

Janet Morris
English Immigrant
Aquitanan
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Compared to some, my story is uneventful. That is, if you can say that coming from worn-torn England to make a new life in Canada was uneventful. My parents made that decision in 1947 and we left Southampton February 26, 1948. I was an unhappy ten-year-old, devastated at the thought of never again seeing my beloved grandparents or England. I remember a huge crowd waiting to board, then being taken with my mother to an overcrowded cabin, away from my father. There were seven adult women and me in a cabin which should have accommodated four people. My father had to sign a paper to say we would not complain about conditions because the Aquitania had been used as a troop ship during the war. I was very ill on the voyage. Fresh, but bitter cold air and beef tea at 11:00 a.m. helped cure the sickness. As we approached the East Coast of Canada we sailed through icebergs.

I remember little of Pier 21, I'm afraid. Halifax was bitterly cold but my warmest recollection was sitting at a café bar and having my first Coca Cola! Thank you for this opportunity to remember an event that changed my life forever. I am very proud of my English roots but forever thankful to Canada and for being a Canadian.