

NAME OF PROJECT: *Italian Canadians as Enemy Aliens: Memories of WWII*

DATE OF INTERVIEW: December 6, 2011

LOCATION OF INTERVIEW: Hamilton, ON

NAME OF INTERVIEWEE: Frank Martinello

NAME OF INTERVIEWER: Stefanie Petrilli

NAME OF VIDEOGRAPHER: Krystle Copeland

TRANSCRIBED BY: Melinda Richter

DATE TRANSCRIBED: January 17, 2012

ACCESSION No.: ICEA2011.0034.0002

PROJECT NOTE:

Please note that all interviews have been transcribed verbatim. The language in this transcript is as it was provided by the transcriptionist noted above. The project staff has not edited this transcript for errors.

KEYWORDS/TAGS

ObjectStory, Object, Sketch, Artist, Art, Drawing, Portrait, Hamilton, NovaScotia, Italy, Canada, Canadian, Canadians, Petawawa, CampPetawawa, Interned, Internee, Internees, internment, Italian, Italians, ItalianCanadian, ItalianCanadians, SecondWorldWar, WWII, WW2, WorldWarTwo, war, camp, CampLife, FrankMartinello, FeliceMartinello, Martinello, photographs, photograph, portrait, painting, watercolour, watercolours, garden, shipinabottle, ship, bottle, belt, beard

ABSTRACT

Frank Martinello talks a bit more about his experience during his father's (Felice Martiniello's) internment during the Second World War. Frank suggests that it was his father's internment that gave the family the impetus to move out of Nova Scotia and settle in Hamilton, Ontario, especially since Felice met so many Ontarians in the camp. Frank talks about missing out on some of his childhood and going to school because he had to work hard to maintain the house and the farm while his father was away. He then goes through a series of objects that he received from his father, many of which were brought back in a chest from the internment camp. The objects include a ship in a bottle, a belt made

out of cigarette packages, and a portrait of Felice drawn by fellow internee and artist, Guido Casini. Frank says his father never usually wore a beard, but explains his father's reason for growing one now and then. Felice has symbolically tied his beard-growing to times in his life when he was in "trouble," such as his time in the army, his internment, and finally during his last days when he got sick. Felice is therefore shown with a beard in the Casini sketch. There are also two watercolour portraits of Frank and his sister, Florence, after their dad requested photographs of them to be sent to him in the camp. These watercolours were done by a fellow (German) internee. Frank finishes by going through a photo album and pointing out the members of his family in the pictures.

INTERVIEW

FM: Frank Martinello, interviewee

SP: Stefanie Petrilli, interviewer

KC: Krystle Copeland, videographer

[Title screen]

[Fades in at 00:00:11]

[Text: Frank Martinello. Son of internee Felice Martinello]

SP: Okay. This is Stefanie Petrilli. I'm in Hamilton, Ontario with Frank Martinello. This is December 6th, 2011. Uh, we're doing a followup interview with Frank to discuss, um, some of the objects that his father both made in camp and brought home from camp, as well as to follow up with, uh, the experience of Frank and his siblings during the period that their dad was interned. Um, Frank, did you want to talk a little bit more about what the experience was like for you and your siblings while your father was interned?

FM: Well, actually, it was very hard and that but my father's ambition all along, and I can remember as a kid, was that, to get out of Nova Scotia...like when we got older. So I guess him going to the camp kinda moved everything ahead. But him being put in the camp and that kind of set us behind 'cause we didn't progress like we would have if he had been there and, uh, maintaining and keeping the household. We would have gone to school and then probably moved out of Nova Scotia for higher education in Ontario. As it worked out, him meeting so many people from Ontario in the camp is why we ended up here in Hamilton.

SP: Mmmhmm. And what sort of things did you and your older siblings have to do during that period to help the household?

FM: To help the household?

SP: Hmm.

FM: [laughs] We did everything just about possible from like my wife said before, going in the fields, picking up manure from different cattle that were straying around and that, belonged to other people and bringing them home in the wheelbarrow and then putting in our garden, which my mother looked after the garden and we dug it all up and that and produced and we sold produce from the garden and, uh, we did an awful lot of canning. And during the winter we ate a lot of mustard pickles, which was all vegetables and that with mustard and things like that.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: So that kind of— [laughs]

SP: [laughs]

FM: —help that.

SP: Yeah. Is there anything that if, looking back now on the period, that if your father hadn't been interned you think that you would have been interested in doing, that you would have pursued in your life but didn't have the opportunity to because of that period?

FM: Well him being put in the camp, uh, like, uh, kind of curtailed our, uh, activities, uh, for school.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: Like, uh, I was going to school and also working: delivering papers, shining shoes and, uh, actually it was, uh, twelve years old and then, uh, instead of enjoying a life like a kid and doing things that other kids do, we were working, striving to maintain and, uh, not losing our house.

SP: Hmm.

FM: Like, I think I mentioned it before that they wouldn't give us relief unless my mother sold the house and we used all the proceeds of the house and then they would help us.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: But thankfully we had good neighbours and that, a lot of Italian neighbours and they helped us out too.

SP: That's great. Anything else you want to add on that topic?

FM: [laughing] No, I think that's enough.

SP: Good?

FM: [laughing] It only brings back a lot of depressing memories.

[fades out at 00:03:17]

[fades in at 00:03:18]

[Frank is holding a bottle in his hands]

SP: So Frank, can you tell me about the, um, ship in a bottle that you have in your hands? Where did it come from and how did it come into your possession?

FM: Well it's in a, an old gin bottle to start with. [laughs] And it was made in the camp but I don't really know who made it. My father never, maybe he did tell me but I can't remember. But I was, uh, very, uh, intrigued and interested in how they put the ship in the bottle and kept it there. I don't know if I mentioned last time, everything was all collapsed when it went in to fit through that little hole.

[touches the mouth of the bottle] And there was a, they pulled a string and I guess it was experimented with enough to know, uh, how much to pull the string and there was a knot—

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: —and then they went in with a hot wire and they burnt off the string or thread or whatever it is just, uh, before the knot. And that maintained like that.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: And it's, uh, glued or something. It hasn't moved and, uh, I, I love it very much. I look at it every day when go back.

SP: Did your father tell you, uh, you mentioned that they put it inside the bottle and then they pulled the string, did he assist in doing that? 'Cause you said he didn't make it himself. Did he say?

FM: No. He didn't make it, uh—

SP: He didn't do it. He didn't—

FM: —No. My father, as far as I know, had nothing to do with it.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: It was one of the people in the camp.

SP: Okay.

FM: As I understand it, in the camp that they helped one another. Like, uh, he made this here maybe for my father, my father in turn did something for him and that.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: Maybe they even paid him. Who knows? [laughs]

SP: And you mentioned that you look at it everyday and it's something that's important to you. Uh, why, why is it important and what does it remind you of?

FM: Well, it, uh, where it sits there, um, I walked by going into the—And I automatically just kind of look ahead.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: The same thing with the pictures downstairs. I, they're in my office there and I sit down I look and, uh, I think back about the boat in the bottle. It's there. I see it every morning and every time I go through.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: I guess automatically or just subconsciously I look at it. Maybe I don't think about it but I know it's there. And also the belt. [picks up a belt] It sits on, [puts the rolled up belt on the mouth of the bottle] I always sit it on there.

SP: Hmm.

FM: That was, as I understand, [takes belt off] made from, uh, empty cigarette packages, the package of cigarettes [puts down bottle and handles the belt] used to have, uh, kind of like a cellophane or a



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paper around the outside of it.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: And I guess they collected them and, uh, made those. I don't know how it was made but there used to be a clip to hold it together too—

SP: Okay.

FM: —when you fastened it, but over the years it got, um, who knows.

SP: And did your dad make the belt?

FM: I couldn't tell ya. I don't think he was that nimble—

SP: No? [laughs]

FM: —with his fingers. [laughs]

SP: Do you remember some—

FM: He would—He was more the roughhouse type—

SP: I see.

FM: —like with the hacking the spoons and stuff like that.

SP: Okay.

FM: Yeah.

SP: Did you ever see him wearing it? 'Cause I know you s—you mentioned it had a buckle. Did you ever see him wearing it when he came back? Or was it something that he kept on a shelf as well?

FM: I'm sorry?

SP: Did you ever see your father wearing the belt?

FM: No. No. These were just, uh, more or less decoration—

SP: Decoration.

FM: —belts.

SP: Okay.

FM: Yeah.

SP: And you mentioned, um, in our previous interview that we had with you that when your father came home from the camp that he came home with a big chest of—

FM: Oh God, yeah.

SP: —material. Um, so this stuff would have been in the chest too?

FM: This stuff was in there. There was like the spoons and forks. There was a—Like I have six of 'em. Well, I don't have 'em now. My son has 'em. There was those, but, it was full of those and two boats: one, I remember was about three feet and the other was was two feet—

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: One was a great, big steamer and the other one was a sailboat.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: But, uh, being made in the camp, I guess the glue wasn't good. Stuff like that. Over time it deteriorated. And I remember, we put it upstairs in one of the closets. After that, I don't know. I think my mother just got tired of having it hanging around and threw it out.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: The same, I think, I mentioned about the picture of, um, Mussolini that my father had, uh, autographed by Mussolini.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: And kept it for all these years and then one year before she died she got tired of looking at it and tore it all up. [laughs] I was crazy at the time. I should have even taken the pieces of it and hung on to

them then but—[laughs]

SP: I didn't think I remember you talking about that picture of Mussolini the last time. So is that something your dad brought into camp with him or that he received while he was—?

FM: No. No. That, uh, when they picked up my father they confiscated his, uh, double barrel shotgun—

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: —and a picture of Mussolini and a revolver.

SP: Okay.

FM: Yeah. The picture of Mussolini and the shotgun we got back. The revolver they—

SP: Ah. Okay.

FM: —kept. 'Cause it was the Mountie revolver to start with.

SP: Oh. [laughs]

FM: [laughs] So who knows where it came from. [laughs]

SP: [laughs] Okay. And, um, when your father came home with this chest did he give each of you a piece from his, you know, collected materials? Did he give you the ship in the bottle? Did he give

another one of your siblings another object or did you sort of—

FM: No. It was, uh—

SP: —as the years went on.

FM: I can't really remember, but I know the boat in the bottle he gave me that and he gave me that there. [touches the belt on the bottle] And, uh, there used to be a, I don't know if you remember as a kid, there used to be a thing like an H and there would be, um, like a puppet in between it and you would squeeze the bottom and the puppet would do all sorts of, uh, things. There was a lot of those—

SP: Okay.

FM: —and there were either, who knows, the strings maybe broke and got thrown out. Like ended up with the two boats that, uh, started to fall apart and then that just went in the garbage.

SP: Okay.

FM: My mother wasn't a great one for saving things. [laughs]

SP: [laughs]

FM: She's keep 'em for so long and that was it. Ha. [laughs] Maybe it's an old Italian tradition. I don't know. If it's no good get rid of it.

SP: Maybe . [laughs]



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[fades out at 00:09:04]

[fades in at 00:09:05]

[Close up shot of the ship in a bottle]

[fades out at 00:09:43]

[fades in at 00:09:44]

[Close up shot of the ship in a bottle from the other side]

FM: Maybe the soldiers drank it and they, they got the bottle...'cause I think I told you in the interview my father became very good friends with a lot of the guards there.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: I think I told you about the one guard that, uh, this is a, he was a salesman for a company and I was at a golf tournament and this fellow came up to me and, uh, he knew my name was Martinello. He says, uh, "Would you happen to know a Felice Martinello?" And that's when I found out that he was a guard in the camp while my father was there.

SP: Wow.

FM: And he and my father became very good friends. [laughs]

[fades out at 00:10:21]



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[fades in at 00:10:23]

[close up shot of the belt, curled up on a table]

SP: I'll record it like this for a second.

[fades out at 00:10:31]

[fades in at 00:10:32]

[close up shot of FM holding the belt stretched out]

[camera pans over the belt and then pulls back to show FM holding it]

[fades out at 00:10:48]

[fades in at 00:10:50]

[FM sitting on a couch holding a framed portrait of a man]

SP: Frank, uh, can you tell us a bit about the, uh, portrait that you have right now in your hands?

FM: Well, all I know, it was drawn in the camp by, uh, just a minute here, uh— [examines the portrait]
The name is Glassini[?].

SP: I think it's, uh, Casini[?].

FM: Yeah. Glassini[?]. And, uh, I have it, uh, in front of my desk downstairs and every time I go sit
down the picture is there and I look at it and it just makes me think of my father being in the camp.

SP: Did your father tell you anything about this sketch? How he got it? Or any information?

FM: No, he posed for it, I guess, like, uh, in the camp, uh, the artist had something to do and, uh, he had something to do. Him being a cook and that maybe he [laughing] made something extra special for him. But they all, as far as I understand it, they all helped one another.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: They had to pass the time and that so some people drew and some people, uh, did different things.

SP: And this sketch come home in the chest of material that you were talking about?

FM: [turns his ear towards SP]

SP: Did the, the sketch come home, was it in the box with the rest of the material or—?

FM: Yes it, uh, yeah, it was, uh, in a roll like this one here. [picks up a cardboard roll]

SP: Okay.

FM: Yeah. And then, uh, my father says, uh, to me, gave it to me, says, “Put this in a frame and keep it.” So that's what I did. I put it in a frame and, uh, I had, uh, well, whenever—He gave it to me when he got back in the '50s.



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SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: And it went from house to house—

SP: Hmm.

FM: —and it's been downstairs in that one position right now for 40 years. [laughs]

SP: So I made you take it off the wall [laughs]

FM: And this is the first time it's ever been off the wall.

SP: Yeah. And did he hang it in the house while he was alive when you were younger?

FM: No.

SP: No. It was only afterwards.

FM: It was—And there was a like this [picks up the roll] in a roll.

SP: It was like that for years.

FM: Yeah.

SP: Okay.

FM: It was, uh, it wasn't hung until I hung it in the frame.

SP: So he went, he went and he found it years after his internment and—?

FM: He what?

SP: He found it—He went and pulled it out years after he, uh, came out of interment? And thought it was important?

FM: I can't, uh, really remember.

SP: Okay.

FM: But I know it was in the '50s when he gave it to me, like after I was married. That's why I guess he figured being the oldest boy I should maybe have it.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: Yeah.

SP: Is this how you remember your father? Um, this picture, does it look like him or did he change significantly—

FM: Well—

SP: —from—?

FM: No. It doesn't—Like, my father never had the, when he went to the camp he didn't have the beard.

SP: Okay.

FM: But I found out, uh, like when he had it and I had asked him why he, uh, put the beard and goatee. And he says every time he was in the trouble he would grow a beard. Like, apparently when he was in the army [points to the framed documents and picture behind him on the wall] the same as that picture up there, he had a moustache and, uh, he grew a beard. And the same thing just before he died about, uh, I guess, three or four months he started to grow the beard.

SP: Interesting.

FM: And when he got sick, we took him to the hospital, he told me, he says, “If anything happens do not shave the beard.”

SP: Wow.

FM: So that was one of his last wishes.

SP: Uh huh.

FM: And we didn't. We buried him with the beard.

SP: Right.

FM: 'Cause a lot of people came in that didn't recognize him with the beard. They looked and they thought, 'We're in the wrong place.'

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: There was one particular fella, Luigi Mascia who was in the camp with my father, he came in, he went to the casket and looked around and says, "Where's Felice?" And we says, "That's him." "*La barba.*" I says, "That's what he wanted. He wanted it and he kept it."

SP: Interesting.

FM: Yeah.

SP: So when he came home from the camp you remember him with the beard?

FM: No. He had no beard when—

SP: he shaved the beard the before he came home.

FM: Yeah. Mmmhmm.

SP: Okay. Wow.

FM: Yeah. When he was growing the beard and a moustache later on he would always go like this. [strokes his moustache] And I asked him what he's doing. He says, "That's to push the hair." So.



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[laughs] To make it go a certain way. Yeah. And since then like I, my son has a beard, my two sons have a beard and I have a beard and my, uh, son-in-law has a beard.

SP: [laughs] So it's a family—

FM: We're all a bearded family [laughs]

[fades out 00:14:43]

[fades in 00:14:44]

[close up of the portrait. Camera pans the image.]

[fades out at 00:15:32]

[fades in at 00:15:33]

[FM sits on a couch holding a portrait of a boy]

SP: Okay, uh, Frank, can you tell us a little bit about the portrait that you're holding in your hands now?

FM: Well it's a duplicate of a snapshot, or not really a snapshot, a picture that—My father wanted a picture of me taken so we went to a studio in Nova Scotia and had it taken. And, uh, this is a reproduction of the snapshot that was, uh, taken and sent to him. And I was, I guess, uh, 13 years old at the time. So that when an artist painted this up and it's in—Where the other one's in pencil, this one here is in watercolours.

SP: Mmmhmm. So, uh, you're, uh, father asked for you to get a portrait taken while he was in camp?

FM: Yes.

SP: So while he—

FM: Yeah.

SP: —was in camp he asked you to go take this picture.

FM: We had the picture taken and sent it to him and that. And the same thing—Actually at the time a picture of myself and my sister and we sent it to him and, uh, this painting came back and, uh, also the one of my sister which is a duplicate of the snapshot.

SP: So he kept these portraits of you and your sister in camp with him...and then brought them home afterwards?

FM: Well we sent him the pictures. I guess he kept that. And then the paintings were made of them and then he came in with the trunk, they were in the trunk. [laughs]

SP: In the trunk. And you said you were 13 in this?

FM: [leans forward]

SP: You were 13 years old in this painting here?

FM: I'm sorry?

SP: You would have been 13 years old?

FM: Yeah, maximum. Yeah.

SP: Maximum 13.

FM: Yeah, well, I was 12 when he was taken away and this here it would be, uh, the next year.

SP: And do you know anything about the, uh, the artist who painted this?

FM: Not a thing, no.

SP: He never told you anything.

FM: Never said, no he never—Actually he never talked, uh, very, very little about the camp.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: I think I mentioned before he used to get together with a group that were interned and that they would be talking about, uh, different things and when I would come into the room they would kind of shut up, you know. It was, uh, I guess, just something that amongst themselves that they wanted to, they never talked too much about, uh, very few things they ever mentioned in the camp.

SP: Mmmhmm. Did you fath—Did you hang these in your house while you were growing up or were

they kept in—

FM: I'm sorry. I'm having trouble hearing.

SP: That's okay. [louder] Uh, were you, did you keep these, uh, portraits on the wall while you were growing up? When your dad came home from the camp, did you hang these pictures in the house?

FM: Well they—We didn't get them until after he came out of the—

SP: And then—

FM: —camp and that. And actually didn't hang up, like I said, until after I got married.

SP: So after you got married—

FM: I got married. They were just, uh—They were in that trunk. [laughs]

SP: Oh really. So they stayed in there for—

FM: Well, they stayed in there until my father gave them to me and—

SP: Okay.

FM: —told me to get frames and put them in the frames and then to keep them.

SP: Mmmhmm.



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FM: Yeah.

SP: And it was only the two paintings that were done? The one of you and the one of your sister?

FM: Yes, that were, that I have.

SP: Okay.

FM: There was another pencil sketch that, uh, like that one there with the beard that my brother, Junior, has.

SP: Okay.

FM: Yeah. Actually, Junior is what we call him but, yeah. It's Benito Felice. [laughs]

SP: Oh.

FM: I think I told you the story on that.

SP: [laughs]

FM: To this day it shocks him. [laughs]

[fades out 00:18:36]

[fades in 00:18:37]



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[Close up of the portrait. Camera zooms in and pans the portrait]

FM: This photograph was in 1942.

SP: That's when it was made?

FM: That's when it was drawn, drawn from the photo... A. Goltandis. [spells it] G O L T A N D I S.

[camera zooms in on the artist's name]

FM: Approximately June the 10th, '42.

[camera moves up the portrait to the face]

[fades out at 00:19:27]

[fades in at 00:19:29]

[FM sitting on a couch holding a portrait of a woman]

SP: Now, Frank, uh, who is the painting of that you have in your hands right now?

FM: This is my older sister, Florence. She was, uh, the second of the family, actually, the first. I think, I mentioned to you before, was Francesco Savellio[?], whom I'm named after. He died and, uh, my sister Florence was born in Italy and came over with my mother and like I says, "She was, uh, the mother to us more than my mother." Because when you're a mother with seven kids and all that, she was the

one that made the cakes and things like that and looked after us at Christmastime and stuff like that.
Being older and, uh, she got a little better life for us. [laughs]

SP: And is this, uh, the same situation as with the other painting? Your father asked for a picture of your sister and had this artist—?

FM: Yes, uh, there was, uh, actually, uh, that picture and this one here, we, they were both sent at the same time.

SP: Okay.

FM: I have the actual photographs if you wanted to see them.

SP: Sure.

[fades out at 00:20:26]

[fades in at 00:20:27]

[close up of the portrait. Camera pans the image down, zooms in, pans up, zooms out]

[fades out at 00:21:02]

[fades in at 00:21:03]

[FM is looking at a photo album]

FM: [points to a photograph] There's my father [camera zooms in] like that picture up on the wall

there.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: And, uh, this is, uh, [camera shows photograph to the right of a woman and child] my mother and, uh, my sister Florence when they came from Italy. And that's my mother there, like posing, uh [camera shows a photograph to the right of a man standing, holding a hat]—

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: That's kind of faded. And that's my father when he went to Italy in '38. I think '37, '38. And that's his father. [points to the picture on the second row, far left and then points to the picture on the second row, far right, flips with page] [camera show five man standing in suits] That's my father and his brothers when he went to Italy in '38.

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: I think I mentioned in the thing, uh, the last interview that he had two brothers but I'm mistaken. He had four. One was killed in the, during the war and the other one, Alexander, he's the only one that came here. That's my father [points to the man standing in the middle] in the centre.

SP: And was his brother interned as well or just your dad?

FM: No, my, uh—His brother didn't come over until—

SP: Oh after the war.

FM: —after the war. Yeah. And, uh, this one here was the one that was killed. [points to the one on the far right. Flips the page to another photo of five men] That's them again, sitting down. [Flips the page to a page containing several photos. Camera zooms in on the one in the upper left corner] Oh. That's when my father went over, uh, during, uh, to get the autograph picture of Mussolini—

SP: Hmmhmm.

FM: —in '38 and that. There's a group of them that went over. Actually I think about three of them that are in there, Burt Gatto[?] for sure [points], and that fellow there [points], they were interned also. [Flips the page to a page with more photos. Camera pans] These are all pictures my father, uh, took when he went to Italy in the '38. [Flips the page] Where's that picture of, uh—? [Flips the page twice, points to the photo second from the left, top row] That's my father's only sister. And that's the one that was killed in the army. [Camera focuses on last photo in the row]

SP Hmm.

FM: [Flips page] Where's the—? Oh, that's me there. [Camera shows a large photo of a boy]

SP: Oh wow. So that, that's the picture that you sent to the camp.

FM: Yeah. Well, actually it was a, a small one.

SP: Okay.

FM: It was this size [points to a smaller photo] but that's the large portrait of it. [points to a small

photo on the opposite side of the page] There was something my father used to with kids. [laughs]
Take 'em and raise 'em up with one hand.

SP: [laughs]

FM: And that's my sister Florence and my younger brother Junior. [camera focuses on a photo of a woman holding a child] and, uh, this is part of the garden that we had in Nova Scotia.

SP: Oh wow.

FM: Where we grew everything and that.

SP: And then you sold everything from the garden.

FM: Well we sold and ate and, uh, did what we could. [Flips the page, points to a photo of five men standing] Now where's the—There's a picture of him in the camp. I think you've seen that one.

SP: Which one is he in that picture?

FM: This is in—

SP: Yeah, no, which one is your dad?

FM: My dad?

SP: The first—The second—

FM: He's [points to the second man from the right] the one with a beard. [laughs]

SP: Oh yeah. Oh that's right. [laughs]

FM: Yeah. [points to the man on the far right] This is Michael Ranni[?]. He's from Sydney. [points to second man from the left] And Burt Gatto[?] and the other two [points to the man on the far left] I think he's from New Waterford, and I found out from, uh, [point to the man in the middle] Sam, um—

SP: Uh—

FM: Migliore[?]

SP: Yeah.

FM: —who that fella's name is. This is my, uh, cousin Rita. [Camera shows a portrait of a woman] This picture was sent to the camp also and it was taken at the same time as, uh—Her father was in there too. I'm just wondering if my sister, Florence's picture— [Flips the page] I guess maybe I didn't have it in here. [Flips the page] I guess not. [Flips the page] No it wouldn't have been that far. It would have been, uh— [Flips backwards in the photo album] I thought I had Florence's picture in here. Maybe it was in here. [Points to an empty spot]

SP: Oh, maybe.

FM: Somebody, I might have given it to somebody or somebody took it or something like that. I used to put this out and the kids used to go through it and I don't any more.

SP: [laughing] 'Cause they take all your pictures.

FM: 'Cause all the pictures being missing as you could see. But that was me. [points to a photo] That was my sister—This used to be a big tree we had in our backyard and we used to play towers in 'em. [laughs]

SP: Oh did you?

FM: [laughs] One time I kept playing in the tree and that and I got tangled in the rope and I was hanging upside down and my sister had to—

SP: Oh no! [laughs]

FM: —rescue me. [Points to a photo of a boy] You can see this is my brother Junior and that's—You can see the garden there and—

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: —the garden here with Angeline there. [Flips a page backwards] No, I guess it's not in here. It might have been by the bedside.

[fades out at 00:26:05]

[fades in at 00:26:06]

[Close up shots of photos in the album. Camera focuses on a uniformed man]

FM: That's the same picture that's on the wall there.

SP: Mmmhmm. And that was from when your dad was in Italy in the army?

FM: When he was in, yeah, the army. First World War. And that's his father.

[Camera shows the bottom row of pictures on the page]

FM: That would be taken, uh, oh, in the, like when my dad went to Italy in '38. I guess.

[fades out at 00:26:44]

[fades in at 00:26:45]

[Close up shot of father with brothers]

FM: That would be my father and his brothers.

SP: Do you know the year of this, um—

FM: This here?

SP: —is taken. Yeah.

FM: That would be around '38.



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SP: Okay.

FM: 'Cause it was before the war.

SP: Okay.

[fades out 00:27:04]

[fades in 00:27:07]

[Close up shot of another photo of the father with brothers, two sitting down]

[fades out 00:27:20]

[fades in 00:27:21]

[Close up shots of photo album pictures]

FM: This one would be my grandfather.

[Camera focuses on the bottom row pictures]

SP: And he would have seen him when he went back in '38.

FM: Yeah.

SP: Yeah.



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[fades out at 00:27:55]

[fades in at 00:27:56]

[Close up of a man holding the hands of two children]

[fades out at 00:28:07]

[fades in at 00:28:08]

[FM points to a photo of a man and a woman]

FM: That's my father's sister. That's the only one he had.

[Camera zooms out]

FM: And this one's his brother. [Camera shows a picture of a man standing] The one that died in Italy, I'm pretty sure.

[fades out at 00:28:37]

[fades in at 00:28:38]

[FM points to a picture of a boy]

FM: And then my youngest brother, Junior.

[Camera pans to the left and down]

FM: That's my sister Annie, like her first holy communion, the one you interviewed here with me?

SP: Oh yes.

[Camera focuses on a girl in a white gown]

FM: That's her. My sister Florence [Camera moves over to the next photo to the right] and my youngest brother, Junior. And Angeline Tortollo[?], a very good neighbour. That's her up here with my sister, Florence. [Camera shows two photo women posing by a tree and then pans down and focuses on a picture of a woman holding a child] That would be my youngest brother, Junior with my father. [Camera shows a picture of a man holding a child in the air with one hand]

SP: Your dad holding him up in the air.

FM: The, uh, like, shortly after, I guess he was a year old at the most.

[Camera moves to the larger photo of Frank as a boy]

SP: Then this is the painting that they sent to, um—

FM: Mmm.

SP: —your dad in camp.

[fades out at 00:30:04]

[fades in at 00:30:06]

FM: So that's Florence's wedding and my father in the camp. [Camera focuses on a photo of five men standing in a row]

SP: So could you just, while we have it, uh, recording, can you just point out who everyone is in, uh, in the photograph?

FM: Give me that again?

SP: Sorry. Could you just point out who everyone is in the photograph?

FM: [pointing to the men] Oh, well this is, uh, Burt Gatto[?].

SP: Mmmhmm.

FM: And, uh, the other name I don't know. That's my father. And that's Michael Ranni[?].

SP: Okay.

FM: And his name I have written on a photograph but I have to look for it. I don't know where it is now. It was Sam Migliore[?] told me who it is.

[fades out at 00:30:38]