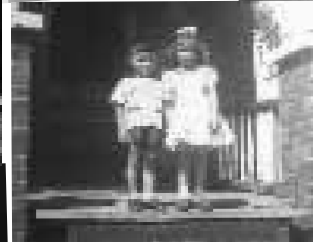




# IL POSTINO



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**Submissions**

We welcome submissions, letters, articles, story ideas and photos. All materials for editorial consideration must be double spaced, include a word count, and your full name, address and phone number. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit all submissions for length, clarity and style.

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## Editorial

This is the first issue of *Il Postino*. Other issues will follow every month.

As the name of our paper suggests, the focus will be the Italian-Canadian community of the Ottawa area, its past, its present and its prospects for the future, as seen by members of the community themselves and by members of other communities.

We cannot say that *Il Postino* will be the diary of the population of Ottawa which is of Italian descent, that it will record each and every event, each and every concern, each and every image of our community. Since we will appear only once a month, opinion and response to the news will be as important as just straightforward reporting of news items. Selective though we must be, we do, however, accept the role that the mere fact of publishing confers upon us. We do intend to act as a kind of memory. One of our priorities will be to document the history of the Italian-Canadians who have lived in our city or who currently live in it. We will give

voice to the personal, individual stories that have made and that make our history, so that our children, and some day their children, may read and know and understand who we have been, and so that the diversity of our city may be better remembered.

With respect to the Italian-Canadian community, it is one of our primary goals to serve as a venue where the views of both the immigrant generation and the generation born in Canada are represented. We hope to be able to bring young and old around the same table in frank and open discussion, as readers and, whenever possible, as contributors.

*Il Postino* will print articles in Italian, English and French. Why? Because we wish to acknowledge and indeed affirm the multilingual character of our city and because we consider our audience to be anyone interested in community affairs.

We ask for your support and look forward to hearing from you.

## Éditorial

Qui d'entre nous n'a jamais entendu de question du genre « Vous êtes italien? Alors vous devez vous y connaître en maçonnerie! »? Il n'y a pas si longtemps encore, les idées reçues voulaient qu'une authentique personne d'origine italienne sache fabriquer les raviolis, cultiver un potager fabuleux et pousser la ballade napolitaine presque aussi bien que Pavarotti.

Heureusement, on n'en est plus là. Bien que certains clichés - positifs ou négatifs — aient parfois la vie dure, les multiples facettes de l'Italie du troisième millénaire sont de mieux en mieux connues et appréciées, dans la région et partout au Canada. Mais jusqu'à quel point la collectivité italo-canadienne de la région de la capitale nationale se connaît-elle elle-même? Comprend-elle et chérit-elle sa diversité autant qu'elle le devrait? Et les autres collectivités ethniques de la région se rendent-elles compte qu'il existe bel et bien une spécificité italo-canadienne?

*Il Postino* se propose non seulement de parler

d'elle-même à la collectivité italo-canadienne d'Ottawa-Carleton, mais aussi de la mieux faire connaître à ceux et celles qui la côtoient.

On retrouvera chaque mois dans *Il Postino*, en italien, en anglais et en français, des articles sur les événements et les gens d'ici ainsi que sur nombre de sujets intéressants comme la santé, la psychologie, la gastronomie, la beauté et les sports. Les familles et les jeunes sont les principaux publics cibles de notre publication, tirée à 8 000 exemplaires : quelque 4 000 familles d'origine italienne recevront ce premier numéro par la poste tandis que 4 000 autres exemplaires seront distribués dans la région. *Il Postino* est une publication communautaire à but non lucratif financée par la vente d'espace publicitaire et d'abonnements.

Il n'en coûte que 20 \$ pour recevoir 12 numéros. Bonne lecture et au plaisir de recevoir vos commentaires!

## Editoriale

*Il Postino* è la persona che ci porta le notizie da tutte le parti del globo. (Sì, ci porta anche i conti, ma quelli lasciamoli stare per adesso.) Il titolo del nostro giornale si rifà al film di Michael Radford *Il Postino* il cui calore e la cui intimità hanno conquistato giovani e vecchi in tutto il mondo. Il film racconta l'amicizia tra un poeta in esilio e il postino che ogni giorno gli porta le notizie dal mondo, al quale il primo non ha accesso. Tutto si svolge vicino a Napoli nella meravigliosa isola di Procida, dove, si trovano magiche coste rocciose, spiagge sassose e le strade piene di fascino e dove insieme al suono delle onde e del vento crescono limoni, arance e mandarini.

Anche se vive in un posto quasi desolato dal resto del mondo il postino Mario Ruoppolo (Massimo Troisi) riesce a consegnare la posta al poeta cileno Pablo Neruda (Phillippe Noiret). In poco tempo la sincerità e naturalezza del postino ("Le mie parole arrivano

dove le mani non possono") conquistano il cuore un po' distratto ed egocentrico del poeta.

Il nostro *Postino* naturalmente non mancherà di portare notizie dall'Italia. Ma l'attenzione principale andrà alla comunità italo-canadese, al suo presente, al suo passato e alle prospettive per il futuro. Un ruolo di rilievo sarà dato alle storie delle persone che hanno fatto o che, pensiamo, faranno la differenza per gli italo-canadesi. Troverete, infine, articoli dedicati ad avvenimenti culturali, e tante altre cose ancora, da ricette di cucina poco conosciute, a consigli su come mantenere la bellezza del corpo e dell'anima.

*Il Postino* arriverà alla vostra porta con sincerità, energia ed affetto. La poesia, diceva il postino del film, appartiene non a quelli che scrivono, ma a quelli che ne hanno bisogno, a quelli che la leggono. Noi crediamo che così dovrebbe essere per un giornale. Per il nostro giornale, in ogni caso.

Buona lettura a tutti!

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Memories / Ricordi

# Growing up Italian

## “No One Covers the Fig Tree”

by Giacomo Moscatelli



I was well into adulthood before I realized that I was a Canadian. Of course, I had been born in Canada and had lived here all my life, but somehow it never occurred to me that just being a citizen of Canada meant that I was a Canadian. Canadians were people who ate peanut butter and jelly on mushy white bread that came out of plastic bags. Me? I was Italian.

For me, as I am sure for most second generation Italian-Canadian children who grew up in the 40's and 50's, there was a definite distinction to draw between Us and Them. We were Italians. Everybody else, the English, the French, the Irish, Germans, Poles, they were the “inglesi”. There was no animosity involved in that distinction, no prejudice, no hard feelings, just... well... we were sure that ours was a better way. For instance, we had a bread man, a fruit and vegetable man, a chicken man; we even had a man who sharpened knives and scissors right outside our homes. They were part of the many peddlers who plied the Italian neighborhoods. We would wait for their call, their yell, their individual distinctive sounds. We knew them all and they knew us. The Canadians... they went to the A&P for most of their foods... what a waste.

Truly, I pitied their loss. They never knew the pleasure of waking up every morning to find a hot, crisp loaf of Italian bread waiting behind the screen door. And instead of being able to climb up on the back of the peddler's truck a couple of times a week just to hitch a ride, most of my “inglesi” friends had to be satisfied by walking with their Mamas to the store.

When it came to food, it always amazed me that my friends and classmates only ate turkey on Thanksgiving Day or Christmas. Or rather, that they only ate turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce. Now, we Italians, we also had turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce, but only after we had finished the antipasto, soup, lasagna, meatballs, salad and whatever else

Mama thought might be appropriate for that particular holiday.

The turkey was usually accompanied by a roast of some kind (this was just in case somebody walked in who didn't like turkey) and it was followed by an assortment of fruits, nuts, pastries, cakes, and, of course, the homemade cookies sprinkled with little colored things. No holiday was complete without some home baking; none of that store-bought stuff for us. This was where you learned to eat a seven course meal between noon and 4 P.M.; how to handle hot chestnuts and put peach wedges in red wine. My friends ate cornmeal mush. We did too, but only after Mama covered it with sauce, sausages and meatballs... we called it polenta... now it's a gourmet food... Mama must have known it all the time.

### A romance with food.

I truly believe Italians live a romance with food. Sunday was the big day of the week. That was the day you'd wake up to the smell of garlic and onions frying in olive oil, as it dropped into the pan. Sunday we always had sauce and macaroni. Sunday would not be Sunday without going to Mass. Of course, you couldn't eat before Mass because you had to fast before receiving communion. But, the good part was that we knew when we got home we'd find hot meatballs frying, and nothing tasted better than newly fried meatballs and crisp bread dipped into a pot of hot sauce.

There was another difference between us and them. We had gardens, not just flower gardens, but huge gardens where we grew tomatoes, tomatoes, and more tomatoes. We ate them, cooked them, and jarred them. Of course, we also grew peppers, basil, lettuce and squash. Everybody had a grapevine and a fig tree, and in the fall everybody made homemade wine. Then, when the kegs were opened, everyone argued over whose

wine tasted the best. Those gardens thrived because we also had something that our Canadian friends didn't seem to have... we had grandparents. Of course, it's not that they didn't have grandparents; it's just that they didn't live in the same house or on the same block. Their presence wasn't that noticeable. We ate with our grandparents, and God forbid if we didn't visit them at least 5 times a week. I can still remember my grandfather telling us about how he came to Canada as a young man, on the “boat”. How the family lived in a tenement and took in boarders in order to make ends meet. How he decided that he didn't want his children, five sons and two daughters, to grow up in that environment. All of this, of course, in his own version of Italian/English which I learned to understand quite well.

**“They had achieved their goal in coming to Canada... Now their children and their children's children were achieving the same goals that were available to them in this great country.”**

So, when they saved enough money, and I never still can figure out how, they bought a house. That house served as the family headquarters for the next 40 years. I remember how they hated to leave the house for any reason. They would rather sit on the back

porch and watch their garden grow. When they did leave for some special occasion, they had to return as quickly as possible... after all, “nobody is watching the house”.

I also remember, the holidays when all the relatives would gather at my grandparents' house and there would be tables full of food and homemade wine. The women in the kitchen, the men in the living room, and the kids... kids everywhere. I must have a thousand cousins, first cousins and second and some friends who just became cousins, but it didn't matter. Then my grandfather, sitting in the middle of it all, his pipe in his mouth, his fine mustache trimmed, would smile and his dark eyes would twinkle as he surveyed his domain, proud of his family and how well his children had done. One was a cop, one was a fireman, the others had their trades, and of course there was always the rogue about whom nothing was said. The girls? They had all married well and had fine husbands, although my grandfather secretly seemed to suspect the one son-in-law who wasn't Italian. But out of all of this one thing that we all had for each other was respect.

They had achieved their goal in coming to Canada; to Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, or Timmins. Now their children and their children's children were achieving the same goals that were available to them in this great country. When my grandparents died a few years ago, things began to change. Family gatherings were fewer and something seemed to be missing. Although, when we did get together, usually at my mother's house, I always had a feeling that they were there.

### Things change

It is understandable that things change. Everyone now has families of their own and grandchildren of their own. Today we visit once or twice a year, or we meet at wakes or weddings. Other things have also changed. The old house my grandparents bought is now covered with aluminum siding. A green lawn covers the soil that grew the tomatoes. There was no one to cover the fig tree, so it died.

The holidays have changed. Yes, we still make the family ‘rounds’ but somehow the things have become more formal. The great quantity of food we once consumed without any ill effects is no good for us anymore. Too much starch; too much cholesterol; too many calories in the pastries. And nobody bothers to bake anymore... too busy. It's easier to buy it... and anyway... too much is not good for you.

The differences between “us” and “them” aren't so easily defined anymore, and I guess that's good. My grandparents were Italian-Italians, my parents were Italian-Canadians, I'm a Canadian-Italian, and my children are Canadian-Canadian. Oh, I am a Canadian, and proud of it. Just as my grandparents would want me to be. We are all Canadians now... the Irish, Germans, the Poles... Canadian citizens all. But, somehow, I still feel a little bit Italian. Call it culture, call it roots, I'm not sure what it is. All I do know is that my children, my nieces and my nephews have been cheated out of a wonderful piece of heritage... they never knew my grandparents.

Interview / Intervista

# Mary Ierullo

## An angel from the 'Italian Village'

by Zeljka Gaspar

I met Mrs. Mary Ierullo one Friday morning when the harsh sound of an ongoing construction machine was drowned out by the voices of children who were playing on Willow St. where Mrs. Ierullo's house is located. The sign on the door read: "This house is protected by ANGELS". And really, the moment I came in I was surrounded by angels.

They were everywhere: on walls, in the garden, in photos. But the most important one was sitting right beside me. Mary Ierullo has done so much for the Italian-Canadian community that she could truly be called an angel.

This proud lady seems to be the first in many things. She was the first Italian woman real estate broker in Ottawa and Canada, and most probably in North America as well. While working as a court interpreter for Lyle Gillespie, the Special Examiner's Office where the client and his lawyer would document discovery examinations prior to court proceedings, Mary Ierullo once spent six successive hours translating from Italian into English and vice versa: "They stood up and gave me a standing ovation. No one has ever been able to go through a solid six hours without stopping", says Mrs. Ierullo.

Also, she and her husband honoured St. Anthony in 1953 by putting out the Italian, Vatican, and Canadian flags. "After this others in the village did the same", says Mrs. Ierullo. There is a glow in her eyes that you can notice each time she speaks about '[her] village' and its people. "We called this the Italian Village, because for us it was an extension of the home that we had left behind", says Mrs. Ierullo. "We had our church, we had our school, we had our village".

Mary Nazarena Dolores Parotta arrived in Ottawa at the age of eight with her mother, uncle, and grandmother on the first day of the year 1929. They originally came from the lower portion of the Italian peninsula, Calabria, like a majority of Italian families at the time. (Her uncle Bruno Messina came to Canada in 1909, while her two aunts went to Argentina in 1920).

"My generation has gone through depression, we have gone through the war, we have been able to mix and blend with people from different countries who moved here like ourselves. Fortunately, most of us did not have the scars that the later years brought in, the scars of fugitives. I, who worked as an interpreter with the immigration, could not only hear their pain, but I could feel their pain", says Mrs. Ierullo.

She explained to me that the focal point at all times was the Church of St. Anthony. "One day in 1954 Father Jerome, who was the priest at the time, called me and said: 'Mary, we are having a difficult time and I am wondering if you would be able to help out?'" A large number of Italians

came at that time from Sault Sainte-Marie and South Porcupine where they had worked in the mine and where there was no job for them. They all came to Ottawa. They did not have the place to stay, so Mrs. Ierullo and her husband, Vincent, together with other people from the 'Village' put out their helping hand.

**"I think that what made this community unique was the old fashioned dignity and respect that one holds for the other, which is a wonderful gift."**

together, supported, and helped each other. We all worked together."

When I asked Mrs. Ierullo if people still remember how much she did for the community she answered with an assuring "Oooh, yes. They phoned when I fell; they had cards and flowers sent. Oh, yes. But the most important thing for me is that warmth that I feel when I pick up the phone and somebody says: 'Signora, mi aiutate?'"

As a young girl, Mary Ierullo dreamt of becoming a nun. However, on the advice of Mother St. Thomas Aquinas she "opened [her] heart to God and accepted the place which He had chosen for [her]". At the age of 31 she married Vincent Ierullo, a bakery worker, with whom she had three children: Peter, Anthony, and Angela. From 1952 Mrs. Mary was working as a freelance court interpreter for the next 45 years to come. She also made her way by giving typing lessons. In 1953 her husband Vincent suffered the third successive injury at work. "At that moment I knew that I had to get into something solid. That is how I got the idea of going into real estate", says Mrs. Ierullo.

In 1955 she started to work as a real estate agent. Two years later, after passing the examination for real estate broker, she opened her own office. The sign on it read: *M. IERULLO, REAL ESTATE BROKER, Ottawa's First Real Estate Office to Help Canadians and New Canadians of Average Earnings*. The agents who worked for her could sell and buy houses in six languages — English, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Hebrew — which was something that had not been done before. Mrs. Ierullo can still recall the name of every single person to whom she sold a house, as well as the names of those who she helped in other ways.

Before I left the home of Mrs. Ierullo I drank the "best ice tea in the city" made by 11-year-old Stephane, one of the Willow Street Angels, a group that Mrs. Ierullo's daughter, Angela, founded four years ago. At the end I went back to my work with the words of Albert Pine resonating in my head: "What we do for ourselves dies with us. What we do for others and the world remains and is immortal."

"Everybody pitched in", says Mrs. Ierullo. "We were very devoted. I think that what made this community what it was is the old fashioned dignity and respect that one holds for the other, which is a wonderful gift. We stayed to-



Mary Ierullo, with her mother.

### Conversation

**Q: Mrs. Ierullo, what were the most important changes that took place in the Italian-Canadian community in the past fifty years?**

A: A very important thing was an awareness of the importance of women. Their traditional role was to stay in the house, but slowly the 'little' women came out of the kitchen. They were mothers, wives, but also persons able to express themselves. We became involved in politics, in our community, our voice became heard; we became more involved in the outside and the younger generation of men acknowledged that partnership.

Also, there was an opening and expanding of each section of the Italian community. They became aware of the need to be able to show their children their identity, their roots. There was an opening up of different groups wanting to show where they came from, their hometown, their pride. We were Italian, yes, but there was a distinction. Each one had to show where they came from and which characteristic made them different in that mosaic.

**Q: Did you have a role model in your life?**

A: My role model all along the way was my mother, Angela Maria Messina. She was a widow at 27 and she had the courage to come in this strange land and start a new life. In Italy she was, after many years of perseverance, granted permission to serve as the first woman telegraph operator in early 1920's. In Ottawa she opened her embroidery workshop on George Street. I was helping her for 8 years until her death in 1948. The most important thing that my mother taught me was to stand on my own feet, to put out the helping hand, and to always have the courage to move on.

**Q: What are the things in your life that you are proud of?**

A: I took pride in being able to achieve what God had given me. I'm proud that I was able to take hold of my life with so many wonderful people along the way. The most important thing is that feeling of contentment; I found who I was and what I wanted out of my life, and at the same time, I saw my children do the same thing I am doing. I am very proud of each one of them, because everyone of my children work hard out in the field, which is the world, and in which is not easy to live.

**Q: What would you like people to remember you for?**

A: I would like to be remembered as a child of God who worked very, very hard in order to better herself, and more than anything else, to be remembered for love, peace, and understanding.

—ZG



Mary Ierullo, in her garden at home.

PHOTO: ZELJKA GASPAR

# Silvio Tiezzi Memorial Trophy restored

by ANGELO FILOSO

In October, staff and students at St. Patrick's High School, located at Alta Vista and Heron Road in Ottawa, will open a newly refurbished conference room that will house



Dr. Peter Capello, winner of the Silvio Tiezzi trophy, with the Italian Ambassador (1952).

memorabilia of the past.

The Eastern Ontario Italian Canadian Charitable Foundation will donate \$500 to St. Patrick's High School that will go toward the restoration costs of the Silvio Tiezzi Memorial Trophy and re-decoration costs of the room.

The following is a brief excerpt of the history of our community and the Silvio Tiezzi Memorial Trophy as reported by V. Sabetta in 1951 entitled *S.E. Baldoni Presenzia La Cerimonia Della Consegna del Trofeo "Silvio Tiezzi"*

*Imponente è stata anche quest'anno la manifestazione della consegna del Trofeo "Silvio Tiezzi" nel Collegio di San Patrizio.*

*S.E. Baldoni accompagnato dal Dr. Bifulco ha voluto presenziare alla bella manifestazione che anche quest'anno è stata un inno alle qualità del caro scomparso che, per le sue nobili qualità d'animo e di cuore, ha lasciato un'esempio di alto civismo tra gli studenti ed i professori del Collegio.....Il trofeo viene assegnato ogni anno allo Studente Universitario che viene scelto dagli Studenti dell'Unione Universitaria come esempio per intelligenza studio ed attività artistiche e sportive.*

*Rivolgendosi ai genitori il Rev. Padre si scusò di rinnovare con il meritato sincero elogio del giovane scomparso il dolore immenso che li segue dal giorno del tragico accidente ma la sincerità e l'esempio che il figlio ha lasciato nel collegio tra studenti e professori devono essere di sollievo perchè la memoria di Silvio vive immortale nell'animo di tutti. Per la prima volta egli rivelò che il giovane aveva deciso di iscriversi alla*



Former Prime Minister John Turner (#6) and Silvio Tiezzi (#3) in St. Patrick's football team.

*facoltà di scienze sociali guidato dal nobile sentimento di venire in aiuto del suo prossimo e onorare con la sua opera la Patria e la famiglia.*

*Dopo aver svolto brillantemente la tesi propostasi il Rev. Padre Hennesy rivolgendosi a S.E. Baldoni ed agli Italiani presenti, in perfetto italiano inneggiò al valore artistico, culturale, e politico, del popolo italiano che sotto la guida del Capo del Governo S.E. De Gasperi ha saputo riprendersi dopo l'ultimo conflitto dando ancora una volta al Mondo prova della sua forza di maturità politica.*

*L'orribile incidente è stato ricordato in una sentita commemorazione il 2 luglio scorso. Cinquant'anni prima, esattamente il 2 luglio del 1950, Silvio era partito in automobile per un'escursione. Era suo compagno di viaggio l'amico Tony Zito, figlio del noto commerciante Pasquale Zito. L'automobile in cui si trovavano i due giovani venne travolta da un treno ad un passaggio a livello.*

This brief article gives an idea of the type of person Silvio Tiezzi was. On May 13, 1970 the former Prime Minister of Canada John N. Turner remembered Silvio Tiezzi as a fellow student with whom he played football and attended classes. In the photo published above, the Honorable John N. Turner is indicated by the number 6 and Silvio Tiezzi by the number 3.

For further information, contact *Il Postino* at (613) 567-4532.

## "A Capital Experience" at the Bytown Museum

The Bytown Museum is located at the mouth of the Rideau Canal, just below the Parliament buildings, in the rustic, pine-scented Commissariat of Lt. Col. John By, Royal Engineers. Built in 1827, the commissariat is Ottawa's oldest stone building. It houses a permanent exhibit of life in the early years of Ottawa.

Currently on display, "A Capital Experience", is an innovative exhibit that celebrates Ottawa's diverse heritage. Too often in Canadian historical museums, the focus is on the history of the British settlers in Canada, which ignores the small but significant minority of immigrants from other countries who helped to establish Canada as it is today. "A Capital Experience" rectifies this glaring omission by concentrating on many of the various groups of people who emigrated to Canada, including the Italians, Irish, Ukrainians, Chinese, and many others.

Representatives of each ethnic group prepared an exhibit of artifacts, costumes, and photographs. Pat Adamo was responsible for putting together the Italian exhibit. She composed an entertaining and informative synopsis of the Italian presence in Ottawa, from our initial arrival in the early 1800's to the present population of 25,000 Italian-Canadians in the Ottawa area. Included in the display were Carabinieri uniforms, a traditional costume from the Cosenza region, and many photographs dating from the early 19<sup>th</sup> century.

My only complaint is for the head curator of "A Capital Experience". I felt that this exhibit would have benefited from a written summary or catalogue to bring everything together, and to provide a general synopsis of immigrant life in Ottawa. This exhibit closes after the Thanksgiving weekend. —GF

## Odyssey Theatre brings commedia dell'arte to life

by GENEVIEVE FORTE

Among the bounty of summer entertainments Ottawa enjoyed this season was the exciting production of *The Raven (Il Corvo)*. This classic commedia dell'arte play celebrated the Odyssey Theatre's 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary of outdoor theatre. Staged in the gorgeous Strathcona park, *The Raven* ran for one month over July and August to the delight of live theater enthusiasts.

*The Raven* is an adaptation of the commedia dell'arte play by Carlo Gozzi. Commedia dell'arte is a traditional form of Italian theatre and Carlo Gozzi was a master of this genre, writing nearly a dozen plays in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Commedia dell'arte plays are based on traditional Italian stories. The actors would take the basic plot and improvise, developing choreography to suit each character and scene. This form of theatre is remarkable for its high theatricality, elaborate costumes and masks, and exuberant physical comedy, all of which makes it a big hit with children and adults alike.

Performing commedia dell'arte is therefore, very demanding for the actors. Wearing the masks poses certain challenges for them.

"First of all, on a day like this, you will sweat buckets," complained Paul Griffin who played Tartaglia, "and because the mask covers half your face, it means that whatever expression you give you have to articulate almost

completely through your body and your voice."

Laurie Steven, the Artistic Director of Odyssey Theatre, and Lib Spry, an award-winning Ottawa writer, are responsible for this adaptation of the play.

"We started off looking at an English translation and then we went back to the original Italian even though neither of us speak it. We did a word for word dictionary search to work out what it meant. Then each of us wrote different scenes and we edited it together," told Spry of the painstaking translation process.

Not only was the language a challenge; Spry and Steven also had to render this 18<sup>th</sup> century play relevant for modern audiences. "We had to find the right voice for each of the characters so that it reflected the emotion and the story, this wonderful medieval fairy story, and at the same time, was very accessible for people today."

These challenges did not seem to dampen Lib Spry's enthusiasm for the project. "It was truly exciting to do. Gozzi has a wonderful sense of the use of words and he knows how to be dramatic in all of the best senses as well as to be very funny, which is what you're looking for in a good commedia show."

The outdoor performances were a delightful way to spend warm summer evenings with the family and we look forward to next year's Odyssey Theater production.

Luglio / July

# Garden Party 2000 Concerto di beneficenza per Villa Marconi

di ZELJKA GASPAR

Mormorio di voci, canto di uccelli, suono di violino. Poi, palpanti ombre di foglie verdi verdi, vino rosso, gialle e rosse ombre che giocano sui muri color caffè latte. In questo contesto suggestivo si è svolto garden party 2000, il concerto di Maria Pellegrini che S.E. l'Ambasciatore d'Italia, Roberto Nigido, e sua moglie, Mieriea, hanno organizzato nella loro residenza a Aylmer (Québec) 12 luglio 2000. Lo scopo era di aiutare la campagna per la raccolta favorevole di Villa Marconi, la casa di cura per anziani, nonché il centro comunitario per la gente di tutte le età.

Il concerto di Maria Pellegrini ed i suoi 6 studenti è stato preceduto da un ricevimento durante il quale, insieme al cibo, alle bevande e alla musica di violino, si potevano gustare l'eleganza classica della residenza dell'Ambasciatore, la bellezza del suo giardino e soprattutto l'ospitalità calorosa dell'Ambasciatore e di sua moglie. Dopo il ricevimento l'Ambasciatore Nigido ha dato il benvenuto a tutti i presenti ed ha parlato brevemente del



Il soprano Maria Pellegrini con alcuni dei suoi studenti.

PHOTO: ZELJKA GASPAR

programma della serata. Al discorso dell'Ambasciatore è seguito quello del Presidente di Villa Marconi, Luigi Mion, che ha ringraziato l'Ambasciatore Nigido e la sua consorte per la significativa iniziativa e continuo sopporto che loro offrono a Villa Marconi.

Poco dopo la gente si beava alla voce della primadonna e dei suoi allievi che

sulla terrazza della residenza dell'Ambasciatore, annidata tra il verde degli alberi ed il blu del cielo, cantavano le arie di Puccini, Gounod, Bizet, Verdi, Mozart, Donizetti, Mascagni.

Il garden party 2000 ha attirato così circa 300 spettatori raccogliendo 12.000.00 dollari che saranno da destinare a Villa Marconi.

**We asked Roland K. Pirker, President of the Austrian-Canadian Council and a Film Director, how he liked the Garden Party.**

I enjoyed it immensely. We organize the same type of fund raising events at the Austrian Embassy. We have so much in common with the Italians; our Ambassadors are friends and champions in doing this. They are here to further our causes with the cultural events which can be enjoyed by every nationality. This is exactly what I enjoyed the most. His Excellency, the Ambassador of Italy, and his wife should be congratulated for allowing people to come to their property and share it with others. Also, the music was fabulous. It was too loud at first, but after the man who was responsible for the sound adjusted it, you could hear the real voice of Maria Pellegrini. And what a voice! What a voice! What I want to add is that we should bring the young people to these concerts to develop an appreciation for this type of music.

## La Vespa: il mio pezzo di "Italian Dream"

di Zeljka Gaspar

Allora la vespa si associava ai miei occhi con la trasgressione, il peccato e persino con la quasi tentazione non tanto dell'oggetto ma della sfumata seduzione di raggiungere posti lontani dove la vespa poteva essere l'unico mezzo di trasporto. Così essa è entrata nella mia immaginazione non come un oggetto di desiderio ma come simbolo di un desiderio non esaudito ("Thus the Vespa came to be linked in my eyes with transgression, sin, and even temptation- not the temptation to possess the object, but the subtle seduction of faraway places where the Vespa was the only means of transport. And it entered into my imagination not as an object of desire, but as a symbol of an unfulfilled desire") Sono parole di Umberto Eco, e leggendole, l'altro giorno, mi sono ritornati vari ricordi. La vespa si è insinuata anche nei miei sogni. Io l'associavo al mare e al sole.

Ogni anno andavo con la mia famiglia a passare alcuni giorni al mare. Questi viaggi furono la più bella parte della mia infanzia. Mi sembrava sempre di essere trasportata ad un paese dove non c'erano compiti e maestre, dove potevo dormire e giocare quanto volevo e dove mi aspettavano tante cose "magiche". Tra esse c'era la vespa di Zrinka. Le mie vacanze si svolgevano sempre a Spalato in Dalmazia dove vivevano gli amici dei miei genitori che avevano quella figlia di nome Zrinka. La famiglia di Zrinka era molto più ricca della mia. Nel loro frigorifero c'era sempre del gelato; Zrinka aveva barrette per i capelli di tutti i colori ed i giocattoli che non potevo immaginare neanche nelle fantasie più elaborate. Ma la cosa che mi affascinava di più era la sua vespa bianca che aveva ottenuto dal padre per il compleanno. Quella vespa bianca ci portava alla spiaggia, alla piazza o al cinema; su di essa si poteva ascoltare musica, chiacchiere con le amiche e mangiare i fichi freschi rubati dall'albero che apparteneva ad una vecchia signora che non poteva neanche sentire il ronzio del nostro bel veicolo.

Qualche tempo dopo, la vespa si inserì facilmente nell'immagine che avevo dell'Italia. Dico facilmente perché ogni volta che ci andavo ero circondata da quegli scooter. Le strade di Trieste, di Roma o di Firenze erano piene di vespe. Poi, la vespa era così simile alla maggior parte delle persone italiane che ho conosciuto nella mia vita: piena d'energia, 'ciarliera' e d'una 'personalità'

vivace. Quando sono arrivata in Canada di vespe non ce ne sono più state. Dio, che choc quando mi accorsi che tanta gente non sapeva che cosa fosse la vespa! Neanche alcuni degli studenti italiani nelle mie classi all'università ne avevano mai sentito parlare. Mai! "Ma come è possibile? Come è possibile?", ripetevo mille volte a me stessa. Eh, già... Siamo nel Canada. Tutto è possibile qui.

Eppure la vespa, conosciutissima, ormai, in tutto il mondo, ha già più di cinquant'anni di vita. La sua storia, infatti, incomincia nel 1946 quando Enrico Piaggio, il proprietario di una fabbrica di aerei di Toscana distrutta durante la guerra, presenta al suo collaboratore, Corradino D'Ascanio, l'idea di produrre un veicolo che fosse semplice e poco costoso da fabbricare e che nello stesso tempo fosse accessibile alla gente impoverita dalla guerra. D'Ascanio, che era un ingegnere bravissimo, accetta la sfida e in 5 mesi costruisce non soltanto il nuovo scooter, ma anche il nuovo motore a due piani. La prima vespa pesa circa 80 chilogrammi, consuma 3.5 litri di benzina per ogni 100 chilometri e ha la massima velocità di 70 chilometri l'ora.

In poco tempo la vespa, chiamata così per il ronzio particolare del suo motore molto simile a quello degli animaletti dello stesso nome, conquista il mercato mondiale.

Nel 1947 è presentata al pubblico francese, nel 1949 a quello inglese, poi, arriva in Germania, in Spagna ed anche nelle Americhe. Diversamente dall'impovertita America latina che accetta il veicolo di tutto cuore, perché non costa molto e non consuma tanta benzina, l'America settentrionale non è molto accogliente. Le distanze che la gente di questa parte del mondo percorre ogni giorno ed il fatto che le macchine e la benzina non costano troppo bloccano la popolarità dello scooter italiano.

Nei quattro anni in cui ho vissuto a Ottawa ho visto la vespa solo una volta. Di colore argenteo, era parcheggiata



Le vespe allineate in una strada di Firenze.

PHOTO: NENAD BABIC

vicino ad una Harley Davidson con tante altre costose motociclette che ogni estate i fieri proprietari allineano nel Byward Market. In quel contesto il veicolo che avevo sognato tutta la mia vita non sembrava più lo stesso. Non sembrava quella motocicletta sulla quale avrei ritrovato volentieri le vecchie strade di Roma e quei nuovi quartieri che Nanni Moretti ha attraversato nel film *Caro diario*. Per qualche motivo quella vespa nel Byward Market non possedeva la dignità ed il fascino. Era come tutte le altre più grandi e più costose motociclette che la circondavano, luccicante e senza anima. Forse era colpa del posto, forse del colore, forse del tempo... Forse semplicemente di me che in questo nuovo paese, che mi fa sognare delle cose passate più intensamente che mai, non sono ancora pronta a liberare un po' di spazio per una vespa 'canadese'.

Agosto / August

# Garden Party per *La Fille du régiment*



Il 31 agosto l'ambasciata italiana ha di nuovo aperto i suoi cancelli. E di nuovo è stato per una buona causa. Questa volta si è trattato della raccolta di fondi a beneficio di Opera Lyra, la compagnia di musica lirica che da anni allietta la scena culturale della nostra città. Occasione: la presentazione de *La Fille du régiment* di Gaetano Donizetti.

La serata è incominciata con una sfilata di moda, organizzata da Earlene Hobin. Indossatrici che portavano modelli disegnati da Sunny Choi si sono mescolate con la folla di circa 300 persone. Sono seguiti i discorsi di Italo Tiezzi, di S.E. l'Ambasciatore d'Italia, Roberto Nigido, e del Direttore dell'Opera Lyra Ottawa, Tyrone Paterson. Poi gli artisti. Con la loro voce, hanno rischiarato la notte che si avvicinava il soprano Tracy Dahl, il tenore Curt Peterson, il basso-baritono Steven Condy, il baritono Gaötan Labbé, ed il coro dell'Opera Lyra Ottawa diretto dal maestro Laurence Ewashko.

Con *La Fille du régiment* ("la migliore opera francese scritta dal compositore italiano") il 9, 11, 13, e 16 settembre è stata aperta la 16esima stagione dell'Opera Lyra Ottawa. Presentata per la prima volta a Parigi nel 1840 quest'opera, descritta anche come "un gioiello d'una opera, sciocca e romantica, con gli assurdi e affascinanti personaggi che ci fanno ridere del loro meraviglioso e finto mondo", ebbe subito successo nella capitale francese. Da quel giorno *La Fille du régiment* è stata una delle più amate opere dal pubblico mondiale.

Alla fine del garden party Italo Tiezzi e Patti Graton hanno offerto in nome dell'Opera Lyra Ottawa a S.E. l'Ambasciatore d'Italia, Roberto Nigido, e alla Signora Mieriea Rosenboom Nigido, un'importante onorificenza, iscrivendoli tra i primi membri del prestigioso "Maestro's Circle" del Consiglio del Presidente.

—ZELJKA GASPAP



Alcune immagini  
del garden party per  
l'Opera Lyra Ottawa.



## Calendar of Events

### Throughout October

*A Capital Experience*

ByTown Museum, 1 Canal Lane, 234-4570

### October 4, 2000 - January 7, 2001

*Three centuries of Italian prints from a private collection*  
National Gallery of Canada, 395 Sussex Drive, 990-1985

### October 12, Thursday 6pm

*Italian Night for Bob Chiarelli*

Sala San Marco, 215 Preston Street, 238-6063

\$75 per person

### October 13, Friday 6pm-12am

*Village Reunion*

Ottawa St. Anthony's Italia Soccer Club

523 St. Anthony Street, 224-3110

### October 13, Friday 6pm-11pm

*Meet and Greet Night. St. Patrick's College Homecoming 2000* at The Ottawa Hunt and Golf Club, 3811 Bowesville Road, 736-1102

### October 14, Saturday 6pm-12am

*Gala and Dinner Dance*

The Ottawa Congress Centre, 55 ColonelBy Drive, 563-1984

\$55 per person

### October 15, Sunday 11am

*Mass and Sunday Brunch*

Saint Patrick's Basilica, 220 Kent, 233-1125

### October 20-26

*Not of this World (Fuori dal mondo)*

1999, Italian with English subtitles

ByTown Cinema, 325 Rideau Street, 789-3456

### Until December 10

*Piero di Cosimo*

National Gallery of Canada, 395 Sussex Drive, 990-1985

### November 5, Sunday 11am

*Mass for I caduti*

St. Anthony's Church, 427 Booth, 236-2304

### November 8 and 10, Wed. & Fri.

*National Arts Centre Orchestra*

Mario Bernardi, Conductor

Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Baritone

*Shostakovich, Mussorgsky, Mozart, Verdi*

### November 10, Friday 6:00pm

*CHEO Fund Raising Fish Feast by Pietro Anselmo*

La Contessa Banquet Hall, 156 Cleopatra Drive, Nepean, 224-8700

### November 11, Saturday 6pm

*Miss Abruzzo Pageant*

Ottawa St. Anthony's Italia Soccer Club

523 St. Anthony Street 224-3110

### November 13, Monday 9am-8pm

*Municipal Election for the New City of Ottawa*

### November 24, 8pm

*Thirteen Strings:*

Jean-Francois Rivest, Conductor, Amanda Forsyth, Cello

*Mozart, Beethoven, Boccherini, Franchomme, Suk*

St. Andrew's Church, Wellington at Kent

### November 25, 6pm

*Christmas Concert*

Villa Marconi, 1026 Baseline Road, 727-6201

Send your event listings to:

865 Gladstone Avenue, Suite 101 • Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7T4 • [ilpostinocanada@hotmail.com](mailto:ilpostinocanada@hotmail.com)



I Bersaglieri.

PHOTO: ZELJKA GASPAR

Community / Comunità

## La Festa di San Rocco

### Un teatro all'aperto'

di ZELJKA GASPAR

Le notizie della vita di San Rocco sono poche e incerte. Si crede che fosse nato a Montpellier in Francia nel XIII secolo. Si racconta che andò pellegrino a Roma dopo aver distribuito i suoi beni ai poveri, ma ad Acquapendente fu colto dalla peste e si ritirò in un bosco nei pressi di Piacenza per morire in solitudine.

Ma, secondo la leggenda, il suo fedele cane gli portava il pane ogni giorno. Guarito, Rocco riprese la via della patria. Siccome era molto cambiato dopo la malattia, fu arrestato come spia ad Angera, sulla riva orientale del lago Maggiore. Vi morì dopo 5 anni di reclusione.

Dai primi del Quattrocento San Rocco è invocato come protettore dei malati, in particolare di quelli colpiti dalla peste. Nella seconda metà di quel secolo il suo culto acquistò straordinaria popolarità in Italia e in Spagna. A Firenze c'è il festival dei fiori che include la parata dei costumi del Quattrocento, gare e diverse competizioni. A Realmonte la povertà del Santo è ricordata da una processione di persone in abiti dimessi che porta un quadro consunto del Santo. A Betanzos, in Spagna, la Festa di San Rocco dà risalto alle danze tradizionali degli agricoltori e dei pescatori, alla processione in onore di San Rocco, e al giro della campagna

nelle navi che finisce con una lotta di fiori tra gente su di esse.

Anche a Ottawa si celebra una festa di San Rocco. Avviene il 16, il 18 e il 20 agosto ed è organizzata dall'Associazione Roccamontepiano San Rocco. Quest'anno tutto è incominciato con una messa in onore del Santo nella Chiesa di Sant'Antonio. Venerdì 18 agosto la festa tradizionale è stata accompagnata da una cena e un ballo nel salone comunitario di Villa Marconi, mentre domenica 20 agosto c'è stata una processione in onore di San Rocco che, dopo la Santa Messa è partita dalla Chiesa di Sant'Antonio facendo il giro delle strade vicine.

La banda dei Vigili del Fuoco di Ottawa ha capitanato la processione. Li seguiva una diecina di

ragazze e di donne, vestite in abiti tradizionali, che portavano sulle teste le conche di fiori di tutti i colori, le devozioni a San Rocco. Dietro di esse gli uomini portavano la grande statua del Santo raffigurato in modo tradizionale: vestito da giovane pellegrino che addita una gamba scoperta e piagata, accompagnato dal suo cane con un pane in bocca. Tra la folla, accanto ai loro genitori, erano vari bambini che hanno seguito la sfilata multicolore con occhi trasognati.

La sfilata avanzava, accanto ai passanti un po' sorpresi, spostando con ritmo leggero e tranquillo il proprio 'peso' da una parte all'altra, trasformando così le strade di questa città quieta in teatro e in quasi in gioco. I protagonisti dell'insolita rappresentazione erano gente con la voglia di conservare le radici e la tradizione italiana mescolandoli

con quelle del loro nuovo paese. Tutta la scena sembrava muoversi sul ritmo di una musica strana e quasi impercettibile come se la processione non fosse accompagnata soltanto dalle trombe e dai tamburi della banda dei Vigili del Fuoco, ma dal tintinnio dei campanelli e dagli strumenti di forma ignota e di origini sconosciute.

Dopo la processione la statua è rientrata nella Chiesa di Sant'Antonio, mentre la gente, circondata dalle conche di fiori e dai pani di San Rocco, approfittava della musica e delle vivande che l'Associazione Roccamontepiano San Rocco aveva preparato per la festa.



PHOTOS: ZELJKA GASPAR



Alcune immagini della Festa di San Rocco a Ottawa.



## Vague de chaleur sans précédent en Italie

par ANGELO FILOSO

L'été dernier, plusieurs pays du bassin méditerranéen ont été en proie à une forte vague de chaleur qui a fait fondre les glaciers et provoqué de nombreux incendies tandis que la population supportait tant bien que mal la canicule.

L'Italie a été durement frappée par les chaleurs excessives. À la fin d'août, Rome suffoquait sous 38°C, tandis que l'on enregistrait quelque 40°C dans la région des Pouilles et 44°C à Sassari en Sardaigne. La chaleur était rendue encore plus oppressante par la forte humidité, d'au moins 70%, qui

régnait dans la plupart des régions.

Dans la région du Trentin-Haut Adige, dans le nord de la péninsule, le corps d'un soldat tué durant la Première Guerre mondiale a été mis au jour par la fonte des neiges sur le glacier Adamello. Sur un autre glacier du nord du pays, le Marmaloda, c'est

une base militaire de 1914-18 qui avait auparavant refait surface. Les températures ont atteint les 10°C sur le glacier et les responsables ont interdit le ski d'été dans cette zone. Enfin, dans de nombreux vignobles de la région, les vendanges ont été accélérées en raison de la chaleur, selon la RAI, la chaîne de télévision publique.

Les températures se sont maintenues au-dessus des normales saisonnières pendant quelque temps encore.



Arts / Arti

# A Taste of Quartetto Gelato... ...Al Fresco

by GENEVIEVE FORTE

On July 29, Ottawa was treated to a performance by Quartetto Gelato, at the Governor Generals' outdoor summer concert series. Over 4,000 people attended this event on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. Quartetto Gelato is a unique Canadian group whose repertoire includes everything from classical favourites, operatic arias, traditional melodies, to tangos and gypsy fiddling.

Quartetto Gelato's members play an unusual assortment of instruments. Cynthia Steljes plays Oboe and English Horn, Peter De Sotto sings tenor and plays violin and the mandolin, Joseph Macerollo plays accordion, and George Meanwell plays the cello, guitar, and mandolin.

"This is a group that only a lunatic would've designed," joked Meanwell. "Joseph Macerollo plays accordion and that's quite an unusual instrument to find in a classical music group. And we play a wide variety of music; Antonin Dvorak, Frederick Chopin, as well as tangos, Neapolitan songs and gypsy fiddling. It's a range of repertoire that on the page can seem incoherent, but in fact works very well in performance."

Since they formed in 1992, their music has been steadily gaining in popularity. They have sold over 150,000 cds and perform concerts all over the world. A big reason for their popularity is that they know how to have fun, or as Steljes put it, "We take the music very seriously but not ourselves — there's a certain austerity the general public relates to classical chamber music and we try to dispense with that."

They make their fusion of diverse styles and instruments work, Meanwell explained, by "trying to play everything that we play as beautifully as we can, whether it's a folk tune by



Quartetto Gelato

Dvorak or a traditional folk melody."

The group's attitude is that differences between musical genres are overemphasized anyway. "I think that the whole classical tradition of having music so segregated is really a 20th century phenomenon." Steljes countered, "so what we're doing is actually a retro thing." The opinion of Meanwell is that "the roots of all different kinds of music, whether its pop or folk or classical or

jazz, are really much closer than people sometimes imagine."

Their choice of music and the spontaneity and virtuosity with which they play has proved to be a success with fans around the world. Meanwell put it simply; "The main thing is to play as beautifully as we can and to try and let the audience see why it is we love the music that we're playing so much."

## Where do the Italians live?

by ANGELO FILOSO

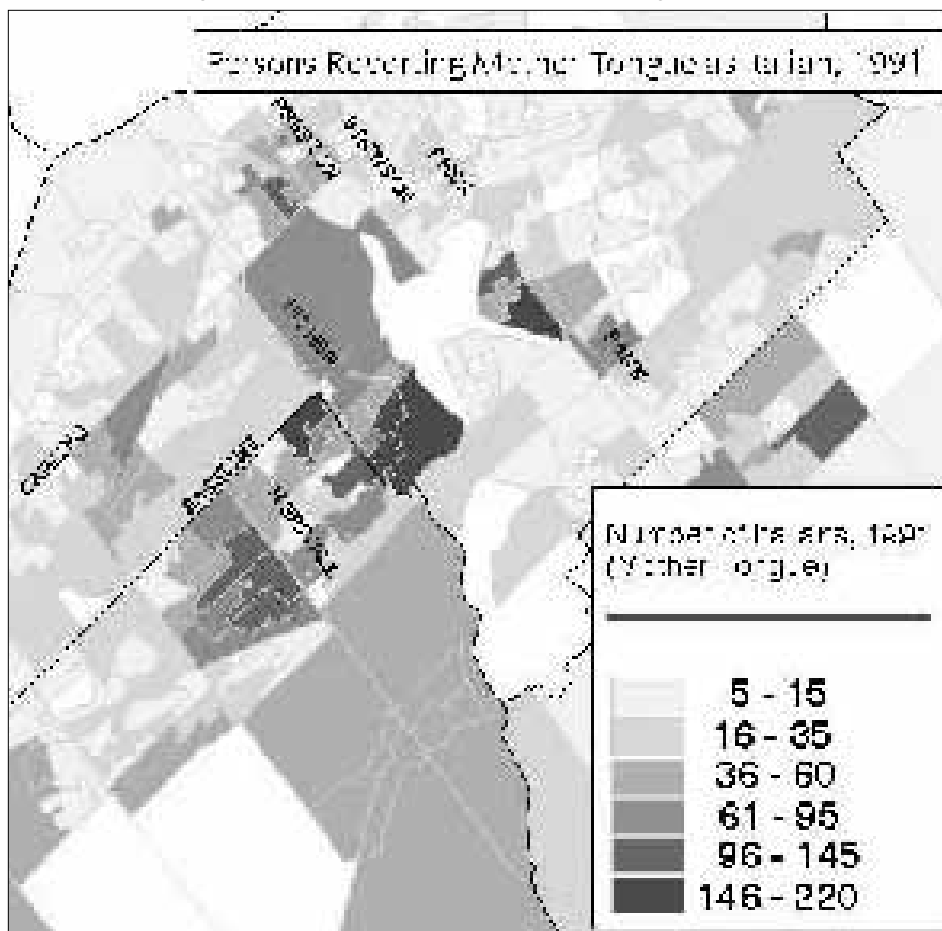
In 1851 there were only eleven families in Ottawa whose mother tongue was Italian. These families lived in lower town around Sussex Drive and Murray Street. In 1908 some of these families moved to the Preston Street area and began to construct St. Anthony's Church, which was completed in 1913.

The Italians moved from the Preston Street area and rebuilt their community around the Fisher Heights, Carleton Heights and Kaladar areas after the expropriation of their properties in the Rochester/Gladstone areas during the late 1950's to make room

for Commerce High School and the Rochester housing projects.

In 1991 the core of the Ottawa residents of Italian heritage lived around the Villa Marconi Campus in the Baseline/ Merivale, Rideau River and Viewmount sector.

It is believed that politics of power influenced the decision to expropriate in the fifties the Gladstone/ Preston street areas. A future article on the memoirs of the former mayor Charlotte Whitton will discuss this aspect of the history of Ottawa Italian- Canadians in greater detail.



## Directory / Indirizzi e telefoni utili

### Embassy of Italy / Ambasciata d'Italia

Floor 21- 275 Slater Street  
232- 2401 • 232- 2403 • (fax) 233- 1484

### Italian Telephone Directory / Elenco telefonico italiano: 738-0003

### EMERGENCY CALLS / CHIAMATE D'EMERGENZA

Fire / Fuoco: **911**  
Police / Polizia:  
Ambulance / Ambulanza:  
Other emergencies / Altre emergenze: 230-6211

### CHURCHES / CHIESE

St. Anthony's Church / Chiesa di Sant'Antonio:  
427 Booth Street • 236- 2304  
Parrocchia Madonna della Risurrezione:  
1621 Fisher Avenue • 723- 4657

### HOSPITALS / OSPEDALI

Children's Hospital of Eastern Ontario:  
401 Smyth Road • 737- 7600  
Civic Hospital:  
1053 Carling Avenue • 761- 4000  
Ottawa General Hospital:  
501 Smyth Road • 737- 7777  
Riverside Hospital:  
1967 Riverside Road • 738-7100

### SCHOOLS / SCUOLE

Scuola Dante Alighieri: 232- 4422  
Saint Paul University, 223 Main Street  
School of St. Rita:  
1 Inverness Avenue, Nepean • 224- 6341

### TRAVEL / VIAGGIO

Via Rail Canada (informazioni-prenotazioni):  
244- 8289  
Voyageur Colonial:  
265 Catherine Street • 238- 5900  
ALITALIA: Ufficio prenotazioni:  
(numero verde) 1 800 361- 8336  
Informazioni su arrivi e partenze:  
1 800 625- 4825

### OTHER IMPORTANT NUMBERS / ALTRI NUMERI DA RICORDARE

Italian- Canadian Community Centre of the National Capital Region / Centro Comunitario Italiano-Canadese della Capitale Nazionale:  
865 Gladstone Avenue, Suite 101  
567- 4532 • (fax) 236- 6545  
Italian Cultural Centre of Eastern Ontario Inc. / Centro Culturale Italiano dell'Ontario dell'Est:  
865 Gladstone Avenue, Suite 101  
567-4532  
OC Transpo: 741- 4390  
Postal Code Information: 1 900 565- 2633  
Villa Marconi Long Term Care Centre:  
1026 Baseline Road  
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Health / Salute

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# Physiotherapy

by RAOUF HANNA

Physiotherapy refers to the treatment of various medical conditions using manual therapy, exercises and modalities such as ultrasound, interferential, T.E.N.S. and laser therapy for pain relief.

Orthopaedic conditions treated include various sports/work related injuries, acute/ chronic pain and injuries associated with motor vehicle accidents. Physiotherapy also plays an important role in the treatment of neurological conditions such as stroke, head injury, Parkinson's, and paediatric conditions (e.g. Down's syndrome, cerebral palsy, spina bifida etc.) In the area of cardio-pulmonary rehabilitation, treatment is provided for various chest conditions (e.g. asthma, bronchitis, emphysema etc.) and post-cardiac and thoracic surgery. The benefits of physiotherapy are also seen in the field of women's health (e.g. pre-natal preparation, post-natal care, stress incontinence etc.).

Before any treatment is administered, the physiotherapist will conduct a detailed assessment of the presenting problem. In orthopaedic conditions, assessment procedures will include testing muscle strength, joint range of motion, sensation, reflexes etc. Treatment will then consist of an individualized program, which will include pain

relief modalities, manual therapy, and exercises. Client education about their specific problem is also an important part of the treatment. This is to insure that clients can learn how to prevent injuries from recurring. In neurological rehabilitation, assessment will also include testing functional abilities.

As part of physiotherapy treatment, emphasis is also placed on caregiver education. This is because the clients may need assistance with their activities of daily living. In the area of women's health, the physiotherapist will conduct classes to help mothers-to-be prepare for their delivery. Baby massage is taught to mothers who are keen on learning how to calm babies who are fretful or have problems with colic.

For physiotherapy treatments to be effective, it is essential that the clients follow closely the advice or instructions given by the therapist. Proper compliance will allow the therapist to monitor the clients' progress and make the necessary modifications to the treatment. This in turn will enable the clients to obtain maximum benefits from the physiotherapy sessions.

(Raouf Hanna is Director of Physiotherapy at the Britannia Physiotherapy Clinic.)

## MANGIA! MANGIA! The best of Italian food in Ottawa

by GENEVIEVE FORTE

Without a doubt, Italian culture has made its biggest impact upon Canadian culture in the domain of cuisine. Luckily for us, this means that Ottawa boasts a number of fine Italian restaurants and cafes, each with their own speciality and unique charm. Each month, *Il Postino* will undertake to review one or more of the Italian eateries to be found in Ottawa. It's a tough job, but somebody's gotta do it!

One of my personal favourites is Vittoria Trattoria for its affordable prices and fast service without sacrificing atmosphere. Vittoria Trattoria (825 Bank Street) is located in the Glebe and offers a casual European ambience. The wonderful thing about the Trattoria is its versatility. It serves as a gelateria, coffee house, restaurant and take-out all in one. Whether I'm dressed up or down, I feel comfortable ordering a full entree, or just popping in to buy some take-out "Nonna's Balls", what they call their *arancini*, rice balls rolled in bread crumbs and covered in parmesan cheese. On warm summer nights, it's one of the best places for gelato. I recommend the pistachio and the limone flavours. The menu features many inexpensive sandwiches and snack food, which makes it a perfect lunch spot, as well as moderately priced pasta entrees.

If you know of a great Italian restaurant, share your experience with us! Send your comments or review to *Il Postino*.

**We welcome submissions, letters, articles,  
story ideas and photos.**

All materials for editorial consideration must be double spaced, include a word count,  
and your full name, address and phone number.

The editorial staff reserves the right to edit all submissions for length, clarity and style.

## "ITALIAN NIGHT"

IN HONOUR OF

BOB CHIARELLI

FOR MAYOR OF OTTAWA

A STATESMAN FOR THE NATION'S CAPITAL

SALA SAN MARCO

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 2000

6:00 PM CASH BAR

7:00 PM SIX-COURSE DINNER

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Provveditorato delle scuole cattoliche di Ottawa-Carleton

**Programma di lingue internazionali:  
Corsi di lingua e cultura italiana**

Anno scolastico: 16 settembre 2000 - 9 giugno 2001  
Ogni sabato dalle 09:30 alle 12:00

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1 Inverness Avenue, (angolo Fisher Av.) Nepean K2E 6N6  
**Telefono 224-6341** (solo il sabato)  
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Corsi di lingua e cultura italiana per studenti del grado 9 al OAC saranno impartiti ogni sabato dalle 09:00 alle 12:30 alla Scuola St. Pius X High School, 1481 Fisher Ave.

Per informazioni telefonare 224-0509 oppure visitare il sito internet del Provveditorato:  
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"Nessuna lingua ha, nell'insieme un valore culturale superiore all'italiano. Nessuna nazione ha avuto maggiore importanza nello sviluppo della civiltà mondiale"  
—Anonymous

**International Languages**

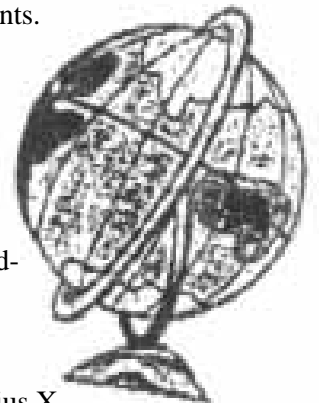
(Elementary and Secondary)  
**Italian**

**St. Rita School**

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**Who is eligible to attend?**

**Elementary:** All children from junior kindergarten to grade eight who are residents of Ontario are welcome to study Italian. A participant fee is applicable to non-Ontario resident students. This program is open to all children regardless of cultural or ethnic background. The program is taught for 32 Saturdays from 9:30 am to 12:00 pm at St. Rita School.



**Secondary:** The International Languages Secondary Program offers Italian to the regular day secondary school students and adults requiring language credits towards a high school diploma. All courses follow Ministry of Education guidelines and are offered at grade 9, 10, 11, and OAC levels at St. Pius X High School. Italian credit courses are also taught each Saturday morning for 32 Saturdays, 9:00 am to 12:30 pm.

**First Class:** Saturday, September 16, 2000

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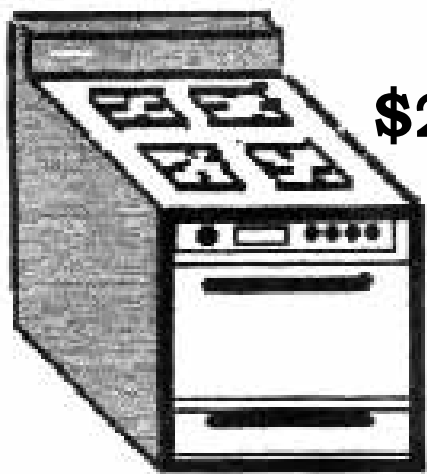
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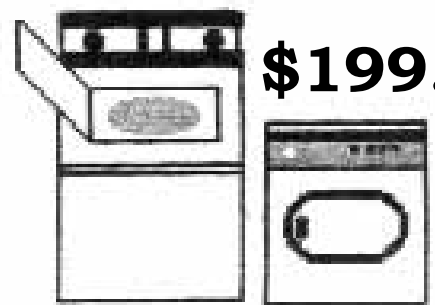
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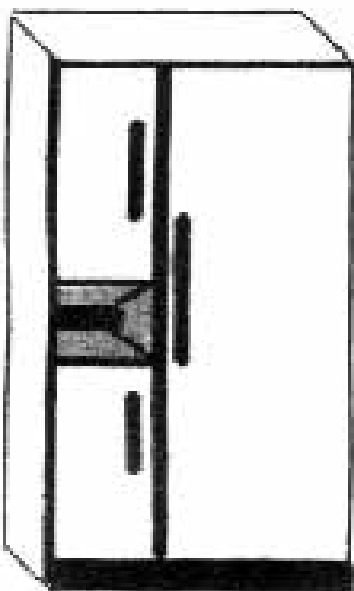
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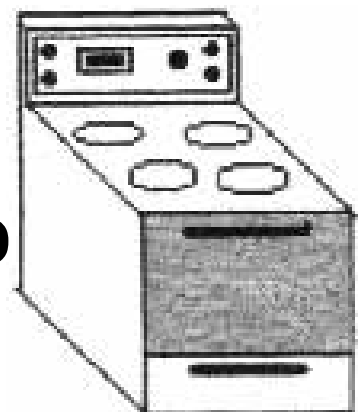
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