



Italian Historical Society

Volume 12 No. 1 - January / June 2004

Journal



ITALIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL
VOLUME 12, NO. 1 JANUARY – JUNE 2004

ISSN 1321-3881

The editorial sub-committee for this edition was:
Joan Campbell, Doug Campbell, Lorenzo Iozzi, Laura Mecca, Elsa Paulin

Design: Valerie Tellini

The *Italian Historical Society Journal* aims to provide, to those interested in the history of Australian-Italian communities, an outlet for the circulation of news and reports, the exchange of information and the notification of future activities. We invite readers to contribute newsworthy articles and short notes. Guidelines for contributors are available on application.

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The Journal is published twice a year. Subscription is \$33.00 annually (GST inclusive). This entitles you to membership of the Italian Historical Society. The Society is part of Co.As.It (Italian Assistance Association) and is governed by the rules and regulations of Co.As.It.

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FRONT COVER:

Trevisani on a tramway skip in Jubilee, Gippsland, Easter 1938.

From left: Antonia Bettiol, Emma Girardi, Luigi Grollo, Maria Durante, Ermida Bettiol, Nin Bordin, and Dovilio Girardi. Photograph courtesy Dovilio Girardi.
(See article on page 17).

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the italian – australian backyard: italian's sweetest little acre

by **DIANA CHESSELL** IS A VISITING FELLOW AT THE CENTRE FOR CROSS CULTURAL RESEARCH AT THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY WITH A STRONG RESEARCH EXPERIENCE IN EUROPEAN-AUSTRALIAN CROSS-CULTURAL LANDSCAPES. RECENT WORK IDENTIFIES AMBIENCE, CHARACTER AND SPIRIT OF PLACE AND TRACES THE ROLE OF ITALIAN TRADITIONS IN AUTHENTICATING A COSMOPOLITAN 'SENSE OF PLACE' IN AUSTRALIA'S THREE LITTLE ITALY'S - CARLTON, VICTORIA; LEICHHARDT, NSW AND NORWOOD, SOUTH AUSTRALIA. PERIODS OF LIVING IN ITALY HAVE ALSO ENABLED HER TO 'SAVOR THE LIFESTYLE AND THE MEDITERRANEO TOMATO'.

TODAY'S ITALIAN-AUSTRALIAN BACKYARDS

Vegetable patches, tomatoes, tomatoes, tomatoes. Runner beans, potatoes, green spinach, green cucumbers, red tomatoes, tomatoes, tomatoes. Above the riot of strong colour a pergola holds up the promise of next season's wine. Grottos and shrines which beam their lights from the corners. Stone altars to keep the faith strong. Seats and benches to enjoy the shade and a rest of virtue. Behind the trellises and wood the solid handcrafted equipment of winemaking and preserving. Drying racks, barrels, spades, hoes and a host of handles. And a workable set of scales to measure both yield and sales.

For though these sweetest 'little acres' of the Italian-Australian backyard, are no longer critical to the household's economy, yield and bounty are still important. Similarly the activities of home production from one's own 'little acre' are inextricably linked with the virtues of self-reliance, hard work and household independence. Keeping this sweetest of produce and the bounty of surplus goods going is a fundamental Italian-Australian activity. It is also a continuing source of joy and celebration for young and older generations of Italian and Italo-Australian men and women. A fundamental part of their identity. Why is this so? ¹

ITALIAN VILLAGE BASED TRADITIONS

Australia's Italian migrants during the mass migration of the 1950s and 1960s were mostly agricultural workers from the Southern regions, such as Campania, Abruzzo-Molise, Calabria and Sicily. Predominantly they came from inland hill towns and though they worked seasonally in agriculture, they were town dwellers. They rarely owned a home. The pattern was to rent or lease or share sections or apartments of two and three storied stone townhouses.

These southern Italian hilltop villages were established in their present landscape and layout during the middle ages and earlier. They had some balconies and paved streets and piazzas as gathering and meeting places, but they had no backyards.

Any ownership of arable land was a tiny share of a family plot, mostly for the eldest son. The plot was small and had been divided and divided over generations. More likely the family leased a small plot of land on the edge of the township, within walking distance of home. The land was generally leased in a perpetual, oral tradition. People told me that whether owned or leased there were generally no deeds or titles. As in most aspects of life, they relied on oral agreements such that they had 'always leased the land where the shrine at the crossroads stood' (Fieldwork visit 1992). Many town officials had no maps, relying on oral traditions and landscape features in decision making to the present day. An average family plot would be 10 to 20 olive trees outside the walls with vegetables and a few vines grown in small patches around the trees, and keeping a pig or goats. It is most significant that these plots were mainly near the city walls so people could walk to tend them.² They were city dwellers tending a garden plot at a distance from their rented home.

HARVEST OF THE GARDEN PLOTS

The 'sweet harvest' of olive oil, wine, masses of vegetables, primarily tomatoes for sauce, beans, goats cheese, wood and clippings and dried dung for fuel, provided approximately 40 - 60 per cent

¹ This paper developed from a question by Lorenzo Iozzi, Curator IHS to me as to why vegetable gardens and the whole backyard of the Australian 'quarter-acre' are so important to many Italian-Australians, women and men, young and older.

² This research connects with Dr Gerardo Papalia's article 'From terrone to wog; post-colonial perspectives on Italians', in *IHS Journal* Vol.11 no. 2. Particularly his reference to the fact that Italians had no backyards, but 'a vegetable garden located in the countryside adjacent to urban areas'. This underlies the significance of attaining a 'backyard' examined in this article.

of all domestic consumables.³ This was weighed and the yield checked. Then began the labour intensive preserving of tomatoes for pasta sauce as well as the drying, pickling, salting etc. of other fruit and vegetables. Remembering here that pasta with sauce was often the '*primi piatti*' and the only dish for southern people throughout the winter months. Meat was for Easter and other festivals. At this stage the scales came into use to weigh the important surplus produce to be bartered or sold at Saturday markets. Additional goods manufactured at home, often over the winter months included olive oil soap, hand woven baskets, hand-sewn clothing and linen, tanning and sewing of leather from animal skins, and specialist items such as iron ware and work implements. All these items were 'measured' and bartered or sold, mostly in the informal economy yielding a further 20 per cent of domestic consumables and domestic services coming from these garden plots. Of course there were significant seasonal variations on this figure and a late downpour of hail ruining many a crop.

THE RELIANCE ON THE DOMESTIC AND INFORMAL ECONOMY

Principally these peasant workers, or *paesani* of town or village, received wages for summer harvesting work from the owners of large farms, some nearby and others a truck ride and a weeks stay away. There was some further work in road making and transport services for men, tomato canning and infrastructure work for women, mostly in the snow free months and on a casual basis. Overall then, work in the formal economy was limited to the summer season and a surrounding few weeks or months. The cash component or formal economy was important, but the greatest dependence overall was on the domestic and informal economy, the home and bartering system of the village economy.⁴ For example, 'Four ceramic pots could equal half a goat' (Fieldwork visit, 1997). Where townhouse rents were defrayed against summer harvesting work by wealthy landholders, many workers had little access or experience of the formal economy, living in an almost feudal style. For them bartering and markets had increased importance as the only place for them to make cash transactions.



TOP View of multi-level stone dwellings forming the walls of Southern Italian hill-towns. Photograph courtesy Diana Chessell



MIDDLE Townscape of San Marco dei Cavotti, Campania showing dense housing, piazzas and proximity of agricultural land. Photograph courtesy Diana Chessell.



BOTTOM A plot of land on the walls at Altavilla Irpina, Campania. Photograph courtesy Diana Chessell.

³ Chessell, Diana *The Italian Influence on The Parade*, Wakefield Press in conjunction with the City of Norwood, Payneham and St. Peters, 1999, p.27 and Chessell, Diana 'Italian influence on The Parade - Norwood's main street', *Historic Environment, Cultural Diversity Edition*, ICOMOS Australia, Vol.3, no. 2, 1997

⁴ Chessell, Diana *Italian influence on the transformation of Norwood, South Australia 1880s - 1990s* Leabrook, SA, 1999.

THE MEANING OF THE SWEETNESS OF THE ITALIAN'S LITTLE ACRE: THE ITALIAN-AUSTRALIAN BACKYARD

The sweetness of the Italian's little acre, the Italian Australian backyard, is revealed in looking at these Italian village based traditions and the importance of the garden plot in Italian village life. The garden plot meant success in living for the family. All were involved, all worked hard to survive and all lived close to the vagaries of the powerful seasons. All household members had real connection with the central importance of the yield and the meaning of a good harvest and a bounty crop. The Italian tradition was a deep experience of urban life integrated with nature.

So, most significantly, the Italian-Australian backyard now yields the important produce previously depended upon for survival. Survival that was at base an economic and physical relationship. Yet the daily ritual of working with nature developed ethical almost spiritual dimensions and became traditions about the moral way to live. Notably with faith in the continuity of the seasons, the God given bounty of nature and the virtues of hard work. Often in the Italian-Australian backyard, 'grottos and shrines beam their lights from the corners. Stone altars to keep the faith strong. Seats and benches to enjoy the shade and a rest of virtue' mark the connection of garden work and spiritual blessings.

In Australia today, in contrast, work in the sweetest little-acre, achieves an excess yield. Thereby enjoyed, eaten and distributed like the harvest of a bounteous year. Australia's mainly cash economy in a country of good, year long wages, a mild climate and available 'home and quarter acre' ownership has replaced the Italian based traditions of centuries, the village economy, the daily rituals, the constant work.

And yet traditions change and reappear transformed, as hybrid forms of the old and the new. The virtues of hard work, thrift, closeness to nature and the physical harvesting of nature's power are still held and celebrated in the ongoing, traditions and continuity of the phenomenon of the Italian's 'sweetest little acre', the Italian-Australian backyard. There are also hidden

cultural transformations and new rituals and festivals which emerge into the visible or invisible spaces of people's lives.

A HIDDEN 'TRANSFORMATION': EVERYBODY ACHIEVES THE 'SWEETEST LITTLE ACRE'

Because cultures change when we migrate there are other quiet but significant transformations hidden here in the hidden 'back space' of the backyard. Many times it was the eldest son who was sent, after the Second World War, to Australia to attain the success associated with land ownership in Italy. An impossible dream in overpopulated Southern Italy at that time, even for the eldest son. So the young leaders of family clans were sent on precious fare money to the new land of Australia. They then sent fare money and remittances to 'hold open the door to the new land' for younger brothers, fathers, wives, mothers, sisters, then cousins and then other *paesani*, friends from the village of origin, in that order.⁵ Through this cultural effort each migrant has attained the ownership of land, the promised dream. This includes both an individually fenced bungalow and adjacent land on the quarter acre. A typical Australian 'quarter acre backyard'. Yet for the landless and poor arrivals, success indeed and a dream fulfilled.

And not just the older brothers. The younger brothers, the parents, the cousins. Each has become a landholder and for this each is indebted to the chain of '*paesani*' that assisted their migration. For each, most symbolically the attainment has been of land, the symbolic crown, the reason for migration, and has been won for nearly 100% who migrated. The transformation of the landless Italian migrants into a community with the highest rate of home-and-land ownership of any non-English-speaking-migrant group in Australia is a phenomenon of outstanding success. The continued ownership and clustering of Italian-Australians around the three major Australian Little Italys of Leichhardt, Sydney, Carlton, Melbourne and Norwood, Adelaide, reflects the significance of these places.⁶ They are significant places of both first settlement and the important first attainment of land from the 1950s, 1960s

5 Chessell, Diana 'The Italian Influence on Australian Mainstreets: The Parade (ëorwood, South Australia) and Lygon Street, Carlton, Victoria'. In *search of the Italian Australian into the New Millennium*. Proceedings of the First Italian-Australian Conference, Melbourne, Australia, May 2000.

6 Hugo, Graeme 'Patterns and processes of Italian Settlement in South Australia' in O'Connor, Desmond & Comin, Antonio (eds) *The first Conference on the Impact of Italians in South Australia*, Flinders University Press, 1993.

and 1970s. The places where many Italian migrants 'first put their foot down'.⁷

The personal achievement is one of greatly expanded material power for most older Italian-Australian migrants, and the base of much of their children's power and success, especially in small business. Interestingly also, this generation have moved house less than their Australian born neighbours with a strong attachment and network surrounding their place of first settlement in Australia.⁸

The paradox of this Italian material and cultural accomplishment is that the success of land ownership is not so needed or depended upon economically in Australia. The domestic and informal economy overall is not so important and this is both celebrated and missed as a lost tradition. The economic dependence, the fight with harsh winter months is absent. The loss of the strength as well as the intimacy of a domestic and informally based economy; the lost camaraderie with other *paesani*, leaves a social vacuum. Yet the Italians have maintained their 'garden plot' style backyards in the abundant tradition of their Italian villages, against mainstream Australian traditions. Since the 1950s the mainstream Australian culture have been reducing their functional 'chook and veges' backyards to a solely recreational and decorative use.

Within the continuity of the Italian 'garden plot' tradition and the sense of cultural continuity, changes are occurring however. A good example of the transformation of an Italian tradition is the emergence of a new festive ritual of tomato sauce making.

TOMATO SAUCE MAKING: THE NEW FESTIVE RITUAL IN AUSTRALIA

In Italy the end of summer harvesting and preserving of lusciously ripe tomatoes was predominantly a functional, economic activity. A strenuous job in the summer sun to make the sauce depended upon as the basis of the pasta based '*primi piatti*' to ensure solid meals for survival through the winter.

In Australia old or young join in this production in the backyard continuing established traditions such as the sharing of equipment, several families working together and communal meals for the

harvesters, all over the several days of harvesting and preserving.

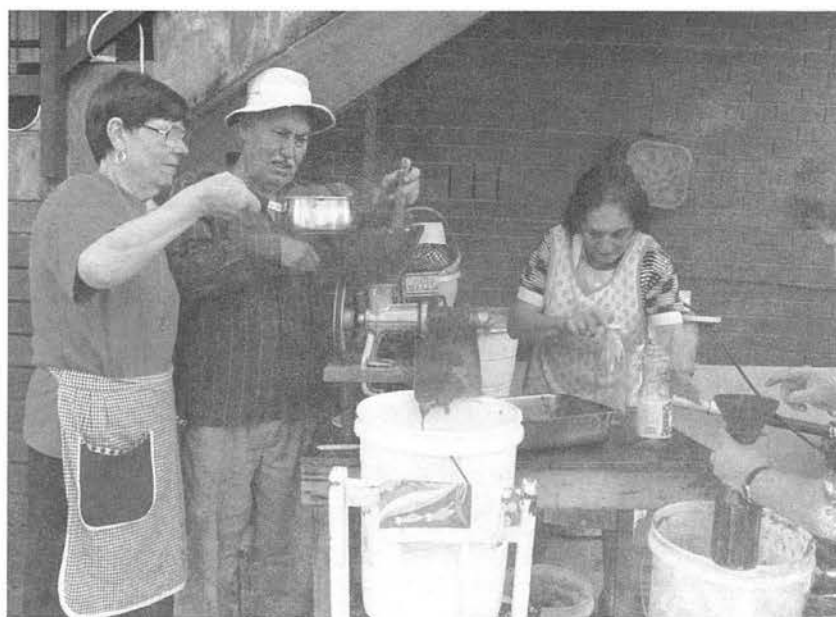
The notable difference is that the harvest is on land directly adjacent to the home with both home and land being owned by the Italians. Also the harvest is not so dependent on the weather. There is a refrigerator, a freezer and space for drying racks, all as needed depending on the suitability of the tomato crop for different preserving methods. The Italian people involved are therefore powerful in having ownership of the garden under harvest plus both access and ownership of modern and traditional equipment for the task. They own the means of production.

Two further factors are significant in the transformation of this event. Firstly and most significantly, the lack of financial dependence on the outcome of the crop enormously reduces the economic and social strain on the families involved. Secondly, the home base of this precious crop reduces anxiety over the physical security of the crop. As these functional factors are reduced the balance of the energy attached to the sauce making ritual swings over to emphasizing its communal and celebratory nature.

The sauce making ritual has therefore become more of a symbolic ritual of celebrating Harvest time than an economic event. A balance of communal play rather than work, but serious just the same. While the 'ripe tomato' would have been enjoyed for its aesthetic as well as functional qualities in a traditional village economy, the affective nature of the activity is emphasized as it becomes less functional. As a symbolic, festive event, affective appreciation of the sheer weight, gloss, roundness, fruitfulness, sheen and savor of the plump, ripe, Italian tomato crop is heightened. In the 'Festival of tomato sauce making' sheer delight, pride and sensuous tasting of the prodigious crop is uttermost. Delight in a prodigious crop of course celebrates the yield and the effort of the grower. In Italy and Australia this shared experience emphasizes the continuity and connection with memories of the past. The common celebration of the beauty and sensuous nature and culinary utility of tomatoes also strengthens the communality of the harvest event between Italian-Australians and other local people.

⁷ Chessell, Diana *Italian influence on the transformation of Norwood, South Australia 1880s - 1990s*, Leabrook, SA, 1999.

⁸ Hugo, Graeme, op.cit.



ABOVE Anna Latorre and her husband Silio Latorre (both at left) and neighbours making tomato sauce at the La Torre family home in Bulleen, c1990. Photograph by Frank Coffa.

Yet in Australia the cultural catalyst for this new ritual has been a loss. The loss of the Italians' economic dependence on the tomato crop. This has created a cultural space in which a new, yet authentic Italian-Australian tradition could emerge and one which can also be shared with young and older Australian conservationists, food lovers and wider audiences of differing cultural backgrounds.⁹ The virtues and ethics of hard work, conserving materials, using organic methods and pure frugality are now shared in this new ritual.

Another aspect of this transformation is that the organic base and overall authenticity of the Italian sauce making has traditionally reflected a spiritual connection with the land. In the new ritual the connection is now being made with environmental sensitivity to the land, especially organic food production. This new cultural space has therefore allowed urbanites mourning the lost parish based neighborhoods and lost organic backyards to re-annex and identify with suburban land. These organic gardeners and foodies become followers of the Italian style. They act in or appropriate a Mediterranean, market style, functional and productive role, and practice the ethics of frugality etc. In fact a striking aspect of some mainstream organic food festivals is the fervor of interest in natural food and the almost religious conviction of the moral rightness of eating organic. Most significantly though, mainstream society is valuing the Italian garden activity. It fills the void of losses modern urbanites express.

Their secular search is for meaning in a locality and a lifestyle.

Meanwhile garden produce has become a highly meaningful symbolic activity for Italian-Australian family members. As parts of chains of *paesani* they repay one another over and over again in the produce of bounty. Hard work continues to be essential. Vigilance of the crop is still needed, and though the garden plot being closer makes this easier, fences are popular with some. Part of the old village is right there everyday, and the succulent, ripe Italian tomato is the glowing heart of this crop.

SUMMARY: THE ITALIANS' SUCCESS

Overall and outstandingly the story of Italian migration to Australia is one of success. One outcome of migration, your own 'little acre', has developed into an important place for continuing the traditions of the Italian villages of origin, and of a domestic and informal, bartering village economy. The outcome, the Italian-Australian backyard, is now the Italian-Australian's 'sweetest little acre'. People like to visit, receive bouquets of greens and tomatoes, and most importantly, share a glass of *vino* and to stay there. It is a place of important production. A place of belonging. A place for the enactment of rituals of survival, of success and of bounty.

The emerging festival style of the tomato sauce making ritual is one example of the Italian backyard organic style being transformed. Italian produce, cuisine and organic food provide a cultural bridge to transform mainstream Australian urban culture.

'Bouquets of tomatoes, tomatoes, tomatoes. Green runner beans, green spinach, green cucumbers and red, ripe, succulent red tomatoes, tomatoes, tomatoes. These are the red and green bouquets of my Italian-Australian sweetest little acre. Smell them, hold them, savor them. They are what I have gained. They are what I have lost. They are what I offer this country'.

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⁹ Chessell, Diana 'Australia's Little Italy's: are they authentic or facades for urban multiculturalism?' Centre for Cross Cultural Research: Australian National University: Ethnoscapes Seminar Series, March 2002 Australian National University.

diary of an immigrant from trieste, 1955

by
ONDINA DEMARCHI
translated by
LORENZO IOZZI

THIS YEAR MARKS THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST BIG WAVE OF *TRIESTINI* TO LEAVE THEIR CITY AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR TO EMIGRATE TO AUSTRALIA. ON 15 MARCH 1954, THE SHIP *CASTELVERDE* LEFT THE PORT OF TRIESTE WITH HUNDREDS OF *TRIESTINI* MIGRANTS ON BOARD. IT WAS A MOMENTOUS EVENT WHICH COINCIDED WITH GREAT POLITICAL CHANGE FOR THE CITY, WHICH WAS STILL OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIED MILITARY FORCES. THESE EMIGRANTS WERE MOSTLY EX-POLICEMEN - AND THEIR FAMILIES - WHO HAD BEEN INDUCTED INTO THE TEMPORARY POLICE CORPS, ESTABLISHED BY THE OCCUPYING FORCES. FROM 1954 UNTIL 1961, NEARLY TEN THOUSAND TRIESTINI WOULD FOLLOW IN SUBSEQUENT WAVES OF MIGRANTS TO AUSTRALIA. ONE OF THEM WAS ONDINA DEMARCHI WHO, WITH HER HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER, VENTURED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE IN SYDNEY. THIRTY YEARS LATER ONDINA WROTE A 'DIARY' OF HER MIGRATION EXPERIENCE, WHICH WE ARE FORTUNATE TO HAVE IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE ITALIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

These pages are dedicated to my grandson Dylan, in the hope that they may serve him well and that they make him appreciate this land more than his mother and I were able to because of the homesickness we felt for our beloved Italy.

LIFE IN TRIESTE

I come from one of the oldest families in Trieste, which had its origins in Venice. Ours was a family that had never emigrated and was fiercely attached to our beloved Trieste, which for us is the most beautiful city in the world.

I remember my childhood with an incredible nostalgia, filled with visions of trees in bloom, surrounded by lilac and the most glorious panorama imaginable. Our home, a simple little house with an immense stretch of land - a gift from my great grandfather to my grandmother as a wedding present - was situated on the outskirts of the city and in the morning, when we opened the blinds, our eyes feasted on the vista of the port of Trieste.

The house consisted of two apartments. My grandparents lived in one and our family, my mother, my father and my sister, who was six years older than me, lived in the other. We were a very close family: my father worked in a bank; my grandfather, in

retirement for as long as I can remember, was a cooper at the port in his day; and then there was my aunt, my father's sister. All of us united under one roof.

In the summer evenings after dinner, we would all gather in the garden and my grandfather would invariably be carried away with telling stories of by-gone days, of his youth, when Trieste was still under the dominion of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the city was a free port. This was a time of well being in Trieste, of joy, of people singing in the streets. The simplest thing, then, would make one happy.

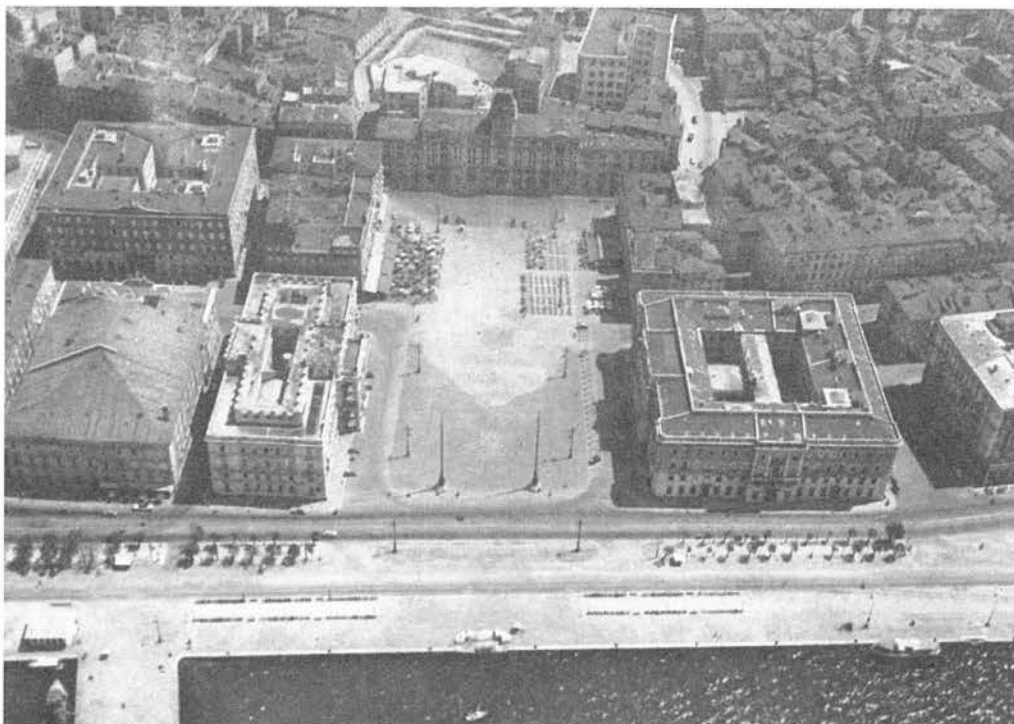
Then there were the sad stories of the First World War, 1914 to 1918. My grandfather was called up, captured and imprisoned in Russia where he remained for five years and more. My grandmother's ancestors were farmers, cultivators of flowers, and so she was able to put our vast land to good use, growing vegetables and flowers and breeding poultry. With the flowers she would make wreaths. Some of the produce from the land was sold and the rest was kept for the family and this is how she was able to keep things going until my grandfather returned, safe and sound fortunately. And with his homecoming, they began to enjoy a life of well being again.

In time, my father married and here we are: my sister was born first and I was born in 1928. I remember the first twelve years of my life as being the most beautiful. They were spent alongside my grandmother whom I adored and who adored me. But afterwards misfortune struck with the outbreak of the Second World War and the death of my grandmother through cancer. I still remember her today with a sigh in my heart. After my mother, she was the sweetest and most wonderful woman I have ever known.

The Second World War... and now it was my father's turn to be called up to fight. I can remember the struggles of my mother trying her best to lighten the situation for us as much as possible and the constant running to the air-raid shelters. God's will allowed that this nightmare, too, should pass and my father returned without a scratch. After my schooling was over, I found work at Stock, a liqueur company where I remained for seven years. When I was nineteen years of age, I became engaged to my current husband, who had returned from the War after an absence of ten years from Italy due to military service, conscription and confinement in a prisoner of war camp in America.

TOP United States of America military forces on parade in Trieste during the Allied occupation of the city. In the background is the Lloyd Triestino building. Army Day, 6 April, 1948.

BOTTOM View of Trieste showing Piazza dell'Unità d'Italia and the port in the foreground.



Following the War, employment opportunities were scarce. Trieste, however, was one of the more fortunate cities, because, being under American control, it set up the Civil Police Corps which seconded most of the ex-servicemen, including my husband, who had a great advantage because he could speak English which he learnt as a prisoner of war. He remained in the Corps for ten years. When the ten years were up, America decided to hand back Trieste to

Italy. What followed was insecurity for those in the 'temporary' Police Corps and...mass migration to Australia.

This was a time when women, if they were married, could not find work. I struggled for one year because I did not want to leave my city, my family and all that which I adored. In the end, the prospect of a more secure future, above all security for my daughter, prompted my decision and on the 1 July 1955 we left Trieste on



TOP The ship *Fairsea*, with many hundreds of emigrants on board bound for Australia, about to set sail from the port of Trieste. Photographer: Ugo Borsatti, Omnia, c1955.

BOTTOM Ondina Demarchi with her husband and daughter aboard the ship *Fairsea* bound for Australia.



the ship *Fairsea*. There were 750 of us *Triestini* onboard, all ex-policemen with their families. We were going to a country of which we knew little or nothing. We were convinced that it was predominantly inhabited by Aborigines. At that time there was little news on Australia and the fragment we received was far from the truth.

I will remember my departure until my last days. My husband had to literally tear me away from the crowd that was engulfing me, people who were crying and invoking the names of their loved ones who had

boarded the ship. I had to embrace my father over the gates because he had delayed arriving at the port after having been detained at work. I was sure that I would never see him again. They were cries of sorrow and bitterness against a country that, unfortunate in losing the War, could not adequately provide for its citizens.

The ship remained in port all night because having been formerly a mercantile ship and this being its first voyage as a passenger ship, workers were still on board completing the finishing touches. And so we stayed there anchored all night, which prolonged our agony. I can remember staying on deck all night gazing at my adored Trieste in the distance.

THE JOURNEY

I have a most beautiful memory of the trip. For those of you who know the good nature of the *Triestini*, imagine 750 of them under one roof for an entire month. I was even more blessed because the first officer of the ship was my cousin. To this day, I am grateful to him for ensuring that the thirty-two days on board were not like an emigrant's but like a first class passenger on an ocean liner. Fortunately, I do not suffer from seasickness and consequently it was a very pleasant trip. On board with us was a welfare officer of the Australian Government. I remember the words he said to us: 'Australia is a rich land that can ensure your well being but it is barely 200 years old and we are in need of your culture and your willingness to work.' At the time we thought he was exaggerating but how right he was!

Newly arrived migrants from Italy taking a meal in Seymour, one of the stops between Melbourne and the Bonegilla Migrant Centre in north-east Victoria, c1955. Photograph courtesy Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, Canberra.



At every port of call the ship never departed punctually, always with three or four hours delay, so during the stopover in Melbourne we and about sixty other passengers decided to take our time (before re-boarding for Sydney). We had friends waiting for us in Melbourne who took us to St Albans, which was about forty-five minutes from Melbourne by train. The ship was scheduled to leave the port at 1 o'clock in the afternoon but at 1 o'clock we were still at lunch with our friends, recounting stories about our adventures and waiting for the gnocchi to surface. My daughter was longing for them and had requested them the whole trip. Consequently, when we arrived back at the port, the ship had already set sail: we had left our belongings on board including my jewellery which my relatives had lavished on me before leaving. I had more sentimental value for me rather than a monetary one. Like a good Italian girl, I had placed the jewellery under my mattress. Fortunately, my real treasures were with me for some people had left their children aboard in the care of friends and were separated from them when they missed the ship leaving some mothers distraught about how and when they would be able to be reunited with their children.

In hindsight, I am grateful to the Australian authorities for being most understanding and efficient in the situation we found ourselves in and for giving us all possible assistance. They tried to arrange a flight

for us to Sydney to meet the ship there but there were insufficient seats for sixty people. First and foremost, they provided us with warm blankets and milk for the children. It was the middle of winter and the temperature in Melbourne was no joke. They booked us sixty seats on the train and then arranged dinner for us. That was my first experience of Australian food. At that time there were three or four types of fish on the market, cooked in a batter and deep-fried in animal fat. It seemed as though this nauseating smell was all pervasive. Oblivious to all this, I, like a true Triestina, ordered fish, which they served in the manner described with a side serving of boiled, canned vegetables...Given that my palate was still all too European, I was unable to take even the first bite.

After dinner we made our way to the railway station and we were put on a train for Bonegilla Migrant Camp where we could stay overnight. As I have mentioned, Melbourne in winter can be extremely cold and furthermore, it was raining that day. We arrived to find a camp covered with puddles of water. As there were three of us, they assigned us a room with three beds, cold, bare and with windows which would not close. To keep warm we decided to sleep together in the one bed and all night we kept waking because of the frightful cold.

Morning...breakfast with bacon and eggs...and then we departed for Sydney to



Sydney as it was at the time of Odina Demarchi's arrival. Photograph taken from aboard a ferry in Circular Quay, c1955.

reach the ship. Twelve hours by train and then finally we arrived in, what must be, the most beautiful city in the world. Sydney is truly stupendous. It is, for all who see it - the port, the bridge and the bay - a unique city. On arrival there, the press was waiting to interview us. It is not everyday that sixty absent-minded passengers miss their ship. My husband, being the only one among us who could speak English, gave a detailed account of what happened, omitting to tell of the discomforts of the camp.

As for me, the first greeting was from my cousin, who, from the deck of the ship screamed out, affectionately, '*stupida*'. Those who had shared the cabin with me had passed on my jewellery to him and had packed up all my belongings. After completing the disembarkation procedures we were again taken to the railway station, this time bound for the Greta Migrant Camp.

Understandably, no one knew where this Greta camp was. We left late at night, thinking that at worst it would have been something like the Melbourne to Bonegilla trip. Instead it was four interminable hours of train ride going through desolate countryside populated by sheep, sheep and more sheep. Finally, we arrived at the camp and were greeted by the interpreter. After the experience of Bonegilla, I was terrorized at what I might find here, particularly for the sake of my five-year-old daughter, who was already exhausted by the long haul from Italy to Australia. Unfortunately, she wasn't as lucky as I was with the voyage and had suffered quite a bit of sea-sickness. On top of this, there was the experience of Bonegilla and the trip from Sydney to Greta: she was in need of a good hot meal and comfortable lodgings in order to recuperate.

By the time we were finally shown our quarters, it was three in the morning. We found that the kitchen was fully equipped and they immediately served us a hot meal, even if it was rice that could have been used as glue for billboards. It was the welcome we received that comforted us. After that, each family was assigned a home, which consisted of a one-room hut with, in our case, three beds, but spotlessly clean and with fresh bed sheets and...windows which could be closed! The wooden floorboards were almost white with cleanliness. I felt cheered up: finally, after three days, we would be able to have a decent night's sleep. Of the 750 *Triestini* aboard that ship, a part was destined for Perth, Brisbane, Adelaide and Melbourne. Sydney was the last stop leaving about two hundred of us who, during the month spend together, had all become close friends.

MY LIFE IN THE CAMP

Fourth of August, 1955: my life in Australia begins. I had brought three kilograms of raw coffee beans from Italy and a container in which to roast them. My dormitory became a makeshift coffee shop, which attracted all my friends. In a month we drank three kilos of coffee. At six in the morning we were served the legendary 'breakfast'... all in line. For us who were used to just a cup of coffee in the morning, seeing steak or sausages served up turned our stomachs, but in time we became used to this too.

The camp was situated at the foot of a hill and surrounded by bush and, since we were waiting to be assigned job positions, we would all take interminable walks in the bush. And so, we became well acquainted with the flora and fauna of Australia. We discovered the strangest species of birds.

Aerial view of the Migrant Camp at Greta, New South Wales, where Odina Demarchi and her family stayed. Photograph taken c1955, from Pino Bartolomé Collection, IHS.



I remember how, on one occasion, we heard what seemed like the sound of a child crying and we were convinced for days that some inhuman mother must have abandoned her child somewhere in the bush until we discovered the bird and realized that its chirp was identical to that of a newborn child crying.

We discovered parrots with unbelievable colours: reds, blues and yellows; the famous rosella; the kiwi [sic], a black and white bird, which, if you call it, comes into the home greedy for meat; the beautiful kookaburra, unique to its species, a bird which when it nosedives, is undoubtedly about to kill a snake - it has a powerful beak; we got to know the kangaroo, a tame and friendly animal which allows you to approach and pat it, if you offer it some food. The grass within the camp was all burnt and when we asked why this was so, we were informed that it was done purposely because the camp was surrounded by snakes and spiders, some harmless, some poisonous.

After a few days, my daughter fell ill with mumps and she was hospitalized for a fortnight. I was not permitted to go near her for fear of infection and each day I made the three kilometer trek to the hospital on foot, through fields, with the fear that with every step it might be a step on a snake, just to see her through the windows of the hospital. My husband was one of the first to be given a job as an ambulance driver for the camp and as interpreter for newly arrived migrants. His wages were 17 pounds (approximately equivalent to forty dollars) per fortnight. Food and lodging were free whilst you were unemployed. You

had to pay seven pounds for a family of three such as ours the moment you found employment, which didn't leave much.

It was difficult getting used to camp food. Unfortunately, my family couldn't do it and three pounds per fortnight would go towards buying eggs and poultry from nearby farms. We did not have cooking facilities in the hut, nor were we permitted to have them, but the authorities knew that everybody did and so they turned a blind eye. I bought a small spirit cooker, for which I paid three shillings and on that improvised stove I cooked the meals for my daughter.

Food in the camp was abundant, but we all wanted some of our own home cooked food and especially some of our gnocchi. We *Triestini* are crazy for this dish. I was the subject of a big joke over this because I had 'missed the boat' all because of gnocchi and it cost me dearly: 17 pounds! The Australian Government charged us all the expenses it incurred in getting us to Sydney. One day, when the inclination got the better of me, I offered to make gnocchi for ten people. I began making them on the famous cooker at nine in the morning and by five in the afternoon they were ready, Bolognese sauce and all. I prepared the dough on a wooden board that my friends had found. I placed it across the base of the bed forming an improvised bench. I kneaded ten kilograms of potatoes. It took two people to help me up when I had finished kneading because my back couldn't support me and my feet were all pins and needles. I used up eight bottles of spirit fuel in the cooking. But...gnocchi have never tasted so good or been so

appreciated. We sat on the steps of the hut and savored them, one by one.

On another occasion, overcome by our 'gluttony', we cooked an entire side of a small calf, always on the same cooker. The men had gone to a nearby breeding farm and bought the half calf. It took us half a day just to section up the beast. The nicest cuts were cooked as stew and steaks. The head was the last remaining section and it too was cooked.

Day by day our group got thinner as people began to be posted to various places for jobs. It was time enough though, given that a month had passed, even though some people had to wait up to two months before they found work. Most of the men were destined for the railways or the foundries in Newcastle, while others went to factories. Even if they were skilled in some trade or profession a good position was impossible without knowledge of the language.

During those periods of waiting, we tried to pass the time doing those things I mentioned above: going on excursions in the bush or going to the only hotel in the area, which was three kilometers from the camp. There was an out of tune piano at the hotel and we had an excellent piano player in our midst so he would try and bring it life as best he could, playing our favorite Italian songs which we sang to with increasing nostalgia. It was a ploy like many others to alleviate our fears of the unknown, which the future had in store for us.

Meanwhile my husband continued to work as an ambulance driver and most of the time he would have to take pregnant women for their check-ups to Maitland, a small town near our camp. After a month or more of doing this work, he was asked if he would like to stay on in the job. He agreed and from that moment we transferred from the temporary camp to the permanent one.

It was to be one of the worst moments of my life at the camp. One day I was alone in the hut, my daughter was at the hospital, this time for a throat infection, my husband was at work and the orders came to shift lodgings. Our friends by now had almost all departed. I was taken, laden with my baggage, to a place about one kilometer from the temporary camp and was left on the doorstep of the new home. By all accounts - and I admit it myself - I am not one who is easily discouraged, but when I opened that door, the suitcases just fell from my hands with shock. I couldn't

believe what was before my eyes: a hut divided in two with Masonite and all the walls...Masonite, making the whole place horribly dark. The previous occupant, whoever he was, had dug a huge hole in his section and had used it as a rubbish dump which created a terrible stench in the place. The bedbugs roved around contentedly on the walls.

I waited on the doorstep until my husband arrived from work and together we set about cleaning and disinfecting the place. I had brought some bed sheets with me, which we used to line the walls with and in this way we made our home half decent.

A DARKER SIDE

This second stage at the migrant camp was decidedly the hardest because I found myself among all types of people who unfortunately were not the best type. Some had been there for more than five years and they did not want to leave for fear of facing life outside the camp. Most of them did not speak a word of English. They worked in the kitchen, at cleaning the camp and the toilets and other things like that. For the first time in my life, I saw children whipped with the infamous cat-o'-nine-tails and with belts. The police was often called in because whips and belts were also very often inflicted on wives. There were families of every race at the camp: Poles, Russians, Yugoslavs, Germans and a few Italians.

The acts of brutality described above are of course inexcusable, but you can imagine how a human being can be reduced to such points of exasperation when day after day one is surrounded by a barren landscape without any form of pastime. We didn't even have a cinema. And hence, the air was filled with malcontent: unfaithful wives, wives betrayed. At night, if one was game enough to walk along the pathways throughout the camp, one encountered constant movement: the door of a hut just closing or a rustling in the bush. The camp was more animated at night than during the day. It was then that the belts, the whips and, unfortunately, even the knives, came out. It was the poor children, though, who were mostly at the receiving end.

Opposite us lived a family of Polish migrants, a husband and wife and their two children. The poor lady, she was stood over, working from morning to night in the kitchen and when she got home, I'll never know why, but she was beaten senseless. She copped so much one day that they had to take her to the hospital

with a broken arm. I mention this couple because there is a comical little story - to a certain point - associated with them. The husband, every Sunday, would dress up in his best suit, complete with white shirt and tie and he would sit in front of their hut and remain there until dusk. It was his way of celebrating Sunday.

On our first Sunday at the new camp, as I did every morning, I went to the public showers, which were situated in the same complex as the toilets about 100 metres from our hut. The showers had a concrete floor and the door to each was raised well above the floor. That morning when I stepped out of the cubicle having had my nice shower, I found it very strange to see the man who lived opposite us sitting outside the shower. My husband, who had observed the man, asked our neighbours for an explanation of his behaviour. They were a nice German couple to whom I am grateful because their good humour along the way had helped alleviate the tedium of life in the camp. They told him that it happened every Sunday. The man living opposite, whenever he saw a woman heading for the showers, would go and sit outside her shower: the water falling on the concrete floor of the shower reflected the woman's nude body. From that day on my toiletry necessities included a piece of Masonite, which I was careful to place in position before turning on the water.

We had begun our second month at the camp. My husband wanted to stay on a little longer before tackling life beyond the camp so as to become better informed and, in the meantime, to seek employment in Sydney or elsewhere. However, I couldn't take much more, especially since my daughter was spending most of the time in hospital with tonsillitis. One day we received a visit from people we knew who had been living in Australia for five years and who kindly offered us board in a 'temporary dwelling' at their home. We accepted and my husband went to Sydney to look for a job, which he found with the gas company. I could not move as my daughter was again in hospital. I did however want to see the house in which we were to take up lodgings and so one day I caught the train and made my way to Sydney. I have to state that during these last two months, I had undertaken a crash course in English at the camp and this was enough to make myself understood.

A HOME IN SYDNEY

The trip going to the city went well but coming back was a nightmare because I

was never sure of having caught the right train until I was back at the camp. I asked everybody if the train was going to Greta, but Greta did not have a railway station. Greta is near Maitland and everybody knew where Maitland was but only a few knew where Greta was. Most Australians did not have a clue where it was because apart from a butcher shop, a hotel and a poultry farm, Greta was exclusively a migrant camp. After four anxious hours I finally arrived back at camp and I immediately took a taxi to the hospital where I was told that my daughter could leave the hospital in two days time.

I prepared our luggage and after two days we set out for Sydney, or rather Hornsby. We arrived at our new abode after shuttling from train to bus to taxi. In those days, when people couldn't manage to save enough to buy a house they would buy a block of land and pay for it as best they could, over five or ten years on a monthly rate of repayments, and they would build a type of garage or 'temporary dwelling', which consisted of a single room and washbasin and that was it! Our friends had done just that and eventually had built their house as well and that's why the 'temporary dwelling' was available for us. The facilities therein would have been adequate for a couple like them but things were a little more complicated for us with a daughter. The first night we slept as best we could on makeshift mattresses. My husband was unable to buy us anything because he worked till evening and the shops were all closed by the time he finished work.

We bought all the essentials for our new lodging and we did our very best to make it as comfortable as possible. There was no electricity and so we set up an electric cable that extended from our abode to our friends' house and we suspended it from an enormous tree. The birds, however, took this strange object as some sort of plaything and they amused themselves pecking at it, especially the kookaburras, which abounded in the area, resulting in my meals frequently being half cooked because the birds would snap the cable and hence...we had to contend ourselves with half cooked meals by candlelight.

For bathing, we used giant tubs like in my great-grandparents time and other tubs for the laundry, which was backbreaking. On top of everything, we copped a period of rain, which lasted three months uninterrupted, which meant I did the washing in the open donned in a raincoat

and a hood. The toilet: an enormous tin pot, which the caretakers of this splendid job removed twice weekly.

I was impatient to have my own home and I would have done anything to help my husband in the earnings so that we could muster the deposit to buy own house. I am an accountant by profession but I found it daunting to apply anywhere because my command of English was not good enough. With recommendations from my neighbours, and so that I didn't have to leave my daughter in the care of others, I took up house cleaning for Australian families in the neighbourhood when the child was at school. They would pay me well. I managed to earn six to eight pounds per week. At times I would manage to clean three houses a day. People were very happy with my work, above all because not many Australian woman wanted to do that job. They preferred factory work.

Unfortunately, after some time, we had to leave our lodging, because the Department of Hygiene did not permit such living conditions in cases where children were involved. I didn't want us to leave the suburb because my husband worked at Waverton and my daughter was doing well at school. I asked one of the families for whom I did the cleaning if they were willing to offer us board in exchange for my cleaning work. They accepted wholeheartedly and they offered us a small apartment at the back of their house. There was no running water. My husband, who was handy at plumbing, connected the water and he also made some concrete steps so that we could enter our dwelling directly, without having to go through the owners' house.

At first everything was rosy. The family consisted of parents and five children, from five to fifteen years. The agreement was that, in exchange for accommodation plus two pounds per week, I would have to clean the house, wash and iron the clothes and prepare breakfast; at night, I had to clear the dinner table and wash the dishes. The rest of the time, I was free to use as I wished. After about one month the financial agreement remained unchanged, but the day was almost completely occupied in various jobs including the cooking. At night, my husband was even expected to do the gardening. My daughter's companions, who would not let her play with them because we were immigrants and her mother was a servant, continually humiliated her.

It was I who wanted to leave the migrant camp but in this case it was my husband who made me pack-up. And so, we moved to Kogarah. We rented a house together with another couple, friends of ours. It was early 1957. The rent was ten pounds per week. After the previous experience, I did not want to go cleaning houses again, even though it had not been an altogether negative experience: for one thing, my English had improved dramatically. One day, by chance, I came across a copy of *La Fiamma* newspaper. Until then I didn't even know that an Italian newspaper existed here.

SETTLING IN

My first two years in Australia had eroded my innate confidence. The people, the language barrier and the situation in general made it difficult to muster the courage to seek employment in a field other than the one I had just left. I owe it to my husband that one day he literally took me by the hand and, together, we went to the offices of *La Fiamma*. It was more to see if we could find a job for me in some Italian firm, than anything else. But fortunately for me, that very day, a clerical vacancy had come up at *La Fiamma*.

One week later I began my job at the newspaper. It was September of 1957. I worked there until 1976. At first I was assigned positions in various departments of the firm and later the position of secretary of the newspaper itself. This position gave me the opportunity to really help people in the Italian community. In those days migrants would come to us for every type of assistance: welfare agencies did not exist and so, the only recourse was to us. No help of any kind was ever refused.

I endeavoured - with the cooperation, one, of my director and two, the owner of the newspaper - to give sound advice to migrants and to lighten, as much as possible, the difficulties of life in a new country. We found jobs for people in various Italian firms, translated documents for them and offered legal, medical and hospital advice. We acted as newspaper, welfare agency and consulate...one door open for all!

After eight years in Australia I had the good fortune of being reunited with my parents. My sister and her husband had already arrived one year after us. Unfortunately, because of circumstances, they settled in Melbourne. My parents came to Sydney originally but the climate

of the city, especially for my mother, was not conducive and after a year, they too transferred to Melbourne.

After Kogarah we moved to Five Dock, where we rented a little apartment and then we purchased a house at North Strathfield, which we sold after eleven years and relocated to our present residence in Drummoyne. Throughout all this, my daughter experienced many changes. She attended seven schools until high school and all these changes impacted on her, even if she was successful in winning a scholarship to the University of Sydney where she graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree with honours in English. After just six months in Australia, having been taunted by her school companions because she didn't speak English and because of her Italian background, she made a vow with herself that one day she would have mastered the language perfectly, a promise she was able to keep because whether at high school or at university she excelled in that very subject.

I was spared discrimination during my twenty-one years at *La Fiamma* since I had contact purely with Italians. Fortunately, my Australian neighbours were all people who would help you in any way they could, in fact, they looked to me to receive elements

of our European culture, especially culinary ones. My husband, after the Gas Company, went to work for Transfield, which was another Italian firm. Hence, it was my daughter who most copped the brunt of any racial insults.

When my grandson was born, she gave him an English name, Dylan, partly because Dylan Thomas was her favourite writer but also because she had bad memories of the bitterness experienced at school and even if times had changed, she did not want to risk a similar fate on Dylan.

My feelings after thirty years in Australia are, I believe, the same as for the majority of migrants, that is...I feel torn in two: I love and am grateful to this land for having given me the possibility of a new life; and I suffer from homesickness for my country of birth. If I returned to Italy for good, I would miss Australia and certain positive aspects of the country, which I would not find there. I have been back several times and many people have told me that if I tried to resettle there I would not be able to make new friends. I am not altogether convinced of this, though there could be an element of truth in it. My city, its monuments, and my memories of it: no-one can take away those things. They are there, and they will always be so.

coopers creek, gippsland – the *trevisani* by **DIANA RUZZENE GROLLO**

DIANA RUZZENE GROLLO WAS BORN IN MURE, IN THE PROVINCE OF TREVISO, ITALY, IN 1948. AFTER FOUR YEARS SEPARATION WITH HER FATHER, THE FAMILY WAS REUNITED IN AUSTRALIA IN 1955. DIANA AND HER FIVE SIBLINGS LIVED A TYPICAL MIGRANT CHILDHOOD OF THE FIFTIES, WHICH HAD BEEN THE BACKGROUND OF HER PREVIOUS BOOK. IN 1984, AFTER SOME PART-TIME STUDY, DIANA ENROLLED AT LA TROBE UNIVERSITY, WHERE SHE ATTAINED A BACHELOR OF ARTS DEGREE, MAJORING IN MODERN HISTORY. SHE CONTINUED HER STUDIES TO ACQUIRE A POSTGRADUATE DIPLOMA. DIANA IS MARRIED TO RINO GROLLO AND HAS FOUR CHILDREN.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST BOOK WAS *GROWING THROUGH THE BRICK FLOOR*, WHICH WAS LATER TRANSLATED INTO ITALIAN AS *NOI GENTE D'EMIGRAZIONE*. DIANA'S MIGRANT ITALIAN BACKGROUND IS THE FOUNDATION OF HER WRITINGS. HER SECOND BOOK, *COOPERS CREEK, GIPPSLAND - THE TREVISANI*, CONTINUES TO DEMONSTRATE HER FIRST-HAND UNDERSTANDING OF THE ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS IN AUSTRALIA. THE BOOK IS AN HISTORICAL/SOCIOLOGICAL ACCOUNT OF A GROUP OF *TREVISANI* MEN AND THEIR FAMILIES, WITH BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS.

Between the late 1920s to the early 1950s, a group of *Trevisani* men went to work and live in the town of Coopers Creek and the settlement of Jubilee in Gippsland. They worked in lime burning, quarry blasting and woodcutting for the White Rock Lime Company. While there is little physical evidence left in the area, the interviews with descendants, the old photographs, letters, a diary and other documents stand as a testament to the lives of this group.

I refer to the group as *Trevisani* because this best describes the people in the research, as they came from the province of Treviso in the Veneto region, northern Italy.¹ These local and regional ties were very strong in the people I researched. They came from various towns just north of Treviso such as Arcade, Cusignana, Paderno, Selva del Montelo, La Barucchella, Cusignana Bassa, Trevignano, Biadene and Volpago.

These *Trevisani* from the fertile pianura of the pre-Alps of Italy were a strongly bonded community, through their culture, language, and history. This identity was reinforced by the detrimental experiences of the First World War that was staged on their land. A war that caused havoc, famine, illness, destruction of their homes and death of loved ones. Most of the *Trevisani* I have researched had experienced the First World War, either as combatants or as children in its midst.

The War and its aftermath changed both the political and social fabric of Italy and aided the rise of Fascism. The political system that had promised these agricultural workers so much failed, there were no major land reforms for the landless *contadini*, and this may have politicised some of them. The final blow was that after the War, the world suffered the Great Depression. Dispirited, many *Trevisani* packed their bags in the 1920s and left Italy.

Gradually, a cluster of *Trevisani* developed in Gippsland. I believe that the creation of this cluster was brought about by many factors, some direct, others indirect. Firstly, the United States closed its immigration borders, which forced potential immigrants to look to Australia. Another factor was attributed to the Australian Immigration policies of the 1920s and the Sponsorships Program, which gave rise to 'chain migration' and the discouragement of family reunion and this in turn created a demographic imbalance of males. Furthermore, family travel was economically difficult because the voyage was long and costly, and was further exacerbated by a departure tax and a landing tax. Another sociological factor was a shared *paesani* mentality: the Veneto - Treviso culture has a strong family ethos; a Catholic religion practice that, historically, intertwined the private and social life of the individual; the speaking of the Venetian -Trevisan language and a shared rural background.

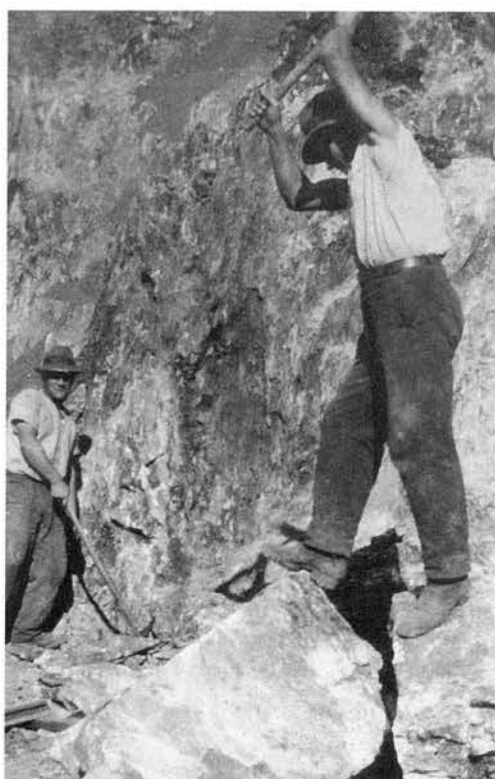
Some of the men who worked in Coopers Creek - Jubilee over the many years were: Raffaele and Luigi Bertuola; Fioravante (Dante) and Ernesto Bettiol and their nephew Primo; Cesare and Angelo Bettiol and their nephew Gildo; Giuseppe (Nin) Bordin; Tarcisio (Cisso)

¹ 'British Australians invested Greeks, Italians and Southern Europeans with quite spurious national identities. The notion of an Italian nationality, identity or ideology was quite fanciful: settlers from Italy felt first and foremost an attachment to their locality of origin, and then to their province or region. They were, Lombardians or Sicilians before they were Italians'. Lack J. and J Templeton. *Sources of Australian Immigration History. 1901 - 1945*. University of Melbourne Press. Australia 1989. Pg. 118.

TOP Limestone quarry workers at White Rock Lime Company in Coopers Creek, Gippsland. Pictured are (back row from left): Gimmi (Jimmy) Girardi, Dona Toffoletto, Antonio Marchiori and Tarcisio Costantin; (middle row from left): Ernesto Bettiol, Virginio Girardi and Luigi Grollo; (front row from left): Angelo Bettiol, Jack Meuleman and Cesare Bettiol, c1930. Photograph courtesy Dovilio Girardi.



BOTTOM Quarry workers breaking rock, c1930. Photograph courtesy L. M. Simeoni.



The town of Coopers Creek had developed historically like many other towns of Gippsland, with the discoveries of gold, in the 1850s and 1860s. Coopers Creek and Walhalla have an intertwined history due to their proximity and geography. In the 1850s, the region was still rather isolated by the rivers, valleys and mountains. The forests were dense and contained some of the biggest trees in the world. The bushland was rich with flora and fauna, with a high yearly rainfall that is drained off by rivers such as the Thomson, the Jordan, the La Trobe, the Tanjil, the Tyers, the Aberfeldy, the Snowy and numerous creeks. All this water had also created large areas of swamp, especially around Moe.

By the late 1860s, as the area began to 'open up' as a consequence of more miners taking out claims in Walhalla and in the surroundings of Coopers Creek, tracks were cut into the terrain to bring food, supplies, building materials and machinery for the working of the mines. The miners were soon followed by store keepers, hoteliers and families. Walhalla boomed as a gold mining town and as families arrived, so did teachers and schools, boarding houses, eateries, doctors, bullock drivers, farmers and timber cutters. Work opportunities increased accordingly. Walhalla expanded so rapidly, that by 1898 it had a population of 3,698. Coopers Creek was one of those towns where very little gold was discovered. However, it continued to survive because of the discoveries of copper in the 1860s (the first in Victoria) and later of several lime deposits.

Costantin; P. Constante; T. Ceccato; Massimo and Ernesto Durante from La Baruchelle; Angelo and Ernesto Durante from Cusignana; Ferdinando (Virginio) and Emergildo (Gimmi) Girardi; Luigi Grollo; Stefano Giovanni (Nanne) Guizzo; Antonio (Tony) Marchiori; Bruno Morellato; Donato (Dona) Toffoletto; Lino Favaro; Sebastiano Longo; Rinaldo Rino Gheller; Tony Saviane; Angelo Zanatta and G. Patroni. The majority of the workers in the lime industry in Coopers Creek were *Trevisani*. Photographs of the time show few Australians to have worked in the White Rock Lime Company.

By 1910 just as the railway was finally extended into what was once a remote and

forbidding terrain, Walhalla closed its gold mine and shortly after, the copper mine at Coopers Creek closed. Nonetheless, the economy of Coopers Creek continued with the opening of the Evans Brothers' lime quarry and kilns and, in the late 1920s, the White Rock lime quarry and kilns on the other side of the valley. Antonio Marchiori, a *Trevisano*, continued to manage the latter until its closure in 1952. Over the years he was instrumental in recruiting men from the community of *Trevisani* to work for this company.

In the early years of the White Rock Company the *Trevisani* men lived a spartan life. There were four cottages in Coopers Creek plus a large bunkhouse and several tents in Jubilee. The men took few holidays as many of them worked on a contract basis. These men organised their own food, which was sometimes meagre with lots of rabbit stew. Some men had organised themselves into gangs, so that they rostered the cooking and provisions duties. Others, the more individualistic ones, tried to do it all, sometimes to exhaustion point. After a hard day's work they would collapse into bed too tired to cook their food. Consequently, this spartan lifestyle in the bush led to loneliness and alienation, as confirmed by one of the men, Gimmi Girardi, who, shortly after his arrival at Coopers Creek in 1931 stated 'if I get to stop here for one month, there [is] a big creek down below, I'm going to drown myself. Right down in the hole there, leave me there'.² Over the years, one or two men experienced mental breakdowns.

The work in the quarry was arduous. It involved blasting away large sections of the cliff face, where there was always the danger of a cave-in and flying shrapnel. Then the gang would get to work with mallets and sledgehammers and smash the rocks into manageable pieces that were thrown into a tram skip, which was pushed to the kiln's mouth and its contents dumped to be fired. The process of extracting the lime involved alternating layers of firewood (fuel) and limestone ore: at the base there would be three to four feet of kindling, then some heavy logs, then a layer of limestone ore, followed by an equal amount of wood and limestone again. This formation continued to be stacked from the top and repeated until the height of the kiln was reached, approximately fifty feet high. The contents of the kiln were then combusted and the resultant lime powder would fall

and be collected in a tray at the bottom of the kiln.

Gimmi Girardi, Cesare Bettiol and Fred Hoskin were the 'powder monkeys', men responsible for setting the dynamite. These men would often suffer bruises and bloody cuts, from the flying shrapnel after detonation. After the dynamite was set, all the men ran for cover in a nearby dug out, until the all clear was called by the 'powder monkey'. Perhaps it was this shared danger that cemented the friendship between Gimmi and Cesare, who remained life-long friends.

After the explosion, the smell of dynamite permeated the air. These explosions often left Cesare, Gimmi, Fred and Massimo Durante, Tarcisio Costantin and Antonio Saviane, who worked nearby, almost deaf and at other times with a constant 'ringing' in their ears. Hearing became difficult, but so did seeing and breathing, because the blast caused a white dust to rise that obfuscated everything for fifteen to twenty minutes. Furthermore, while lime rock is itself fairly soft, some of the lime was encased in hard rock, with sharp, jagged sides that easily cut one's flesh. Working conditions were primitive. The men did not wear gloves, so that after a week of this work their hands became callused and hard. Accidents were frequent with sometimes tragic results. One severe accident, in May 1937, occurred when a large slab of the cliff face crushed down on the men. Fred Hoskin, the site foreman, was severely injured and died shortly after in hospital, leaving behind a large family; several others suffered injuries.

Woodcutting was just as arduous as quarry blasting; it had its own hardships and dangers. The men had to deal with uneven ground, slippery, high undergrowth that made visibility difficult, snakes and leaches underfoot, cuts and abrasions and blistered hands. Initially, the company needed timber not only for firing the kilns but also shoring the tunnels and repairing the sleepers on the tramways. By the 1930s, there were few trees left so timber was harvested from the valleys beyond Jubilee.

The *Trevisani* woodcutters also organised themselves into gangs and were paid on a quota system. Each member had a specific job, and well-orchestrated teamwork was crucial. Like the quarry gang, one man remained at camp to prepare the cooking.

² Robert Pascoe. *The Recollection of Luigi Grollo*. Published by Grollo Australia Pty. Ltd. Australia 1988 pg. 70.

Each bush gang consisted of
*'...tree fellers, whistle stinger, ropey,
 swampy, winch driver and wood cutters.
 The tree fellers selected the tree and which
 way it fell. Axe slashes were made about
 two or three meters from the base, to insert
 planks as platforms for the fellers. They
 then would swing their axes cutting the
 scarf, depending which way they wanted
 the tree to fall'.³*

Then they used the long saws with a push and pull motion, plus hammers, mallets, splitters and wedges when necessary. The whistle stinger would keep an eye on the wind and the movement of the tree and give signals to the winch driver if one was used. The ropey harnessed the tree to ropes or other trees or chained it to the winch to stabilise it. After the tree was felled it was cleared of branches and debris. Then the trunk was cut up for the firewood for the kilns into approximately five feet long sections which were stacked to dry for a few months. When all was ready, the horse teams would pull the trolley laden with firewood along the tramway past Jubilee where the steam-winch took over and lowered the load into the kiln.

In late November of 1931 the days were becoming hotter and dry, the workers were looking forward to the Christmas holiday break. Many had made plans to visit their relatives and *paesani* in Melbourne. Some gangs from both Jubilee and Coopers Creek had gone out woodcutting as usual. Angelo Bettiol was head of his gang. He and Dante Bettiol selected a tree and the sawing commenced. Angelo could see the rest of the gang and called out to them to remain still and not to cross over until the tree was on the ground. Primo Bettiol, a twenty-year-old lad, handsome and strong, thought he had time to run across before the tree was felled. Unfortunately, he underestimated the timing and the huge tree fell on top of him, killing him instantly. Primo's uncles Dante and Ernesto were devastated. The young man, the eldest of ten children, had insisted on migrating to Australia with his uncles. The Bettiol brothers wrote home, but instead of sending Christmas greetings, they had the onerous task of notifying the parents in Italy of the tragic news. Primo died in the month which *Trevisani* call *'el mezze dei morti'* (the month for venerating the dead).

The funeral, which took place at Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Erica, was a moving event, attended by both *Trevisani* and many from the Australian community. Dante Bettiol, who had a strong baritone voice, led the singing of Italian religious songs.

Sadly, several years later, history repeated itself with another Trevisan dying in a bush cutting accident. Angelo Durante died leaving a young family of five children in Italy. These accidents left the *paesani* insecure, but also shattered relatives in Italy, including those waiting to be reunited with loved ones in Australia.

The Bertuola family was the only *Trevisani* family living in Jubilee at that time, with about ten men, whereas, in Coopers Creek there were the Saviane and later the Bettiol family, with many single Italian men. These men looked to the family unit as a point of reference or aspiration for their future life and pined for their family back in Italy. Women, though few, gave this masculine world a feminine touch. Simple gestures like an occasional home cooked meal, a kind word or mending a torn shirt, made the men feel human again. This is indicated in Virginio Girardi's diary written sometime after 1934, in which there are a number of entries saying that he would pay a few shillings to Santina Bertuola *'per lavare e riparare'* (washing and mending). This was reiterated by Madeline Bertuola:

'Mum would often mend the men's clothes. Also we, she and I, would prepare hot water for the men to bathe. The daily procedure was for us to carry water from the creek up to Jubilee and fill dozens of disused kerosene tins. Then build small fires under each, to heat up the water, so the men on their arrival could wash off the caked powder from the quarry or grime from the forests'.⁴

Essentially then, this was a community of single men. The reuniting of families could take many, many years and for a few families it never eventuated. It was extremely hard for these men, especially as they came from a culture that had extended family and *paesani* gathering around to share in the nuclear family's social-economic life and the religious life, of the sacramental festivities of baptism, communion, confirmation and marriages.

3 Dorothy Owen. 'Echoes Through the Tall Timber', *The life and times of a Steam Man 1895-1984*. Published by Brunel Gooch, Australia 2001. Pg, 70.

4 Madeline Bertuola Zanatta in an interview with Diana Ruzzene Grollo in Coopers Creek 2002.

A number of factors contributed to the lengthy separation of the men from their families. Firstly, the Australian Government discouraged families from arriving into Australia during the Depression and later it did not offer any support. In fact, the Government enforced a strict sponsorship requirement. After 1928 it imposed a quota system: southern Europeans (Italians) were to comprise two percent of the total of British immigrants. As fewer British arrived, this inevitably caused a gradual reduction of Italian migrants and by 1937 the Australian Government stopped granting landing permits altogether to Italians. This sanction on Italian immigration to Australia continued until 1946.

Furthermore, the Immigration Act required the Italian father/husband to submit evidence that he could care for and maintain his family. For example, he was required to submit proof of means of support, bank accounts, work contract, letter from employer and any property title or related document. In addition, someone had to be nominated as a witness who could possibly assume responsibility of the care of the family.

There was just as much bureaucratic work required to be done in Italy, such as local council applications and fees, plus departure fees of one hundred and twenty Lire, costly physical medical check ups, vaccinations and general preparation.

The great distance between Italy and Australia was another huge obstacle to bringing out one's family from Italy. The voyage was over forty days' duration, requiring a substantial amount of money for the fare. Virginio Girardi paid 103 pounds for the passage on the ship *Esquilino* for his wife and two children. This was an enormous amount of money, considering the weekly wages for woodcutting was less than five pounds. The fees were nearly half of his entire annual wages. Keeping in mind that his weekly wage went towards his own upkeep, supporting the family in Italy and saving money for the paying of the passage. Lloyd Triestino shipping company offered passenger fees of one third up front and the remainder by monthly instalments with 9% interest. This system would put people into deep debt and was payable only if the breadwinner maintained his health and worked continuously.

Evidently, for some men with a large family it was almost impossible to bring family members to Australia. Needless to say, the wife and children in Italy felt totally



ABOVE Migrants from Treviso living in Jubilee in the late 1930s.
(from left back row):
Dovilio Girardi, Ermida Bettiol
and Emma Girardi;
(from left front row):
Zina Bettiol and Libera Bettiol.
Photograph courtesy
Diana Ruzzene Grollo.

A tent shelter, made from hessian bags, used by Italian limestone quarry workers in Coopers Creek, Gippsland, c1930.
Photograph courtesy B. G. Grollo.

abandoned and were possibly never reconciled. After all, communication was difficult at the best of times even if both partners were literate. The Italian families, so far away, assumed that the fathers/

husbands were having a great time in Australia.

By the 1930s several families had begun to arrive at Coopers Creek, including the families of Antonio Saviane; Angelo Bettiol, Raffaele Bertuola and Virginio Girardi, as well as the two Durante families and the two Bettiol families. These men managed with great sacrifice to bring out the whole family at once, because most of these families consisted of one or two children, whereas other men, especially those with large families, had more difficulty. Some brought out their families in stages, usually the boys first, then, all pooled their resources and brought out the rest. This strategy did not always work; as some family members remained in Italy and the children grew up to have a life of their own there. This happened to Ernesto Durante, who succeeded in bringing out the older son first, but the next part of the plan, that of bringing his wife and younger son and finally the girls, did not eventuate because War broke out and the Australian Government suspended its immigration intake.

Besides enduring loneliness and hardships, the *Trevisani* had to overcome language barriers and racial abuse. One racial incident occurred in early 1930s at Coopers Creek Hotel when all the men were celebrating pay day. Dante Bettiol, who had been singing, was talkative and enjoying a beer, surrounded by his *paesani* who were speaking in Trevisan. This infuriated one Australian man who rebuked them for not speaking English. There was jostling and an Australian man is reported to have spat into Dante's glass. Dante retaliated and an altercation ensued which threatened to turn nasty. Fortunately the other *Trevisani* intervened and prised Dante away.⁵ A similar racial incident happened in Kalgoorlie in 1934, which resulted in a riot leaving several men dead.

Perhaps because of their sense of alienation the Trevisan Community from Coopers Creek was in constant contact with the *paesani* in Melbourne. They often visited on weekends and other times Antonio Marchiori would drive people to the city. One place that was frequented by many was the Saviane boarding house in Preston.

Giuseppe and Nella Saviane ran a boarding house which had an important

role for the *Trevisani* community from Coopers Creek. As well as a boarding house, it was a meeting place for many *Trevisani* in transit. As people arrived from Italy they found temporary accommodation at the Saviane House. It was at this address that many families in Italy sent their letters in the hope that someone would forward them on. Many men moved about looking for work, especially during the Depression, so their relatives in Italy would address correspondence to mutual *paesani* with the hope that they might pass on the mail. In Angelo Zanatta's personal documents there are many letters addressed to the Bell Street premises, which were forwarded onto him in Coopers Creek. Sometimes the letters were delayed and his wife Anna in Italy reproaches him for not writing. Anna did not understand the circumstances in Australia and the time taken to distribute mail that arrived at the Bell Street house throughout the Italian community. At the weekends, the house became a centre for friendly games of bocce and cards over a cup of coffee. The *Trevisani* living in Carlton would also visit and socialise at the Saviane House.

There was further reinforced bonding of the community through the celebration of the sacraments and religious rituals. As families arrived, the *Trevisani* women from Coopers Creek and Jubilee gave birth to their children in Melbourne hospitals. Usually children were baptised in the city as well, sometimes at Saint Patrick's Cathedral, before the family returned to the country. Friends and relatives would gather in Melbourne to celebrate the religious ceremony. The godparents invariably were *paesani* or extended family. Godparents held a true responsibility. After the sacrament all would gather to eat, drink and sing to the health of the baby. Some *paesani* would make the special trip to the city for the occasion.

The community came together at other religious ceremonies as well, such as confirmation and matrimony, thereby strengthening relationships and networks within the community. We can imagine for example, how advice for employment opportunities would have been passed around at such events. It was this sort of occasion also which helped create the small community of *Trevisani* in Coopers Creek: word-of-mouth would have prompted many to venture there for work. Attending these celebrations in Melbourne was also

⁵ Maria Durante Girardi in an interview with Diana Ruzzene Grollo in Melbourne 2002.

an opportunity for *Trevisani* from country Victoria to receive much longed-for news from Italy. More importantly, these gatherings created a new and larger social world for the younger people; this is evident by the number of marriages, some by proxy, within the community in the late 1930s.

In 1939, the Black Friday bush fires impacted on the *Trevisani* community of Coopers Creek and Jubilee forcing many men to seek employment in the city. The fire damages had been extensive in the whole of Victoria, especially the Gippsland region. *The Argus* newspaper described the enormity of the event. It stated, 'with a blistering wind that reached a velocity of 70 miles an hour at times, and a record temperature of 114 degrees (45 degrees Celsius) in the city and as high as 120 degrees in the country yesterday. Friday January 13th was the most appalling fire day in the history of Victoria'.⁶

Two million hectares were destroyed and seventy-one persons lost their lives in the fire in Victoria; this casualty is still a record for Victorian bush fires. Some people had died through being caught out by the fire and others due to panic:

*'Some had tried everything to save themselves, some had gone to save themselves in the river and as trees and debris fell they lifted the water level, so that those who could not swim drowned. Others took safety in water tanks that had been surrounded by trees that caught fire. Consequently, the tanks heated up and the people died in the tank or jumped out and died in the fire.'*⁷

The resettlement of communities and rebuilding places of work started immediately. The Bertuola family, who had lost their home in Jubilee, was relocated to Coopers Creek. The local community, Italians and Australians, banded together and helped to refurbish a house for them. Some families such as Girardi, Bettiol and Durante moved to the city.

With the onset of the Second World War, the Australian Government introduced, in 1939, the Aliens Registration Act and the National Security (Aliens Control) Regulation, making life miserable for all Italians in Australia. Now, all Italians became 'enemy aliens'. Those people,



Letters addressed to the Saviane boarding house in Preston, which were redirected to the addressees who were working in Coopers Creek. The stamps are post marked 1936 and 1937. Photograph courtesy Dovilio Girardi.

newly arrived in Melbourne from Coopers Creek, as all other Italians, were confined to the city limits and had to report to the police station once a week. A total 4,727 people of Italian background were interned in Australia during the War.⁸ The media often generalised and portrayed Italians as Fascists, plotting against Australia's security. Between 1940 and 1942 '... the press and public opinion became increasingly jittery about the dangers of Italians being potential saboteurs, terrorists and the Fifth Columnists. There occurred countless instances of people reporting on Italian Migrants' of purportedly suspicious behaviour'.⁹

The *Trevisani* community from Coopers Creek and Melbourne spent most of the War years in a state of limbo, with travel restrictions, food rations, language restrictions, restricted ownership of cars, housing, radio and other. Several of the younger *Trevisani* men were forced into the Civil Alien Corp and at least one was interned.

⁶ The Argus 14 -1 -1939. Pg 8.

⁷ Madeline Bertuola Zanatta in an interview with Diana Ruzzene Grollo in Melbourne 2002.

⁸ Ilma Martinuzzi O'Brien. *Australia's Italians. 1788-1988*. Published by CO.AS.IT. Italian Historical Society, Australia. 1986. Pg 61.

⁹ Gianfranco Cresciani. 'The proletarian migrants; fascism and Italian anarchists in Australia'. *The Australian Quarterly*, vol. 55. no 1, March 1979. Pg 5.

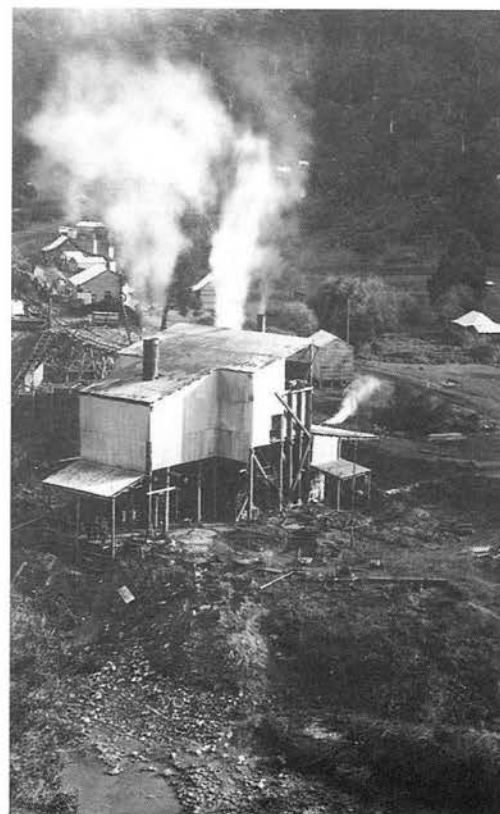
Quarrymen working in Coopers Creek in the late 1920s. Clockwise from left: Jack Meuleman, Tarcisio Costantin, Massimo Durante, Cavallin, Dona Toffoletto, Tony Marchiori and Luigi Bertuola. Photograph courtesy G.S. Favrin.

BELOW A copper smelter in Coopers Creek, c1925. Photograph courtesy L.M. Simeoni.



The lime kilns and quarry in Coopers Creek continued to operate during the War, as lime was deemed an essential industry. The families of Antonio Marchiori, Cesare Bettiol, Raffaele Bertuola and several other *Trevisani* continued to live and work there. However, Cesare Bettiol and Raffaele Bertuola remained unwillingly because of the restrictions imposed on them: Bertuola was forbidden to move to Melbourne until 1942 and Bettiol, even though he had bought a house in the city, was forbidden to move there until the end of the War. With the introduction of modern technology, the White Rock Company was able to operate with fewer men until 1952 when it closed.

Gradually, those living in the city found employment and after the War more *Trevisani* families bought homes in Melbourne's northern suburbs, where even today their children and grand children live. The second and third generations have continued the friendship fostered by the older *Trevisani*. The descendants have become part of the multicultural society contributing to the overall fabric of Australia's people.



recalling the memories of an haute couturière: madame serini – a journey from fiume to melbourne

by
ASTRID HABAN-BEER

ASTRID HABAN-BEER IS A FOURTH YEAR UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE. SHE IS COMPLETING HER LAW AND ARTS DEGREES, MAJORING IN SPANISH AND HISTORY. ASTRID COMPLETED AN INTERNSHIP WITH THE ITALIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY IN 2003 AS PART OF THE HISTORY IN THE FIELD COMPONENT OF HER COURSE. SHE IS HEAVILY INVOLVED IN THE LOCAL COMMUNITY, CONDUCTING A SUCCESSFUL WOMENS' PROGRAM IN CARLTON AND VOLUNTEERING AT EMERGENCY SERVICES RELIEF. ASTRID WILL SOON BE LEAVING FOR BOGOTA, COLOMBIA, TO INTERN WITH THE UNITED NATIONS OFFICE ON DRUGS AND CRIME, FURTHERING HER EXPERIENCE IN HER CHOSEN FIELD OF HUMAN RIGHTS LAW.

When Irredenta Itala Serini arrived at Bonegilla Migrant Reception Centre, in northern Victoria, in January 1950, she asked her husband: 'Why is everyone looking at me?' The answer was obvious: the sheer elegance of Itala, well dressed and exquisitely presented, was dissonant with the harsh new surroundings of her Australian introduction. This stylish lady did not belong at Bonegilla, and as she frankly affirms 'This place, it was awful. We did not belong here'.¹ Itala, her husband Guerrino and their two young children were given one large room to share, with dorm-style beds for three months. Bonegilla, on the shores of Lake Hume near Wodonga, was the first home for over 320,000 migrants in the post Second World War period.² Many of the migrants who passed through Bonegilla went on to establish themselves in the Australian community. Itala Serini was one such migrant. Her impact upon the fashion world in Australia could not have been imagined from the simple surroundings in which she and her family found themselves in 1950.

The story of Madame Serini, as she has always been known in Australia, is quite incredible, and her personal history is a reflection of changing times, changing attitudes and challenge in a new country. Madame Serini was an haute couturière - a designer and dressmaker of high quality fashion.

Irredenta Itala Serini (nee Marietti) was born in 1918 in Fiume, which was then a

part of Italy. From the age of fourteen, Itala was trained in the art of fashion design and dressmaking by Miss Bobeyshek, a Viennese cutter and dressmaker. Her father, Antonio Marietti, was a renowned sculptor. He was also a fervent patriot, so much so that he named his daughter Irredenta Itala, which translated may be read as 'unredeemed Italy', a reminder that his beloved city of Fiume was still in foreign hands when she was born. Madame Serini believes that artistic creativity was in her family's blood. In a sense, she was always destined to 'create'. Her two sisters, Gaby and Carmen were both musically talented and sang opera on radio.

Madame Serini is healthy, and vivacious. She is a stalwart of elegance, a doyenne of fashion and a living legend in the Melbourne fashion world.

LIFE IN ITALY

Madame Serini moved worlds away from her home in Fiume, first in 1947 to Milan for three years, before ultimately boarding a ship in 1950 with her husband and young family to seek security, prosperity and education for the children in Australia. In the aftermath of the Second World War, Fiume and surrounding parts of Istria and Dalmatia, were ceded to Yugoslavia. The citizens of these areas were forced to adopt the new Yugoslav nationality or leave the country. Thousands of Italians left behind everything they owned and sought refuge in Italy, before emigrating to the Americas and Australia.

The Serini family chose to live with Itala's sister Gaby in Milan for the interim period while deciding their future. Milan adored Madame Serini, and she became well renowned as a seamstress of fine clothing. In her three short years, she worked from home as a designer and dressmaker. Her work was often commissioned by the exclusive House of Lecomte and within a short period she became known to many high society ladies in Milan who would engage her dressmaking services. Madame Lecomte had offered her the opportunity to take over her salon in Milan. However, Madame Serini's financial circumstances at the time rendered it impossible.

Despite her success in Milan, Itala and her husband, Guerrino, decided to emigrate

¹ Madame Serini, oral history interview by Luciana Katsalidis, 1987, Italian Historical Society Oral Histories Collection.

² Bonegilla migrant Centre Heritage Park, accessed at www.majorprojects.vic.gov.au on 8 November 2nd 2003.

to Australia, with their young children Anna Maria (Nucci) and Marcello Romano. Milan was still recovering from the Second World War and, as the family was forced to abandon everything they had in Fiume, it was difficult to maintain the same living standards which they once enjoyed there. They also felt they could not abuse the generosity of Itala's sister, who had given them two rooms in the house. Nor could they afford to rent an apartment in the same area where the *crème de la crème* of Milan's society lived and from which came her customers. Emigration was the only possible solution.

AUSTRALIA

After a stay of three long months at Bonegilla, the Serini family went to Hobart, Tasmania. In Hobart, they had heard about Claudio Alcorso who owned a textile factory in partnership with Paul Sonnino. Both had arrived in Australia in 1938 to escape from Mussolini's fascist regime. However, at the outbreak of the Second World War they were interned and spent a long period at Loveday Internment Camp in South Australia. After the War, the two partners established Silk and Textile Printers Limited, which was to become a very successful business. Meeting Alcorso was to have an influential impact on Madame Serini's life.

Madame Serini remembers the introduction with Alcorso and her appearance with some amusement: she was 'very elegant, with a Prince of Wales skirt, a red three-quarter jacket, flared at the back, crocodile grey shoes, matching leather buttons and gloves'.³ Mr Alcorso was surprised at such elegance, and did not think Madame Serini was suited to factory work. She was asked if she could create designs for silk printing fabric and soon after she was offered a job.

Claudio's wife, Diana, saw the potential in Itala to become a leading fashion designer and offered to accommodate the Serini family on the ground floor of her mother-in-law's house at Sandy Bay in Hobart. Diana and Mrs Sonnino soon introduced her to the wealthiest ladies in town. Within a short time, Madame Serini was able to build a reputation as the most sought-after designer and dressmaker in Hobart. After one year, when her command of the English language had improved, she opened Itala Salon at 7 Elizabeth Street, Hobart. The

fashion parades of her collection were a 'must see' event. Her daughter Nucci and her sister Carmen - whom she had sponsored to emigrate and join them in Hobart in 1953 - were her favourite models.

One of her loyal clients was Mrs Turnbull, wife of the Minister for Health, Mr John Turnbull.⁴ Mrs Turnbull asked Madame Serini, 'why are you spending your talent here? Go to Melbourne!'. Mrs Turnbull wrote a letter of introduction for Madame Serini. This event was the catalyst to change the scale of Madame Serini's success. She flew to Melbourne with her husband and the letter of introduction. The task ahead of making an impression on the fashion world was daunting. She started at the bottom end of Collins Street - the heart of fine fashion and shopping in Melbourne - and called into every quality ladies' clothing store in an attempt to have her work accepted. Finally, a friendly manager of one store perceptively suggested that she 'go to this door'. The boutique he was alluding to was Le Louvre, at 74 Collins Street, one of Melbourne's best known fashion houses which opened in 1922 and still operates today. Owner Lilian Wightman gave Madame Serini the opportunity to show her one of her creations and was so impressed that she ordered two on the spot. With a bundle of emerald green and ruby red silk in their hand, the Serini family returned to Hobart where the Itala Salon was continuing to provide for the 'darlings' of Hobart society.

Mr Serini returned to Melbourne to hand deliver the dresses which his wife had made for Le Louvre. Lilian Wightman then convinced the Serinis to 'sell everything and come over'. In December 1953, they moved to Melbourne. Wightman asked Madame Serini for exclusive rights to sell her creations. From her Middle Brighton apartment, Madame Serini designed and made the exclusive dresses that were worn by the highest echelon of Melbourne society. In this early stage, she designed many gowns for the Royal visit of Queen Elizabeth II in 1954 which were sold to the public by Wightman in her salon.

Many of the girls who worked for Serini were of Italian origin. She was known as the 'Italian on Collins Street.' At the Le Louvre she was the *première*,⁵ but she continued

3 Madame Serini, oral history interview by Astrid Haban-Beer, 3 November 2003, Italian Historical Society Oral History Collection.

4 Reginald John David Turnbull, State Minister for Health, Tasmania (1948-1959)

5 *Première*: the designer and dressmaker in charge.

to worked from home. Given the extent of the business, and the increasing prosperity, the family moved to a large house in Munga Road, Toorak. Soon after, Wightman told Madame Serini that it was too expensive for her to work outside the boutique and asked her to move with some of her workers into the workshop of Le Louvre in Collins Street.

Ten years after arriving in Australia, and at a prosperous level of success in the Melbourne fashion industry, Madame Serini decided to return to Italy to visit her family and study the European fashions of the time. Her daughter, Nucci, accompanied her. It was to be a highly significant decision in her career: she was to be gone six months, but returned after four, only to find, to her dismay, that in her absence her position at Le Louvre had been taken over by a Sydney designer. This was an indication of the incredibly competitive nature of the world of fashion. Madame Serini says she always respected Lilian Wightman as a businesswoman, and respected her sense of timeless style. The event could have meant the end for Madame Serini but became a trigger for bigger successes resulting in the establishment in 1959 of her own salon: Madame Serini Haute Couture at 484 Toorak Road, Toorak, Melbourne's most exclusive suburb.

The Italian Consul-General, Marchese Giorgio Serafini, officially opened the salon. Madame Serini advertised widely in newspapers all over the country to build up her personal reputation and used her accreditation as the former *première* of Le Louvre to help her establish a loyal clientele. The women who bought her clothes from Le Louvre never knew that Madame Serini had made them until she had her own salon.

Madame Serini travelled widely around Australia doing promotions and personal fittings and newspaper displays. Her name became synonymous with 'the best of the best' European-style high fashion. She was invited to participate in charity events for many hospitals around the country. One of the biggest events was for the Women's and Children's Hospital in Adelaide, in 1971. Sir Robert Helpman flew in from San Francisco specifically to open the event, which coincided with the Adelaide Arts Festival. Madame Serini was asked to present a fashion show for the appeal. She frankly admits that the charity events had no financial rewards for her. She championed social causes and was happy

to see her clothes being promoted and admired in the community. Her daughter, Nucci, continued to be one of her models and she often called upon Italian girls to model her dresses, further emphasising the role of Italian-Australians in the fashion industry. Madame Serini remembers Liz Scarborough and Diana Masters as being among her favourite models.

The salon's heyday was in the early 1970s. People liked to 'dress- up' and there was a market for handmade personally tailored clothes. Lamentably, the trends against high fashion - the punk style, the street fashions and the 'no-rules' fashion of jeans and denim - were to threaten the classic style which was so integral to the Serini design. In her own words:

'Denim...these jeans, they ended true fashion...there is no more elegance in dressing.' The salon was closed in 1979, after twenty-two years of success. Madame Serini however continued to work from home for a restricted clientele.

THE BUSINESSWOMAN

Madame Serini *prima facie* would appear to have faced many obstacles in her path to success. Her status as an immigrant and a woman, without a wide local support network, should have worked against her. Indeed, in any other industry it would have. Furthermore, Madame Serini was widowed in 1968, when her husband died of a heart attack at age fifty. She still had Nucci and Marcello to care for. As a single mother as well, she continued to reap success in her industry. Despite worldwide women's liberation movements, the presence of a woman as a leader of her industry, and manager of her own business, would have been rare at the time. However, the fashion industry worked differently. There was nothing 'masculine' about Madame Serini's approach to management or business. When asked if she was a shrewd businesswoman, Madame Serini exclaimed *'I don't think any Latin woman could be shrewd.'*⁶

Her experience with Lilian Wightman did perhaps toughen her to the business world, but for Madame Serini, it was always about the clothes themselves. She never was 'mainstream' in her taste. She adhered to 'real style' and believes that quality is a significant factor in style. Her fabrics were all sourced from Europe, mainly Italy and France. Even the linings of her garments were in quality materials such as silk. While

6 Madame Serini, oral history interview by Astrid Haban-Beer, 13th November 2003.

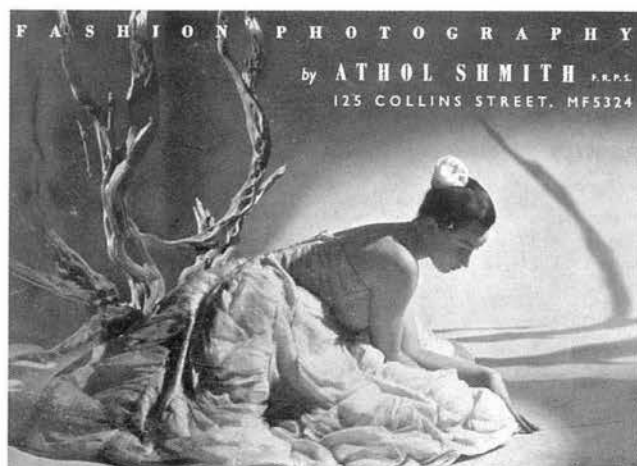
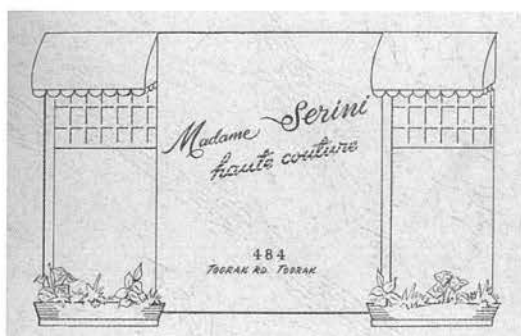
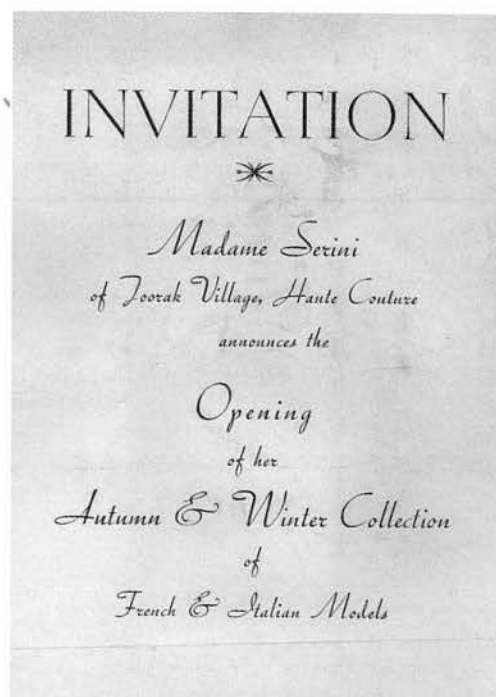
TOP LEFT Nucci Serini displaying a garment designed by her mother at the Serini studio in Hobart, c1953.

TOP RIGHT Invitation for one of Madame Serini's Autumn and Winter Collection.

MIDDLE Publicity card for the opening of Madame Serini fashion boutique, 1959.

BOTTOM LEFT Publicity brochure for Athol Smith, photographer, showing a garment created by Madame Serini, c1958.

BOTTOM RIGHT Publicity brochure for Ferraniacolor film, showing a garment created by Madame Serini when working as designer for Le Louvre boutique, c1958.



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Gown designed by Madame Serini of 'Tuorak for the Gown of the Year
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having a classic style, Madame Serini did make adventurous dresses, such as sheer-bodied and short-skirted styles. For the time, this would have been daring, but as an haute couturière, Madame Serini was able to create such designs with absolute taste.

Her philosophy was to establish a loyal and satisfied clientele, provide them with perfect service and nurture the relationship. It was ladies such as Lady Potter, Mrs John Turnbull and 'all the best women in Australia', who sourced their garments from Madame Serini. As an Italian immigrant, Madame Serini flourished in the business. In fashion, being Italian was an advantage. *No doubt, it was to my advantage...all the fashion in those days came from Italy and France...I was Italian*. In real terms, Madame Serini was fashion. She never denied her 'Italian-ness'. She used her knowledge of European fashion to influence her designs in Australia. As a woman, she felt like she was on an equal playing field. Her industry was a woman's industry, where trust, reputation and talent predicated success.

When asked how the industry perceived her, Madame Serini knows that she was highly regarded. She feels her peak was in the early 1970s when her salon Madame Serini's had been operational for over ten years, and the clientele had been long established. She came controversially



LEFT Publicity brochure for an entry in the Gown of the Year of 1967.

RIGHT A mannequin modelling a dress by Madame Serini, c1975.

second in the 1967 Gown of the Year Award, with Liz Scarborough as the model. Madame Serini was rightfully angered when her creation, a dress in orange taffeta, was not rewarded with first prize even though it was considered by most as the leader of the field. Such personal memories evoke strong memories of the disappointments and difficulties encountered in her fashion career in Melbourne.

Madame Serini was an astute woman who managed all affairs of the business, including publicity, public relations and costing. Of course, the substantial work of designing and making the dresses was also controlled by Madame Serini. She never contemplated opening a salon in another city. Her interstate clients were visited during her frequent trips around the country.

The competitors of the day were equally as expensive and renowned as Madame Serini. The market was competitive. Le Louvre still exists today as an appointment-only enterprise, and other Collins Street boutiques such as La Petite, Georges and Lucas also serviced the upper-class of Melbourne.

In the post-war period, fashion was booming in Melbourne. In a recent exhibition titled *'Swish: Fashionable Melbourne of the 1950s'* presented at the Ian Potter Centre: National Gallery of Victoria at Federation Square,

Fashion designer Madame Serini (third from left) with Sir Robert Helpman and six models at Adelaide airport, arriving for the opening of the Adelaide Arts Festival, during which some of Serini's creations were displayed for a charity benefit.



Melbourne, some dresses from Le Louvre were featured. Given the era, these designs would almost certainly have been created when Madame Serini was the *première* of Lil Wightman's prestigious salon. The exhibition shows that the fashion of the time reflected American and European influences, where colour became an important feature in the post-war attitude of new beginnings.

It is difficult to ascertain the impact Madame Serini has had upon the long term fashion schema of Melbourne. In her own time, she was a leader. But given that modern mainstream fashion revolves around practicality, comfort and economy, the haute couture of the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s is almost dissonant with the attitudes of fashion. Fashion tends to reflect periods rather than individual designers. And today, like in Madame Serini's time, high fashion reflects movements in Europe. However, as an Italian designer in Australia, certainly Madame Serini was a pioneer.

Perhaps it was Madame Serini's attitude as well as her background that made her stand out. Given that her focus was fashion, her clothes sold themselves. It was only when the demand for high fashion decreased that it became unviable for Madame Serini's to remain open.

From her training as a young woman in Fiume, to the elegance of Milan and the salons of Melbourne, Madame Serini was always successful in the fashion industry. Her artistic talents, and devotion to quality renowned her as a couturière of note. As a businesswoman, nor her gender, nor her background impeded her, in fact they were elements in her success. From a post-war Italian migrant, to one of Australia's best designers and dressmakers, Madame Itala Serini personifies a story of persistence, courage and excellence.

bridging two cultures: italian migrant food in australia

by
ZOË BOCCABELLA

ZOË BOCCABELLA IS A SECOND-GENERATION DESCENDANT OF ITALIAN MIGRANTS WHO IS PRESENTLY STUDYING FOR A MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND. HER DEEP INTEREST AND RESEARCH INTO ITALIAN MIGRANT HISTORY IN AUSTRALIA IS REFLECTED IN HER CURRENT ACCOUNT OF *THE OLIVE BRANCH*, A STORY THAT TRACES THE LIVES OF AN ITALIAN MIGRANT FAMILY AS THEY CARVE OUT A NEW LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

I grew up in Brisbane before many things Italian became popular, fashionable, and above all, accepted. There were no chic, little coffee shops or Tuscan style houses. Instead, the period of my youth rode on the coat-tails of an era when racial hatred and suspicion of anything new or different was rife. This stemmed from the previous two decades when post-World War II migrants had received a desultory welcome into Australian consciousness. Who could have foreseen over the remainder of the twentieth century that many Australians would come to embrace and enjoy Italian culture asking for *cappuccini*, *tortellini* or *bruschetta*? These countless new words would enter the Australian language and become freely spoken from Anglo-Saxon lips.

As Italian culture and cuisine enjoys a renaissance of popularity in Australian society today, the insurmountable obstacles Italian migrants were forced to overcome to eke out their lives and establish a place for their culture in Australia are not often known. It was not so long ago that Italians were ridiculed, interned and bore the brunt of racist attacks. Yet at present many Australians are enamoured by all that is 'Tuscan' or topped with frothy milk. What made many Australians come to accept the Italian migrants they were first so opposed to? Most Italians are proud of their culture and many never fully assimilated, instead 'turning the tables', so to speak, on the Australians who have now come to accept and embrace Italian cuisine.

That food is a major part of Italian culture, is a well-known fact. Through my research, I have taken this one step further by examining why Italian migrant food was so potent and successful in bridging the gap between two cultures, specifically Italian

migrants and Anglo-Australians. Food has played an important role in enabling Italian migrants to retain their cultural identity as they forged a new life in Australia. Italian cuisine initially defined cultural differences for many Anglo-Australians during Italian migration from the 1920s to the 1950s, yet it was this same food that assisted in fostering the acceptance of multiculturalism in the second half of the twentieth century.

As part of my research into this concept of Italian migrant food in Australia, I am currently writing a novel titled, *The Olive Branch*. It depicts the life journey of a peasant family who were forced to leave their home in the Apennine Mountains in the Abruzzo region of Italy to emigrate to Australia where, after many hardships, they create a successful Italian restaurant in Brisbane. The impetus behind my undertaking this novel is the fact that as Brisbane, and indeed Australia's, Italian migrant communities are aging many of their extraordinary experiences and stories are being lost. 'By 1975 Italian migration to Australia had slowed almost to a stop, and there has been little further migration since that time...The future of an Italian community in Australia rests now not with the original migrants but with their descendants...It is only if future generations continue to be identified with their Italian heritage that the community can increase or even survive. The maintenance of traditions and the recording and preservation of Italian migrant history and heritage ultimately rests with second and third generations'.¹ As a second-generation descendant of Italian migrants, writing this novel is part of my contribution to recording and preserving this history.

Italian migrant stories are an integral part of recent Australian history and continue to shape our culture. Recognising and acknowledging the history of Italian immigration and assimilation in Australia through food promotes a better understanding of how these two cultures have been involved in shaping the multicultural society we function within today. 'Italo-Australians are the largest group of non-English speaking background in Australia. Together with over one hundred other immigrant groups of varied ethnic and cultural background, they have helped to change Australia's culture and national identity'.² This is reflected and

1 Pascoe, Robert, et al. *The Passeggiata of Exile: The Italian Story in Australia*. Victoria University of Technology, Melbourne, 1998, p79.

2 Castles, Stephen, et al. *Australia's Italians Culture and Community in a Changing Society*. Allen and Unwin, Sydney, 1992, p51.

chronicled in Australian literature, and I believe the incorporation of Italian migrant stories in my novel will help promote the spread of knowledge and acceptance.

Many younger generation Anglo-Australians that I spoke with in relation to my research did not know that Italians had been interned in Australia during World War II, 'when in total 4727 people of Italian background were interned. The largest number, 2107, in Queensland'.³ Australia interned more Italians during the war than any other country in the world and in my novel I am depicting such events to promote knowledge and understanding. I also want to convey that despite these rocky beginnings, 'the Italian community has played the major role in leading to the development of our multicultural society...It is by their integration in the wider society while still maintaining an identity of their own, that Italian-Australians have contributed to the creation of a climate of ethnic tolerance which is now proudly Australian and which is a model for the rest of the world'.⁴

In narrowing my focus to the hard won cultural acceptance Italian migrants achieved through retention of their traditional food in Australia, I am striving to ultimately produce a study in the future, which may contribute to an understanding of why certain migrant groups are not yet socially acceptable in Australia. Examining the indicators that lead to the acceptance of migrants in Australia in the past should lead to analysing if certain cultural foods, religions or politics are more acceptable than others, and whether food can pave the way for the acceptance of new cultures in Australia.

'Just half a century ago, assimilation was based on the idea that only Anglo-Australian culture was legitimate, and that other cultures would have to disappear'.⁵ Post-war political and social attitudes in Australia, which elicited much pressure

on migrants to assimilate, illustrate the achievement of Italian migrants in retaining their cultural identity.

'The food industry is one in which Italians have increasingly participated in Australia. Into this industry Italians have brought long traditions of skills that have changed and enriched Australian tastes and style'.⁶ Documentation of the substantial presence of Italian migrants in small business in Australia indicates their concentration in specific food-related niches. 'The Italian delicatessen, fruit shop, café and restaurant have changed the culinary habits of Australians'.⁷ The provision of services, particularly in the food industry, introduced ideal conditions for the gradual bridging of Italian and Anglo-Australian cultures. 'These Italians contributed to the process and change of Australian society from a predominately monocultural, Anglo-Celtic society to a multicultural one. They became the public face of the Italian community in the minds of Australians. They simultaneously created and helped break down stereotypes of Italian migrants'.⁸

This leads me to question whether the heavy involvement of Italian migrants in culinary activities and the food industry is integral to, or a reflection of, the promotion or breakdown of Italian migrant stereotypes in Australia. 'Fear of 'foreigners' increasingly gave way to appreciation of their impact upon Australian society'.⁹ I would argue that while Australians came to enjoy Italian cuisine and culture as an alternative, it did not inherently change the firmly established allegiance to British cuisine and culture first and foremost. 'Other cultures enriched Australia but the British flavour of its basic institutions remained strong'.¹⁰ 'The pizza has not dislodged the system of British law nor the Chinese sweet-and-sour undermined that of Westminster-style parliamentary democracy'.¹¹

3 Martinuzzi O'Brien, Ilma. *Australia's Italians 1788-1988* The Italian Historical Society and The State Library of Victoria, Melbourne, 1989, p61.

4 Pascoe, Robert, op.cit. p85.

5 Castles et al. op.cit. p52.

6 Martinuzzi O'Brien, op.cit. p51.

7 Collins, Jock. 'Cappuccino Capitalism: Italian immigrants and Australian business', *Australia's Italians: Culture and Community in a Changing Society*. Stephen Castles, et al, ed. Allen and Unwin, Sydney, 1992, p84.

8 ibid

9 Dugan, Michael and Josef Szwarc. *There Goes the Neighbourhood! Australia's Migrant Experience* Macmillan, Melbourne, 1984, p140.

10 ibid

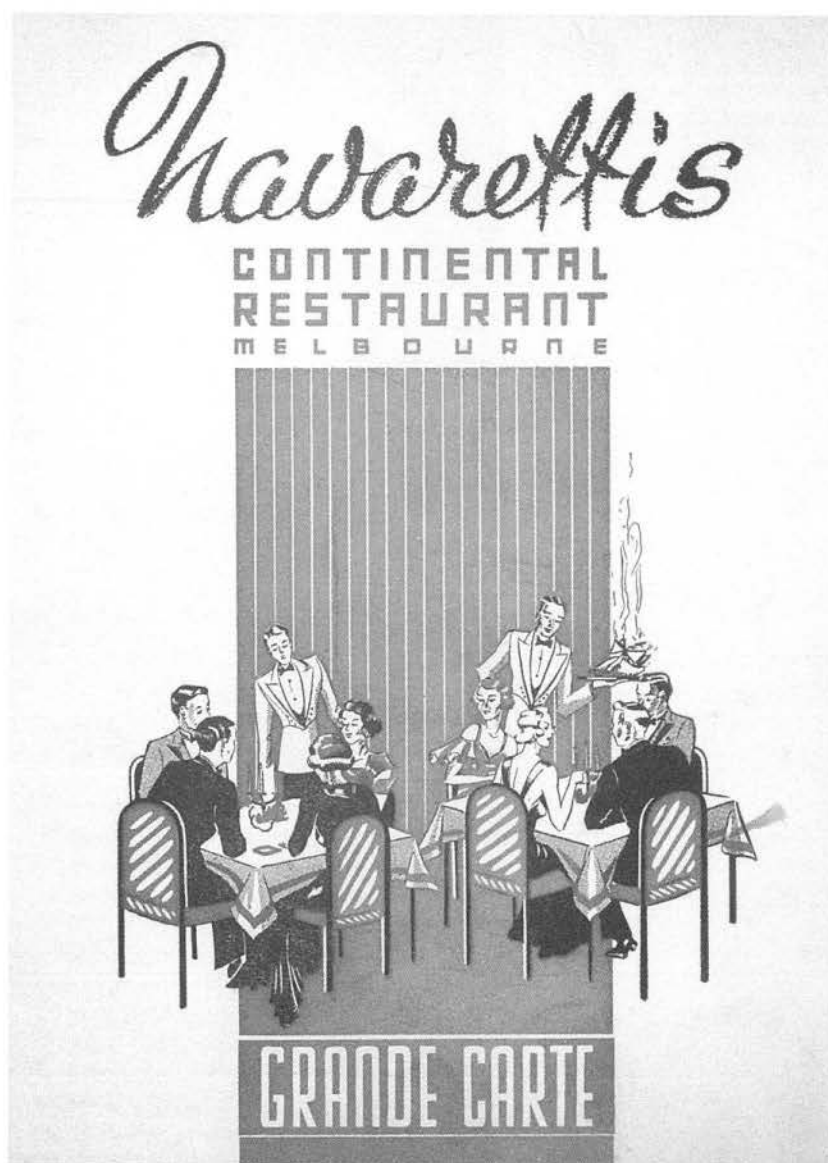
11 Barnard, Michael. 'Flagging Down History'. *The Age*. 13 July, 1982.

There are political, linguistic, social and religious factors that have all impacted upon or contributed to the rise of multiculturalism in Australia. My research purports that food was one of the main instigators for Italian migrant acceptance due to it reaching everyday Anglo-Australians at 'ground-level'. By 'ground-level' I mean everyday interactions involving food between Anglo-Australians and Italians through being neighbours or going to cafés and restaurants. This is demonstrated by Morag Loh's compilation of the experiences of Italian migrants in Australia through F.I.L.E.F. (Italian Federation of Emigrant Workers and their Families) in Melbourne. Many of these recollections epitomize the role of food in breaking down opposition to cultural diversity through the simple interaction of neighbours or patronage at Italian restaurants and food shops. 'The southern European migrants viewed the preparation and consumption of food as an opportunity for strengthening kin and village ties. Anglo-Australians who were invited to attend learned that eating was not only a means of sustaining life but of bringing and keeping together family, enjoying the company of friends and relishing life's simple pleasures'.¹²

Food is such an integral part of Italian culture and way of life that I suggest it is a vital part of 'being Italian' and an important expression of ethnicity for Italian migrants. 'Through their foods, and the communal enjoyment of foods, the Italians not only asserted their ethnic heritage but won the approval of Anglo-Australians'.¹³

Italian migrants continued to preserve their traditional eating habits due to pride, homesickness, financial insecurity, cultural or language barriers or a combination of these. The fact that they retained their culinary traditions despite expected and forced assimilation demonstrates the need for all migrants to retain some cultural facets of their birth country. Indeed Italian migrants may have helped promote multiculturalism in Australia through retaining their traditional cuisine but by no means did they aim to change the culinary habits of Australians.

Although pre-war Italian migrants retained their cuisine they 'did not seriously threaten



ABOVE Menu for Navaretto's Restaurant, which was situated in the basement in the Causeway, 259 Collins Street Melbourne, c1935



LEFT Staff behind the counter of the Re family grocery and delicatessen shop with its array of local and imported Italian products, Leederville, Western Australia, c1960.

¹² Loh, Morag, ed. *With Courage in Their Cases: The Experiences of Thirty-Five Italian Immigrant Workers and Their Families in Australia*. F.I.L.E.F. Italian Federation of Immigrant Workers and their Families, Melbourne, 1980, p93.

¹³ Carlson, Bridget. 'Parallel lives in northern Italy and Central Victoria.' *The Passeggiata of Exile: The Italian Story in Australia*. Pascoe, Robert, ed et al. Victoria University of Technology, Melbourne, 1998, p85.

The staff of Café Florentino, 80 Bourke Street Melbourne, pictured in the main dining room. The owner of the restaurant Rinaldo Massoni is seated at right, c1938.



traditional Anglo-Australian cuisine: the change in eating practices was a post-war phenomenon'.¹⁴ Italian restaurants had begun operating in Australia from the 1920s onwards instigating a social process of cultural pluralism that would continue after World War II. 'The staff of Italian restaurants in interwar Melbourne were very proud of their social role and such restaurants lent a cosmopolitan air to a city which was still staunchly British in values and outlook...Food is central to any culture, but Italian cuisine is tied by region and ritual to motherhood and every part of their social life...Disagreements over food are the most punishing of any Italian marital discord...Conversely, the shared meal is one of the most powerful ways in which Italian people come together...Most of all, like all Mediterranean cuisines, Italian cultivation fortifies the individual'.¹⁵

In their unpretentious loyalty to their food Italian migrants have brought about a

profound change in Australia that has paved the way for the multiculturalism that we can benefit from today. By maintaining their cultural identity and traditional food, Italian migrants contributed another way of life for Australians to enjoy. It was a hard, tedious path to stick to their own ways and very gradually break into the traditions and change Australian eating habits and pattern of life. But through these efforts, cultural barriers have been broken down and through hard work Italian migrants have become recognised as part of Australian culture. In Brisbane now there is no need to covet a time when Italian food will be accepted. *Al fresco* dining, espresso bars, restaurants and Italian food shops blend in with the sultry lifestyle reminiscent of Italy's south. Thanks to the foresight and perseverance of first generation Italian migrants Australia now enjoys a multicultural society and cuisine that is richer for it.

¹⁴ Pascoe, *op.cit.* p153.

¹⁵ *ibid*

from our archives

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS ARE DRAWN FROM THE ITALIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSPAPERS CUTTINGS COLLECTION. WE HAVE CHOSEN TWO ARTICLES, THE FIRST DESCRIBES THE VINEYARD AND THE HOUSE BUILT BY GOLD-RUSH PIONEER FABRIZIO CRIPPA. THE SECOND, THE ESTABLISHMENT OF AN ITALIAN LIBRARY AT SPRING CREEK (HEPBURN SPRINGS), NEAR DAYLESFORD, IN THE GOLD MINING DISTRICT OF BALLARAT, WHERE THE ITALIAN-SPEAKING POPULATION WAS PROMINENT AT THE TIME. MANY OF THESE PIONEERS FOUND THE 'REAL GOLD' BY ESTABLISHING FARMS AND BUSINESSES TO CATER FOR THE NEEDS OF THE MINING COMMUNITY.

MR FABRIZIO CRIPPA'S VINEYARD

Fabrizio Crippa was born in Monza, near Milan. He arrived in the colony of Victoria in 1852. Within a few years he bought an allotment of land at Hepburn Springs where he established a successful vineyard and winery in the early 1860s. His Colonial Wine was entered into the 1866-67 Intercolonial Exhibition, Melbourne. Crippa also owned a butcher shop and a water race. He was one of the members of the first Hepburn Springs Committee, formed with the aim to protect the mineral water springs from mining.

There is perhaps, no place in the colony so peculiarly favoured as Daylesford with an abundance of resources, and it needs but a glance at the many neat and tasteful gardens surrounding some of our richest claims to make this apparent. Strikingly illustrative of the fact is the vineyard to which we are now about, briefly, to refer, and to which, by the courtesy of the owner, we recently paid a visit. It is situated on Spring Creek, on the coach road to Castlemaine, and occupies an area of about seven acres. Upon entering the vineyard, the first thing that strikes the visitor is the extreme neatness displayed in all the arrangements, and the artistic skill which has prevailed in laying out the grounds. The centre walk of the vineyard is covered by clinging vines, from which heavy bunches of grapes are pendent. This leads to a most tastefully designed arbour, substantially erected, from which there is a pleasant view of the Castlemaine road, which, in fact, skirts the grounds on two sides. On either side are the vines,

with which the ground is almost entirely covered. There are at present upwards of 15000 vines, in all their various stages, from the vine of last year's planting to the four year old and fruit bearing vine. From those bearing this season, Mr Crippa calculates that he will have at least 20 tons of grapes, and of course the usual quantity of wine. Interspersed with the vines, but in a way not to interfere with their cultivation, Mr Crippa has planted other fruits, as well as vegetables, and amongst other things we noticed the tobacco plant which appears to thrive well; but as its cultivation would interfere too much with Mr Crippa's other plants, in the careful rearing of the vine, it is not his intention to grow more. The utmost attention appears to have been paid to everything necessary for fully developing the resources of the ground, and several small reservoirs, together with a well for artificial irrigation, have been provided. A fitting and graceful addition to the fine vineyard which Mr Crippa has made by perseverance and hard working, is the fine house he is now building, which, when finished, will not only be a most comfortable residence, but will be quite an ornament to the road. It is a stone and brick building, with ground floor, upper story, underground cellars, etc. The ground floor is composed of five rooms and a magnificent entrance hall, and the upper story of six rooms. The underground is one large cellar, prepared expressly for the stowage of the wine, which Mr Crippa will shortly commence making. It is built in the most substantial manner, and every convenience is provided for the purpose to which it is to be devoted. Not the least noticeable feature is a well sunk in the centre of the cellar, and substantially bricked up to about three feet above the floor. This well, besides providing a plentiful supply of water, tends to keep the cellar drained. Around the entire ground, Mr Crippa is also building a substantial rubble wall, sufficiently high to protect its grounds from the intrusion of animals, without preventing the morning sun from casting his genial rays on the vines. Altogether the ground of Mr Crippa will in a few months present as complete and pleasing a picture as eye need witness, and will redound greatly to the credit of that gentleman. We must not omit to mention as an instance of the difficulties Mr Crippa has had to contend with that two years ago a large portion of the ground

The Daylesford Express.

AND HEPBURN ADVERTISER.

Vol. VI. No. 401.

Published every Thursday,
Friday and Saturday.

DAYLESFORD, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1864.

Subscription 12s. 6d. Per Quarter,
3s. 6d. Advance.

Price 6d.

BELOW *Villa Parma* (Parma House), Hepburn Springs, as it appears today. Photograph courtesy Kevin Flintoff.

which now presents every appearance of luxuriant cultivation was the scene of busy mining operations.

THE ITALIAN LIBRARY, SPRING CREEK

It may not be generally known that Spring Creek, which, by the way, was the support of a busy mining population before Daylesford was much known as a gold-field, is at present chiefly inhabited by Italians, who, having here clustered together and made themselves comfortable homesteads, are now introducing, gradually, amusements and means of instruction for themselves. Foremost amongst these, and an institution deserving of every encouragement, is the establishment of an Italian Library, which has recently taken place in the locality we have mentioned. At present, of course, our Italian friends are unable to make any great show, as the difficulties in their way are immensely greater than any we have to contend with in a similar object. The library now consists of close upon two hundred volumes, all of which have been lately imported from Italy. They arrived in the Great Victoria, and unfortunately reached Melbourne and were stored there at the time of the floods, and consequently were seriously damaged. They appear to have been carefully selected, and treat on a variety of subjects of both recent and ancient date. One volume, in particular, appears to have found special favour with

the sons of the "Sunny South," for we found about a dozen gathered round it, appearing highly delighted with its contents. It is

* an illustrated work, entitled *Don Pirbone a Roma*, and partakes somewhat of the character of a Charivari. In addition to the library are a number of newspaper and periodicals published in Rome, Geneva (Genova), Torino, and other places. Some, also, are published in the French and Swiss languages. These will be supplemented by additions on the arrival of each mail. There are already about forty subscribers to this library, which we may mention is at present at the residence of M. Bedolla. The entrance fee is 10 shillings, and the subscription 2 shillings 6 pence per month, a moderate charge considering the expense of the undertaking. The management is in the hands of a committee, consisting of Messrs Lucini, Brambilla, and Strozzi, with the following office-bearers: - President, Dr Rossetti; Treasurer, - Monighetti; Secretary, Francis Rottanzi; Librarian, M. Bedolla. An institution of this kind reflects great credit on the founders, and cannot fail to be highly appreciated by their countrymen. We sincerely congratulate them upon the success which has attended their first reports, and would urge upon all Italians resident in this district to aid the good work as much as it is in their power, by contributions of books or by becoming subscribers to the library.



italian historical society news

FAMILY HISTORY

The following are some of the family history enquiries received during the last six months. The Italian Historical Society is happy to advise on how to further the research for records held in public and church archives in Italy and Switzerland. In many occasions the Society is also able to put in touch individuals from different Australian states researching the same family name.

LUIGI 'LOUIS' BOSENKO

Luigi gave his name to a daughter, Marjorie, born out of wedlock in 1922. In her birth certificate he gives his address to be in Brunswick, Victoria. The descendants have very little information about this man and are very keen to find out more about his identity and life in Australia. Please contact the Italian Historical Society on (03) 9347 3555.

BASILIO BONDIETTI AND CARLO COMISTO

Nerida Moore of Bowen Mountain, New South Wales, is researching a documentary which looks at the story of Basilio Bondietti, a Swiss-Italian pioneer who was hung in Melbourne gaol in 1876 for the killing of Carlo Comisto. At the time of the incident they were both charcoal burners at Seymour, Victoria. Any information would be greatly appreciated as Basilio leaves little trace before 1876.

Nerida can be contacted via email at neridamoore@optusnet.com.au or by writing to 308 Lt. Bowen Drive, Bowen Mountain, NSW, 2753

FRANZONI FAMILY REUNION

The children of Antonio and Francesca Franzoni are celebrating the 75th anniversary of their arrival in Australia in 1929. As was common, their father Antonio arrived a few years before from Serrata, in Calabria, landing in Melbourne on board the *Regina d'Italia* in October 1925. His wife Francesca and their children Carmela, Isabella and Rocco joined Antonio in 1929, arriving on board the *Caprera* on

July 26. Seven more children were born in Australia. The family settled in Shepparton and farmed tomatoes. All the 10 Franzoni children will be at this reunion, along with over 290 other direct descendants who are all living in Victoria.

The Italian Historical Society wishes to congratulate the Franzoni family for such an important event.

BI-LINGUAL PROGRAMMES ON COMMERCIAL RADIO

Dr Bridget Griffen-Foley is seeking assistance with her project. She is working on the first full-scale history of commercial radio in Australia and she has a particular interest in bi-lingual programs that were broadcast on commercial radio before the introduction of community radio in the 1970s.

Dr Griffen-Foley is well aware of the records on 'Mamma Lena' in Sydney which she has already extensively researched. She is now seeking to establish whether there were any similar programs in Melbourne or Victoria.

If you can assist, please contact:

Dr. Bridget Griffen-Foley :
Departments of Modern History & Politics
Macquarie University NSW 2109
Tel. 02 9850 8828, fax. 02 9850 6594,
e-mail bgfoley@pip2.hmn.mq.edu.au

CO.AS.IT ITALIAN HERITAGE AND ITALIAN FAMILY HISTORY GROUP, SYDNEY

This organisation is the equivalent of our Italian Historical Society in Melbourne. It has a rich public program including lectures, outings, exhibitions and collection of historic material on Italians in New South Wales. They also publish an interesting newsletter which can be downloaded from their internet site at www.coasit.org.au For enquiries or membership contact Linda Nellor on (02) 9564 0744 or linda.nellor@coasit.org.au



BELOW Participants of the Multicultural Documentary Heritage Workshop photographed on the steps of the National Library of Australia, Canberra.

NEW ADDRESS FOR NATIONAL ARCHIVES AUSTRALIA (NAA) - MELBOURNE

The Melbourne branch of NAA has changed address and is now located in the Victorian Archives building in Shiel Street, North Melbourne. NAA shares the facilities with the Public Record Office Victoria (PROV). Both these public repositories hold precious records for family history researchers, such as Births (1853-1913), Marriages (1853-1930) and Deaths (1853-1980) in Victoria, Passengers Lists of arrivals at Victorian Ports (1852-1923), Registers of Assisted Immigrants (1852-1923), Primary Schools (1878-1962) High Schools (1907-1960), Citizenship, Internment, POW records and much more useful material.

The contact telephone number for both institutions is (03) 9348 5600.

ANNUAL G & MAGS EXPO

The Goulburn & Murray Association of Local & Family History Groups is holding their Annual Expo on Saturday, November 20, 2004 from 10 am-4 pm at the Mulwala & District Services Club, Melbourne Street, Mulwala, Victoria. The auditorium will be used for displays and a meeting room for information sessions.

The participating organisations are the following Family History Groups (FHG) and Historical Societies (HS): Alpine FHG, Bright HS, Cobram GG, Deniliquin FHG, Echuca/Moama FHG, Mansfield HS, Nathalia GG, Namurka HS, Shepparton FHG, Tungamah HS, Upper Murray HS, Wagga Wagga FHG, Wangaratta FHG and Yarrowonga/Mulwala HS.

To participate in this important event for north-eastern Victoria, please contact the Coordinator, Mary Anne Hatters on 03 5768 2219, e-mail kirkhatters@bigpond.com

ITALIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY ACTIVITIES MULTICULTURAL DOCUMENTARY HERITAGE WORKSHOP AT NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA, CANBERRA

Laura Mecca, manager of the Italian Historical Society, was recently invited to speak on the 'Italian experience' at a workshop for multicultural communities to learn how to organise and preserve their heritage records.

The workshop, held on 9th and 10th June at the National Library of Australia in Canberra as part of the Library's Multicultural Documentary Heritage Project, was organised in collaboration with the National Archives of Australia.

The event brought together 45 representatives of culturally diverse community organisations from all states and territories with 29 different languages or ethnic groups represented.

Working together, the participants learned new skills to help them to manage their organisation's archives. In her talk, Laura discussed the collections of the Italian Historical Society, its conservation and cataloguing management and the support and relationship the Society enjoys with the Italian community of Melbourne.

Sir James Gobbo, Chairman of the National Library of Australia Council, addressed the participants, stressing the importance of preserving for future generations records documenting the migrants' experiences of settling in Australia and their significant contribution to Australian life.

Ample reference material was distributed during the workshop which will assist the participants with the setting up, maintenance and conservation of archival collections.

The National Library has recently published *Preserving Australia's Multicultural Documentation Heritage* - a practical and easy guide to starting and maintaining an archival collection. A review of the kit is published in the section 'Publications Received' of this Journal. The kit is available at www.nla.gov.au/multicultural/



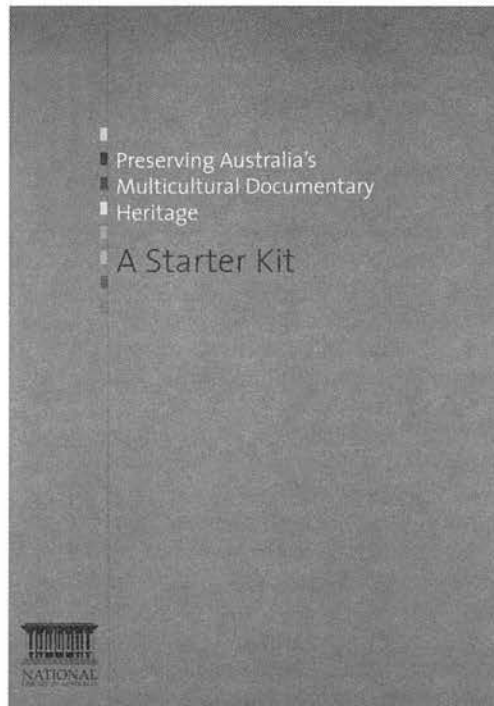
publications received

THE FOLLOWING PUBLICATIONS HAVE BEEN RECENTLY PURCHASED BY OR DONATED TO THE SOCIETY. THEY MAY NOT NECESSARILY BE RECENT RELEASES BUT EVERY ATTEMPT IS MADE TO ACQUIRE ALL CURRENT PUBLICATIONS IN THE FIELD OF ITALIAN-AUSTRALIAN HISTORY.

A REVIEW OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA: PRESERVING AUSTRALIA'S MULTICULTURAL HERITAGE STARTER KIT DIANA CHESSELL

Multi-cultural Archives in Australia: there is not a tidy boundary. Will I keep my Dad's bus ticket to Cooma? Ciao, kalimera, dobdrdan, wei nihao, namaste, and goodday. The colorful cover of a kit, is of the Leonard French vibrant, multi-colored windows at the entrance to the National Library of Australia. These stained-glass style windows provide a metaphor for the kit contents. Firstly it identifies the National Library as key national icon with the people known as multicultural. The cover is the ideal, represented by French's colourful mosaic, that Australian people of all cultures will create and contribute to 'safe places' and cathedrals of knowledge where Multicultural Heritage items are stored or borrowed. The kit is a major recognition by one of Australia's premier knowledge cathedrals that many public collections are at present homogeneous, dominated by the English language, by Anglo-Saxon records, by the print medium and by public records. And they want to change this, to be inclusive, to have wider boundaries to the idea of a collection, a more integrated approach to collection practices, loans and access and to have more parallel collections of print and artefacts combined. The aim is to create collections that reflect Australia as being more culturally diverse, more culturally inclusive, more culturally colorful than our present recordings.

The multicultural kit is essentially a printed 38 page booklet with no images. It provides a series of highly informative, coherent, disciplined and well rounded sections directing mainly professional staff or highly literate people on how to do the archiving and storage of paper based documentary material. The highlights include one page of real questions 'your group is given a box of old letters but doesn't know what to do with them; the material about collecting records and 'working out the significance of your records'. These attempt to provide information that is really pertinent to the multicultural groups that the kit is aimed at. These mostly have at best one part



time trained staff member with many tasks and a host of voluntary assistants. Many of the other sections cover generic topics like accessioning ie noting items received and useful practices in 'Arrangement and description of your collection'. Electronic data and storage is well covered and the protection of prints and photographs sections are very useful. Some culturally appropriate points, like suggesting items can be borrowed from donors, photographed and returned, are buried as a minority occurrence. When all we have is Dad's one ticket to Cooma, a passport, six letters written by a scribe and three photographs, trusting someone to borrow, photograph and return is a major item. Will I keep my Dad's bus ticket to Cooma? is the key question. Knowing what is culturally significant from a migrant, or Aboriginal groups's viewpoint is a cultural stance this first kit has reached towards and not quite reached. There are three key requisites for the intended audience, people bringing together collections from different cultures. The first concerns language and translation.

The kit and similar projects need to use some ethnic languages and talk about the key issue of translation. Everything is in English, with no pointers to material in other languages, and nothing about vital issues such as accessing cheap translations by language students etc. The fact that DIMMIA (Department of Immigration, Multiculturalism and Indigenous Affairs) provides interpreters in 70 or so languages may be little known to ethnic communities attempting to create a heritage collection.

Secondly, use plain English. Most sections rely heavily on terms used by professionals, which does not encourage the intended wider cultural audience. Providing on Fact Sheet 1 a section on 'Knowing Archivists language' and a list of terms on Fact Sheet 12, is like giving a technical dictionary to a beginner. In plain English or as translated, Fact Sheet 2 Collecting Records could read. Easily located. Safe. Accessible to others. Ownership clear. Use for Exhibitions. Save for future generations. All unambiguously clear. Thirdly, the sole emphasis is on funding from Public grants although this section says 'and sponsors'. The grants indicated were formal groups, mainly major, public funding bodies and excluded small ethnic businesses, local ethnic sporting and charitable groups as sponsors. This level of sponsorship needs emphasizing for the small ethnic groups starting collections in particular.

So. In assisting the development of Multicultural archives in Australia are there wider and more important questions we need help with? Yes. As a high proportion of Australia's massive influx of post World War 11 migrants age and die, how do we know whether to keep the ticket to Cooma, to Bonegilla, the shipboard news from the Dunera, the newsletter of our Lithuanian or Vietnamese group? And can we record and store Mother's herb grinder and Dad's mosaic trowel separately from the herbal recipes and the traced design patterns on brittle paper? If these everyday as well as commemorative material objects belong with the papers why should these be split up? We need guidelines and suggestions on 'What to keep and what to send where' as many of us face the task of dispersing their papers, personal, household and work items.

For what we bought was very little. It was what we clutched onto. As migrant people we bought little more than 'courage in our cases' so its good to see this initiative by the National Library to encourage small local 'safe places' and a major

representation in Australia's cathedrals of knowledge' for our precious memories and relics.

Could we have any future information in the 107 languages of Australia's multicultural people or at least a dozen of the major ones? The publishing of this kit by the National Library of Australia opens the door to these possibilities and widens the boundaries for us all.

Diana Chessell
Centre for Cross Cultural Research
Australian National University

Free copies of this kit are available from the National Library of Australia
02.6262.1111 or at www.nla.gov.au/multicultural/kit/.

BOOKS IN ENGLISH

**COOPER'S CREEK GIPPSLAND:
THE TREVISANI**
DIANA RUZZENE GROLLO, MURE PTY. LTD.,
THORBURY (VIC), 2004. PRICE: \$45.00.
SEE ENCLOSED ORDER FORM.

Cooper's Creek Gippsland

The Trevisani

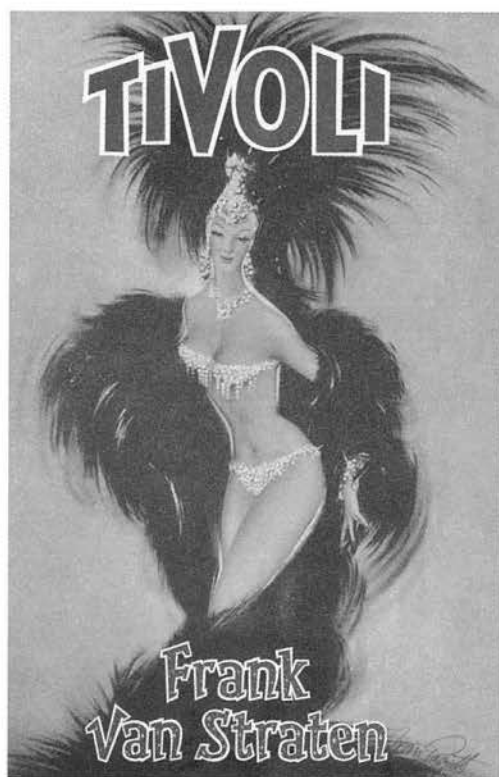


Diana Ruzzene Grollo

An engaging historical, photographic and sociological account of a group of Italians from the province of Treviso, Veneto, who settled in the towns of Cooper's Creek and Jubilee, in Gippsland, Victoria, in the early 1930s and 1950s. They worked in the lime quarry, the kilns and cutting wood for the White Rock Lime Company. The author brings the migrants' daily lives to the fore and describes their work and conditions, their friendships and cultural practices in the context of what were once two bustling and vibrant towns. The book also explores the migrants' feelings of alienation and loneliness and the elation with the arrival of their extended families.

TIVOLI

FRANK VAN STRATTEN, LOTHIAN BOOKS, SOUTH MELBOURNE, 2003. PRICE: \$60.00.



This well illustrated book traces the history of the Tivoli Theatre Circuit from the time it opened to the public in 1893, until the final encore over 70 years later. The theatre was located in Bourke Street, Melbourne and was reputed to be the home of Australian vaudeville. The author lets the performers, musicians and dancers tell their own story without too much interference. As the introduction to the book says: *"The Tivoli introduced Australians to the gramophone, the movies and the miracle of flight. At the Tivoli we celebrated Federation and sheltered from the shadow of the Great*



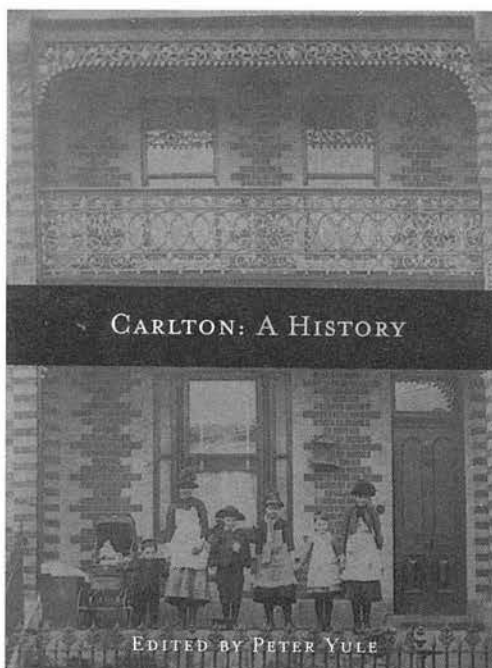
Angelo Candela conducting the Tivoli Theatre Orchestra during a performance of *Fine Feathers*, February 1948. Photograph by Harry Jay.

War....we heard the roaring of the Twenties, the tango and the devil's music - jazz".

Numerous Italian musicians performed at the Tivoli and many of their lasting contributions are recorded in the pages of this book. A CD of rare archival music, songs, jokes and comical sketches made famous by the performers of the theatre is included with the book.

CARLTON: A HISTORY

EDITED BY PETER YULE, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CARLTON 2004. PRICE: \$60.00



At last, a publication that comprehensively focuses on Carlton and the diversity of its residents. The book is well illustrated and manages to capture the essence of one of Melbourne's oldest suburbs. It includes a number of interesting essays by leading authors and scholars in the field of social history, such as Arnold Zable, Celestina Sagazio, Alan Mayne, Bill Garner, Don Chambers, Miles Lewis, Allan Willingham,

David Dunstan and Frank Strahan.
The Italian Historical Society wishes to congratulate Sue Chambers of the Carlton Residence Association for making this wonderful account of Carlton and its people possible.

PAROLE DI MIO PADRE: IL SOGNO D'UN EMIGRANTE = WORDS OF MY FATHER: A MIGRANT'S DREAM
DAMIAN TRIPODI, SELF PUBLISHED, GIPPSLAND, 1982. IN ITALIAN AND ENGLISH.

The story of Giuseppe Tripodi written by his son Damiano in appreciation of his father's love and hard work. Giuseppe, his wife Rosa and their two young sons arrived on Australian shores in June 1952 and settled in Traralgon.

BOOKS IN ITALIAN

ITALO-ARGENTINI: UNA DIASPORA
ANNA MARIA MINUTILLI, ASSOCIAZIONE MANTOVANI NEL MONDO, MANTOVA, 2003.
KINDLY DONATED BY ITALIAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY IN AUSTRALIA - MELBOURNE INC.



Anna Maria Minutilli has written an account of the history of Italians in Argentina. The book gives an insight into the varied reasons why so many Italians chose to emigrate to Argentina over a period of 100 years. Contemporary issues such as

the Argentine economic downturn and its affects on Italian owned businesses, the Argentine law and its impact on the rights of the country's second and third generation Italians, as well as the phenomena of the return migration to Italy are also discussed.

UN SICILIANO, APPARTENENTE A FAMIGLIA NOBILE AL SERVIZIO DEL MISSIONARIATO CATTOLICO NEL XIX SECOLO: RUGGIERO EMANUELE DI SAN GIUSEPPE PADRE BENEDETTINO MISSIONARIO IN AUSTRALIA NEL 1852
EDITED BY FRANCESCO EMANUELE, TURIN, 1998.

UN SICILIANO, APPARTENENTE A FAMIGLIA NOBILE, AL SERVIZIO DEL MISSIONARIATO CATTOLICO NEL XIX SECOLO

Ruggiero EMANUELE di San Giuseppe padre "Benedettino"
Missionario in Australia nel 1852.
Visse tra i forzati di quel continente formulando proposte al Governo Imperiale Britannico per la loro affrancazione e rieducazione morale e civile.



Fotografia di un ritratto ad olio di Ruggiero EMANUELE

The editor of this booklet is a descendant of Father Ruggiero Emanuele, a Sicilian Benedictine priest who was sent to Sydney, Australia in 1851 by the Catholic Church to minister to transported English convicts. Throughout his brief stay in Australia, Father Emanuele kept a rigorous diary, written in English, in which he ponders the moral rehabilitation of his charges and the state's convict practises. A chapter on Father Emanuele's thoughts upon leaving Sydney for Honolulu has also been added. Father Emanuele wrote copiously, however the editor has only included a few pages of his writings. The booklet includes a number

of reproductions of Father Emanuele's hand-written pages.

SEBASTIANO PITRUZZELLO: L'UOMO, LA FAMIGLIA, L'INDUSTRIA
PIERO GENOVESI, PANTALICA PTY LTD., THOMASTOWN, 2003.



This book traces the migration story of Sebastiano Pitruzzello, founder of Pantalica Cheese Company in Thomastown, Victoria. Sebastiano's cheese-making talents were born from a family tradition dating back 50 years. The book details the establishment and success of one of Australia's leading cheese manufacturers, as well as the personal story of Sebastiano and his wife Lucia.

CD-ROMS IN ENGLISH

SANDS & MCDUGALL'S MELBOURNE AND SUBURBAN DIRECTORY FOR 1865
SANDS & MCDUGALL'S MELBOURNE AND SUBURBAN DIRECTORY FOR 1904
ARCHIVE CD BOOKS AUSTRALIA, MODBURY S.A., 2004. \$39.50 EACH.

The Italian Historical Society has acquired these important directories which are an invaluable source for family historians. The directories have two main sections: an alphabetical listing by surname and business name, and a sequential street listing according to suburbs or localities.

IHS Journal guidelines for contributors

1. The journal of the Italian Historical Society is produced for a general readership. Preference will be given to articles which increase an understanding of the history of Italian immigrants and their descendants.

2. The IHS Journal is published twice yearly. The deadline dates for articles for each issue are:

// June issue: 30 April

// December issue: 30 October

3. The IHS Journal accepts unsolicited articles but may decline publication for various reasons. Articles are equally welcome from both professional and amateur historians and writers.

4. The IHS Journal does not pay for contributions.

5. All materials submitted may be subject to editing.

6. Articles should be normally submitted on a white A4 paper, typed with double spacing. Contributors are also encouraged to submit work on IBM compatible format. In general articles should not exceed 5000 words.

7. Articles should be accompanied by appropriate and clearly captioned illustrative material wherever possible. This may include good quality illustration, maps, diagrams, or other materials such as advertisements, programs, etc.

8. All material submitted for publication must be accompanied by permission to publish and must meet copyright requirements. This includes both textual and illustrative materials. Unless otherwise stated, the author/s of the material provided will be credited with copyright.

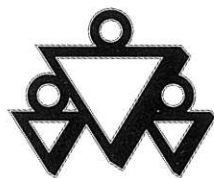
9. All articles should give sources and references where appropriate. These endnotes should be grouped at the end of the article and may refer to sources or amplify material in the main body of the article. The reference numbers for endnotes should appear in the text at the end of the sentences.

10. The bibliographic style favoured for citing books, based on the Style Manual for authors, editors and printers of the AGPS is: name of author, name of book in italics or underlined, name of publisher, place of publication, year of publication.

For citing journals: name of author, title of article, name of journal in italics or underlined, volume number and year, page number/s.

11. Contributors should retain copies of all materials submitted. Illustrative material will be returned if requested.

12. Contributors should provide a very short personal description outlining current interests.



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