

To my friends and neighbors from the “famous” 400 block of South Second Street

Please accept, with my compliments, a copy of a brief history of our neighborhood from the 1940’s through the 1980’s. The emphasis is on the 1950’s and 1960’s from my perspective which includes a chronology of the kids and families I grew up with, their years of residence, dates of passing, photos, comments, remembrances, and other tidbits of information (all that is able to be printed).

Of particular interest, I have included a “Comments & Memories” section with your favorite memories and thoughts received while communicating with most of you during this trip down memory lane. Also included is a special “Tribute to Parents” section. I’m sure these will put smiles on your faces.

This project started as a result of sharing some old memories with some of you when we would meet or engage through emails or social media. I then thought of doing something to document and preserve our little piece of small town America for us and for our children to enjoy. Subsequently, I received encouragement from many of you to continue and I have thoroughly enjoyed the process of re-connecting with everyone from my childhood. As they say, “You never forget the neighborhood kids you grew up with”.

I couldn’t possibly remember everything we discussed but I got a lot of laughs and heard some really interesting things I either forgot or never knew, so everyone has played an important part in co-authoring this story.

I sincerely hope you all enjoy reading through this personal project and I apologize for anything or anyone that may have been omitted along the way or for any mistakes in the chronology. Some people couldn’t be found and some information may be incomplete, so feel free to correct or add your own personal comments or corrections in your copy. In fact you should, no doubt, personalize or augment you copy with additional memories or photos meaningful to you and your families.

As the first TV generation, we shared the times, the music, the culture, and growing up on South Second Street, Bangor, USA which bonds us all in a special way. It was indeed a great time to grow up and I’m glad to have shared it with you.

Warmest thoughts and regards,

Chip “426” Turtzo









Our Lady of Good Counsel Catholic Church
436 South Second St.



RUTH

ROSSIGNO





RUGGIERO

SLEEP





DIETZ ALBERT





A Personal Retrospective

By Edmund "Chip" Turtzo

Remembering one's life, someone said, is to live it twice. If that's true, I realize that I've been fortunate to live my life many times over since I was a small boy and my whole world was only about one block long between High St. (now Church St) and Hamm's Hill (Jones Ave) – that once-upon-a-time place where this tale really begins.

It was a typical American "Leave It To Beaver" world with stability, basic Christian values, and functional families. A simpler time and a safer time. My memories are of playing outside until the street lights came on, riding bikes, baseball cards on bicycle spokes, playing ball in the street, the alleys, sleigh riding down Hamm's Hill, sitting on porches, transistor radios, windows open with the sounds of piano or Louie's trumpet, playing in the Fall leaves, Carole in the side yard practicing her twirling, Earl's model planes, Trixie, Midnight, hard fought Ping Pong matches in Sleep's basement, the ice cream truck in the summer, Heard's Market food truck, Frank Hester – the egg man, Peggy Wynne's homemade fudge, Butch Wynne putting on a comedy show, or Barry cutting off the roof of an old 1930's Plymouth and , I could go on and on. Dominick, Frank, Earl, and other adults actually taking the time to talk to us kids. Simple gestures, simple pleasures. Small town Friday night football, the Bee Hive, school dances in the gym, movies at the Strand, cherry Cokes at Doc's, or candy at Callie's. All a part of who we are today.

And what about "stability"? The neighborhood stayed about the same for what seemed forever to us. Example: Twin sisters Grace Rossigno and Katie Ruth were born in 1914 and both died in 2008. They either lived together or next to each other on 2nd Street their entire lives!

These were good times – "Hearts In Atlantis" times we will never forget. We all shared these life experiences and each of us touched the other in some positive way during our young and impressionable years. If there is one thing I have learned over all these years it's this, - Your hometown is not just where you're from. It's who you are.

All of my memories are in this small town. I never lived more than 2-3 miles away from So. 2nd Street and I now realize how lucky I am to still live where so much of my history brushes past me. I can still wander the streets of my childhood to breathe and remember. The house I grew up in remains very much like it was. I can walk to the edge of the driveway and still visualize life as it was when I was a child. Even though someone else lives there, I left footprints in the ground there. No one else can see them, but I always will. My memories of family, playing in the yard, and riding my bike are still clear and unfaded. I still see the kitchen window I cracked with a baseball – the one my father never fixed because it was his son's first broken window. I see myself washing, waxing, and tinkering with my mother's 1954 Ford in the driveway which I treated as mine.

I see my father pulling in that same driveway as he returns from a day at the office, and my mother as she goes about her chores as a young and vibrant housewife. I see my old friends and neighbors as they were and I learn to appreciate how lucky I was to have grown up there. How easily I skipped past these moments and memories-in-the-making.

It is as an adult that I have learned how quickly time flows by and how we all yearn for what we can never have again. After enough years have passed I begin to understand that to walk through the rest of my days, I also have to linger among the days that are gone. I have to fall in love with them in all the ways I didn't when I was young and must weave the rest of my life around them.

I now have and am still making memories close to where I grew up. I and my family are all in the Slate Belt and we are leaving footprints in the earth again. The echoes of our voices are just as strong and meaningful as they were on 2nd Street. I have been blessed with a wonderful childhood, a wonderful wife and family and, with God's will, I now look forward to the wondrous trip that still lays before me.

OK – enough of the serious. Here are a few things to think about:

Today is the oldest you've ever been, yet the youngest you'll ever be, so enjoy the day and be grateful.

It's not what you gather, but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived.

Never regret something that once made you smile.

And, count your life by smiles, not tears.

So, lift your glasses and drink a toast to – The Second Street Gang!

As the song goes:

Those were the days my friends

We thought they'd never end

We'd sing and dance forever and a day

We'd live the life we choose

We'd fight and never lose

Those were the days, Oh yes those were the days

The "GANG"



ROBERT L. WYNNE



EDMUND P. TURTZO



LOUIS PAUL ROSSIGNO



MARCIA TURTZO



JOANN R. RUTH
413 S. 2nd Street
Bangor, Pa.



SHIRLEY RUTH



ROBERT E. SLEEP



BARRY L. SLEEP



CRAIG F. SLEEP



CAROLE A. ALBERT



LUCILLE RUGGIERO



Neil C. Albert



K. TREXLER



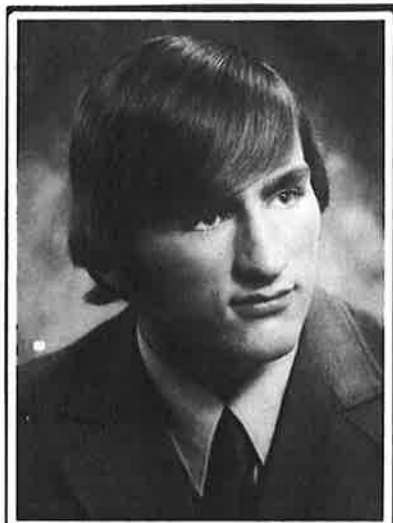
FRANK MARTIN TREXLER ■



MARJORIE M. TREXLER



BRIAN TREXLER



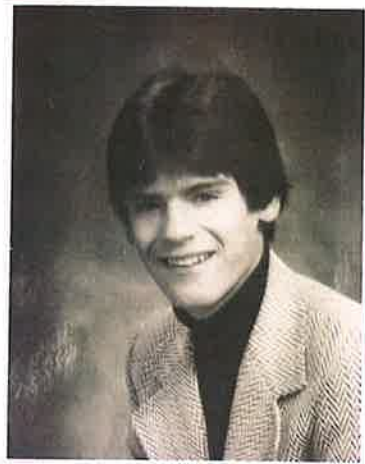
Thomas B. Trexler



EMILY M. TREXLER



Cheryl Pensyl



William B. Pensyl



Tracey Pensyl



Jacqueline L. Pensyl



MICHAEL P. NINNO



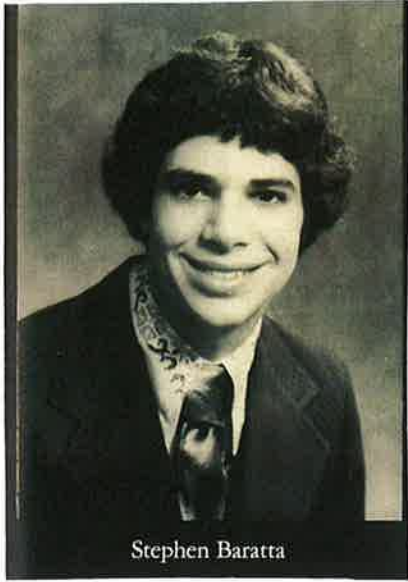
MICHELE L. NINNO



Carol Ninno



MARK A. NINNO



Stephen Baratta



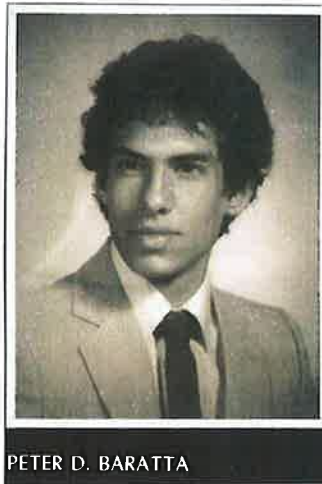
Alisa Baratta



Maria D. Baratta



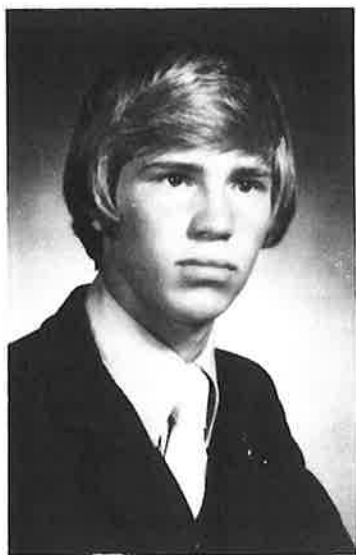
REGINA TERESA BARATTA



PETER D. BARATTA



Gianni Baratta



KEVIN C. WOLBACH



Beth-Ann Louise Wolbach



KEITH DAVID WOLBACH

Joan

Joan Wise is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Wise of Bangor. She is tall (five feet seven), tips the scales at 130 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. The quiet, reserved type, Joan is 23 and likes music and movies with a little dabbling in amateur photography thrown in. Another of Joan's hobbies is collecting phonograph records. She is a graduate of Bangor High. She loves to write and receive letters so remember this address:
439 South Second Street,
Bangor, Penna.

July 1942



COMMENTS & MEMORIES

Marcia Turtzo McMullin –

“So many wonderful memories – where to start? Kids playing baseball in the street, catching lightning bugs in jars, playing in the alleys, playing Jax and marbles on porches and yards, skating on the sidewalks or playing hopscotch. The skates were the metal ones that clamped on the bottoms of our shoes. I remember Mr. Sleep and the other neighbors cutting their grass with push mowers.

Also remember when they finished paving the road on Hamm’s Hill I was walking my bike down the hill and fell. There is still a piece of the road in my knee so Bangor is always with me. Everyone made fun of me for always falling. Even back then, kids could be cruel. The kids from the 300 block used to come onto our block and since I was the only girl around the boys used to pick on me. They used to throw worms at me until I stopped freaking out. They then stopped and I started to get fascinated with the little things. Maybe that contributed to my interest in nature. Anyway, somehow we all made it through, took aspirin, Aspergum, got dirt in our hair, and most likely ate some too.

We still had air raids too. It was shortly after Korea and we used to turn out all the lights in the houses, pull down the shades, and close the drapes.

I used to listen to the church mass in Latin from my bedroom window and learned what bells meant what during the service. Women always wore head coverings and never wore pants – always dresses.

When Baratta’s moved in (1964) I babysat for them when they had their fifth child (Peter). Pat had a rough delivery and had to be bed-ridden while she recovered. They used cloth diapers and I did the laundry after getting the beds made in the morning and before making lunches. After dinner was ready, I came home to eat so they could eat together as a family then went back over to do the dishes and get the kids ready for bed. It was wonderful, every bit of it. When Sundays came Renald’s dad and others would play Bocci in the yard. Our Mom would say that was the best birth control I could have had. To my mind, it was the best lesson in family ever.”

Louie Rossigno –

“I remember summers playing stick ball in the street. Do kids even play stick ball today???

Riding bikes and just playing catch. I remember Barry Sleep mounting a gas engine on his bicycle and, of course, on their go-carts. I remember playing in the open lot next to Sleep’s house before it was filled and leveled – just having fun digging in the open pit. I remember the plane that would fly over the cemetery on Memorial Day when the pilot would drop a wreath on the grave of his WWII buddy.

I remember sitting on the porch until late in the evening because with no air conditioning it was too hot to go to bed. Also listening to the train engines as we went to sleep. I remember waiting for Hartman’s Ice Cream truck to help us cool off on those hot evenings as well. Remember the umbrella repair man and the Fuller brush man? Lost jobs and businesses.”

Butch Wynne –

“Loved growing up on 2nd Street. The best times of my life. Memories of playing in the alleys – funny how many people and places I have lived who don’t know what alleys are?

Loved your home and family – my second home. Always full of fun, laughter, and a great smelling kitchen. Sorry we teased Marcia. Kids don’t realize that isn’t much fun for the other.

John and Lu Ruggiero. I loved them. The Sleep’s, Rossigno’s, Ruth’s, Albert’s, and Mom Wise. Great people and parents who cared. Martha Ditchett lived above us and she was a demure, sweet, wonderful lady who I adored.

I remember Wise’s pine tree on the corner because they always decorated it with blue lights for Christmas and I wondered why blue lights?

After my dad died in 1953, your father was so very helpful in getting my mom to buy our house at 407. Forever grateful.

So glad I came from there. So vital and gave me the courage to launch my hopes, dreams, and schemes in life.”

Craig Sleep –

“I remember playing in the side vacant lot next to our house and sleigh riding down Hamm’s Hill where Chip ran over my leg by accident. Got home and found I was cut – still have a mark. Chip’s sister Marcia and I were supposed to wait for his dad to pick us up from kindergarden in South Bangor, but we decided to walk home. Got into trouble for that.”

Additional comments from Chip – “How about those fierce ping pong matches in your basement, cutting the roof off of Barry’s old Plymouth, your Dad’s fly-by-wire (no remote control then) model planes, Trixie, tinkering with cars, go-carts, and riding bikes? I believe you guys were the first on the block to get those new “English” bikes with the hand brakes.”

Carole Albert Carrescia –

After I sent pictures of her old house Carole replied, “Thank you for the photos. I had mixed feelings looking at them. They certainly did bring back many good memories. The house did hold up very well considering how old it is and how many lives it has lived. My parents took such good care of that house. Her family and that house were really my mother’s whole life. She spent hours cleaning it. Maybe that’s why I hate to clean. Like organizing, not cleaning.

Really enjoyed reading your reflections and feelings about the neighborhood. It certainly was a very special time. We all lived quite differently then, growing up surrounded by so much close activity. Len and I spend our winters in Florida, in a close knit neighborhood living in a small villa. It’s a nice feeling walking out of our door to be greeted by our neighbors. We have come full circle!”

Tom Trexler –

“My most memorable time was sand lot football on Sleep’s vacant lot coached by Neil Albert. Also, a Kennedy picnic at Baratta’s for a fund raiser after President Kennedy was shot.”

Pat Baratta –

“I am still a little homesick for my house in Bangor. I felt guilty leaving it when I moved – almost like deserting a beloved pet. It had sheltered and nurtured us for so many years. Every family holiday there are always old house memories. South 2nd Street was a wonderful neighborhood, so safe with friendly but not intrusive neighbors.

When I asked my children for their memories, each one of them brought up the gang from Jones Ave. to Church Street. Over the years they spent more time outside than in. We lost a front and side window to ball games and we had no grass in our side yard until the late 1980's but I always knew where my kids were because I could hear them.

Gianni said there was always a pick-up game of some kind going on every day, rain or shine, any season. Stephen called the neighborhood a caring community with adults looking out for the kids stepping in when needed to help or keep them in check. Stephen and his friends made a clubhouse in our back yard out of old boards and nails. They also had a haunted house in our garage at Halloween. Peter and Mark Ninno started a friendship that lasts until today even though they live a thousand miles apart. Alisa and Maria remembered the summer carnivals and shows the kids planned without any adult help. Gina thought you and Marcia were so sophisticated with your looks and cool cars. Marcia was everyone's favorite babysitter and big friend. My girls had great affection for your mother who would call them over for a visit that always included cookies and sometimes a haircut. Each of them remembers the traumatic incident of your father's car accident in 1968 when a woman drove thru the Jones Ave. stop sign and hit your dad broadside knocking him unconscious. Maria, then in 2nd grade, was a witness as she had just made her first trip to the mailbox alone.

I think that growing up on So. 2nd St. was a very positive influence on my children and gave them a great foundation for dealing with the real world later in life.”

Bill & Shirley Pensyl –

Lived on 2nd St for 4 years from 1962-1966. “Remember Brad breaking Goldie Trexler's kitchen window at least twice making her very upset. Great street for the kids to play.”

Pat Baratta remembers her first meeting in 1964 with Tracey Pensyl when this cute little blond girl wandered from home and showed up in Pat's yard in diapers. All had a good laugh.

Linda Smith McAdoo –

“I went to first and second grade in Bangor and our family lived at 437 So. 2nd St. in 1953 and 1954. My memories were of walking to school which was a long walk for a first grader, and we came home for lunch. For whatever reason, I carried my umbrella back and forth for many months (wonder what I was insecure about?).

I remember our house and the time my Mom painted bunny rabbit paw prints in the bathroom to prove there was an Easter Bunny.

I remember playing “store” in one of the houses. Louie is a name that comes to mind. Also Craig Sleep, and of course, Butchie Wynne. The only Trexler kid I remember was Margie. Enclosed are pictures of my 7th Birthday party. “Mom” Wise lived next door and was always baking cookies. I still have some of her recipes.

I also remember being brave enough to ride my bike down the steep hill between the 300 and 400 block of So. 2nd Street.

And, of course, the lifelong friendship formed with the Turtzo family. Marcia and Eileen would quietly play upstairs while Mom and Millie had coffee downstairs in the kitchen. When they went to check on the girls, they discovered that they had emptied every drawer in the bedrooms and put everything on the bed. Your Mom was always trying to get me to eat salad – “Please Linda, just try it”. Also all the fun times at your home, vacations to the shore, and weekends spent in Bangor after we moved.”

Eileen Smith Schmidt –

“I remember walking to the pool with the Turtzo kids up that big hill. It was a simpler time, but I feel that we were allowed to go by ourselves – of course you were probably put in charge so they knew we would be fine. In general, I remember having quite a bit of freedom because my parents kind of knew we were watched over by all of the neighbors even if we were out of their sight. I remember your Mom cutting my hair, heaping portions of spaghetti, your TV room where we would watch Bonanza, and your new Florida room. I remember the bells at the Catholic Church and the Wise’s that we shared a porch with. Just great neighbors and lifelong friends.

Once, when Marcia and I first met, we were upstairs in my bedroom and decided to dump out my drawers thinking that would mean we could stay together a while longer to clean up. That probably didn’t work out and I wouldn’t be surprised if what followed was some kind of punishment.

All in all, I would say I started my life there surrounded by love, and I’m always happy when circumstances take me back by that block.”

Mark Ninno –

It's hard to single out fond memories since I have so many. Certainly, I think of all the kids that lived on Second Street that were close to my age. We had quite a gang and the corner of Baratta's house was our collective meeting point and playground. The four corners of Second St. and Jones Ave. served as our whiffle ball, kick ball, football, and Frisbee play zone. I also think fondly of the cold snowy nights we all spent going up and down Jones Ave. with our sleds. Something unique about those quiet snowy nights when you have nothing else in life to worry about other than the 'next run down the hill'.

I also think often about the mill that my mother worked in across High Street from my back yard. I would go over to the alley and stick my head through the window and talk to her at her sewing machine. Sort of goofy Americana, but a pleasure that I enjoyed and took for granted at the time.

Peter Baratta and I have maintained our friendship and we communicate routinely even though we've been out of school for over 30 years and have lived all over the country. So, in a way, I don't feel like we've ever been apart. Must be a 2nd Street kind of thing. I think that everyone likes to look back at that point in their lives when everything in front of you is new and exciting."

JoAnn Ruth Marzen & Shirley Ruth –

"Playing kickball in the church back yard and using the trees as bases.

Climbing the church trees to watch the weddings.

Sledding down Hamm's Hill and building ramps.

Playing basketball on the street no matter how old we were.

Going into Mrs. Ditchett's yard and picking grapes.

Butchie scaring us from behind his bedroom window.

Backyard carnival/games behind our house.

Breaking Mrs. Sleep's window playing baseball.

Hanging out on porches listening to records.

Mrs. Turtzo making us sing for candy treats at Halloween.

You (Chip) washing your car in the driveway."

Lucille Stewart Ruggiero –

From Chip Turtzo: “Near the end of this project I had the opportunity and distinct pleasure of locating and having a wonderful telephone conversation with Lucille about her remembrances of 2nd Street. Her parents, John & Lu, purchased their home at 425 So. 2nd St. from the Sleeps on December 11, 1948. By that time, Lucille was off to college but I considered her to be a resident of our block because of her many years of visits and the summers her two boys, Rob & John, had there throughout the 1960’s. She sounded as pleasant and engaging as I remembered her while growing up.”

Lucille: “What a novel idea you have. Good luck with your project and so nice talking with you”.

Many thanks to her 2 cousins, Lynn and Ann-Marie, and Dorothy Ruggiero for getting me Lucille’s contact information. So happy to have Lucille included in this meaningful project.

Robert Stewart –

Son of Lucille Stewart Ruggiero and grandson of John & Lucille Ruggiero. His memories: “I sure have many fond memories of 2nd Street. I used to spend weeks during the summers there because of visiting my grandparents. Even though I was a little younger, I felt I had a real group of friends because the kids on the block were so nice and we did so many fun things. Had a lot of good-natured adventures. Mostly ball playing, but sometimes we’d explore the train yard (I used to love listening to the train at night from the bedroom). There used to be a dozen or so kids who would gather to play ball behind the church. Later we needed a bigger field so we went over the viaduct to the ballfield down by the railroad (Pennico). I can still remember my first home run on the church field. The home run line was the wall of the garage – anything above the cement and on to the brick was a home run. Felt great. I also remember Tom Trexler and I playing football in Sleep’s side yard with other kids. Steve Baratta and I would also play in the steep yard behind his house. Don’t remember much about the other kids because of the age differences. I was told that when I was 2 or 3 years old I used to play with Sleep’s dog Trixie and probably made a nuisance of myself.

And, of course, my grandparents were wonderful. Pop-Pop and I would go to the parks after he got home from work. I stopped by the Bangor Park a couple of years ago and was delighted to see they still had the train – just wish they could get it running again. I spent many summers going for rides on that train, then playing miniature golf and riding the carousel at Pen Argyl Park. I also recall Pop-Pop taking me to the slate quarry to show me how slate was mined. We would also go around Bangor and Roseto to visit relatives who would fill me up with all kinds of goodies. And, my Mom-Mom – she could really cook up a storm. Most of all, they gave me boundless love throughout their lives.”

Dale & Barbara Wolbach –

“When we bought #426 from the Turtzo’s in 1977 and moved in, we were in our early 40’s and most of our neighbors were older which we liked. They were not just neighbors – they were like family. Enjoyable, pleasant, cordial people that we loved to talk to. Very friendly neighborhood.

Our two oldest were 10 & 15 when we moved in and they enjoyed living there, but Keith was only three and probably has the most memories of growing up on So. 2nd Street.

It is interesting to note that our neighbor across the street, Frank Albert, was also a neighbor of Dale’s in the 1940’s & early 1950’s at the corner of 6th & Market where Dale, Bruce, and Neil grew up as kids. Small town and small world.”

Keith Wolbach –

“For 27 years I lived and grew up in the former Turtzo house at 426 So. 2nd Street and have many good memories. My bedroom was Chip’s old bedroom at the right front corner of the house and we were very aware of the history there. Behind my built-ins there is still the old cowboy wallpaper from when Chip was just a child and the downstairs coat closet still has 2 hooks marked Chip and Marcia from those early days.

I was younger than most of the other kids (Baratta’s, Ninno’s, etc) and seemed to bond with the older neighbors. Frank Albert was retired and spent a lot of time on his front porch or washing and waxing his car. I remember Frank enjoying a good smoke on his pipe, talking with him, and even playing catch in the yard with him – how about that? Also, when I turned 16, I bought Frank’s ’82 blue Chevy Celebrity which was my very first car.

I also remember playing with Louie Rossigno’s kids and Carole’s two children David and Alison whenever they came to visit their parents for a few days. Sort of connected with the two generations which was nice as I look back on it. I also remember Neil Albert, JoAnn & Shirley Ruth, Mr. & Mrs. Sleep, the Ruggiero’s, Gianni Baratta, and Mark Ninno although they were older than me. And, of course, riding bikes and sleigh-riding on Jones Ave were the activities we most enjoyed. The borough would use wooden horses to block off Jones Ave so we could sled down the hill. After all, the hill was too steep for cars to go up or down anyway so they let us kids have fun. Simpler times when no one was worried about liability. What a refreshing thought that is.”

David Price IV –

“We rented #433 South 2nd Street from the Trexlers in the 1950’s and although I only lived on the street for a few years, I had many friends. Tom Trexler and I were the best of friends up until we went to high school. We played tackle football in Steve Baratta’s side yard for what seemed like - ALL the time. Trevor Williams and Brian Trexler were playmates as well. Those were indeed good days.

My Dad, David III (Dakey), worked at Dally’s Slate Co. in PenArgyl after serving in the Navy until after my baptism in 1954. He then took the Civil Service test and got a job at the Bangor Post Office delivering mail to RD 3 areas. It was a 52 mile route and he had to use his car. I remember riding with him a number of times as a young boy. That was a big deal to me!

My Mom was asked by the Catholic Church across the street if she could help them out as a cook and house-keeper until they could get someone full time. It turned out that she was their house-keeper/cook for the next 32 years! Job loyalty = Job security.

Good memories”

MEMORIES



Butchie, Louie, Chippy — age 8 - '55





Linda Smith's 7th Birthday Party





THE TURTZO'S and SMITH'S



THE SLEEPS



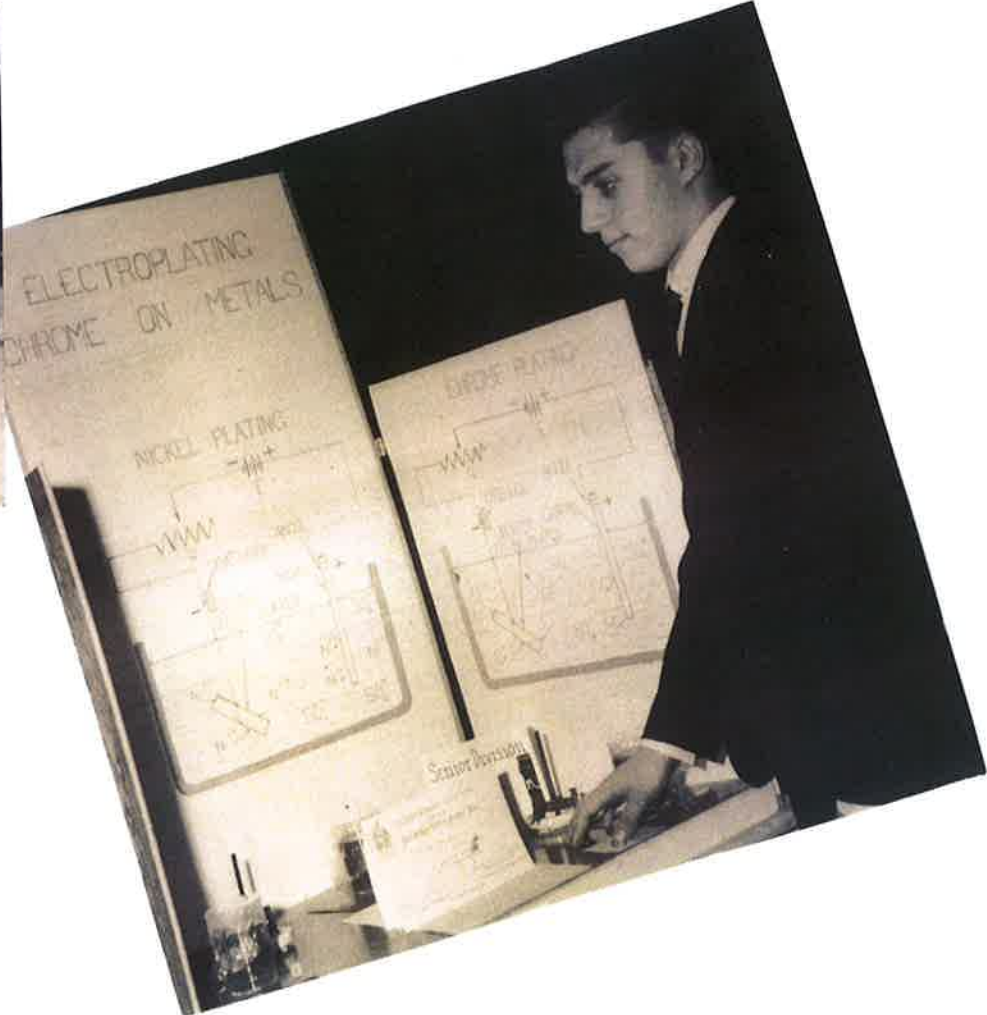
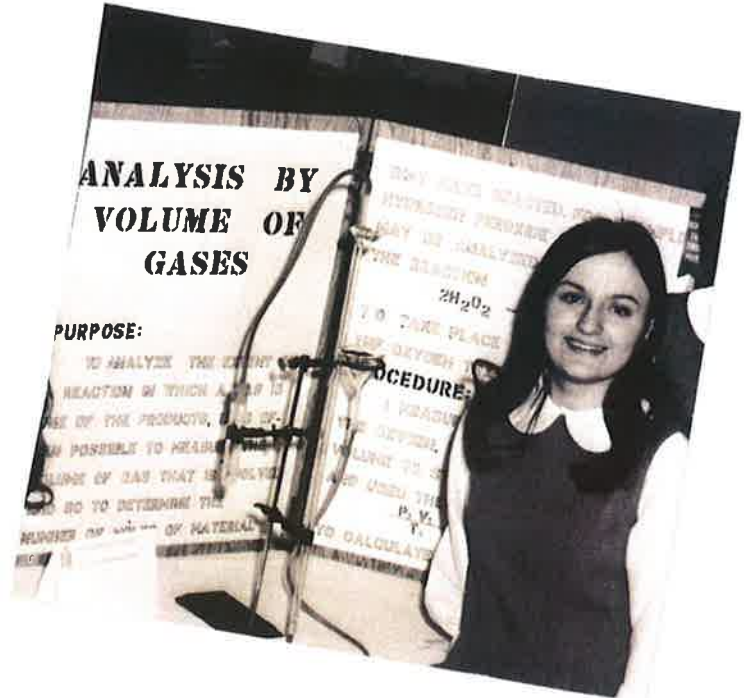


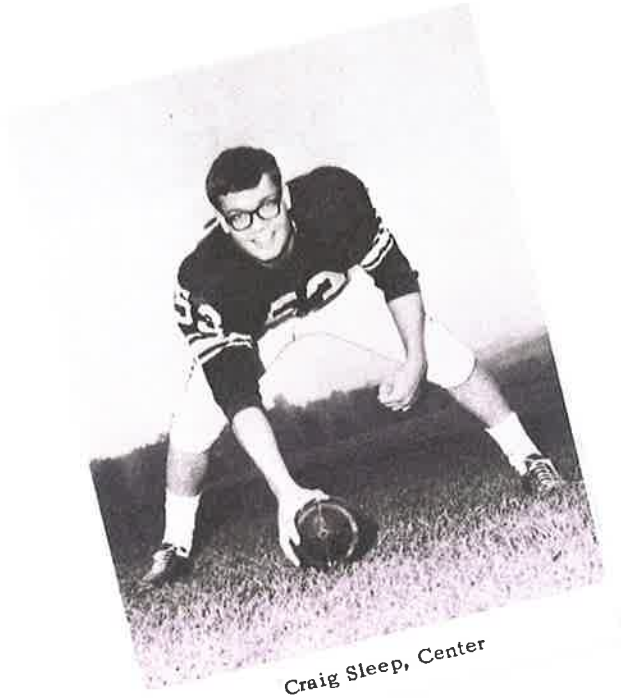
*Future
Teachers
of
America*





Louis Rossigno captivates the audience with his solo performance of "Wonderland by Night".

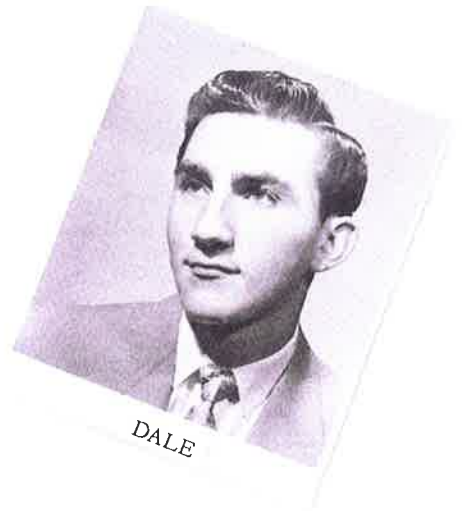




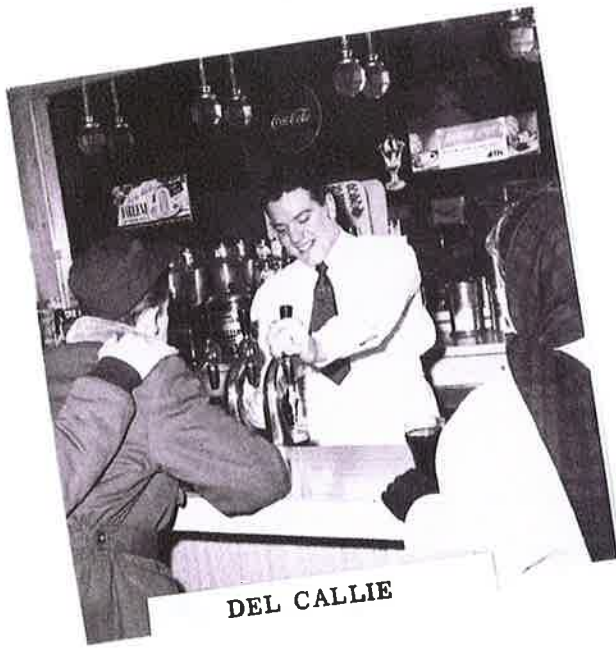
Craig Sleep, Center



Queen Carole.



DALE



DEL CALLIE



BARBARA



PARENT'S TRIBUTE



Millie & Edmund Turtzo





Earl & Joyce Sleep



Frank & Helen Albert



John & Lu Ruggiero



Dallas & Ruth Dietz



Dominick & Grace Rossigno



Louis & Katie Ruth



Peggy and Bob Wynne



Peggy Price, Dena Tinney, Father Sweeney, Al Dally, Dakey Price



Bill & Shirley Pensyl



Mike & Louise Ninno



Dale & Barbara Wolbach



Renald & Pat Baratta



Rhody Smith Betty Smith



Millie & Betty – Last visit to 426 South 2nd St. (1987)

CHRONOLOGY

<u>HOUSE #</u>	<u>NAMES</u>	<u>YRS IN RESIDENCE</u>	<u>BIRTH/DEATH</u>
#408	Renald Baratta	1964 – 1994	1928 – 1994
	Patricia Baratta	1964 – 1999	1934 –
	Stephen Baratta	1964 - ?	1956 –
	Alisa Baratta	1964 - ?	1958 –
	Maria Baratta	1964 - ?	1961 –
	Gina Baratta	1964 - ?	1962 –
	Peter Baratta	1965 - ?	1965 –
	Gianni Baratta	1968 - ?	1968 –
#407	Peggy Wynne	1955 – 1969	1914 – 1983
	Robert “Butch” Wynne	1955 – 1969	1948 –
#411	Martha Ditchett	? - 1971	1890 – 1971
#413	Louis Ruth	1950 – 1998	1914 – 1998
	Katie Ruth	1950 – 2000	1914 – 2008
	JoAnn Ruth	1953 - 1983	1953 -
	Shirley Ruth	1954 - 1980	1954 -
#415	Dominick Rossigno	1950 – 1993	1923 – 1993
	Grace Rossigno	1950 – 1998	1914 – 2008
	Louis Rossigno	1950 – 1969	1947 -

<u>HOUSE #</u>	<u>NAMES</u>	<u>YRS IN RESIDENCE</u>	<u>BIRTH/DEATH</u>
#419	Dallas Dietz	1957 - 2000	1924 - 2000
	Ruth Dietz	1962 - 2014	1920 - 2014
#421	George Sampson	1945 - 1954	?
	Frank Albert	1955 - 1995	1910 - 1995
	Helen Albert	1955 - 1989	1910 - 1989
	Neil Albert	1955 - 1982	1934 - 1982
	Carole Albert	1955 - 1966	1944 -
#425	John Ruggiero	1948 - 1988	1906 - 1988
	Lu Ruggiero	1948 - 1989	1910 - 2002
	Lucille Ruggiero	1948 - 1948	1929 -
#427	Earl R Sleep	1946 - 2002	1918 - 2006
	Joyce E Sleep	1946 - 1997	1920 - 1997
	Robert E Sleep	1946 - 1964	1942 -
	Barry L Sleep	1946 - 1963	1944 -
	Craig F Sleep	1948 - 1970	1948 -

<u>HOUSE #</u>	<u>NAMES</u>	<u>YRS IN RESIDENCE</u>	<u>BIRTH/DEATH</u>	
#426	Elmer G Markley	1912 – 1947	1882 – 1950	
	Edmund P Turtzo	1947 – 1976	1916 – 1976	
	Mildred B Turtzo	1947 – 1977	1914 – 1993	
	Edmund “Chip” Turtzo	1947 – 1972	1947 –	
	Marcia M Turtzo	1948 – 1970	1948 –	
	Dale Wolbach	1977 -	1936 –	
	Barbara Wolbach	1977 -	1936 –	
	Kevin Wolbach	1977 - 1984	1962 –	
	Beth Ann Wolbach	1977 - 1990	1967 –	
	Keith Wolbach	1977 - 2004	1974 –	
	#433	David “Dakey” Price	1949 – 1958	1926 – 2009
		Peggy Price	1949 – 1958	1932 - 1989
		David Price, Jr	1954 - 1958	1954 –
		Bill Pensyl	1962 – 1966	1937 –
Shirley Pensyl		1962 – 1966	1938 –	
Cheryl Pensyl		1962 – 1966	1958 –	
Brad Pensyl		1962 – 1966	1960 -	
Tracey Pensyl		1962 – 1966	1962 -	
Jackie Pensyl	1964 – 1966	1964 –		

<u>HOUSE #</u>	<u>NAMES</u>	<u>YRS IN RESIDENCE</u>	<u>BIRTH/DEATH</u>
#435	Frank Trexler	1947 – 1988	1920 – 1988
	Goldie Trexler	1947 – 1987	1919 – 1987
	Katherine Trexler	1947 - ?	1942 – 2010
	Frank Trexler, Jr	1947 - ?	1943 – 1996
	Margie Trexler	1948 - ?	1948 –
	Brian Trexler	1952 - ?	1952 –
	Thomas Trexler	1954 - ?	1954 –
	Emily Trexler	1957 - ?	1957 – 2014
#437	Robert Wynne	1949 – 1952	1910 – 1953
	Peggy Wynne	1949 – 1952	1914 - 1983
	Robert “Butch” Wynne	1949 – 1952	1948 -
	Rhody Smith	1953 – 1955	1920 - 2012
	Betty Smith	1953 – 1955	1919 – 2005
	Linda Smith	1953 – 1955	1947 –
	Eileen Smith	1953 – 1955	1951 –
	Lorraine Miller	1955 – 1962	?
	Michael A Ninno	1962 – 1998	1933 – 2008
	Louise Ninno	1962 – 1998	1931 – 2001
	Michael P Ninno	1962 – 1975	1952 -
	Michele Ninno	1962 – 1973	1952 –
	Carol Ninno	1962 – 1976	1956 –
	Mark Ninno	1965 – 1992	1965 –

#439	Fred Wise	1930 - 1962	1885 – 1962
	Adele “Mom” Wise	1930 - 1976	1892 – 1976
	Joan Wise (Reimer)	1930 - 2003	1919 - 2003

LONGEVITY – Those neighbors who lived on the 400 block for 25 or more years:

73 – Joan Wise	46 - “Mom” Wise	38 – Dale Wolbach	30 – Renald Baratta
56 – Earl Sleep	43 – Dallas Dietz	38 – Barb Wolbach	30 – JoAnn Ruth
52 – Ruth Dietz	43 – Dyke Rossigno	36 – Michael Ninno	29 – Edmund Turtzo
51 – Joyce Sleep	41 – Frank Trexler	36 – Louise Ninno	27 – Neil Albert
50 – Katie Ruth	41 – Lu Ruggiero	35 – Pat Baratta	27 – Mark Ninno
48 – Grace Rossigno	40 – Frank Albert	34 – Helen Albert	27 – Keith Wolbach
48 - Louis Ruth	40 – Goldie Trexler	32 – Fred Wise	26 – Shirley Ruth
	40 – John Ruggiero	30 – Millie Turtzo	25 – Chip Turtzo

Total of 31 neighbors representing 12 families. Average residency of 39 years!

Chronology represents 14 residences, 20+ families, over 70 people, and 40 children.

Most of the parents stayed on the block well over 30 years. Approx. 25% of children stayed in the Slate Belt or greater Lehigh Valley area. Many moved away to take up residences in Arizona, Florida, Louisiana, Connecticut, South Carolina, New York, etc.

The only parents from this study still in residence are Dale & Barb Wolbach – 38 years & counting!

YOUR PHOTOS
&
MEMORIES

YOUR COMMENTS

