

Hilda Jenkins Jarvis  
Welsh War Bride  
Samaria  
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I was fourteen years old when war was declared in 1939 and little did I know that at the end of the war I would be boarding a ship from Liverpool to Halifax.

I must say that I was a little reluctant to leave my Homeland however meeting and marrying my Canadian soldier was unavoidable. Before I left for Canada I received news from my husband who had arrived back in Canada. He had been admitted in the Sussex, New Brunswick D.V.A. Hospital with tuberculosis upon discharge from the army.

I boarded the Samaria in December 1946 with my infant daughter and my best friend of many years. She was going to Truro, Nova Scotia. The evening that we docked in Halifax Margaret (my friend) was met by her husband and she left the ship that night. The next morning we were taken to the Train Station and boarded the train to Plaster Rock, New Brunswick. My husband was allowed to accompany me to his home town and we finally arrived at his dad's place. Unfortunately he had to return to the hospital for a year and a half.

I joined the Women's Institute and the Canadian Legion Auxiliary over the next few years and life was busy with home and children. The people were very friendly and in time I became a Canadian citizen although you don't forget your heritage, family and friends in Britain. I have been very lucky to have crossed over to my homeland through the years and life is never without its hurdles. I guess Canada is my country now after nearly fifty years.

I still have three brothers living in England but lost mum this year at the age of nearly 101 years. I used to enjoy going over to England and spending time with mum around my home in the town of Slough, Berkshire. It felt like I had gone back in time to life with my family again. Even though we had rationing we enjoyed life and we were happy, as, life was simple in those days but you can never go home again.

My arrival at Pier 21 was one of relief. I was thankful to be on solid ground after having a siege of sea sickness. The train ride to Plaster Rock was long and tiring and I was concerned for my infant daughter, Elaine. At Moncton, New Brunswick my husband joined us from Sussex

to spend two weeks over Christmas. Arriving nine miles above the village of Plaster Rock I thought I was in a totally different world than the one I had left, which of course, I was. When I thought of what the early population had endured I realized I was fortunate.

After two years I did go back home to see the family for which I was very thankful. Mum was over three times through the years. My Dad had been killed in a bicycle accident in Slough in 1946.