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Italian Immigrant
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I can recall most days of being sea sick on the ship. I was scared yet happy to be in Canada. Not knowing the language made it very difficult. When my family and I arrived at Pier 21, the pier workers were very friendly and made our transition easy. Our processing seemed very quick as we were directed to the train to Toronto.

I can remember vividly the loaf of sliced bread they gave to our family. My brother made a gesture that he was playing the accordion. We never saw bread like that before. Some people tried to talk to us in English, but we did not understand what there were saying. I do recall them giving us some pennies.

Our family came to Canada because my father already moved here years before and made the decision that living in Canada would bring a better life for him and his family. Our family adjusted living in Canada just like every other Italian family did, one day at a time. From a town of only hundreds of people to a city of thousands made us a bit uncomfortable at first. Yet with the friends of other Italian people made this transition much easier.