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Seagrief  
British Evacuee Child  
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Just like any seven year old girl. I was very curious as to when and what might happen to me with the war going on many nights in the dugout and my parents constantly on edge. I knew there were whispered conversations of my stepbrother and myself possibly going to relatives in Canada. But, everyone was warned not to talk outside the home, "People you can't trust are listening!". That was why very suddenly, my stepbrother and I were told we ( just he and I ) were leaving on a train the very next day, destination eventually Canada. We did not know whether we were going to live somewhere for a while before sailing. I was too excited to be worried and could not sit still.

I do remember my dear mother giving me a small suitcase with chocolate bars with raisins in them, telling me to not eat them all at once! I do also remember albeit rather hazily, waving happy goodbyes to heartbroken parents but with carefree innocence of youth, knew none of their anguish. I remember very little of the voyage except for getting ready to disembark at Halifax. I was suddenly overcome with the thought I had not brought a present for my Auntie Winnie with whom I was going to live with in Toronto. What could I possibly do about it? I had an idea at the dinner table that became a dishonest act.

I stole a fish knife as a souvenir of the ship. I popped it into my knickers and it was very uncomfortable! As soon as I got back to my cabin, I packed it with my things and asked God to forgive my theft because it was important to me that I should bring a welcoming gift to my auntie for having me. If our bags were checked, the obliging personnel looked the other way.

Whilst we were waiting in Toronto to be picked up, I remember eating corn soup in the Great Hall in Hart House, University of Toronto and thinking this must be what the Indians do.

