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Goldsmith nee Pitul
Daughter of an
English War Bride
Queen Mary
May of 1946



My story begins in 1946 when my mother, a widow, married a Canadian soldier. With this we, my two older brothers and I, would be going to Canada to live after the war. What an adventure!

We got our orders in about March 1946. We would travel to Canada on the Queen Mary. We were to leave our home on May 22nd, travel to London by train, stay overnight in a hostel and then by train to Southampton. No family members were allowed to travel with us. Goodbyes would be said at home.

What a sight the Queen Mary was! So huge! So many people. Dignitaries were boarded first. Our cabin was on deck C just above the water line. How glad my mum was.

Our first meal was dinner that night. How bright the lights were. The bread is so white! They served us roast duck. It was so rich many women got sick. My mum said how dumb to serve such a rich meal to us coming off rations. Breakfast the next morning was a great many cereals to chose from. I had not heard of some. Mum did not eat.

May 24th was my brother John's 15th birthday, someone gave him a whole box (24) Burnt Almond Chocolate Bars. He shared them. I remember Ginger Beer in stone bottles.

Being older than the other children traveling we got around on the ship and actually saw where one stowaway was hiding. We explored and went to the movies and saw Blythe Spirit. To this day when I hear the song Always I remember that movie.

On the fourth day we sighted land. Our first view of Canada! How exciting. The ship docked and now we had to get off in an orderly fashion. Not easy for mothers with little ones. I remember standing under a large G for our last name and then boarding the train. The Salvation Army band played for us and we were greeted by some important people. We felt like royalty.

The porter was very helpful and explained about the berths and said we would take two nights on the train to reach Montreal. We stopped at so many little places where one or two families would get off. Always people to greet them. Bands played, flags waved. We were met in Montreal by my stepfather and his family. We stayed for three days and I remember it was very hot there. We traveled by train to Niagara Falls where we settled into Canadian life. It was not easy but I would not change it. We have had a good life and I am thankful I was old enough to remember the trip."