

The Alati Family
by Daughter Mary
Russo Alati
Italian Immigrants
Vulcania
May 9, 1955



We came to join our Dad who was living in Toronto since 1952. I did not want to leave my friends or Italy but I missed my Dad.

We were the only ones on the ship not ill. I remember the terrible bread they gave us on the train and wondered if we had to eat this forever.

We adapted to the cold and learned the language quickly. There was no ESL in those days. Since we were fair complexion we were not taunted by our WASP friends.

I was determined to be first in my class, successes in getting an education. I did a lot of volunteer work at the Hospital for Sick Children where I worked for 6 years and translation for the School boards. I am still teaching for the School Boards in Toronto and York Region (International Language). I am a proud Canadian, but also keep my heritage alive.

I enjoyed your documentary on Pier 21 which aired recently. I personally know Charles Caccia and Maria Sgro.

This is my story. We have never looked backonly to visit Italy.....it is a beautiful country.....so is Canada my home.