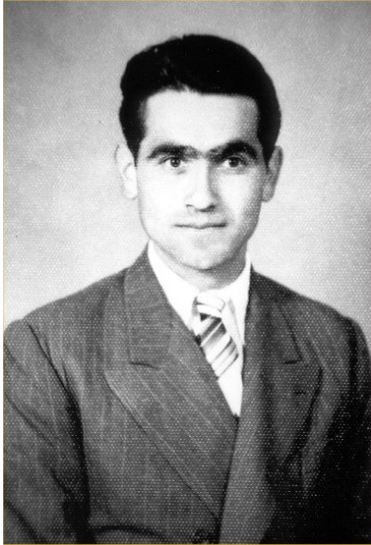


Antonio Pagano
Italian Immigrant
Vulcania
April 18, 1958



I arrived in Canada in April, 1958. I left Naples, Italy on a ship called the Vulcania on April 9th and I arrived at Pier 21 in Halifax on April 18th, 1958. I celebrated Easter on board the ship.



I came from a small town in Italy called San Pietro Infine, in the Region of Campania. I immigrated because my sister, Dolorosa, and her husband had immigrated to Canada two years earlier and were living in Toronto. They sponsored me to come to Canada. I intended to work here for a while and then go back to my family in Italy with the money that I earned. Instead, I convinced my wife to join me here. She and the children arrived in November 1961. They would have come sooner, but my mother, who lived with us in Italy could not decide weather she wanted to come to Canada so we waited until she made up her mind. My mother decided to stay in Italy.

The Vulcania went from Naples to Lisbon, Portugal and then on to Halifax. At one point we hit very bad weather for days and the ship seemed to be flung up in the air and slammed back onto the water. It made almost everyone seasick. I used to smoke, but on the ship I lost all desire to smoke. I remember seeing dolphins swim after the ship and jump out of the water.

Upon arriving at Pier 21, I disembarked and went to the customs office, presented my passport, was given my landed immigrant papers and was told to go and claim my luggage. After I found my luggage and had it checked by a customs officer, I was sent to the train station to board a train for Toronto along with the other immigrants that I traveled with on the ship that were going to Toronto. I did not speak English and the customs officers did not speak any Italian, but they were very helpful and somehow they were always able to point me in the right direction.

On the way to Toronto, we encountered snow. This was something rarely seen back home. The train stopped at Montreal and then continued on to Toronto. When I arrived at Union Station, my sister, Dolorosa was

there to meet me. I arrived in Toronto at approximately 11:00 am. My sister brought me to her house and I lived with her and her husband until my family arrived. Toronto seemed to be a big City to me and I was excited to have arrived at my new home, but I missed my family back home.



My family joined me in 1961. We lived in rented flats for two years and then we bought our first home on Davenport Avenue in Toronto. I later got my license and we bought a car. We put our children through school. I have a son and a grandson who are both Engineers and my granddaughter is studying to be an architect.

We decided to make Canada our permanent home. We found that there were many opportunities here for those who were willing to work.

