

Joan Betty Deforest
Daughter of an
English War Bride
Queen Mary
June 1946



I lost my father at Dunkirk at the very beginning of the war. My mother married my Stepfather, a Canadian Soldier, and came to Canada as a war bride in June of 1946. I remember very little of the trip on the Queen Mary as I was very young, except my sister and brother and myself riding up and down in the elevator. My mother who is now 85 tells of how our luggage was searched and scattered and how we had to pick it all up and put it back into our suitcases. We traveled across Canada by train to Vancouver, and from there to Vancouver Island, to Port Alberni.

We had only been in Port Alberni for one week when an earthquake shook the town, toppling chimneys and cracking sidewalks. I remember us all be very frightened and my mother telling my stepfather she wanted to go back home. But we stayed and have had a very good life and I am proud to call myself Canadian.