

William Waterhouse
Welsh Immigrant
Aquitania
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Passage on the boat in late fall was rough. The old rusty boat due for the scrap yard was no help to the many seasick passengers. Heat ventilators in the cabins and port holes were seized open and added greatly to the discomfort of us all. Pier 21 was a welcome sight and dry land a gift from heaven. My family was met at Halifax by Mr Don Morrison, who helped us onto our next leg of journey by train to the village of Debec, NB. We moved onto a farm in the country, owned by Barton Hemphill, brother-in-law to my mother. Father started work as a book-keeper in the local general store, Canada was now our home.