

Greta Horton  
English Immigrant  
Aquitania October  
27, 1947



This year, on October 27th, is the 60th anniversary of our family's arrival in Halifax on the Cunard ship, the Aquitania. I was eight years old when we sailed for Canada, oblivious of the gravity of leaving my birth country.

I remember us standing on the ship as we pulled away from Southampton dock.

We were waving to those on shore. I was holding on to my doll named Elizabeth and my brother launched a small toy into the sea. To us it was an adventure but to our Mother it was very bittersweet for she was leaving behind her close-knit large family.

Memories of that voyage, long ago, are like a dream now. I remember the dining room with the white tablecloths and the white rolls and butter on the table. Rationing of some food was still evident in England and butter was not something we had on the table.

There was a movie theatre on the ship and a small toy store. I remember that my parents bought me a red Reliable toy telephone. One day I ate Planter's peanuts and that night the sea was rough and that was the end of the peanuts in my tummy!

Memories of our arrival in Halifax are dim now but I remember that we took a train on to Montreal and then to Toronto to begin a new life in Collingwood, then a small shipbuilding town situated on Georgian Bay.

These are my recollections of the momentous change in my life that would later see me a proud Canadian citizen with a family of my own, British roots not forgotten.

Greta Horton