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British Evacuee Child
Oronsay
August of 1940



My memory of Pier 21 is nothing and I was never sure as a child where I arrived in Canada. My only memory of the ship was my sister being very seasick and the lifeguard practice with the huge row boats. The convoy was not there one day and everyone was chatting about soon arriving in Canada. My next memory is a train stop made at a small station and we were allowed off into a candy shop where I bought marsh-mellows; had never seen them before and had no idea where the money came from to purchase them. And I received change.

My next memory was being in a home where all the children were first placed. I don't recall finding out what city we were in but enjoyed our brief stay as there were lots of swings. My best friend was a boy names Johnny. A good many children left before we did but finally we were sent to an elderly couple in the country who lived on a chicken farm. We were too much for them so we were picked up after a few months and put into the "Day" home. They had three older daughters and we were very happy there. We were treated as one of the family by the immediate family and by aunts, uncles, cousins etc.

It was a year or so after the war that we were sent back to England. My parents came to Canada first but did not enjoy it and so went back to England. My sister and I were hoping to finish school here and our aunt and uncle Day would said they would be happy to have us but at age 16 I had to return with my sister who was 14 months younger.

Arriving in England was not a happy experience and after five years (age 21) I was able to return to Canada. My sister followed when she was 21. This is a very brief overview and I hope it will suffice; it is not often I think of those days.

My Vancouver family as my sister and I call them are really the only true family I know and we are still close to those who have not passed on and visit back and forth quite often.

