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English War Bride
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CANADA'S IMMIGRATION MUSEUM
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We were one day out of Halifax, our ninth since we left England. Everyone was getting excited again; had to wash hair and get in shape for landing. With three hairdressers on our deck we could have our hair done - no trouble, just wait your turn. It was quite a shock when my shampoo wasn't making suds and after the rinse, my hair seemed stiff when dry. We had forgotten that our toilet water was not fresh, but salt. What laughs we had.

Once in Halifax, we ventured on deck, but we didn't see too much; a few lights from the city. When daylight came, everything was busy again. A call to the pursers desk came for the Maritime brides. This didn't mean much to me until they said "Brides for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island first." There were three for Nova Scotia, one for P.E.I. When we got to the purser, there was a line-up to get our money exchanged. We got quite a bit over \$4 for our English pound. A newsman from the Halifax Herald wanted to get a picture of the N.S brides. My young friend from Stewiacke and I stood on the steps while others said "smile". What a day so far, and with all this done, I went once again on deck and watched the unloading of the luggage. They didn't handle it very gently, and many trunks including my own, were damaged.

As my eyes wandered, oh! what a surprise. My husband and his father, both in uniform, were waiting to greet me. My husband was allowed on board, to my joy. I passed him my bag to carry and when I saw him with it afterwards, was quite relieved when I knew it hadn't been opened. You see, it was full of duty-free cigarettes. We spent the morning in Halifax and the time till our train for home would leave. The stores, to me then, were out of this world. So many things to buy and what a time I had when I did buy a gift to send back to my mother. I didn't know the money and when I passed the saleswoman a \$20. and got so many small bills in my change I was sure she had made a mistake. I was thinking about the old pound and its 20 shillings. I was quickly told to forget the money home; you're in Canada now. Just as if I needed a reminder. We had our noon meal at the "Green Lantern" in Halifax.

Once on the train, I thought a lot about all the happenings of the last ten days. It could be made into a good book and maybe, some day I'll try that.

Taken from "The Memoirs of a War Bride" printed in The Citizen in 1982 by Georgina Haynes. Note: Ena, as she was known by family and friends, died in Feb. 1989.