

Muriel 'Micki' More
Scottish War Bride
Aquitania
September 1946



Reprinted with the permission of the subject and author Linda Granfield who corresponded with Mrs. More while compiling stories for her book *Brass Buttons and Silver Horseshoes: Stories from Canada's British War Brides*.



My roots are dear, and I am still able to visit my homeland, Edinburgh, Scotland, but I am now a Canadian and proud to be in the finest country.

I met my husband, George, in London. I was a dancer in a musical in 1939. My company gave a party for the RCAF squadron George was in. We corresponded during the war. I joined up as a leading airwoman, "Sparks" as we were called, after the London Blitz, when the theatres were closed temporarily. I put on shows for the troops while I had my wireless job.

When the war was over, and George had two weeks until he went home to Canada, we had a great reunion and he proposed marriage. My parents loved him. He applied to be married at his repatriation station, and he was made a ship's officer. The troops weren't going out for eight weeks.

We were married on a windy day, April 4, 1946, in the Edinburgh church I was christened in. My husband's co-pilot was his best man. My attendants (just a niece and cousins) and I were anchoring my train. I handed my bouquet to my husband, and one of the newspaper photographers got the picture. It was printed in the paper with the caption "Guess Who Is the Ballet Dancer?" because George was standing in a near-perfect third position.

After my husband returned to Canada, I arrived two months later on the Aquitania in September 1946. There was a marvelous train trip from Halifax to Winnipeg. An officer would tell us who would be meeting us at our stops. It was interesting, seeing the reception for the brides who got off at the stops along the way. There were nervous husbands holding corsages. Some shy Scottish lassies were saying, "If my Johnny has flowers, I'm nae getting' off the train," and others said, "My man better have some flowers!"

When I arrived in Winnipeg, George's Scottish parents were waiting outside the platform gate. With shaking hands, they pinned a corsage of sweetheart roses on me. I stayed with George's parents, and they took me shopping for a parka and warm clothes before I went east to Sioux Lookout, Ontario. My husband and his former navigator had bought a fishing and hunting resort from some friends who were retiring from the business.



There were two lodges: the main inn, where we would reside, and another building we called the far lodge, eight miles up the Little Vermilion Lake, that our partner and his English bride managed. Our first winter in Sioux it was fifty-six degrees below zero. I didn't feel the cold - I was from Edinburgh. My husband taught me how to ski, and I was in love. Such happiness there, and, oh, those sunsets! Our beautiful son was born there in 1948.

We later lived in Toronto, where I had a dancing school for seventeen years. My dashing Canadian pilot-husband, George, died in 1985, and I have since moved to Vancouver, British Columbia. I recently retired from teaching dance. I am so happy to be a Canadian.