

Brenda Sharpe  
Daughter of an  
English War Bride  
Queen Mary  
August 1946



My war bride mother lost her handbag on the Queen Mary while en route to Canada and it was found, and returned to her by, then Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, who was also on board en route to New York. So practically the first Canadian she met was the Prime Minister!

My father, a soldier in the Canadian Signals Corps, was stationed on Citadel Hill in Halifax and he listened anxiously to passenger lists being broadcast, as he was not sure exactly when she would arrive. After a time, because of the extreme housing shortage in post-war Halifax, they moved to barracks inside the Citadel (my brother celebrated his first birthday there). They were among the very last people to actually live in the Citadel before the Army gave it up in the early 50s. Their living quarters were eventually condemned as they were rat-infested and the steep drops made them dangerous for children; they moved to new quarters built in Hammonds' Plains.