

Joan Scow  
English Immigrant  
October of 1928



I was just over a year old in October 1928 so of course I have no memories of our arrival but many times I heard my parents talk about the beautiful trip down the St. Lawrence, the very warm weather and my sister and myself bundled up to the eyes for the cold Canadian climate.

We went by train to Hamilton where my father's brother and his bride took us into their small cottage until my father found work. While he is listed as a laborer, he never had lifted anything heavier than a pen for he was a small man and trained as a bookkeeper. I believe we arrived in Canada with something like \$50 but my father was an honest and conscientious man and soon found work with a tobacco firm where he remained until his retirement in 1962.

Those early days were anxious days, though and the inevitable homesickness was with them for the first year. After that they never really looked back. Made a good life for us and have been happy they made the move from Lancashire. My father never lost his love for England however and volunteered in WWII. He was overseas for six years with the Canadian Army. When he returned I was 18 and my sister 20 and of course a period of readjustment was needed before we could become a family again. They retired in 1962 to Victoria BC where my parents enjoyed the English atmosphere in the country they had come to love.

For myself, I am very happy my parents had the courage to emigrate. I was able to attend university and earned a Master of Social Work degree. I worked mostly with families in a child Guidance Clinic. Then I met my wonderful husband, a native Indian and a lawyer and we married in 1964. At that time, a non-native woman marrying a native man automatically received Indian status. I have learned so much about the native culture that I respect and admire, and my husband had learned about my culture, also with positive results. We are in our seventies now and have had a wonderfully rich life. One of my cousins visited us recently from England and he said "well, you've certainly come a long way from that little lass from Lancashire."

My parents in their wildest dreams, could never imagine when we arrived in Canada that their infant daughter would marry a native Indian and that the union would be a happy blending of the two cultures. I suppose

I share their adventurous spirit and I am grateful to them, and to Canada for the life I enjoy.

Before closing, I must say how moved I was by the whole Pier 21 experience. The exhibits are wonderful, the train trip was spectacular and all the staff and volunteers are all so helpful. So thank you so much for a wonderful experience.