

EI-331

ANGELINA (ANGELA) CASTRO D'URSO

BIRTH DATE: JANUARY 30, 1919

INTERVIEW DATE: 5/28/1993

RUNNING TIME: 29:04

INTERVIEWER: PAUL E. SIGRIST, JR.

RECORDING ENGINEER: KEVIN DALEY

INTERVIEW LOCATION: ELLIS ISLAND RECORDING STUDIO

TRANSCRIPT PREPARED BY: NANCY VEGA, 6/1994

TRANSCRIPT REVIEWED BY: PAUL E. SIGRIST, JR., 6/1994

SICILY, 1924

AGE 5

SIGRIST: Good morning. This is Paul Sigrist for the National Park Service. Today is Friday, May 28, 1993. I'm at the Ellis Island Recording Studio with Angelina D'Urso. Mrs. D'Urso came from Sicily in 1924, she had just turned five years old at the time, and she was detained at Ellis Island about a week, in the hospital. Anyway, good morning, Mrs. D'Urso.

D'URSO: Good morning.

SIGRIST: May we begin by you telling me your maiden name, please.

D'URSO: My maiden name was Angela Castro.

SIGRIST: Can you spell that, please?

D'URSO: C-A-S-T-R-O. No relations to the Cuban Castro.
(they laugh)

SIGRIST: Okay. So it was Angela.

D'URSO: Angela, yes.

SIGRIST: Angela Castro. And what is your date of birth,
please?

D'URSO: 1/30/19.

SIGRIST: So that's January 30th . . .

D'URSO: January 30th, 1919.

SIGRIST: Can you tell me where in Sicily you were born?

D'URSO: Uh, the town of Riposto, R-I-P-O-S-T-O.

SIGRIST: Do you know where that is?

D'URSO: In the city of Catania. Catania is the main city, C-
A-T-A-N-I-A.

SIGRIST: Whereabouts in Sicily is that, do you know?

D'URSO: I've seen it on the map, but I really don't know. The
southern part, yeah.

SIGRIST: You were so young when you were in Sicily. What do you remember about being in Sicily?

D'URSO: There's only one thing I remember about being in Sicily. I remember my grandmother being dressed in black, and she had a black apron that tied in the back, and she never wore a bra. (she laughs) That's what I remember. And I remember my uncle, this is my aunt's husband, coming from America. They were, he was so happy to see us that he picked up my grandmother, my aunt and myself and twirled us around the room. That's all I remember about being in Italy.

SIGRIST: That's what you remember.

D'URSO: That's all.

SIGRIST: May I ask what your father's name was?

D'URSO: My father's name was Giovanni, or John.

SIGRIST: Do you know what he did in Sicily, what his business was?

D'URSO: Oh, he came here very young.

SIGRIST: He came here.

D'URSO: Here, he came . . .

SIGRIST: Tell me a little bit about his history, then.

D'URSO: My father became, not an orphan, but his mother had five children, four boys. Five boys and one girl. When he was twelve years old, his father passed away. And in Italy in that little town it was very hard to make a living, very hard. So he had an aunt here in Baltimore. I think my grandmother must have written to the aunt or something like that, and then he came to America, legally. He came to America and he was working in Baltimore, and he was staying with his aunt in Baltimore. They probably were working on the old B&O railroad at that time. He was making a few dollars a week, and he was staying at his aunt free, and his aunt was making him send those few dollars to Italy so that his mother and his four brothers and sister could live. Then he came back when the war started. That's World War I.

SIGRIST: 1914 would have been World War I.

D'URSO: Yes. Then he was in the Italian Army, and that's all I know about, that's all I remember.

SIGRIST: How did he meet your mom?

D'URSO: Oh, they come from the same home town, the same home town. And they were married, I guess, right after the war. It must have been, I think 1914, no, '14?

SIGRIST: The war ended in 1918.

D'URSO: I think he was married. They married in 1912. Maybe that was before the war, I guess.

SIGRIST: That was just before the war.

D'URSO: And my brother was born in 1916. I was born 1919.

SIGRIST: What was your brother's name?

D'URSO: My brother's name was Philip. He was two-and-a-half years older than myself.

SIGRIST: I see. What was your mom's name?

D'URSO: My mother's name was Frances.

SIGRIST: And her maiden name?

D'URSO: Her maiden name was Monforte, M-O-N-F-O-R-T-E.

SIGRIST: And can you tell me a little bit about your mother's background like you did with your father.

D'URSO: Well, my mother had a lot of sisters, but she was left an orphan at about the age of fourteen, and her older sisters brought her up. And I guess they used to sew for a living, you know, sew people's clothes, mend things, like that.

SIGRIST: Do you know how her parents died?

D'URSO: Oh, her father, I remember her saying that he was very young, but he had a sore on his nose. It must have been cancer, I don't know, and he passed away at thirty-five, and the mother not long after. So they were all young.

SIGRIST: So the grandmother that you remember is your . . .

D'URSO: Just my father's.

SIGRIST: Your dad's mom.

D'URSO: Just my father's mom, yes.

SIGRIST: And there was no grandfather living.

D'URSO: No grandfather, no. He had died when my father was twelve years old.

SIGRIST: Do you remember yourself or perhaps your mother

talking about the house that you lived in in Sicily?

D'URSO: No, but I did go to Italy and see the house I was born in about, in 1973. But before that I don't know.

SIGRIST: What did it look like?

D'URSO: Well, I looked at it from the outside. I should have rung the bell and asked the person to let me see it, but I, the doors going in were about, oh, about twelve feet high. I don't know why. I was really impressed, and the streets are narrow, no sidewalks, maybe one foot of a sidewalk, that's all. That's all. You have to be careful when you walk there, but I was real pleased to see where I was born.

SIGRIST: So your father came back to Sicily. He'd met your mother, married your mother and had a family.

D'URSO: Yes, right.

SIGRIST: Then what happened? Did he return to America?

D'URSO: Then he came back to America to send money home to my mother. Because in Italy, like I said before, that little town had no means of livelihood. The only thing they did in that small town was make wine, and

then they used to send it up north to sell. And my father worked on that for a while, but it wasn't enough to sustain a family. That's why he came to America. Then he wanted his wife there, and children.

SIGRIST: Did he return to Baltimore?

D'URSO: No. I think, then, he went, because he was older by this time. I'm not sure if he went back to Baltimore or not, but he was working as a longshoreman, I think. Yeah. And he wanted his wife, and he wrote back saying, "Come on over, come on over." So my mother and us children went with her to immigration, but my mother didn't pass the eye test. They said, "You can't go to America. There's something wrong with your eyes." So she had to resign herself to the fact that she couldn't come. But my father's letters kept coming more and more, "Come to America, come to America." Then his mother, my grandmother, said to her daughter-in-law, who was my mother, "Go to your husband. I'll take care of the kids. See how you can get there." (she laughs) So somehow they found somebody, or they may have heard about it, that if you paid under the table you could go to America. So my mother went to see this man. They paid a certain

amount of money, and the man says, "Okay, you'll go. The only one who will know you're on the ship is the captain, the maid and the one who served food, the waiter." And they said, "When you get off at Ellis Island, don't carry a big valise. Carry a small valise because you're going to walk off as a waitress or a nurse or something like that." My mother spent seventeen days in that small little room. It had a bathroom, I guess. And she never came out. Nobody ever saw her except the captain would come in occasionally, the maid and the waiter. After seventeen days the boat docked in America. She walked off with her little valise and got off Ellis Island, walked away. And she was here for about seventy, until she passed away in nineteen, she was seventy-six years old.

SIGRIST: And tell me the story about her eye when she was seventy-five.

D'URSO: Okay. So then, this is fifty years later. My mother was a widow, so every Friday night we would pick her up and let her stay at our house. So I was watching television one Saturday night and doing a little mending. Now, I wear glasses. I was, let's see. How

old was I? About, I was about fifty at the time, and I'm trying to thread the needle with my glasses on. And I'm going, once, twice, three times. I still couldn't get the needle through the, the thread through the hole. My mother was sitting near me. She says, "Give me that needle and thread." She took the needle and thread from my hands, without glasses, at seventy-five years old, she threaded the needle. So there was her eyes. There was something wrong with her eyes fifty years before. What happened then? That I couldn't get over. But a year later she passed away with other sicknesses.

SIGRIST: That's a great story. Did your mother ever tell you when she was older how she felt through that whole stowaway experience, what was going through her mind?

D'URSO: Well, she, just that she was alone, alone in that little room all by herself. I guess she did want to, you know, see other people, but the maid came in, the waiter came in and the captain came in occasionally. That's all. She didn't see anybody throughout those seventeen days. It must have been very lonely for her. I think she told me she was lonely, yes. She couldn't wait, she was so happy when they landed.

SIGRIST: So, now, tell me what's going on with you and your brother and your grandma back in Sicily?

D'URSO: Well, I don't remember staying with my grandmother that long. The only thing I remember is my uncle hugging us and twirling the three of us around the room. So this must have been for the grown-ups, you know, to decide what we were going to do. We heard that my mother became pregnant in America, but she was crying all the time. She wanted her two children. So how was she going to get her two children in America? There were cousins of ours, maybe second cousins, that were coming to America. One was an eighteen-year-old boy. The other cousin was also a cousin to this eighteen-year-old boy by the same last name. She was married and had a little girl two years younger than myself, so they, we were going to do the same thing as my mother. Pay under the table and get to America somehow or other, right? So they paid whoever it was, and the fellow said, "We can't, you can't take the boat here in Sicily. You have to go to France." So they put us, I don't remember how we got there, but I do remember it was dark, late at night, and my brother must have been about seven years old, and he

was carrying the valise for both of us because I was only five and maybe not quite five then. And we're going through the mountains late at night, and my brother was almost falling over the cliff. This I can still see. Here, seventy years later I can see my brother almost going. And the man grabbed him, took the valise away from him. It must have been midnight.

He was sleepy, the poor kid. And then he held onto my brother until we got where we had to get, to the hotel. Now, at the hotel the only thing I remember is sitting at a large table with a white tablecloth and eating spaghetti. That's the only thing I remember about Nice.

SIGRIST: Let me ask you this, your grandmother's not traveling with you, correct?

D'URSO: Oh, no.

SIGRIST: Do you remember saying goodbye to your grandmother?

D'URSO: No.

SIGRIST: You don't remember any of that.

D'URSO: No.

SIGRIST: So who is accompanying you on this trip?

D'URSO: My two grown-up cousins. One was about twenty-three years old, and her cousin, who was also a cousin to us, was an eighteen-year-old boy who wanted to come to America, but I guess the passages weren't open at that time to come to America. They were supposed to be husband and wife. And us three children were supposed to be her children and his children.

SIGRIST: All these shady little deals going on. (he laughs)

D'URSO: But they did pay, they did pay somebody. So he left us at the hotel and he said, "I'll come tomorrow and bring you the tickets so you can sail." You know, sail to America. I don't know how we were going, you know. He never showed up. They took the money, he took the money, he never showed up with the tickets. So this aunt of mine or cousin wrote to her husband in Baltimore, and also she wrote to my mother and father in Brooklyn saying that the guy had taken the money and we're stranded there. I, the only thing I remember is one meal sitting there eating spaghetti, but I was told that we were there ten days.

SIGRIST: And this is in Nice, you said.

D'URSO: This is in Nice.

SIGRIST: In Nice.

D'URSO: In Nice. I didn't know what town it was, but later they told me it was Nice. Now, you know, recently.

SIGRIST: Do you remember taking with you from your home some toy or something that was specially yours?

D'URSO: No, no, that I don't remember.

SIGRIST: So you're ten days in Nice.

D'URSO: In Nice, which I thought was only the one day.

SIGRIST: So then what happened?

D'URSO: Then we had to go back to Italy. We had to go back to Sicily, to our home town.

SIGRIST: Why was that?

D'URSO: Because the man never brought the tickets to go on the ship. So they wired us money or sent money and we all went home to our home town. Then I don't remember how long after that my father came from America to pick us

up. And this was legal. This was . . .

SIGRIST: So your father came back from the States to Sicily . . .

D'URSO: To Sicily, yes.

SIGRIST: To just get you over here.

D'URSO: To bring my brother and I to America.

SIGRIST: Mom stayed in America.

D'URSO: Mom stayed there, yeah. So . . .

SIGRIST: She had had a child by this point, or was she just pregnant?

D'URSO: Well, my sister was born in August. August? I think she's, the year I really don't know, maybe '24. August, maybe she wasn't born yet. But my mother was pregnant.

SIGRIST: What do you remember about seeing your dad when he came back, anything?

D'URSO: I don't remember anything. I just remember my father on the boat buying us those sea biscuits, they called them, so that we shouldn't get sick. That I remember

my father buying a few times. And another thing struck me funny because when I was a little girl I even said it in class. We were in third class, not first or second, third class. But the waiter came around with a pail. It must have been a new pail. And he had soup in it. And from there he used to ladle the soup to the people. And I thought that was so funny that he should get soup from a pail. But apparently, being that the ship would rock back and forth or something, that's why he carried it in the pail.

SIGRIST: Now, what was the name of the boat?

D'URSO: Count, the Count Verde, like the green. Count . . .

SIGRIST: Green, verde.

D'URSO: Verde, yes, yes.

SIGRIST: Like green. And did this boat, did you pick this up in Sicily, or did you have to go over to Italy to get this boat?

D'URSO: That I don't know. I don't remember that, and I don't think my father or mother ever really mentioned it. But I know we did come on the Count Verde.

SIGRIST: And do you know how long that voyage took?

D'URSO: I don't think it took too long. No, they never really mentioned it.

SIGRIST: Do you remember anything else about being on the boat?

D'URSO: No. The only thing I remember is eating the sea biscuits and the waiter with the pail, with the soup in the pail, sitting at the table, you know.

SIGRIST: Well, tell me what happens when you get to America.

D'URSO: Now, when we got to America there were two long lines. The men . . .

SIGRIST: This is at Ellis Island?

D'URSO: This is at Ellis Island, yes. The men would go on one line, and the women on another line. That was to see the doctor. The doctor would examine you again, see if you were all right, and then he'd let you off. Now, being that I'm a different sex from my father, I couldn't go in with him to see the doctor. So there was a friend of ours on the ship. So my father asked her, "Would you take Angie with you on the, you know, to visit the doctor?" Now, whether I was frightened

from this lady, or something or other, they kept me here. Whether I had a cold or what, I don't know. But when I, I remember being on line with this lady. She was very tall, and I don't remember really, the doctor, or anything. But then the next thing I remember is being in the crib, the metal crib.

SIGRIST: Can you describe the room where you were?

D'URSO: Oh, it was such a large room, a very large room, maybe like a thousand feet long and maybe two hundred feet wide. And then at the end of one portion of the room there was a gate, a large gate, maybe about twelve feet by twelve feet. And that usually was closed. And a lot of people were standing behind it. And then, I guess, when the time came for visiting hours the gate would open and everybody would rush in. That's what I remember. I don't remember my mother rushing in to see me. I just remember the gate, but I remember that metal crib.

SIGRIST: And you don't know why you were being held in the hospital?

D'URSO: No. It must have been a cold or something, or maybe I got frightened and started shaking because I wasn't

with my father, see. I was introduced to the lady. I knew her. She was a friend of ours, but being away from my father, whether it was a cold or what, I don't know why they kept me here.

SIGRIST: Do you have any recollections of the staff here in the hospital, the nurses or anything like that?

D'URSO: Not really. I know there were a lot of kids in the beds, in the cribs. And these old-fashioned cribs, metal, you know. Why I wasn't there, I guess I was five, and they put me in a crib, not in a bed, maybe because I wanted to get out, I don't know.

(she laughs)

SIGRIST: Do you have any recollections of how you felt at that time? Was this a scary thing for a little girl?

D'URSO: I think so, I think so. Especially, and then I'd be standing in the crib, and I'd see that all those people behind that gate waiting and waiting, a big crowd. And then I do remember the gate rising and everybody rushing in. That's what I remember.

SIGRIST: But no one came to see you . . .

D'URSO: I don't remember.

SIGRIST: That don't remember. (he laughs)

D'URSO: These things, certain things just remain. You can actually see it. I can actually see it now, the gate, and maybe a hundred people behind it, and then the gate opened, everybody rushed in.

SIGRIST: Do you remember being taken outside at all?

D'URSO: No, no.

SIGRIST: Just being in the crib?

D'URSO: Just being in that metal crib, yes.

SIGRIST: Well, tell me how you finally got off of Ellis Island.

D'URSO: I don't remember. I don't remember that.

SIGRIST: Well, what's the next memory that you have?

D'URSO: Well, the next memory is that I went to school.

SIGRIST: Now, where were you?

D'URSO: In Brooklyn.

SIGRIST: You had gone, so your parents were living in Brooklyn?

D'URSO: In Brooklyn, yes, downtown Brooklyn.

SIGRIST: I see. Do you remember seeing your mom for the first time?

D'URSO: No, no. I don't know why. I just don't remember that. No, but I do remember my father at night. And it was kind of scary, because I guess they had gaslight, and my father came with a can--, I think a match, to see if I was sleeping. I was in bed. This, I remember. We didn't have electricity then. I guess it wasn't around too much, you know. But I do remember that scary part. And maybe I had forgotten who my father was, because I was kind of scared when I saw him with a match, but he probably came there to see if I was awake or not, you know.

SIGRIST: This was in your apartment in Brooklyn.

D'URSO: Yes, this was at home.

SIGRIST: Do you, can you describe the apartment for me a little bit? Do you remember how the rooms were laid out or anything like that?

D'URSO: Not really. But I do remember when I was older, or maybe within a year, we were in the same house. We were on the porch, and one of the tenants, another one

of the tenants was cleaning squid. And we were a bunch of kids. My cousin lived in the same building.

She was two years younger than me. And the woman herself had about two children. And she gave each of us a piece of the squid (she laughs) and they were eating it raw, so they started eating it raw, the other kids, and I ate it raw, too. I haven't touched it since. I love it cooked, but I haven't touched a piece of raw squid since. (she laughs)

SIGRIST: Tell me about school. You said you remember school. What do you remember about school?

D'URSO: I do remember school. I guess I didn't know how to speak a word of English. And all children cry. Most children cry when they're taken to school, kindergarten. Well, I was taken to school, and I cried so much that I threw up on the floor. The teacher got angry. I heard her probably getting angry, and then she went to get a mop, and she handed me the mop. She wanted me to clean up my mess. (she laughs) I don't know what I did. I can see her handing me the mop, and that's it.

SIGRIST: Do you remember learning English? Do you remember

that process at all?

D'URSO: No, not really, no. No, I just remember when I was in a higher grade, maybe the first, second grade, a tall girl came into the room. She must have been about twelve. And for us five-year-olds she was a big girl. And she sat in the back of the room because now I realize she didn't know English. So they put her in the first grade so she could learn the English. And now when I hear that children have to have a Spanish teacher in the room to teach them, I think it's absurd, because I learned by myself, and I don't think I have an accent, I don't think.

SIGRIST: Well, you were so young.

D'URSO: Well, I sound like a Brooklynese, but that's about it.
(they laugh)

SIGRIST: Can you tell me a little bit about what your parents are doing at this point, what kind of, you said your father's a longshoreman?

D'URSO: He was a longshoreman, yes.

SIGRIST: Can you tell me a little bit about what your mom is doing and how she adjusted to this country?

D'URSO: No, I really don't know so much. I just know that I went, I was the oldest of three girls, two at the time.

SIGRIST: The only one born in Sicily.

D'URSO: Yeah. My brother was older than I was, but I was the oldest of three girls at the time, and my mother used to send me shopping. And I had to go about three blocks away. I must have been about eight by that time. But I was a little tomboy. Now I brought my children, my grandchildren down to the place where I told them I used to walk on. There was one block and there was a factory, and this factory had a grating that came at an angle. I never used the sidewalk on that block. I always walked on that grating. I don't know how many times I slid off, but I wouldn't walk on the sidewalk, only the grating. Now I can't walk.
(she laughs)

SIGRIST: Can you tell me a little bit about, did your mother like America?

D'URSO: Oh, yes, I guess she did. See, she had no father or mother. She had been orphaned at a young age. And a

lot of her sisters went to South America. In fact, I remember her saying, "Oh, why do they write Spanish for?" She used to communicate with her sisters by writing Italian, and then I guess the young children started writing to her, nieces and nephews, and she didn't understand the Spanish. Then, after a while, I guess they stopped writing.

SIGRIST: Did your parents learn English?

D'URSO: My mother didn't. She was here fifty years. She couldn't, she could just say, "Yes," or "No." She really didn't, because where we lived was Italian. The bread man was Italian, the butcher was Italian, the vegetable man was Italian. Everybody was Italian. So how was she to learn?

SIGRIST: She really didn't have to. Did they attempt to learn English?

D'URSO: I think she went to school one or two times. This is later on in life when I was older. But I don't think she really kept it up.

SIGRIST: Because you lived in an Italian neighborhood you may not have, but did you experience any kind of prejudice

in your early life in America because you did come from a different country?

D'URSO: No, no. No, in fact I'm ashamed to say it, but there was one girl in my class who was black. I think this was in third grade. And she was very smart, very clean. I wish I could meet her now and apologize. But once she had to go to the bathroom, and I was afraid that my parents wouldn't like the idea. We were going home for lunch, and she had to go to the bathroom. She said, "Angie." So I just shrugged my shoulders. And I feel so bad nowadays. I wish I could meet her and apologize. Really, that's how bad I felt. That's the only thing I remember.

SIGRIST: I see. But for the most part you lived in an immigrant neighborhood.

D'URSO: Yes, and we were all equal.

SIGRIST: Can you tell me a little bit about your religious life in this country? You're Catholics, I assume.

D'URSO: Yes, yes.

SIGRIST: Were your parents religious people?

D'URSO: Oh, yes.

SIGRIST: Can you tell me how you practiced your religion at home when you were in America?

D'URSO: Well, we really didn't practice too much because my father was not a church-going man, but he was right. I remember my father was being fair. I never got hit from him or anything. And the only thing I remember about religion, we used to go to church on Sundays. In fact, my mother used to leave me, when I was a little girl, in bed with my father, and my mother would go to the six o'clock mass because she'd come home and then take care of the breakfast and everything. That I remember. Then as I grew older I went to catechism, and we didn't have too much money to go here or there. My mother used to take us to church on a Sunday afternoon to see the brides get married. That was a big thing for us. Every Sunday afternoon we went to church to see the brides get married, and with the bridesmaids and little flower girls. That's it.

SIGRIST: Kind of your entertainment. (he laughs)

D'URSO: That was our entertainment on Sunday, yes, yes.

SIGRIST: How do you think your life would have been different if you had stayed in Sicily?

D'URSO: Oh.

SIGRIST: What do you think would have happened to you if you had stayed in Sicily?

D'URSO: I really have no idea. I know we went back in 1973, and . . .

SIGRIST: You say, "We."

D'URSO: My husband and I went back in 1973. I was, what's that, twenty years younger than I am now, about fifty. And when I was a little girl, my mother used to send a dollar in the envelope when she wrote to the people in Italy because, so they could buy the stamp so they could send it back, send her a letter back and use the few cents that were left over for themselves. But I don't know what I would have done if I had left there, if I had remained in Sicily.

SIGRIST: Did your father stay in America once his family was all here, or did he go back and forth?

D'URSO: No, he never went back again. He never went back.

SIGRIST: Did they ever want to go back to Sicily, your parents?

D'URSO: Not really. They never had the money to go back, never. No, because then his mother passed away after a while, and his sister was married. So he had his family here and that's it. He didn't, he never thought of going back.

SIGRIST: I guess my final question for you is are you glad that you were brought to this country?

D'URSO: Oh, yes, yes. I'm happy to be here and be an American, yes.

SIGRIST: Just quickly for the tape, when did you marry?

D'URSO: I got married in 1940 and . . .

SIGRIST: And your husband's name?

D'URSO: My husband's name is Leonard D'Urso.

SIGRIST: And children?

D'URSO: Well, I did have three children, (she is moved) but one of them was taken away from me at eighteen. Now I have two, married, and I have five grandchildren.

SIGRIST: And what are your children's names?

D'URSO: My son's name is Roy, and my daughter's name is Frances. And I have five grandchildren, and one of them is going to be a whiz. I wish I could live that long to see him. He wants to be a brain surgeon, and I think he'll make it.

SIGRIST: How old is he now?

D'URSO: He's fourteen.

SIGRIST: Wow.

D'URSO: I don't think I'll live that long, but I would want to see that, because I'm sure he'll make it.

SIGRIST: That's a lofty ambition. Oh, I think you'll be around to see it.

D'URSO: That's the only reason I would like to live that long, but, because otherwise everything is normal.

SIGRIST: Well, Mrs. D'Urso, I want to thank you for coming out to Ellis Island and recording, this is a little gem of an interview. Your wonderful little recollections as a kid.

EI-331/D'URSO

D'URSO: I've enjoyed it immensely.

SIGRIST: Good. Thank you. This is Paul Sigrist signing off with Angelina D'Urso at the Ellis Island Recording Studio on Friday, May 28th, 1993.