

George Dunphy
WWII Veteran
1946

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In 1946 I was attached to Port Company R.C.A.S.C in Halifax. It was our job then to meet the ships, help the war brides with their luggage and put them on the right train. We felt sorry for some of them; they were tired and still had a long train ride ahead of them. Most of them were cheerful, but I remember one Scottish girl as she stepped off the gangplank. It was a cold foggy day which was often seen in Halifax and she looked around and said in a Scottish burr, "I want to go home." However we put her on the train to Cape Breton and I hope that was the only bad day she had.

Prime Minister MacKenzie King showed up one day to greet the arriving troops. He was a small rotund man, and there were a few boos, but he didn't stay long. It was tough carrying the wounded ashore although they were in good spirits. German prisoners were also being returned at that time. I recall one German officer, dressed in an immaculate uniform, with his leather topcoat draped around his shoulders. He ordered us to take his luggage, but he was just too arrogant for me - I made myself scarce.