Z: We arrived at Vancouver airport from England in early June 1958, just in time for me to write the end of grade 8 exams to get to high school in September. I don't remember too much of the exams, which I passed, but I failed the one on the history of British Columbia. All I remember about that was an essay we had to write about the significance of 1958. So I wrote about having to leave family and friends in England and our journey to Vancouver, when our jet prop plane on its maiden trip, broke down and ran out of food and water. So, instead of spending the gloriously hot summer at Kits Beach, I had to walk across Granville Bridge every morning to summer school, at the west end high school to learn about the Cariboo gold rush and how British Columbia came to be. Luckily the teacher was excellent and I came to love history. That's it.