

Jim Pratt
English Immigrant
Carinthia
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We left England, my parents and I, when I was 9 years old. It was a gloriously hot spring day when we left Southampton aboard RMS Carinthia, and the crossing, though sometimes rough, was the greatest adventure of my young life. In contrast to the British spring weather, Halifax was in the grip of a fierce ice storm, and my mother, on disembarking fell and plunged headlong into the arms of a waiting officer at the bottom. I vaguely remember a large hall and a long wait to be processed, and then being whisked onto a train to Montreal.

The trip along the St. Lawrence was a scenic marvel of snow and grinding river ice: an incredible sight to a family used to snow melting by midday! There was one hitch, when our train slammed into a stalled car at a railroad crossing. We changed trains at Montreal and carried on to Toronto. After a few misadventures and blistered feet from walking about in search of housing and a job for my father, we finally moved on to Kitchener. This summer we plan to holiday in Nova Scotia, and I would very much like to take my wife and two daughters to Pier 21. I have no idea of the reaction it will evoke in me. Another little adventure, I suppose.