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Hearn  
English Immigrant  
Empress of Canada  
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We left Liverpool, England in December and had one of the roughest crossings of the Atlantic. I was 11 yrs. old, my father enjoyed every minute of it, but my mother and myself were confined to our bunks with seasickness. The day before we landed in Halifax the ship's doctor wanted to see all children on board, so we dragged ourselves out of bed for that. I don't remember too much of Pier 21, except for the fact it was terribly crowded and we were given name tags and seemed to be herded around. We got on the trans-Canada train, heading for Sudbury, Ontario. We had never travelled so far by train before and it seemed an eternity, it was almost 36 hours.

On arriving in Sudbury we were 3 lost souls standing on the platform. We mother's brother was supposed to have met us and was not there, finally however we located him. We stayed with him and my mother's cousin and her family until we found a place of our own. Luckily my uncle had pre-arranged for my father to work, so he had a job to go to. Unfortunately, my parents did not settle in to living in Canada, I think it was the cold weather of Northern Ontario. Needless to say in 1951, we returned to England. I however emigrated on my own 1958 and this time I flew into Montreal and made my way back again to Sudbury, where I have lived ever since.

I must add this little anecdote. It being, when I arrived in Canada, we were all wearing "winter" coats, unfortunately they were more like spring/summer coats. I also was wearing knee socks, and I can remember crying because my knees were freezing, it wasn't long before we were all decked out in something much warmer!

