



‘EL BOLETIN’

PERIODICO INFORMATIVO
DEL CLUB GIULIANO-DALMATO DI TORONTO

Fondato nel maggio 1972
Membro della Federazione Unitaria Stampa Italiana all'Estero



Anno 50, No. 186 (giugno 2021)
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LE SCUSE DEL CANADA AGLI ITALIANI INTERNATI

«Agli uomini e alle donne che sono stati portati nei campi di prigionia o in prigione senza accusa, alle persone che non sono più con noi per ascoltare queste scuse ... ai figli e ai nipoti che hanno portato la vergogna e il dolore di una generazione passata, e alla loro comunità, che ha dato tanto al nostro Paese, ci dispiace».

Sono queste le parole salienti che il Primo ministro del Canada Justin Trudeau ha pronunciato oggi, 28 maggio, davanti alla Camera dei Comuni per presentare le scuse del Paese agli italiani che durante la Seconda guerra mondiale, furono perseguitati, fermati e rinchiusi in campi di detenzione senza colpe e senza prove, per il solo fatto di essere «stranieri alieni», vale a dire cittadini originari di un paese schierato in un campo militarmente avverso. Le scuse che il Primo Ministro Trudeau ha fatto dopo settant'anni a nome delle istituzioni canadesi sono un atto tardivo ma giusto, apprezzabile sul piano storico, civile e morale.

Il nostro pensiero, tuttavia, va oggi a quanti – decine di migliaia di persone – hanno subito le conseguenze dirette e indirette di quelle ingiustizie, sopportando sofferenze personali e gravi disagi familiari e sociali. A loro va il nostro grazie per avere resistito e creduto, nonostante tutto, nella possibilità di costruire un futuro in un Paese che pure non era stato benevolo ed equo nei loro confronti.

In questo modo essi hanno tenuto aperta la strada per la costruzione di una comunità di italo-canadesi di

oltre un milione e mezzo di persone: laboriosa, costruttiva, culturalmente significativa. Il Primo Ministro Trudeau ha compiuto un onesto e importante atto di riconciliazione, di cui gli va dato atto, ma una più profonda riconciliazione con la società canadese l'hanno realizzata giorno per giorno gli italiani con il loro lavoro, con la loro lealtà, con

l'importante contributo che hanno dato allo sviluppo della loro nuova Patria.

On. Francesca La Marca, Ph.D.
Circoscrizione Estero,
Ripartizione Nord e
Centro America
Camera dei Deputati,
Roma



Il nostro correggionale Mario Duliani, originario di Pisino d'Istria, fu uno dei tanti italiani imprigionati nel campo d'internamento a Petawawa (Ontario). Giornalista e scrittore, Duliani è l'autore di *La ville sans femmes* (1945), il primo romanzo scritto da un immigrato italiano in Canada e l'unico a testimoniare in prima persona l'internamento degli italiani, tedeschi, e giapponesi allora residenti in Canada. Duliani è giustamente riconosciuto come il primo scrittore italo-canadese e il suo romanzo, che lui stesso tradusse in italiano con il titolo *Città senza donne* (1946), il primo romanzo di letteratura italo-canadese.

(Foto: “Uomini italiani in un campo d'internamento.” Joyce Pillarella; Wikipedia, Public domain)

MARIO DULIANI, THE FIRST ITALIAN-CANADIAN NOVELIST

The earliest example we have of a Julian-Dalmatian who contributed to Canada's literary culture is Mario Duliani. Born in Pisino d'Istria in 1885, when it was still part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Duliani is a controversial figure, to say the least, because of suspicions he might have been a Fascist operative in pre-war Canada (though the verdict is still out on this). His credentials on arrival were good – he came to Montreal from Paris in 1936 at the personal invitation of Eugène Berthiaume, the son of the owner and president of Montreal's influential daily *La Presse*. Berthiaume, who was then working and living in Paris as a correspondent for his father's newspaper, wanted Duliani to direct a brand-new Italian-language newspaper he planned to launch in Montreal. Soon Duliani was busy in Montreal as a journalist not, however, for Berthiaume's new Italian-language newspaper but for his father's French-language *L'Illustration nouvelle*. Duliani was well qualified for such work, having previously been a journalist in Milan for *Il Secolo* and a foreign correspondent in Paris for the Roman newspaper *Il Messaggero*. When Mussolini declared war on the United Kingdom on 10 June 1940, Canada immediately considered itself at war with Italy and, that very same day, imposed the War Measures Act that allowed it to arrest several hundred Italians deemed to be potentially dangerous to the country. Duliani was one of them. For the next three and a half years, he was confined in internment camps, first in Petawawa, Ontario and then in Ripples, outside of Fredericton, New Brunswick. In both camps, he seems to have been a model prisoner who did not get into trouble or cause problems, but he was also quietly keeping a diary that, once he was set free, would form the basis for his autobiographical novel *La ville sans femmes* (1945), soon translated into Italian by the author himself as *Città senza donne* (1946; *City without Women*) and published, like its French original, in Montreal. Not only is this the first Italian-Canadian novel ever published, but it is also a detailed first-hand account of daily life in a Canadian internment camp. Duliani's novel is thus a very important

cultural and historical document for Canada in general and for Italian-Canadians in particular. It is also important for other Canadians of foreign origin who were interned during the war – Germans and Japanese in particular.

In her article on Duliani, Elisabetta Carraro places the Istrian journalist side by side with a fellow



Mario Duliani (second row, fourth from the right) with his colleagues at the Montreal magazine *L'Illustration nouvelle*. (Photo: Wikipedia Commons, Public Domain)

internee, the Italian artist Vincenzo Poggi, born in Milan in 1900 and also a sometime resident of Paris. Poggi arrived in Canada in 1919 from Milan in order to work in a stained-glass factory in Montreal. Arrested, like Duliani, in June 1940, Poggi also was interned in Petawawa, where he too seems to have been a model prisoner, but one who kept a different sort of diary – while Duliani wrote, Poggi drew and painted. His striking portraits of fellow internees and camp guards, and his vignettes of daily life at the camp provide a visual glimpse into the “city without women” that Duliani described in words.

Carraro uses Poggi's works and correspondence to shed greater light on an episode narrated by Duliani, thereby providing a more nuanced understanding of the difficult dynamics that prevailed in the internment camps, including the peer violence that turned some internees into bullies and others into twice-over victims of the system. Carraro's groundbreaking examination of Duliani and Poggi in parallel opens the way for further such parallel analyses that, in supporting and elucidating each other, shed greater light on the plight of (mostly) innocent people rounded up and confined in internment camps only because they had been immigrants from countries that were currently at war with Canada.

Konrad Eisenbichler
(Toronto)

Transcribed from pp. 17-19 of my “The Julian-Dalmatian Tessera in Canada —An Introduction” in my book *Forgotten Italians. Julian-Dalmatian Writers and Artists in Canada* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2019).

CONGRATULATIONS ON 50 YEARS OF *EL BOLETIN*

Fifty years of *El Boletín* is to be celebrated and the founders' efforts extolled. If I may use an analogy, fifty years ago the Club sired a child. The child grew from "Infancy" (just three typed-written pages) through "Adolescence" and has now reached "Maturity" (24 pages in print and, digitally, on the World Wide Web). At every stage, *El Boletín* was warmly nurtured by its "family", that is, the Club Giuliano Dalmato di Toronto. The newsletter's impressive growth is a reflection of the Club's "energia e il [suo] vivace spirito associativo", and so is the richness and variety of its contents, which now attract an ever-larger group of readers and contributors (like me, in New Jersey).

Much of the credit goes to the founders who, in 1971, decided to start a community newsletter, but it is also important to recognize and acknowledge Prof. Eisenbichler who, since 1991, has turned *El Boletín* into much more than a community newsletter. His tireless work as editor and contributor, his sensitive eye for a story and an image, his many contacts, have added colour and depth to newsletter. He has also worked with us contributors to encourage us to overcome our "fear of writing", to send him our stories, and to develop our writing skills in any of *El Boletín*'s three languages: Italian, English, or Istro-Veneto! All this has made *El Boletín* what it is today.

Prof. Eisenbichler's mentoring of contributors, both young and old, has given us the opportunity to tell our stories, recount our experiences, remember our traditions. As a result, *El Boletín* has become an important forum where we can express our sufferings and tell our stories as exiles, refugees, immigrants, but also speak about our strengths, determination, and achievements. The loss of our homeland and our emigration saga can create identity confusion, but these stories help to clarify it and ground us better. They also give our younger generation a better understanding of who we, their

parents and grandparents, are.

Every issue of *El Boletín* is full of photos taken at Giuliano-Dalmata events. These gatherings are vivid testimonies of a people with a common past and a common destiny. It is often said that "a picture is worth a thousand words." In the case of *El Boletín*, these images speak of much more: they speak of unity and love!

Prof. Eisenbichler's clear love for our community and his efforts to keep it united are the mark of a true philanthropist. For thirty years he has donated his time, talent, and skills to give us a voice through *El Boletín* and to help us Giuliani- Dalmati reach a better understanding of ourselves. Hard work cannot be measured in years, but I think that Prof. Eisenbichler's work will live on in the memory of the future generations.

Congratulations and thank you, Prof. Eisenbichler for your thirty years of editorship.

Ida Vodarich Marinzoli
(Old Bridge, NJ)



Hosting Prof. Eisenbichler for coffee at my home in San Giovanni di Cherso (Stivan) with Rosanna Turcinovich Giuricin, Ezio Giuricin, my husband Gino Marinzoli and me, Ida Vodarich Marinzoli.

A THANK-YOU NOTE FROM MARIO AND MARILYN SERGI

Tanti saluti to all of you lovely Easterners who have just lit up the lives of two West Coasters. And congratulations on your 50th year of publishing *El Boletín*!

How proud we are to have been featured in the moving batch of stories published in the last issue of *El Boletín* (No. 185)! Thank you so much for allowing Mario's story to be told in the pages of your newsletter.

It is only because of your Club, my accidentally finding it online, Liliana Zugna's kindness and help in introducing me to Professor Konrad Eisenbichler and then his contacts with Rosanna Turcinovich Giuricin and her documents from Maria Pasquarelli that Mario was able to confirm, after 69 years, the wretched death of his father, Antonio Sergi, who had been taken away from his home by Yugoslav partisans, killed and thrown into the bauxite cave in Villa Bassotti at Gallignana (today, Gračisce).

This year's Easter had the feelings of a death and resurrection for Mario and me, in that complex life and death story. And it is all thanks to all of you. We are truly grateful and in your debt.

Knowing you only through emails has not hindered the feelings of warm friendship and fellowship we have for you, and for these feelings we are so grateful. Thank you for having us join the 'famiglie.'

El Boletín is a precious and much needed outlet for the feelings of grief, joy, and hope for all the descendants of the poor victims of the past. Perhaps a small gateway, but at least it is the 'crack in the wall' to enlightenment for all who read it and come to a clearer and more correct understanding of the sorrows of so many Italians who have not had a voice until now. Be proud .. we are, for you.

Mario and Marilyn Sergi
(Langley, BC)



KATHRYNA'S UNIVERSITY PROJECT WITH SHOWER BELT



Katryna Klepacki, a member of our club and daughter of our club's secretary Liliana Zugna, is excited to share a new project she is working on as part of her MBA program at Ryerson University. Katryna is working with a local start up that aims to improve the lives of seniors and those living with disabilities. Through the Social Venture Zone at

Ryerson University, an incubator program for start up companies that aim to solve social problems in the community, Katryna connected with Shower Belt, a

drowning-prevention device designed to automatically stop the flow of water should you fall in the shower, and so prevent drowning.

Katryna became involved with the SVZ after completing a volunteer project with another social enterprise and realized that she is passionate about working for companies that aim to solve societal challenges. She is currently managing Shower Belt's marketing strategy and is excited to share information about the company with the club.

Katryna can be reached at kklepack@ryerson.ca



EL BOLETIN, NOTIZIARIO E ARCHIVIO

Nei suoi 50 anni di vita, il nostro *El Boletín* ha servito da notiziario per la nostra comunità giuliano-dalmata a Toronto, in Canada, e nel nord America. Ma non solo. Con il passare degli anni i vecchi numeri del *Boletín* sono assurti a documentario della nostra vita in questo nuovo Paese, della nostra storia di esuli, emigrati, ed immigrati tanto da diventare un ricco archivio di dati e fatti.

Consci del suo valore come archivio non solo della nostra storia di esuli giuliano-dalmati emigrati in Canada, ma anche di noi come italo-canadesi, lo abbiamo digitalizzato e reso disponibile a tutti, non solo soci e corregionali, ma anche persone che, pur non facendo parte della nostra storia, ad ogni modo se ne interessano e se ne occupano.

Tutta la serie del *Boletín*, a partire dal primo numero (maggio 1972), è ora disponibile in PDF sul sito del nostro club (<https://www.giulianodalmato.com/elboletin.html>) e su quello dell'Italian Canadian Narrative Project dell'Università di Guelph (<https://www.italianheritage.ca/list-of-projects/el-boletin-toronto/>). Vi invitiamo a visitare questi siti e rileggere i nostri vecchi numeri.

In questi numeri di tanti anni fa troverete notizie interessanti sia sul nostro club, che sulla storia delle nostre città.

Nel numero 26 (maggio 1979), per esempio, troverete la foto ricordo della partita di calcio disputata il 3 agosto 1938 tra la squadra degli operai del silurificio Whitehead di Fiume e quella dei marinai inglesi dell'incrociatore *HMS Imperial*, partita vinta dai nostri per 5 a 2. In quel numero, la foto non è stata riprodotta bene (colpa la tecnica degli anni '70).

Ripubblichiamo qui la foto-cartolina che il nostro direttore, Carlo Milessa, aveva nel suo archivio di casa. Sul retro della foto leggiamo il nome del destinatario, "Gabriele Di Sabatino, New York" e il messaggio "Dopo Az. Silurificio batte squadra inglese S.H.S. Imperial 5—2 Fiume 3 agosto 1938. Squadra vincente: Milessa, Celedin, Pagnoni, Tomadin, Apostoli, Loich, Tiro[??], Bertochi, Milutin, Arrigoni, Ulrich. Saluti Pepi". I nomi sono difficili da decifrare, così se qualche nostro lettore sa come correggerli, ce lo faccia sapere — gliene saremo grati.

Konrad Eisenbichler (Toronto)



Il silurificio Whitehead di Fiume nasce nel 1875 quando l'ingegnere inglese Robert Whitehead fonda la Torpedo Fabrik von Robert Whitehead per produrre i siluri, arma inventata da lui e il fiumano Giovanni Luppis. (Foto: Collezione di Carlo Milessa)

CIMELI E RICORDI

Stamattina ho deciso di tirare fuori alcuni vecchi oggetti che in qualche modo hanno raggiunto il Canada con me dalla lontana ed amata Isola d'Istria.

Le due valigie di cartone sono quelle che ho usato per il mio viaggio in Canada nel lontano 1959 a bordo della motonave Saturnia. La borsetta bianca era di



mia madre; all'epoca eravamo un gruppo di esuli destinati ai lavori nei campi, ma all'arrivo ad Halifax eravamo ben vestiti ed eleganti. Tra le cosette di quel tempo ci sono le posate, la cucuma del caffè, 'el gratacasa', 'el pomolo per le calze', la spazzola ... tanti piccoli ricordi. La falce era di mio nonno materno, Domenico Borsi; lui era analfabeta, ma ha saputo



incidere le sue iniziali BD sul manico. Le zappette ce le diedero a Chatham quando arrivammo per lavorare i campi di barbabietole da zucchero.

Queste povere cose hanno fatto bella figura ad una mostra allestita dalla Lega Istriana di Chatham qualche anno fa; e poi nel settembre 2014 alla mostra che ha accompagnato la prima nord-americana dello show *Magazzino 18* di Simone Cristicchi che il nostro Club organizzò alla



Famee Furlana di Toronto; più recentemente, nell'ottobre 2018, fecero parte della mostra allestita alla festa di gala per il cinquantenario della fondazione del nostro Club.

Sono certa che questi "cimeli" della mia emigrazione e dei miei primi anni in Canada hanno equivalenti a casa dei nostri lettori; chissà che "cimeli" i nostri lettori hanno tenuto stretti al cuore e salvaguardato negli anni ...

Marisa Delise Carusone (Loretto, Ontario)

A CASA DI WANDA E MARIO STEFANI

Negli anni '70-'80-'90, prima che il nostro Club avesse una sede indipendente, le riunioni del direttivo si tenevano a casa di uno dei membri. Per tanti anni queste riunioni si fecero a casa di Mario e Wanda Stefani, i quali non solo ospitavano il direttivo, ma offrivano anche il rinfresco (solitamente caffè e biscotti, ma a volte anche altro) che accompagnava quelle riunioni. Mario e Wanda avevano persino adibito una parte del loro scantinato a "sede" del Club, con tanto di gonfaloni (molti di questi dipinti dal compianto Benny Minino), bandierette, stendardi, e libri che erano gli oggetti simbolo della nostra associazione e delle nostre radici in Istria, Fiume, e Dalmazia. Nella primavera del 1997, grazie alla generosità di Loanna Ferland (figlia di Mario e Wanda) fu allestita in quello scantinato una biblioteca per il nostro Club (vedi *El Boletín* 90, giugno 1997, p. 2). A volte, Mario e Wanda ospitavano anche incontri piacevoli con ospiti illustri di passaggio a Toronto, come fu nel marzo 2001 quando la scrittrice Caterina Edwards venne a Toronto per presentare il suo ultimo libro, *The Island of the Nightengales* (vedi *El Boletín* 105, marzo 2001, p. 10) — la vediamo nella foto qui sopra con Wanda e il compianto nostro presidente di allora Guido Braini di fronte alla biblioteca e gli stendardi dell'Istria e di Fiume dipinti da Benny Minino.



L'ospitalità e la generosità di Wanda e Mario furono, per molti anni, due pietre salde su cui il nostro Club poteva contare per tenere in piedi la nostra 'baracchetta', e per questo gliene siamo sempre molto riconoscenti.

Konrad Eisenbichler, Direttore, *El Boletín*



Nella foto accanto un incontro del direttivo e festiciola del 28 novembre 2002 a casa di Wanda e Mario. Tra i presenti vediamo, in prima fila, Mario Stefani, Luisa Grisonich, Loredana Reia Semenzin, Bruna Braini, Edo Cernecca, e Livio Stuparich, e poi, in seconda fila, Franco Reia, Gino Bubola, Guido Braini, Sandra Parmegiani, Norda Gatti, Wanda Stefani, Adriana Gobbo, Alceo Lini, Bruno Bocci, Carlo Milessa, e Claudio Gobbo.

LE POSTE ITALIANE CELEBRANO I 200 ANNI DELLA LUXARDO

È stato emesso il 23 marzo scorso il francobollo celebrativo dei 200 anni della Luxardo, nella serie tematica denominata “Le Eccellenze del sistema produttivo ed economico”, una delle più interessanti nella produzione filatelica di Poste Italiane.

In pochi centimetri sono condensati il valore e l'espressione dello storico marchio, grazie alla scelta di riferimenti iconici: il logo del bicentenario, la bottiglia impagliata del Maraschino e l'immagine di un profilo femminile, riproduzione di una cartolina pubblicitaria Luxardo degli anni Trenta conservata presso l'Istituto Regionale per la Cultura Istriano-Fiumano-Dalmata di Trieste.

L'annullo ufficiale è avvenuto presso l'Ufficio Postale di Torreglia, dove l'Azienda zaratina, ricostruita nel dopoguerra, ha tuttora sede.

(ripreso da *Il Dalmata* 113b, maggio 2021)

Tanti auguri alla Luxardo da tutti gli amici al Club Giuliano Dalmato di Toronto





In tutti i negozi
LCBO



Distribuito da
Charton Hobbs
5006 Timberlea Blvd,
Suite 1, Mississauga,
Ontario L4W 5C6
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“The really great people make you feel that you,
too, can become great.”
Mark Twain

PRIZE-WINNING STUDENTS LOOK AT GIULIANO-DALMATI IN CANADA

This past 18 February several students from the Brock University and the University of Toronto received the Lieutenant Governor's Ontario Heritage Award. In a ceremony presided by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario the Honorable Elisabeth Dowdeswell and by John Ecker, Chair of the Ontario Heritage Trust (OHT), the students were recognized for their contributions to *Archival Research of Italian-Canadian Immigration and Culture* (ARICIC) and for their focus on the conservation of heritage in Ontario.

In granting the award, the OHT said that: "The *Archival Research of Italian-Canadian Immigration and Culture Project* identifies and preserves the cultural heritage of Italian-Canadian immigration in Ontario and shares these stories at conferences and through an online archive. The students' research has unearthed oral traditions, expressions, language, art, music, social practices and traditions in Ontario's historical Italian-Canadian community. With their projects, students have created oral histories and have included new archives that include materials such as passports, photographs, and educational training documents from private collections of immigrant families, as well as union documents and local heritage club activities. The students' work has preserved historical documents, archives, and oral histories, and has made these resources easily available to an international audience through an online platform."

Archival Research of Italian-Canadian Immigration and Culture (ARICIC) grew from the Ninth Annual Conference of the Italian Canadian Archives Project (ICAP) that was hosted by Brock University in 2019. I encouraged my students to submit their academic poster projects for a poster session at the conference. I then organized and moderated an undergraduate panel in which Elizabeth Colantoni and Daniella Pace of Brock University and Joseph Rossi from the Univer-

sity of Toronto presented their work in a panel entitled *Italians on the Frontiers* that used archival material from my Italian Canadian Studies courses. The next day the other undergraduate projects from both Brock University and the University of Toronto were displayed in the conference hall, courtesy of a grant from Vaughan Capital whose executive was a Brock alumnus. It was here that Professor Sandra

Parmegiani, Director of *Italian Canadian Narrative Showcase* (ICNS) at the University of Guelph, approached me with an idea to share with the ICNS the undergraduate academic posters on an online platform that features projects in Italian Heritage from across Canada, including the full run of the Club Giuliano Dalmato di Toronto's newsletter, *El Boletín*.

Sandra and I established the undergraduate site in order to encourage and showcase undergraduate research in Italian Canadian Studies. As its supervisor, I later renamed it *Archival Research of Italian-Canadian Immigration and Culture* since

students consider topics of immigration and culture while studying archive collections in various libraries in Ontario.

Following the first two issues of the project and the 2019 ICAP conference, Professor Carmela Colella, Coordinator of the Italian Studies Program at Brock University, nominated the following students for the Ontario Heritage Award: Elizabeth Colantoni, Sam Caravaggio, and Daniella Pace, all of Brock University and Christina Ioanna Coutsougeras, Cristian Delfino, Stefania Di Leo, Natasha Fares, Samantha Greco, Sebastian Gri, Fiona McLean, Joseph Rossi, Carmen Russo, Garima Saini, Faye Varanesi, and Mackenzie Velocci, all



Three of the prize-winning students — Joseph Rossi, Daniella Pace, and Elizabeth Colantoni — participate at the ICAP 2019 conference at Brock University. (Photo: Teresa Russo)

of the University of Toronto, together with Lucia Di Pietro of Holy Cross Catholic Academy as a research volunteer. The nomination cited their creativity in incorporating archival research to identify and promote cultural heritage including oral traditions, expressions, language, art and music, social practices, and traditions. The nomination further outlined their commitment to their research on cultural heritage. Students demonstrated their leadership by engaging in an editing process after their courses ended in order to share their unique projects and contributions with the public as exhibits in ARICIC.

The projects span immigration history from the early 1900s to 1980s, documenting the tenor Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana; the contributions of Italians in construction, and remembered fallen workers from industrial projects in Ontario (such as the Welland Canal), the innovations brought by Donald Ziraldo to the wine industry in Canada; and the union activity of several Italian-Canadians during the post-war years in Toronto such as

Marino Toppan, iconic union activist and president of Local 40 of the Builders' International Trade Union (see photo). Some students created oral histories and recorded private collections of photos and documents, thus contributing new narratives of Italian immigration to Ontario.

Fiona McLean discovered a new Italian Fallen Worker in Toronto by examining a 100-year-old coroner's record newly released in January 2020 at the Archives of Ontario (1913-1920, RG 22-5897-0-2), and Garima Saini demonstrated how chemical emissions and environmental racism against the Aamjiwnaag First Nations group living in Sarnia today parallels how Italian workers were treated in the area in 1937. Christina Coutsougeras studied the anti-Italian riots during the summer of 1940 in Canada and included Mario Duliani's semi-autobiographical novel *Città senza donne* (*The City Without Women*) (see p. 2 above) with archival materials for her research, while Daniella Pace, looking at Italian

women in the work force in between wars, considered Elena Randaccio and Mario Duliani's works with her archival documents.

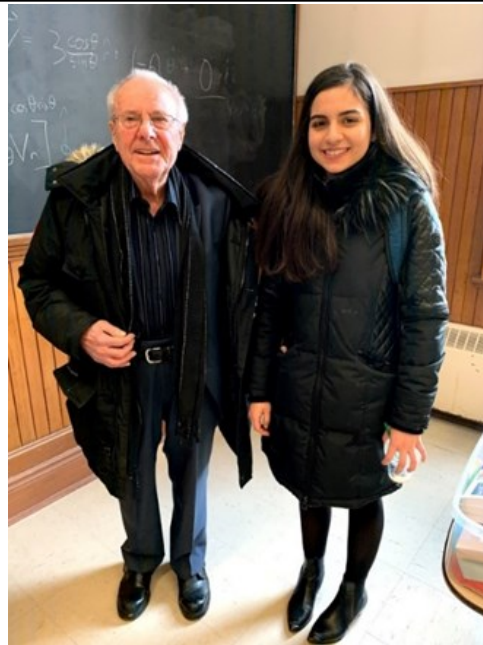
My courses included a lecture on the Giuliano-Dalmati in Canada. After discussing the years of immigration between the two wars and after World War Two, students read the works of authors such as Mario Duliani (from Pisino d'Istria) and Caterina Edwards (whose mother was from Lussingrande). Students also read the poetry of Gianni Angelo Grohovaz (from Fiume) through the translations provided by Professor Konrad Eisenbichler in his article "Before the World Collapsed Because of the War": The City of Fiume in the Poetry of Gianni Angelo Grohovaz." Their exposure to these Giuliano-Dalmata authors is very much evident in their projects.

We also discussed the contributions to Canada by Giuliano-Dalmati such as the singer Michael Bublé, who identifies himself in his official biography as a "Canadian-Italian singer" with a father from the island of Lussino (in the Gulf of Kvarner). Konrad Eisenbichler's book *Forgotten Italians: Julian-*

Dalmatian Writers and Artists in Canada helped me to further develop this section of the course with discussions on the many other contributions of Giuliano-Dalmati to Canada.

In 2020 I expanded the connection with Giuliano-Dalmati in Canada when I added a lecture on athletes, coaches, and various aspects of the sports industry for the students to interact with topics associated with the Canada Games scheduled in Niagara for the summer 2021. Here I highlighted Monica Covacci (whose father Vittorio Covacci, from Istria, is a long-time member of the Club Giuliano Dalmato di Toronto). Monica will be featured in the fifth issue of the ARICIC exhibits. The games have now been rescheduled for summer 2022 and Brock University students will continue highlighting the sports industry with Monica Covacci in their projects this fall.

Dr. Teresa Russo
(Brock University and University of Toronto)



Marino Toppan with prize-winning student Faye Varanesi
(Photo: Teresa Russo)

The Massacre at Vergarolla, 18 August 1946

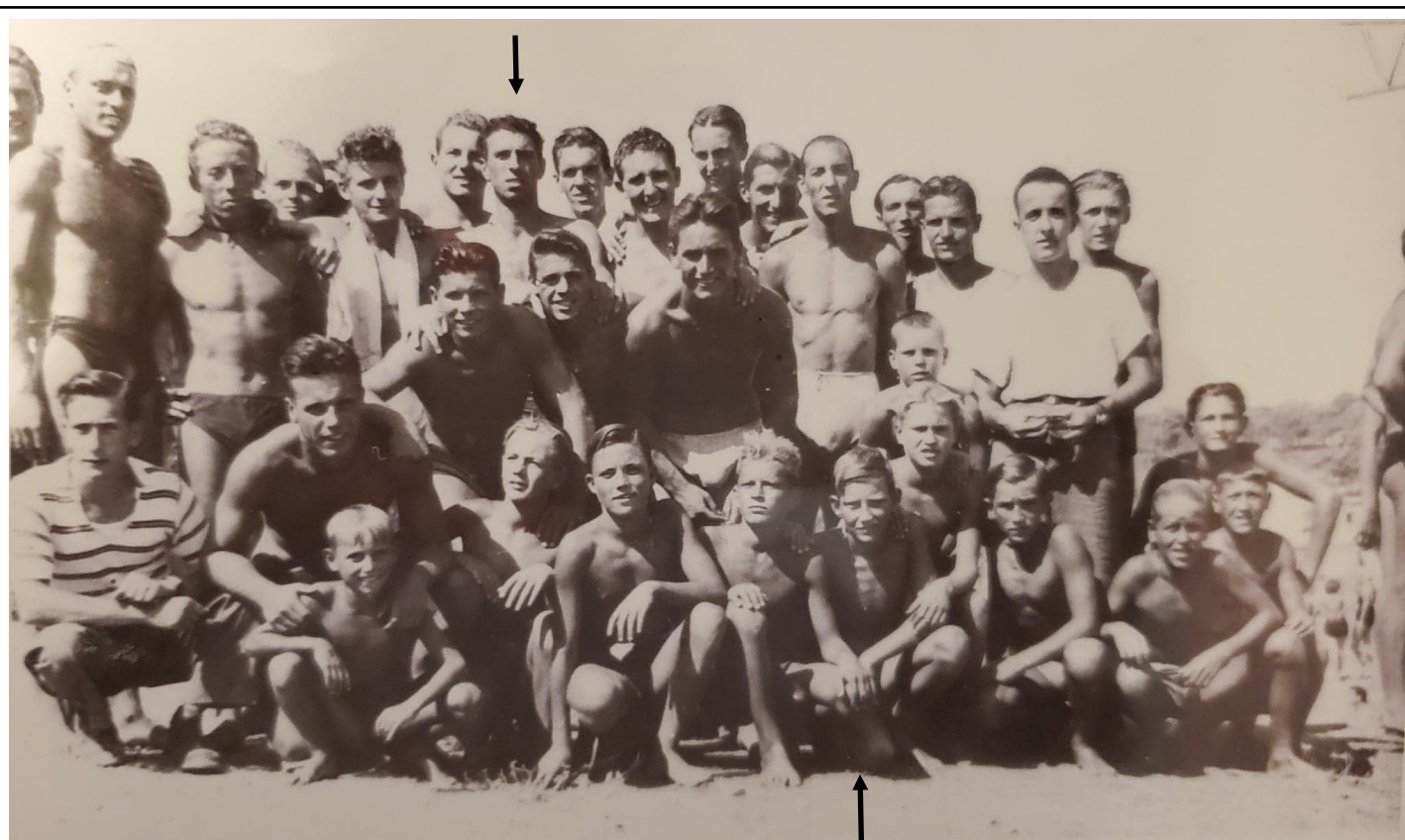
Today I spent the evening with my parents talking about a special photograph that my dad shared with me that led to other photos and a discussion about the events that took place 75 years ago, on 18 August 1946, in Vergarolla, on the strip of beach that was part of the Pietas Julia rowing club, one of the many beautiful beaches in Pola, at that time a city in Italy (now part of Croatia).

During World War Two, the Pietas Julia beach strip in Vergarolla had been part of a military zone. At one end of the beach, a pile of about 28 large, deactivated mines left over from World War One and World War Two had been deposited. They had been defused by bomb squads and deemed to be safe. Once the war was over and this area opened to the public, my dad Bruno Castro and his friends spent countless hours playing and walking on top of and around these deactivated mines.

My dad was 14 years old at that time. On that

August day he had been entered in the 400-metre swimming race for the Coppa Scarioni. Mario De Angelini, my dad's brother-in-law and now my uncle, was a trainer for the swim team, not to mention an excellent swimmer himself and a firefighter! People from all over the area had come to see the race. Some watched from boats anchored out at sea while others, including many families, enjoyed the beautiful day on the beach. My dad and his friends, Armando Apat, Mario Calci, Alessandro Gherisini, Livio Giachin, Diego Marassovich, Ugo Marini and Livio Pinca spent the day together and later some of them posed for a group photo along with older athletes, including my uncle Mario. The first race had been run in the morning and now they were waiting for the afternoon race.

My dad was playing the 'game of five stones' when suddenly he heard a shot. It sounded like a gun shot. He remembers hearing a child scream and



Group photo of some swimmers and bathers at the Pietas Julia rowing club, Vergarolla, 18 August 1946. Mario De Angelini is 7th from the left in the back row; Bruno Castro is crouched in the front row, fourth one from the right. (Photo: Castro family album)

seeing a crowd of people run towards the child near the mines.

As they approached the child, the mines exploded, raising a heavy cloud of smoke. At first my dad ran away, but then he slowly returned and saw entire trees torn down, the sea covered in blood, seagulls swarming the area, and bodies laying on the ground. My dad ran towards Mario who was carrying in his arms the lifeless body

of a headless little girl with a white dress. "Run home! Your mother is waiting for you," Mario said to him. My dad ran home. The second photo in this article records that moment in that horrendous day – it shows my uncle Mario with the lifeless body of that little girl. This photo appeared in the newspapers of that time and is now on the internet.

Over a hundred people lost their lives that day, a third of them children. My dad lost many friends. The following day my uncle Mario's wife (my dad's sister, Lucilla Castro) went into early labour after reading in the newspaper that morning that her best friend had died. Some victims were never found.

An investigation was opened and the event was deemed a massacre. The attack was both intentional and malicious – it was clear that the bombs could not have activated on their own but were, instead, activated on purpose. And it was clear that the attack was aimed at families and children enjoying a summer day at the beach.



The smoke rising from the beach at Vergarolla
(Photo: Public Domain)

What was the 'shot' my father heard? Where did it come from? The politics of the time and the ethnic cleansing of Italians from Istria that took place during and after the war quietly silenced all those who were there and kept them from telling what really happened. Today, thanks to the courageous voices of Italian exiles from the area and the release,

finally, of official records, the story is being told anew and with greater clarity. As a result, Italy has officially recognized the massacre at Vergarolla to

have been the first terrorist attack suffered by the newly created Republic of Italy (established on 2 June 1946).

Hearing from my dad what happened on that day, how close he and my uncle were to falling victim of the massacre, and how my uncle Mario acted so courageously that day, I find myself left with a heavy heart. I feel the need to write about my dad's and my uncle's experience and use my voice so that others can come to know what happened on that August beach-day 74 years ago. It's important for their history, but also for mine.

Theirs is only one account of the many atrocities that fell upon a people that were forced to abandon their homes and become refugees, a people who have longed for their lost hometown all their life.



Mario De Angelini carrying the dead girl
(Photo: Public Domain)

Astrid Castro
(Toronto)

THE LONG ROAD TO FREEDOM: MARIO SERGI ARRIVES IN CANADA

(Continued from *El Boletín* 185, pp. 7-8, that told the story of Mario Sergi's family in Sanvincenti, the death of his father, and the family's escape to Italy).

The S.S. Fairsea left Bremen on 27 December 1951. Its auspicious name turned out to be ironic for this crossing – the ship forged its way towards Halifax through some very rough winter seas, no fair seas at all. Many passengers spent their time at the outside railings being sick. Mario had a strong constitution so he was not bothered by the rough seas.

He was also a very curious young man who liked to wander all around the ship. He eventually found the ship's galley and made quick friends with its crew, most of whom were Italians. Because he was a willing sort of person, they soon put him to work setting tables and helping out in the dining hall. He did that for the entire twelve days at sea. He was a hit with the crew!

One of the passengers aboard the Fairsea was a woman Mario had met in the refugee camp in Germany. During the crossing, a ship officer stopped to speak with her and she introduced Mario to him. Later on, that officer spotted Mario working in the mess hall and complimented him for his willingness to help. As the ship was approaching Halifax, the two ran into one another again and the officer asked Mario if he had a winter jacket. He did not.

On 7 January 1952 the ship arrived in Halifax. The temperature that day was -22 Fahrenheit (-30 Celsius), snow was falling heavily, and ice had formed all over the deck of the ship. Mario arrived without a passport, but with the "certificate" issued by the International Refugee Organization that served as a passport for so many refugees in those years (see photo). He had turned 19 the previous September. He was alone, had no sponsor in Canada, no money in his pocket, no change of clothes, and no clothing for the harsh Canadian climate he now found himself in.

Once the ship had docked at Pier 21 and passengers had started to disembark, the officer came over to Mario and gave him a jacket, a gift from the captain. The jacket had been left on board by some passenger going to warmer climes, so the officer pointed out to the captain that the young passenger helping out the galley crew could have benefited from it, and the captain agreed. Mario's luck was clearly taking a turn for the better.

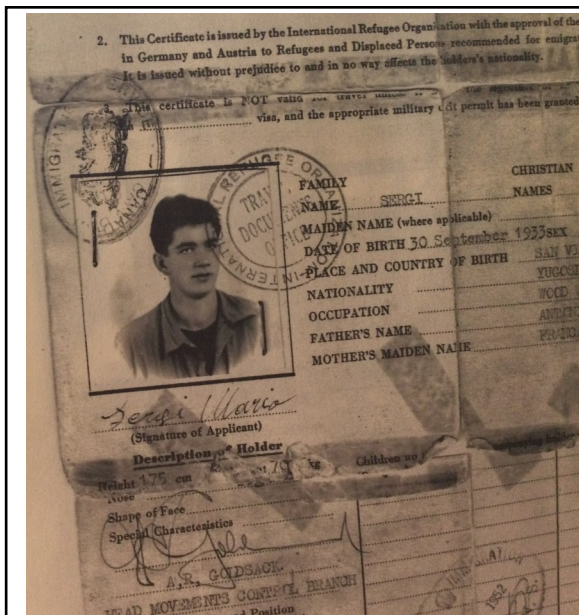
During the crossing Mario had made friends with two young Italian men also going to Canada and hung out with them for a while after the crossing. One of the two had an uncle in the United States Air Force. Mario encouraged the young man to find his uncle by making some calls to the military and it did not take long for contact to be made. The uncle had lived his life in the USA and so had a hard time speaking Italian; nonetheless, when the two youngsters said they needed to find a job the uncle understood. He was about to fly to Labrador, so on

the way there he picked up the two young men who had, in the meantime, made their way to Quebec City.

The uncle drove them to an airport and they got on a US army airplane and flew off to Labrador. This was Mario's first plane ride! Life was strange but exciting for a young man from a refugee camp in Italy and Germany.

Once they landed the two young men were taken to the quartermaster and given everything they needed, from toothbrushes to T-shirts, plus heavy winter boots, jackets, and gloves. They went to the company's office and, signed some papers, got their photos taken, and got ID cards issued. Then they were driven in a jeep to their sleeping quarters and they began setting up their bunks. They slept with ten other guys.

Morning reveille was played over loudspeakers



Mario's IRO "certificate"

and everyone hopped up, made up their bunks, and headed for the mess hall. The food was great and there was lots of it! This was heaven!

A sergeant came and blared out instructions, but the two young Italian men did not understand them, so they just watched and waited. The sergeant waited and came over to them. He told the one lad to go to the camp kitchen. He took Mario outside and threw some keys at him and barked an order. Mario had no clue what was going on. The sergeant got in his jeep, drove off, stopped and looked back at Mario and barked again. Finally Mario thought maybe he was to drive the other jeep. He had driven only the garbage truck at the Bagnoli refugee camp in Italy. Now he was to drive an American army vehicle and he was petrified. He had no idea how it worked.

The sergeant came over, still hollering and waving his arms; on the back of his jeep there was a sign that he kept pointing to and barking about. Mario again had no clue. The sergeant got back in his jeep, pointed several times at the sign and took off, expecting Mario to follow. Finally, Mario figured out the jeep's gears and slowly began to move. The sergeant was still yelling at him and pointing at the sign on his own vehicle. Mario picked up a little speed and the sergeant stopped yelling and drove off, feverishly. Mario followed, happy not to be yelled at any more.

The sergeant stopped at several work sites, said something to the men there who all burst into laughter and looked at Mario. "Oh good, a friendly bunch," Mario thought. Then the sergeant continued his run and stops, more laughter and shouts of mirth at Mario who waved back and laughed.

Then the sergeant called out one man, a corporal. He was Italian-American who could translate for the sergeant. The corporal told Mario that the sign at the

back of the sergeant's jeep said FOLLOW ME and was used to lead aircraft to their correct docking places on the tarmac. Mario was to follow the sergeant. Oh, now it made sense!

Mario followed the sergeant for several more stops and then the sergeant called another Italian-American man over to translate. The man told Mario that earlier, when he was in the company's office, Mario had signed a "Contract to Build." Mario did

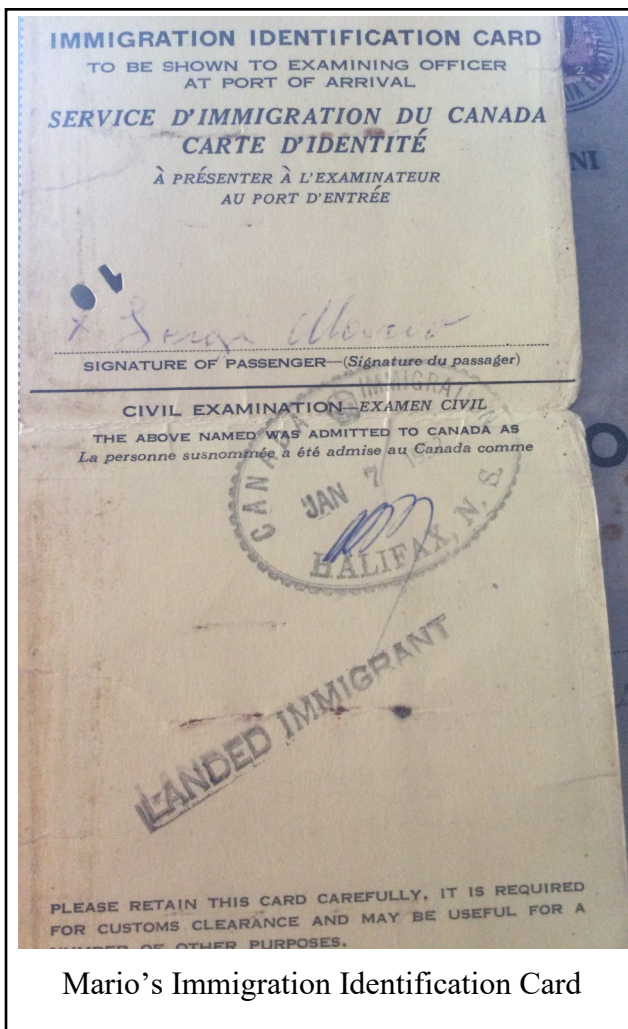
not know that! It turned out that the ten men in his hut were his work crew and **he** was their boss! What the heck was he supposed to build?

Mario found out that he and his crew, and several other crews, were to build Quonset buildings, underground, that were part of the Distant Early Warning line, or DEW Line, as it was more commonly known. Mario did not know anything about building such structures or how to use heavy equipment, but he learned. He also had a schedule to keep to. If he and his crew finished ahead of schedule, they would earn a bonus. This new life looked like it was going to be a lot of work and not so much freedom after all.

To be continued..

Narrated to, and lovingly written down by Mario's wife,

Marilyn McIlvena Sergi
(Langley, BC)



Mario's Immigration Identification Card

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

Every immigrant has a story. What's yours?

Ours is a fascinating history. It is a unique history in the larger context of Italian immigration to Canada and it's a story that should be told and should be remembered. Our individual stories are part of our people's history. Let's tell our history.

Konrad Eisenbichler
konrad.eisenbichler@utoronto.ca

“TORONTO SALUTA DANTE”

In occasione del 700° anniversario della morte di Dante Alighieri (1321—2021), il dipartimento di Italian Studies della University of Toronto sta presentando, di settimana in settimana, la lettura di tutti i 33 canti dell'*Inferno* in varie lingue del mondo, dall'Italiano al Cinese, dall'Arabo all'Ucraino, dal Latino al Tailandese, dalla Lingua dei segni americana (American Sign Language) all'Anishinaabemowin (la lingua degli autoctoni Ojibway dell'Ontario), nonché in vari dialetti italiani dal Ligure al Siciliano, dal Friulano al Calabrese, e così via.

Intitolato “Toronto Salutes Dante”, il progetto nasce da un'idea dei professori Elisa Brilli, George Ferzoco, e Nicholas Terpstra, ed è stato portato avanti con l'aiuto indispensabile di due dottorandi del dipartimento, Alice Martignoni e Nattapol Ruansgri.

Per l'occasione, il nostro direttore, Konrad Eisenbichler, ha letto il canto 9 dell'*Inferno* in dialetto triestino. Il testo usato è quello tradotto da Nereo Zeper e pubblicato nel suo *La Divina Commedia de Dante Alighieri. L'Inferno. Version original in Triestin con vizin la traduzion toscana pei poveri ignoranti* (Trieste, Editore MGS, 2000). Questo è il canto in cui Dante, entrato con Virgilio nella città infernale di Dite, si guarda intorno e vede un immenso terreno così rovinato dalle tante tombe aperte che ci sono che gli fa pensare “a Pola, presso del Carnaro ch'Italia chiude e suoi termini bagna” (o, in Triestino, “a Pola, tacà del Quarnero ch'el confin de l'Italia el sera e 'l bagna”).

Chi volesse sentire la lettura in triestino può andare al sito

<https://www.italianstudies.utoronto.ca/research/toronto-salutes-dante>

e poi cliccare sul canto 9. Qui potrete anche aprire e scaricare il PDF del testo in italiano, inglese, e triestino in colonne parallele per meglio seguire la lettura.

Dopo la lettura segue una breve conversazione con il moderatore di questa puntata nella quale il professore spiega la ragione per la sua scelta della lingua e del canto. La conversazione è in inglese, ma ci sono i sottotitoli (anche loro in inglese) per chi volesse seguire la conversazione più facilmente; basta cliccare sul [cc] in fondo allo schermo e i sottotitoli vi permetteranno di ascoltare e leggere la conversazione.

Caro Konrad,

Ti ho appena ascoltato mentre leggi il canto IX *Inferno* con riferimenti anche al Canto XVI

Paradiso. Bellissimo l'accoppiamento dei due canti e del nostro esilio.

Ben modulata la voce per esprimere i vari personaggi e sentimenti nel canto. Avresti potuto fare l'attore.

Complimenti anche per la chiara spiegazione che hai fatto del collegamento temporale nell'intervista.

Bravo, complimenti. Ti ho messo su FB. Un abbraccio fraterno,
Diego Bastianutti (Vancouver)



Carissimo Konrad,

che bella idea!! Sei bravissimo e ti riascolterò molte volte!!

Grazie infinite e un abbraccio a te, a tua mamma e tutti i tuoi cari
Lucia Martinoli (Roma)

Toronto salutes Dante. We salute YOU! Your rendition of Canto IX in Triestino was magnificent. Your connection to the ethnic cleansing and the 'disruption of the flow of life' was touching and moving.

THANK YOU KONRAD.

Ida Vodarich Marinzoli (Old Bridge, NJ)

Dear Konrad

I received from Rita the link to your reading of Canto IX of *Inferno* in Triestino.

After reading the *Divine Comedy* for many years in Italian when I was a literature teacher, I finally listened to it in a very new translation and I appreciated it a lot. I love Dante's poetry and think that he is the best author in the world. Many of Dante's verses have helped me in my daily life.

That masterpiece can be read in the different ways, but I appreciate the psychological way. His insights into human behaviour reveal the psychology of people even today. Dante is worth of being remembered and celebrated all over the world. He left us a lot of advice in many fields.

Thank you,
Maura Lonzari (Trieste)

DISTANCE AND INCOMPREHENSION IN GROHOVAZ'S *STRADA BIANCA*

In his semi-autobiographical novel *Strada bianca* (1988), the Italian-Canadian author and journalist Gianni Angelo Grohovaz (1926–1988) touches on the pain immigrants feel at their distance from the old hometown and at not being understood in their new homeland.

The novel is set in the early 1950s and tells the story of Ivan (that is, Grohovaz himself), an Italian immigrant from Fiume (now Rijeka, in Croatia) working as a lumberjack in snow-covered Muskoka, several hundred kilometres north of Toronto. As the novel starts, the narrator Grohovaz points to the protagonist, Ivan, busy fixing a snowshoe then quickly contrasts this situation in snow-covered Canada with the “intense blue” of the Adriatic Sea along whose shores he was born (p. 4). This contrast between the harsh conditions of life in a snow-covered Muskoka forest and the brilliant blue of the Adriatic Sea illustrates the distance between Ivan and his homeland.

Later in the novel, when Ivan has left Muskoka and finds himself in Toronto, this awareness of distance from the homeland is still present. When Ivan meets Maria, a young Italian-Canadian woman who works at the central train station, he tells her that he is new in town; she responds saying “You will like it, you will see”; but then she quickly adds that he may not like it as much as Italy (52).

When Maria asks Ivan “Is Italy Beautiful?” (52), the theme of distance re-enters the narrative. As the conversation ensues, Italy and Canada are seen as two worlds apart. This dichotomy creates a sense of displacement between the individual and the country of origin both for Ivan, the recent immigrant who misses his homeland, and for Maria, the child of immigrants from Italy who has never seen her family’s homeland. The distance is both geographical and emotional; Maria wishes she could one day visit Italy, but seems

to imply that this may not happen; Ivan knows that he will not return to *his* Italy, that is to his hometown of Fiume, because it is no longer part of Italy.

This distancing of the individual from the place of origin goes hand in hand with the theme of incom-

prehension present throughout the book. One notable example comes near the end of the book when Ivan tells Maria that he had just been fired from his position as a journalist for a local newspaper. As Ivan explains, he was let go because he took the sufferings of the poor too much to heart and championed them; his social engagement displeased his employer who had already warned Ivan that “journalism is a job, not a mission” (90). Maria comforts Ivan by saying that his editor simply did not appreciate him, and with these words puts her finger on the basic problem – a host society has difficulties understanding an immigrant.

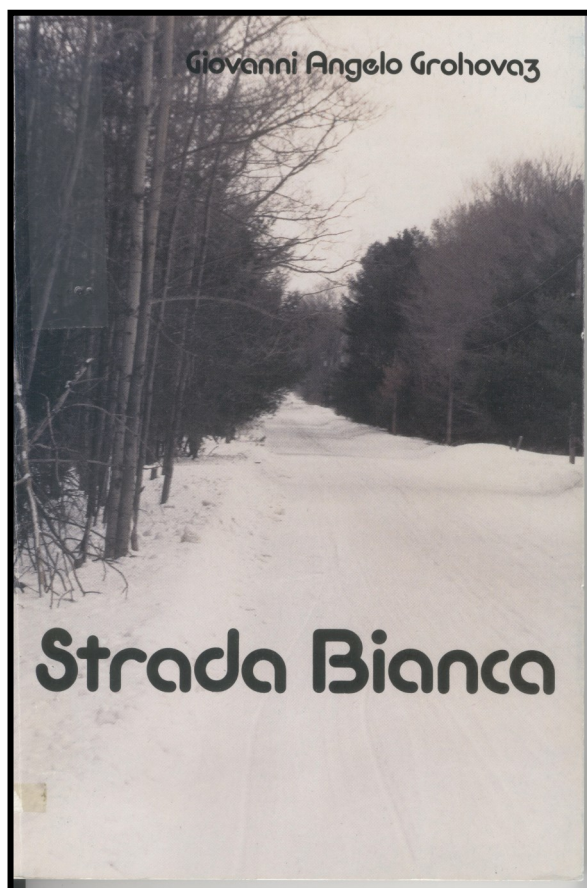
Ultimately, Grohovaz the author and Ivan the protagonist point to the physical and psychological distance that separates immigrants from

their native land, the difficulties they encounter when adjusting to their new home, and the incomprehension they face in their new surroundings.

Yuanyuan (Christina) Ma
University of Toronto

Grovovaz, Gianni Angelo. *Strada bianca. Dall'estrema sponda dell'Adriatico alle diecimila cattedrali dell'Ontario*. [Toronto]: La Casa Editrice Sono Me, 1989.

The novel *Strada bianca* will soon be available in English translation, as *White Road*, through the Club Giuliano Dalmato di Toronto. Please visit the Club's web page later this summer for further information.



È USCITO IN ITALIANO IL LIBRO DI CATERINA EDWARDS

Findind Rosa, il libro di Caterina Edwards, originaria per parte materna di Lussingrande, è adesso disponibile in versione italiana! Intitolato *Riscoprendo mia madre. Una figlia alla ricerca del passato*, il libro narra la storia di Caterina e di sua madre Rosa.

Si tratta di un romanzo poliedrico, un *puzzle* da ricostruire per capire Rosa, la ipercritica madre vittima di un passato spezzato e forse dimenticato di proposito. Presenta due donne, madre e figlia, in costante tensione. La loro relazione può essere vista come un conflitto generazionale o come un divario di idee e norme culturali. Ma in Rosa si intravede anche un problema identitario.

Caterina Edwards è nata in Inghilterra da madre di Lussingrande e padre inglese. A sette anni emigra con la famiglia in Canada. Assorbe presto la cultura del nuovo paese, il che crea un conflitto in famiglia tra la cultura del vecchio continente di sua madre e quella acquisita nel nuovo mondo dalla figlia. La madre, in particolare, vede la cosa in maniera molto negativa e spesso fa dei bruschi commenti sulla figlia, specialmente quando Caterina, diventata teenager, indossa i jeans – “Ecco perché il mondo si sta sfasciando – le donne cercano di essere uomini,” diceva la madre. Altre volte, commenti come “Buona da niente,” “Senza rispetto”, “Disgraziata”, “Non diventerai mai una donna”, ferivano la figlia.

Rosa aspirava al prototipo della donna di altri tempi e altri luoghi. Per lei era doveroso criticare la figlia per evitare che questa diventi egocentrica. Il suo ideale di donna si riassume in un distico di poche parole: “Cucir, ricamar, le faccende di casa sbrigar.” Caterina però non apprezzava né l’ideale né l’ipercritica della madre e si ribellava.

Quando Rosa incomincia a dimenticare e le viene diagnosticato l’Alzheimer, Caterina decide di cercare le ragioni di questa costante rabbia e ostilità da parte della madre. Dopo aver approfondito le sue conoscenze sulla malattia, decide di intraprendere una ricerca approfondita sulle origini della famiglia di sua madre.

A tale scopo va nei luoghi dove la madre è nata e cresciuta, terre lontane i cui nomi non esistono più sulle carte geografiche. Va a Lussino, che ora si chiama Lošinj, a cercare testimonianze tra la gente italo-

istriana che era rimasta sul posto e non aveva intrapreso, come sua madre, il gran esodo giuliano-dalmata del secondo dopoguerra. La ricerca diventa una lezione di storia, cultura, sociologia, geografia, psicologia, e scienze politiche specialmente quando si

tratta di nazionalismo. La zona del nord-est Adriatico è stata abitata sin dall’antichità da vari popoli. Le genti di queste terre sono quindi persone multietniche, frutto di influenze culturali miste e composite. Nel ventesimo secolo hanno sofferto sotto regimi fascisti, nazisti, comunisti, e nazionalisti che hanno sconnesso l’identità delle genti e fatto sì che diventasse un riflesso della politica del dominatore del momento.

Dopo esser venuta a conoscenza della tragica storia del popolo istriano, quarnerino e dalmata, dopo essersi informata sulla pulizia etnica, le stragi partigiane, i profughi sfollati, i vivi gettati a morire nelle foibe, i documenti bruciati e falsifi-

cati, Caterina è finalmente in grado di capire il *puzzle* che è sua madre e rendersi conto del perché di tanta rabbia, paura, dolore, e sofferenza. Rosa è una donna esiliata dalla patria ed estraniata dalla famiglia.

In gioventù, Caterina aveva saputo resistere agli insulti della madre grazie alla pazienza, tolleranza e l’affetto che sentiva per la madre. Allo stesso tempo, a volte Caterina temeva di diventare come sua madre. Grazie a questo suo sforzo nel “riscoprire” Rosa, Caterina riesce non solo a ritrovare la madre, ma anche ad alleggerire quel senso di colpa che aveva nutrito nei suoi confronti.

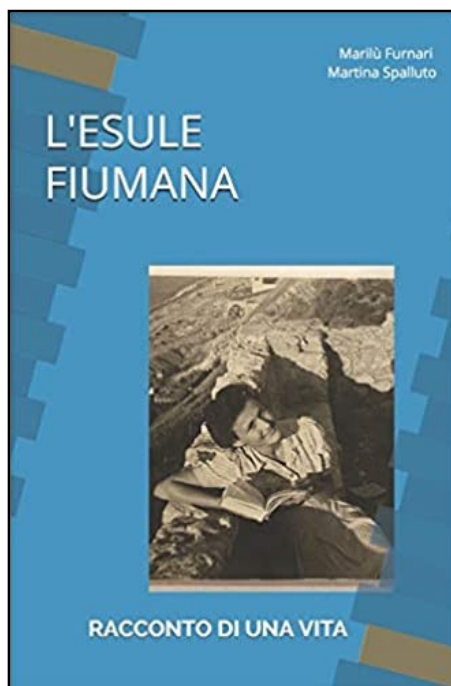
Con questo suo commovente memoir Caterina Edwards fa luce sulla tragedia che si era abbattuta sulla madre e presenta con sincera franchezza il difficile viaggio di riconciliazione che apre la via alla compassione e alla pace.

Ida Vodarich Marinzoli
(Old Bridge, NJ)

Per acquistare la versione italiana, visitate <https://www.lesflaneursedizioni.it/product/riscoprendo-mia-madre/>. La versione ebook è disponibile su Amazon. Quella inglese è esaurita ma verrà ristampata; per il momento si trovano copie di seconda mano su Amazon.



THE EXILE FROM FIUME. STORY OF A LIFE



After a life of silence about her youth, the elderly grandmother Maddalena “Lenci” De Santis, an exile from Fiume (now Rijeka, Croatia), spurred and encouraged by her grand-daughter Martina, begins to tell her story. As she speaks, young Martina and her mother Marilù (see photo) take notes and, together, write Lenci’s story, publishing it first in Italian and then



that had forced her mother to take the children and abandon their hometown and their elderly grandmother forever, the turmoil of finding oneself in a refugee camp at the opposite end of Italy, and the joys of falling in love and raising a family.

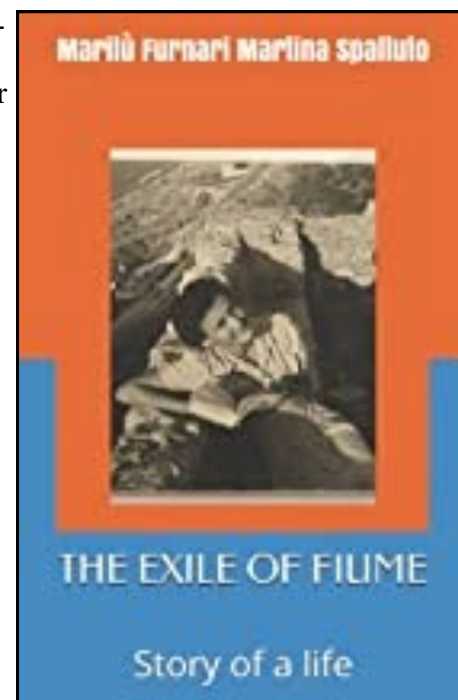
The two authors who gathered and published Lenci’s story are to be commended for their initiative and the gift of Lenci’s story that they have now offered not only to their family but to all of us.

Lenci’s daughter, Marilù Furnari is a medical doctor at the Children’s Hospital “G. Di Cristina” in Palermo, her grand-daughter Martina Spalluto is a high-school student at the Liceo Scientifico Statale “S. Canizzaro” in Palermo. What they did, in encouraging the grandmother to tell her story and then publishing it, is both admirable and very much to be emulated.

Anyone interested in reading the book (whether in its Italian original or in its English translation, whether in print or on Kindle) can find it on Amazon by simply typing the two authors’ names.

Buona lettura!

Konrad
Eisenbichler
(Toronto)



in English as two separate books. The story is told in clear and simple words that speak directly to the heart and capture the essence of the Lenci’s spirit.

Lenci starts by telling her daughter and grand-daughter the story of her hometown, Fiume, and the terrible events that unfolded in town during and after World War Two. Life had become so difficult for the population that most fled the city and became, like Lenci, exiles and refugees in Italy. In 1948, after having left Fiume and her grandmother behind, thirteen-years old Lenci arrives, with her widowed mother Lucia Schurian and her two young siblings Raoul and Betty, at the refugee camp in Termini Imerese, a small town on the Sicilian coast about 30 km east of Palermo. A few years later, while studying in Monreale, she falls in love with a local young man, Pippo Furnari, marries him, and they raise a family together. Life is good and full of promise and rewards, but Fiume is always lying silently and painfully in Lenci’s heart, as is her grand-mother, whom the family had to leave behind, never to see again.

As she opens herself to her daughter and grand-daughter, Lenci tears down the dark veil that had previously kept all her painful memories hidden from family and friends. She begins to unburden herself of the anguish that had so marked her youth, the fears

A MEMORY OF OUR MOTHER, LETIZIA VALIC

Our mother Letizia Valic (née Carcich) was born in 1921 on the island of Unie (today, Unije, Croatia) when it was part of Italy. She went to the Italian school on the island, the same school her father Giuseppe (Bepo) went to as a boy when Unije was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In 1897, while still in his teens, Bepo went to the USA and worked first in New York City and later in Colorado. In time his children would also leave Unije for Italy, America, or Canada.



As a young woman, Letizia learned to sew and became an accomplished seamstress. She also worked for Mrs. Stenta in Lussinpiccolo (today, Mali Losinj). In 1946, she married Dominic Valic in Unije. In 1948 their first child, Maria, was born, followed by their son Joseph two years later.

By this time, Unije had been ceded by Italy to Communist Yugoslavia. Letizia worked hard as a homemaker, while also helping her husband Dominic on the farm.

Although they were able to provide the necessities of life, Letizia dreamt of an easier and more fulfilling life, one that could also afford them those modern “luxuries” that were taken for granted by those living abroad. She also wished for a better life for her children. She was especially concerned about the Communist regime under which they were living and its godless way of life. She feared that her children would be indoctrinated into a secular world view hostile to religion.

Since emigration was legally forbidden by the Yugoslav regime, Letizia sought a way of escaping, by land or sea, from the clutches of Communism. This was a difficult decision fraught with risk of imprisonment, or even death, if caught by the police. There was also the ever present danger posed by fierce storms at sea that could easily sink a small boat in the middle of the Adriatic Sea. Despite all this, when her sister’s husband Iani told her in 1959 that his and another

family were planning to escape by boat, she implored him to take her family along. Since the boat was too small to safely carry four more people, he found yet another family willing to escape and take Letizia with them in their own boat. Not long after, the two boats stole away together one late night and started across the Adriatic. The next day sixteen people arrived safely in Ancona, Italy.

During her stay in Italy Letizia gave birth to her second daughter, Ausiliatrice. After spending a year and a half in refugee camps, her family emigrated to Trail, B.C., where her fourth child Dominic was born. A year later the family moved to Oshawa, Ontario, where her husband Dominic sought to improve his employment prospects. The move allowed her to live close to her sister Pina and a small but growing community of people from Unije and the nearby



Letizia (first from left) with her friends Helena Hroncich Picinich (from Srakane/Canidole), Rosaria Haglich, Maria (Helena’s niece), and Marina Carcich at the refugee camp in San Antonio Pontecagnano (near Naples) in 1959/60.



Festa in famiglia. From left, around the table: Iani Carcich (Pina's husband), Letizia's son Dominic Valic, her daughter Maria Valic Pahic, her son Joseph Valic, her sister Pina Carcich, Joe Pahic (Maria's husband), Letizia Carcich Valic, and her brother Piter (Peter) Carcich.

After retirement in 1986 she went back to Unije and rebuilt the family house that, in their absence, had fallen in ruin. She enjoyed going back to Unije for many more years during the warm months, improving the house year by year. Now her family from Canada and in-laws from Slovenia continue to enjoy and to care for the house.

When the challenges of living at home proved insurmountable, Letizia went to live in a retirement residence in Oshawa. Like many seniors in retirement homes during the Covid-19 pandemic, Letizia was forced by government

islands such as Cherso (Cres) and Lussin (Lošinj).

Once her young children could go to school, Letizia started working at the Chrysler auto trim plant in Ajax, Ontario. Here she was able to use her sewing skills to earn good wages and benefits. The additional income enabled her to indulge in the "luxuries" she had dreamt of in Unije, taking pleasure in the tangible results of hard work and perseverance. In Canada, unlike in Yugoslavia, she was able to send her children to Catholic schools to deepen their religious faith.

One unwavering passion that animated her life was dressmaking. She was always making clothes for herself, family, and friends, first as an economic necessity, but later as a very satisfying hobby. In Oshawa she had a room all to herself, spending much time there, indulging her creative and artistic flair in designing, cutting, and sewing garments. She proudly wore her outfits and enjoyed the compliments she received.

Letizia loved and cared deeply for her family, especially her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She lost her much beloved husband Dominic in 1981 and her beloved daughter Ausiliatrice in 1985. These were difficult times, but she took comfort in prayer and her strong faith.

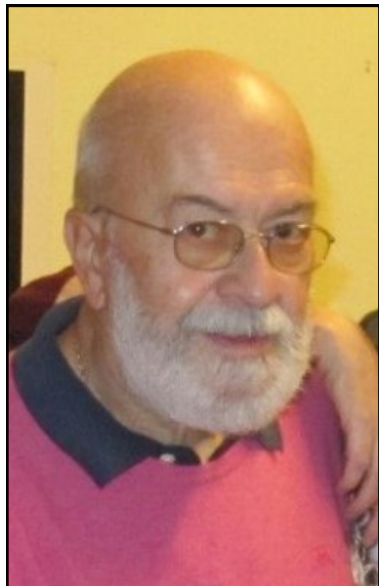
mandated restrictions to spend several months in isolation from her family. She persevered and never became infected with the virus. She passed away peacefully on 6 October 2020.

Joe Valic
(Oshawa)



***Tanti auguri a tutti i fiumani
per la festa di San Vito e Modesto***

LE RICETTE DI ADRIANO



Mousse di avocado e pesce spada.

Ingredienti per 6 persone:

- 3 avocados
- 90 g di pesce spada affumicato
- 150 g di panna da montare
- 2 bianchi d'uovo
- sale

Preparazione:

Tagliare il pesce spada a pezzetti, aprire gli avocados in due nel senso della lunghezza, levare il nocciolo e con lo scavino estrarne la polpa evitando di rompere il guscio che

deve essere riutilizzato.

Montare la panna, frullare il pesce spada, la polpa di avocado e gli albumi fino a ottenere un composto omogeneo.

Amalgamarvi la panna delicatamente e aggiungere il sale.

Con una tasca da pasticciere distribuire la mousse nella cavità degli avocados.

Mettere in frigo per circa un'ora prima di servire.

Zuppa di cozze all'isolana

Ingredienti per 6-8 persone:

- 2,5 kg di cozze grosse
- 150 g di cipolla finemente tritata
- 100 g di burro
- 80 g di farina 00
- 2 litri di latte (o brodo di pesce)
- 250 g di Emmenthal grattugiato
- 250 g di panna
- 5 tuorli d'uovo
- sale e pepe bianco

Preparazione:

Fondere il burro, aggiungere la cipolla e rosolare.

Spolverare con la farina, aggiungere il latte o il brodo caldo e continuare a mescolare.

Salare, pepare e cuocere a fuoco dolce per circa 10-15 minuti.

Saltare le cozze in padella, sgusciarle e passare con cura attraverso una salvietta il liquido formatosi per eliminare l'eventuale sabbia.

Versare le cozze e il sugo nel brodo precedentemente preparato.

Amalgamare i tuorli con la panna, il gruviera e mescolare alla zuppa.

Servire con crostini di pane imburattati.

Triglie alla dalmata

Ingredienti per 6 persone:

- 12 triglie di scoglio
- 600 g di pomodori tagliati a piccoli pezzi
- farina 00
- pane grattato
- prezzemolo tritato
- 1 spicchio di aglio
- 100 g di olio extra vergine d'oliva
- olio per friggere
- sale e pepe

Preparazione:

In una casseruola versare l'olio d'oliva, aggiungere i pomodori e l'aglio schiacciato, il prezzemolo, sale, pepe e cuocere la salsa

Infarinare le triglie e friggerle.

In una pirofila da forno mettere metà della salsa di pomodoro.

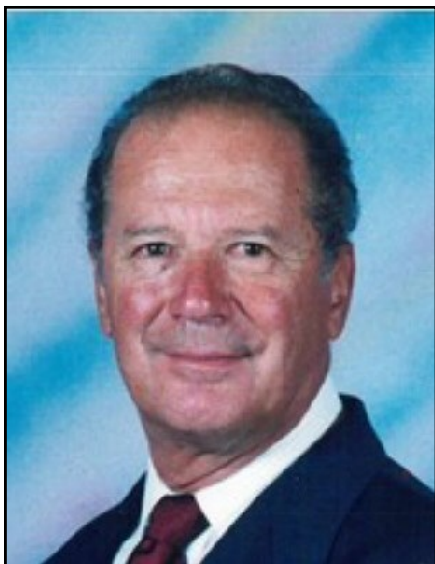
Sistemarvi quindi le triglie, ricoprirle con la rimanente salsa, cospargere con pane grattato, passare un leggero filo d'olio e gratinare in forno a 180 gradi C. (350 F.) per circa 10 minuti.

N.B. Per esaltare il colore rosso vivo del pesce i pescatori usano squamarlo subito dopo la cattura. La triglia di scoglio ha carni sode e di qualità superiore rispetto alla triglia di fango. Si può preparare alla griglia, in padella e al cartoccio.

Ricette tratte dal libro di Adriano Mellone, *Il cuoco dolce* (Treviso: Edizioni Antilia, 2018), pp. 12, 32, e 64.

Adriano Mellone è di origine lussignana. Per oltre 30 anni chef a Treviso e insegnante all'istituto alberghiero di Castelfranco, adesso che è in pensione prepara torte e biscotti con i bambini malati del reparto di Pediatria dell'Ospedale Ca' Foncello in un progetto di volontariato che lui chiama 'Biscotti in pigiama'.

IL NOSTRO CLUB HA PERSO DUE LUSSIGNANI DOC



Lo scorso 28 gennaio è scomparso **Bruno Martinolich**. Già socio del nostro Club, Bruno e sua moglie Loretta avevano partecipato a varie nostre feste finché l'età gli permetteva il viaggio da Oshawa, dove abitava.

Era nato a Lussinpiccolo l'8 agosto 1938, figlio di Giuseppe e Anna Martinolich. Nel 1950, all'età di 12

anni, andò con i genitori esule in Italia e visse per due anni e mezzo in campo profughi. Nel 1953 emigrò con i genitori in Sud Africa dove, una volta cresciuto, sposò Loretta Clai. Nel 1961 emigrò un'altra volta e venne in Canada, stabilendosi a Oshawa.

Felicemente sposato con Loretta per ben 60 anni, fu padre amorevole di Claudio (Sandra), Luisa (Angelo Bivi), e Paolo (Trish); nonno di Kayla, Daniel, Stephanie (Mason), Nicholas (Kate), Lauren, e Kirsten; e bisnonno speciale di Isabel, Colton, e Grayson.



Il 23 aprile il nostro socio **Benito "Ben" Minino** ci ha lasciati. Era nato a Lussinpiccolo il 15 gennaio 1930. Come tutti sanno, andava fiero delle sue radici lussignane e italiane, ma era anche grato dell'opportunità che gli fu concessa di stabilirsi in Canada e far sì che la sua famiglia potesse avere una buona vita e un futuro migliore.

Marito devoto di Narcisa per più di 60 anni, padre amorevole di Mike e John, era uomo di famiglia e lavoro. Dipendente per molti anni della St. Lawrence Cement a Clarkson, andato in pensione si dedicò al giardino di casa coltivando vari alberi da frutta e una grande varietà di verdure e ortaggi. Tra i suoi altri passatempi, c'erano le vacanze in campeggio in vari posti dell'Ontario e i giri in barca con la famiglia.

Noi del Club lo ricorderemo sempre come assiduo frequentatore delle nostre feste, pittore dei nostri standardi istriani, assistente cuoco al picnic, e affidabile allestitore del presepio all'annuale festa di San Niccolò. Ci mancherà tantissimo.

La passeggiata sotto i pini di Cigale, a Lussinpiccolo, che porta alla chiesetta della Madonna Annunziata, con l'ottocentesca Villa Carolina sullo sfondo. Luogo incantevole quanto sacro per i Lussignani.

Photo: Konrad Eisenbichler



IL NOTIZIARIO DELLA SEGRETERIA

Calendario delle nostre attività

In seguito all'epidemia del Covid-19, le nostre attività programmate per i prossimi mesi sono state rimandate a tempi migliori.

Auguriamo a tutti i nostri soci e abbonati salute e tranquillità in questi momenti di contagio ed ansia. Ce la faremo e ritorneremo ad incontrarci per *ciacolar* insieme e passare alcune ore in buona compagnia.

Per ulteriori informazioni sulle attività del Club chiamare il (289) 657-1550 o inviare un email a m.carusone46@gmail.com

Rinnovata la nostra pagina web

Il nostro web-master, Rob Braini, ha rinnovato la pagina web del nostro Club e aggiunto tante belle foto e informazioni!

Visitatela al sito:

<https://www.giulianodalmato.com>

Rinnovo iscrizione al Club e abbonamento a *El Boletín*

La pandemia del Covid-19 ci ha costretti a rimandare a data ancora incerta il nostro incontro generale annuale, ma il lavoro e le spese continuano.

Invitiamo, quindi, fervidamente tutti i nostri soci e abbonati a rinnovare la loro iscrizione e abbonamento al più presto cosicché evitare che il nostro Club cadda vittima, anche esso, della pandemia. Vi preghiamo di inviare il vostro assegno intestato al "Club Giuliano Dalmato" (vedi sotto). Questo ci permetterà di pagare le spese (specialmente quelle dell'affitto per le stanze del Club e quelle per la stampa e invio del *Boletín*).

**Un abbonamento a *El Boletín*
non costa tanto,
ma è un grande regalo
per una persona cara ...**

Nuovi soci e abbonati

Diamo un caloroso benvenuto ai nostri nuovi soci e abbonati:

Nicoletta Colle Raterman da Tottenham (Ontario)
Fernando Gonzalez da Toronto
Mario e Marilyn Sergi da Langley (British Columbia)

Donazioni

\$50 Giuseppina DeRoia in memory of Mario DeRoia
\$50 Giuseppina DeRoia in memory of Guido Braini
\$50 Joseph Braini
\$100 Nella Trendel
\$500 Sergio Kmet
\$500 Giovanna Myers
\$2000 Carlo Milessa

Un *Grazie!* di cuore per il vostro sostegno.

El Boletín

Direttore prof. Konrad Eisenbichler, F.R.S.C., *Comm.* O.M.R.I.
Editore Club Giuliano Dalmato di Toronto

Questo numero è stato preparato con l'assistenza e/o contributi di:
Diego Bastianutti, Astrid Castro, Marisa Delise Carusone, Grant Karcich, Katryna Klepacki, Francesca La Marca, Maura Lonzari, Yuanyuan (Christina) Ma, Ida Vodarich Marinzoli, Lucia Martinoli, Adriano Mellone, Carlo Milessa, Teresa Russo, Marilyn Sergi, Rosanna Turcinovich Giuricin, Joe Valic, Liliana Zugna e il periodico *Il Dalmata*.

Le opinioni espresse dai diversi collaboratori non sono necessariamente quelle del Club Giuliano Dalmato di Toronto o della Direzione di questo bollettino.

Tassa d'iscrizione al Club

Junior (15 anni o meno d'età):	gratis
Giovani (16-29 anni d'età):	\$35
Adulti (30+ anni d'età):	\$50

Abbonamenti a *El Boletín*: versione cartacea: \$40
versione elettronica: \$20

Intestare l'assegno al "Club Giuliano Dalmato" e inviarlo a:
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ISSN: 1923-1466 (print), 1923-1474 (online)

IN GIRO PER VOI — SANVINCENTI



Il paesetto medievale di Sanvincenti (oggi Svetvinčnat), paese natale del nostro collaboratore Mario Sergi (vedi pp. 13-14), è cresciuto intorno ad un'abbazia benedettina dell'Istria centro-meridionale. La sua più antica chiesa risale al XIV secolo. La facciata del duomo in stile dalmata è del primo Cinquecento.



degli affreschi del XV secolo in stile veneziano che narrano la vita della santa.

(Foto: Konrad Eisenbichler)



La città vanta una splendida fortezza e il bellissimo Palazzo Morosini-Grimani, ristrutturato in stile rinascimentale nel 1589 dal nobile veneziano Marino Grimani (1532-1605), che pochi anni dopo, nel 1595, fu eletto doge di Venezia. Il palazzo fu bruciato nel 1945 e rimase abbandonato fino agli anni '90, quando fu riportato alla sua bellezza originale.

La chiesa di Santa Caterina, sulla strada che porta al paese, ha un magnifico loggiato di fronte e, all'interno,

