

THE MALTESE PRESENCE IN NORTH AMERICA



E-NEWSLETTER

Issue 23

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Carnival - The Maltese Canadian Club of London
Saturday, February 16, 1980, Held at St. Mary's Separate School,
Southwest Corner of Lyle and King Streets, London, Ontario
Costume Winners: Vince Mifsud, Irene Zammit, Joe & Mary Busuttil

**The Maltese Presence
in North America**
Issue No. 23 February 2021

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

As I look over this and past issues of the newsletter, I'm deeply grateful for those who have shared the stories of their families with me and you, the reader. A generation or so hence and those stories may well have been lost forever.

I'm constantly amazed at the assistance and cooperation received from beyond the North American shores. In this issue alone, Mark Caruana, Charles Said-Vassallo and Lawrence Dimech of New South Wales, Australia and Carmen Vella and Joe Cutajar of Malta have come to my assistance.

It's also gratifying to know that this newsletter is doing its bit to help preserve the Maltese culture, both presently and in the past, in North America in particular.

In connection with the preservation of Maltese culture, you are directed to Richard Cumbo's well-researched account of Maltese programs on cable television in Toronto. (See pages 21-24) This is the first time anyone has attempted such an undertaking and it is hoped this article will spur others to share their memories, photos, etc. of these programs and thus more fully preserve them for posterity.

Richard and I envision this same thing happening as has occurred with Mark Caranua and my initial article on the women who went from Malta to Jamaica. (See issues of September and October 2020 and January 2021.) In this present issue the account is continued with recent findings in the Sacred Heart Malta Archives in St. Julian's, thanks to its archivist, Carmen Vella. (See pages 33-35)

Ash Wednesday this year falls on February 17th. Many of the larger Maltese communities in North America, in normal times, would have held Carnival during the week prior to this. Such will not be the case this year as the Coronavirus pandemic rages on. Pages 1, 16-17 and 40 tell of two Carnival celebrations in years past within the Maltese Canadian community in London, Ontario.

In addition to the inspirational reflections contributed by Fr. Mario Micallef, the pastor of St. Paul the Apostle Parish in Toronto, (see page 2) you are invited to read Fred Aquilina's account of one of the California fires last summer and learn of the power of prayer in action as witnessed by him and his wife Ida. (See pages 11-15)

One of the many things this newsletter has attempted to do is to highlight small communities of Maltese in North America which don't get a mention, even by such giants in the field of Maltese migration as the late Fr. Lawrence E. Attard. Hence, we learned a little about the Maltese in Schenectady, NY, in the March 2020 issue, in Kingsville, ON in the June and July 2020 issues, in Cape Breton, NS in the December 2020 issue and in Stamford, CT in the January 2021

issue. This latter account is continued in this issue. (See pages 35-37)

Remember that all issues and the latest "Table of Contents" are posted on the web page of the Maltese-American Social Club of San Francisco at <http://maltese-americanscf.org/home.aspx>.

Again, I invite you to contact me at dbrock40@worldline.ca, be it ideas you wish to share, wishing to be put on the free, bcc, electronic mailing list, etc.

In the meanwhile, I pray to God that this worldwide Coronavirus pandemic may soon pass.

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GLEANINGS FROM THE SUNDAY BULLETIN

PASTOR'S THOUGHTS...



Fr. Mario Micallef, MSSP, is pastor of St. Paul the Apostle, Toronto, the only Maltese national parish in North America. These "Pastor's thoughts..." are extracts from his commentaries on the Sunday readings which are published in the Parish's Sunday Bulletin.

What Am I Looking for in My Life?

....God often gives us joy or happiness in unexpected ways....

Perhaps a question I can ask myself today is what am I looking for in my life? Where do I seek to attain my happiness? And what do I use to guide me in my life to get me there?

Baptism Makes Us Sons and Daughters of God

[At the baptism of Jesus at the Jordan River by John the Baptist] God's voice proclaims Jesus as the Beloved Son, in whom he is well-pleased.

The same dynamics are present in our own baptism. The oneness of us and God, which had been destroyed by Adam's sin, is restored. The same Spirit that descended upon Jesus is given to us too, to guide us and move us in our mission. And, like Jesus, we are proclaimed sons and daughters of God, in whom He is well-pleased.

What Are You Seeking?

We often look for good things in our lives. The problem is that sometimes we look for them in the wrong place. The first disciples discovered that what they were seeking could only be found in the person of Jesus. They did not need any preaching from anyone, just an experience with Him.

...what are you seeking? What do you really want in life? Following that is the invitation to come to Jesus and stay with him. Experience his presence, his warmth, his love, his healing touch in your life.

Each Member Is an Integral Part of the Whole

....I am only a Christian in so far as I am a member of a body. Paul uses this analogy very beautifully when speaking of us as different members of the same body. Each member has its own function, without being necessarily more or less important than any of the others. More importantly, each member is useful for the full and proper functioning of the body as a whole. Perhaps one of the things the most of us miss most during this time of pandemic is our connection with the rest of the body.

This...gives us an opportunity to reflect on how we are living our own baptism, our belonging to this one body of Christ. As a Christian, I cannot live separated from other members of this same body. Like what happened to Paul [on the road to Damascus], I might need to do some adjustments in my life and in how I relate to others. I might be invited to fall from my securities, like the dust and listen to whatever the voice of the Master is telling me. This is the only road that leads to real freedom.

Being a Follower of Jesus Helps Me to Recognize What Needs to Be Changed in My Life and Gives Me the Possibility to Do It

Each and everyone of us can be suffering from some kind of uncleanness. Nobody is immune... Being a church-goer does not make me perfect. Neither does the fact that I know a lot about Jesus. What can make me good is a true encounter with Jesus. That is why Jesus had invited the first disciples to follow him, to accompany and be with him throughout his journeys. It was not enough for them to go to the synagogue, or to know a lot of facts about Jesus. They needed to be with him and to experience his presence and, naturally, to listen to his teaching.

Getting rid of whatever is not good can be a painful process....As I journey with Jesus in my life, I might find myself being invited to get rid of something which has been part of me for many years—maybe the habit of gossip, or being untruthful, or being greedy, or uncaring, or unforgiving. It is not easy to change what has been part of me for a long period of time. But with Jesus nothing is impossible. Whatever it is, being a follower of Jesus helps me to recognize what needs to be changed in my life and gives me the possibility to do it.

MALTESE-AMERICAN BARBER ATTENDS PRESIDENT NIXON'S INAUGURATION BALL*

Dan Brock

With the current coronavirus pandemic, there was no official inauguration ball after Joe Biden's swearing in as the 46th president of the United States on Wednesday, January 20, 2021. Fifty-two years earlier, however, among the approximately 8,000 guests in attendance at the inauguration ball held for President Richard Nixon and his vice-president Spiro Agnew on January 21, 1969 was the Maltese-American Tarcisio "Tom" Buhagiar.

Tarcisio had arrived in New York on the *Brasil* on July 22, 1950, and joined his brother George who was living on Vansiklen Street in Brooklyn.

Giorgio Buhagiar, who had been a seaman on the S.S. *Zeriba* had deserted when the British cargo vessel arrived in New York Harbor on July 15, 1928.



**Giorgio Buhagiar,
Passport Photo, 1920**
Courtesy of
National Archives of Malta

By 1942, he was working for the Consolidated Edison Company of New York. Twenty-seven years later, he would be "a general mechanic with the New York Edison power house." George had returned to Malta for a visit in 1949 and presumably persuaded, or at least made arrangements, for his married brother, Tarcisio, to join him.

Tarcisio was a barber back in Malta and continued the trade in New York City. Early in 1963, he began working in the barber shop in the Regency Hotel, on Park Avenue at East 61st Street, in Manhattan's Upper East Side. This luxurious hotel was considered "one of the top hotels in the United States."

About 1964, while at work, he received a telephone call from Richard Nixon who had been Vice-President under Dwight Eisenhower, had lost the presidential election to John F. Kennedy in 1960 and had declined to run for president in 1964.

"Tom" was at first apprehensive about giving Nixon a haircut but the former vice-president told him how he wanted it and from then on Tom was given "a free hand." The barber described Nixon's hair as "light, silky and curly" and added "you've got to take

care how to cut it for him or else you're in trouble."

Buhagiar cut Nixon's hair quite often over the next few years and, once Nixon had won the presidential election in November 1968, Tom would go, with his scissors, comb and clippers, to the President-elect's temporary headquarters in Manhattan's Pierre Hotel, on East 61st Street at Fifth Avenue. The haircut would take 25 minutes to complete.

The last time Tom would cut Nixon's hair was on January 20, 1969, the day before the Presidential Inauguration.

During all the times Tom cut Nixon's hair they "never talked about politics." "He used to ask me about my family and I would ask him about Mrs. Nixon," Buhagiar stated in an interview with a reporter from the *Times of Malta* in August 1969.

While the two men never talked politics, Tom admitted he had given Nixon "a lot of support in the primary campaign for the presidency."

This may have been one of the reasons Buhagiar had been invited to the inauguration ball of President Nixon and Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew.

In February 1969, Tom wrote to the President asking him whether he still wanted him to cut his hair in the future. Nixon replied: "I do appreciate very much your willingness to continue to serve me but the White House facilities do provide a barber."

Among the other personalities Tom cut hair for while at the Regency were Senator Barry Goldwater, Marlon Brando and Peter Sellers.

Tom and his older brother George holidayed in Malta in the summer of 1969.



**Tom Buhagiar in
Malta, August
1969**
Times of Malta,
Aug. 15, 1969, page
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Tom, who was born in Malta on June 3, 1912, died on August 15, 1996. George, lived on for over three more years, dying on April 19, 2000. He had been born in Victoria, Gozo, on September 29, 1903.

*Much of the material for this article was obtained from "Richard Nixon's Maltese Barber on Holiday in Malta," Times of Malta, Aug. 15, 1969, page 17.

THE PUGLISEVICH FAMILY IN CANADA

Nigel Klemenčič-Puglishevich



Nigel, a native of Oshawa, Ontario, is currently a second-year student at Carleton University in Ottawa.

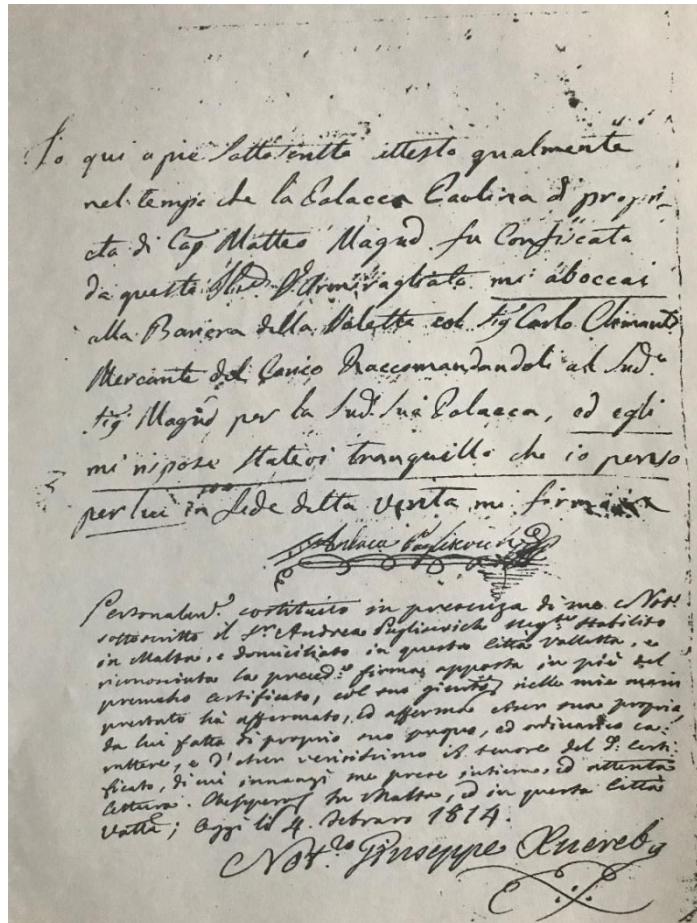
Editor's Note: Nigel was the winner of the \$2,000 scholarship awarded for the 2020-21 scholastic year by Leħen Malti. I invited him to share with the readers something of himself and his family background.

The Puglishevich surname is traceable to Dubrovnik, Croatia as *Puljizević*. Any origins before this I've not yet been able to trace with certainty. There are some theories that it may have been attributed to a family that came from Puglia, Italy, or

someone who had trade relations there around the 12th century. Perhaps when I have more time and a travel budget someday, I'll go to Croatia to figure it out

The earliest ancestor of the name that I can find is Nikola Puljizević, my 7x great-grandfather, born around 1730 in Zaton Mali, a village 8 km northwest of Dubrovnik, Croatia. His grandson, Andrija Puljizević (b. 1774, Zaton Mali), immigrated to Malta in the early 1800s. (His name is later spelt as Andrea Puglishevich.) The earliest record pertaining to him in Malta is from 1814. Stated in that early Italian record is that he was the owner of the cargo a polacca, a kind of masted sailing vessel, captained by Matteo Magud. The boat had been confiscated by the admiralty in Malta. Andrea said he had gone to the Baviera (the Auberge de Baviera, still known in Valletta as *Il-Baviera*) where he spoke to Carlo Climant, a merchant, about his need to recover the cargo on the confiscated ship. Climant had assured him that he would successfully carry out the negotiation. The document signed by Xuereb testifies to the genuineness of Andrea's statement.

Document from 1814, signed by Andrea Puglishevich and notary Giuseppe Xuereb



Andrea married a Maltese woman, Regina Bonnici (b.c.1780, Valletta). Their only known son was Vincenzo Puglisevich. He was born in Birkirkara around 1802 and died in Constantinople after 1890. He moved from Malta to Constantinople to work as a printer, employed lastly by the *Levant Herald*. There was a period of three months of overtime owed to him, later in his life, by his employer, Edgar Whittaker. After an extended period of non-payment, Vincenzo chose to sue. The court case took place, in 1890, in Constantinople. It appears to have never been resolved as it's likely that Vincenzo died before it finished. Family lore says that Whitaker had him murdered before the verdict was handed down, but I can't find any evidence of this yet as genealogical records in Istanbul are hard to access.

Vincenzo and his wife, Eustachia Fenech (b. 1806, Malta), had three children: Andrea (1824-1894), Saverio (1832-1907) and Serafina (1833-1893). All three were born in Constantinople and died in Msida, Malta.

Serafina married Giuseppe Brockdorff, the son of famed Maltese painter Charles Frederick de Brockdorff. I have a theory that the Brockdorffs (who were also based in Constantinople in the 19th century) and the Pugliseviches had a close working relationship, the Pugliseviches being in the printing industry and the Brockdorffs in the art industry. The families together would introduce lithographic printing to Malta to mass produce copies of the Brockdorff family's art for tourists.

As far as I can tell, all members of the Brockdorff/Brocktorff family in Malta are descendants of Giuseppe Brockdorff and Serafina Puglisevich (though I could well be wrong about that because Giuseppe did have two brothers, Frederick and Luigi, but I can't find if they had any children).

Andrea Puglisevich, Serafina's brother, was also a printer, but based in Valletta (at 123D Strada Britannica). He and his wife, Eugenia Tabone, had one daughter, Carmela. Carmela later married Carmelo Maistre and thus all of their children bore the Maistre surname.

I'm a descendant of Saverio, Andrea's and Serafina's brother, who married Carmela Cachia (b. 1833, Floriana – d. 1906, Msida). All of the bearers of the Puglisevich family name in Malta are descendants of Saverio.

Saverio and Carmela Puglisevich had seven children. I'm descended from their son, Agostino (1872-1922). He worked for the family printing business as a teenager but later became a police officer. Agostino married Giuditta Zammit (1873-1942). They had eight children.

One of their sons was my great-grandfather, Francesco Saverio Puglisevich (1906-1952). He managed all the vehicular transportation for the British Navy in Malta. Francesco married Rosina Filletti (b. 12 January 1910, in Msida, d. 1 November, 2002, in St. John's, Newfoundland). Rosina's father, Giuseppe (1882-1943), was a chef for the British Navy. Rosina was one of eight children.



Francesco Saverio and Rosina Puglisevich's wedding photo, 21 November, 1931.

Also featuring Rosina's sister Mary Filletti (left), Francesco's sister Mary Puglisevich (right), and a young Blanche Puglisevich, Francesco's niece.

Francesco and Rosina were to have four children—Agostino, Charlie, Edwin and Josephine—more on them later.



Edwin, Josephine and Charlie Puglisevich at their childhood home in Msida, Malta, c.1946.

The first of the Puglisevich-Filletti family to immigrate to Canada was Rosina Puglisevich's brother, Remigio Filletti (b. 11 August, 1913, Msida,

d. 4 April, 1994, Oshawa, Ontario). He is believed to have arrived in 1948.

Remigio had a son, Joseph, born in Hamrun to his first wife, Paola. By his second wife, Mary, also Maltese, Remigio had three daughters and one son. Remigio was a barber in Malta but upon his arrival in Ontario, he worked for National Groceries as a labourer and foreman.

Charlie Puglisevich (b. January 1935, Msida, d. 14 August 2003, St. John's, Newfoundland), second son of Francesco and Rosina, came to Oshawa in 1959/60. Initially, he, his wife, Margaret (née Grech), and their son, Val, lived with Charlie's maternal uncle, Remigio Filleti. Later, the Pugliseviches had two more daughters, Frances and Terry.



*Charlie
Puglisevich,
c.1953*

Edwin Puglisevich (b. 31 July 1936, Msida), my grandfather, arrived in Oshawa during the very cold January of 1963. Having never experienced snow before, this winter arrival came as a bit of a shock. He lived with his brother Charlie for a brief period before finding a one-bedroom apartment of his own.

In his youth, Edwin was an avid diver, cyclist and soccer player. He attended St. Albert the Great College in Valletta until 1952, the year his father died. As his father was the sole source of income for the family, Edwin and his siblings had to cut their education short and head suddenly into work. Edwin quickly was taken on by the British Navy Drydocks as a mechanic and worked there, even after the transfer of management to Bailey (Malta) Ltd., until his emigration. Upon moving to Canada, "Ed" worked at the Alberto-Culver factory, manufacturer of Alberto VO5 Shampoo, in Oshawa and then, in the same city, at PPG automobile glass manufacturers, where he was maintenance manager.

In 1965, Ed married Rose Marie Climpson (1933-1972), the daughter of English immigrants. They had one child, my mother, Diana (b. 1968).



Rose Marie and Ed Puglisevich with their daughter, Diana, at their Oshawa home in 1970

After the tragic death of his first wife, in 1972, Edwin remarried, three years later, to Victoria Cauchi (b. 2 November 1938, Marsa, Malta).

Victoria's parents were Savior Cauchi (b. 1910, Qormi, Malta, d. 1969, Whitby, Ontario) and Maria Debrincat (b. 1915 in Gozo, d. 1978, Whitby). They had six children, each of which wound up immigrating to Canada in the 1960s. Victoria's brother, Emmanuel, was the first to come over in 1964. Her brother Joseph and sister Doris came in 1966. Their parents came initially on vacation in 1967 to see their children, but decided to stay. Victoria and her youngest sister Yvonne immigrated later that same year.

Meanwhile, in 1963, Charlie and Edwin's sister, Josephine (b. 1942, Msida) and her husband, Fred Borg, came to Canada. They were accompanied by the siblings' mother, Rosina (Filletti) Puglisevich.

Charlie Puglisevich moved back to Malta, in 1966, intending to stay, but was put onto the project of outsourcing oil. On hearing that there was oil found off Newfoundland he got the idea of starting up his own business. He moved to Newfoundland in 1978 to get involved in its oil industry. From there, in 1980, he founded the Puglisevich business in Newfoundland which supplies PPE, catering, personnel, training, transportation, etc. to the off-shore oil rigs.

Meanwhile, in December 1973, a fourth Puglise-

vich sibling, Agostino Puglisevich (b. 13 November, 1933 in Msida) arrived in Oshawa with his wife Fortuana and their children. "Lino" was a driver in Malta for the British Navy. In Oshawa, he was a bus driver.



Mechanics and drivers from the Malta Drydocks, Agostino "Lino" Puglisevich (in dark suit) is seen standing fourth from the right, 1959



Consulate General of Malta

In honour of the many Maltese immigrants that disembarked at Pier 21, to start a new life and career in Canada.

B'gieh lil dawk l-immigrati Maltin kollha li nizlu fuq Pier 21, biex jibdew hajja u karriera godda fil-Kanada.

Dedicated by Margaret and Charles Puglisevich, Consulate General of Malta, St. John's Newfoundland. March 31, 2000.

Plaque dedicated by Charlie and Margaret Puglisevich to Maltese immigrants in Canada. Located at Pier 21 in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

My mother, Diana, the daughter of Edwin and Rose Marie (Climpson) Puglisevich married my father, Chris Klemenčič, who was born in Austria in 1965 to Slovenian and Galician German parents, I took on the surnames of both my parents, Klemenčič-Puglisevich.

As for myself, I'm 20 years old, from Oshawa and have always had a passion for history and museums. I'm currently working toward my Hons. BA in History and Greek & Roman Studies with minors in Islamic Studies and Medieval & Early Modern Studies at Carleton University in Ottawa. In terms of academics, I'm mostly researching the medieval Islamic period in Malta, as well as the emergence of opera in Malta during the 17th century.

At the age of 15 I began working in the museum industry and have served in a variety of positions to date, mostly in the areas of digitisation, digital content development, research and exhibitions. I'm presently the Communications Administrator for the Goulbourn Museum in Stittsville, Ontario (working remotely while living in Oshawa with my Maltese grandparents).

I plan to go on to complete my PhD in History, focusing on medieval Malta, and to continue my work in the museum and archival fields. I hold a lot of interest in Malta, past and present, and hope to move there to work in museums sometime after my degree. Outside of work and school, I like writing history-based short stories and poetry, researching my family history, gardening, cooking and going on road-trips.

I would like to thank *Leħen Malti* for awarding me with their 2020-21 scholarship, as well as for all the work they do for the Maltese community here in Canada.

Stuffed Flank Steak in Soup (Falda Mimlija Fil-Brodu)

Lisa Buttigieg-LiGreci



Since July 2020, Lisa's Maltese recipes have appeared regularly in this newsletter. The January issue featured Lisa's recipe for *aljotta* (Maltese fish soup)

This recipe takes an inexpensive tough cut of beef and transforms it into a succulent and tender show stopper that anyone would be proud to serve. I'm talking flank steak.

Throughout Malta's history, beef didn't play a major role in the Maltese diet. Large amounts of land are needed to raise cattle which is not feasible on the tiny islands of Malta. The meat that was commonly consumed consisted of local game like rabbit, goats, and sheep. Beef did appear in the Maltese diet during the Neolithic age from 5,000-2,500 BC, however, it was rarely found.

Fast forward to 1300 AD, only the wealthy ate meat. Poor people lived on bread, vegetables and cheese. They only ate meat if they could afford it. The Maltese diet stayed pretty much the same during the middle ages.

As the islands were colonized, and became part of the shipping and trade routes, beef became more accessible. Many beef recipes were being

innovated and evolved into their diets. In the early 1900s meat became cheaper. The diet for Maltese people greatly improved. People ate less bread and food choices became more varied. Today, beef is readily available and easily found throughout the Islands.

Falda Mimlija Fil-Brodū is a classic Maltese dish that has been enjoyed for generations. Typically, the *brodū* is served first. The stuffed flank steak is then thickly sliced and served separately as a main course with potatoes and vegetables. Enjoy!

INGREDIENTS:

- 2 lb. flank steak
- ½ lb. ground beef
- ½ lb. ground pork
- ¼ lb. pancetta, diced in ¼ inch cubes
- 2 potatoes, peeled and diced into 1-inch cubes
- 3 stalks celery with leaves, sliced
- 1 onion, diced
- 2 carrots, peeled and sliced
- 1 large garlic clove, finely minced
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese + more for serving
- 2 tsps. salt, divided evenly + more for seasoning
- 1 tsp. pepper, divided evenly + more for seasoning
- ¼ tsp. curry powder
- 1 Tbs. flat leaf parsley, finely chopped + sprigs for garnish
- 2 large hard-boiled eggs, either whole or diced (not pictured)
- 4 Tbs. vegetable oil (not pictured)
- 1 Tbs. tomato paste
- 2 qts. water (not pictured)



NOTE: You will either need a meat trussing needle and cotton butcher's twine, heavy-duty toothpicks, or wooden skewers to prepare this recipe.

DIRECTIONS:

1. Place the steak in the freezer for 30 minutes. I find it's easier to slice the pocket if the meat is slightly frozen.
2. While the steak is in the freezer, prepare your ingredients by dicing and slicing the pancetta and vegetables, hard-boil the eggs and measure the remaining ingredients.



3. Put your vegetable scraps in a plastic freezer bag. Store them in the freezer to make stock for another day. If you aren't going to make stock, compost them in your garden.
4. Retrieve the flank steak from the freezer. Slice the steak lengthwise in the center to create a pocket by placing your hand over the top of the steak and apply pressure while slicing. This gives you more control and helps you feel where the knife is to create a nice even cut. A sharp fillet knife is the best tool for this task.



5. Season all sides of the steak, inside and out, with 1 tsp. of salt and ½ tsp. of pepper.
6. Combine the ground meat, pancetta, curry, parsley, garlic, cheese, bread crumbs and

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the other half of the divided salt and pepper in a large bowl to make the filling. Use your hands to incorporate it. If you diced your eggs, add them now and skip step #8.

7. Stuff the filling in the flank steak pocket.



8. Create a pocket in the filling and nestle in the whole hard-boiled eggs. Form the filling around the eggs.



9. Seal the pocket by sewing with butcher's twine or securing with heavy-duty toothpicks or wooden skewers.
10. Heat the oil in a heavy pot. Brown each side approximately 2-3 minutes per side to get a good sear.



11. Add the tomato paste to the pot. Let it cook a few minutes to caramelize and develop flavor.
12. Cover the meat with 2 qts. water. Stir it in very slowly at first to blend with the tomato paste and dissolve any lumps.
13. Add the carrots, celery and onions.



14. Season with salt and pepper to taste.
15. Bring to boil, cover and simmer on low for 1 hour.
16. Add the potatoes and simmer another hour. Adjust seasoning as needed.
17. Remove the meat from the pot, placing it on a carving board.
18. Tent the meat with aluminum foil and allow it to rest for 20 minutes.
19. Meanwhile, drain the soup into another pot and reserve the veggies.
20. Pour the broth into a fat separator and discard the fat.
21. Return the veggies and broth to the pot and serve as a soup course with extra Parmesan cheese.
22. Slice the meat into thick slices and serve separately as a main course with potatoes and vegetables.
23. Garnish with fresh parsley sprigs.



"HEY JUDE"

CDR Fred Aquilina USNR (Ret)



In "Passage to America" in the January 2020 issue, Fred wrote of the Aquilina family migrating to California.

On August 18, 2020 California was on fire everywhere. Since the closest fires were north of Vacaville where we live, I thought it would be wise to check the status on the web before I settled in for the night. As of 11:00 PM there were three fires some 35 to 45 miles away, near Napa and Lake Berryessa, so I settled in for a night's rest. Not to be.

At 1:55 AM I was jarred out of a deep sleep by the unwanted ringing of the phone. As we have voice caller ID, I was quite upset when our phone annoyingly stated, "Toll free call... Toll free call." I was ready to slam down my finger on the "Call Block" button when a woman's voice announced, "This is an alert from PG&E [Pacific Gas and Electric Company] that your electricity will be shut down till 5 AM."

Now that the "robo" call had rudely roused me, I figured I'll get up and check outside. I lifted up a slat on the blinds of the French doors and my stupor was shaken when I saw the night sky and horizon glowing bright orange, red and smoky. No fire could be seen. Just fiery colors.

I woke up my wife and began calling the fire department on their non-emergency number just in case I was overreacting. This was to no avail, as the response to my call was a request to leave a message. Great. Luckily, I thought of calling our sheriff's non-emergency number, and fortunately, after a few rings, a woman's voice came on wanting to know the reason for my call. After explaining that we had a "robo" call from the utility company about service, I told her I was more disturbed by what I was viewing at the back of our acreage. "What's your address?" she asked. When I told her, she got somewhat excited and told us that lightning had started a fire at Mix Canyon (about 12 miles from us), and because of the high winds, it was approaching our area. "You need to evacuate right now. Can I confirm that you are evacuating your property?"

With that warning, there is no time to ask any questions. Just leave. So, with nothing but the

clothes on our backs and a cell phone, we began our hasty exit. No thoughts of grabbing our medicines, toiletries, extra clothes, laptop, photos, documents, etc. We were fixated on getting out.

I opened the garage door to the sound of heavy wind and the sight and sound of trees swaying in the night. Our F-150 truck was parked outside, next to the house. I thought it would be wise to move it. If the home burns, the truck will survive. I put my Covid mask on, jumped inside the truck and eased it near our flagpole in front of the house. The illuminated flags were still flying. The over 50 mph wind, however, bent the 24-foot aluminum flag-pole to a 45-degree angle. With the truck parked, I opened the door against the force of the wind trying to slam it shut, and once exposed to the night, I was blasted by the heat from the fire, the wind and the unbearable smoky air. It reminded me of my fire-fighting training as a young officer in the Navy.

As we approached our front gate, there was a long caravan of headlights all heading out of the area. We waited for a break in the traffic and then joined the long line of cars and trucks, some pulling horse trailers. The road was chaotic and congested. As we were not told where to evacuate to, we headed for the senior center nine miles away in town.

The parking lot was jammed. People were huddling in groups trying to make sense of what was happening. One guy, whose house was near the lightning strikes, described how his home and two other neighbors' homes were consumed by the flames. I walked into the senior center where volunteers were registering the evacuees. While in line, I spied the hall filled mostly with old people drinking coffee and playing cards. I'm old, but I did not belong here.

So, when the volunteer asked for my name, I declined to stay there but asked to use their men's room. I'd rather sleep in my car than go through a night in that noisy, busy hall. After talking to family by phone and assuring them we were fine, we reclined our seats and slept till sunrise. We arranged to drive some 75 miles to the Bay Area to our son's house that night and figure out our next moves from there.

At mid-morning, we headed back to our home to see for ourselves what transpired during the night. The area was still smoking, you could see fire coming over the ridges, and there were first responders everywhere. I knew we were probably going to be unsuccessful in trying to return home, but because we needed to get our medications, I optimistically had to give it a shot anyway. The highway patrol stopped us and when I explained to him of our need for our medications, he advised us

to ask our doctor for an emergency prescription. I had not thought of that. Then he told us what we already knew. The area was still hot and we needed to turn around and leave.

We wasted the day getting emergency prescriptions refilled, buying toiletries and some clothes and responding to the many phone calls inquiring about our well-being. We had offers for accommodations and meals and we were overwhelmed by the heartfelt generosity of family and friends. At my son's home that night, we made some calls to our neighbors to see how they were faring, but the calls went either unanswered, out of service, or to voice mail.

Since we did not know how long the evacuation order would last, the next day we checked into a motel back in town so we could be close to home, in case there was a home to go back to. We spent the next six days at the motel dealing with insurance companies, adjusters and asking the county emergency office about the status of our home.

My wife spent most of the time saying the rosary and praying to her favorite saint, Jude, whom she has prayed to as long as she can remember. I asked her to tell St. Jude that we were not so much worried about the home, as that was adequately insured, but to please save our office with all the irreplaceable important papers, documents, photos, computer and back up files. I thought he would listen to her as she was almost on a first name basis with him, as in "Hey Jude".

Every day, twice a day for four days we called the

County to inquire about our home, and the answer was always the same. The area had not been assessed because of safety concerns.

Finally, on the fourth day after the fire, we were told some of the areas had been canvassed but not ours "Call back later in the day," we were told. A few hours later, we did and we heard the results of the assessment of our neighborhood.

The woman at the other end of the phone read off five of our neighbors' addresses, one after another, and after each one, the comment, "destroyed". The uncertainty was almost unbearable. I listened anxiously and carefully for our address, then finally I heard her read out our house number with a short comment, "unaffected". I was stunned, and could not believe what I just heard, so I repeated our number to her to get reassurance. Miraculously, after hearing our surrounding neighbors' homes were burned to the ground, how could it be that our address had been "unaffected"?

We rushed to go check out our home and, as we drove the nine miles back, the trip was one of utter devastation and wonderment: devastation at seeing all the burned residences, barns, cars, RVs, tractors, fencing, trees and grass; wonderment at seeing amongst this expanse of destruction that there were homes here and there that were completely untouched by the once raging flames. Elsewhere, there was nothing left but scorched chimneys, foundations, twisted steel stables, and some still smoldering ruins.





As we drove up to our gate, there was an eerie silence. There were no birds flying, nor quail scurrying about, no deer or jack rabbits hopping here and there, nothing but the sound of the Generac still producing electricity through all those

hours of evacuation.

Near the front of the house, we noticed the flagpole, both flags crumpled on the grass, cut down by the fierce winds like a fallen tree. I got out of the car, unhooked the flags and put them in the trunk.



The field around us had small circles of burned, dry grass willy-nilly throughout the area. It was as if it had rained down embers igniting the dry grass, but then by some miracle, the fire died and left small circles of blackened earth. Many of the trees away from the house were not as lucky and nothing remained but scorched branches and stumps. The

exposed white PVC sprinkler valves were grotesquely withered like dead, wilted flowers. Towards the back I could see a huge three-inch deep puddle of water near the workshop that spread about 40 feet from its source, an aboveground melted water line.



As I made my inspection of the damage, not far from the puddle, there was the hulk of what was once our tractor. All the rubber, electrical lines, steering wheel and anything that was not metal was either burned or melted.

Near our outside workshop, the colors of the shrubbery, which had been blasted by the heat, reminded me of autumn in the Northeast. Nearby, our riding mower, parked about six feet away from the shop, was a skeleton of itself, and like the tractor, burned metal remained. I was amazed to see that the fire had gotten to within inches of the

workshop, but then again, stopped as if a mighty, supernatural breath had blown it out.

Then I walked to our vegetable garden, kicking up ash everywhere I walked. Earlier in the year I had built four large aboveground vegetable boxes. The one closest to the chain-link garden gate was stark. There was nothing left but a two-foot high by 16 feet long rectangular area of dirt. The surrounding redwood walls that once gave the vegetable box its shape were gone and still smoldering. The above ground water lines feeding the box looked like burned, twisted, strands of spaghetti.

I shook my head and strode to our pump house whose door was wide open. What was that about? There was a hastily written note attached to the door. "I shut off your outside water main due to the burned line." Although it was signed by a first responder, I only could decipher the letters Cpt. Our well had been pumping water from the time the water line melted till this fire captain shut it down. That accounted for the huge puddle that flooded the area. How much worse it could have been, possibly flooding the workshop. In my mind I expressed my gratitude for the unknown firefighter and a thank you God as well.

I stepped over to the side of the house where the noise from the Generac dominated the otherwise silent neighborhood. It was running hot, possibly needing oil as it had been running for over 90 hours, close to the 100-hour maintenance check. A check of the dipstick confirmed that the oil level was way below the add oil mark. I decided to let it run while we quickly checked inside to retrieve some of the things we needed back at the motel - most importantly a laptop to avoid communicating by cell phone with the multiple re-charging times, lengthy hold times, dropped calls, call backs, etc.

I went back out to the generator to shut it down and then hustled over to the propane tank to check the fuel level. We have never had it below 10% to 15% capacity, but the unexpected consumption by the generator had drained it to 6%. Ironically, though we had a home to return to, we were going to have to return to the motel, as without propane and a generator, we had no electricity nor any water.

It took three days to find a qualified technician to change the air and oil filters, spark plug and do the 100-hour maintenance, and just as long to schedule a delivery for our propane. Under the emergency conditions, these essential services were as hard to obtain as finding buried treasure. Then, once you found them, there was a price to pay as the demand for plumbers, electricians, appliance and home repairmen sky-rocketed. They could name their own price without any resistance from the customers. After finding the required serviceman, we had to coordinate a police escort to caravan all of us back to the residence. This was to prevent un-authorized gawkers or looters. Some of the technicians included the time to wait for the escort in their service charge.

After much time spent on having the generator serviced, we arranged for the propane tanker to make the delivery. This was exasperating because even though the county authorities had given us permission and an escort for the propane delivery, we were stopped by the highway patrol at the

barricades. They were quite busy directing traffic into and out of the burn region and had little time to reason with anyone. It was a case of one agency not communicating with the other.

The highway patrol was tasked with not allowing any hazardous traffic into the area. No amount of discussion between our county escort and the highway patrol was going to resolve the issue that day, and tempers were getting short. The propane driver, quite upset, radioed in the situation and returned to base some 35 miles away. I dreaded calling the propane company to redeliver.

So, we drove to the county command HQ and expressed our dismay and anger at the morning's event and the inability to return home after all the arrangements we had made. They apologized profusely, said that the highway patrol should not have done that, yada, yada. I told the commander that before I dare re-schedule delivery from the propane company that was already over-burdened with delivery requests, we needed to have assurances that there would not be a repeat of the day's events. He told us that we would get the propane tanker in even if he had to be our escort.

Thank goodness the propane company was patient and compassionate. I was expecting resistance and delay, but instead was asked what time we wanted to have the driver come back the next day. Wow. That was easy.

The commander was true to his word and just as promised, the sheriff escorting us had a brief conversation with the highway patrolman (not the same individual from the fiasco of the day before), and with a wave of the patrolman's hand we convoyed home. When we arrived home, the sheriff and the propane truck driver looked around and shook their heads in what appeared to be disbelief. While the propane driver hooked up the hose to our tank, the sheriff who had observed the destruction all around us, approached and said, "You bought the right lottery ticket didn't you?" "Yep" I replied, "and the winning ticket was prayer and a saint by the name of Jude." Quizzically he shot back, "Who is Saint Jude?" "My wife's best friend, the patron saint of impossible cases."

Just look at photos of the burned-out shells of the homes in our neighborhood. Once beautiful residences that contained a lifetime of memories, as well as their residents' earthly possessions, have been reduced to rubble, twisted steel, standing chimneys and swimming pools littered with floating fire debris. And in the middle of all that infernal destruction, our home has become an island surrounded by stark, lonely ruins. No one will ever convince us that the power of prayer is ineffective.

CARNIVAL 1956
THE MALTESE CANADIAN CLUB
LONDON ONTARIO*

Dan Brock

At the General Meeting of the members of the Maltese Canadian Club London Ontario, held on the Club premises on Sunday, January 15, 1956, it was announced that a Carnival Party would be held on Saturday, February 11th. Such a party was held the previous year, on February 19th.

The Club was formed in 1954. During the first couple months of its existence, meetings were held at Charlie Pace's premises, three times at his home, on the east side of Edward Street, between Tecumseh Avenue and Briscoe Street in South London, and once at McCallum & McFalls' barber shop, on the south side of Dundas Street, between Talbot Street and Market Lane, where Pace barbecued.

He had been one of the men who had come out from Malta on the *Marine Perch* in May 1948.

Later in 1954, the Club met in rented quarters on the third floor of a building on the north side of Dundas Street between Ridout and Talbot, now part of the present site of the Provincial Court Building. The rented quarters appear to have formerly been a warehousing area for the business or businesses below.

The Club was open, Monday through Saturday, from 7 p.m. to 12 a.m. and from 1:30 p.m. to midnight on Sundays and public holidays.

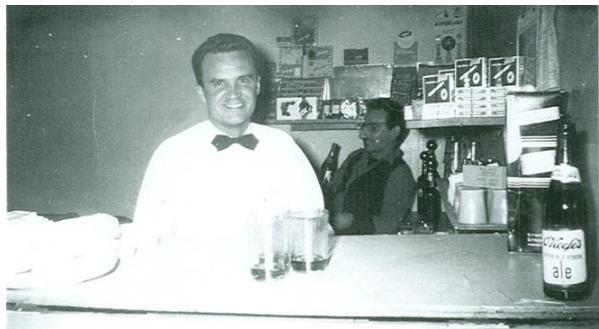
Initially, the premise appears to have been rented for \$65 a month from William E Dyer, QC, of the legal firm of Dyer, Grant, Mitchell & Winter. Dyer agreed to supply the necessary materials to "allow \$250 towards labour" for "a general overhaul and decorating" of this floor. The repairs, resurfacing of the floor, painting, etc. were, of course, done by volunteers from within the Club membership.

A plan of the floor, dated August 1954, shows a room used as an office-library in the southeast corner. To the immediate west of this was the bar and, to the west of the bar was the bandstand. To the west of the bandstand was the entrance to the stairway leading down to Dundas Street below. The toilets were between the office-library and elevator on the east side of the floor. Near the northwest corner of this floor was the Club's telephone. As the heating of the area was inadequate, Dyer installed a radiator at the Club's request. In 1955, a second toilet for women, with a partition between the two, was installed. Further upgrades to the premises,

such as electrical wiring, had to be made during the year in order to pass inspection for the holding of parties.

In 1956, the operation of the bar was tendered to Julian Farrugia. In order to obtain this position, he had to purchase the remaining 1955 stock and accessories. This included the billiard table which he had apparently purchased in 1955. He was also to supply the table tennis materials, playing cards, etc. It was his responsibility to keep the premises clean, with the Club providing both the cleaning materials and toilet requirements. The Club, in turn, would pay him a rent for the use of the bar and billiard table. Items sold would be "not over current prices in the market" and such bar sales, would be the property of the bar tender.

On the night of Saturday, February 11th, as the 1956 version of Carnival was in progress, Julien was behind the bar.



**Julien Farrugia, the bartender.
Lee Attard, with fake nose and glasses, seated.**

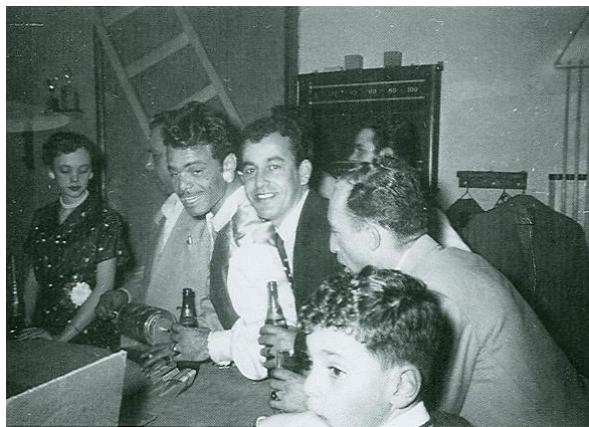


Carmel Micallef, Lee Attard and Paul Vella

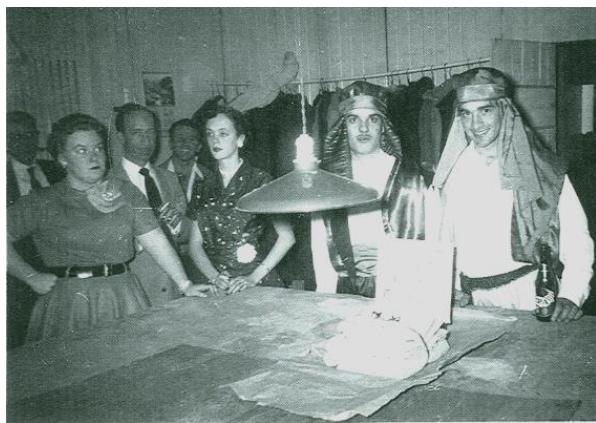
While only men of Maltese birth or blood could be members of the Club, occasions such as Carnival were family events.



**Reno Camenzuli, centre.
Tony Pavia, boy to our right.**



**Charlotte Ackworth, Angelo Spiteri, Jack Vella,
and Stan Mallia.
Unidentified boy in Front.**



**Beatrice Spiteri, Stan Mallia, Charlotte
Ackworth, Reno Camezuli and Joe Bugeja**
Admission for the 1956 Carnival was \$1.00. Some
of the men rented costumes for the occasion and an
“orchestra” was hired.



The “Orchestra”
Front Row: Tony Caminiti, tenor sax;
Frank Saliba, clarinet (a Club member)
Back Row: Wally Ewanski, acoustic bass;
Mel Oatridge, guitar
Photos courtesy of Joe Bugeja and Reno Camenzuli.

(See page 40 for more photos.)

Two Gozitans in NY Build ‘The Crèche in the Right Place at the Right Time’

The festive season, Christmas 2020 and the New Year 2021 celebrations may already be archived as we delve into the New Year and we start facing the new challenges. However, we at *The Voice of the Maltese* keep receiving reports about members of Maltese communities all over, who have been featured in media outlets in their respective part of the world for keeping the Maltese traditions during Christmas time.

One such is a large scale *presepuju* (Maltese word for crèche) at Corpus Christi Church in Woodside, Queens, NY, the work of two Gozitans, crèche artist Alexander Lateo and Loreto Debono who grew up in the same village of Ghajnsielem. They reconnected when they built the original *presepuju* 12 years ago at a church they were both part of, Our Lady of Peace in NYC, which no longer exists.

After 12 years in storage, Alexander has revived and redesigned it with Loreto's assistance at Corpus Christi in Woodside in New York, where it was on show during the festive season until January 11th.

The project was featured, both on NET Catholic news and in an article penned by Msgr. Jonas C. Achacoso, JCD and entitled, ‘The Crèche in the

"Right Place at the Right Time" in the *The Tablet*, the award-winning newspaper of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn. The newspaper also published a number of views of the wondrous Nativity scene.

In the feature that was brought to our notice by Carmen Debono, the secretary of the Maltese Centre in South Astoria, New York, Alexander was described as, "one of those who received ten talents and passionately invested them in being a successful designer of crèches, a cartoonist, musician, and a long list of whatnot."

Msgr. Jonas wrote that the parish of Corpus Christi was so grateful for his passion and artistry, which are simply impressive. "The parish, most importantly, is so grateful for this generous donation. When God wills something to happen, everything will fall into place perfectly, in the right place at the right time," he said.

He said that the project originated from a catch-up conversation he had with Alex back in October. Alex had some materials from a Nativity scene from a previous project at Our Lady of Peace in Manhattan that closed in 2014. These materials were in storage at Most Precious Blood in Astoria, where Alex is volunteering and in charge of setting up their crèche. The parish was so generous for this accommodation but could not use the materials because they have their own nativity setup.

"These are artistic treasures hidden in the dark but needing the right place to be displayed. I bet Corpus Christi Church is that right place at the right time," Msgr. Jonas said, describing the crèche as looking spectacular and splendid.

Parishioners who have had the chance to behold this masterpiece find it so timely a gift. One parishioner was so grateful that during the pandemic's gloom and monotony, she has something good that can boost sagging morale. Looking at the setup that looks so real, another parishioner, said, "Is this property handicapped accessible? I want to move in, especially if they have maid service!"

At that time, when the structure was all there, another replied, "Yes, renters are welcome, but the garage is reserved for special guests." Those special guests are Jesus, Mary, and Joseph of the Holy Family. The set is now the home for the Fontanini—heirloom Italian nativity figurines—which have been perennial in the parish crèche since the time of Msgr. Richard Dunn, pastor (1987–2007).



Msgr. Jonas said that the crèche is inspired by the ambiance of a small and quaint Mediterranean town. "Indeed, you would feel like you are really in such a town of winding cobblestone streets, courtyard water fountains, stone brick houses, etc."



He added that Alex, who is originally from Malta, has a special love for these features as he grew up in such an environment before coming to New York. He was ably assisted by a number of helpers, including a long-time member of the Maltese Centre, Loreto Debono, to set up the Nativity display.

He pointed out that the parish is just fascinated and elated with the project and invited everyone to visit and contemplate the great mystery of the Nativity in Corpus Christi Church in Woodside, "where we have a crèche in the right place at the right time".

* This article appeared in the January 12, 2021 issue of *The Voice of the Maltese*, p. 20 and is reprinted here, with a few alterations, courtesy of Lawrence Dimech and Joe Cutajar. The photographic images are from <https://thetablet.org/the-creche-in-the-right-place-at-the-right-time>.

**MONTHLY MESSAGE FROM THE CONSUL GENERAL
OF THE REPUBLIC OF MALTA TO CANADA**



**Dr. Raymond Xerri,
II-Konslu Ĝenerali/Consul General**

**Spiċċajna 2020 b'COVID19 u COVID20, bdejna
2021 b'ottimizmu tal-vaċċin**

Ikkoll xtaqna li jekk nistgħu nhassru 2020 minn ġajnejha, inneħha totalment. Iżda' ikoll għexxiha u eżistiet verament għaliex ilkoll batejna b'xhur magħluqin ġewwa, b'sagħrifċċi ta' kull tip, l-agħar ċaħda kienet li ma tħallejniex nagħtu l-aħħar tislima lill-għeżejjież tagħna li kien qed imutu. Thallex imutu weħedhom. Biex tgħaxxaq spiċċajna s-sena b'varjanti tal-Brażil, tal-Kenja u oħrajn...insomma tfaċċa COVID20.

Bdejna 2021 bl-akbar operazzjoni ta' tilqim fl-istorja tal-bniedem b'diversi tilqimiet approvati sew fil-Kanada kif ukoll f'Malta. Dan it-tilqim għaddej b'rittmu dejjem jiżdied.

Donazzjoni lill-Istrina u lid-Dar tal-Providenza f'isimkom

Bħas-sena l-oħra kont għamilt avviż fuq il-Facebook u kkonkorraju għas-sejħa u għamiltu d-donazzjonijiet tagħkom sew lill-Istrina kif ukoll lid-Dar tal-Providenza. Sew Fr Martin Cordina, Direttur tad-Dar tal-Providenza kif ukoll l-E.T. Dr George u s-Sinjura Vella f'isem il-Malta Community Chest Fund apprezzaw id-donazzjonijiet tagħkom. Żgur li dawn il-flus ser imorru għal persuni l-laktar fil-bżonn.



**We ended 2020 with COVID-19 and COVID-20,
but started 2021 with the hope of a vaccine**

All of us wish that we could erase 2020 from our lives as if it never existed. But we all know that we lived it, survived it and therefore know it existed. This is because we all spent months indoors, sacrificed all sorts of occasions and the worst of all was and still is the last moments of a loved one spent alone isolated without the comfort of his/her family. They were left to die alone. On top of this we ended the year with the Brazilian, the Kenyan and other variants, in short, COVID-20.

We started 2021 with the largest vaccination operation in human history with several vaccines approved both in Canada and in Malta. The vaccination process continues to increase in both countries.

Your donation to l-Istrina and Providence House

Following the success of 2020 when I posted an appeal on Facebook calling for donations, you responded with your donations to L-Istrina and to Providence House. Both Fr Martin Cordina, Director of Providence House as well as H.E. Dr George and Mrs Vella on behalf of the Malta Community Chest Fund appreciate your donations. Your donated money will go far to assist so many people in need.

The Consulate General Office is closed because of the Lockdown

Because of the ever-increasing numbers of COVID-19/20, the Province of Ontario decided to institute a more restrictive lockdown than that of March 2020. Therefore, in line with following the instructions of the health authorities, the Consulate General is closed until February 28th. There is always the possibility that the lockdown can be extended as happened several times depending on the pandemic.

II-Konsolat Ĝenerali ta' Malta jinsab maqħluq minħabba I-Lockdown

Minħabba I-każijiet dejjem jiżdiedu tal-imxija tal-COVID19/20, I-Provinċja ta' Ontario ddeċidiet li tagħmel lockdown aktar restrittiv minn dak ta' Marzu 2019. Għalhekk ittieħdet id-deċiżżjoni li nseguu direktivi u jingħalaq il-Konsolat Ĝenerali ta' Malta sat-28 ta' Frar 2021. Dejjem hemm possibilita' li din il-lockdown tiġi estiża għal perjodu itwal skont il-qagħda tal-imxija.

Aħna nżommukom aġġornati u l-appuntamenti gew posposti għal meta l-lockdown tispicċċa. Għal aktar informazzjoni segwu l-paġna tal-Facebook, 'Consulate General of the Republic of Malta to Canada' jew ċemplu fuq 416-207-0922.

Ix-xahar ta' Missierna San Pawl u I-Karnival

Frar huwa x-xahar ta' meta nfakkru n-Nawfraġju ta' Missierna San Pawl f'diversi lokalitajiet fil-Gżejjjer Maltin fosthom fil-Belt Valletta, fir-Rabat Malta u l-Munxar Għawdex. Fil-Kanada aħna fortunati li l-Parroċċa Maltija-Kanadija hija ddedikata lil San Pawl Appostlu fejn il-festa tīgħi cċelebrata fil-Knisja. In-Nawfraġju ta' San Pawl hija waħda mill-fit ġrajjiet monumentali li bidlu darba għal dejjem id-destin ta' Malta u Għawdex u l-poplu tiegħu.

Fl-aħħarnett, f'ismi, fissem marti Marlène u famili nixtieq lil kull wieħed u waħda minnkom il-Festa ta' Missierna San Pawl mill-aqwa minkejja din il-gwerra tal-COVID19 u COVID20 li għaddejjin minnha. Komplu ċemplu lil xulxin u araw l-anzjani tagħna għandhomx bżonn l-assistenza tagħkom sa fejn tistgħu...is-solitudni hija kerha hafna. Telefonata jew skype, zoom jew messenger tista' tagħmel id-differenza għal min jgħix waħdu.



O Mulej, bierek dejjem lil Malta u lill-Kanada!



We will keep you updated with developments and continue with the postponed appointments once the lockdown ends. For further information please follow the Facebook webpage, 'Consulate General of the Republic of Malta to Canada' or telephone 416-207-0922.

February – the month of St Paul and the Carnival

February is the month when we Maltese Canadians remember and celebrate the Feast of St Paul which is also celebrated in a number of localities in the Maltese Islands, amongst them in Valletta, ir-Rabat, Malta and il-Munxar, Gozo. In Canada we are fortunate to have the Maltese Canadian Parish dedicated to St Paul The Apostle where the feast is celebrated in the Church. The Shipwreck of St Paul is one of the monumental events in the history of the Maltese Islands that shaped the destiny of Malta and Gozo and its people.



Finally, on behalf of my wife Marlène and family, I would like to wish each and every one of you the great feast of St Paul despite the wars against COVID-19 and COVID-20 that are still with us in full force. Continue keeping an eye on our elderly in our Maltese Canadian community and offer them your help when needed and as far as you can with the restrictions in place. Loneliness is a terrible thing to face. A telephone call, a skype, zoom or messenger can make a big difference to someone living alone. O Lord, always bless Malta and Canada!

MALTESE PROGRAMS ON CABLE TELEVISION IN TORONTO

Richard S. Cumbo

Since 1972, the Greater Toronto Area (GTA) and its suburbs have been fortunate in having Maltese language television programs on various cable networks. During the 1980s, when the Maltese community in Toronto and area was at its population peak, a few Maltese programs existed on various cable networks. These programs usually consisted of interviews, news from Malta, local community news and events, the promotion of Maltese talent from here and Malta, and annual specials.

Researching the various programs over a nearly 50-year period has been a difficult process since no information was readily available. By reviewing my photo and articles I'd written about the programs and contacting producers who had been involved I was able to write the following. All of the shows/programs were organized by many dedicated volunteers and often at their own personal expense. Time on the air was provided by the respective cable company. It was difficult to chronologically date certain pro-grams because of their name change. They all seem, however, to lead down to the present popular and improved *Leħen Malti* as seen on OMNI.1. I did my utmost to be fair and give credit where it was due. Accidental possible errors or omission of volunteer names was not intended.

The first program to hit the airwaves was *Siegħha Maltija* (Maltese Hour) produced, directed and hosted by Alfred Fenech. In early 1972 Alfred and his brother Tony approached Graham Cable TV in regards to starting a Maltese-language show. Graham Cable agreed and provided training, technical advice and studio space.

By October, 1972 the Fenechs were ready to air their first show. Since the Maltese-Canadian Society of Toronto had just celebrated its 50th anniversary, their first guests were two presidents of the Society, Alfred Goggi and Frank Savona. Alfred Fenech had a connection with the old Society, having been its president in the mid-1960s.

For many years Alfred hosted and produced the programs with the assistance of Tony, Joe, Louis, Stephen and David Fenech, Joe and Tony Theuma, Mary Francis, Alex Attard, John Bonnici, John Bellizzi, Philip Bartolo, George Muscat and at times comedian Johnny Catania. What became an annual highlight was the 12-hour marathon to raise funds for *id-Dar tal-Providenza* in Malta. Raising hundreds of thousands of dollars over the years, *Siegħha*

Maltija was supported by St. Paul the Apostle Church, the many Maltese associations which existed at that time and the Malta Trade Commissioner, John Pisani.



Siegħha Maltija-12-Hour Marathon, c. 1975

Joe Fenech, Cameraman

Louis E. Borg, General Secretary

of the Maltese-Canadian Society of Toronto,

Standing Behind the Two Persons

Manning the Telephones

In the mid to late 1980s the show was cut back to half an hour and Alfred changed its name to *Nofs Siegħha Maltija* (The Maltese Half Hour). The cable company wanted another name change so it became *Bejnietna il-Maltin* (Between Us Maltese). The weekly program had been a huge success and continued for many years until, according to Alfred Fenech, it evolved into the present day popular *Leħen Malti* (Maltese Voice).



Bejnietna il-Maltin, 1990

Richard Cumbo (guest), George Muscat, John Bellizzi, Tony Theuma and John Bonnici (volunteers) and Alfred Fenech (producer/host)

In November 1977, Graham Cable was looking at further expanding its Maltese programming, and volunteers were asked to attend a special meeting. Tony Parnis, Edward Scicluna* and Charles Bugeja, with moral support from Carmel Gaffiero, soon formed *Servizz Xandir Malti* (Malta Broadcasting Service). During the year it took to properly formulate the program, the founders used the premises of the Maltese-Canadian Society of Toronto (MCST), Melita Soccer Club, Malta Band Club, Maltese Unity Association and the Maltese Programme Fan Club.

The first show aired in mid or late 1978. Below is a photo of the founders, volunteers and cameraman in the office of the president of the MCST taken in March 1979. In late 1978, these individuals had formed the Maltese Falcon Company, specifically to support and formulate future programs.



Richard Cumbo, Dennis Agius, Edward Scicluna (founder), Tony Parnis (founder), Thomas Woods, Alex Morana and Unidentified Cameraman. Absent, Charles Bugeja (founder)

The show's one-hour content was to highlight and publicize the achievements of Maltese-Canadians, sports and community news and to showcase the rich history and culture of the Maltese Islands. The symbol of *Servizz Xandir Malti* was the *cippus*, a marble column excavated in Malta and dating back to the Carthaginian era. One of the inscriptions is in Punic, thus showing the evolution of the Maltese language.



***Servizz Xandir Malti*, January 1982**
Tony Parnis (producer and host)
with guests Miss Malta, Antoinette Zammit and
Richard Cumbo of the
Maltese-Canadian Society of Toronto

The many volunteers involved with *Servizz Xandir Malti* at this stage were: Tony Parnis, Edward Scicluna, Charles Bugeja, Victor Grech, Gina Hili, Victor Formosa, Charles Mamo, Felix Mifsud, Paul Galea, Steve Bartolo, Alex Morana, Therese and Raymond Frendo, Joe Zammit, and J. Bugeja. Often Dennis and Antoinette Agius,* Dion Buhagiar and Charles Sammut would provide assistance.

Alfred Bonello and Louis Azzopardi started producing *The Maltese Show*, a half-hour program on McLean-Hunter Cable in Etobicoke. The first segment aired in January, 1979.



***The Maltese Show*, 1981.**
Alfred Bonello (producer/host)
interviewing Richard Cumbo (guest)



**Richard Cumbo and M.C.S.T.'s
Miss Malta, Anointette Zammit (guests)
being interviewed about the
Maltese-Canadian Society of Toronto (M.C.S.T.)
by Alfred Bonello (producer/host), 1983.
Note old Society photo on Bonello's desk.**

Photo by Louis Azzopardi.

The Maltese Show lasted about four or five years and was aired and seen in Southern Ontario. Victor Formosa on Rogers Cable did the same in the City of Brampton. It lasted for a few years. Victor Formosa was instrumental in getting the other Maltese programs wider publicity by going on other cable company networks (e.g. Rogers Cable). I'm hoping that more information will come to light regarding the Etobicoke and Brampton shows through this article.

Going back to *Servizz Xandir Malti*, prior to returning to Malta permanently in December, 1984, Tony Parnis had asked Frank Attard to take control of the show. Edward Scicluna and Dennis Agius and others had also returned to Malta; other volunteers had moved out of the Toronto "Junction" area. To assist him Frank asked Joe Micallef, who stayed with the show until his untimely death in 1989.

At some point, Frank Attard changed the name of the program from *Servizz Xandir Malti* to *Mill-Maltin Ghall-Maltin*.



**Mill-Maltin Ghall-Maltin, March 1990
Frank Attard (producer), Gini Hili (host),
Richard Cumbo (guest), Charles Dimech and
Joe Zammit (volunteers), Bob Arsenault (guest)
and George Muscat (volunteer)**

In the mid-1990s, Frank changed the name from *Mill-Maltin Ghall-Maltin* to *Leħen Malti*.

Frank produced, directed and kept the show afloat for 33 years, leaving in 2018. He said he could not have done it without the financial assistance of the Malta Bake Shop, Malta's Finest Pastries, HSBC (Malta) and the many volunteers. During his 60 years as a volunteer, producing *Leħen Malti* was one of his highlights. Those who assisted him were volunteers such as Alfred Fenech, Carmen Galea, Marlene Muscat, Valerie Borg, Karen (Polidano) Zahra, Jonathan Camilleri, Melissa Haber, and Albert Vella, with the support and appreciation of St. Paul's Church, Maltese Consul Milo Vassallo and the entire Maltese-Canadian community.



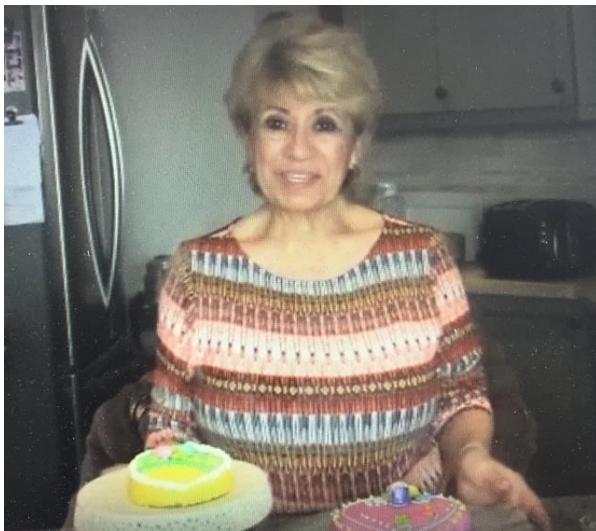
**Leħen Malti, March 1, 2011
Richard Cumbo (guest),
Frank Attard (producer/director – 1985-2018)
and Albert Vella (interviewer)**

Over the decades many of the various Maltese programs on cable television had won numerous and prestigious awards. Some volunteers took courses to improve the quality of the program. For example, Victor Grech took three courses at the National Institute of Broadcasting at the then Ryerson College. Subsequently he also returned to Malta, as did Victor Formosa.

Although not a volunteer on any of the programs, Sam Cassar over the years videoed/taped many important community events which were then put on air. Through Sam's generosity many of these tapes/DVD's are now preserved in the Maltese-Canadian Museum/Archives at St. Paul the Apostle Church Complex. These include ones taken earlier by Alfred Fenech when his show *Bejnieta il-Maltin* melded into *Servizz Xandir Malti*, subsequently over the years becoming *Leħen Malti*.

According to Joe Sherri, in the last three years *Leħen Malti* has undertaken many new innovations

to attract youth, such as an annual Maltese Canadian Youth Ambassador Gala event, and to create more interesting segments. One of the latter is the Maltese recipe class conducted by Mary Rose Aquilina. Commencing in 2020, a *Leħen Malti* scholarship was initiated as well as other initiatives.



**Mary Rose Aquilina, 2018
Displaying Two of Her Figolli on *Leħen Malti*,**

The *Leħen Malti* group was also able to obtain sponsorships from Maltese and a Canadian business as well as the Malta Tourist Board. The popular theme music at the beginning of the program is by the famed flamenco guitarist Roger Scannura.

The half hour program is usually hosted by Karen Zahra or Mary Rose Aquilina. The interviewer is Joe Sherri. St. Paul the Apostle Maltese Church, its groups and the Office of the Consul General of Malta to Canada are provided with free air time.



**Marie-Louise Colerio Preca, President of Malta,
Is Interviewed on *Leħen Malti*, by Joe Sherri
while Karen Zahra (left) Looks on, April 2018**
Photo by Clifton Fenech, DOI

Under its present volunteers, Karen Zahra, Mary Rose Aquilina, Robert Dimech and Joe Sherri, *Leħen Malti* on OMNI.1 continues to provide excellent programming and interesting topics. Joe Sherri further added that the *Leħen Malti* group was instrumental in having the program seen not only in Ontario but in British Columbia/Pacific Canada and Alberta and the Prairies and in many time slots.

If, from what I was told, the evolution of the varied Maltese programs over the years since 1972 is correct, and culminating in the present program, *Leħen Malti* will therefore mark its 50 anniversary in 2022.

Worldwide, outside Malta, only two programs in Maltese appear on television: one produced and directed by Joe Borg and his dedicated crew called *Gday Maltaussies Show* airing out of Sydney, Australia, and the other our very own *Leħen Malti* here in Canada.

It has taken many years and numerous hard-working volunteers to reach this milestone in Maltese broadcasting in Canada, I only hope that I was able to spotlight all their achievements. I sincerely thank all those who cooperated by providing me with information that they could recall from many years ago, people such as Alfred Fenech, Carmen Galea, Frank Attard from Toronto and Tony Parnis, Victor Grech and Edward Scicluna from Malta.

*As noted on page 10 of the December 2020 issue, Edward Scicluna is currently Governor of the Central Bank of Malta and Dionisius "Dennis" Agius is an academic and author, specializing in Islamic studies.

CARMELO CALLEJA: ONLY MALTESE EMIGRANT LEGALLY HANGED IN CANADA

Dan Brock

February 6th will mark the 104th anniversary of the execution of Carmelo Calleja for the murder of his fellow countryman and friend Gio Battista Bonello.

A number of Maltese men were on board the *Corsican*, owned by the Allan Line, when it sailed from Liverpool, England on September 20, 1912. Among these men were Carmelo Calleja and Gio Battista Bonello. Both were married and had children and it's believed they were acquainted with one another before leaving Malta.

Calleja, the son of Joseph "Tan-Najfa" Calleja, was born in Rabat on May 1, 1861. Bonello, a native and resident of nearby Dingli, had been born on April 6, 1878. Both were illiterate and spoke little or no

English. Calleja described himself as a labourer and Bonello as a miner, the latter presumably worked in a stone quarry back in Malta.

The *Corsican* docked at Montreal on September 29th and Calleja and Bonello, along with several other Maltese emigrants, boarded the Grand Trunk train for Toronto, their destination.

Within months, both Calleja and Bonello appear to have migrated further west to the industrial city of Brantford, Ontario. There Calleja worked at the Buck Stove Works and later the American Radiator Works where he earned \$3.50 a day. At the time of his death, Bonello was earning \$3.00 at Waterous. Jobs were plentiful in Brantford by early 1913. It's believed that more than 250 men had arrived in the city by the end of April thereby giving it a Maltese population greater than Toronto at the time and rivaling that of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

In white Anglo-Saxon Protestant (WASP) Brantford, these Maltese men were a curiosity. "Few of them drink liquor, resembling Turks in this regard," reported the *Brantford Daily Expositor* at the time. They were basically regarded as Christian Arabs as their spoken language sounded Arabic and they read their Maltese-language "Bibles," more than likely manuals of Catholic piety, containing prayers, reflections, meditations, etc.

As most spoke little English, they tended to meet among themselves and converse in such places as Victoria Park on the block bounded by Market, Darling, George and Wellington streets, the Market Square, bounded by Market, Colborne, George and Dalhousie streets, and the park near the Armouries at the northwest corner of Brant Avenue and Colborne Streets, all in the downtown area.

The men were also known to while away their leisure times fishing along the banks of the Grand River and its tributaries.

They lived in rooming or boarding houses but, by 1917, Joseph Micallef and Charles Gauci had purchased houses, Micallef on Phillip Street near St. Basil's Catholic Church and Gauci on Terrace Hill Street near the Brantford General Hospital. Both took in boarders to help with costs. Among those boarding with Micallef were Paul Batta Bonello, G.B. Bonello's younger brother. Paul, a field labourer back home, was one of the scores of Maltese men who arrived in Brantford in April 1913.

Meanwhile, in the early summer of 1917, G.B. Bonello, as well as G.B. Camilleri, were rooming on West Street and Calleja, along with Emanuel Spiteri, roomed on Dalhousie Street.

Periodically, many of the men, especially the married men, sent money back home via postal money orders. G.B. Bonello had last sent money to

his wife in the latter part of May.

They tended to keep their money on their person rather than depositing it in a bank. Bonello and Calleja both kept their money in leather money belts. Calleja wore his on his leg.

Bonello was said to have had some \$350—about \$6,300 in today's currency—in this money belt at the time of his murder on Monday, July 30, 1917. This was missing when his body was found, but there was \$12 in a purse in one of his pockets.

Circumstantial evidence soon pointed to Carmelo Calleja as Bonello's murderer. Known to have been hard pressed for money, Calleja had been able to purchase a horse on the morning of Bonello's murder. He was also seen walking east over the Lorne Bridge along Colborne Street that day, by Lawrence Calleja. Bonello's body was found west of downtown Brantford.

The most damning evidence against Calleja, however, was that the day after Bonello's murder, Calleja had taken the train to Toronto, where his daughter and son-in-law, Louis Tonna lived. There Tonna had accompanied Calleja to the post office where he sent off \$100 to his wife back in Malta. The two men then visited Toronto Island in the afternoon and the Maltese Club later.

Both Bonello's younger brother, Paul, and the aforementioned Charles Gauci were among the few who had a reasonably good command of the English language. Gauci, whose surname appears as Gause in the newspaper, appears to have acted as interpreter at Calleja's preliminary hearing on August 14, 1917 and his trial the following November 20th-21st.

When the jury returned with its verdict on the evening of November 21st, however, "the interpreter who had aced up till the last was unable to be found" and it fell to Louis Tonna to inform his father-in-law that he had been found guilty and was to be hanged on Thursday, January 3, 1918. Tonna, however, was so distraught that he was unable to complete the judge's pronouncement.

Carmelo Calleja



As for Carmelo Calleja, his execution was postponed until February 6th.

On the morning of the execution, Calleja was accompanied by the Very Rev. Dean Robert Emmett Brady, pastor of St. Basil's Church on the northwest corner of Palace and Crown streets, and Father Aurelius Catania.

While Fr. Catania has been described as an assistant pastor at St. Basil's Church, he appears to have been rather a visiting priest. He had immigrated to the United States in 1909 and while primarily stationed there, visited Brantford's Maltese community between the years 1917 and 1920. His visitations to Brantford during these years underscores the significance of the presence of the Maltese in that city during these years.

Calleja maintained his innocence to the very end.

The local newspaper remarked that apart from the Maltese priest, the rest of Calleja's compatriots, "either within or immediately without the jail at the time of the execution" were conspicuous by their absence. "Their absence was remarked as an unusual feature of the case."

ACTIVITIES WITHIN THE MALTESE COMMUNITIES

Dan Brock

The Greater Toronto Area, Ontario

The episcopal ordination of Bishop designate **Ivan Camilleri** took place on Monday, January 25th the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, at St. Michael's Cathedral Basilica in Toronto.

LEHEN MALTI (Maltese Voice)

OMNI 1 - Ontario
Saturdays 8:30 a.m.
Tuesdays 3:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m.
Wednesdays 11:00 p.m.
Thursdays 8:30 a.m.

OMNI BC
Saturdays 2:00 p.m.
Fridays 10:30 a.m.

OMNI Alberta
Saturdays 2:00 p.m.
Wednesdays 7:00 p.m.

St. Paul the Apostle Parish

The livestreamed Mass on Sunday, January 24th celebrated the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The priests in charge of the parish are members of the Missionary Society of St. Paul.

The feast of the Shipwreck of St. Paul will be celebrated with the Mass livestreamed in Maltese on Saturday, February 13th at 5:30 p.m. and in English at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday, February 14th.

Metropolitan Detroit

Maltese American Community Club of Dearborn

As of Wednesday, February 3rd the club will be opened Wednesdays and Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

On Friday February 12th the Club will be selling sandwiches and pastizzi to go.

New York City

Maltese Center: Astoria

On Sunday, January 24th, the Center presented its live ZOOM show *Il-Maltese Tagħna* with environmental advocate Beth Fiteni. Ms. Fiteni is the executive director of Green Inside and Out, a non-profit organization whose mission is to educate on matters of toxins and environmental health.

Windsor

Malta United Society of Windsor, Ontario

The Society has been providing curbside pickup and take out service on Saturdays between 3:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m.

COMMENTS

I want to thank you so much for this wonderful newsletter and for including me in your mailing list. I will be printing out each newsletter and keeping them in a special folder. What you have done by producing this newsletter...are treasures to anyone who has Maltese background or any connections whatsoever. What you have all done is invaluable – so thank you again.

Marian Atkinson, Australia

Newly ordained Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Toronto, **Ivan Philip Camilleri** is a son of **Benjamin Camilleri** and **Josephine Attard** who were married in Sliema, Malta in 1963.

His paternal grandmother was the former **Grazia Ebejer** and, like so many other Maltese surnames, the Ebejer surname has been traced back to the emirs of Malta and Sicily to North Africa and to **Husayn a-Kalbi** (800-860).

FELIX MICHAEL CUTAJAR PART III— MARRYING, RAISING A FAMILY, MOVING TO THE SUBURBS, WORKING FOR FORD

Michael Cutajar



The previous two parts of this article have taken Felix Cutajar from Malta to Detroit and then to the Korean War before returning to the United States.

After his time in the Army, it was my father's desire to move back to the Corktown neighborhood of Detroit. He found that opportunity when his friend from Qormi, Sam Casha, who had taken a wife, Annie, earlier in 1952 offered him room and board where they lived on Trumbull and Porter.



Annie & Sam Casha

My father went back to work at the Dearborn Assembly Plant. He also began taking classes in die design and layout under the GI Bill. Eventually he had a steady girlfriend with an off and on relationship that nearly was matrimonial.

In 1953, he went back to Malta, on the American built ocean liner SS *Independence*, for a visit to see his family opting for Tourist Class on the liner.



Swimming Pool on the SS *Independence*, 1953

While abroad, he spent time with some friends touring Europe. After several months, he once again returned to Detroit and his residence with the Cashas. Later that same year, my father applied for and received American citizenship.

My father knew my mother's aunt, Ersilia Grech-Miruzzi, who lived at Eighth and Bagley. It was Ersilia who arranged a meeting of my 29-year-old father with my 21-year-old mother who was living in Msida, Malta. My father once again took a leave of absence and in late March of 1956 traveled by Pan Am Clipper on a DC7B, first to France, then to Malta where in three months he met and married my mother, Mary Galea

My father extended his stay and traded his ticket on the SS *Andrea Doria* for an airline ticket back to the USA. It was the voyage of the SS *Andrea Doria* that he was supposed to be on that a week or so later collided with the SS *Stockholm* and sank on 26th July, 1956. My mother followed him a month later flying to the United States also on a Douglas DC7B.

Once united again, my parents moved to an apartment building where Lewis Dimech and his new wife, Carmen, were living on Central Avenue and Fort Street. Both women were soon pregnant. While the Dimechs lived on the first floor, my parents, however, lived on the fourth with no elevator and, with a baby on the way, they decided to find another place to live.

A house in Corktown that belonged to my great-aunt Maryann Grech's parents was up for rent at 1730 Labrosse. It was here that my parents lived for two years during which time my sister, Mary

Theresa, and myself were born. That home was soon demolished after we left because of another failed attempt by Detroit City government to transform that area into industrial properties.

That area sat empty for over 10 years after they demolished all those beautiful well kept antibellum homes.

My family then moved in late 1959 just as my sister Antionette was born to 13994 Washburn, a two-family flat, each having living facilities of about 900 feet square in Northwest Detroit. It was there where we resided for eight years on the first floor, adding two more children, Joseph and Janet. As a family, we were very active in St Brigid Parish on Schoolcraft and Kentucky. This beautiful domed church, that although is now in the hands of a protestant group, is still very well maintained, as is the school. My parents remained active with the Dimechs spending many hours as families together. My father had known Louis Dimech since they met on the Sobieski in 1948.



**My Parents and My Father's New Ford Galaxie
13994 Washburn Street, 1962**



**Mom and I Visiting Our Old House
on Washburn**

Shortly after we moved to Washburn Street, my father arranged the affidavits and visas for his newlywed brother Giuseppe "Joe" and his wife Vincenzina "Vinnie". The couple lived with us for six months and then found a rental in the neighborhood. Ziju Joe, took a job at Chevrolet Gear and Axle in Hamtramck. Zija Vinnie went to work downtown at a film processing facility, often traveling by bus down Grand River.

In 1965 my uncle and aunt bought a brand-new beautiful Colonial in a new subdivision in a suburban area north of Detroit which would eventually be called Sterling Heights.

By this time, we were a family of seven and things were starting to unravel in the neighborhood. My parents decided to move and eventually we went to the suburb of Dearborn Heights but not before we spent one year at 14214 Northlawn Street, also in Northwest Detroit, as our house was being built in Dearborn Heights.

We began our move to 6449 Nightingale, Dearborn Heights on 21st July, 1967. It so happened to be the eve of the early morning 22nd July, 1967 Detroit Riot at 12th and Clairmount. The next day portions of Detroit were on fire and totally out of control. It started when the Detroit Police raided an after-hours drinking establishment where two black Vietnam veterans had just returned home from their tour. This sparked an uprising lasting five days before it was under control.

As we traversed back and forth during that week to get the remaining items from the Detroit residence, you could see the military presence of first, the Michigan National Guard and later Federal US Army 101st and 82nd Airborne division, the latter of which had just mustered out of Vietnam. Smoke could be seen in the distance in several locations in the city as well as military vehicle and helicopters. It is a memory that I will always recall.

Having not been to Malta ever and my parents not returning in 16 years, my father took the entire family to Malta in 1973. This was the first time for us children and woke us up to the reality of how well off we are in the United States. We also finally were able to meet with so many family members, including grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, and new friends as well.

We returned to the airport with tears in our eyes fully knowing we would never see many of them again. And many of them including our grandparents I never saw again. It was back to the United States and the life we had so mistakenly taken for granted, realizing that we left a third world country that our relatives had lived on that was so lacking in the modernities of the United States in-

cluding health care.



Dad with His Brothers, Malta, 1973

In the nearly 28 years that my father worked at Ford he spent the entire time at the Dearborn Assembly plant.

During his years at Ford, he desperately did what he could to try to get off the line. He had a high school education in Malta at De La Salle College, in Cospicua, and post high school education in the USA obtained through the GI Bill. He also had apprentice training in engine fitting and machine repair at the Royal Naval Dock Yard in Malta between 1943-1948. He had all the documentation to prove it. In fact, I still have it. My father left a promising employment future in Malta for what he thought would be a more promising life in the United States.

At Ford, he worked for 20 years at several jobs, including material line transfer, windshield setter, vehicle offline test and quality inspection, hoping for a break as he pursued his dream of working in design and layout. In 1968 he accepted a position as a salaried supervisor on the tires and cushion part of the final line of assembly, just before the vehicles rolled off the assembly line to the vehicle test area, where he had previously worked as a union employee inspector.

Being a supervisor would be his downfall, a mistake that he couldn't bear to get himself out of because of pride. The management and UAW treated him only for what he was, a Maltese immigrant. I later found out that to managers these immigrants were second-class citizens, no matter

what skills and education they might possess.

It was also a bad time to be a supervisor, with all the unrest in the USA and also in the plant where UAW and Management were always contentious, thus putting the Line Supervisors in a very tough spot, basically, in the "middle."

I saw several times my father's disgust and even caught him in tears over issues at the plant where he was treated horribly by militant hourly workers and management who only wanted to make production numbers to satisfy their upper managers. Many of his friends and even workers told him to leave that job, but he would not leave because of the incentives that were available to salaried workers.

Finally, in late 1975, the Line Processing Engineering Office, offered him a temporary position as a process engineer on the line. He was the happiest I had seen him in years. He worked that job for several months when suddenly a phone call came. I picked it up but my dad was motioning me not to say he was home. It was too late. I already had said he was available. He told me it did not matter they would get him at work tomorrow. They took away the job he loved, the job he pursued for many years. His instructions were to return to the Cushions and Tires section. A place at that time, which had serious problems with worker attendance and militancy.

Many people told me that he himself would work the tire machines to supplement the line when they were short of people. It was a union job, but neither the union or management cared. You could see the hurt in him and the feeling of disgust. I learned those same lessons myself years later working for GM.

The corruption and the favoritism took over his dream of working off the line—nearly 28 years on the production line and only three months off. He should have been off the line because of his skill and education but his only identity there was just like it was in the United States Army, that being his Ford identity card and number. Just as it was to me at GM.

I believe in my heart that this was the last straw for him and he began a decline quickly. I personally was also disgusted by it and even more so when I learned at GM how the game was played of which I refused to do. I was motivated by the same morals as my father, that is, "You gain through merit." I paid the price as well years later by refusing to keep quiet on issues that severely threatened the lives of people and got labeled a trouble maker for it despite a rule that requires your signature to report such issues. It has been 10 years and I am still fighting to get my name cleared for doing what I was supposed

to do.

As for my father, on Monday, 2nd February, 1976, within two months of his forced transfer back on the line, of which he spent nearly 28 years, he reported to the medical station, complaining of aches in his arm. He was quickly taken out by ambulance from Ford's Dearborn Assembly plant to Oakwood Hospital with developing minor chest pains. At that time Cardiology had not completely developed bypass surgery, balloons or stints. All of which were simple and common procedures shortly after he died. Instead, he lingered in the hospital for days looking as normal as ever. As I wondered what the procedure for recovery was, suddenly on Thursday, the 5th February, at 1:00 pm he had a massive heart attack and later slipped into a coma during the night. He died the next day at 6:00 pm.

The event was forever marked mysteriously by his watch, a self-winding one given to him by his brother Gejtu. This watch, had stopped at 6:00 and the date on the watch was 6th February.

After my father's death, the Ford Motor Company did the corporate thing and cancelled our health insurance, gave us what he had paid into his pension, handed us his last paycheck and then said goodbye forever. Luckily, we were able to draw some money out of Social Security and also a small survivor's pension from the Veterans Administration as well as a \$30,000 life insurance policy.



**Dad and Mom with My Sister Janet and Cousin James Cutajar, 25th December 1975
This Was the Last Photo Taken of My Father**

My father's life was short. But it was such a storied

life, filled with tragedy, suffering, sacrifice, loss, frustration, triumph and adventure. It could easily fill a novel. It saddens me now to think that as a 17-year-old, I had to justify the loss to myself that his young age of 48 years seemed old to me then.

Now at 62, obviously that notion has changed. Now I see an extreme tragedy and all the loss and suffering that was part of it. Including seeing many of his friends living into their 80s and 90s, thus living twice his age and enjoying retirement and things like grandchildren and travel. I also recognize the cost to my mother who was 41 at the time, first in personal health and later in a failed second marriage, much later in her life, that again cost her in health, but this time the cost was also in substantial loss of years of acquired assets. The effects related to these matters including all these triumphs and tragedies have followed me for all of my life and still today with a haunting presence that reflect upon me daily.

Sadly, had I been able to get all the information from his life, perhaps I would have been his biographer in a well-deserved account of a man that was a great and profound contributor to society. This small documentary hopefully will remove any notion of his life from remaining unsung and keep his memory alive for generations.



My Father's First Granddaughter, Paige, at His Grave. She Would Later Name My Father's First Great-Grandson Felix

**JOSEPH CAMILLERI
70-YEAR-OLD MARATHON RUNNER***

Dan Brock

In early January 2021, Joseph Camilleri was declared the 2020 Alex Marshall Male Master of the Year by the Prairie Inn Harriers Running Club of Victoria, British Columbia.



Joseph had finished the Harriers Five-Oh “No Frills” Ultras ultramarathon of 50 km in October

2020, in “a very respectable time of 4:27:59”, finishing first in his age group. This was followed, on November 18th, by competing in the One Track Mind 24 Hour Solo Run at the Cowichan Sportsplex Track, in Duncan, also on Vancouver Island. There, he ran 100 km and walked 7 km non-stop. Not bad for someone who is 70 years of age and whose nickname is “Crazy Legs”!

Joseph was born in Hamrun, Malta. His father, Angelo Camilleri, was from Qala and his mother, Carmen Vella, from Nadur, Gozo. His parents had moved to Hamrun during the Second World War and, like so many others, his father worked at the Dockyard.



Joseph had started running competitively in 1963. Below, he is seen racing during the National School Sports Day in 1966.



Joseph Camilleri (No. 60), Far Right, Representing St. Albert the Great College, Valletta

On moving to England in 1969, however, he discontinued running for several years.

Meanwhile, his second oldest brother, Wilfred, had moved to Canada in May 1967 and was living in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Joseph, sponsored by his brother, joined him there in December 1972. In Winnipeg, Joseph "took a real interest in photography and started to work in a photo finishing lab."

In 1975 he moved to Toronto and continued working in a photo lab for a couple years before opening his own photography studio, Camilleri Photography on Dundas Street West in the Junction, the heart of the Maltese community.

Two weeks after moving to Toronto, Joseph met his future wife, Dorothy Fenech, at the Maltese Programme Fan Club which operated on Dundas Street, West, across from the Melita Soccer Club in the "Junction". Dorothy, a native of Luqa, Malta, had been sponsored by her sister, Lillian Mifsud, and had arrived in Toronto in May of 1975. Joseph and Dorothy were married two years later at St. Paul the Apostle Church, Toronto. They have two sons: Justin, who has been living in Malta for the past 11 years, and Jon, who lives in Victoria, BC.

Camilleri photography

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Maltese Forum, Spring-Summer 1981

Joseph's younger sister, Mary Rita Zammit, still

lives in Hamrun while his oldest brother, Frans, resides in Naxxar. The middle brother, Wilfred, now lives in Ajax, Ontario.

While on a holiday in Victoria, visiting his son Jon, in 2010, a chance visit to the Terry Fox monument inspired Joseph, at the age of 60, to once again take up running after a more than 40-year hiatus.

After nearly 30 years in the photography business, Joseph retired and he and Dorothy moved to Victoria in 2013.

Two years later, while holidaying in Malta, he organized the first time ever Terry Fox Run there. Close to 100 people, many of them Maltese Canadians living on the Island, attended this fundraising run for The Terry Fox Foundation hosted by the Al Fresco Restaurant in Birzebbugia.



Xatt San Gorg, Birzebbugia, 2015

Joseph's biggest supporter has been his wife, Dorothy. She often accompanies him at his races and not only cheers him on but takes his racing photos.

Joseph has certainly become an inspiration and role model for us seniors and the younger set as well. His advice is to improve one's health and maintain a healthy lifestyle by exercising. He also urges one "to practice consuming a healthy and clean diet devoid of fast junk food...."

* I would like to thank Joseph Camilleri for his cooperation and assistance in preparing this article.

FURTHER REVELATIONS CONCERNING THE WOMEN WHO WENT TO JAMAICA DISCOVERED IN SACRED HEART MALTA ARCHIVES

Dan Brock, Carmen Vella and Mark Caruana



Carmen Vella, formerly teacher, assistant head-mistress and headmistress at the Convent of the Sacred Heart Senior School, St. Julian's, is currently volunteer archivist for the Society of the Sacred Heart (Malta).

In the October 2020 issue (pages 15-17), Dan and Mark wrote of the women from Malta, between the years 1912 and 1939 who were intending to, or actually did, go to Jamaica and join the Sisters of Mercy.

It was also noted that the first two young women, Evelina Grech and Adelina Galea, had left Malta, for Jamaica, by way of London, England, in August 1912, and had been inspired by one of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart who worked with the youth on the Island of Malta.

All we knew of this sister was that she was a childhood friend, back in England, of Mother Mary Magdalen Degenhardt, who was Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Kingston, Jamaica by 1912. Mother Magdalen had written to England to this sister of the Sacred Heart but the latter had been transferred to Malta and the letter was redirected to her there.

This sister, "entrusted with working with the youth of the Island," met once a month with the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of which Evelina Grech and Adelina Galea were members.

Armed with these fragments of data, the search was now on to learn the identity of and give due recognition to this sister of the Sacred Heart who was the inspiration for the first women going to Jamaica to join the Sisters of Mercy.

Contact was made with the Society of the Sacred Heart in Floriana, Malta and a gracious reply was received from Sr. Juliette Vassallo, RSCJ. Sr. Juliette referred the query to Carmen Vella, the archivist for the Society in Malta.

Following the bits of information Dan and Mark were able to provide, Carmen concluded the person who fits within the parameters of this query was Mother Dorothy Kerr, RSCJ.

Mother Dorothy had been sent to Malta in 1904 as

Mistress General of the new boarding school at "Villa Portelli," Sliema. This school had just opened in October the year before.

It was only in 1903 that the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus had established itself in Malta in the aftermath of its schools and convents being confiscated by the French Government. Seven sisters of five different nationalities came to Malta at that time and were welcomed into the home of the Little Company of Mary (the Blue Sisters) from August 13th until the 17th, when the Sisters of the Sacred Heart established themselves at "Villa Portelli."



"Villa Portelli" Today

The Blue Sisters had first arrived in Malta from Great Britain in 1894.

The Society of the Sacred Heart was founded by Madeleine Sophie Barat, in the wake of the French Revolution, to provide educational opportunities for girls. The manner of life was to be simple without the prescribed austerities of the older orders, which would be incompatible with the work of education. The first convent was opened at Amiens, France in 1801. The Society came to England in 1842, founding a girls' boarding school at Elm Grove, Roehampton, in southwest London.

Dorothy Kerr was born in Melrose, Roxburghshire, Scotland, on December 11, 1875, the second of six children of Francis Ernest Kerr and his wife, the former Mary Frances Monteith.

When Dorothy was very young, the family moved to Malta where her father, a reserve officer, was appointed Director of Prisons. While in Malta, the father and two of the children died of a disease. The mother and the rest of the children returned to Scotland where they lived with her father's family, the Kerrs.

Dorothy was one of the girls who was sent to the Sacred Heart boarding school at Roehampton. It

was probably during this time that she met her childhood friend, the future Mother Mary Magdalen Degenhardt, Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Kingston, Jamaica.

On September 7, 1893, Dorothy joined the Society of the Sacred Heart. After spending some months, in Hammersmith, England, she was sent to Malta, in 1904, as Mistress General of the new boarding school at "Villa Portelli" in Sliema. Two years later, she also took charge of *La Congregation des Enfants de Marie* (Congregation of the Children of Mary). This is believed to be the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary to which Sr. M. Gabriel (formerly Evelina Grech) referred years later.

Meanwhile, in 1907, the community moved from "Villa Portelli" to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in St. Julian's. This was both a convent and fee-paying boarding school. The Rosary School, a free school for day students, was in rooms on the west side of the Convent at the time.

Convent of the Sacred Heart 1907



Front Façade (looking northeast)

Photo by Distefano Studios



View of the East Side

Photo by Richard Ellis

Courtesy of Society of the Sacred Heart Malta Archives

As for Mother Dorothy Kerr it would have been but a

short time after sharing the contents of Mother Mary Magdalen Degenhardt's letter with the members of *La Congregation des Enfants de Marie*/Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary that she left Malta in 1912, owing to health reasons.

After convalescing at Hove, England, Mother Kerr returned to Malta in 1914, again as Mistress General.



**Mother Dorothy Kerr, RSCJ, 1920
Passport Application Photo**

Courtesy of National Archives of Malta

She left Malta for the last time in 1923 and served in Italy, Scotland, Ireland, Northern Ireland and back to Scotland where she died in Edinburgh on May 26, 1964.

Meanwhile, the Society of the Sacred Heart Malta Archives have revealed that Evelina Grech (Sr. Mary Gabriel, RSM) and Adelina Galea (Sr. Mary Gertrude, RSM) were not the only young women associated with the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus who left for Jamaica and joined the Sisters of Mercy.

Adelina Borg, the youngest of 10 children of Michael and Annunziata (Briffa) Borg, was born in St. Julian's on April 17, 1911. She resided there at Sda Reale 7, in October 1929, when she went to The Model Studio in Sliema to have photos taken.

One of these was affixed to her passport application, dated October 8th. Another, the photo card seen below, appears to have been given, five days later, to one of the sisters at the Sacred Heart Convent. Written in pencil, in a hand different than that which appears on the front of the photo card are the words "Went with Mother Magdalen to Jamaica October 1929"



Adelina Borg, 1929

Courtesy of Society of the Sacred Heart Malta Archives

The unanswered question is whether "Mother Magdalen" was Mother Madeleine Boncompagni, RSCJ, who was in charge of the Congregation of the Children of Mary for the public during 1923-1924 and again during 1925-1927, or Mother Mary Magdalen Degenhardt herself, who was Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Kingston, Jamaica.

In any case, after joining the Sisters of Mercy in Jamaica, Adelina took or was given the name Sr. Madeline Sophie, more than likely in honour of Mother Madeleine Boncompagni, RSCJ.

On the back of this photograph of Sr. Madeline Sophie in the next column is penciled "S.M. Sofie. in Jamaica 1949 (Adelena Borg)."

Before leaving Malta so many years earlier, Sr. Madeline Sophie (Adelina Borg) had attended the Rosary School in St Julian's, run by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. These two photos of her were found in the Rosary School album.



Sr. M. Sophie, RSM, 1949

Courtesy of Society of the Sacred Heart Malta Archives

Sr. M. Sophie Borg died at The Claver Home, Kingston, Jamaica, in 2010 in her 100th year.

The women from Malta who joined the Sisters of Mercy in Jamaica represented the strongest presence of the Maltese in that country. This article has both shed a little more light on these women and on their connection with the Sisters of the Sacred Heart in Malta.

THE VASSALLOS AND OTHERS OF STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT: PART II-THE CENSUS OF 1940

Dan Brock & Chuck Vassallo

In the January issue of this newsletter, we introduced the brothers Angelo and Joseph Vassallo as presumed cousins of some sort to Salvatore Vassallo. We also got to meet their families.

Then there were other Maltese immigrants to Stamford to whom we were introduced. These included Giuliano L. "Julian" Rapa, Joseph Cassar, Carmelo Debattista, his family and his cousin Mi-

chele "Mike" Farmilo.

Our account ended in the 1930s. In this issue we plan to continue the story of the Maltese community in Stamford centering on the 1940 Federal census.

This census lists two families, a single male and a woman married to an Italian as living in Stamford and of Maltese birth or blood.

One of the families was that of the aforementioned Salvatore Vassallo. Living with him at 12 Garden Street were his wife Carmela and their two youngest children, Charles and Mary. Charles was a caretaker and Mary a bench hand at the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company. No occupation is listed for Salvatore.

Salvatore's eldest daughter, Michelina "Lena", had married Emanuel Micallef in Stamford on September 22, 1932. Emanuel, a native of Zabbar, Malta, had immigrated to the United States on board the *Vulcania* in April 1929. By 1938, Emanuel and Lena were living at 489 Pacific Street in Stamford with their New York City-born son, Joseph. They had returned to New York City, however, by the time of the 1940 census.



Emanuel Micallef, 1930

Courtesy of National Archives of Malta

As noted in the January issue, Salvatore's second daughter, Perigna "Pera", had married Angelo Vassallo by 1934. Angelo, Pera and their two New York City-born sons, Charles and Joseph, were also living in New York City at the time of the 1940 census.

Salvatore Vassallo's house on Garden Street was a three-family dwelling. At some point after 1940, the Savatore Vassallos were living on the third floor, the Emanuel Micallefs on the first and the Angelo Vassallos on the second.

Now the second Maltese family living in Stamford at the time of the 1940 census was that of Julian Rapa. As noted in the previous issue of the newsletter, he had immigrated to the United States

in 1920 and was living in Stamford by 1930. On February 4, 1932, in that city, he had married Angelina Giovanna "Jean", the daughter of Carmelo Debattista. They had two children by 1940, Mary and Angleo. The family was living at 34 Garden Street and Julian was a clerk at Yale & Towne.



Angelina Giovanna Debattista, 1930

Courtesy of National Archives of Malta

The single Maltese male living in Stamford in 1940 was James Debattista, who worked as an assembler and roomed at 29 Brown Avenue. In the January issue, it was noted that he was a son of Carmelo and a sibling of Angelina or Jean, the wife of Julian Rapa, and of Nazzareno and Joseph Debattista. In fact, James or Jimmy and Nazzareno are one and the same. By the Maltese his was known as "Zarran." His non-Maltese friends called him "Jimmy."

As Nazzareno, he gave his address as 29 Brown Avenue, on his naturalization application, dated April 30, 1940, and legally changed his name to Nazareth De Bate. By early 1942, however, he was living at 493 South Pacific Street in Stamford and working at Yale & Towne. He appears to have died in Shelton, CT, on July 16, 1946.

Carmelo, the father, was in Malta and remained there for the duration of World War II.

Joseph Debattista is not found on the 1940 census either. He is known to have been drafted into the U.S. Army to have seen action in Europe during the War. Towards the end of the conflict on the Continent, he managed to get a U.S. military "hop" supply flight going to Malta. Although only there for a short leave, he was able to marry his sweetheart, Mary Savona, also of Paola. Mary is believed to have joined Joseph in the United States in 1946. By 1949, they were living at 33 Pierson Street, Stamford, and Joseph was a bricklayer.

As for Carmelo Debattista's cousin, Mike Farmilo or Farmelo, who had arrived in Stamford in 1930, he was living in New York City by 1934, returned to Stamford by 1937, had left by 1939 and returned with his family by 1947.

The name of the woman of Maltese birth living in Stamford at the time of the 1940 census was Lucy, born about 1907. Her husband, an Italian, was Antonio Brancato. They had two children, Joseph and Rosie, both born in Connecticut. The family was living at 72 Magee Avenue. Nothing further, however, is known of Lucy.

Now while only two families were identified on the 1940 census for Stamford as having individuals born in Malta, in fact there was a third, namely the Joseph Vassallos. Joseph and his wife Lorraine were erroneously listed as having been born in Italy.

As noted in the January newsletter, Joseph had arrived in Stamford in January 1931, joining his brother, Angelo. Joseph had gone back to Malta in 1937 and returned to Stamford in April 1938, accompanied by his new bride the former Lorenza Farrugia of Tarxien.



Lorenza "Lorraine" Vassallo, 1938
Courtesy of Chuck Vassello

Joseph, Lorraine and their daughter Teresa, born in 1939, were living at 497 Pacific Street in Stamford in 1940. Joseph was a polisher at Yale & Towne. Charlie (the co-writer of this article) was born in 1942 and the following year the family moved to 27 Mission Street.

Meanwhile, between 1930 and 1940, Alfred Cassar, a native of Tarxien, had arrived in Stamford, and moved on to New York City. He had first arrived in the United States in May 1920, intending to go to Detroit where he had a cousin, Assuero Camenzuli. With family back home, he returned to Malta by early 1921, but came out to the United States again in early 1928. This time he may have gone directly to Stamford where he was living at 543 South

Pacific Street, close to other members of the tiny Maltese American community by 1930.



Alfred "Fredo" Cassar, 1919
Courtesy of National Archives of Malta

His wife, Maria, died in December 1930, in Malta and Fredo once again made the Atlantic crossing. Presumably, he arranged for his four children, ages four through 13, to live with relatives, as he returned to Stamford in March 1931.

By 1936, however, Fredo was living at 97 Allen Street in New York City. He was joined there by his eldest child, Carmelo "Charles", age 20, who came out in May 1937.



Charles Cassar, 1937
Courtesy of National Archives of Malta

By October of that year, Charles, the son of Salvatore and Carmela Vassallo, was living with Fredo and Charles in New York.

We know that Charles Vassallo was back home with his parents in Stamford by April 1940. As for Charles Cassar, he moved to Stamford for a short while and lived with the family of Joseph Vassello before moving to Astoria, NY.

It should also be noted that both the cities Bridgeport and New Britain, CT also had small Maltese communities at this time.

To be continued.

MALTESE ORGANIZATIONS IN NORTH AMERICA

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905-216-8432/416-277-2291

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email: lehenmalti@hotmail.com

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maltabandclub@bellnet.ca

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Tel: 416-769-2174
Fax: 416-769-2174
maltabakeshopltd@gmail.com
att: Antonia Buttigieg

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1832 Michigan Ave. Detroit, MI 48216
313-961-8393
<http://detroitmaltese.com>
Opening hours:
Thursday & Friday 5:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m.
Saturday 12:00 p.m. – 10:00 p.m.
Sunday 12:00 p.m. -9:00 p.m.

Maltese American Community Club of Dearborn

5221 Oakman Blvd, Dearborn, MI 48126
313-846-7077
info@malteseamericanclub.org
Opening hours: Monday, Wednesday & Friday
10:00 am. – 1:00 p.m.
Dinners served: Friday evenings 6:00 p.m. – 10:00
p.m.
Before and after 7:00 p.m. first
Friday Mass

Maltese-American Social Club of San Francisco

924 El Camino Real, South San Francisco, CA
94080
650-871-4611
contact-us@Maltese-AmericanSCSF.org
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(every 2nd Tuesday of the month only)
Thursday 5: p.m. – 10:00 p.m.
Friday 5:00 – 1:00 a.m.
Sunday 9:00 am.- 5:00 p.m.

**Maltese Canadian Association of the
City of Hamilton (MCACH)**

c/o 381 Fairview Drive, Brantford ON N3R 2X7
mcach1964@gmail.com

Maltese Canadian Association (Gozo)
 c/o Trillium, Sqaq Nru 1, Triq it-Tiġrija, ix-Xagħra
 Tel: 011 356 21560656
mcagozo@hotmail.com

Maltese Canadian Business & Networking Association (MCBNA), (Toronto)
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 L5B 2R4
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mcbna2018@gmail.com

Maltese-Canadian Cruisers
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 L4Z 1R9
 416-524-2573
 att: Gianni Borg

Maltese-Canadian Cultural Association (Est. 2018)
 c/o 2387 Chilsworth Avenue, Mississauga, ON
 L5B 2R4
 416-571-3944
joesherry@rogers.com

Maltese Canadian Federation, The (Toronto)
 c/o 2387 Chilsworth Avenue, Mississauga, ON
 L5B 2R4
 416-571-3944
joesherry@rogers.com

Maltese-Canadian Museum Archives and Visitors Centre
 St. Paul the Apostle Church Complex
 3224 Dundas St. W., Toronto, ON M6P 2A3
 416-767-7054

Maltese Canucks
 c/o 3336 Dundas Street West, Toronto, ON,
 M6P 2A4
 416-909-7357/414-670-2662
carl@isgtransport.com/b_azzo18@yahoo.com

Maltese Center, NYC
 27-20 Hoyt Ave. S. Astoria, NY 11102
 718-728-9893
info@maltesecenter.com
 Opening hours:
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 Saturday and Sunday 8:00 a.m. – 7:00 p.m.

Maltese Cross Foundation of California
 PO Box 698, San Carlos, CA 94070

Maltese Culture Club of Durham
 c/o 124 Ribblesdale Drive, Whitby, ON L1N 7C8
 289-939-8377
mmmpastizzi@gmail.com

Maltese Heritage Association San Francisco Bay Area
maltesheritageassociation@gmail.com

Maltese Heritage Program (Toronto)
 c/o 59A Terry Drive, Toronto, ON, M6N 4Y8
 Coordinator: Carmen Galea
 416-766-5830
gormija@sympatico.ca

Maltese Historical Society (San Francisco)
c/o_leprofess@aol.com

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govanvel@sympatico.ca

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 3224 Dundas Street West, Toronto, ON M6P 2A3
 647-524-1115
jason.borg@hotmail.ca/sborg@rogers.com

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 3224 Dundas St. W., Toronto M6P 2A3
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stpaulmssp@gmail.com
 President: Lino Debono

CARNIVAL 1956 - THE MALTESE CANADIAN CLUB LONDON ONTARIO



**Tony Pavia with his niece,
Mary Pavia, on his lap
(Back row) Lee & Lena Pavia, Lee Attard and
Reno Camenzuli**



**Tony Pavia, Jack Vella, Charlie Bezzina,
Paul Vella, Angelo Vella, Angelo Spiteri,
Reno Camenzuli, Joe Bugeja and Joe Risiott,
with Dominic Micallef squatting in front.**



**Angelo Spiteri, Beatrice Spiteri, Jack Vella,
Charlotte Ackland and Stan Mallia.
Unidentified girl in Front.**



**(Back row) Jack Vella, Reno Camenzuli,
Angelo Spiteri, Joe Bugeja and Lee Agius
(Front row) Lee Attard and Paul Vella
Photos courtesy of Joe Bugeja and Reno Camenzuli**

(See pages 16-17 for further details.)