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When I was ten years of age my family decided to emigrate from England to Canada. During the journey we had an experience which I have never totally forgotten, although the memory of it did fade from our minds for a number of years.

I remember the day we left the small mining town in South Wales which had been our home. Although it was early morning a number of people came down to say farewell as we boarded the bus for the next large town, Newport, where we would take the train to Southampton. Another group of close friends were there to bid us God speed on our journey. I remember the docks at Southampton, where confusion seemed to reign, but finally we boarded the boat and were on our way.

On the second day out we encountered a bad storm. It was terrific! The waves were mountainous. One moment they lifted us up on high and the next we were plunged down into the depth of a valley of water. Of course, we were all very seasick. We didn't worry about dying. Our concern was how could we endure living in this environment which seemed to be never-ending. But at last the wind died down and the waves became calm again and once again we could go to the dining room for our supper. We had no premonition of the experience that awaited us in the coming night.

About 3 A.M., when we were all fast asleep in our bunks, we were wakened by a sudden shudder of the ship and the cessation of the throbbing of the motors to which we had become accustomed. Soon we heard the stewardess rushing up the corridor, banging on all the cabin doors, "Get up, put on your warmest clothes and go as quickly as you can to your life-boat stations." We had a lifeboat drill on the first day out. I found myself bundled into clothes while half asleep and hurried up to the deck where nothing but dense fog surrounded us. But, as we became accustomed to the surroundings we were horrified to see a huge mountain of ice towering above us. Nobody seemed to know what was happening. We stood there, huddled together in the eerie darkness and deathly silence. All we could do was wait and pray. We waited and waited, the suspense was unforgettable. At last the ship began to move slowly backwards. We found out later that the ship had run up onto the submerged part of the iceberg. The Grolier Encyclopedia states, "About one-ninth of an iceberg is above the water and Arctic bergs have been

seen 300 ft. high, i.e. they are 2400 ft below water." The crew had been examining the ship to make sure there were no leaks in it from the impact, but all was safe and soon we had backed right off it and we were free to proceed again on our way.

What a relief! During the early morning we carefully and slowly wended our way between a large group of these white mountains and by noon of the next day we had left them behind us. Soon we were sailing down the mouth of the St. Lawrence river and preparing to disembark at Quebec. After a magnificent trip of three thousand miles by train across Canada we arrived at our destination and became absorbed in the task of adjusting to a new country and our new environment and the iceberg episode was pushed out of our minds. I can't remember our family even discussing it. But one day I was looking for a topic for an essay in writing class when the memory of our experience came back to me. I wasn't sure if it was a real memory or whether I had imagined it.

I discussed it with my husband but all my family who were present at that time were now deceased, except my little brother who was 5 years old then. I wasn't sure that he would even remember the event. But one day, when we were visiting my brother, he suddenly remarked, "Naomi, do you remember when our ship hit an iceberg when we were coming to Canada?"

"Then it was real, it did happen," I responded. He went on to tell his memory of it.

"Do you know where Roy (my older brother who was nineteen at the time) took me when the alarm was given?"

"No, I don't remember," I answered, "Where were you?"

"When the alarm was given, Roy took me up on deck and we climbed into a lifeboat and hid under a tarpaulin. He remembered that when the Titanic sank all the men were left on board and the lifeboats were filled with women and children. He wanted to make sure that both he and I would be sure to get away."

So the secret of where they had gone came out after almost seventy years. We had a good laugh over that.

