

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

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NAME OF INTERVIEWEE: Gloria Miron & Richard Ladyk

NAME OF INTERVIEWER: Christine Sansalone

NAME OF VIDEOGRAPHER: Julian Colilli

TRANSCRIBED BY: Lisa Kadey

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ABSTRACT

Cousins Gloria Miron and Richard Ladyk describe the internment of their grandfather, Emilio Galardo. This interview is a follow-up to one with Richard's mother, Beatrice (Galardo) Ladyk. Emilio was arrested at his photography studio along with his son, Pasquale, and his friend, Oscar. The Chief of Police, who was a former friend of Emilio's, was the arresting officer. Emilio was a gun collector and was accused of collecting the guns for use in the war. The police searched his house looking for guns; the confiscated guns were never returned to him or his family. Emilio was interned at Camp Petawawa for nearly three years. When his family tried to visit him, they were turned away. When Gloria's mother discovered that Emilio was being held

without charges, she drove to Ottawa in order to find the judge that signed the papers that interned him. The judge confirmed that no charges were laid and two weeks later Emilio was released. The internment broke Emilio's spirit and he never regained his dignity. Gloria describes his photography that is currently on file with the City of Sudbury. She also reads aloud a translation of a poem that Emilio wrote during his internment.

INTERVIEW

GM: Gloria Miron, interviewee

RL: Richard Ladyk, interviewee

BL: Beatrice (Galardo) Ladyk, mother of Richard Ladyk and aunt of Gloria Miron

CS: Christine Sansalone, interviewer

[Title screen]

[Fades in at 00:00:11]

CS: We're here—uh, we're still here at, uh, Mrs., uh, Gloria Miron's house and, uh, this is our second interview with, uh, Mrs., uh, Gloria Miron and, uh, uh, her cous—her cousin, Richard, uh, Ladyk. Okay. And he is, uh, Mrs., uh, Beatrice Galardo's son. And Mrs. Gloria Miron is the granddaughter of, uh, Emilio Galardo. Okay. Um, so, uh, Mrs. Miron, where were you born and, and when? If you can tell—you don't have to tell—

GM: [Laughs] That's fine.

CS: —tell us your age, but—

GM: No, actually, I'm proud of it. I was born on February 14th, 1943 in Sudbury at St. Joe's Hospital.

CS: Okay. And, uh, when were you born?

RL: Two months later.

[Laughter in room]

CS: In Sudbury?

RL: In Sud—in Sudbury. A-April '43.

GM: Mm.

CS: Okay, very good. Um, so, tell me a, a little bit about your family, your parents, your grandparents and siblings.

GM: Okay, well, my siblings, I have two sisters—

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: —and a brother.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And my parents, uh, my dad was Pa—was Pasquale, Emilio's oldest boy. My mother was, uh, a Flu— a Flumiani[?]. Uh, and she wa—she was born in Canada, and so was my dad, they were both born here. And we had a very, um...warm, friendly family, as all the Galardos are.

CS: Okay.

GM: And we were raised with that, very much so.

CS: Good. Very good. Um, would you like to add to that, or— [Laughs]

[Long pause]

RL: Uh, what do you want me to tell you?

CS: Um...

RL: I have, I have, uh, six sisters.

CS: Six sisters.

RL: Five, five, five sisters.

GM: Mm hmm.

CS: Okay.

RL: And, uh, I'm the only boy.

GM: Ooh.

[Laughter in room]

GM: I will—

RL: And I'm the oldest.

[Unknown female voice, *Beato fra le donne*]

GM: Yeah. I will tell you, when all the grandchildren were born, of the Galardos, there were—
Richard was the only boy, with 17 granddaughters, before another boy was born.

CS: Wow.

GM: And we have the group picture, uh, unfortunately it's not here, it's at, it's at our camp right
now. And we have a picture with all the grandchildren on the day of my *nonni's* funeral.

CS: Wow.

GM: Yeah, and he was the only boy with all these girls.

CS: Okay.

RL: So, I may be a little prejudiced.

[Laughter in room]

CS: Okay.

[Coughing in room]

CS: Um, what do you remember about your childhood?

GM: My childhood?

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: A very happy, um, good childhood. My childhood, I, I lived on Louis Street with *nonni* Galardo and my aunt Margaret—

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: —and my parents and my two sisters, because my—our brother was 17 years later.

CS: Okay.

GM: But, uh, I remember going to St. Aloysius School, the same as my auntie Beatrice went to Al—St. Aloysius, and that's where we started school. And we left Louis Street, uh, in, when I was in grade three, and that's when my auntie Beatrice and her husband and their chil—her—Richard and his sister, Susan, moved down from Timmins to move in with my *nonni*.

CS: Okay.

GM: Because our family bought a house and moved on.

CS: Very good, okay. Um, now, let's talk about, uh, your grandfather's experience.

GM: Mm hmm.

CS: [Sound of paper rustling] Um, can you describe through what your family has told you, um, when the police came for, for your grandfather? What—

GM: Okay. Everything I know is what was reiterated to me—

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: —via my mother and my father.

CS: Okay.

GM: Uh, I was told that when they did come to the studio to take him, the, uh—my dad was there, along with another good friend of his, Oscar Secutti[?]. They arrested Oscar and my dad and my *nonno*. My, uh—the police chief was a good friend of my *nonno*'s. When he came to take him, he was not a friend. And my *nonno* also collected guns. He was a gun collector. So, they accused him of, uh, having these guns for, uh—to...use in case of war, whatever.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: So, they confiscated his guns at the studio. They arrested them there. They brought them all to jail. And they, they kept my dad and Oscar in jail for three days before they released

them. But they kept my *nonno*. They also went to Lou—Louis Street, as my aunt said, and I remember them saying that they went through the whole house. They were looking for more guns. They found whatever he had, but very few, because he didn't have a lot. But what he did have were collectors guns.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And they took the—they confiscated them all.

BL: But he had hunting guns.

GM: Hunting guns?

BL: Hunting guns, to go hunting.

GM: Yeah, yeah.

CS: Hmm.

GM: And they confiscated them all. They were never returned, ever returned to him.

CS: Oh.

GM: No.

CS: Okay.

[00:05:29]

GM: Uh, then they took him to Petawawa. And they released my dad. They released Oscar. I believe, if I'm—remember correctly, they also took Mr. Secutti[?] Sr. But then they released him as well. And they released him. They didn't keep him. But the—what they did was they took the prominent Italians who had made a name in the community, and Dr. [Luigi Filippo] Pancaro and that, so that the other Italians would know not to step out of line.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: Now, that's what mother and father told me.

CS: Mm gmm.

GM: Now, he was in Petawawa a year—a little over a year before they found out where he was. They didn't let the families know where they were. They had no idea where my *nonno* was. Then they found out he was in Petawawa. When they did, my dad and my mo—and you have to remember, through this time, my mother and father were not married. And Mimmo, my father's younger brother, Domenico, which they called Mimmo, they got married, then my mom and dad got married. All this time—because my *nonno* didn't want his sons to get married until they were 30. But they knew that if they got married younger, they could help with the family, because there was the younger ones at home. My dad had the business. Mimmo was working for his future father-in-law in his garage. So they decided they'd get married anyway so that they could help with the business, because my dad was running it. My mother then left her job, went into the studio to help my dad. And through all this, the Canadian government conscripted my uncle Mimmo and my dad to go to wa—fight for Canada in the Armed Forces here. Mimmo was accepted. My father was not because of his one eye. So, they let him go, but they kept Mimmo and they put him into the Air Force as a mechanic, and he went to the east

coast. That's where he was. Then when they found out he was in Petawawa, my mother and father and my *nonni* made food and everything, and my mother said they drove all the way to Ottawa. They got past the first gate. They got past the second gate. And at the third gate, all the troops came at them with the guns and said to them, "Who are you? How did you get here? Who do you think you're going to see?" And they told them, and they said, "No, no, no, no." And sent them back and would not let them see my, my *nonno*.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: So, they came back. A year—about a year later, uh, my mother found out that there were no charges laid against these men in Petawawa.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: They were just taken, no charges.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: So, they went—and unfortunately I should have written down the judge's name. And I'm so sorry I didn't. They drove all the way to Ottawa [sniffles], and they went to this judge's house, the man who had signed the papers that said that they were in Petawawa, this judge, I wished I had his name. And they went to him, and they went to his home, and the butler answered the door and would not allow them in. And my mother said, "We just want to speak to him. On what charges are they holding my father-in-law, Mr. Galardo?"

CS: Hmm.

GM: And he said, "I'm sorry, you cannot speak to him, he has other commitments." And the judge came to the door and said, "Can I help you?" And my mother told him why they were there, and he invited them in. And he said, "I will talk to you tomorrow." Which he did, and he said, "We have no charges against him. Go back to Sudbury." Two weeks later, my *nonno* walked in the front door of the house on Louis Street, three months ahead of Dr. Pancaro, and any other people who were interred.

CS: Wow.

GM: And there was no papers with him, no nothing. They drove him home, they dropped him off, and that was it. And he walked through the front door. But as my father said, he walked in a broken man.

CS: Mm hmm. Yeah.

GM: He was never the same. [Says quietly]

CS: Yup.

GM: So, that I can tell you, because that's what I was told, yeah.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And he never, he never regained his dignity. My grandfather spoke, uh—he was fluent in French, fluent in Italian, and in English, and that's how he raised his family, with almost three languages. My father was educated at Sacred Heart College. He was fluent in all three languages. And my grandfather had a beautiful speaking voice, apparently, eh, auntie? He used

to, uh, he used to be asked to give the eulogies at the Italian friends' funerals and, and he would be asked to speak at some of the weddings because of his command of the three languages. And when he came back, my father said nothing, nothing la—and, uh, he died on New Year's Eve, in 1945, a broken man. And he was only 60—how old?

BL: Seven.

GM: Sixty-seven years old. And he was a bro—and my father said he died of a broken heart.

[00:10:57]

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And he called himself a, a *professore* because he was very well trained in the photography fields. He was, uh, uh, a wonderful photographer, really. His work is outstanding. Uh, through—because I remained in the business over the years, his work—I gave his work to the Kodak reps in Toronto. They took it down, they couldn't believe the lighting and the work that he did. They said that he was an absolutely outstanding photographer. And, uh, and, uh, as a result, he lost all of that. He never went back into the studio again or anything when he came back. He was finished, he really was.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And he—but, he was very, very good at what he did.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: His work is outstanding. And all his work and that, whatever I had—my husband and I, I should say—whatever was left with the business and that, 'cause there was two major fires for the studio, and they lost a lot of everything. Uh, but what we had left and were able to retain, now is all with the City of Sudbury. And that's where it's all on file, whatever we could. And in that Sudbury Centennial, uh, we did a show, we showed 650 pieces of work of my father's and my *nonno's*, and very well-received in Sudbury. And that is now all with the City of Sudbury at the Sudbury Regional Library.

CS: Very good.

GM: Yeah, but, uh, the family, um, from that...stayed together strong, very loving. Nothing like the Galardo family for love.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: My mother always said that. She said, uh, "I came from an Italian family," she said, "which was love," she said, "but boy, I really knew what a lot of love was when I came to the Galardos."

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: My mother always said that. Am I right, auntie?

BL: Yeah.

GM: Eh? Yeah. She always said that. She says it was a treat to have married into the family.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: So...

CS: Was, uh, he allowed—would—did the family receive any letters from him while he was in the camp?

GM: That, I don't know. That, I can't tell you, because for the first year, almost over a year, they weren't allowed to communicate at all. They didn't even know where he was.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: So, after that, if there were letters, I never saw or heard of any. I couldn't tell you, dear. That, I don't know. I know—I have a poem that he wrote while he was in camp. I have the original, and I have copies for you of that.

CS: Would you be able to read the poem for us on the, on the, uh, recording?

[Audio fades out at 00:13:43]

[Audio fades in at 00:13:44]

GM: This is, this is what he wrote. "In a concentration camp, I saw rich and poor thrown together in a pit of hell. All worried and sad that they had to make amends. I saw people of all cultures, sorts of different languages. I knew them, all good people, delivering their sad lot in life. On Sunday, kneeling, we listened to the divine word of Father [Benedetto Basilio] Maltempo, with the hope in our hearts to see family and spouses once again. A small group of friends learned, comforted each other, all teachers and I, a professor, wanted to be called for

our honour. Sad memories. Emilio Galardo, Sudbury, September, 1941.” And on the originals, he has Petawawa [sound of paper rustling]—he has written “Petawawa, *ricordo*.” And then on this one here, see? He wrote “Sudbury” on one, he wrote “Petawawa” on the other one.

CS: ‘Cause in 1941, he was in Petawawa still?

GM: Oh, yes.

CS: Yes.

GM: That’s right. He came home at the end of 19—somewhere around the end—they took him in ’39.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: He was gone in ’40. My parents were married in ’40. Mimmo and Beryl[?] were married in ’39, all while he was gone.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: They had their wedding—well, family gatherings—

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: —in their living rooms, that’s where they were married.

CS: Okay.

GM: At Christ the King, and then in the living rooms, yeah.

CS: Okay. So, uh, Mrs. Miron has just finished reading a poem that her grandfather wrote while he was in, uh, Petawawa—a translation of the poem.

GM: Mm hmm.

CS: Yeah, the poem—the original was written in Italian. [Sound of paper rusting] Um, very good. Did—just a few more questions. Do—did—do you know of any details, uh, of him, uh, recounting any details of his life, wh-what kind of life he had in the camp?

[00:15:47]

GM: In the camp?

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: My father said he never wanted to talk about it.

CS: Okay.

GM: He just did not want to talk about it. He said it was the sa—it was too sad to talk about, I remember. And my father, who was a real, um—my father was a real *simpatico*, he really was. He didn't like to talk about it, either.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And as a matter of fact, he wanted us to keep it very, very quiet, that my, that my *nonno* had been interred in the war. And with the business, it, it—when we were doing Sudbury Centennial, my dad would say, “No, no, you can’t tell anybody about that. That’s, that you’re not supposed to talk about that.” And I remember all that very strong, my father did not want this to really be public knowledge. It was after my father’s death, in 1985, when a gentleman came to the Caruso Club in Sudbury with his book, *La—uh, Canadese*.

CS: Mm hmm.

BL: [Unclear]

GM: And, I met him, and it was, um, Caroline, Dr. Pancaro’s daughter—

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: —who called me, and asked me to go, and I brought my mother with me. And we met him, and he had written the book. We had not seen or heard of anything of the book till that day. And from that time on, I thought, Why should this be kept a secret? Because I always said to my dad, “Why didn’t you speak Italian at home?” None of us spoke Italian, my sisters or I, because it would have been so nice to have the other language. And my mother always used to say, “Your dad was too frightened if you went out on the street and used an Italian word, as you girls got older, someone might come back at you because of it, because of his father.”

CS: Oh.

GM: So, that's what I was told as we got older. So, that's why there was no—my mother and father spoke—my mother...knew of Italian, but spoke—became fluent in it after she married into the Galardo family. And my *nonni* spoke part English, part Italian, a little bit of French. [Laughs] She put it all together, you know, because of everything here in Canada. And they all spoke Italian in the home, but none of us children do. We weren't spoke to in Italian to—and there was reason for it.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: There really, really was. Yeah.

CS: Mm hmm, okay.

GM: So, that—uh, that's as much as I know. Um, as—Richard do you know any more than me?

RL: No, I'm just thinking *mamma*, remember you were saying that, uh, during the internment, wasn't there some, uh, petitions made up by, by the, uh, local mayors—

BL: Well, they were—

RL: —and that, and, uh, mayor, le-legal people, uh, that were to—

BL: The mayors, a lawyer that was a very good friend of his, and, uh, a lot of the, uh, influential people knew of my father. And, uh, he knew them all, they were all friends, the police chief, everything else. But after that—but they were sent, uh...uh, you know, signed papers for my brother—

RL: Petition.

BL: —to bring to Ottawa, to show the judge there that he was well respected in Sudbury.

CS: Mm hmm.

BL: But they're—

RL: We don't have any of them, but—

GM: I know, unfortunately.

BL: Yeah.

RL: That's—but, uh, apparently there was, uh, three or four occasions that the local, uh, uh, business, uh, people and a legal, uh, fraternity had signed petitions that he was vouching for him as a—

BL: Yeah.

RL: —as a good, uh, citizen, etcetera. And, uh, we don't have copies of them, but they were sent to, uh, to Ottawa.

GM: Hmm. See, the studio in Sudbury was part of the Huron Chambers, uh, downtown on Elm Street. And the Huron Chambers was all, uh, prominent lawyers. And that's where the studio was in downtown Sudbury. And so he was very par—he was very, very well respected in the community.

BL: Yeah.

GM: And for what he did. Very accomplished photographer. Beautiful, beautiful work.

CS: Mm hmm. I've seen some of his pictures, yeah.

GM: Yeah, beautiful work, yeah.

CS: Mm hmm, okay. Very well, and just, uh—

BL: Well, that's the way it went.

GM: Yeah.

CS: —one, uh, one last question.

GM: They broke a family, that's what they did.

[Unknown female voice, They broke lots of families.]

GM: Yeah.

CS: Mm hmm. How did, uh, uh—did you receive any kind of community support besides from the letters that were sent, the petition letters? Any other kind of community—did, did your grandfather, or, or his—or your father receive any kind of community support, either Italian community or...

GM: Not that I know of.

CS: No?

GM: Not that I know of, no. With them, it was, uh—it became a survival thing.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: Because, um, the studio had to survive. My father had the siblings all at home to feed.

[00:20:45]

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: Right, auntie? And, and the house and, uh—

BL: Mm hmm.

GM: —to keep going.

RL: She was only 13.

GM: And—eh?

RL: She was only 13 when they took him. [Laughs]

GM: Yeah, she was only 13 when they—and, and her two sisters, and the brother was seven years younger than my dad.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And, um, my father went into the studio full-time at that point, he was not a, a full-time photographer when all this happened.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: He had to jump in and take over.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: Because it was the only way to keep going.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: He saw—he saw himself going further in education, but that was the end of that.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: And it changed everybody's lives.

CS: Okay.

GM: Everybody's lives got very turned around, mm hmm.

CS: Mm hmm. Okay, very good. Um, and do you know if, uh—how he was treated when he came back to Sudbury? How he was treated by the community?

GM: No, that I don't know.

CS: No?

GM: Other than he became very reclusive, and just wanted to stay home. He was a broken man.

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: He lost all his dignity. He never wear a tie, he always wore a bow, because he sa—he figured, he figured he was like an artist—

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: —in his trade. And he used to call himself, like, *artista*, and, and he was very, very proud of what he was—

CS: Mm hmm.

GM: —and what he did. And, uh, that was all stripped—that was taken away from him completely.

CS: Okay.

GM: He also played, uh, ma—uh, no, *nonni* played mandolin, what did he play?

BL: Guitar.

GM: Guitar. And he, he played, I know, at—my father used to say he played guitar at the camp.

CS: Okay.

GM: He played music at the camp, because somehow they got instruments or something, and he played guitar at the camp. And *nonni* was mandolin, right?

RL: Yeah.

GM: And he was, he was guitar.

CS: Okay.

GM: Yes.

CS: Perfect.

GM: Mm hmm, yeah.

CS: Okay.

GM: I know that.



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BL: Yeah.

CS: Well, thank you very much.

GM: Oh, you're very— [Says as audio fades out]

[Fades out at 00:22:36]

[End of interview]