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English Immigrant  
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We left from England to come to Canada on a dull, overcast day leaving Southampton at about noon. I remember a few of my parent's friends came to see us off! Being almost seven at the time, I did not fully understand the momentous decision to go to Canada, the land of my Father's birth, but I do remember being very excited about going on a big ship.

Well the ship was huge!!! I was small. There was a movie theatre and a fully equipped playroom, I remember the adults playing Shuffleboard and sitting in the deck chairs. I know we were also fortunate to have travelled "First Class" . Our family cabin had two portholes and we were on the top deck. I recall one storm at sea when the waves were so high they covered those portholes!!

I know I was a sailor, no seasickness for me, but my older brother did not fare so well. Our parents were fine too but I recall for years after my mother said the day after the storm everyone looked a little green around the gills. The trip lasted one week and we stopped in Halifax to let some passengers off and then the ship continued on to Quebec City. More passengers disembarked there and we sailed on up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. I can clearly re-envision the sight of the sailors and crew members being lowered on scaffolding to scrub the sides of our ship before we docked and all passengers leaning over to watch this operation.

Canada, our new home, was so beautiful and modern and large. I have often heard my mother say everything seemed so much bigger in this country.

Now this is forty-three years later and I am a Canadian Citizen and very proud to call Canada my home.

