



JOINING HANDS FOR A BETTER FUTURE
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THE EUROPEAN UNION

DIGITAL DIARY

Part 2



AE João de Araújo Correia, Peso da Régua, Portugal



Peso da Régua, 14th October 1919

My dear dear sister Maria:

I trust you are in good health and I have good news to tell you. In about a week I'll be back to Portugal! I know it has passed 3 years since my husband and I went to Brazil, but isn't it great? We will finally be able to talk and share freely what has been happening during these years.

I know we left without saying a word, but I am begging you to understand my sister, we had to! If we had not gone, António would have been sent to fight in the war, and I don't want my husband to have such a horrible death in the hands of those barbarians!

I learned one important thing here, migrants are not bad at all, they are just doing what I am doing: trying to survive the best way they can! I don't see any bad in that.

Also, we are all in good health here, António is a great worker, husband and father! Yes, we are a big family of 7 people, it is a lot of mouths to feed, but we are all healthy and happy. Oh, I almost forgot! I never told what I have been doing. Well, I have been writing a little history called "before morning". I will send you a copy of it with this letter, so you can read it and share your opinion.

How is your financial condition by the way? Our mother and father were in a really bad state when António and I left... Since father died in the war, mother has been in such poor health, I am scared of what the future holds for her so please tell me, how is she? And how are you? We love you all deeply and hoping you send an answer soon.

Take care of everyone for me my dear,

Fernanda de Castro



Dear Diary,

AFTER THE LONG TRIP WE WERE FINALLY THERE AT THE GATES OF S. PAULO, BRAZIL. I HAD DREAMED ABOUT THIS DAY FOR EVER. I HAD PICTURED IT WITH MY FAMILY. WE ARE ALL TOGETHER ON THE BOAT EVERYONE ON THE BOAT WAS ON THE DECK LOOKING THE CITY....

NOW ALL MY HOPES AND DREAMS ARE THERE!!!

THERE WERE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, THEY WERE ALL TALKING IN NEW DIFFERENT LANGUAGES. ALL THE PEOPLE MADE ME FEEL AFRAID, LOST AND CONFUSED.

A MAN ASKED MY FATHER A LOT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE WE WERE GOING AND IF ANY OF US HAD BEEN SICK. THEN WE WERE HURRIED DOWN MANY HALLS AND INTO A LITTLE ROOM. IN THE ROOM A MAN SHINED A LITTLE LIGHT INTO OUR EYES, EARS, AND MOUTHS. HE TOLD MY THAT WE WERE ALL OKAY

SEE YOU TOMORROW

AMÉLIA

A Migrant's Diary

August, 1905

Dear Diary

Hello, my name is Eduardo and I am a migrant. I am the oldest of four children and we live on a small farm in Douro. Tomorrow I will have to leave my Family to move to Santos (Brazil). Here I work on our small patch of land with my Mother and Father, the only problem is that everything is getting worse. There are so many in my Family that we haven't got enough food to feed everyone. That is why I must go. I will try to find work to earn some money and then send it to my Family to help them

I am very excited to go because I will hopefully be able to help my Family but also a bit worried because maybe I will not even find a Job. I have heard that in Santos quite a lot of jobs on offer so I hope I will find one. More and more Migrants like me are moving to the City. I hope the People there will be nice to me and not make me feel down. I do not like to leave my Family but I have to, so that they will be able to survive. I must go now to get ready for Tomorrows leave.

*Goodbye
Eduardo*

Liceo Caracense,
Guadalajara, Spain



Dear diary

I'm scared, I miss my friends from Spain very much. Yesterday I tried to talk with Petra, my best friend, but it was impossible. My mother is sad, she needs money but here we can not find work, here they speak another language that we don't know how to speak it. So it is very difficult for us to find work, friends...

Last night, I met one girl, she was 16 and she is from Spain too. She told me that life here for foreigners was very complicated but advances were greater and the places much more beautiful than in Spain. I thought that she could be my friend but right now I don't want to have friends, I prefer they to help my sister or family.

My brother is very angry with everyone, he doesn't talk with anyone and the only thing that he does is drink and be out home. I hope that he will stay better and we can learn the language and my mother and I find a work. But now I think that impossible.

Ana

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Dear diary, I am writing from 'New York, 'the city of cities', everything is so different here. I had to express my feelings... I thought I would be sure about moving here when we have arrived, but now I don't really know about it... At least this new way of life cannot be worse than the misery we suffered at home.

I feel happy with the fact that the kids don't look worried; Hugo is still fascinated with the skyscrapers which we saw the first day here and Céline and Michèle are cautiously playing with each other. Thankfully, the owner of the house in which we are staying is helping us so much coming to terms with Americans, mainly with the language.

Sometimes, all of this becomes too much because we already miss ^{our} family, but we needed to take this decision, specially now that Richard is dead because of hunger, he was the best husband I could ask for... So we need to start over here, where I want to try to ensure the basic needs we couldn't find in France. I hope our family can understand this and we both be able to be happy in the future, even if we are not together.

Borja Kinchi to Salou

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Date: 01-08-1989

Dear diary,

This is my first week in New York, and I'm very happy with this city. I need to be strong and look after my children. I'm very tired but I need to look for a job, to earn money. Maybe I look for a job in a bakery, I love cakes and I think I'm good on bake cakes.

I want to see my neighbour, he said that this summer he's going to go to New York to help me with the kids. Until summer I need to be strong and fight with all the problems I have. Tomorrow I'm going to the bakery, which is next to my house. I hope I will work in that bakery.

See you soon tomorrow.

Maria

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Dear diary

It's been a week since I arrived, since I wrote that letter to my family, probably one of the few I will ever write to them. It hasn't been easy for me, neither for the kids. Most of the times I don't realise what's happening until it's too late and they've already robbed me or tricked me. Things I didn't have any problem with back in Italy, like buying the newspaper, are now a big challenge for me.

There are times when New Yorkers stare at me, and I don't really know why they do it, but I think it's because I look very different. I don't own any of the fancy things they have, or the cool suits & dresses, or even a car. And that makes me

feel like I don't belong here & never could.

I keep on trying to convince myself that I'm going to be happy and so are the kids. They always make my day brighter and I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to give them what they need or deserve. I just hope I find someone who can help me or is in the same situation as me, just to feel supported.

Goodnight,

karina

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Dear diary,

We have just arrived in New York, it's an enormous city and we are so frightened by this new life, but in some way we have no choice. Our life in Europe couldn't be worse, we needed a change, we deserved to be happy, so we decided to take a chance and moved to New York leaving behind everything.

New York is a city of contrasts, darkness and light, wealth and poverty. We feel like scyrapers are drowning us but, at the same, we see people on the sidewalk.

We spent our first day in New York looking for work, and, after seven hours, we found it in a factory, the salary is quite low but it's enough to survive. The factory owner leaves us to live with him, he treats us so well.

For now everything is going well and we are happy, but we miss our family, we miss our language and our way of life too.

David Viej seara
1º Bach A.

Jesús Palomina Abreu.



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Dear diary, I want to tell you that, ~~today~~, we arrived to New York without any problem. Now we are living in a small house in the outskirts of the city. There we have a kitchen, a bedroom, a bathroom and a little living room. The only problem is that, when it rains, some water gets inside, but Jeffy is going to repair it soon.

Talking about Jeffy, he has found job as bellboy in a hotel, that means that he brings some money home. Now I work as maid in Mr. Donald's house, a rich man that works in the weapons industry. Little Beatrice and Amelie are having some problems to make new friends because of the language, but my friend, Mr. Charles, is helping them a lot.

I'm scared because I have a lot of problems learning English. Now I don't really have any problem, because Mr. Donald's family speaks French, but if I lose that work I will have serious problems to find a new one. At least, Jeffy is so happy here with his new job.

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Dear diary,

I'm writing this letter because I'm building up to a nervous breakdown... We arrived here last week and I'm still nervous. I need to relax, but it's not easy when you don't have good means to live well.

I've signed up in an immigrants' association, which is making my life a little easier: They bring me food and, while I'm trying to find a job, kids stay there learning and drawing. But there is little to reassure me about our welfare... I need money and it's being difficult to get it.

In addition, I miss my family so much... We are so far away and I feel alone against this. I really miss my sister's hugs and, of course, mum's advice. I hope she's well and healthy...

The kids also miss them a lot. Nico is always asking about his dad; he's too little to understand that his dear father is thousands of miles away, and that probably, we won't see him again in years.


I'm sharing a little house with a new friend I've met. I'm not paying the household expenses; she's so understanding and a really good person, her heart is in the right place.

Now, I have to finish writing my diary because I have to pick the children up from the association.

I have written all my feelings and my situation because I hope that one day

I will read this and I will think: "Hopefully, today everyday is OK".

I really hope that one day, our life will improve and we will come back home. That would be my ultimate joy.

Jayanna ~ 23/09/1921


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Dear diary :

I have just arrived in America and I'm very frightened. I hope this new big change will give us a new opportunity in life. My main objective right now is to have a job and try to face difficulties and problems as language barriers and misunderstandings. I know that immigrant integration is not easy. We have to come to terms with a new way of life and culture and get to know and meet new people.

Unfortunately, we don't have enough money to buy a house or at least to stay at a hotel. That means that we are homeless. That is the reason why we have to do our best and work extremely hard in our new country. There are many racist people who believe that we don't deserve anything and who criticize us because of our way of thinking, the color of our skin, our country of origin. I'm trying to explain them that I have left my country due to necessity and to find a better future for my children.

I'm very worried about my children and I take into account what they may be suffering, in fact they are just kids. I feel like if everything that surrounds me crashes down on me. I don't want to seem to be desperate, but the truth is that I must take control over the situation immediately. In general, I hope that our dreams come true and to reach a life like any American.

Miriam



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Dear diary,

Here we are, in New York, an unexpected fact. We've been forced by the situation, these times it is not easy to live through them, above all, in our country. We have to look for a better life. I don't know if this is going to be temporary and I don't even know if I'm going to see my family again. To help myself, I will write in this diary every month, telling the news and informing about our situation.

We have only spent a few days here, but we have noticed New York is too much for us. It is a very different place in all aspects. For example, it is very difficult to obtain food for all of us (because we are four) and not to starve; too difficult. Apart from the food, the language is confusing for us, and there are language barriers. Because of this, there are many misunderstandings. Also, people are rude with immigrants, and there are closed communities. However, there are many families migrating from Europe, like us, so we don't feel alone.

In conclusion, I hope that with the passage of time, we get used to this new life we have to live. Meanwhile, I wish the rest of my family happiness and health. We all are looking forward to seeing them again.

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Dear diary, I miss my family a lot. Since my sons and I are here, things have changed. First of all, I have to admit that although I was hopeful, I was a little scared too. But anyway I decided to encourage myself.

I went with my son to find a job, so we could earn a good salary to eat and buy a house. It was very difficult because like us, many immigrants were looking for a job.

After two days walking through these unknown streets, a man hired my son as a paperboy. Thanks to him, his wife looked for me, and asked me to work as her personal seamstress. I can remember that moment perfectly. I was delighted.

With the passage of time, Mrs. Molloy and I became really good friends, and my family and I managed to adapt to New York's way of life; and I also opened my own sewing workshop!

I hope my husband were here with us... I miss him even more than anyone could imagine, since the famine that devastated Ireland killed him. Life here is much different than in Ireland, but I know that he would have come to terms with people here, as his son has done.

I think that if I had to describe New York's city, I would say that it's not just an American city; it is also the capital of immigrants.

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Dear diary,

I have arrived ⁱⁿ America one week ago. During the travel, I wasn't comfortable too much. There was a (crowd) huge crowd of people on the train. People was exhausting and a afraid, or that it seemed to me. I recognized that I was also afraid. I was going to a country that I had never seen before, and neither I didn't know the language. When I arrived, American people saw me strange. (I think that they haven't taught to treat with people as me). Well, I really didn't matter. The only idea that I had on my mind was to find a place to stay and a (job) work to earn money. Nowadays, I have a house to live, so I'm very happy and grateful, but I'm still finding a job. I hope to find one soon. Get me work!

one kiss