

Dorothy Gallant nee Coulthard
by Daughter Hilary Hawkins
English War Bride
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CANADA'S IMMIGRATION MUSEUM PIER 21



Arthur and Dorothy Gallant nee
Coulthard

In WW2 my mother lived in the northeast of England in a pretty seaside town of South Shields. When the war started my mother joined the ATS, and I loved to hear some of the stories my mum told me of what went on - oh nothing naughty, tut tut.



One day at the end of the week, the girls decided to go to this lovely olde worlde Inn out in the countryside, I cannot say where unfortunately, but Mum was stationed at Catterick Camp, so it could have been in Yorkshire. They were having a nice chat and a drink, when my Mum turned to get her drink - but surprise surprise? Was not there, oh it had been, but was now being rapidly swallowed by this cheeky Canadian soldier.

So she said, hey, that's MY drink you just drunk, the Canadian soldier looks surprised and says, WHAT? Then says..oh hey I'm so sorry, look let me get you another, but, oh dear, realises no money! Well this Canadian soldier who became my lovely dad, apologised for the mistake and if she would be there next time, he would buy her that drink, and I guess she did because I'm

here writing this, their daughter, Hilary.

I am so glad this pretty ATS lady went back, as I loved both my parents very very much.

After the war was over they married at St. Gregory's Catholic church in South Shields in 1946.

Later mum sailed from Liverpool on the "Samaria" date of Departure 10th of December 1946 to sail to Halifax and Pier 21 to be with her new husband and to live on Prince Edward Island, and although I started life on PEI, mum got homesick and I was born in South Shields. Funnily enough in a house in Prince Edward Road :)

I would have loved to have lived on the Island and to have been surrounded by all my cousins, would have been bliss.

As a child I spent quite a number of years in Montreal and left when I was 20yrs old.



Mum and Dad went back and fourth from England to Canada.

Sadly Dad died in 1979 on PEI, as he had gone one last time, unfortunately his sister, my aunt Stella died and although his health was not too good he insisted on going to her funeral, it made it worse and so my lovely Dad died on his beautiful Prince Edward Island. Probably for the best but Mum and I sure missed him...

My lovely Mum died just two years later in 1981, so there was just me, but I should like to add to their story, although I am an only child, two years after I was born, my Mum gave birth to identical twin boys, Stephen and Michael, although they were 1 month premature, they were not put into incubators, because they were so healthy, one twin lived almost a week and the other about 10 days.:(



I had to mention them as they are loved and very much missed by their big sister.

If anyone recognises my Mums name and maybe sailed on The Samaria at the same time, I should love to hear from them. Or perhaps a lady who knew Dorothy Coulthard in the ATS ? Would so love to hear from you also...

I have added some pictures of my parents taken all those years ago, and me when just a wee bit younger ;)

Just to add that the photo of my Mum and Dad with the ancient old cooker in the background was taken in 1091 Mackay St. Montreal, sadly no longer there, though I remember it very well, lots of character don't you think? :D

If you wish to wrote to Hilary please do so c/o Carrie-Ann Smith at library@pier21.ca. or Pier 21, 1055 Marginal Road, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 4P6.

