

Salvatore Mazzaferro
Italian Immigrant
Conte Biancamano
September 6, 1952



I left with my mother as well as my three brothers from Calabria on September 1952. I was eight years old and we were coming to America, to join my father who was there a year earlier. The excitement of the journey to Naples and then on the huge Ship "Conte di Biancamano" was euphoric. The voyage took 7 days and six nights. When we arrived at the port of Halifax and crossing customs was a linguistic shock, having heard English for the first time as well as wearing long pants for the first time in my life.

Then finally was the dreadful journey to Montreal on that awful coal train. We were given stale sliced bread, which I never seen or ate before, being used of course to hearty crusty bread. And from what I gather we hardly ate nothing for two or three days. When we arrived in Montreal we were met by my father and an uncle from the United States, what a joyous occasion. We came to Canada, because of the post war poverty, socially and economically that Italy was going through. As far as Canada is concerned there is no other country in the world with the opportunities and the social consciousness that our beautiful country has to offer.

The greatest moment in my life was when I got my Canadian citizenship. It's something I will cherish forever.