



# MEMORO

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we cannot understand"

the bank of memories  
www.memoro.org

EDWARD MORGAN FOSTER



**Davide Girola interviews Vincenzo Capogreco of East Boston.**

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This phrase can summarize the challenge that four Italian youngsters have decided to undertake with the Memoro project — the Bank of Memories. What is Memoro? It is a non profit project dedicated to the collection of testimonies, of free flow of memories, emotions and stories of a specific portion of society: the third age. To be precise the people that are considered and described are born before 1940. The site, that is thought as a space of collection and fruition of audio-video content, was launched on June 15, 2008. A container of life and lives, expressed for the absolute first time through images: short stories from a minimum of 3 minutes to a maximum of 8 minutes, spread on the internet through our site [www.memoro.org](http://www.memoro.org) in an absolutely cost-free manner. The videos are produced for the most part by an internal editing staff, but the intention is to interact directly with the users. It is in fact possible to send videos in terms of spontaneous stream through the upload of the users. The videos are viewed and selected by the editing staff in order to guarantee consistency with the project. Memoro is a classified collection of content; which makes it unique in the nature of the content itself. Memoro has the objective, the mission of becoming the *trait d'union* between one generation that wants to speak and one that needs to listen. Memoro makes it possible for the elderly to reach the younger people through the use of their most direct and accessible language: the internet. Through the free spread of testimonies whose content is as ample and real as possible, we accomplish a concrete valorization of the third age.

This way the elderly can regain the role that they have been losing only in this last century, being a source and a channel of experience, knowledge, wisdom and moreover they become closer to a world, that of the web, from which they often seem to be left out. The Bank of Memories is characterized by a strong ethical connotation, an example of Web 2.0 with social goals. The operating profit of the



**Barbara Summa of the North End discusses the North End, her grandparents and simple everyday life as a child.**

site, provided by sponsor contribution, will be entirely devolved to associations in favor of the elderly and childhood. The Bank of Memories is a project that can generate wealth, both in cultural and economic terms. This wealth though is not meant to be accumulated but rather shared. To become sustainable, the project contemplates the inclusion of ethically coherent sponsors, that will obtain visibility inside the portal through a space in which the companies will see their history retraced through the contributions of those who have always been a part of their history: the workers and employees that have lived their life and spent their careers along with them. The main newspapers, periodicals, radio and Italian television stations have spoken of the project (*press review: [www.memoro.org/it/rassegna\\_stamp.php](http://www.memoro.org/it/rassegna_stamp.php)*) and the site has obtained referral from 1,100 external sites. Our community counts over 2,000 users, to whom we add the 3,000 of Facebook groups. The project, from the beginning, has been planned to be expanded on an international scale: memory is a heritage that transcends national boundaries. The project has already been launched in the English, Spanish, German and French languages. The Portuguese, Russian and Romanian versions will be online around September 2009. Local editorial staffs are active in order to collect content in Barcelona, Munich, London, Paris, Denver, Los Angeles. **The USA Tour 2009** This journey is intended to repeat the success obtained by the event that took place in Italy in August of 2008 where, reaching 30 cities in 30 days, from North to South, we have tried to describe Italy through the memories of its people.

Just like then, our intention is a trip in constant motion, with the goal to collect, classify and spread through the web, life experiences and memories of people born before 1940. In this case our goal is double: 1) collect memories of Italians that emigrated in the US and 2) collect memories of the



**Dominic Campochiaro chats about his childhood, war time memories and more.**



**Carmine Cafasso of East Boston talked about the Korean War, dating and dancing back in the day and community.**



**Tommy Flaherty of South Boston recounts his memories of South Boston, The Vietnam War, and sports.**



**Fran Rowen of East Boston discusses politics, Woodstock, growing up on a farm and settling in East Boston.**

American people. This first step of our program intends to cover a part of the East Coast, 15 days from Boston to Washington, seeking tales and experiences. Local administrations, universities, homes for the elderly of the designated cities will be contacted, leaving time and space for those who will contact us to be interviewed or to let us interview a grandparent or a dear one. The trip will be reported in real time in a blog where, along with the journey log, at least one video will be uploaded daily.

## Simple TIMES . . . by Girard A. Plante

Remember the hit tune "Mrs. Robinson" by Simon and Garfunkel? The song became a smash in the 1968 film "The Graduate" starring Dustin Hoffman, and some of the song's lyrics refer to one of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's sports icons, New York Yankees outfielder Joe DiMaggio. "Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio, our nation turns its lonely eyes to you. What's that you say Mrs. Robinson, Joltin' Joe has left and gone away."

Joltin' Joe was DiMaggio's nickname. And Joe's younger brother, Dom, played all 13 of his major league seasons with the Boston Red Sox. Dominic passed away May 8, 2009. He was 92. Accolades poured in for Dom from across America, the Red Sox organization, and the baseball world. Dom epitomized the qualities of not only a true professional athlete but a wonderful human being: quiet strength topped with a gracious demeanor.

Not the great athlete like his brother Joe, Dom's work ethic made him a solid baseball player with a mix of stellar defense and clutch hitting. He played in the shadow of Ted Williams, and older brother Joe. He never complained about that during his baseball career, but years later in an interview he revealed the angst of playing in the midst of his superstar brother. "It followed me all through my major league career. I was always Joe's kid brother," he said. But Dom's intelligence as a chemical engineer included other skills he performed superior to Joe: "I can do two things better than Joe. Play pinochle and speak Italian." And Dom's speed oftentimes aided Williams' leftfield position.

Let's move forward to a different era in Major League Baseball. The year is 2004 and Manny Ramirez is a big cog in the wheel that drives the Red Sox to its first World Series title in 86 years. Manny also played a huge role in helping the Red Sox win their second World Series title in three years in 2007. Dom DiMaggio would have given much to experience those exciting accomplishments!

Athlete-heroes in this sports-crazed town abound. But Ramirez is the consummate antihero. I'll give him just dues for putting out big numbers in hits, homers, RBIs and batting percentage during his eight years in Boston. But that's where the celebratory calls end. And it's where adulation for the scholarly Dom DiMaggio begins.

Dom arrived at Fenway Park to work at becoming

the best baseball player possible. Manny's tardiness at the famed ball yard proved legendary. Manny was being Manny when on a sweltering 100-plus degree day game in Chicago in 2005 he didn't play. He's paid \$15 million dollars a season. Yet Manny sits! Enablers Epstein and Francona looked the other way — no fine, no suspension.

Manny's first full season with the Los Angeles Dodgers arrived as expected: showing up three weeks late to this year's spring training. You see, over the winter Manny was being Manny, demanding a four-year deal worth a whopping \$42 million. But he's dealing with Los Angeles, not Boston. Manny and his greed-agent Scott Boras held out for a four-year deal that never came. Instead, the cash-rich Dodgers foolishly handed over \$3 million more than their original offer. But Manny's always full of surprises. He drew contempt from Dodgers' officials and teammates alike when in May he tested positive for a banned drug that drew a 50-game suspension without pay.

Weeks of silence proved deafening as Manny cowered in the confines of his multi-million dollar crib. Ordered by Dodgers officials to "publicly" apologize to his teammates, Manny thumbed his nose. Soon after the suspension began his ego deflated like a lead balloon and he met in Dodger Stadium to pour out his soul to his teammates.

I doubt Manny missed getting up early and going to the ballpark to shag balls under the searing Southern California sun. And he definitely didn't fret over losing money as millions of Americans lost jobs, homes, pensions and health insurance since the end of last summer while Manny headed west to Mannywood. His suspension nearly over, Manny's playing Class A minor league ball before rejoining the Dodgers this month.

To the displeasure of the groupies still infatuated with the ego-inducing antics of Manny Ramirez, we baseball purists yearn for guys like Dom DiMaggio, and his older brother Joltin' Joe to return us to the simpler times in major league baseball's heyday.

Redeeming qualities such as quiet strength, a tireless work ethic, self-respect and respect for his teammates and fans, won Dom a place in their hearts for generations. That's more than will ever be anointed to Manny despite two World Series titles.

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