

Sydney Low
English Immigrant
Aquitania
December of 1948



Our family landed at Pier 21
on the Aquitania in

December, 1948. There were four of us, my mother and father, my little sister Tina, age 3 and myself, age 10. We had no idea what the future held for us, only that Dad wanted to get us out of England in case there was another war. Dad served in the Royal Marines for 25 years (including all the World War II years) while Mum tried desperately to keep us girls safe from all the bombing. Half of our house was bombed away at the beginning of the war, luckily we were in the other half and survived.

My father had an aunt who lived in Toronto, so we headed there first, on the train, just like the car at Pier 21. I remember Dad waking us in the middle of the night to see the lit cross above Montreal. It was like a message that God was with us. Since Mum was an excellent hairdresser (she used to do the Duchess of Kent's hair in England), she kept us going at first until Dad could get established in a job. He started as a real estate salesman, worked his way up to manager in several downtown companies, then went back to university in Toronto and got his appraiser's certificate and ended up as manager of the real estate department of a large trust company on Bay Street. He has been retired now for over 32 years and those years have been wonderful to my parents with winters in Florida and summers in Ontario cottage country and travelling all over the world. He is now 93 years old, blind and lives in a nursing home in Oshawa, Ontario. Our mother passed away two years ago of Ahlzeimers disease at the age of 80.

When I told him of my visit to Pier 21 last week and of the Sobey Wall of Honour, he immediately said we must have the family name put up because we would never have had the life we have lived if Canada hadn't allowed us to immigrate. Here was finally a way to say thank you to Canada.

He said immigrating to Canada was the best thing he ever did in his life.

