Being Poor And Living Rich: Growing Up On Mulberry Street In New York City

Being Poor and Living Rich: Growing Up on Mulberry Street in New York City

VINCE CAMINITI
Synopsis

A story about a boy of Italian descent growing up in 50's and how his family, friends and religion shaped his life

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

This book is as real as real can get. I should know. I grew up with Vince’s younger brother, Peter. I knew the entire family well. Vince’s mother, Suzy, went to grammar school with my mother, Nancy. Michael, Paul, Vincent, and Peter, all handsome, all smart, all well-behaved; the ideal neighborhood family. I remember I was in about the 3rd or 4th grade, and we went on a Transfiguration school trip, I think to Rye Beach. On the trip, Vince, who was about 3 or 4 years older than me, gave me his duffle bag to watch. I don’t know how, but I lost it. Some things you never forget. I’ve read several books about the old neighborhood, but hands down, this is the best. Download this book and absorb “feel, smell, taste - the flavor of Little Italy the way it once was. The photos are an added bonus; a trip down Memory Lane. The old neighborhood is now irreversibly changed. But no one can take away our memories.

Thanks for the memories Vince. It brought back a “time of innocence” that we can all recapture through our memories. Having an egg cream at Shea’s, Walter’s sandwiches, picking out a "
Spauldeen” at Rocky’s, driving Julius crazy behind the soda fountain at Tony’s, It seems like only yesterday.

Like the Caminiti family, I too lived on Mulberry Street. Even though the book is about the Caminiti family in particular, most Italian-American families who lived there at the time shared similar experiences. I broke bread with Peter, Vince Caminiti™s younger brother, when we were kids in the neighborhood. Peter and his brothers are all stand-up guys, smart and street-wise. The Caminiti family always showed a lot of class. Everyone looked up to Vince™s father, who was a prince of a man, admired by all who knew him. Sadly, New York City™s Little Italy, as we knew it, no longer exists. But reading this book brought back memories â€“ all good. Like the title of the book says, we didn™t have much, but we were filthy rich in spirit. We were blessed and we knew it. None of us who lived there would trade places with anyone else on the planet. It was a labor of love for Vince Caminiti to document his experience for posterity and for that I am indebted to him.

This book is an accurate depiction of life for anyone who was fortunate enough to be born then, (1930s 40s, 50s, & 60s) on the lower east side, especially little italy, & more specifically Mulberry Street. The smells, the sounds, the joy, the sorrow, the love. This environment shaped me, & continues directing my thought process in life here in 2015. Vinny, you illustrated the story for the pleasure of many, & I can’t thank you enough, Your brother Michael! PS..... For those who might comment negatively, remember what mom used to say! “If you have nothing nice to say, don’t say anything at all.”

Just like Vince described it, Growing Up on Mulberry Street... was a wonderful experience one takes with them their whole life and then extends the memories to their children/grandchildren. I, too, grew up on Mulberry across from Columbus Park, so I definitely can relate. I laughed at the pranks cause my brothers were always in on it... Lol. Times change, and we have moved along, but our roads always cross and we never forget our upbringing and our childhood friends! As Bob Hope sang...”Thankssssss for the Memories.....!” Thank you, Vince! Dolores Primiano Bannon

The book was thoroughly enjoyable. Brought back great memories I am Rosie B’s first grandchild Nancy. I spent every weekend growing up at 78 mulberry street. The best days by far. I am now 62 years old. I am Millie’s daughter. I loved your mom Susie. Truthfully I was scared of your dad. Lol. I remember all of your family. Great times. Thanks for the memories.
I chose this rating because it brought back many happy memories of my youth. It also blew my mind to see the picture of my Mother (Vi Farina). I would recommend this to anyone from "The Neighborhood".

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