

Pauline Elizabeth
Dubue
English War Bride
Aquitainia
March 24, 1946



Leaving Home for Canada:

When I finally got my telegram to go to London, my Mother was upset but she bravely came, along with my good friend, to help me with the children. We said our tearful good-byes and then I was on my own with a great number of other girls. I was only 20 at the time and my children were 13 months and five months old. We stayed overnight in London and what a time we had - lining up to go to the loo and to wash diapers and baby bottles. We got through it though and the next day we were put on buses to take us to Southampton - from there we started on our journey to Canada. It took six days. It was an awful time. I was seasick all the time, as well as my 13 month old daughter. Luckily my baby of five months was as good as gold. I would go up on deck with them and had to sit down on the deck as there were no chairs available. There I would bring up my guts and I swore that I would never set foot on a ship again and I never have.

Arriving in Canada:

I arrived in Halifax (through Pier 21) with my two infant daughters on the 24 of March, 1946 aboard the Aquitania. On our arrival, there was a band playing at the quayside and soldiers were lined up at tables to take our entry cards, etc. Two soldiers came up the gangplank to help me carry my two children. As I presented my card and tickets the young soldier asked, "So, how do you like Canada?", to which I replied, "I don't know, I just got here!" After that we were put on trains bound west. When I was on the train someone showed me where the water machine was to make hot bottles of milk for my infants. As we travelled overnight, the machine had mysteriously disappeared. I had to walk down the train to the kitchen and timidly ask if I could make up the children's bottles. Of course I had to put up with some whistles from the cooks! (ha-ha)

We were overwhelmed by the vastness of the country. I expected to see Indians riding on horseback beside the train. It seems so funny now after all these years. When we arrived in Ottawa, the Red Cross came on the train and helped us get our things together and carry out the children. There were crowds on the platform and everyone was clapping. I felt

overwhelmed both physically and emotionally. When we got to my husband's home, the family threw a big party for us.

I immediately joined the E.S.W.I.C. (England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada) club in Ottawa. It was a place for war brides to meet and feel at home. I met friends there and we have remained friends ever since. Canada is a great country and I'm proud to call it home. My husband and I had six children, eight grandchildren and two great grandchildren. My husband, who is missed terribly, died in 1988. We had a wonderful life, even if we did have some hard times.