

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

**DATE OF INTERVIEW:** June 23, 2011

**LOCATION OF INTERVIEW:** Laval, QC

**NAME OF INTERVIEWEE:** Michael Monaco

**NAME OF INTERVIEWER:** Joyce Pillarella

**NAME OF VIDEOGRAPHER:** Adriana Rinaldi

**TRANSCRIBED BY:** Krystle Copeland

**DATE TRANSCRIBED:** September 30 & October 3, 4, 5, 6, 2011

**ACCESSION No.:** ICEA2011.0059.0001

#### **KEYWORDS/TAGS**

EnemyAlien, Internee, Internees, Interned, Internment, InternmentCamp, Camp, Discrimination, Church, RCMP, RoyalCanadianMountedPolice, ItalianCanadian, ItalianCanadians, Petawawa, Montreal, Italy, CasaDItalia, CamillienHoude, Houde, MayorCamillienHoude, MayorHoude, School, WWII, EnemyAliens, Fascists, June10, EnglishCandian, FrenchCanadian, French, English, Citizenship, VilleEmard, Arrest, Assistance, Catholic, CatholicChurch, Protestant, ProtestantChurch, England, Bakery, WWI, FirstWorldWar, VincenzoMonaco, Monaco, MichaelMonaco, Bersani, ReverendAugustoBersani, AugustoBersani, ReverendDomenicoScalera, Scalera, DomenicoScalera, AntonioMonaco, DonatoMonaco, CoronaBakery, BenitoMussolini, Mussolini, Pasta, GiovanniParente, Parente, LiborioLattoni, Lattoni, Dieni, Blackshirt, AntiFascist, LaPresse, MontrealStar, Gazette, Simpsons, MileEnd, TheDepression, GreatDepression, ChurchOfAllNations, Garden, Wagon, HorseAndBuggy, Albanian, BrunoRamirez

#### **ABSTRACT**

Michael Monaco is a proud Canadian who resides in Laval, Québec. Michael's parents were both born in Ururi, Italy. His eldest sister Mary was also born in Italy, but he and his other three sisters were born in Montréal where the family settled. Michael is the son of internee Vincenzo Monaco and the nephew of internees Antonio and Donato Monaco; all of whom were involved

in the family business for decades - the Corona Bakery. During his school years Michael would help his father with bread deliveries on the weekends, but after a year of university he decided to work alongside his father permanently since he thought it was “the right thing to do.” His father Vincenzo was a very religious man, and attended the Italian United Church of the Redeemer in Montreal. Michael says that his father and uncles were very busy with their work at the Corona Bakery and that his father spent most of his spare time there between church and his garden. At the church a vote was held to help determine who should continue as the next minister, and as a result a conflict began between Rev. Augusto Bersani and Rev. Domenico Scalera. Michael recounts that his father voted for Scalera, the minister with fascist views, and that Bersani, an outspoken anti-fascist turned in a list of Scalera’s supporters to the RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police). As a result, Vincenzo was arrested while out on his horse and buggy delivering bread. His uncle, Donato, was arrested later that day at the bakery while Michael and his mother watched. Vincenzo’s six months internment was more difficult on the family left behind and the family business, which was almost lost, but Michael’s father viewed his time at Petawawa as a “vacation” since he was never able to take time away from work before this. Michael explains that his mother buried his father’s Italian World War One uniform and war rifle the day after his arrest, and when asked why she did so later she said, “Well, I got frightened.” Christmas that year was difficult for the family, but Michael says their real gift was having their father return home on December 27<sup>th</sup>. Michael Monaco’s father, mother, and eldest sister were all Canadian citizens, but were required to report to the RCMP as enemy aliens, even after their father’s return home.

#### **INTERVIEW**

**MM: Michael Monaco, interviewee**

**JP: Joyce Pillarella, interviewer**

**AR: Adriana Rinaldi, videographer**

[Title screen]

[Fades in at 00:00:10]

JP: K, today is, uh, July 14, 2011. My name is Joyce Pillarella and I'm interviewing Michael Monaco, who's father, Vincenzo Monaco had been interned, as well as his uncles, Antonio [Monaco] and Donato [Monaco]. So...here we are. Michael, do you want to tell me about, uh, your family? How many people were you? How many kids? Your father's family?

MM: In my father's family we were four girls and one boy. And when this boy was born he was the king of the family.

JP: You?

MM: Yes. [Smiles] Only boy. And...we all—my uncles had six, the other one had four. That's all I can tell you the number of children in the family. We were—

JP: And—

MM: —we were three happy families.

JP: Wow. And your father, when did he come to Canada? When did Vincenzo come?

MM: My father arrived here in...1922, I think it was.

JP: Did he do World War One in Italy?

MM: Yes.

JP: He served in the war?

MM: Yeah, I think it was in the medical corps or something because he had on his arm, he had a, a red cross.

JP: Oh wow. And your father comes from where in Italy?

MM: Ururi.

JP: Mm hmm.

MM: A beautiful place where they speak this funny language, which is Albanian. [Laughs]

JP: [Laughs and speaks in Albanian]

MM: [Laughs and speaks in Albanian]

JP: [Speaks in Albanian]

MM: *Si*.

JP: *Si*. [Laughs] Did you speak Albanian at home?

MM: Yes, we spoke Albanian all the time. And I always told my parents, "Why do I have to learn this funny language?" I says, "Everybody sp—all the kids speak the beautiful Italian. We have

this slang." So, this is the way it went. But we had an extra language. Always said we spoke four languages.

JP: Your mother was from Ururi also?

MM: Yes. [Nods]

JP: And they—did they come together?

MM: No, my mom—my father left my mother in, in Ururi. She was pregnant. And then, uh, she came after two years. She came with my uncle Tony and my aunt. She had her, her daughter. My oldest sister, Mary.

JP: So, your parents, um, they settled in Montreal. They were—what district were you in in Montreal?

MM: Well, as far as I know, they lived on Cartier Street for a while at my aunt's place, till they found a home. Then they lived...with—we, we started a bakery, our own bakery on Clark Street. Which was the old Margherita Bakery. And I was born upstairs, uh, every time we'd pass it my mother would say, "That's where you were born." So, you know, that was an old story with me. I would always say, "That's where I was born, Ma, remember?" But, uh, it, it, uh—we stayed there a few years and then my father built this house on Bordeaux Street in 1935. And lived there the rest of their life until, uh, we sold it after they passed away.

JP: I understand that your father, uh, when he came here he w—he had different jobs. One of them he was also a baker at another bakery?

MM: Oh yes, he worked for Sigatore, but before that when he came from Italy, he, he had to stand in line someplace, somewhere on Saint-Laurent—it was this guy had given him a jobs. And he worked for some company that they mixed cement. And he always told us that he helped build the Sun Life building.

JP: Downtown, Montreal.

MM: Downtown. [Nods]

JP: So he worked in construction.

MM: Well, I, I—as I said, I would say he was more of a helper, but you know. He—

JP: But like you said, he had to wait in line. Like you said it wasn't a steady job.

MM: Yeah, because you, you, you had to—I don't know if you had to grease this fellow or what, to, to, to get a job.

JP: So he did that for a while and then he went to work in a bakery.

MM: Then he, he opened—they opened the bakery in 19—well, he worked, he worked for Sigatore for, I guess four or five years. And they didn't like him because he was always top salesman. And you—he'd have to get a pen, a gold pen, or some kind of pen. And Mr. Sigatore didn't like giving my father a gift every year, so. So then my uncle and my uncle, uh, uh, my uncle Tony—[shakes head correcting himself] my uncle Donato, and my dad opened this bakery. And they started on, on Clark Street and they built this place on Bordeaux Street and moved there in 1932.

JP: The bakery and, uh, your home were close by? There was a walking distance—

MM: Yeah, we—just a block down the, down the street.

JP: And that little truck that we see on camera, to the left of you, uh, we don't see the little horses that were attached to it—it's not a truck, sorry, uh, the wagon. Um, that was an example of the customer, uh— [Red and white wagon shown sitting to the left of the screen. "Corona Bakery" painted in red letters and "Livraison Gratuite" painted in white on the side]

MM: Well, one of—I think it was around my 10<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> birthday, this man, uh, uh, had a hobby of making little toys and he said to my dad, "I'd like to make a wagon like that for your son." "Oh," my dad says, "go ahead." [Says with a shrug] And after people saw it, they all wanted wagons of their own bakeries, you know. But, uh, it's a nice souvenir.

JP: [Unclear] Yeah. Was that wagon in the, uh, bakery?

MM: Yeah—

JP: On display?

MM: We had it on display for years and years. Aft—well, after when I got older, you know. And people would still come in and say, "You know what I remember about that place? That wagon. What happened to it?" And just the other day a fella that was working in the back of my sister's house said, "I used to go there and I used to enjoy looking at that wagon." He says, "What did they do with that?" My sister says, "I don't know." So I said to my sister, "You didn't know I had it? It was mine." [Smiles]

[00:05:45]

JP: It was your birthday gift.

MM: Yup.

JP: Yeah. And, uh, tell me what it was like like on the street, uh, at that time? Did you have a lot of friends, uh...

MM: Well, we were—I had English friends, I had Greek friends, facing me, uh, we had French kids up the street. We all got along well. Never had any fights. The only thing was, “[derogatory French term] spaghetti.” And I'd say, “Well, spaghetti's good, you eat them.” I said, “Then I'd call you [derogatory French term] pea soup.” And you—and I'd say, “But I don't like pea soup.” So this would get them more mad. [Laughs]

JP: [Laughs] But this was like on the street with—amongst the kids—

MM: Yeah. [Nods]

JP: —'cause you were like a young boy. Um, and what about school, did you go to English school or French school? What happened?

MM: Yes. I went to a lot of English schools. Not because I wasn't smart. It's 'cause in those days we had this little school called Amer[?] school. It had only six classes and it only went—there was two grade ones, two grade twos, two grade threes. Then I went to this other school, Earl Grey, which I went till seventh. And they sent me to another school when I started eighth grade, that they, they—this other public school was a little, had a little more room. So instead



of sending me to William Dost, they sent me to this school, Peel Centennial for a year. And from there I went to William Dost and then I went to Montreal High. [Says Montreal High with pride and excitement] And then I went one year at Sir. George Williams University. And that's when I cut it out; I went and worked for my dad.

JP: These schools that you mentioned, were they Protestant or Catholic schools?

MM: All Protestant.

JP: All Protestant schools.

MM: All Protestant. [Nods]

JP: Uh, your father was Protestant.

MM: Yes. [Nods]

JP: And your mum too.

MM: Yes.

JP: And so obviously—

MM: My father was a very religious man. He worked very hard for his church.

JP: And what was the chur—name of the church?

MM: Uh, Italian United Church of the Redeemer.

JP: And in your neighbourhood were there quite a few, uh, Protestant Italians or did they come from—

MM: Yes. There was—

JP: Yeah?

MM: Well, uh...well, before they, uh—all these men were put in internment camp, to get relief you had to belong to a church or you couldn't get the money. So all the Italians became Protestants. And we had this church was called, uh...Sean Memorial, which was rented to us by United Church and we had over 200 people in the congregation.

JP: Wow. [Says quietly] That was the 30s, what during the Great Depression here—

MM: Yeah.

JP: —and people needed relief.

MM: [Nods]

JP: But the, the Protestant's Churches had control of the relief...then.

MM: Yeah. I guess so. [Shrugs] I—

JP: I guess...I—would you, would you guess that some, some of these families became members of the church simply because of the relief?

MM: Well, they, they came to the church and said that they were—I don't know if they were officially members, but in order to get their money, they had to come to the church.

JP: And the Catholic churches...

MM: I guess if you were Catholic, you went to the Catholic Church to get the—

JP: Yeah.

MM: —for relief.

JP: And on the street, uh, the Italian Protestants, the Italian Catholics was there any kind of friction or did ev—people get along?

MM: [Shakes head] Never. Well, we'd always joke around, you know, but, uh, that's normal. But no, we got along fine.

JP: Were there other Albanian families, uh, where you lived?

MM: [Frowns thinking] There was one, one family on the next street and I always laughed because my friends used to, my friends used to say, "You're Albanian? You mean, you're a [Albanian saying]?" I'd say, "What do you mean I'm a [Albanian saying]?" He said, "Well, Bill's, Bill's mother when she comes out in the [unclear] says, 'Eh, [Albanian saying]!'" So, that they,

they got the, the name of [Albanian saying]. I couldn't figure out why. But I was—I never was called [Albanian saying].

JP: But the Ururese were thought of as [Albanian saying].

MM: [Nods while saying Albanian saying]

JP: 'Cause [Albanian saying] means come here.

MM: Yeah, yeah. [Nods]

JP: So I guess they—

MM: They, they, they misunderstood her and, uh...well, like I said, we had, we had a good time, we were...different ages and we all got along fine.

JP: And, um, what about, uh—you went to school and at night, did you have a chance to play or did your father have you work at the bakery?

MM: Well no I used to work, uh, with my dad. I started going around on the routes around the Christmas holidays or summer holidays, but I started going ab—when I was younger I'd go more for the ride, but I'd still deliver bread, you know eight years old, I'd go up and down the stairs. Uh, when we used to go and deliver as far as Georgia Fifth Street in Montreal East, so, with the horse and buggy. So that was a long day. The only thing I didn't like was my dad say, in the winter, "You wanna come and help me today?" And you know what it's like in the winter. It was cold and in those days we had to deliver bread with a sled and a horse. It was cold. Half of the time I ran after the sled to keep warm.

[00:10:30]

JP: It wasn't like the example you have there—

MM: No, no.

JP: —it was an open sled.

MM: No. [shakes head]

JP: So you were, you were—it weren't covered.

MM: [Shakes head] No, it wasn't covered. So, it was a sled. I guess you're too young to know what a sled is. [Smiles]

JP: [Laughs] I used to play on sleds.

MM: Yeah, but this was like it had two ski—big skis in the front. Heavy stuff. And there was times when we used it and you'd cross a traffic street, we had to carry a shovel with us because it was, it was, uh, there was no snow in the crossing. [Gestures with hands] So we'd have to take snow off the snow bank and put it so the horse could pull it easier. [Gestures shoveling snow in the street]

JP: Oh my God, it wasn't just bringing the sled. It was also bringing the—

MM: [Nods] We had a to carry, carry a shovel. We'd put on the top, we had a rack, you know. [Gestures to the top of sled] Oh we worked, we worked hard, I tell you. That's why I say kids today work like we did... [Shakes head]

JP: And in back of the sled you had all the bread and so what, what would you do? You covered it with a blanket and...

MM: Well, well, like it had a rack on the top, that if we had a big load—well we usually did, especially on weekends—it was covered with a, with a tarp. [Gestures to size of rack and demonstrates putting tarp over rack] But the bread was frozen. I mean, you could sell hard bread to them, they wouldn't know the difference because it was frozen anyway. [Laughs]

JP: Right, just from the trip.

MM: Yeah—

JP: 'Cause to go to the East End from, uh, the bakery would take how long? [Unclear]

MM: Well, uh, we'd, we'd start the road at 7 o' clock and we'd get back sometimes 5:30, 6 o'clock at night. 'Cause we didn't do only the East End, we did, uh, all the Rosemont area, the Hochelaga area. We did the—well, what they call today around the 35<sup>th</sup> Avenue, just before—we did all that area around, uh, Saint-Léonard. You know that was all open spaces. And when it got really cold, my dad would have a spot in, in the sled in the back door, he'd say, "Okay, you go here and warm up for a while, while we do a, a stretch," you know. And I'd say, "Oh, I hope my father is still, still in the front telling the horse, you know, 'go ahead, go ahead!'" [Says while pretending to pull the reins] Because when I didn't hear my father's voice I'd get worried 'cause I couldn't unlock myself!

JP: Oh!

MM: So it was... [Nods] So, I—at the end I was smart, I said, "No, I'll stay in the front. Or I'll run beside you." [Nods] Quite an experience.

JP: You had to, you had to do snow removal while bringing the food. Bringing the bread.

MM: [Nods]

JP: Wow. And how did your, uh, dad get customers? How was it done?

MM: Word of mouth. Uh, I mean the French people like crusty bread, and, uh, "Hey mister, you want a [unclear]?" [Shrugs] "Sure." I remember half a loaf of bread was five cents and an, an ordinary 24 ounce loaf was seven cents. [Pauses] Today it's... [shakes head] I'd be a millionaire if I still had the bakery.

JP: And that bread was really important to the Italians because—

MM: Oh yeah.

JP: —it was similar to what they knew in Italy. It wasn't—

MM: It was all handmade. All handmade. [Nods]

JP: Do you want to tell us about the—because I, I have to—I mean I grew up on Corona bread 'cause you—your father—

MM: Well—

JP: —made a special delivery to Ville-Émard.

MM: We had, we had an oven, I think it was 40 by 40 and in one section in near, near the side we'd, we'd, uh, put coal in there. We started the fire with wood and then we'd put coal. And, uh, it was the, the coal that gave the bread the, the, uh, the taste. And, uh, when we sold the bakery, we were paying coal, uh, 100 dollars a ton. So it was expensive. [Nods]

JP: And how did, how did that compare to the way the bread was made at other bakeries? They didn't use the coal?

MM: Well they had revolving ovens where—which they used a pallet and a handle maybe only about 10 feet. We had one; I think it was 22 feet.

JP: The pallet, the wooden pallet that—

MM: Yeah. [Nods] The pallet and the ha— [Motions a handle or reaching in the oven with something] We'd put the [unclear] that makes the bread. If it was a round loaf we'd put four at a time. If it was, uh, a, a Parisian loaf we'd put three at a time. If it was a, a smaller Italian bread we'd put sometimes six.

JP: And how did you stoke the fire? How did it work? With the fire—

MM: Well, the foreman would go and stoke it [gestures to tending to the fire] and then once it reached the right temperature, we'd start putting the bread in.



JP: 'Cause you had a thermometer that you'd measure—

MM: Yeah, we had ther—yeah. [Nods] And we'd always put the bread starting in the cold—the colder part of the oven.

JP: In the colder part the bread.

MM: Yeah. Especially the round bread. That's why our round bread was known for its crust. It was thick like that. [Holds thumb and finger about an inch apart]

JP: Yeah.

MM: And you, you put that in the end of the, uh, oven and you know it takes it's time to cook, while the one in the front, well, uh, you had to be careful. Well, we'd put the pizza in the front first. So the pizza would, uh, be cooked by the time we got there with the bread, well the pizzas were out.

JP: Yeah, 'cause you were known for your pizza as well.

MM: Yeah. [Nods]

[00:15:10]

JP: And I remember your bread was really soft inside, it was great.

MM: I know we served our pizza to the Dilallo within, uh, in Ville-Émard. And there was another restaurant that was on Monk.

JP: Carbone?

MM: Carbone. [Nods]

JP: On Monk and Jean-Cartel.

MM: Yeah.

JP: And Dilallo's bought your pizza?

MM: Oh yeah. [Nods] We'd go three times a week.

JP: That was your other Albanian connection there.

MM: Yup.

JP: And you had any other customers, besides us? [Laughs]

MM: Oh yeah, I mean, uh, later on when we, uh, when we—

JP: —in Ville-Émard I mean.

MM: —we were married and my cousin and I took over the business, well we start serving restaurants and we had very good restaurants. We had some old rest—restaurants in Old Montreal and Laurier Street, we had quite a few well-known restaurants there. And we had restaurants up north. But then I, I think we sold at the right time.

JP: When did the bakery, uh—why was it sold?

MM: Because everything was so expensive. You couldn't get employees who wanted to work. You know, all, all the other bakeries it was all machine made. Well, us it was all handmade. So it cost us more to, to make our bread. But you don't see my bread around anymore.

JP: Nobody. Do you eat bread now?

MM: No. I only eat toast. And I'm forced to eat toast. [Smiles]

JP: Who worked in the bakery at that time?

MM: Oh, we had about four fellas working inside and we had—it was a time we had, uh, I think it was four rou—five routes. At the end we, we were my cousin and I. Because we did more wholesale. It was easier to do wholesale than, uh, retail. Only we had some special customers in Ville-Émard. Where we'd go three times a week and deliver them some bread. [Nods]

JP: Yeah. Your mother worked at the bakery as well.

MM: Well, my mother used to come with my grandmother who came from Italy. My grandmother was 80...78 when she came from Italy. And, uh, they'd make their taralli once—I think it was every Thursday. My aunt, my grandmother and my mother would make taralli and my father would cook them, put them in the oven. We worked hard.

JP: The bakery was open six days a week? Or seven days a week?

MM: It used to be open, uh—well, it was open seven days, but they baked only six. The Saturday they didn't bake in those days. And, uh, they worked on Sunday. But the drivers, well

they worked six days a week. Then at the end well we op—after the war—well, yeah, it was just after the war—our pizza was getting very famous, we, um, we opened on Saturdays. And Saturday—Friday, Saturday, Sunday was our big, our big days. Because Friday it was fast, you couldn't eat fish—uh [shakes head correctly himself], you couldn't eat meat. So, we, we were three trucks running around delivering, delivering pizza.

JP: I guess also at that time not many people were baking in ovens at home, right, because it wasn't that easy...

MM: No.

JP: What were the home, home ovens like in those days?

MM: Well, I, I guess you could make your pizza, but there's, there's, there's no, uh, no comparison to one with—that you're putting coal with.

JP: 'Cause the homes were—what kind of—what was the—what were the stoves like in the home at that time? [Unclear] with the coal?

MM: Well, our ovens are always hot in the home, especially in the winter. Because you had to burn with the either coal and then, then, then when they got rid of the coal, they'd have an oil, an oil burner. And the, the, the oven automatically gets hot. So they did a lot of baking in those days the mothers.

JP: Yeah. And your uh—who lived upstairs from the bakery?

MM: My uncle, my uncle Donato lived upstairs the bakery. Well, uh, when they first built up the bakery, there wasn't a house upstairs, but then you know, it was open spaces; we were robbed a few times. So finally they decided they'd build a house upstairs. And that's when my uncle Donato, uh, moved in.

JP: Oh, because it was, it was a one storey building.

MM: Yeah, the bakery was a one storey. Then the, uh, the house upstairs was a second storey.

JP: So Donato lived upstairs?

MM: Yeah.

JP: And it was a way of keeping...the place more secure.

MM: And he'd get a free phone. [Laughs]

JP: Yeah, do you want to tell me about that? 'Cause I remember that story from many people—  
[Laughs]

MM: I always couldn't figure out why we had an extension upstairs and my uncle would say, "Well, you know I take a, a lot of, a lot of orders when, uh, when you go home at night."  
[Shrugs] I don't remember seeing many orders. But, uh, I was saying to my father, "It's a free phone for him anyway." Which, you know, finally—

JP: It was common.

MM: —finally he got his own phone. [Nods]

[00:20:04]

JP: [Laughs] So, your father was—in your case it actually sounds funny to say the breadwinner of the family. [Laughs] Uh...

MM: [Nods] Yeah, he was.

JP: He really was. Uh, you and your sister—like you helped with the deliveries. Your sisters—

MM: Well my sisters later on like would—when they became teenagers like—and we opened on Sundays then, we were very busy, especially before every mass, or after every mass. In those days you had what, three, four masses on a Sunday.

JP: Mm.

MM: And after every mass it was busy. So, one, one, one Sunday was my father's family would, would, would serve in the front and following Su—following week it was their family. But we worked hard. I mean if we made a bit of money, we, we worked hard for it. [Nods]

JP: You worked long hours and you worked hard.

MM: Yeah.

JP: And...you were, you were, um, you were baptized here in Montreal. Who was the, uh, Minister?

MM: Yeah, was...[looks down and then looks back up and says] Reverend Bersani was the Minister.

JP: That baptized you.

MM: And he baptized me. And I think I was five years old. And I'm not a tall man and I remember when they baptized me, I stood on a chair. He baptized my sis— my last sister and my—and me at, at...at the church. The old [unclear] Memorial Church.

JP: And your father, uh, it sounds like your father was working very, very long hours at the bakery all the time.

MM: Yeah.

JP: Did, did, um—and your mother was busy with the children obviously.

MM: Yeah, oh sure.

JP: At that time. And your grandmother helped in the house—

MM: No, my grandmother wasn't here yet.

JP: Oh, she wasn't here yet—

MM: Oh no. When my, when my, when my grandmother came, we were all married.

JP: So did your father have any time to spend with the kids outside of—

MM: Well, really you know it's not like today you see the fathers bring their kids to baseball. I didn't have a father like that. My father was bakery. It was, uh, garden, and church. That was his three places.

JP: Where was the garden Michael?

MM: He had a garden beside the bakery, and we had one next door to the house. Which it was my job to turn the earth every spring. I mean I was what...10 or 11? Do all that garden.

JP: Oh, it was a big garden. A big lot?

MM: Oh we were a big family. You know, that's where we, we saved money. I mean, we'd, we'd make our own tomatoes and everything. Made our own tomato sauce. You wouldn't remember that.

JP: I still make my own tomato sauce.

MM: Oh, you still make your own? Okay.

JP: I still have my own garden.

MM: Because you don't see that very often.

JP: Yeah. And your mother would have to make all the preserves? For the winter.

MM: Oh, yes, peaches in the tin and, uh, whatnot. We had, we had a cupboard down the basement with all canned goods that we prepared and tomato and salsa. And, uh, we hated the month of August. [Nods]



JP: Yeah, the harvest.

MM: You know, it would be only, "Oh, only a few bushels." When you see about 30 bushels of tomatoes; not, not boxes, bushels in those days. It was a lot of work. But we, we toughed it out.

JP: And you didn't have the electric machine like they had—they have today—

MM: No, no.

JP: —you were doing it by hand [unclear].

MM: That's all—it was all peeling by hand and putting the tomatoes in hot water and... [Nods]

JP: And the turning [unclear]—

MM: Yes... [Nods and smiles]

JP: Once, twice—

MM: Don't remind me. [Laughs]

JP: [Laughs]

MM: Oh, the good old days. Anyway. And we—it's funny you know, like my dad would be on the route and the, the five of us—well with my mother six—we never argued we, we just did the work. We just did the work. We knew we had to do it. You wouldn't see the kids of today doing that.

JP: No.

MM: You know you tell them and they say, "You, you, you had a rough life when you were young." I don't think so, I enjoyed my life.

JP: What made it so good?

MM: [Pauses and looks from the camera to Joyce and back again.]

JP: Oh, that was a truck that went by, it's okay. What made your life so—

AR: [Unclear]

JP: What?

AR: [Unclear]

JP: Oh, we're on hold?

AR: I'm going to stop it.

JP: Okay.

[Fades out at 00:24:09]

[Fades in at 00:24:10]

JP: Okay, now that we've got rid of that City of Montreal truck. [Laughs]

MM: Yeah.

JP: Uh...

MM: Not City of Montreal, City of Laval.

JP: Oh, City of Laval.

MM: Yeah.

JP: Oh, that was very cooperative of them to leave. [Laughs]

MM: Well, he better be, I pay my taxes. [Smiles]

JP: Exactly. That's much more important than, um, him sitting on a corner, street corner. So what were we talking about? Oh, yeah, we're just talking about like all the work that your, your father did. He, he had the gardens. Um, what about at the church? How was your—what was, uh, Vincenzo and, uh—

MM: Well, my father used to teach Sunday school at the church too.

JP: He taught?

MM: Sunday school.

JP: Oh.

MM: My father was very religious man. And when he got his—when I came into the world, he said, “This is going to be our future minister.”

JP: You?

MM: Yes. And...I was going to school and I was—everyone said, “What do you want to be?” “I want to be a minister.” When I got older I said, “Well, I don't want to be a minister.” But then when I went to high school, I failed my 10<sup>th</sup> class. And I repeated, and, and they wanted to put me in what they call the bobo[?] class. And I said, “Well sir, you know, I can't get my, uh, my degree to be a minister if you put me in the bobo[?] class.” He said, “Okay, we'll give you a chance.” So of course, I came out with flying colours, so I was able to continue. But then I met my wife and she says, “I'll marry you, but I don't want to marry—I don't want to go to Protestant Church.” I said, “Well, I'm sorry, I won't marry you then.” So then she decided she would change for me and get married. And my wife was a very good Protestant girl after that. [Nods] Protestant lady, sorry. [Smiles]

JP: And yo—so your dad taught at the Sunday school.

MM: Yeah. [Nods]

JP: Sunday mornings. At, uh, the Protestant church. The classes were held there?

MM: Yeah.

[00:25:59]

JP: And, uh, your uncle Donato...

MM: Well, he'd, he'd go to church, but that was it. [Nods]

JP: And what kind of, uh—did you do any other activities with the church...at the time?

MM: Well, I, I used to belong to the wolf cubs and the scouts at the church. And the, the, the leader that taught us was from the Church, the Church of All Nations. Dr. K[?] church. They were very nice. I was in there for about four years and then we just fell apart when we, we moved. Because we had to get out of that church and, uh, we just seemed to fall apart.

JP: And how is the church viewed by the other Italians at the time. The Protestant Church that was there, did—nobody, uh...did they—

MM: Well...you mean the one that we were at?

JP: Yeah.

MM: Well, it was only us using it. The English people were gone. But then we moved to two other places before we built our place on Papineau. And who, who was the man pushing all that? My dad.

JP: To build the new church?

MM: [Nods] Yeah. We, we'd volunteer, you know, "I'll start with"—in those days—"I'll start with a hundred dollars." "And I'll donate a hundred dollars." And it kept on going like that. We paid that church in a short time. And it's still there today.

JP: Oh. When, when was it built the one on Papineau?

MM: Uh... [Frowns while thinking]

JP: More or less. Like in the 30s, the 40s?

MM: Oh, maybe...late 40s or 50s.

JP: Really?

MM: Well, I got married...[looks up thinking] in the mid, mid-40s I would say. [Nods] It's a nice little church.

JP: Was your father—as far as you know, um, in the 1930s, when you were a young boy—was he ever a member of any of the fascist organizations that were in that area?

MM: No. [Shakes head] As far as I know my father didn't belong. He didn't belong to any of these places. His second home was church.

JP: It was basically the bakery...

MM: Yeah. Bakery, church, and garden.

JP: Bakery, church, and garden. Um, your uncle Donato, that was the baker, and your uncle Antonio, as far as you know, were they members of any, uh—

MM: I think my uncle—

JP: —Italian groups?

MM: I think my uncle Tony was a member of the fascist group, or whatever they called it. But, uh, like I say, he d—he was illiterate; he didn't read or write so, uh, it was a place for him to go every once and a while.

JP: And as far as activities...what did you know of the activities that these gr—uh, groups—

MM: These men didn't have activities 'cause they worked. You know.

JP: Yeah.

MM: I mean I'm talking about my uncles. I'm not talking about the—

JP: Yeah.

MM: —the fascists—

JP: [Unclear]

MM: —because I don't know any—

JP: —what you, what you remember [unclear as Michael coughs] did.

MM: Excuse me. 'Cause I don't know anything about the fascist families.

JP: Yeah.

MM: What they did.

JP: And your uncle Donato was, was working also and living upstairs, so...

MM: Yeah. He was doing the same thing my dad, and, uh—the both of them did the same thing. Except my dad would be more interested in the church, when he didn't have anything to do.

JP: What did you do on the—like where did you go and hang out with friends that time that you did have, that little time that you did have for yourself as a, as a young boy? Where did you play?

MM: Well, as a teenager, we'd walk all the way downtown to, to the theatres. And we'd always look for a, a theatre where they had follow the, follow the s—the, the, the ball and sing. [Uses finger to signify the bouncing ball on a screen] Well we were either Al Jolsens or Perry Comos. We, we used to have a ball. And we'd walk all the way back home. And it was nothing. Even to walk to the Montreal Forum, we, we walked—

JP: All the way from up here?

MM: Not here, from, from—



JP: Not here. From up north [unclear]—

MM: [Coughs] Excuse me. Yeah.

JP: That's quite a walk.

MM: Well, we enjoyed it. We didn't bother anybody.

JP: What'd you do at the Forum?

MM: Well, we'd go and se—go to hockey games. What do you think we would do? [Laughs] Or the circus.

JP: [Unclear] standing tickets?

MM: Well, we, we got standing tickets, yes. And then it was something like two fifty a ticket. And when it was time to go inside to get the nice place to stand, the bigger boys passed in front of us and [pauses and shrugs] we had to stand behind. But I'm a great hockey—I'm a, I'm a, I'm a good sport fan. The only thing I don't like is basketball.

[00:30:11]

JP: Mm. Did you ever go towards, uh, Mile End, like around the area—

MM: Oh yeah, they had their, their—

JP: [Unclear]

MM: —their, their, their Italian feasts. We used to go. [Nods]

JP: What feasts would you, uh, attend or participate or watch?

MM: Well, most of the time when, uh—they started having these feasts after the war, I was one of them that delivered the pizzas there. This corner would take 10 pizzas; this other fella would take 30 pizzas. [Gestures with hands] I mean, hey, it was a gold mine in those days. You, you [unclear] 30 or 40 pizzas at Casa D'Italia, and on Saturday nights I mean, Casa D'Italia, that was the only place the immigrants would go. And delivered bread and pizza there, geez, we had it really going great.

JP: That was really—yeah, that a good, uh...

MM: It was a nice, nice, beautiful place.

JP: Yeah. It wasn't far for you to go and—

MM: But I heard—I don't know how true it was—that the Casa D'Italia was supposed to be a sports centre. But they seemed to, uh—when, uh, when, uh, it was taken over by the fella who had the restaurant, it seemed that it was a hall for renting for weddings because there was always weddings.

JP: Yeah, they had quite a few weddings there. You're right.

MM: But, uh... Oh yeah, it was a beautiful place.

JP: Do you remember the processions?

MM: With, uh...

JP: Before, uh—or the bands, uh, playing at the—

MM: The Italian bands?

JP: Italian bands—

MM: Yeah, oh yeah, I remember the, the leader walking in the front there and... Oh yeah, and I had to be driving the truck, trying to deliver pizza, trying to... And I'd have to wait until he's finished with the... But he was a customer of mine so I had to respect him.

JP: That's right.

MM: Oh yeah, [mumbles] it was a great place to be in Mile End. It was—even now they have all Italian restaurants, it's great. But you can't park.

JP: What made it great at that time, that atmosphere?

MM: Well, the Italians and the French and I mean they sang Italian songs and whatnot. Like the other day I was singing *Mamma* and a woman says to me, "Sing that." I said, "I don't know the words." But I was humming the tune. And she says, "I remember it as a, a teenager." She says, "The Italian girls would sing all the Italian songs, *Per un Bacio d'Amore* and all that." I, I—she thought it was great. I mean we enj—we enjoyed life.

JP: Did you ever feel poor?

MM: Pardon me?

JP: Did you ever feel poor growing up?

MM: Well, I don't know. They, they say I was one of the rich boys. But rich boys, I mean, you had 25 cents in your pocket that was a lot of money. I know, uh, my mother used to give us five cents on Sunday. With five cents I was able to get an ice cream cone for three, three cents and two cents a candy, and we had our fill for the Sunday. We, we, we weren't spoiled.

JP: But you worked and went to school 'cause you had to work with your dad—

MM: Well, only on weekends. But, uh—and then in the summer always I, I took my—I took a job at Simpsons working the advertising department. I used to go around the, the—see all the managers of the store and have the, uh, the ads they want signed, you know. And then I'd have to go down either to the *Gazette*, the *Montreal Star*, or *La Presse* to deliver the finals. And then in the morning I'd deliver the *Gazette* to all, all the, all the, uh, managers in the department. I enjoyed it. But my father says, "And you're leaving me alone." And I said, "Well, you've got a helper." I felt like saying, "You don't pay me, he pays me." [Smiles]

JP: [Laughs]

MM: But I did it for two years, but then I went and helped my dad. I figured it was only right.

JP: And, um, the church, let's go back to the church right now. Uh, you were baptized by Bersani.

MM: That's right.

JP: How would you, um—when you were a young boy, before, uh, your father was interned and all that, how—what do you remember Bersani? Like what did he look like? What did he—how did he come across?

MM: Well, I don't know if you knew—

JP: —personality-wise?

MM: —he was an ex-priest. But I always found that he was always mad at everybody because he'd do, do a sermon, he'd be hitting that pulpit [mimics pounding fist on pulpit with fist] and I'd say to my father, "Why does he hit the pulpit?" I didn't understand I was only young, eh, I was four or five. He'd say, "Well, he's expressing himself." "He is?" [Shrugs] I mean I, I, I'd done sermons and I've never hit the pulpit yet.

JP: He, he came—you remember him as being very assertive in how he's—he came across?

MM: Oh yeah, like I—you, you know, uh, he always seemed to have a dark suit, unless like in, in the week he'd, he'd wear sport pants and a shirt. But on Sundays he always had a black suit on and he had his collar [gestures to neck], you know. And he had a collar like the, the, the Catholic priest would wear. But I didn't know the difference then because the, the Protestants, you have a full white collar. But even today some of the Protestants now they have just to show the little bit.

JP: And, uh, how did—was he a big man, a small man, uh...

MM: Oh, I would say...he was about 5'6, 5'7, maybe. He was a little on the heavy side. Not that heavy, but...

JP: Did he smile at people or...

MM: Oh, he, he, he seemed to be pleasant. Oh, until we, we found out other stories, but...

JP: Tell me the stories—

MM: He'd, he'd walk into our house, he wouldn't even ring the doorbell, he'd walk right in.

JP: Oh really.

MM: "Oh, Signora Monaco. *Come si va?*" And... [Shrugs]

JP: But was that the custom at the time that people would just walk into the house or would they ring first?

MM: Well, in our house he never rang. Unless the door was locked. But we, we never locked our doors. Even at night sometimes our doors were unlocked. There was nobody robbing homes in those days. We were good.

JP: There was a sense of security around.

MM: The only place they'd go and try and steal was in, in companies. But the homes, they never bothered the people, they knew that people were poor. What were they gonna take?

[00:35:55]

JP: Yeah. Yeah. You told me the story about, uh, the dog and, uh—

MM: Oh yeah, when, uh, Mr. Bersani says—he said to my, my mother—can I say it in Italian?

JP: Yeah.

MM: "*Signora Monaco, prende il, il, il cane fare un giro?*" My mother said, "Leave the dog here." So he says, "Oh no." So he put the dog in, we forgot the window was open, as he started the car, the dog, my little fox terrier, he jumped out of the car and came back in the, into the house. I always laughed at that. [Laughs] Even the dog didn't want him.

JP: [Laughs]

MM: [Laughs and shakes head]

JP: Well animals are supposed to have a keen sense.

MM: Well, he—I guess he had the right sense.

JP: [Laughs]

MM: [Laughs]

JP: That's funny...about the dog. Um...the, um—is there anything else that you remember about the neighbourhood, what it was like? 'Cause there were a lot of empty lots right, in between the homes?

MM: Yeah, yeah.

JP: At the time. And people were building their own homes.

MM: Yeah.

JP: Did they, uh, did they have to—like when your father built, uh, the building where the bakery is and for later on, he built the second floor, was that done through friends or did he have to have a contractor?

MM: Oh well, we had, we had—there was a contractors. Uh, there was a fella that belonged to our church was a contractor. In fact he was the one that, uh, built our church. But we had a, a fella—I—some—I think, think it was...oh, Pat something. He was an arc—an architecture. And he, uh, he was an Italian bo—man. And he designed our church and that.

JP: By any chance could it have been, uh, Patsy Colangelo? The—

MM: Patsy Colangelo! [exclaims in agreement and points finger] That's it.

JP: The same guy who did Casa D'Italia!

MM: Is that right?



JP: He designed Casa D'Italia. On Jean-Talon.

MM: Yeah, Patsy Colangelo. [Nods]

JP: Pat.

MM: Pat, Pat.

JP: He designed your, uh—

MM: Yeah, our church, yeah.

JP: —he's *Capobassan'* too.

MM: Oh.

JP: Like your dad and your mum.

MM: Yeah.

JP: He designed your church?

MM: Yeah, the one on Papineau Street. Where, where—

JP: The one that was done after the war?

MM: Yeah.

JP: Really? [Pause] That church is still there.

MM: Yeah. Nice little church.

JP: I've got to go see it.

MM: I would say it holds...150...100-150.

JP: Hmm. He was a young guy.

MM: Well, he can't be young now.

JP: Well not now, but he was, uh, he was young when he—

MM: He was young then, yeah.

JP: [Unclear]

MM: I, I'd never met the man, but I remember seeing the, uh, the plans and Patsy, uh, Pat Calogero, or whatever it was. [Motions signing a signature on his palm]

JP: Colangelo, yeah. Something like that.

MM: Yeah, he was well known in those days.

JP: Sure. Wow. And, um...at the church did, uh—oh, you know—'cause—did you ever go to activities at the Casa D'Italia? Just not as a, as a delivery person [laughs], but, uh, ever participate in any of the, uh—

MM: No.

JP: —feasts, dances, social events?

MM: Oh, my sisters I think they went to a couple of dances. But no, well like I was going out with an English girl, so we'd go to a place [unclear] or where her friends were. Mind you, I loved dancing.

JP: How did your parents react at the fact that you had a—'cause at home you spoke Albanian.

MM: Yeah.

JP: Your, your parents didn't speak Italian to you, but they spoke Italian I would imagine in the bakery to customers, right?

MM: Yeah, Italian, French, English.

JP: And they spoke French and English in the house?

MM: My, my mum, no. My mother understood, but she was too shy to speak.

JP: And when you went on the street you spoke English and French.

MM: Yeah, I spoke three languages—

JP: You spoke English—

MM: —four languages.

JP: —and Albanian. And Italian I guess would have been your fourth language, right? After [unclear]?

MM: And I, and I, I married a, a Scottish girl.

JP: Now, how did—okay. How come, at that time, it was common that you had Italians who were marrying English or French Canadians? Is there a reason for that or it just happened?

MM: No, it just—well, we were mixed in school. So you, you'd meet them in school. But we didn't go to the same school at all. She went to a Catholic school and she went to D'Arcy McGee and Holy Family. And I went to the other schools, the Protestant schools. But I met her at a, at a raffle. They were raffling a, a car because they, they were going to build a church in, in our area, a Catholic church. So she kept on bumping into me, so—and I said, "Look, if you're going to keep on bumping into me, why don't we walk together?" And the next thing I know I started going out with her.

JP: Were you allowed to have a courtship period with an English girl that you may not have been able—

MM: Yes. [Frowns]

JP: —to have with an Italian girl.

MM: My father always says, "I'm gonna pick the girl for you." I says, "No, dad. I'm gonna pick my own wife. I got to live with her."

JP: Was that common that parents picked—

MM: Well, they always wanted you to marry a, a, a person of your own country or your, your, your own language, but I didn't think it was right. I mean, I spoke more English than anything else really. So you know. And, and my dau—and my wife said, "Well, now that I married you, your parents are speaking Albanian." She says, "I went through the trouble of learning Italian." She, she'd help us at the store and, uh, on weekends. And she'd say, "When they speak Albanian, Michael," she says, "I don't understand." She said, "Next time we go to, go to your house I'm going to tell your mother." I used to tell her, "Don't be shy." And she wasn't shy. She says, "Mamma," she say, "You know, I learned Italian to understand what you people were saying, but now you're speaking that funny language." She says, "That I don't go for." And, and she was right. I agreed. So my father said to my mother, "That's right. We, we'll speak Italian."  
[Nods]

JP: So they spoke Italian to her.

MM: They spoke Italian. Oh, she was a very smart girl.

[00:41:42]

JP: What, what happened with Italian girls at that time. Like if you were interested in an Italian girl—

MM: Well—

JP: —how would, how would it have been—

MM: Well, most of the Italian girls I knew, they were all—the ones from the church, well...they were nice. But I found her first and, uh, they were all jealous, but I didn't care. [Frowns]

JP: No, I'm talking in general. Like not—

MM: [Shrugs] I don't know, I don't know. I never asked them.

JP: Would, would the parents get involved and say right away did they allow you a time period to get to know the girl or was it very difficult to—

MM: Well, my father was on my back because he'd, "When are you gonna get married?" I was going out with her five and a half years. And that's rare.

JP: Okay. Now, would that have happened with an Italian girl that her parents would have let you go out with her for five and a half years?

MM: I don't think so. I don't think so. Well, today they don't even get married, so what's the difference. [Laughs]

JP: No, but I mean, back then—

MM: Back then, yeah. [Nods]

JP: They would have got involved right away.

MM: I guess so. Because you see, she had to be eight—well...she got married she wasn't, she wasn't gonna be—she was only going to be 18 in September. And she had to have her mother's consent. 'Cause we, we said we'd get married in a Catholic church, but after that she would come to my Church. And, uh, because it wasn't my dad who was pushing. I, I was waiting until she would be 21.

JP: Mm. [Long pause] So...just before June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1940, leading up to that time when the Italians got interned. Do you remember, uh, parades with the blackshirts in the neighbourhood, walking around?

MM: No, no. Not really. No. [Shakes head]

JP: And, uh—

MM: Not until after the, uh [gestures to the side with head], the, the—

JP: Do you remember them in your church?

MM: Not—

JP: Do you remember anybody with a blackshirt—

MM: I remember the...I, I didn't know the—I knew they had a blue tam, but I didn't know they wore blackshirts.

JP: Oh, the, the, uh—

MM: I don't remember.

JP: —tam on the, uh, the hat.

MM: Yeah. Yeah, the hat that they had. But I didn't know they wore blackshirts to tell you the truth. I didn't—I never realized it. Because I can remember the blue [gestures to head], that's all.

JP: The hat was blue?

MM: Yeah, the little tam they used to wear.

JP: Yeah. And where, where would you see it, like at events?

MM: Well, they'd, they'd have a special Sunday for the fascists or something. And they'd, they'd have a service in our church. The Protestant ones. I mean the Catholics were allowed or vice versa. The Cath—uh, the Protestants were allowed in the Catholic church. But—

JP: Liborio Lattoni. Does that name ring a bell? 'Cause he was a Protestant minister also.

MM: I heard the name Lattoni, but I thought he was a lawyer. But then I, I found out that he was—there was one that was a lawyer. But I, I remember my father talking about Lattoni, but I didn't know he was a minister.

JP: No, no, uh, Mario—you're absolutely right Michael, because Mario Lattoni was a lawyer. He was Liborio's son. Liborio, Mario's father, was a minister, a Protestant minister.



MM: No, I don't remember the father.

JP: But you remember the son?

MM: Well, I remember, I remember the name Lattoni.

JP: 'Cause I think they were members of your church. Is that possible?

MM: Could be. Could be.

JP: So, you don't re—okay, so you didn't rem—and [Antonino] Spada would he come around that church? Because he was from Ville-Émard, but he was a Protestant too I believe.

MM: There was, there was a Spada name in our church, but I, I can't place him.

JP: Okay. Okay. So leading up to the time of the internment...uh, as a boy who's nine years old, did you feel that there was anything strange going on? Leading up to that time? Did—were there—were Italians nervous? Was there any kind of *movimento*? Anything going on that leading up to the war—

MM: No, no, no. I didn't, I didn't realize anything until they, they arrested my dad.

[00:45:27]

JP: Do you want—okay, so June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1940. It's a Monday. Do you remember that, that day if you got up, you went to school or did you have to work with your dad? Or...?

MM: No, no, it was a, it was a school day, but I was home after school. And, uh, I'd always wait for my dad to come in front of the house; he'd always bring some fruit. But this day his helper came alone with the horse. So, uh, my mother asked him, "Where's my husband?" He says, "Oh, he, he's talking to a customer and he'd, he'd, he'd meet me at the bakery." [Unclear] one of the neighbours or her husband was a policeman by the name of Nasa[?]. Said, "Mrs. Monaco, did you, you hearing the news that they're arresting a lot of Italian men? They think they're fascists, they're traitors to the country." And that's when my mother says, "Well, I'm gonna go to the bakery and see my brother-in-law and see what he's talking about." So when we got there, there was my uncle talking to a flour salesman and just then, two big, tall fellas came in and they said, uh, "Mr. Monaco?" So the flour salesman says, "Yes, I'm Mr. Monaco." So he showed them their badge. RCMP. "We want to, want to talk to you downtown." So the flour salesman says, "No, this is Mr. Monaco." [Gestures to the right with his head] So my uncle was gone. He still had his, his cap of, of, of the flour company on his head. They wouldn't even let him take his—put his fedora on because my uncle was bald. But they wouldn't let him put his fedora on.

JP: And this is your uncle Donato?

MM: Yup. [Nods]

JP: So he, he still had like an apron on and a hat.

MM: Yeah, well, he took his apron off.

JP: And did they, uh—you were there in the bakery.

MM: I was there when that happened.

JP: What was, uh—

MM: So then we heard on, on, on the radio that Italian men are being arrested because they're traitors to the country and all that. And it, it—we felt bad. 'Cause we knew my dad, we knew my dad's—what kind of life he was doing. So, we knew there was nothing wrong there. But then we found out later, uh, there was a couple spies that there was a disagreement in the church. And in that, that time with Bursano [Bersani], we had another minister too by the name of Scalera and, uh, I, I guess they, they had a votes because they figured they didn't need two ministers anymore. So they took votes and, uh, I guess my dad voted for Scalera so he was on, on the list of traitors. And my dad was one of the first ones to be arrested. He was picked off his horse and buggy. Who knows when? That I remember, very clearly. And then when I'd go to school, kids would look at me and say, "Ha ha! Your father's, your father's in jail. Ha ha!" You know what it's like? I didn't think people were that bad. But after a while, you know, it, it was something new so, but after a month or so they forgot. [Pauses] And I remember Christmas day...on—like we always had a, a clothesline in the kitchen in the winter or down the hallway or something. And my sister, the, the second oldest, she, she says, "What am I going to put in their stockings?" So she put a lot of coal and an orange in each one. That was our Christmas gift. Except my little friend up the street, he was four years younger than me and I—you know, we, we used to play together—and, uh, his mum gave me a little game, was—couldn't have been very expensive, but it was the thought that I had a little gift for Christmas. But the happiest days of our lives were on the 27<sup>th</sup>. In the morning the phone rang. I'm on my way home. I guess he was at the train station. Well, my mother had [unclear]. She had no [unclear] when he got home. I can remember that. And right away my dad said, "We've got to go and buy a tree for the kids." So we celebrated Christmas and New Year's. [Pause] And we welcomed him gladly, eh. That was our life.

JP: [Long pause] When the RCMP came into the, uh, bakery...what was the reaction of your uncle and your mother?

MM: Oh, my mother just looked, she said, "Oh no." [Says with wide-eyed expression of shock] "I guess he's going—well, I guess that's where my, my, my husband is." That's when we realized my father was arrested too for that.

[00:50:01]

JP: What was your uncle Donato's, uh, reaction?

MM: He... [Shrugs] He had no—he, he, he couldn't say anything. He said, "Let me, let me, let me go and change." [Says with panic] "No, no. We want you—we're very busy, we've got to take you down right now." That's all you—

JP: Did they handcuff him? Or did they just, uh, escorted him?

MM: Pardon me?

JP: Was he handcuffed? Or...

MM: No, no, no, no. No. I don't, I don't—[shrugs] I didn't realize, unless they handcuffed him and then put him in the car. But I don't think so. One sat in the front and one sat in the back.

JP: The men were in, uh, plain, plain clothes, or—

MM: Yeah.

JP: They were plain clothed men.

MM: Yeah. Yeah, they never wear their, uh, uniforms.

JP: And you mentioned it was, uh, a policeman neighbour, Naso[?].

MM: Nasa[?].

JP: Was he arrested also as far as you know or...

MM: No, he wasn't arrested. But, uh, I don't know whether he retired or he, he quit that job because you know of...seeing all of what's going on. He was a very nice man.

JP: But at the time of the arrest he was working as a policeman?

MM: Yeah. [Nods]

JP: And was he able to give any answers to your mother? About what was going on?

MM: All he said it's what you hear on the radio. He didn't know any more. I mean, he, he wasn't RCMP, he was just an ordinary police.

JP: But subsequently after, at some point, he stopped being a policeman.

MM: I think so. I think so. Or he passed away before. I'm not sure. 'Cause they moved away, so I really don't know what happened. I know they went in the Mile End district, but...you know...he—you, you know so many people, you don't know where they all go.

JP: That night, how did your mother break it to the kids?

MM: Well—

JP: What happened that night at your house?

MM: Well, we all knew that, uh, my father was arrested. I mean we were all crying. The next morning my mother was digging a hole in the backyard. And, uh, she buried my father's, uh, army uniform and his, his, his, uh, rifle that he, he had. She buried that too. She said, "I don't want anything to remind me of Italy."

JP: Wow.

MM: That was a shock. And when he came home, he said to my mother, "What'd you do that for?" Well, you know, I guess you're, you're, you're losing your husband, you don't know if you're ever going to see him again. We didn't know. And the only thing he said when he—after a while when he was home, he said, "Well, I never took a holiday." He said, "I had six months of holidays." He said, "I made a lot of new friends." Oh, and there was a man from Hamilton by the name of Parento [Giovanni Parente]. Well he happened to be my brother-in-law's uncle. Sometimes they'd come over in Montreal and, and he'd always come to the house and say hello to my father, you know. And then he'd sing this song. "Oh Susie, Susie, Susie. I no got no much o'money. I want to buy a present for my little girl Susie." [Sings with accent] And we—every time he used to come, we'd say, "Mr. Parente sing little Susie!" [Says with a smile] We thought

it—and then my father started singing it. You know. But we thought it was so cute. This was a man that, he says, "I'll set the table and I'll pull the cloth without dropping any." [Mimics pulling tablecloth off table] And one night at his home—and he was, he was quite a, a wealthy man, he was in construction. He had friends come over, and he says, "Watch this." [Motions pulling the tablecloth with two hands] His wife's good set. He did that [mimics pulling tablecloth down], but all the dishes came. [Smiles] All of them. [Laughs] He says, "I don't do it anymore." [Laughs] But he was a very nice man. I thought, I have to tell you that.

JP: That's a nice story.

MM: And I liked the song. [Smiles]

JP: Your mother buried your father's World War One uniform?

MM: Yup.

JP: And his rifle.

MM: Yup.

JP: They never found the—the police never came to the house?

MM: No, they, they—it's funny, eh. They, they were saying people—uh, the RCMP were going searching the homes.

JP: Yeah, they were.

MM: They never came and searched our, our house. 'Cause my father [shrugs]...oh, he knew he wasn't guilty. I mean my father sa—told my mother, "What'd you do that for?" She says, "Well, I got frightened." What—

JP: She did it right away that night.

MM: The next day.

JP: The next day.

MM: Yeah.

JP: Was it there? When he came back? Was it still—

MM: Oh, I, I don't, I don't know. I don't—maybe—I think my—I don't know if the uniform—oh, I guess it was pretty well rotten. But I remember my—I remember now my father dug up the rifle. [Nods] But it was shot. It was, uh, rusty for sure.

JP: Your mother didn't want anything more to do with Italy.

MM: No.

JP: Italy had disappointed her.

MM: Well, uh, just then, during that time. Oh no, I mean, uh, she, she, she respects the people from Italy.



JP: No, but I'm just saying—

MM: Yeah, yeah, yeah—

JP: —at that moment—

MM: At that moment, yeah.

JP: —that uniform represented—

MM: Well, my father used that rifle for, uh, for the New Year. Him and a couple of neighbours next door they'd go outside at night, midnight. [Mimics shooting rifle up in the sky] "Boom! Happy New Year!" And we, as kids we'd go and look for the shell the next morning, on the street. [Smiles] But you don't hear—I, I heard someone say that they still do it. I don't know where. Because today if you fire a, a rifle [makes a confused face]...I don't know.

[00:55:14]

JP: I don't know.

MM: Unless they do it in the country, but... [Unclear]—

JP: That would have been their, their version of fireworks maybe?

MM: Yeah, yeah.

JP: Just to make noise—

MM: Yeah.

JP: —and to mark the New Year.

MM: [Nods] To bring in the, to bring in the New Year.

JP: Yeah. So...your dad's gone, the night—that night everybody finds out in the family.

MM: [Nods]

JP: Your uncles are gone. Your uncle Ant—was it your uncle Antonio arrested—

MM: He, he—no.

JP: —or did it happen later on?

MM: Uh, it was three days after. They picked him up.

JP: Three days later. Do you know where he was picked up...by any chance?

MM: Home.

JP: Oh, they went to his house.

MM: Yeah.

JP: So, who's manning the bakery?

MM: Well, uh, there was this—was she—was he married yet? His son—my uncle's, uh, son-in-law, his brother, and there was a couple of other people in the area, you know. In those days, not everybody had a job. So they were able to get friends to drive a truck and the other one to bring—do a route with the horse and whatnot. But it was—we went through a, a six period—six months of real hard, hard luck. We almost lost our business. [Nods]

JP: Because?

MM: Well, because, uh, you know, we were too young to understand what was going on and, uh...somebody had their hands in the wrong pocket. Maybe, I don't know.

JP: And, um, at that time, a lot of the breadwinners were, uh...who were, who were arrested left their spouse and the children often without any relief. Would, uh, some of these families, as far as you know, maybe you learned these, these stories later on...uh, come to the bakery and just ask for food on credit?

MM: Oh, we had that, we had it quite often. [Nods] But I mean during that time, I don't remember, but I mean—

JP: No, you wouldn't remember—

MM: No, I wouldn't remember that time because—

JP: But do you remember any those stories coming back to you years later?

MM: Well, I remember, I remember, oh about...1960, we had a customer come in and came, he came to the bakery, and said, "I'm Mr...." I forget his name. And my dad happened to be there, it happened to be one of his customers. He said, "I owe you so much money, that you were so good to me, when we didn't have the money, but you still gave me bread." He says, "Now I'm coming, coming and pay you the amount I owed you." Which you wouldn't see today. And my father couldn't believe it.

JP: He came...

MM: He paid, uh, uh, what he owed us.

JP: Like 30, 40 years later?

MM: Yeah. [Nods]

JP: Wow. [Whispers]

MM: I guess maybe he figured, there, there's a guy, you know, he was good to me, maybe I should, I've got a bit of money, I'll give it back to him. We couldn't believe it.

JP: [Long Pause] Did your mother, uh—how did your mother cope with all this during the time? Did she have any problems in the bakery or the bakery itself—

MM: Oh no, then, she, she, you know, she [unclear] the bakery, but I mean, she had no idea what was going on in the bakery. And I know like we'd, we'd get part of his pay, but I wouldn't get the pay till maybe five o'clock Saturday night. When the groceries close at six. And I'd say, it was my cousin was secretary there, I'd say "Can't I get my pay Saturday morning? So, you know,

I can go buy..." "Oh, we haven't got the money, the driver didn't come in yet, we haven't got the money." [Says in a frantic tone] I mean, you know... [Shakes head]

JP: That's right, because you had to wait for the cash to come in—

MM: That's right.

JP: —from the drivers.

MM: And like I'd said, if my father had been there another six months, that place would have been closed. [Nods]

JP: [Long pause] And...you had these people running the bakery. Did you have anybody coming in, um, making remarks because it was an Italian bakery?

MM: No.

JP: Yeah, I'm asking that because I know there were some businesses, where they even painted a part of the name—

MM: No.

JP: —that they wanted to hide that they were Italian. Did, did that happen, uh...

MM: No, we had [clears throat], we had, uh, uh, one time on Good Friday—because we used to open on, you know, it was a holiday, it was a good day for making money we'd open. And one

Good Friday we found a crucifix on our, our door. And, and it had a note written, "What religion do you belong to?" In French. So we just put it aside. It didn't bother us.

JP: That was...when y—while your father was interned or—

MM: No, no, no, this was way after.

JP: It had nothing to do with that it was just—

MM: Yeah. It just so happened. Because like weekend was our, our, our, our days to make money. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

[01:00:01]

JP: That's right. While your father was interned did your—how did your mother find out where he was? Do you know like if he was sent to Petawawa, to St. Jean, St. Helen's, uh—

MM: Well, we, we [clears throat], we found out later, I don't know how she found out, that he was in St. Jean. And like I think it was 3 weeks. And then he went straight up to Petawawa.

JP: Did you...get any of that news through the newspapers? Or was it coming word of mouth?

MM: Oh, oh, I don't know I guess my sister who was the oldest would—was more...looking around to see what was going on, you know. Maybe she went to see Bersani, I don't know. I don't think so. I doubt it. [Laughs] But a few of the people at the church, I guess, we were hearing a lot of things going on.

JP: Did your mother ever go and visit your father? Or your—

MM: My mother went to visit my, my dad in St. Jean, but Petawawa, no. [Shakes head] Didn't have the money. And I don't know if you were allowed to go there. And a person that was in my father's, uh—what do you call it, the, the caban or the uh...it was Mayor Houde. Camillien Houde.

JP: What stories did he tell you about Camillien Houde? The mayor?

MM: He said he was such a jolly old man. And when he came out of, out of there, he came out way after. And, uh, I don't know, he had—there was some reason why he was there, not because he was a fascist. But, uh, he came in the area there and, uh, he went to the, the street over where a Mr. Carbone lived and all the people around there that were in, in, in there came to see him you know. But I always remember, Mayor, Mayor Houde saying at a McGill game, "Any time you want, you want me to kick your balls I'll come." [Smiles] And I thought that was funny. You know, especially [unclear] understands English, but...in French I guess it—

JP: He has a real, he was a—

MM: He, he was, he was a comedian.

JP: —people, eh.

MM: He was a good man. [Slight camera shake] Really. [Nods] A real good man. Big heavy man [holds out arms to make the shape of a big belly], but he was a good Mayor. This guy here we have today. He's—he's a good mayor. [Smiles]

JP: But Camillien Houde was always around the Italian community as well, from what I understand, eh.

MM: Yeah, yeah. Well, the, the, the—they thought of him as another king. Especially the fellas that were in camp there. He, he, he, he did, he did a lot of things for them.

JP: Did your mother, uh, get any information about your dad in those months from June until December?

MM: Well, I, I think—

JP: Any letters—

MM: —I think, I think, I think she got letters. I really don't remember. I mean you know I wasn't the type to go and check in the mailboxes.

JP: Mm.

MM: But, uh, I think she did.

JP: And what about your uncle Antonio and Donato? Did they have, um, family members that, uh—

MM: Well like, uh, I guess they did the same thing we did, through mail and whatnot. 'Cause my aunt, my aunt couldn't read either so it was—uh, uh, unless my dad wrote for him letters to the—and then the daughter would, would, uh, read it. I really, I really couldn't tell you.



JP: Do you know if there were ever any packages sent to Petawawa with food?

MM: I think my mother may have sent packages. I think so.

JP: They must have gone some—to some office to have them delivered there.

MM: Well [unclear]—my father named some, some of the sergeants or what—whoever they were, they—that took care of them. And, “Oh, there was, there was a nice English fellow there. We were lucky.” You know—

JP: Your father said that.

MM: Yeah. I guess some, some were nasty, I don't know.

JP: When he came back, that day—

MM: Uh, he, he came back with a mustache.

JP: —that phone call—he had a mustache? [Says with surprise]

MM: He had a mustache that [pretends to curl the tips with his fingers]... I just looked and we all said, “Pa, you're going to cut that off, eh?” [Smiles] He did. And my father smoked while he was there. Not much, but he—my father wasn't a smoker. But he quit right after.

JP: Did he tell stories?

MM: Well, he, he'd tell stories, but I mean, uh, he'd talk about Mr. Parento [Parente] and different people. But then, you know, he was home, I was happy then I didn't bother listening to all the conversations.

JP: But did you know that like, that him telling stories—like for example one of—you said earlier that your, your father made friends at the camp.

MM: Yeah.

JP: Did, uh, some of those friends come around after? Uh, they became friends of the family? They—

MM: Well, they were, well they were friends of the church too. Most of them.

JP: Oh, okay.

MM: See, that's why. Because half of that church was in there.

JP: [Laughs]

MM: So. [Shrugs]

JP: Do you want to tell us the story of what, uh, you know, your version of what happened with your father and Bersani and Scalera and the church and just, uh, the whole development?

MM: Like I say, as far as I know is, there was one minister too many and, uh, and they had this guy Scalera that came in from, uh, Italy. And yet, uh, they took a vote, and I guess this is what might of put my father in camp. 'Cause I guess my father was against Bersani. And, uh, I mean,

you know you take a vote in the church, you're not thinking of RCMP gonna come or something. So, this is what happened.

[01:05:31]

JP: So there was a vote that was taken at the church to decide whether—

MM: [Nods] Who was going to stay.

JP: Who was going to stay. Either Bersani or Vetere—um, no, um—

MM: Scalera.

JP: —Scalera. And Scalera—

MM: Yeah.

JP: —won through a show of hands.

MM: Yeah.

JP: A democratic show of hands. Did you know that, uh, Bersani was an anti-fascist?

MM: No, I didn't know. [Shakes head]

JP: You didn't know that. And Scalera was a fascist.

MM: Well, I, I—well, uh, we went to visit Scalera and I know that, uh, in their living room they had a big mirror and over the mirror there was a big Italian flag and the daughter, the, the eldest daughter saying, "*Viva Italia.*" And she—I don't think she did the, the, the salute or the, uh, fascist, I don't know. But the other one was very, very quiet, the other daughter. I don't remember her name. I don't remember their names, what, uh—like I say, I, I was eight and a half.

JP: And your father was one of the people who voted against Bersani and—

MM: I guess so.

JP: —and then this, uh, this topic with the list. How was this told to you? And who told you the list—about the list? Was it your dad, your mom, other people?

MM: Well, uh, he, uh—as, as we heard he was one of the first ones to be arrested. And this was in Rosemount around the 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Rosemount or something?

JP: Who was going to be arrested?

MM: My father.

JP: Okay, your father, okay.

MM: And, uh, and then all this happened all so sudden that...

JP: And but the list, you said that, um...

MM: Oh, I don't know who—I guess it was the list of the members of the church. Like we have a list of the members of the church, all churches have. And, uh, you keep a role all the time, you know. And I guess Bersani said, "Well I'll fix you guys up." He saw who—I guess who—he had a, a good idea who was gonna vote against him. So he went to the RCMP and said, "Here. These are your guys."

JP: These are your fascists.

MM: [Nods]

JP: It was almost a vendetta then or...it sounds like the—it was his way of getting back at these people.

MM: I couldn't tell you. [Shrugs]

JP: Right. And...after your father came back...Bersani came to your home.

MM: Yes, three times.

JP: Three times.

MM: He came in once, and I don't know if we were just gonna have supper, and he says, "Mrs. Monaco, I want to speak to your husband. Come on, Vincenzo, come in the front room." And he closed the door. Then he left. The second time it happened again. Third time my mother got up and says, opened the door and she says, "Whatever you want to tell my husband, you tell me too. There's no secrets between the two of us." And she, she put him outside, "I don't want to see you anymore." But we got—years after, he bought into a motel in Buffalo, New York and he

kept on sending us cards, “Come on over with the family. We’ve got a pool and that. You’re gonna be my guests.” Of course, we didn't want to be a guest of any a traitor.

JP: But how, how do you figure that? Like your guess that this guy, um, who's known to have made lists, um...

MM: Yeah, but we didn't know.

JP: No, you didn't know. But your dad—do you think your dad had an inclination that...

MM: Maybe there was—maybe someone in the church had, uh, had heard or something. And they said, “Hey, you know, now we have two ministers and we've got to get rid of one.”

JP: Right.

MM: Could be, I, I—you know...

JP: But why would this man come back to the people...

MM: [Shrugs] Maybe trying to tell them he was sorry.

JP: Maybe.

MM: Maybe. I don't know. And all I know is my father didn't want to be in his good books at all.

JP: [Laughs]

MM: And I don't know if anybody did. God bless him.

JP: It's really sad, eh, when you think of all that.

MM: Yup. [Nods]

JP: 'Cause your father...your father didn't have time to go beyond these—like you said the bakery, the church, and the garden.

MM: [Shakes head] You know it's...it was a funny thing. [Says with a sad tone] I, I, I ca—I still can't see it today. Taking a guy off his, his job. Luckily he had he—there was a little boy. But would they do that today? If a guy was ar—had a horse and buggy and, and, uh, and have somebody's property and just, leave the horse in the street and... [Gestures with hand] You can't do that. [Frowns] I mean in those days, everything was allowed.

[01:10:21]

JP: Did your father ever get a trial, as far as you know.

MM: No. [shakes head] There was Dr. K[?] who worked very hard for my dad. He was the minister of Church of All Nations, that was helping the, uh, the Italians. And then, uh, there was Dr. Lloyd Smith. Another guy that worked hard for them. 'Cause I, I remember my father mentioning those names, you know. And even after that Dr. K[?] married my, my second sister—third sister. Third one—

JP: So Dr. K[?] married your—

MM: Yeah, because my—we didn't have a minister, they were building the, the—I think we were getting a new minister, but he wasn't here in time. K[?] says, "I'll come anytime." And he,

he was a lovable guy. He had a beautiful little church there on Amherst. Was a beautiful place. I think it's still there today, I'm not sure. But I know that it's not, it's not a Hungarian church anymore. Whatever it is, I don't know. Because half of those parishioners that used to go there had come to our church. But like I said, we're all getting old and we're all going off one after the other.

JP: Your uncles, Antonio and Donato, when they came out, did they ever talk about it?

MM: I don't think the brothers ever spoke about it. I don't know.

JP: They were both married?

MM: Yeah, they—

JP: Donato and Antonio?

MM: Yeah.

JP: And with your cousins?

MM: We never spoke about it. We, we were happy and our, our parents were home and that was it.

JP: So there was no curiosity—

MM: And no, no one bothered anymore about, "Ha ha, your father's in jail." That didn't happen anymore.



JP: Did you find that— did your father and your uncles show any kind of change in their personality when they came back?

MM: No. No, like my, my uncle Tony was quiet. The other one, well, uh...he was an odd man, you know. [Laughs] But no, my dad was always the same. He didn't change.

JP: Your uncle Tony is the one who was interned the longest, right?

MM: Yeah.

JP: Of the three brothers.

MM: Yeah. [Nods]

JP: When he came back he was the only one that you noticed that was a bit of, uh—like—

MM: But—

JP: —he was more quiet like you're saying...

MM: But, he worked in the [unclear] after. And, no—and my uncle Tony was very fussy when he worked because he was the helper and he worked with this fellow Malatesta was in there too. He was his helper. And, uh, he'd say to him, uh, "Now don't touch my rags. I'll wash my own rags. And no one can touch uncle Tony's rags or his pail." That was the biggest thing you can do, because he worked for my friend, you know. And, uh, "You don't touch your uncle Tony's rags."

JP: He was really meticulous about his things.

MM: And he had this funny saying he'd always say, "God *dest*" And I'd say, "God *dest*?" I'd say, "God *sinistra*." 'Cause *dest*—I, I don't know if he meant right, so I used to say, "God left."

[Laughs]

JP: [Laughs]

MM: I thought I was saying that anyway. But he always laughed. I'd go and see him quite often. And his wife us—her—his favourite meal was when she made the fusilli.

JP: Mm.

MM: Handmade. See and me it was *taccozz'*.

JP: Yeah.

MM: I made some the other day and I had it for supper. Ah, delicious. [Smiles]

JP: That's the real Ururi—

MM: Half ye—half white—

JP: —specialty.

MM: —half red. Ah!

JP: What'd your father like to eat?

MM: Uh, that's where I found out that, uh—my—I don't even know my mother made *taccozz'* until he came out of camp. He says, "Filomen', you know, what I would like? *Taccozz'.*" And my mother, "Okay, sure, I'll make them for you." And, uh, I remember we used to place them on a sheet there so they would get stuck, eh, on the, the bed and... And, uh, he said, "But I want some with *aglio e olio.*" I, I, I'll have *aglio e olio*, but you know it's strong pepper. Hey I've got to try this. I put half and half—I used to do what my father did you know. I enjoyed them so much. My sister liked the red ones, but dad and I we, we, we loved the white ones.

JP: He wanted his *taccozz'* when he came back.

MM: Oh yeah. And I remem—don't remember ever eating them before he—before that.

JP: That's, uh—

MM: She made, she made, uh, fusilli.

JP: Yeah.

MM: She made *galatiell'*[?]. She made spaghetti and all that stuff with the machine you know. [Gestures making pasta with a machine] But...

JP: It's interesting, he went for a very, um, old, uh, traditional—

MM: Yeah.

JP: —plate—

MM: Well, I saw once on a, on a American TV there, there was this, this American lady—I can't think of her name, she used to do, uh, pastas and that. She had an old man helping her. And, uh, she said, "I'm going to make these things that they do in, in small towns like Ururi, in Campobasso. That they call these, uh, *taccozz'*." And you can see the lady rolling the thing, you know, and making it paper thin. "Oh," she said, "I would never do it." She said, "I've got the machine." [Smiles]

JP: [Laughs]

[01:15:19]

MM: Well, you know, I, I, I put it in, in, in, in strips—

JP: Yeah. And then just cut them.

MM: —and then just cut them.

JP: Yeah.

MM: And my mother's—I like mine better than my mother's because my mother didn't go right to the last notch. [Holds fingers close together] I go to the last notch and make them paper-thin.

JP: Oh, you like them really thin.

MM: Yeah.

JP: No, I go—

MM: And my mother's used to stick and mine never stuck. I don't know why. [Smiles]

JP: You put a bit of oil.

MM: Well, I always put oil. Um, she put oil too. I guess maybe because the batch was bigger, you know.

JP: Yeah, maybe.

MM: But I always enjoyed it.

JP: Who cooked in your family when you were growing up? Your mum did all the cooking?

MM: My mother. Uh, I don't know—uh, once I was what, I was in public school and I know it was Tuesday, we ha—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays was spaghetti. And I couldn't see any sauce and I, I made some sauce. My mother said, "You made the sauce?" I said, "I used to watch you do it ma, so I did it." She was surprised. I, I loved cooking. But we all liked cooking at home.

JP: And what else would you eat? Like during the, the 30s and the 40s, like when—what would you eat? You had pasta three times a week. What else were—

MM: Oh, we'd roast of veal. Oh, Sunday mornings, well, my father would go down to the bakery and bring a, a pot of beans. We'd have pork and beans for breakfast with steak, toast, coffee. [Counts on fingers] Then at dinnertime, after we came from church it was, it was spaghetti time. And then at night we had either roast of veal, or chicken, or...

JP: You ate well. [Says with surprise]

MM: You know and I'm saying, "I'm surprised we're not fatter than we are." None of us in the family are. My mother was a he—well, we used to think my mother was fat because she, she'd always taste. [Pretends to pick at food with fingers]. Then we'd get to the plate she say, "I'm not hungry." Oh, no you're not hungry, but she'd still eat the plate.

JP: [Laughs]

MM: And she, she was a, she was, she was quite heavy. She weighed about 210, 220.

JP: Ah.

MM: She was—I don't think she was five feet. But—

JP: But the day that when she found out your father was released she went running, right?

MM: Oh, did she ever.

JP: She had no problem running down the street.

MM: Yeah, yeah. No, uh, well she run to the—no, she wa—wa—waited until he got in the house.

JP: Did she go, um—uh, he came—because that would have been Christmas so or just after Christmas—

MM: Two days after.

JP: —cold. He came in and, uh—he came to the house, you didn't go meet him at the train station.

MM: No, no, he came to the house. I don't know if, if someone drove him, I, I don't remember.

JP: What was your reaction when you first saw him?

MM: Oh, his mustache. [Laughs]

JP: There was the mustache, you were fixed on that, eh?

MM: [Laughs] I didn't like that, but hey that was his—him wearing it.

JP: [Pause] Did the church, after when he came back, did they do anything for him?

MM: Well, there was so many people arrested in the church that—I guess they had a spaghetti supper onc—because we used to have spaghetti suppers often. The women of the church would prepare the spaghetti [unclear] and make the sauce and all that. Oh, we'd have spaghetti suppers over 200 people. When we were in the, the old Sean[?] Memorial Church.

JP: Hmm. Tell me something, would you think your fa—how did your father feel? Did he feel Italian or Canadian or both?

MM: He felt Albanese I guess. [Smiles and laughs]

JP: [Laughs]

MM: No, he was proud, he was proud that he was Italian. And, uh, no, he had nothing against anyone. My father was a real, a real good man. But if he got mad, watch out. And that didn't happen very often. No, I never—

JP: But he was, uh, a Canadian citizen when he was, uh...

MM: [Nods] Yeah, he became a—he, he was—he became a Canadian citizen and, and my eldest sister ha—became a Canadian citizen. In fact, they had to go and br—to the—what was it the police station or some place—

JP: Mm hmm.

MM: —to bring their fingerprint. [Holds up thumb] Remember my sister—well, if I was nine, maybe she was about 14, 15. She, she had to, she had to go and have her, uh—

JP: At that age? That young?

MM: I think, I think—

JP: Yeah.



MM: Well, she was eight years older than me and I say I was nine. [Looks up and holds fingers while counting] Seventeen. I guess at 16 I guess you had to. 'Cause she used to go, uh, and uh...

JP: Report.

MM: Report.

JP: [Unclear]

MM: And even when my dad came out of, out of camp, he had to report. [Nods]

JP: He had to still report?

MM: Yeah.

JP: And your sister had to—

MM: [Nods] And my mother.

JP: And your mother had to report—

MM: [Nods] Yeah, yeah.

JP: —also while your father was in camp.

MM: Well, 'cause they were, they were, uh, well they were Canadians, but still the—

JP: They were considered, uh, enemy aliens.

MM: Yeah.

JP: So they would have to do this trek once a month? Do you remember where?

MM: Oh, I don't remember. But it wasn't for, for long though. It wasn't for long. I guess they had to wait till...because my father was what? He became a—he was—uh, he became a, a Canadian citizen in '31. Why was my moth—my—I guess my mother was. But they were born in Italy. That's what it was.

JP: Oh.

MM: It's not even because if you weren't a Cana—you were born in Italy, your, your husband was, uh, in internment camp, I guess that's why.

JP: You had to report to the RCMP.

MM: Yeah.

[01:20:07]

JP: [Long pause] Did, um, did other families come in and help, from the church, while your dad and your uncles were interned? Did they help the families? Did they come around and—

MM: Well, I guess, I guess they did. Like any a church would, you know. I mean, like I say, I didn't look to—so much church work then. I knew I, I belonged to di—diff—different clubs, but I never really looked at that.

JP: And aside from the teasing that you got—that your mentioned earlier, when your father was interned—did, uh, did you notice any other difference in the household? In the way—when you came home after school?

MM: Oh yeah.

JP: With the mood? How was the mood—

MM: We, we, we—it—you always looked and think he's going to come through the door, he's going to come through the door, you know. And he, he'd call from the bakery [motions picking up a phone receiver with right hand and holding it up to face] and say in Albanian, "I'm leaving now, put the pasta on." And then he just walked up the block. And of course I'd say to my mother—she said, "No, I'm gonna wait until he walks in the door, then I'll put the pasta in." Because sometimes he'd meet a couple of customers or neighbours up the street, you know, so he'd start talking them. You know with these Italian men, they don't know when to shut up, like me. [Smiles]

JP: [Laughs]

MM: Anyway. [Smiles]

JP: Your mother was smart, she knew he was going to stop and socialize. [Says with a laugh]

MM: Yeah, yeah. If it was my wife she—"I'm coming." "Okay, I'm cooking." And she knew I was always on time. [Nods] And the only thing that would make me late was if I got caught in traffic. But for pasta I'd wait—I'd tell her, I'd tell her wait. I'll have a drink before we have supper.

JP: That's it. So in the house, while your dad was arrested, you always had this anticipation of hoping he'd come through the door—

MM: Oh yeah, oh yeah.

JP: And was there a bit of fear in the community at that time in those families?

MM: No. [Shrugs] Uh, not as far as I know. Unless, the ones that their, their husbands were fascists, I don't know. I really don't know. Like I—

JP: But how did you feel that your father wasn't a fascist; he was wrongfully interned. How did that make you feel? Like when you found out about that afterwards?

MM: Oh, when I found out about who, who was the cause of it then, you know, I wasn't very happy. But who was I to go and tell him, "Hey, you arrested my father. You were the guy that, that, that gave the names." [Shrugs]

JP: But how long after did you find out?

MM: I think it was my dad that told us when he came back.

JP: Oh it was, it was—

MM: [Shakes head] I didn't know before that.

JP: —40s. It was right away.

MM: No, no, I didn't know right away. No.

JP: Oh, it wasn't right away.

MM: No. [Shakes head]

JP: It was what—

MM: I think after he came home, he, he—and then he came and visited my father and all those meetings. That's when my mother says, "Well, do you know what that man did? He was the one that had him arrested!" So. [Shrugs]

JP: [Long pause] And then he disappeared.

MM: Well, yeah, well we told him not to come back.

JP: And what about Scalera?

MM: Well Scalera stayed his term and then they got—then he was going back to Italy or something and we got a new minister after that...from Niagara Falls.

JP: Did Scalera...propagate any fascist, uh...

MM: [Shrugs] The only thing that time we went to the house I saw the daughter says, “*Viva Italia!*” And [unclear], I don’t know if she put some kind of sign up [raises hand in half salute]. But I mean I didn’t know what the heck was going on.

JP: Yeah, because you’re a kid.

MM: I mean [unclear] she was—her father was a fascist or that. I, I, I have no idea.

JP: But in the church did—was there any kind of, uh—did it bec—

MM: Well at lot of people—

JP: —did fascism become evident—

MM: —a lot of, a lot of families after that quit the church. We lost members because they were afraid if something might happen again. And—

JP: Oh, you mean after the internment?

MM: Yeah, yeah. [Nods]

JP: They quit.

MM: Yeah. [Nods] Uh, maybe a year or two after. People weren’t coming back. Well, I guess the, the re—I guess the relief was finished too. I don’t know when the relief finished giv—they were giving that.

JP: Right.

MM: But, uh—or it, it, it didn't work the way it was working. That you had to have, uh, somebody's signature.

JP: For, for the relief.

MM: For the relief. That's how we had all those people. But then, then they heard that these people are getting arrested and they figured, "Hey, we don't want to go—we don't want to be in the same boat."

JP: Because the church had to sign for the relief. There was—the minister had to sign—

MM: Yeah, yeah.

JP: —off the relief. And the relief money was coming through the Protestant churches or through the city—

MM: I, I don't know how it came through. I really don't know how it came through.

JP: Huh.

MM: Maybe my father had something to do with, uh, with it. He could have been in charge of the money and then, uh, he would pass it through the families. Maybe, I don't know.

JP: [Long pause] Okay, we're just going to take a pause to check the light. Yeah, the...

[Fades out at 01:24:43]

[Fades in at 01:24:44]

JP: Now that we've adjusted the lighting we're back. Um. So even—not only were families affected by the internment, even the church itself was affected. Because there were families that left—

MM: Yeah.

JP: —out of fear.

MM: Yeah. Well out of a, a two—over 200 congregation to going down to what, then it was 150, 125. 'Cause we went and—uh, we had services in a hall before we built our church. And, uh, we were more proud of our little Italian church.

[01:25:16]

JP: And your father, um, and all this—uh, they had him arrested, he was on this list, he was at one point obviously put on the list and considered or presented as someone who could have been dangerous towards Canada. What would you say to that?

MM: Well, my father, like I say, he had nothing against the church. And he'd say, "Well, I guess I needed a holiday. And that was my holiday." Because like I say my father could throw a sermon and, uh, he was fantastic. "Mr. Monaco's preaching in person because the minister's on holidays? Oh that's great!" You know.

JP: Your father enjoyed that?



MM: Oh, my, my father enjoyed it. And I had my third sister, she, she, she was, she was a pet really. [Smiles] It was time to do the dishes, and you know, one sister washes the floor [counts list on fingers]—uh, well, uh sweeps the floor [shakes head changing thought], the other one wa—washes the dishes, the other one dries the dishes. She'd say, "Pa, do you want me to play some hymns for you on the piano?" And that's all my father needed. They'd go in the living room and she'd play the piano and he'd sing. [Smiles] And my father loved to sing. He had an old guitar there [plays air guitar], I don't know if he knew how to play or not, I, I couldn't tell. And he'd sing songs and if my—he'd sing a nice song to mother, she'd turn around and say, "*Come si brutt'. Come si brutt'.*" "Ma, he's giving you compliments." And she'd smile and blush, you know. [Gives a tight lipped smile at the memory]

JP: Did he ever sing old Albanian songs to you?

MM: No. Is, is there Albanian songs?

JP: Oh my God they're—

MM: Yeah? Oh, I, I never heard. [Laughs]

JP: They'll tear you apart—

MM: He, he'd sing, he, he'd sing Italian, Italian songs. And like he, he loved singing hymns. He loved singing church hymns.

JP: Your father would—

MM: So, I guess I took in his footsteps.

JP: Mm.

MM: Because I've been in the choir since '80 and I always enjoyed my, my, my, my hymns, all these gospel hymns. I enjoyed all this stuff.

JP: And—

MM: And, and I, I start preaching, uh, in 1980. I, I think I did about between 55 and 60 services.

JP: Wow.

MM: So I guess I was following—I—and I guess—well the first Sunday I preached, I spoke about Job and my dad left this church, came to my mother, and my brother-in-law and sister brought him over. And after I finished the service he turns around and says, "That's a my boy. That's a my boy." [Says with pride while pointing hand at his chest, then laughs]

JP: He was really proud—

MM: He was proud because he wanted me to be a minister so badly. And like I said, well look, "I promised my wife that I would marry her. And the arrangements were made that I won't be a minister and she'll come to my church." I says, "That was more important." And I says, "I'm, I'm here with you in the business." And in those days [clears throat]—excuse me—being a minister didn't pay. It was a poor, poor job. [Clears throat] Excuse me. But, uh, well, I guess today they're better off.

JP: After, uh—during the 40s, you're becom—you're a teenager and you're a young man, uh, you got married, but at that time after the war, did the, uh—how did, um, Italians socialize then?

MM: We all got along, we got along. Like the boys, uh, most of the boys I, I was with were, they were all Canadians like me and one—a couple were younger than me. We had played hockey together, we played baseball together. And if there were some French boys, then we played together. Syrians. We didn't care.

JP: What about the Italians that started arriving after the war? Were they aware of what had happened before? Did they ask questions? Were they curious?

MM: I don't think they even knew about it. I guess they, they didn't know about it. But, uh, we didn't get along with them.

JP: You didn't.

MM: No, they, they—I don't know, uh, because all they looked at was at, at your girlfriend and we didn't like that.

JP: [Laughs]

MM: We didn't like that. But I mean there was no, uh, no fights. I know my sister was going out with an Italian boy and I said, "Are you going to marry that Italian boy?" I said, "Marry an English boy." She said, "What, what f—I'd say—someone said that to you then you, you wouldn't be marrying an English girl." I said, "No, you're not going to tell me what to do." But no, we all, we all married except the eldest one, we all married English.

JP: Did—do you think at that time, uh, it was possible for an adult—and I'm asking you this with the eyes of today because obviously when you were eight, nine, 10 years old you wouldn't [Michael coughs] have formed this opinion—but looking back do you think it was possible to be, uh, a proud Italian—

MM: Yes.

JP: —and, uh, even consider that [Benito] Mussolini was a good leader to Italy and good to the Italians and [says “and” with emphasis] at the same time be a good Canadian and be—

MM: Yes. I was, I was proud I was Italian and as a Canadian too. I was very proud. I still am.

JP: So it was possible to have a dual identity? Look at—and I'm asking you this today Michael as an adult looking back, like your opinion. That it was possible to be both.

MM: [Shrugs] Yeah.

JP: [Long pause] So one really—the idea that one had to choose sides...

MM: [Shrugs] Oh, like I say I was Canadian, I, I didn't have sides because I wasn't going to become an, uh, Italian, uh...

[01:30:47]

JP: Did your father have, uh, a need like to go back and visit Italy? When did he eventually go back? Did he?

MM: He went once. He went once.

JP: He went once. And how long ago? I mean when—how old—

MM: Oh...it must...it must have been...

JP: *Più o meno. Più o meno.*

MM: Well, I guess it was almost before he retired really. They were quite old. Well, they—I guess they went there to, to pick up my grandmother.

JP: Oh...

MM: They went and picked—uh, uh, I think they came back with her.

JP: She was in Ururi.

MM: Well, she was, uh, 78 when she came here. 76 or 78.

JP: So they went back because they had, they had to do something—

MM: Well—

JP: —and they had to—

MM: —my, my mother went there and of course she gets [unclear]. [Laughs]

JP: She what?

MM: Because everything was damp she says. The beds were damp. I don't know if they didn't let their, their blankets dry properly or that. But I still have an aunt living in, in Italy. I, I've never met her. Well, I don't know if she's still alive today. I think, I think she's passed away. But she couldn't come because her husband's picture was in, uh, one of the newspapers that was, uh, something to do with Communism. [Shakes head]

JP: That's right.

MM: And she—

JP: That was just after the war right?

MM: Yeah.

JP: It was your aunt that couldn't come?

MM: My—well she—

JP: Your aunt. Yeah.

MM: Well, she wasn't going to leave her husband there. So she stayed there with him.

JP: Oh, because it was him that couldn't come.

MM: It was his picture. I mean you know you pass by and you see a crowd. And you go there and your picture happens to be in there. I guess that's what happened because he was no communist. But...

JP: And, and this was in Ururi.

MM: [Nods] Things happen in funny ways.

JP: Yeah, yeah. I know. But they were very—I know 'cause my mother was involved with the communism in Ururi and they were quite strong and loud about it then, right after the war.

MM: [Shakes head] I don't know, I think—

JP: So you were damned both ways. [Laughs]

MM: Yeah, I think that really the, the best country to live in right now is Canada.

JP: Because?

MM: We don't see—I mean look at all the other places. They're having floods, they're, they're bombing each other. So far so good here. And I thank God every night that my God we're still there.

JP: Have you ever visited Italy?

MM: No, I've, I've been to England three times, but Italy, no.

JP: Did you ever have a desire to go and visit?

MM: Not really, because I, I had cousins, but I didn't know them. And I [unclear] a stranger and I'm, I'm a fussy man you see. I don't like to sleep in people's homes. I'm gonna go in a hotel, fine.

JP: Right.

MM: And when we went to England, uh, I had to argue with my brother-in-law, "No, no you're staying at my place." So we finally did. But, but then we stayed at his place, well we were travelling around anyway. We went up to the north and up to, uh, Scotland. We went down, down near, uh, in London and visited all the, uh, what, what do you call like their r—uh, their, their mountains, the, the Cos—Cos—Coswells [Cotswolds]?

JP: I'm not sure—

MM: Something like that.

JP: —what they're called. I'm sorry.

MM: It was a beautiful country.

JP: And you never had the desire—

MM: And I never drove there, I never drove.

JP: Oh, no—

MM: No way! [Laughs] No way!



JP: [Laughs] I'm sure they're telling us that we're on the wrong side.

MM: [Laughs and nods]

JP: [Laughs] But—and you never had this desire to go and see Ururi?

MM: No, because I, I see it on TV—I can't think of that cook's name. And then there's Lidia [Bastianich], she shows you all the country. I, I watch Lidia twice on Saturdays to make sure it's a different programs. I enjoy—I see all, all the mountains, the grapes. Geez, you know, everything's mountainous and then look, how do they walk around there? How do they, uh, how do they drive? You don't have streets in these small towns.

JP: [Laughs]

MM: I, I, I can't figure it out.

JP: It's okay, they don't have licenses either when they're driving. [Laughs]

MM: Well, they got, they got the, the little, uh, motorcycles there. But I mean, I, I don't see any cars driving around unless you're on the highway. But I mean, I said, "But how can they drive on these mountainous roads?" I'd be terrified.

JP: You know, Michael, you're like—you haven't yet—it sounds like you don't have this desire like to go to Italy—

MM: No, I, I desire to go nowhere now.

JP: Okay, fine. Your father went because there was—

MM: Yeah.

JP: —uh, a task at hand—

MM: Yeah.

JP: —which was to accompany your grandmother—

MM: And I guess—

JP: —to Canada.

MM: I guess—maybe it wasn't even that reason, maybe it was they went before, I don't remember.

JP: Okay, uh—

MM: Might, might have gone twice, I'm not sure.

JP: But even if they have gone it's not as if you remember them passing—

MM: No, no.

JP: Did they pass on these wonderful tales oh, Italy this, Italy that?

MM: [Shrugs]

JP: Did they ever talk about the country like, “Oh...*che bel paese.*”—

MM: Well, they always said, uh—well, my father says the big thing was watching the—was the, the, the, the bulls running in the streets.

JP: Yeah, yeah, that’s, uh—

MM: Well, there, there was picturing in that book, that the, the, the, the, uh, fellow wrote there about my dad.

JP: Yeah, uh, Professor [Bruno] Ramirez.

MM: Yeah.

JP: Yeah.

MM: Yeah. And I mean, oh, what’s the excitement? And my father wasn’t a sport fan. I don’t know whether in Italy he followed the, the soccer, but I mean here, I couldn’t get my father to come to a baseball game or football game or anything.

JP: And—

MM: Did—he, he just enjoyed his church.

JP: And your father was—it sounds like he was very grounded here. And yet, here is this man who was quite Canadian...his family is quite Canadian and yet he's being accused of being loyal to Italy.

MM: Well...

JP: And in the actions that you're talking about...are—

MM: Well we, we had no choice. I mean you couldn't say, "Well, I'm gonna get my father out tonight and run away." Where was I gonna go? I was gonna get caught too or something.

JP: Yeah.

MM: So we just had to take it as it came.

JP: And the Italians that came after the war did they feel more Italian, than, than you felt with your friends that were here that were—

MM: [Shrugs] Well, we were, we were called wops and they were called wop-wop. [Laughs]

JP: [Laughs]

MM: I mean, they were good guys. I mean there was what? I had men from Italy working for me. They were very good, very good employees. What, uh—

JP: They didn't speak English or French when they came though. They were—

MM: Oh, they learned! They lea—the first thing—one was a great dancer and, uh, the other one learned English, French, he, he worked for me and then he, he bought himself a taxi. Do taxi, uh, when he wasn't—when he felt like making extra money. And that guy, that guy is doing well today.

JP: That's good.

MM: Yeah, oh yeah.

JP: Is there anything that we didn't cover that...like let's go, like growing up is there anything that we didn't cover in terms of—

MM: No, no.

JP: —what your life was like?

MM: No, I mean, like I say, uh, we, we, we, we had an easy, plain life at home. Real European, you know. Today it's altogether different. But we all had our chores to do. I knew I had to paint the stairs or I had to do this. I knew it was my job. [Nods]

JP: You had—uh, just a question...in your home did it feel Italian?

MM: I don't know. [Smile] I always would say—

JP: Like overall.

MM: —I couldn't—

JP: I guess, you could only have compared that like when you went to your girlfriend's home, who was English, Scottish. When you went into—

MM: [Shrugs] I, I didn't see any difference. [Frowns]

JP: Were they different from your home—

MM: No.

JP: —in terms of the—

MM: No.

JP: —way they were run or—

MM: No.

JP: —things, chores or—

MM: I don't think so. No. [Frowns]

JP: But they weren't doing, uh...they weren't doing sauce.

MM: No...well my wife learned how to do the sauce.

JP: She learned it, right. From—

MM: My, my eldest sister says, "Come to my house and I'll show you." "Cause my mother would say to her, "You want to learn how to, how to make the sauce? You get up on Sunday morning with me and I'll show you how." [Makes a face] "I got to get up on Sunday morning?" I said, "Don't listen to her. Ask your aun—uh, your, your, your sister-in-law Mary."

JP: Did you go to Italian restaurants in Montreal at that time, like in the 40s or 50s?

MM: Oh, I always went to Italian restaurants.

JP: Which ones do you remember that you liked?

MM: Well, today there's, uh—

JP: No, but I mean back like in the—

MM: Back then? Oh, Casa D'Italia. Oh, I, I can't even remember the old ones. We went to Italian restaurants. We—my wife and I were great lovers of going out. Especially when the kids grew up. And I had one of my res—uh, my restaurants, uh, on Laurier Street, Spaghattata. And I mean, that was my bread and we'd go there maybe sometimes twice a week. Another time I'd go to the barbeque next door because he had my bread too. You know I encouraged my customers.

JP: Good for you.

MM: And then I had a French restaurant up here on Lajeunesse and Fleury. They, they, they specialized in...what do you call those? The things on a stick, uh...

JP: Skewers?

MM: Skewers.

JP: Yeah.

MM: And, and, uh, they, they, uh—like I say, they gave me money and I, I went to visit them.

JP: Yeah.

MM: But the Casa though was the best. I'd go there with my wife and I'd say, "Mr. [Gentile] Dieni, just make me a platter [motions a large platter with hands] for my wife and I." You know the big platter you put spaghetti?

JP: Yeah.

MM: Sausage, uh, kidneys, everything and then pasta. [Counts on fingers] I used to clean that with my wife. My wife wasn't a big eater, but we used to clean that up. And then he'd say, "Okay, Michael, it's time to flip for the drink." So every time I flipped, I lost.

[Fades out at 01:40:23]

[Fades in at 01:40:24]

JP: Tell me the story about, uh, with, uh, Mr. [Gentile] Dieni, for the drinks?



MM: Well, after we'd finish our meal he'd always say, "Well, we're going to flip who's gonna pay the drinks." So of course if I lost, I paid four or five drinks, but when he lost, it was only one drink. And I says, "That's a good way of doing it." But I figured at the end I was getting out—getting more out of it because my ex-employee worked there as a wash man at night. When I'd bring the bread in the morning, he'd say, "Boss, *cosa vuoi beve?*" A shot of this or a shot of this. Every morning I had my drink so I made it up. [Smiles]

JP: [Laughs]

MM: So I got even with him. But he was a great man, uh, Mr. [Gentile] Dieni.

JP: He took care of you, though.

MM: Yeah.

JP: He made sure he took care of you when you—

MM: Yeah, very good customer for us. Very good customer—

JP: You must have—your father had a very good reputation—

MM: Yup.

JP: —in the city—

MM: Yup.

JP:—and how did that play out for you?

MM: Well, I figure I was following in my father's, I followed his footsteps. I'm not a person that gets mad very often. I'm...just a normal man. I didn't even get mad at my kids.

JP: Oh. Is there anything, uh, just to conclude in terms of how this whole internment thing shaped you and who you are today? Did it have any effect on, uh, you?

MM: No, I guess after we had him home of three, four months, we figured we'd go—live back a normal, normal life. And like on Sundays when, when, when we—it wasn't those busy day—uh, Sundays, he'd take us to the mountain for a picnic or parc La Fontaine or, uh, little St. Helen. And they, they were outings for us. 'Cause we didn't have a car. I mean who had a car in those days?

JP: Yeah.

MM: My uncle had a car. [Laughs]

JP: Where'd you keep the horses that pulled the, uh—

MM: [Gestures to his right with head] At the bakery. At the bakery, we had the barn in the back.

JP: Oh, you did have a barn in the back.

MM: Yeah. [Nods]

JP: Did you have other, uh, animals in the backyard? Uh, like chickens or—

MM: No, no, no, no, no.

JP: —anything else?

MM: [Gestures to his right with hands] There was a stable just for the horses.

JP: Just for the horses.

MM: And then upstairs the ba—uh, the, the stable was the hay. That was another job we used to do, pulling the hay when it used to come in. The guy dumped it off his truck, but we had to place them.

JP: Oh. [Long pause] And is there anything else about the internment, or about the church, or about the ministers, or anything else that—

MM: No, really, uh—

JP: —we didn't cover?

MM: No, I think we, we covered most of what I know of anyway.

JP: Yeah.

MM: And we were a happy congregation after.

JP: And then it worked out.

MM: Yeah, we had a good minister by Reverend, by Reverend Gualtieri[?]. Was a very, very good man, he came from Niagara Falls. All his—well, his daughter used to be a lawyer—was a lawyer here in Montreal. She passed away. And he has a son who's a minister. They were very good family.

JP: And the—and then with time just things—

MM: And then you know, well we belonged to young gro—uh, youth group and that. And we'd go out on outings, uh, on our own with them. Of course I'd bring my girlfriend, I wouldn't go with the girls of the church. That's what they used to get mad at. [Shrugs] But hey, that was my girlfriend, you know, it's a my girl. [Smiles]

JP: Any, any final comment on, uh, that whole, the, uh, the internment?

MM: No, after my father came home we, we never, we—

JP: No, but your, your, your comment, like your, um, your opinion like—

MM: No, I like—

JP: —how you feel—

MM: My, my dad always said that that was a holiday for him and I—

JP: Yeah.

MM: —I took it that way, you know. Really, it wasn't what, uh—like he said that was the only time he had time off work.

JP: Was it a holiday for your mother for four months? For those months?

MM: Well, like she had her family home helping her all the time, eh.

JP: Yeah. She had—she's the one that had to put in the extra work.

MM: But I mean, she, she—of course she missed him. I mean, uh, you know, if something happened to my wife tomorrow, uh...

JP: Yeah.

MM: I mean when, when you have a wife that's sick that's a different story. And, uh...

JP: Yeah. Well I think that's it. Thank you so much Michael.

MM: You're welcome.

JP: It's been wonderful.

MM: It was a pleasure.

JP: No, the pleasure was mine. [Laughs] Thanks. That's it.

MM: And it was... [Says while camera fades out]

[Fades out at 01:44:31]

[Fades in at 01:44:32]

[Camera fades back in to show the model carriage with Corona Bakery painted on the side and two model horses at the front of the wagon]

MM: What you lost your camera?

JP: No, I left it here somewhere. Oh, that we're going to show them now.

MM: Oh, your mother wouldn't remember that would she? The wagon?

JP: Not the wagon. She... [Says while camera fades out]

[Fades out at 01:44:42]

**[End of Interview]**