



Chiusano

An Italian immigrant Abroad
1950



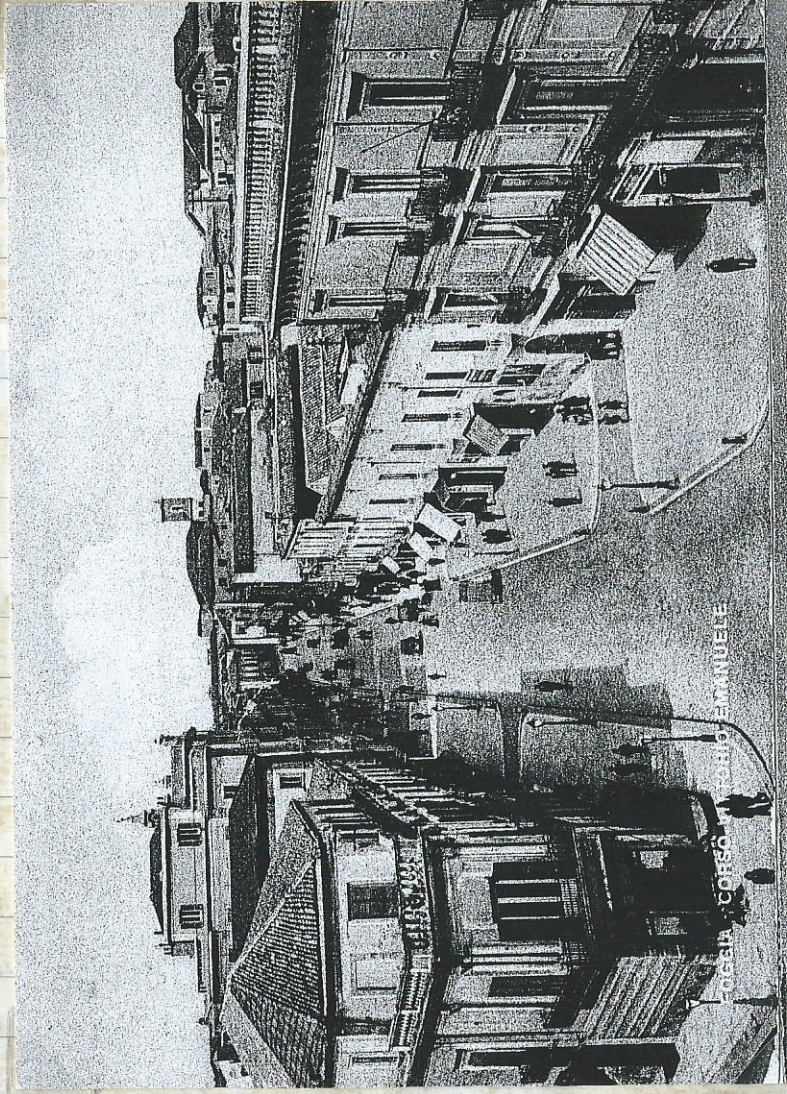
Salts Mill Shipley
ROSSANA
PINTO

Reflecting upon my life in recent days has spurred me to put pen to paper

My mind drifts back to March 1930 when immigration beckoned for a better life and hope for the future, if I had, had the wisdom then of what I have now in all my 83 years, I would never have left my beloved hill top village of Montefakione where the bell tolls at dawn breaks and the sun slowly rises from behind Chiusano.

My memories still vivid, I can still see my mother, the sadness reflecting in her eyes, yet giving me the strength to realise my dreams and confront my journey.

Laden with a heavy heart I began my journey on 20th March 1930.



Obbinio allora sono
 le dieci e mezzo da un
 che erano in viaggio
 che lascia a te mingime
 come mi pare di angine
 parte oggi alle ore 3 in la
 venivano da prima dei
 Obbinio a te in fort offea
 che era in quella settimana
 Milano 2. 2. 2. 50

Cinque Giornate Monument and Square
 Place et Monument des Cinq Jours



alla Signora

Signorina Capone

Montebelluno

ibelluno

It is 10.30 am I've been travelling since yesterday imagine how tired I feel. My journey starts again at 3pm and I'll be leaving you through my tears. Kisses and embrace from your daughter Assuntina.



(48) "REAL-PHOTO" C.A.P. - PARIS

della signora
 Capone. Quattro
 Mestolavori
 e fidejussore

438 CALAIS - La Malle

Do not worry about me, I am
very well, but I miss you
with all my heart and soul.
I will write to you again

A big embrace
your daughter
Assuntina



Erzählung des Caplans
von der dinge
des Lebens.

Andrena L. 15

15

2017 S.A.F. MILANO

Everything proceeding
well and I am fine
Kisses

Your daughter
Assunta

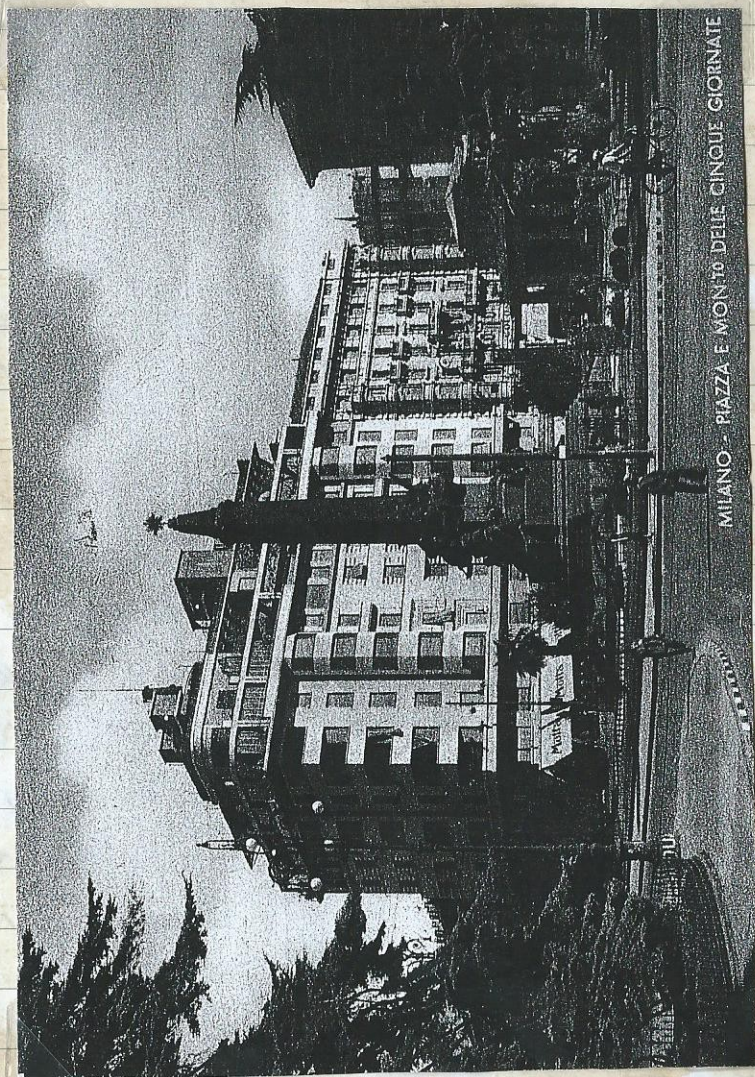
my worldly possessions consisted of only one suitcase and with the hum drum sound of the train, the familiar Italian landscape gradually disappeared in the distance.

I quite clearly remember closing my eyes and awaited my destiny.

The journey was to take a couple of days stopping at various places, this gave me the opportunity to write postcards to my mother reassuring her I was fine but missed her, I did not disclose how anxious I really was and how much my heart was breaking until I left for Milan.

I arrived in England on 22nd March 1950 aged 19.

My first impression of the British landscape was how very bleak, cold and unwelcoming it



looked and felt.

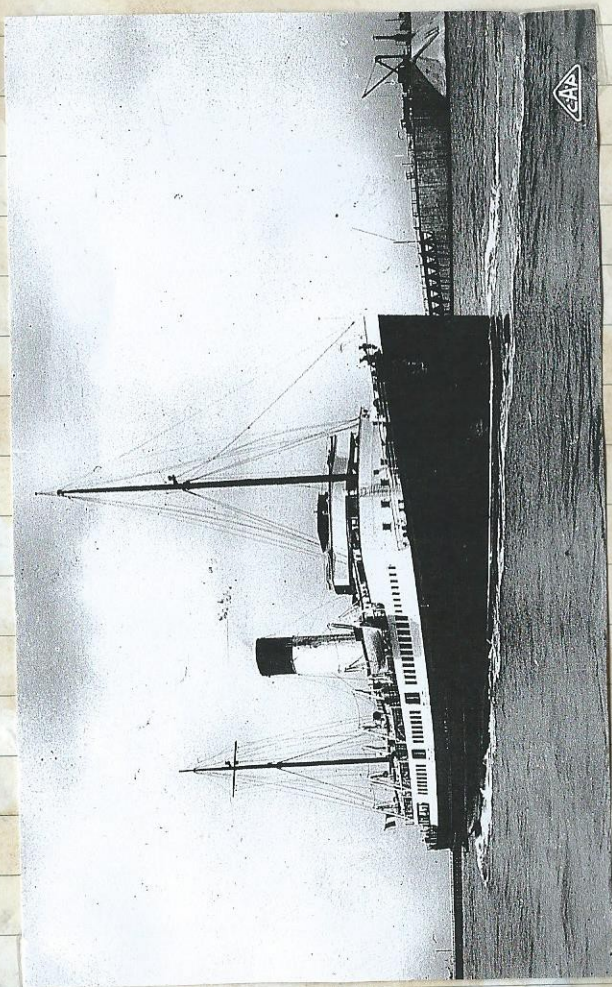
The recruitment consisted of groups of young women from different parts of Italy.

We were put into small groups and my first port of call was in Shipley in Yorkshire to be employed in the wool mill.

We were accommodated in hostels nearby.

The hostels were very clean and I shared a room with a couple of other Italian girls one whose name was Carmelina and who was to play a special part in my life.

I recall my journey to Yorkshire as being one of the most reflective journeys I have ever taken, it gave me time to think about my family in particular my widowed mother whom I had



given me hope and understanding
to endure such a transition.

The tear drops still seem so vivid
Deep down it must have been
a wrench for my mother to let
me go, I was her youngest child.

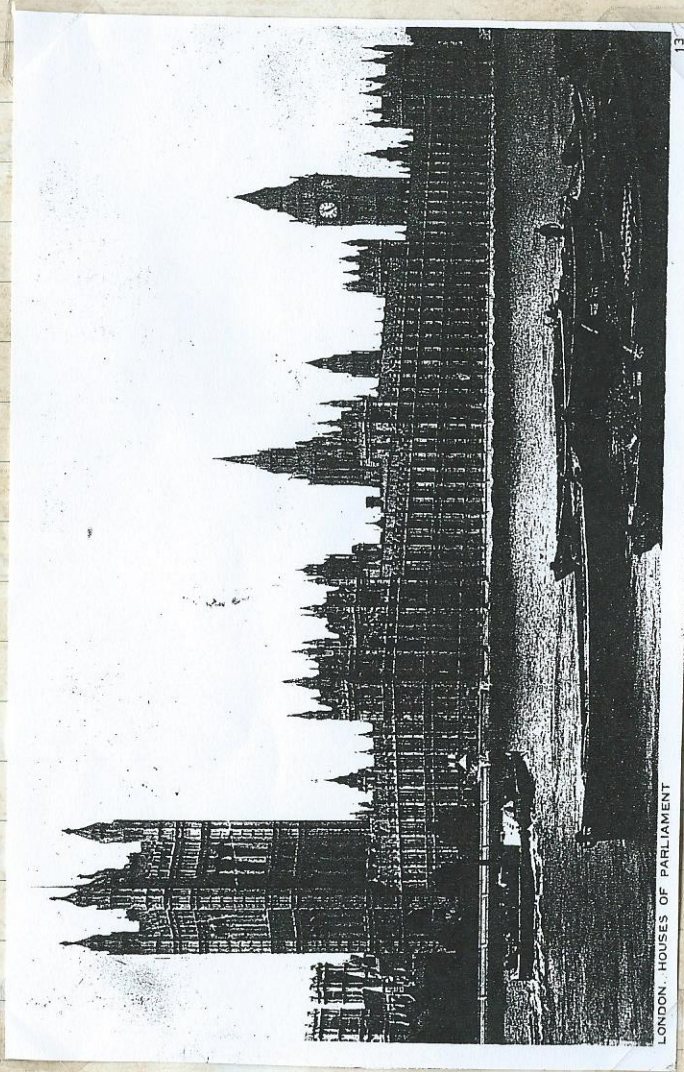
As the train made its way
to Yorkshire I recall thinking
"Where am I?"

"The buildings are so dark
and gloomy and why isn't
anyone smiling?"

Many years later I was to change
this view of Yorkshire and its
people.

My first impression of the mill
as it stood in all its glory was
what a grandiose building it was.
It rose above the Yorkshire landscape
like a dominant protector of the
village.

It was a daunting experience



POST CARD

"... Help to make the world a better place
and life a worthier thing."
His Majesty King George VI

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LONDON S.W.1.
11 MAY
22 MAY
1950

ROAD USERS

PLEASE MIND THE

REVENUE

Chantreaux

*due circa here
ed at mto here
attenti letter here*

Chantreaux
Ly mto here

Montefiore

On. Chantreaux

Italia

I have arrived well
and I am fine.
Wait for my letters
Kisses
Assunta

and I was full of mixed emotions
frightened, apprehensive, confused,
yet excited at the prospect of
learning a new skill, earning a
wage and eventually returning
home to Italy or so I thought.

The workhouse was very noisy
as the looms were continuously in
motion, so it was a relief when
the end of the day arrived, to
enjoy a little silence and some
fresh air, things we seem to
take for granted.

I was not conversant in the
English language, however I
started to make a few English
friends in particular two older
ladies, Mary and Nora who
took me under their wings and
slowly I began to pick up a few
words of English and life
became more bearable.

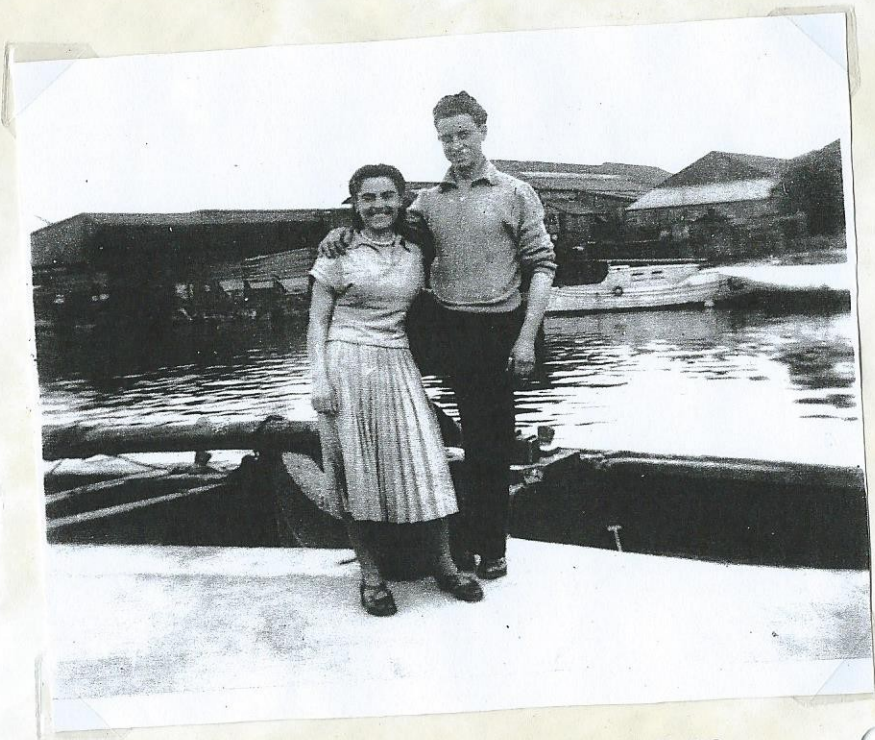
The Mill Shipley 1950



SHIPLEY 1951



With my friends
Nora, Mary and Carmelina



Peterborough 1953

My friend Carmelina had a brother called Marciano who had also emigrated and was based in Sibson near Peterborough.

He had been recruited with many others for the brickyards.

One day she asked if I would like to go to Peterborough with her as she was meeting her brother.

So we took the train down and were met at the station by Marciano and a very impressionable and handsome friend of his.

His name was Antonio who eventually was to become my husband.

On the 14th August 2014 we celebrate our 60th Wedding Anniversary.



With Carmelina Casale
Shepley 1951

In Dedication
During my three years in
Yorkshire, I was made to feel
welcome, the people embraced
the Italians with warmth and
kindness.

Assuntina De. Matteis
(nee Anzalone)



14th AUGUST 1954

