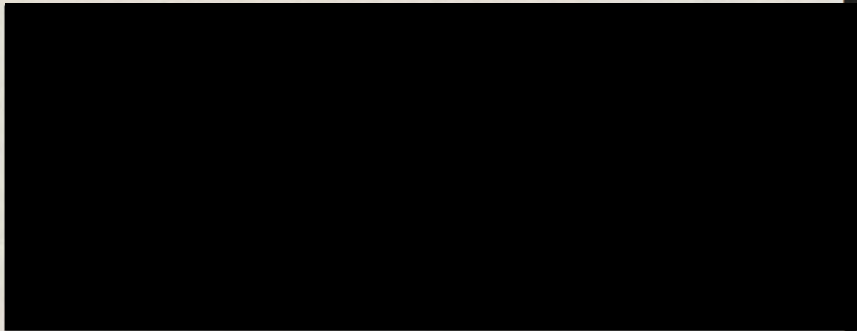


Brian Lamb,

C-Span

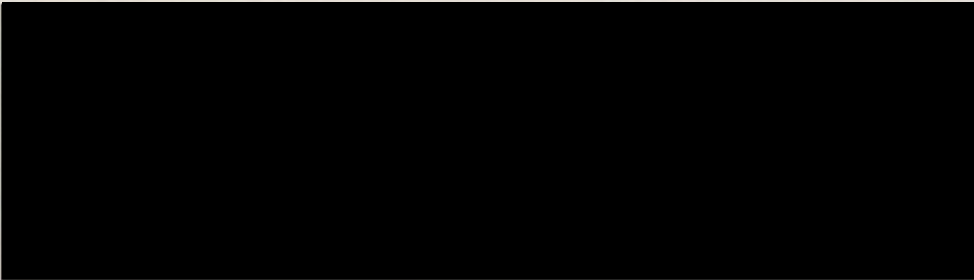
my school essay
on immigration. In

1951 when I arrive
to U.S. let's do things
right



Clifton Park
N.Y.

12065



[REDACTED]

November 29, 2005

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Immigrants traveling on a troop ship to America in the year 1951 were so grateful to escape the memories of Hitler's Third Reich, that the hardships of the trip were ignored.

Those people were my immediate family. I was on that ship with my father,

[REDACTED] my mother, [REDACTED] my sisters, [REDACTED]

World War II ended in 1945. Hitler's Third Reich was a dismal failure and the damage done to thousands upon thousands of Jewish, Polish, and Ukrainian people and their families had gone down in infamy.

My father and mother were healthy, young 20 year olds when Hitler took over Europe, so they were put in work camps where women picked potatoes and the men were sent off to hard labor.

Immigration laws, at the time, required that someone wishing to immigrate to the United States, have a sponsor. The sponsor had to be a permanent resident living in the United States and have the financial capacity to be responsible, for a specified period of time, for the person or persons they were sponsoring. Except for emergencies, there were no other resources for these people.

As soon as we arrived in New York, my father's brother, [REDACTED] brought us to New Haven, Connecticut, where he lived. We moved into a tenement house on Wooster

Street, where we all lived in one room. The bathrooms were in the hallway and shared by all the families. The people that lived in the building all worked for Sargent's, a factory on the corner of our street. The company manufactured door locks.

My mother worked the day shift, full time, and when she got home at 4 o'clock, my father would leave for the factory to work until midnight. They never had a babysitter to watch us.

My parents were very frugal with their spending because they wanted to own their own home. After three years, they bought a two family house on Washington Avenue and fulfilled their American dream. They now had additional income from their tenant and they were quite satisfied.

Hard work and struggles for independence was their life. They did not seem to require a complicated plan for their future. Their pleasure was growing vegetables in their garden. My mother sewed all our clothes and made all the curtains for our apartment. She also canned all the fruit my father picked from our fruit trees.

Attending Church service was a very important part of my childhood. My parents were the first contributors toward the building of St. Michael's Archangel Church on George Street in New Haven, Connecticut.

I knew my parents had sacrificed their personal feelings about leaving their culture and all their brothers and sisters behind. They brought us to this wonderful country and I was very proud when I saw my mother receive her citizenship papers. Then when I turned 17 years old, I received mine.

My childhood experiences were very simple compared to the children growing up in today's world. As I watch this world change before my eyes, I know I was very lucky to have my parents, [REDACTED] because they were strong.

In the summer of 1961, we were blessed with a new sister. My baby sister, [REDACTED] was a surprise to all of us, especially my mother, who was 40 years old at the time. My sisters and I were in our teens and we were very happy to indulge [REDACTED] with our love and affection. She was a beautiful child and brought a lot of joy to my parents.

My father passed away in 1982 at the age of 64 and my mother is not well today, but when I daydream about them, it's always the same dream. They were ALWAYS working.