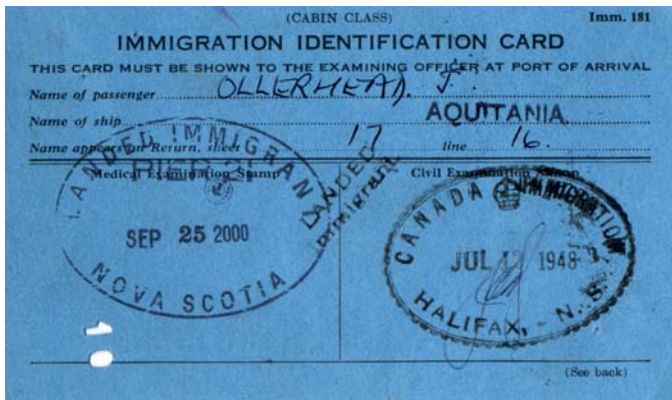


Joan Chisholm
 English Immigrant
 Aquitania
 June 1948

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION MUSEUM
PIER 21



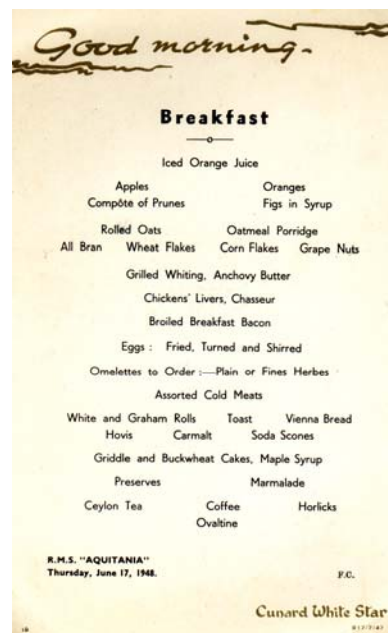
My family had originally booked to come on August 15th, 1948 together. My mother Edith, my brother Raymond and myself, Joan as well as Dad. Unfortunately, there was still conscription in



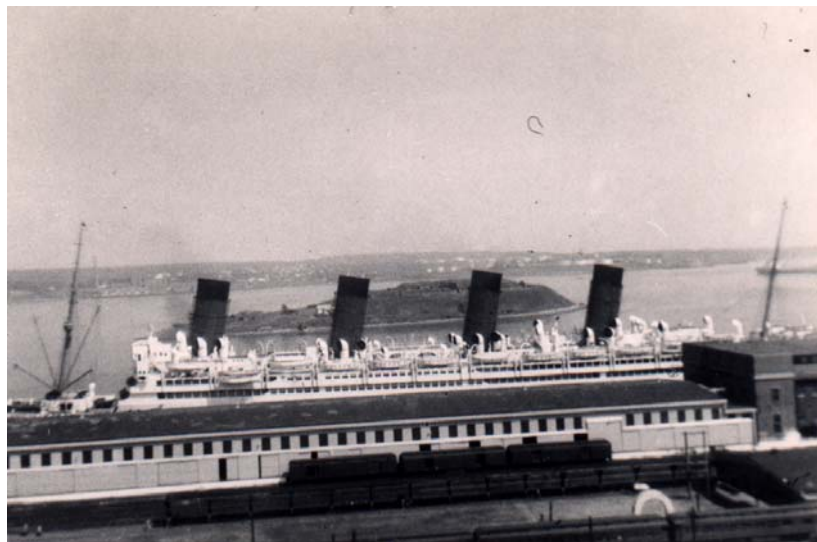
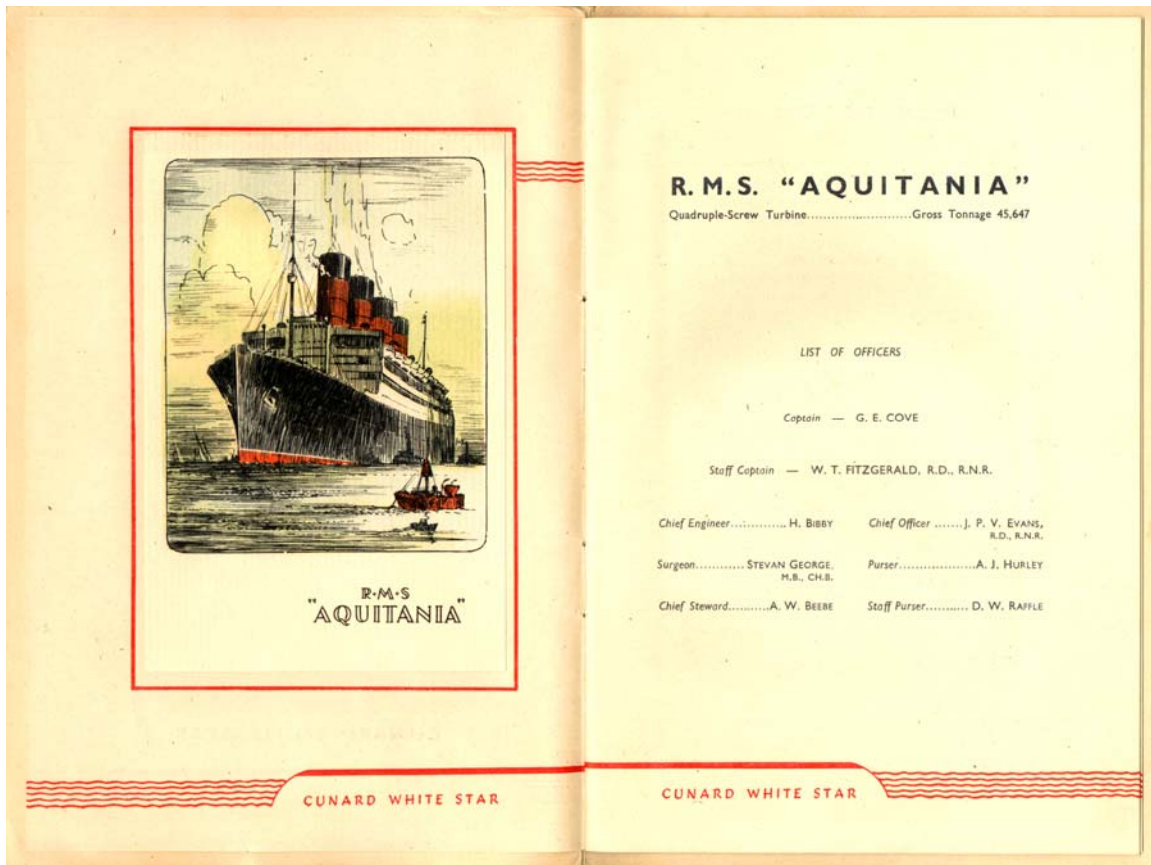
England and although we had been trying to immigrate for a long time, it was realized that Raymond would turn 18 on August 7th 1948 and therefore the authorities would no doubt think Dad was trying to avoid conscription service for my brother and consequently he would not

be allowed to sail on that date. Dad tried to get an earlier booking for all of us but to no avail. A cancellation came up for June 15th which he decided he had better take and mother and I would follow in August. Once they had sailed I think mother drove them crazy at the shipping office and finally they came up with another cancellation for two on July 5th that same year, so we followed.

It was my parents' 20th wedding anniversary on June 23rd 1948 so it was sad that they could not celebrate it together on the lovely sea voyage. I was just 12 at the time we arrived in Halifax and I had no idea what to expect in this new country. It was a long train ride to Montreal and Toronto where we were finally met by Dad. On the occasion of my 65th birthday, my daughter, Kimberley, was working with Carnival Cruise Lines. Their new ship The Victory, was sailing from New York to Halifax as part of the inaugural cruises. Kim had paid for our trip. As we were having breakfast on a September morning, we sailed into Halifax harbour and my husband said 'There it is, Pier 21, that you've been talking about' and as



I glanced up to see it emotion overtook me and the tears rolled down my cheeks. It was like coming home, I guess.



The Aquitania at Pier 21 with George's Island in the background