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English War Bride
Letitia
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In September 1940, our home was demolished by a parachute bomb and my mother died in January 1942 as a result of her injuries. I was buried and then rescued by my father but luckily, I was not injured.

I married a Canadian soldier in November 1941 and looked forward to the time when I would be coming to Canada. The time finally came in July 1946 and by then I had two children ages 4 & 2. My husband had been home a full year so we were very anxious to follow him. When I was due to leave, my father came to London to say goodbye. It was with mixed feelings that I left but nevertheless, I was excited to be on my way at last.

The voyage over was a little difficult, looking after the two children and trying not to be sea sick. When we arrived in Halifax, I remember that it was very hot and as we only had to go as far as Montreal, we were some of the last ones to go ashore. Finally we boarded the train and settled in for a night's sleep. The train was late and didn't arrive until late at night. By that time everyone was very tired. My husband and his family were at the station to meet us; we were finally together again.

We lived in Montreal for the next 2 years and I was lucky that several other War Brides from my home town had also married men from Montreal. In 1957, we decided to venture out west. By then we had two more children. We sold everything and bought a station wagon and camped our way across the country taking 26 days. Finally we arrived in Vancouver with no job, no furniture & very little money. The first years in Vancouver were very difficult but we managed and never regretted moving. We are now retired and have 7 grand children. Thank goodness we are both healthy and enjoy life.

In 1989, I became a member of the Vancouver War Brides Association. I have never been sorry that I came to Canada.