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there for a day or two, then went to Southampton, where we left on the Queen Mary. John was sick every bit of the way over, oh was he sick. (Laughter.) Not Elizabeth, though, she was full of vim and vigour, just no stopping her. She walked from being about nine months, and she was on the go, it didn't bother her. There was only two of us in the compartment we had, I and another lady: we had four children in there. They had nice beds for them, but John being a baby, he hung on the side of Elizabeth's bunk. It was all made of fish netting, so when the boat swayed, it would sway, and he wouldn't get hurt. Oh, we had good accommodations coming over. Good meals, lots of entertainment on the boat, music, dancing, swimming pool, and shuf- fleboard. They had Mass on there, had a little hospital on the boat, and doctors; it was like a little city. I think there were between 300 and 500 adults, as far as I remember: it was packed. Half were Amer? icans and half were Canadians. It was the last of the last Canadian brides, and I think it was the last of the Americans if I'm not mistaken, so they put us all on the one boat. They were like foreigners as far as we were concerned: we were the Ca? nadians and they were the Americans. (Laughter.) They thought they were better than we were because they married Ameri? cans, you see. Yet more of them came back (to England) I think than did Canadian brides. They thought they were big stuff. Well that's how the Americans thought when they were over in England too, they thought they were better than anybody else. Yet they left more babies and poor girls over there than enough, and wouldn't take them back with them. No way. If the Queen Mary hadn't run into a storm, she would have broken a record for coming over. It took five days, but it would have taken only four if we hadn't run into the storm. We weren't allowed out on the decks: the waves were going over the boat. They closed everything off during the storm, the doors they would close. We landed in Halifax in May, sometime after the 11th, 1946. We came off the boat, and an officer came to get us. I think it would be around five in the morning: it was dark. Took us and put us on the train. What a trip, my God, oh it was terrible. I think it stopped at every house along the way. 'NORTH SHORE,' FISHERMEN'S', 'Field Day and CRABFEST at Little River Wharf August 14-15,1998 | DORY RACING • TUG-OF-WAR Visit the Artists on the St. Ann's Loop Of the Cabot Trail ";'i:i'::!'j' We are open all summer. Please call for off season lo'aSd appointments