

Afterwards in 1956 I got a letter from a guy who was working on a farm at Niagara-on-the-Lake. He asked me to take him to Toronto. When I got there he had five others with him. I took them all to Toronto with me. I went to the CN to find work for them and managed to get all of them jobs on the railroad. But they only would take them if I would work there because I was the only one who spoke some English. So I ended up again in the railroads.

Artur Correia, Strathroy

MY SWEAT RAN INTO THE BUCKET

My first job lasted five months on a farm in Quebec. I, who had never milked a cow, saw eighty in front of me early in the morning. I knew where milk came from but I had never imagined myself doing the milking.

After washing the cows' udders I took a little stool and sat in a corner where a cow was half in the shade. You see I wanted to learn how to do it by myself, but it was difficult. I pulled with all the strength I had and my sweat poured into the bucket but the milk streamed over my pants. I tried with the other hand but I couldn't get the bucket in the right place. Today I can laugh at myself, but at that time I couldn't laugh. My only thought was, "If I'm sent away from here, where shall I go? How shall I settle the debts I contracted in Portugal?"

And my employer was always watching me and knew how worried I was. He was a good man. He treated me well.

Five months later, I asked for a raise but they were poor folk too and couldn't pay me any more. I had to leave the farm then because \$55.00 a month wasn't enough. So I went to the North of Quebec to work in the timber forests.

Manuel Trindade, Hull.

FROM SYDNEY TO FREDERICTON

After disembarking at the port of Quebec City I was sent with two others to Halifax and from there to Sydney in the province of Nova Scotia. Then we were taken, myself and Alberto,