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English Immigrant
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I was seven years old when my family came to Canada, and my sister was five. My Dad accepted a transfer with his company to their branch office in Dartmouth, N.S. He was a Professional Electrical Engineer. He had a choice between transferring to Australia and Canada. He chose Canada because Canada has snow at Xmas. (My parents wished they had chosen Australia after experiencing their first winter in Canada.

During the World War II, my Dad was a Commander in the Royal Air Force. We settled in Canada. My first experience in school in Canada was awful. The teacher introduced me as the new girl from England, who could only add in pounds and shillings. She then made me speak, and everyone laughed at my accent much to my humiliation. I spent the next three days with a friend I had made practicing speaking Canadian with no British accent. I succeeded and became a Canadian.

I will tell you about my first experience with recess at school. I went to the playground and there was a crowd of students gathered so I went over to see what was happening. They were all laughing at my five-year old sister (who was in Grade Primary) because she talked funny. Some of them were even kicking and punching her. To her rescue I went, fighting everyone off her. Some boys helped me save her, which was much needed. The boys and I became great friends, and still are today. We became Canadian citizens in 1962.

My Dad died from cancer in 1964. My sister is a computer programmer who is married with two children, her son is a computer engineer and her daughter is an administrative assistant. I am an Accountant who teaches adults and does consulting. I have two children, my daughter is a marine architectural engineer and my son is a kinesologist. We all live in Nova Scotia except my son who is in B.C. My Dad died in 1964. We entered Canada through Pier 21. The trip overseas took seven days. There were no other children on board except for one fourteen year-old boy, and nothing for children to do. We ate dinner every evening at the captain's table; I can remember my mother crying about how awful the trip was, and how seasick she was. She did not want to leave England. Also, I can remember being caught in the crew's exercise room using the rowing machine which was off-limits to children. I made my five-year old

sister stand at the doorway while I rowed. She started to cry as two ships' crewmen arrived to throw me out. After that, the door was locked to the exercise room which eliminated my only form of entertainment. After the long seven-day trip, we went through customs at Pier 21. Halifax Harbour was all fog. Fog was our first experience in Halifax. The customs people opened the one piece of luggage which contained all the family's dirty clothes - much to my mother's distress. We only stayed at Pier 21 for several hours while we cleared Customs, which was long enough for me to make three or four friends. I can remember lots of cots with lots of people and children laying on them and being very thankful that I was fortunate enough to be going to a hotel. We stayed at the Lord Nelson Hotel on South Park St for about two weeks waiting for our furniture to arrive. My parents even shipped over their grand piano.

My first experience at the Lord Nelson was very unnerving for my parents as they lost me. When we went to our room at the hotel, I looked out the window and saw the ducks across the street in the Public Gardens. I went downstairs to the front entry in the hotel and asked if I could have some bread to feed the ducks. The person on the counter sent me to the kitchen to ask the cook. with bread in hand, I went outside across the street to feed the ducks. I was quite happy feeding the ducks even making the big ones wait for the little ones to eat. (I did not tell my parents that I was going to do this because I thought I would not be allowed.) When the ducks has eaten all the bread, I went back to the hotel for more bread. I WAS IN DEEP TROUBLE, MY PARENTS HAD NOTICED THAT I WAS NOT THERE AND HAD CALLED THE POLICE WHO WERE LOOKING FOR ME. After that I was LOCKED in the hotel room!!! That was my first experience in Canada.