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Our boat trip was a pleasant one save for the storm we had on one occasion. the boat was tipped pretty bad and I can remember it was dinner time. We were all at the long tables set up and all of a sudden the food- which was soup came before me one bowl after the other. I happened to catch a jar of strawberrie jam to eat while I was sent to the floor. My chair tipped over. To my knowledge it was the Bay of Biscay. I am not sure though.

I also recollect going to school and to church services. I was bad though, my sister and I did not put our life jackets on as was suggested. We were hanging around the canteen. We were age nine and ten. Our family consisted of mother, father, and fifteen children and a boarder, who was my oldest sister's boyfriend. I remember the landing quite well. We were all given a box of food, sandwiches, fruit and drinks, but everyone spoke French. We thought is was English of course. then when we arrived in Aurora, Ontario after our train ride we realized people were talking yet another language so that was English or Canadian. I have been confused about that for some time now. Our family is celebrating fifty years in Canada next year 2001. My mom will be 95. the youngest in our family will have reached the age of 52 and the oldest 67 there will be anniversaries birthdays and all kinds of special things happening. I could write a book but not just now.