



Marguerite Elena (deSante) Tuzeneu was born in Long Branch, NJ on February 15, 1918. Although not extremely wealthy, the deSante's fared the Great Depression fairly well as Anthony Aloysius deSante (Pop Pop) worked for Swift and Company as an accountant and had access to its meat products for the family.

Marguerite graduated from Star of the Sea Lyceum Academy, an all girl's school. She went on after high school learning secretarial and stenographical skills. She worked at Ft. Monmouth in the promotional department. She met Elinor Quackenbush (Aunt Elinor) in Ft. Monmouth as Aunt Elinor worked with Marguerite (Mommy). They became friends and she eventually met Walter Tuzeneu (Dad) through Aunt Elinor.

Marguerite and Walter (Mom and Dad) were married on August 29, 1948. Marguerite (Mommy) went on to raise five children: James Anthony, Stephen Edward, Kenard Joseph, Paul Leon, and Jean Anne. She was the glue that held the family together. She managed the family finances as well as cooked and provided for the family. She enjoyed being with the family. She was always there when we needed her. Coming home from school, there was not a day that she was not always home greeting us when we returned home from school. As a result we were a close knit family.

Two of the many things that she did for the family was: One year she decided she wanted to have a swimming pool – not a fancy or in the ground pool just a simple above the ground pool -- for the family for the summer so we wouldn't have to go to the beach. She scrimped and saved for a year to get enough money to buy that pool. Another thing she did was: after Thanksgiving Day, in December before Christmas, after

dinner on most nights, we would gather at her piano to sing Christmas carols as she played.

Also, one of the desserts that come to mind that she made was cheese cake which was different than the traditional cheese cakes made today. It was creamier and made with cream cheese and Borden's condensed milk and put into a graham cracker crust. To this day we can't find that recipe of exactly how her cheese cake was made. One more thing that comes to mind about her was how we all would stand at the front picture window and wave good-bye to Dad as he went off to work. I don't know if she initiated this tradition or how it started but as we grew up we would line up at that picture window waving good-bye as one of us left for the day.