

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

DATE OF INTERVIEW: March 18, 2011

LOCATION OF INTERVIEW: Burnaby, BC

NAME OF INTERVIEWEE: Alice D'Appolonia

NAME OF INTERVIEWER: Raymond Culos

NAME OF VIDEOGRAPHER: Anna Wilkinson

TRANSCRIBED BY: Krystle Copeland

DATE TRANSCRIBED: May 27, 30, 31, 2011 & June 6, 2011

ACCESSION No.: ICEA2011.0003.0001

PROJECT NOTE:

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

ABSTRACT

Alice D'Appolonia was born in Codroipo, Italy on April 4, 1909. She was one of seven siblings born to Luigia Donnalute and Domenico Vit. Alice grew up on her family farm, but left to work at the age of ... at various jobs after a flood ruined their crops and many of the family livestock were killed. She worked in various domestic positions, and spent some time assisting doctors in the operating room. When Alice was 19 or 20 years old, Santo Pasqualini asked her to meet her for the first time in Rome after hearing about her in the village where she was working. Her bosses were very protective in the home where she was working, so she asked Santo to come to her instead. Within 2 months of meeting one another, Santo was on his way back to Canada with his bride, Alice. The couple settled in Vancouver, Canada in September of 1933, after arriving in Halifax and spending a summer with friends in Montreal. Alice and Santo opened their business, The Paris Bakery, in Vancouver on Paris Street. Together they had two children, Lino and Lina. On June 10, 1940, two detectives knocked on the door and accused Santo of being a fascist. Santo was arrested and taken to the Canadian Immigration Building in

Vancouver with many other Italian Canadian men. He denied being a fascist, but Alice believes he was taken because they had been given free boat fares from the Italian government (Mussolini) in 1922. Following his arrest, Alice and her children did not know what had happened to Santo for two days, but were able to find information about where he was taken and wave to him through the window from the top of a nearby bridge. Immediately afterwards, Santo was taken to the internment camp in Kananaskis. Santo told Alice not to write letters to him in Italian since their correspondence was being monitored. Since Alice could not write in English, her friend, Cinna Sampido wrote her letters for her. While Alice was not arrested, she had to report monthly to the RCMP in Vancouver. After losing the Paris Bakery and not having much food to eat, Alice became seriously ill and her children had to go away while she was in the hospital. The doctors thought that Alice would pass away soon, so Santo was released in order to see her. Despite the difficult positions she was placed in, Alice recounts her fond memories of arriving in Canada and feeling like “a queen” as well as her happy family experiences over her long life—since recently passed her 102nd birthday.

INTERVIEW

AD: Alice D’Appolonia, interviewee

RC: Ray Culos, interviewer

[Title screen]

[Fades in at 00:00:11]

RC: Uh, this is Raymond Culos.

AD: Yeah.

RC: I'm an interviewer for the Canadian Historical Recognition Program.

AD: Okay.

RC: And we're doing a project that's called Italian Canadians during World War Two.

AD: Right. [nods]

RC: And I have the pleasure today to talk with ah, Mrs. Alice D'Appolonia. We—here at her residence on Rosser Avenue in Burnaby, British Columbia. Today is Friday, March the eighteenth, 2011.

AD: Right.

RC: So, Alice, where were you born?

AD: In *Sedegliano, Provincia d' Udine e commune di Codroipo*.

RC: And when was that, when, when is your birthday?

AD: 1909, but really it's the fourth, April. But when they make the Citizen paper, they asked me right away—I was—don't know much English, you know. And I say, oh—because they come [waves arms together] the second right away—I said the third April. And so I pass now, always the third April. But I born in the fourth April, it was, oh, oh, the olives, ah, [pauses to think] *giorni delle olive* Olives, see?

RC: *Si, cente mille nove, et tre.*

AD: *Si*.

RC: Okay. So, what was your, your ah. Your father's and mother's name?

AD: Eh, my father, Domenico. My mama, Luigia.

RC: Luiga. [Vit]?

AD: No, [Vit], my daddy. My mama Donnalute.

RC: Donnalute.

AD: Donnalute.

RC: And were you the first child? How many children?

AD: Eh, just two. Lina and Lino. Because the brother of my husband, he died in the war. And it was Lino. And Lino was like his brother, really so much. But my mama say, once they come to Canada, if you have a boy, please, Santo, put the name Lino. So he come here. I'm gonna put Lina. Okay, well Lino coming [says with arms extended out]. Mama mia, he want to put Lino. I said no we have the same one. He say oh, "I'm gonna please my mama." He was like his parents the most, you know. So Lino and Lina.

RC: Wonderful.

AD: [smiles and laughs]

RC: So did you have a sister or brother?

AD: Oh yeah.

RC: How many in your family?

AD: My family. Seven. Wait a minute—because papa met mama. Most? They were sweethearts. And then mama, she have one daughter. And after she marry my daddy, they have—she have [pause while thinking and counts outloud.] One, two, three, four. Ah, four—two died, but oh, we had four. One so Antonio, Gemma Foster, and Antonio Terrasina, and Alice.

RC: Oh, my.

AD: Yes. And two step sisters.

RC: Two—

AD: And, two sisters. And a son, a boy. My brother, step, Johnny. And Maria. My daddy have two. And my mother have Josephina. She come ninety six. And listen to this. My sister, Gemma in French, fourth sister, she died ninety four years. She was 1902. She died ninety four years. My sister, Terrasina, she was 1903, she died next year ninety four. Both ninety four. [says with a surprised expression, and moved right hand with syllables of ninety four.]

RC: Oh. [says softly gasping.]

AD: Both ninety four. In one year different.

RC: Look at me. And I come one hundred. [says waving arms out] And two persons—[shrugs]

RC: Yes. Did you get the chance to go to school when you were in Italy?

AD: Three. Well, I meant four years. I was three years, my time. But first grade I don't pass because mama, she no went to school after all. And daily was very busy. So nobody help me nothing. So I went to school it was no nothing. [waves hands] So, the first year I don't pass. But the second year, third year, and fourth year I pass.

RC: Wonderful.

AD: Yes.

RC: What was your father, was he, ah a farmer?

AD: A farmer. But he was a very genius man. First thing, he started to buy two horses and like the cowboys with the tent [says waving right arm over head] a car, with a tent and the parts to bring people from Codroipo to Udine. Twenty kilometres. The people those days got to pay by all the clothes you know when you got married. But you've got to bring sheets you've got to bring everything. And so, you buy the cloth all the time. You go home and sew. See? So, every week he was going to Codriopo. Codriopo to Udine on the horse and this [makes shape of big carriage] what you call it? A car.

RC: Yeah.

AD: Yeah, a car with the cover.

RC: The car. The wagons. Yeah.

AD: And the parts to it. Every small town he would stop and pick up people to go through this.

RC: When you finished the four years, did you work at home, or did you go—

AD: Oh, yeah. Farming, farming. [says nodding]

RC: And then when you were a teenager did you go to work?

AD: Well, and after. The things went went bad. We had two cows until my daddy died. You know, [waving hands around one another] we put the hay for the straw, the wheat, in the big ah, [motions with hands] balls, you know like what they do here too.

RC: Yes.

AD: And they tied it to the string. [motions winding a ball of string] And to cut the string [motions cutting] a big string went through to the straw. They put it under the cows, and in no time, two cows died. The string, they eat the string, and when it goes in their lungs and die. [throws hands up in the air.] Losing money. After it was rain, and ah, we no have irrigation all over. And dry the wheat, dry the corn. So, so said to me “nobody in my family went to work, but you Alice got to go make some money somewhere” and so, if I made to go servant. To the rich people. I stay four months in Udine, oh ho [expression of disbelief/laughing] I almost like it? I didn’t know nobody there, and I used to be going to church, singing and playing you know, and then Udine just work, work, work. Gonna go to the grocery store and finish. Four months I quit. I went home. [says while laughing] And ah so mama, say “What’s the matter?” I say “Oh, golly. I can’t have a life like that.” So okay, I stay for while home. And after I went to, ah eh, I

went to stay now in gratto. Close to three years there. And ah, I stayed there eight months. I, I ah, um, attending to operations and ah, the make the beds, bring the food to the people. Wash the floor and ah, it's so really—. It was nothing my friend from Sitiano[?]. Helping in the kitchen, and a cook. And she went to, tending to operation. It was me who sent because they need someone to tie the doctors [motions tying a doctor's robe behind her neck] Ah—

RC: Tying the apron on, yeah.

AD: Yeah, and keeping the blades from the operation [motions something in hands] and take it off. And she faint! To see cutting. [motions cutting with right finger] She see and she fall down. So Mother Superior come too close to call me and say "Alice you think you can, to attending to operations?" And I say "yeah" I like to see it. I was going [jumping up in seat with surprised look on her face] like that to see it [motions peeking over doctor's shoulder] what they call—I see so many operations. Well, and eh, and after was too much to wash. Every afternoon we got to go to wash. Big washing [motions big tub] but the operation—was much. And ah, four weeks they sent me home.

RC: And how old were you then?

AD: Nineteen? Twenty. Yeah. And ah, so after, to stay home to springtime. And ah, the father of the town, was keeping like ah, employment. So he ah, if somebody needs servants or something they write to the father. So they write to the father need a servant, and ask for a pucceno. In a march in Italy, far away, and miles away from [Centandiano?] and so I say, "yeah, I go." Okay? So I went there. And there was, oh, five—four, five months. And ah, Mr. Pasqualini he come, home to find ah a girlfriend, because he was thirty five already.

RC: Santo?

AD: Santo. And so he said, in this town there was a beautiful girl, I think she was crazy for him. But I think she was eighteen and he was thirty five. So he said, “no, she was too young” so she write my sister who was at the end of [unclear] – my father, my brother, who was thirty. And ah, he give it the address of me. So, he write me to come in Rome. To meeting him because he need a girlfriend. He want to get married. So see, surely I show him my [motion with hands] bosses. See, I say ah, this fella want to get married. I say, ah “he want to meet me” to go in Rome. So they tell me, if you go in Rome, you don’t come back here. Cause he was the uncle of the Archbishop of the [Aspollipichano?] Because I say “why?” He said, “because I know the man. He want you put in bed right away. And we don’t know nothing after. We got to look after you like your mama and daddy. We are the bosses of you and something happen we won’t want you back here.” They was both mad. Mama mia. [says while smiling] Anyway, so I write to Santo, and told “if you like to see me, come here.” And then, oh boy, he no answer me, he take the train and he come right away. So was it something. And we had, we was living upstairs [points up] downstairs was the offices and eh, just through the door, eh just open le porto, and you open the door, right? So we got the window ontop of the door, and we open it that ways, and “would you like if we open the door?” “No.” So he twist around like that [stretching neck] and he went in the window. Mama mia [claps hands together] Doctor Santo Pasquilini. To my boss I say “open the door.” So I say to the boss “please open the door for me.” So she open the door, he come up. And that day we meet, but I say “you sit down in the kitchen now” because it was lunchtime. I serving the lunch, and after two, I’m free. And we can go out. Okay, so. It come, two o’clock. And he say, is “the show, ah, Aldorfo Valentino, we go see that”. Once we say that to the boss, he say, “Alice you can’t go out with a man.” [waving finger, no] I said “why?!” Eh, “I’m not going to go in bed right away with him you know.” He said well, “Sorry that is not happening. You stay here. You talk here, and after, okay, so [motions sitting in chair] oh, gee, I cry. Ah, so I say, okay, we sit down here. The boss says, in the front room, we stay in the kitchen and talk. So he say, “you gotta come home with me tomorrow because I got one month only to come in two months.”

RC: To come—

AD: To come back in Canada.

RC: That's right.

AD: And ah, I say, "okay, we'll see." But I said to the bosses. Gee, "you can't do that" they say. "Well give me one week for find another lady." And I say, well you know "it's not easy to find a boyfriend, you know, especially I say I don't know nobody here. I'm never going to find a boyfriend here." [laughs and smiles] And eh, okay once I was ready Monday morning, he said they paid the boy yes, for me free to go. Me before. And he said to me "you got me the hundred lire, because you do that twice." I say, "Okay, but I collect a husband." He said "be good." [laughs, wagging finger] And so, Monday morning we left for coming home. And we go to [around corner?] there, where catching the train. With the boss. She send it, a teacher behind me to [around corner?] because they were still responsibility me.

RC: Yeah, like a chaperone.

AD: Yeah. Mama mia. [claps hands together] So I come around, and the boss you know "*Signora! Signora Maestra*. What's the matter." Oh, she say "I got to go to [Ancona] but I find out. I say, oh Santo look, they say like a police. Nothing happened until they was responsibility." [laughs] So anyway, I come home and a month and a half, I married. Sort of the way, but ah, like the papers, and a month I arrive in Canada. In a month and a half.

RC: What year was that?

AD: Ah, I arrive in March. Some time in [September?], 1933. 1933, Yeah. So, Santo was still a Montreal baker, *si*. And ah, so he take me to the car, around Vancouver [says motioning circle with hands.] It was for sale all over you know. And the Italians sale is like *a sole*, we call it *sole* sale, you know. So it was for sale. And I said to Santo, they're selling salt all over [says while laughing and smiles] and ah, anyhow. And then after, you know I, we split with Montreal Baker and he, uh, well, he says "Santo", he's the brother of Mr. [Salone?] Montreal baker, he have lots of money. He have restaurant. And he was only two brothers [waves two index fingers back and forth] no children. So Mr. Salone asking if it was for sale, across the street house there was a lot. And so, he ask his brother if he can lend money. He give him seven thousand dollars like nothing. But then seven thousand dollars. So he buy both the property there and he say to Santo, "Santo I can ah split the price" it was four thousand dollars, two thousand, "you give two thousand to me, or I give two thousand to you." He ask me, Santo, "what I gonna do", I say "gee, I don't know. I don't know the language. I don't know nothing here, you know, take the two thousand dollars." [nodding] Till you find a job. So, he take the two thousand dollars and ah, can't find no jobs. So he went to fire the people at the [fire?] try to find a job for him. All day from one bridge to [the other?] To the wheelbarrel full of rocks [motions jumping with hands]. Where they grind the rocks after. All day! It was raining [points up] and fogging. So one week he come home I say "what's the matter?" He say "I'm not going to die a good [fighter?]" He used to be a big, and I say "whoa" you know. And stay there in foggy and raining all day bring the rocks bring them ah next door. So, okay and ah, no jobs, no jobs. So he figure out we make the Paris Baker. Find a ah, nice building. House street and for sale, and was closing. But was nice, it was stores. All the oh, window, on everything. [motions with hands for windows] And so we started Paris Bakery. And [?] was the bookkeeper. Yeah. And we make the Paris Baker two—we finish, to pay a nice panel delivery we buy, was one thousand two hundred dollars those days you know.

RC: The truck?

AD: Now, now it's twenty thousand you know. But then—and then he come home, he say “we finish to pay that car too” Now in one year we're going to buy a big loft and we make the house and the bakery together, because [motions up] the house was in Georgia street, renting and the bakery was in Paris street you see. Okay, happy, everything was going on, then June 1940. Mussolini went and declare the war. Come in the radio. Oh my golly, we were so scared. Like the what's happening like the Japanese, eh. And what's happening, eh. Two o'clock all the juniors of [Giordiano?] was in jail. And ah, we don't know where they are. So, I was running the [?] in Georgia street was big house, two rooms upstairs, renting. And it a boy, he was a stand outside, in the steps. And they took the [?] And the police come and they say “this is the house of Mr. Pasqualini?” And I say “yeah”. “You tell me where he is”. “He's sleeping.” Said “okay” so, bring to see him, so the boys bring to see him. And they went in the kitchen. Talking. The door open in the back too of the house too, you know. It was not a two detectives, so knocking on the door. And ah, he open. Santo was screaming. Because Santo was really [?] him eh? [waves arms with frowning expression] Well everybody sit down in the kitchen. And he say, “you're a Fascist.” Well he say “I'm no Fascist” you know uh, “Mussolini was” ah, in May 1940 the Porta, Porta Santa in Rome, I don't know is every other years they open. And ah, Mussolini he pay to everybody the whole year, free. The people in the rest of Rome. And so, gee wee, I don't know what kind of money. He put all the money in bakery. So I leave the bakery for two weeks and ah, Mussolini pay voyage. My mama came me one week, Alice mama came one week, and I can see my mama and my children see my mama and daddy. And ah, [pause] so, [slaps hands on legs] “I'm sorry Mr. Pasqualini, you're a fascist. That is the duty. You're a fascist. To catch you, and put you in jail. Go to concentration camp.”

RC: So Alice, when they said he was a fascist, did he say because you were a member of the Giulio Giordani?

AD: Well I guess so.

RC: Yes.

AD: Ah, but ah, no, they was fascist.

RC: Ah, and when Santo joined. Didn't he join because he was selling the bakery products, you know the bread?

AD: Well, that too. [nodding]

RC: How did that—

AD: Ma, to pay the voyage it was important. Because he was [long?] his family, you know. Ah so, we go free. And so, we take the chance. But after, oh boy. [serious expression looking down] So they pass and the front of the bakery for weeks and then, they never stopped to tell me. I was right in the corner of the store. So they break in and the ah on top of the [City or CPR?]

RC: The Canadian Immigration Building?

AD: Yes, yeah. But we don't of course know. So all the ladies, Mrs. Facine, Mrs. [?]. . . everybody phone me. And they say they take him [unclear] I say yeah. Why? I say "Oh, Santo is home tomorrow because his life, he live a wealthy in jail. He really clear for just work too much." Said ah, what they bring we don't know for two days. And after I don't know somebody tell us, somebody phone me at work the day after. So, we went on a top of the bridge of Georgia street, and they was in the window. And ask for the [waves hand] say, hello. You know. And from there the stayed ten days to they make the way to the concentration camp in ah...

RC: Kananaskis?

AD: Kananaskis. Yeah.

RC: Did you take Lino and Lina down to—

AD: Yeah because he asking to send something to eat. And so I make a nice big roast and and, and I [give he?] roll the carcass downstairs. Look after we can pass to very far. So I sent Lino with the roast give it to the guard eh, bring it to him. [says extending hand out motioning] And then the guard [makes frowning face] says send it back right away the baby. [smiles] They was—well he was against. Against Canada I guess they say you know. And this—

RC:Yeah.

AD: So anyhow. Uh, so they stay there ten days. And day after they bring it away. They don't tell us they take it away. Nothing. But, everything went okay.

RC: So, when ah Santo went to ah, Kananaskis, did you get a—

AD: He write me a letter. [points hand out to letter?]

RC: The letter, and to—

AD: And to me he says nothing, nothing, just tell me how I am and you got to write in English. So I find that ah, Cinna Sampido. Do you know Cinna Sampido?

RC: Oh, yes.

AD: To write for me.

RC: Yes.

AD: It was cause he told me. And ah, but Santo tell me, you know in one letter, don't write no [waves hands out for no] nothing, nothing, just how you doing. And so Cinna write for me. You know, and ah, for long time just that's all. [hands out]

RC: Yeah. [softly]

AD: Everything okay. You okay.

RC: Did Santo tell you if he was working when he was in the camp or did he make some uh –

AD: Oh, he make ah, spaghetti. The kitchen. He give a the chance, he give everything. He buy for them. The ah [pause] the basil and the tomatoes, the spaghetti, because after supper they would sit and eat another spaghetti. [laughs and smiles] And he was making the bread and panetonne. [motions making things with fingers] See. And they was like it. And so, after he send it back—lots it was. Dino Sala, Rocco, and Santo never come home. So for the [?] he was give me ten dollars a month to me and Santina. Santina Pava. Because both we was under the welfare. Twenty six dollars a month. And I pay exactly twenty six dollars the rent. I got to pay the light and the food. So I said to the welfare, “listen I pay twenty six dollars the rent.” He say, “no you give me six dollars for the rent and twenty dollars for you a month.” Oh, well I—you can say nothing!” [Wide eyed expression of surprise.] They the boss. Okay, so they find out Father [Bolignon?] they gonna tell you say, with a rich man, he give ah to you ten dollars a month and Santina Pava of course divorce. Because Mrs. Dotto, ah Facina, was around the house already and there was no needed. Okay, and ah, so okay so this envelope, this envelope

he send me five dollars. Give a Nino Sala five dollars to bring to me. I say [shaking hand] I am not him. It was censored all the time. One day I was calling to [?] he say, "I am not fascist you know" to me he say. "I come back in 1922 when Mussolini went up, I no like politics." But he was, he was pay the voyage, and ah, I was broke. And I was happy to come back and see my families. So, they send him back [swooping1motion with arm] because he was sending. Send him back to concentration camp. But he thinking it was because they like his spaghetti. And his bread. The men. [laughs] So anyhow, so I was so sick. [Very serious expression on face.]

RC: So, when you got sick—

AD: Oh I was. No, no wait—

RC: Yes.

AD: I was. Mrs. Ricci went to pay the rent, and he said to me "no, I cannot give it to you, the house. Like big house like that for six dollars. You've got to move." I say, "well where am I gonna go for six dollars?" He said, "well, I can't help but you've got to move." And uh, so lucky. Mr. Pasqualato, if I find the wife, say the man, he was Mr. Man. [laughs] And so he laughed at that and he come to me right away. I know you're renting rooms, I say "you got a room for me?" I say, "yeah, I need it." He said "okay." So I got a room from him. Cause I got the back house upstairs I was always renting. Already room. And ah, so after Mr. ah, [pause] anyhow, not one came back from from the concentration camp. And he find a wife and bring him back. Mama mia. [claps hands together] So, he come right away to me, "Alice, you got a room?" I say "yeah, I need it, another room." So okay, I say I take one daughter with me, she had one daughter with her. And ah, I say, "I take my daughter with me so we gonna be two, just right I say." "One dollar a day that takes." So, sixty dollars for you and thirty dollars for Pasqualato. I say "just right, I'm gonna take the rent, the twenty six dollars, and was nineteen dollars"

because then that was cheap those days, you know. It was make it good. [waves hands] Good, it was happy. And then, but after. So, Santo no come home and make Father [Pantingone] that day at church and if he make a paper for me like that. [points to papers out of the frame] To go to the people of [?] and where he was there. You know Santo Pasqualini, he was really a good man. He sent it to him, the wife need it. [pause] Okay, I sent it out. After, no word there. So really, I guess soon it was I can't eat. Can't eat tomorrow. [frowns and shakes fist] Now, come down, and coming down a lot. Then one day I got so sick, and went to the hospital. And so from there the doctor goes and send the telegram. I die. And Father Bolignon say in the church "pray for me. Mrs. Pasqualini, she die." And so Santo come home and a little bit later I come home from the hospital. And we start ah, this [waves hands out] business again.

RC: and—

AD: No, no business anymore, he went to work [waves hands out motioning no.] Everywhere he went. Where they making books the rule there. Mr. Fauro, Fauro. Maria Boulingmata. You remember, the husband, he was working the factory work. Fixing the wall.

RC: Yes.

AD: Ah, eh, so he went there, but there was not much money. So he went fishing. And ah, after [pause] we just leaving with the work.

RC: Yes. So Alice, when you said that the Doctor Rigona and Agintona, also Father Bolignon, what you meant was they thought you were so sick that you would die?

AD: Yup.

RC: So, ah, the people at church prayed for you. Because they thought you were that sick.

AD: Yeah. [nods]

RC: So that was the story, yeah.

AD: And after, eh, Santo Pasqualini took thirteen dollars in the bank. In a book left over just so they say thirteen dollars before to be, interned. Thirteen dollars. Once he come back I was in the hospital and it was time to go fetch the twenty six dollars. So he went to get it. And he say "Mr. Pasqualini, you got thirteen dollars in the bank. You said that, once you finish that come back to us." [puts hands together and shakes them] In those days, that was terrible. [points to Ray] You know, there was no work, no jobs. But after the war, there was jobs for everybody. And you can rent every room [says with emphasis, waving arm] they, they tell us to fix it, the uh, a room our basement was full of junk. After, yeah.

RC: Alice, when you were sick in the hospital, ah, what happened to Lino and Lina?

AD: Oh, everybody...Clarice and [?] take ah one, and Nino Lazarra take in one. And after [?] a home, and they [pause] uh, she—

RC: [unable to make out since both talking over one another]

AD: Yanna Bright, yeah. Always the people. And it was good, everybody.

RC: Uh hmm.

AD: Oh yeah.

RC: And was your father Bolingon good to you?

AD: Oh, yeah steady, steady. Yeah. After Santo, he was gonna fix eh something for Father Bolognon, he give him a bottle of wine from Australia, the one that's the best. Oh, it was good. [smiles] He say, give it to your wife to get drunk. [laughs]

RC: How did you know that Santo was coming home from Petawawa? Did you get a—

AD: No, no, no it was nothing. I was sick [raises arms up] I was really out. Yeah. [nods] So when they come, you know...

RC: You didn't go down to the train to meet him?

AD: Oh golly, no—

RC: Cause you were sick?

AD: I was really sick, yeah.

RC: Yeah.

AD: [Jumps in excitement] And I still here, see! I say, we got to believe in God. Because gee, I was three times [raises thumb and two fingers] I had nervous breakdown. Really out. [waves hands in out motion]. And she loosing the memory too. Out! And see, I am here. Two husbands [raises fingers] die, and Mr. D'Appolonia you know, somebody say "you marry the best man in British Columbia." [laughs]

RC: When did Santo die in ah, Alice? Santo, when did he die?

AD: Ah, 1961. Ah, in January. On the twenty sixth, and his birthday was the twenty eighth. So, they put in a paper, sixty-one. I say in only two days he gonna be sixty-two. He say “two days short.” Look at that eh? [shocked expression on face]

RC: My God.

AD: [claps hands together] And after I have eh uh, piece of land in Italy. It was belong to Santo so, but. I was the boss of after the house and everything. And ah, so I want to sell it I say, I no. I no need it you know. And ah, so, I send ah the birth certificate to the debt—certificate. Uh, into my brother-in-law in Italy. To be the boss to sell it. Okay. No answer. For three, four months. And say “what’s the matter? No answer” I ask the consul. So they phone in Italy and he say “the birth—debt certificate is Mr. Pasqualina” it’s not Pasqualina in Italy, it’s Pasqualini. I say, oh so it went back to the—I never looked before you know, just a read [motions flipping through book] it was just supposed to be Pasqualini. So, I went back to the uh, [pause]

RC: Like a lawyer?

AD: No, no, to the [pause] debt. It was where we put the person report.

RC: Yeah—

AD: Funeral Home, Funeral Home. And surely, what’s the matter with you? Look at here. I sent the thing in and was three for four months no answer. And you put Pasqualina! So they fix it new Pasqualini. Look at there just for one [raises one finger] and here it’s a spelling and [shoot off?] you know.

RC: Yeah.

AD: So anyhow, after everything went okay.

RC: So, when did you meet John D'Appolonia? When did you—

AD: Oh yeah, it was it was in a [Famiglia Fomali?], he was the President. Yeah, and eh, so he was. He was not [points into background and turns] with me, we went down to drink in the basement. And there he was Mr. D'Appolonia—with his family. Drinking, [motions round] and it was upstairs we—downstairs it was the bar you know. And ah, so I see him, I say oh, he come I say hello. So, I say, "Why you no come see me, we talk about your grandma, your mama, I know everybody I say because he was in the same ah street. He said [?] with his family. He say "Yeah, I come see you." So I was over, my son I was there they call me for dinner last Friday, Saturday, Sunday you know. So it was there. And he phoned Lina uh, I gonna go. He come to see me. You know. Monday, okay, well Monday I come home. Monday afternoon he come see me. And Lina she was working then it was working, they go to school. It was alone. So I make a cup of soup and ah, after he asked me, "are you going to marry me please Alice?" He was one year with ah. "I missed my sons, they want me to go to them. But I say, I go there for lunches so they for the children it's no place for me. And I need a lady." And I say oh, I was thinking because [?] I was mature you know. Uh so I say, "okay, okay I'm going to marry you." Mamma Mia! He catch me. [motions hugging around her body] and kiss me. He was a big man. He had the pipe here, you know. [points to chest pocket.] He rip. He squeeze me so strong [hugging arms and laughing] He break my rib. Two rib. [laughing] Oh! I say, "Oh Mamma Mia, oh my, my, my!" [touching face] And he thought I was saying "I, I! To him!" I was...and it was break my rib. [laughs] So anyway, don't say nothing. Everything's going month and a half we married. And boy, I have good time with him. We went on first date, we went to Mexico after we went to [?] it was...by this time we have first baby. And after we went in Calgary and Montreal, and

have four children. Oh, it was very, very nice. I have nice life. Good man. He never say stupid to me. Very...

RC: So, what business was he in? What did he do?

AD: Contractor. No really—

RC: Architect?

AD: Architect. [nods yes]

RC: And his son, Architect. Uh, Joe D'Appolonia. Yeah. And look, the lady upstairs, Joe he made [?] It was a contractor too. I mean Architect, yeah. Ah, no really [pause] ah, Marco [?] The wood stuff?

RC: Carpenter?

AD: Carpenter yeah. Okay and eh, [pause] they looks. They make the contractor for so much money. The lady upstairs. But they stay very long because two [motions hands together like planks] two go, they got piece like that [widens hands apart] or glass all around the church. Paintings, you see. And ah, [?] big job to do you see. Because they got to keep on top of the roof you know. And they stay more, and the time they loose twenty thousand dollars. So they ask [Archbishop?] to pay. He say, "I'm sorry, the contractors like that." So they loose ten thousand dollars each. And Joe D'Appolonia forget person to leave. [laughs and claps hands] So what you gonna do?

RC: When did he die, Alice? When did John D'Appolonia?

AD: John, he died the 9th April 1973. [pause] yeah. He got the stroke that it was the stroke. He had it before he married me. He went in Italy. And it come back, stop. Out of him to see some friends I know too, and he got the stroke there.

RC: So how many years then were you married to Mr. D'Appolonia?

AD: Eight, eight and a quarter. Yeah. He was eighty-two and a quarter. Yeah. But he was strong. That make him, oh, strong man. He still was working. Because too. [points] Uh, his boss from before. He was doing a school in Kingsway. And eh later, a corner of the school it fall down. And he know what they gonna do. Boss he know he was going to do. He had the mail of the Queen of England. And he come to see Johnny and was not working he was retired, and he said Johnny, "you come to see this corner, we don't know what we're going to do." Johnny went and he was know what they gonna do. So he want Johnny back to work and he went back to work to him. He was intelligent man. Well ah, his son Elio D'Appolonia [?] seven mens only like him in the world. Those days. Very. All over was quick like now, and eh [pause] Japan there. He was don't know how many yards they can build. They can build to have this eh [motions building in hands] go to building it eh.

RC: Yes.

AD: Very smart.

RC: Alice, can we go back in the story, uh Lina was about seven years old when Santo was interned—

AD: Yeah.

RC: How do you think she felt when her daddy left?

AD: Oh, well badly eh.

RC: What did she say to you when she was ah, older person? Did she tell you how she felt?

AD: Yeah she “when daddy come home?” I say ah, “I don’t know.” And so, we got to wait.

RC: Yeah. Yeah.

AD: Yeah. [nods] Okay? [points at camera]

RC: Okay. Um, we’re going to look to see if I’ve asked all the questions. Oh, is it still going?
[laughs]

AD: She started it. [points and laughs]

RC: Well she’s okay, she’s fine.

AD: Yeah.

RC: Um.

[Videographer pauses and camera fades out.]

42.54 [Camera fades in, Alice D’Appolonia now sitting in different location/camera angle]

RC: The beginning of the war with Italy June the 10th, 1940 did you have to register with the RCMP?

AD: Yeah we had to go every month to the Mounted Police. I uh, Cecillia owned the car take me. Yeah. Uh, everybody [waves arm] I mean, um, just us. [waves hand in circle] The Fascisti. The [Giorgio Gi'Dordano].

RC: And did they take your fingerprints?

AD: Finger prints. [holds up thumb and nods yes.]

RC: And why did they do that do you think?

AD: Well, I don't know. [sighs and shrugs] Because we still enemies I guess, I don't know.

RC: Yes.

AD: Because we all good people that was going to Sacred Hearts Church there. [smiles at camera]

RC: And you did that every month for—

AD: Every month we got to go to the police. Mounted police in aux—

RC: 33rd and Heather by, eh, by Cambie and 33rd?

AD: Yeah, yeah. [nods] Yeah Cecilia bring me [?] cause she had a car. All the ladies wives of the [?] they go, yeah. I don't know if it's all the Italians, you know if [points to Ray Culos], oh no, you were small.

RC: Yeah.

AD: I don't think your mama got to do this? [says to videographer?] No, no, just us [?].

RC: Yeah. Um, so when Santo came home do you think—

AD: I was in the hospital.

RC: You were in the hospital. Did it change the kind of man he was because he had been in the camps?

AD: No, no.

RC: Or did he become the same man?

AD: No, no. Same thing. You know just [chalk like a wave?] Everybody was good though. They find like a Mr. Fauro, give the job to the [room?] you know? Fishermen second, third, and fourth. Mr. ah [pause] Bennedette? Maybe, I don't know.

RC: Well, one more story. When you came from Italy to Canada, how did you come here. What ship? Do you remember the boat?

AD: Oh gee. [claps hands] And I was, I don't know because I was in the family way because too month married you know. For snow, no, in February there was. Ready. And they don't know. Oh I can't—In a [bright? Mass?] of Gibraltar you don't see nothing. Gibraltar.

RC: Gibraltar?

AD: Oh you don't see noting. It's so large you see. [waves hand in front] [Privacy?] The [poor] of the—Duchess of York. A small boat. It was catching from one wave to the other. Up [motions big wave] and down, up and down. And me, I go in for lunch and for dinner and they have tomato soup. I never eat tomato soup in Italy you know. I say give me chicken soup please. So anyhow. So they got to give me the pail. I was going back, up. [motions being sick] Well really, the ones that are not in the family with us, you know because boy, it was tough. Anyhow, I arrive in ah, Liverpool, Halifax. No from Liverpool to Halifax. When I arrive in Halifax, I was so weak, they give to Santo ah, a small pint of Brandy, to give to me because I was so weak you know. So, anyhow, I was okay after. We went to—We had just come out from the boat I was okay. But uh. So we went in Montreal. We have some cheese to bring to people in Montreal. We went there but a small town close to Montreal. I don't know the name now. And uh, oh, they treat us. So I went after I meet. Santo say to the Lady, "bring it to the store to buy a coat, a new coat, and shoes" so I went. I went to try the shoes I go out in Montreal. [touches toes and laughs]. So anyhow I buy a nice coat with the fur. Fur here like this you know. Blue [motions to sleeves] and grey fox. Oh, nice hat [motions hat on head and smiles] and eh, I thought that I go to Vancouver. Okay, we stay in Montreal at Ceccillias from March to August. Till we find the house on Georgia Street. I stay there for ten years.

RC: Did you come by train from Montreal to Vancouver?

AD: Yeah.

RC: How was the food and the accommodation there?

AD: Oh, okay. [nods] okay. Ah, nice. Food was okay. Yeah. [nods]

RC: Was your brother living in [Wood fiber?] when you came—

AD: No, no. He went back, he went back in Italy. It was, ah, good [?] two brothers from San Giovanni because [unclear] And eh, the father and mother died and it was just a sister there. So, the sister asking if they come back to work the land, and I say ah. And the one sister and the brother say we no pay to come uh, [unclear]. So my brother buy everything and he went to marry Marianna in San Giovanni. And every [where] you know.

RC: Uh, what did you think when you came to Canada. What kind of a country did you think—?

AD: Oh, I write to my mama. I am the queen. I got the toilet and I got the water inside. Because I came from the farm you know, no toilet, and the toilet outside you know. [points out] And we cannot find paper sometimes either you know. We got the leaves. [makes a pile of leaves]. We never got sick you know. No. And uh, I remember too uh, 1981 went to Italy, and still my sister. The one she come like the sick, she had the son he was really a poet, and after went, he was teaching. Professor. Yeah, very smart. Domenico. And then so and he buy a big, they make it there, like a toilet to bring in the bedroom. [measures about seating height off the floor with right hand] And like that in garbage. And I went, the one outside was full of mosquitoes. And nothing to clean me. Oh Mama mia. [raises hands to head and laughs] I go back in Canada.

RC: And how did you like the food in Canada when you came? You didn't like the tomato soup—

AD: Oh no, Cecillia was Italia you know. And know good food. And I never had try what you call it? In those days. Carp. Carp. And I was like, because most of those [waves? unclear] from the sea, and we buy the cheapest of the fish. Like the smallest. [measures a small fish]

RC: Like the smelt?

AD: Smelt. Smelt.

RC: Trout maybe?

AD: Like the small ones you know. Or matanette. The small ones.

RC: yeah.

AD: And I was I like Canada. [nods] Oh yeah. I say to my Ma in writing, "I am like the queen" I got a toilet, I got a furniture, and I have the water in the top of the sink and everything."
[laughs]

RC: So, Alice, when you were at the banquet with your daughter in law, or Lina's daughter, you know married the—

AD: [unclear]

RC: Basil. You know. Jim Barisol.

AD: Oh, that one.

RC: You went up to the microphone and someone asked you. "Tell us how it is that you are stayed on this earth for so long?" What did you say that night?

AD: I say "I thank only God" but somebody tell me, "You not good enough for God, and you're not bad enough for the Devil." [laughs] So they say, you know you got to stay here. I say okay, I also going to be good enough for everyone to go in paradise! [throws hands up]

RC: So, Alice, when, before you got sick did you go to Sacred Heart Church and banquets?

AD: Yeah. Sometimes I cannot go because I got to send the lunch to the baker. To my husband and one baker. And Santo was like fresh soup and no sandwiches, you know, so always stews and steaks and potato chips I make mostly potatoes. Yes.

RC: Well before we finish, do you have something you want to tell me that I haven't already talked about?

AD: Well I'm very glad that uh, this ah thing I also have somebody, to watch out about [politics or what they did.] Uh, but who thinking about the war like now? [expression of concern and surprise] they tell me it going to be the third war. But if you are liberal, but it's okay now. If it's you gonna be against something. You never know, you know.

RC: That's right.

AD: No, you born in Canada you no need to be. Because I was Italian, see. We went back to Quebec and Italy. And so you know what the police tell me, "we never know if you fascist you want to put the bomb in Canada." I say, "no," I say "he was the best man the ones that went in the concentration camps" they was the best men that got a job. That was a [Focco] he was

making shoes, fixing shoes you know. There was the other one, [Lonchamp?] was. Everybody was the job, making bricks, fixing fireplaces, everything. All at the jobs, like now there was lots of the jobs those days it was worse. I was so scared about those days about the jobs because it was somebody just buy the house, they got the mortgage, and they have to sell it, loosing, you know. Yup.

RC: Alice, thank you very much for all this wonderful memories that you've shared.

AD: Well, ah, I don't mind to share the story.

RC: Thank you.

AD: Okay.

[Camera fades out. Fades back in at 53:45]

RC: You think about those difficult days during the war. How do you feel towards the Canadian Government. Do you feel they were?

AD: Well ah, I did but ah, you know what, like a God was keeping you here. Just forget it, because I was making. Doing these three brothers, I was paying the rent, and I have all these orders from the mens, to pay the light, and the light, and the water, and the grocery. Oh yeah.

RC: So, because this happened, you became sick, and your two children had to go out with other people—

AD: Oh yeah,

RC: And Santo was away for twenty five months.

AD: Yeah.

RC: How do you feel about those—

AD: Well, I was out. I was out. Before, I just wait for Santo, keeping going because busy eh. I got to cook, I got to wash and and uh, everything. And nothing. I just wish Santo come back. And ah, gee I was mad because why Santo is not criminal at all and uh, well, lots come home. [Facine] come home, [Facant] come home, and uh, anyhow, and I say Santo, no, what they doing? And ah, anyhow. So I got the telegram to goodbye to send it home. But you think Santo thinking they like his spaghetti and the bread, but they, and I say all the time I know what's the fascist, same thing steady, when he say, "I am no fascist" I go to Italy free. And the judge says "bring him back" and the guard bring him back and put him in the concentration camp. Yeah. [shrugs]

RC: And how do you feel in your heart because Santo was taken away you lost the Paris bakery business. How do you feel in your heart about that?

AD: It was bad. [says sadly] It was bad.

RC: And today, how do you feel about that?

AD: Well, no, it's past. [says with emphasis, waving hands around] It's past. Everything past. Nothing I say the family going to do. What they going to do, this is a free country. Huh? No. You can't be mad because uh, it was a fascist. Mussolini went against. Uh you got somebody come against you now, [points towards interviewer] and you free. Gee, it's not funny. That your wife,

she's alone. You got to go because she got ah [waves hands out] uh children and everything.

And make it go. [nods]

RC: Yeah. Thank you very much Alice.

AD: [nods as camera fades out.]

[Camera fades back in 56:44]

RC: ...What you want to talk about?

AD: Well, one man he want me to be a girlfriend. And uh, I was tired, I was waiting outside every day. And then so, me said to tell him, "stop. I got my husband there. And I don't want nothing to do with nobody." And then I went to the police station. Remember I went? And I tell "please stop this man. He bothers me." And that may have been why some time I thinking Santo, he never was coming home. Because he was mad, and [this man was an inspector?] And uh, maybe. And I say "what's the matter?" And I say remember all the time I come home from Stanely Park to the children and I have just phoned the, the, what you call it? [pause] The papagallo.

RC: The park, park?

AD: The park, park. [points and agrees] Talk to me. He was looking and he say "you want a drink with me? You want a drink with me?" [laughs] And he was happy, near me, and you remember where the police station? Oh gee, that was a bit—that I think was Santo. I was strong to do that. But. [shrugs]

RC: What you're saying is...how difficult those days were.

AD: Oh yeah. [nodding]

RC: When you had to, ah, you had to fight hard for your children.

AD: Oh yeah, for everything.

RC: Thank you.

AD: Okay. [moves to get up]

[Camera fades out 58:17]

AD: ...he was like okay, but I don't know entertain you. But it turn out to be a bakery. Santo was supposed to be picking them up at four in the morning only to make the dough before the bakers coming. But I say "no, you need the job in the [?] hotel. You got two children. There," I say. And uh, so he said to me "I find you somebody to rent it. You can't go home yourself. Leave the children home going to give the money to get the bread to the bakery..." and uh, so, he find me Mr. Pappas. He was in a Venice bakery for ten years. He was good baker but not a good business man. So okay, I rent it, I rent it for— Your daddy rent it for me. Seventy five dollars a month. So uh, in spring that was September October or something like that. And uh, in springtime one time to buy the, the, the license for the [unclear] For the bakery. I got to send it to Santo to sign the papers. [pause and motions something in hand] Uh, he's the boss. And Mr. Pappas he gonna buy the license for the he [?] all the [?] registry. And so I went down to have the rent and you got no money to pay you. Say "you not got no money to pay?" and I say "gee when I went I got to sell them for the truck" and he say "loose all the business. And ah, no

money.” Oh, my golly. So I say, “we close the doors right away.” Because I don’t got no money to pay the rent. And I know to leave. And ah, so, we close [brings hands together] just closed. Jeesh. Some people uh, loose because they want tickets to buy more every month, like you know you buy like the—

RC: You buy loaves of bread or something, you buy the tickets...

AD: Yeah, and the tickets store. No need no money. When they come to buy the bread I give you a ticket, see? So [throws hands in the air] people lose money done. And after, oh, [unclear] pause] early summer owe some company five hundred dollars. Uh, floor to pay. And uh, what happened to another company. I forget now. And there, that why I uh, went to the relief. And Mr. Bolington, find out and he come right away to see me. He says “I heard you closed the business.” I say “Yeah, I have no money to pay me.” So he say, “take your children, I take you to [?] right away.” “Father”, I say. I was really [gosh this way?] “I thought hundred dollars with me.” He says, never mind hundred dollars you need more than that.” He was no [unclear] you know that. No. Oh my god, so he take me down to the welfare, see. Uh. [shrugs] I know—Oh, one [points to interviewer] the new, the new, talk. I don’t know he was break. One got, one got um, [pause] Man to fix it. In Burnaby he take it. From Paris Bakery to take it in Burnaby. He bring me back, so I say bring him back, my drawer, I say. I close the doors. He bring her back [the whole time?] without the motor. Mama mia [claps hands together] So I phone to Mr. you know him [points up] the salesman? Was in north Vancouver, no.

RC: Gotto?

AD: Huh?

RC: Gotto?

AD: No. Really. Went with him. So he take me there. And still the motor was in the garden. [motions shape of round motor] like that. I say “what what’s the matter—“ Lucky, I dreaming in the night to go see my car in the garage. Cause I just put it in the garage, you know, and close the door. Finished. So in the night, I dreaming, I say something wrong. I go see, I open [motions lifting the hood] the door of the motor. No motor. [hands together and shakes them] So if only you go to your daddy if somebody take me there, and the motor was still in the garden. There. And at the F—those days, he was going to fix it himself. Because those days was really bad days, you know.

RC: Was that after Santo went to the camp? 1941? Was that when the truck—1941? 1942?

AD: No, 1942. No, once I close the bakery. When I close the bakery 1942. And they uh, so. I say bring it back the motor. I said to the baker, no got no money. And I say “where’s the car? Bring it back the car.” And ah so, okay, he phone to that uh, mechanic. And ah, he bring it back the hatch and he went there and close the car hatch. And in the night I dream it. I got to go in the garage, to see about the car [hands up] so I open the car. No, no motor. And Jesus. [shakes head] Oh, I pass so many days. [laughs]

RC: Did he ever pay you back for the motor?

AD: Oh no, we bring me the—he bring it back the motor. [nods] And put it in the car. [nods and laughs]

RC: Oh my. [says softly]

AD: Oh, okay. [begins to stand]

RC: Thank you very much Alice. Thank you.

AD: Okay.

[Camera fades out and back in 1:03:41. Shows images of family photos. #8 Ricardo & Madalena Donati, 1940. #7 Ricardo & Madalena Donati, 1940 Wedding Picture (Santo's Sister), #6 Santo & Alice – Wedding Picture- Jan. 7, 1933. #5 Santo Pasqualini & Alice Berta Vit Marriage Certificate – Jan 7, 1933. #2- Alice Berta Vit- Birth Certificate – April 3, 1909. #32 – Alice & Lino Pasqualini – 1947. #35 – Alice's Momma –Luigia Vit & Iole, 1953. #24, Lina & Lino Pasqualini, 1940. #25- Santo Pasqualini – Portrait- 1941/1942 [internment drawing copy] #33- (Front Row) Mary Petovello (Minichello) Arlene Moretto (Seattle) Irene Muzzin (Moretto) Joyce Adams (Moretto) 2nd Row: Francesca Bortolucci, Mary Scodeller, Annie Morretto (Seattle) Marianna Brait, Alice Pasqualini, Aurora Moretto, Mary Pappaes, Betty Moretto (Seattle) Back Row: John Scodeller, Vittorio Moretto. #37 Maria Vit-Pasqualini. Aug. 15, 1886 to Dec. 31, 1970. Alice's Oldest Sister. #42 Teresa, Giuseppina, Maria, Gemma, Alice (All Sisters)- 1969- Sedegliano, Udine, Italy. #34- Joyce Adams, Mary Pappaes, Marianna Brait, Annie Moretto (Seattle), Alice Pasqualini, Mary Scodeller, Francesca Bortolucci, Lucy Bortolucci, & Santo Pasqualini. [Photo not numbered] Happy 100th Birthday Nona – April 3, 2009. Alice D'Appolonia – Born on April 3, 1909. #63 – John and Alice D'Appolonia- Wedding- Jan 7, 1965 to Jan 26, 1974.

[Video ends 1:11:24]

[End of Interview]