

Marguerite 'Peggy' Feist
English War Bride
Pasteur
March 6, 1945



I met my husband to be, Ted Feist, at a dance in Southern England where I was stationed in the WAAF in 1942. Our romance was brief as his Canadian Squadron was posted to Scotland after 3 weeks of knowing each other and, eventually, to North Africa and Europe. Over the years he was stationed in Africa and Europe, we corresponded regularly. When he returned to England in late 1944 we met again and were married one week later. We had three months together in England before sailing to Canada.

We travelled on the troop ship "Pasteur" from Liverpool on March 1 1945 and, after a stormy seasick crossing, we arrived at Pier 21, Halifax on a grey, windy day on March 6 1945. We were then escorted to the train bound for Edmonton, which took 5 days and nights. I thought the journey would never end. We then changed trains for Grand Prairie, Alberta and onto Wembley, a small village and my husband's home. I felt very fortunate that we had been able to travel together on this long journey. It was now March 12. I was welcomed by his family and, after 6 weeks, we started our life together on a 320-acre farm.

I soon learned how to become a farmer's wife, making bread, churning butter, canning fruit and vegetables, and, when it was time to butcher, there was beef, pork, and chickens to process and put in sealers. There was lots of hard work as we had neither electricity nor running water, all had to be pumped up from a well. We did mixed farming for 7 years and finally gave up as we never had a good crop, we were either hailed or frozen out. Also we lost quite a few cattle due to a variety of reasons. I might add that our farm was 3 miles from the village and a mile from the nearest neighbours, a rather isolated life but we were happy.

We had 2 sons (Tony and Dean) while on the farm and, when it came time for schooling, we moved into Wembly and my husband took over as Postmaster for 3 years. Here we had our third son, Stephen.

In 1953, we decided to try a new life so we moved to Streetsville, Ontario, where my husband landed a job with an aircraft company, A.V. Roe, later Dehaviland and, finally, McDonnell Douglas. In Ontario we had our fourth son, Robert. In 1963, I returned to school to get my Registered Nursing Assistant diploma and I worked as a nurse for six years.

After 31 year my husband retired and we moved to beautiful British Columbia in 1985. I have had a happy life, we raised 4 great sons, and now we are enjoying retirement years travelling to Ontario every year to visit our sons and families, and to Halifax to visit another son and family. We travel to England to see remaining family about every other year.

Last but by no means least, our visit to Pier 21 in December 1999 was wonderful. What a transformation from our arrival in 1945 and we will visit the museum again when we return to Halifax. My son bought us the book "Pier 21", what an interesting saga of the lives of so many people who came through Pier 21, it has been enjoyed by many family members.

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