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McCulloch  
Irish Immigrant  
Montclare  
August 6, 1927 in  
the port of Quebec  
City



#### COMING TO CANADA AS AN IMMIGRANT - 1927

In the 20s, Canada was looking for settlers. Posters were everywhere, promising life in a land of milk and honey. My father was 45 and my mother was 38 when, with two daughters, 7 and 9, and a son of 16, they packed all they could into two big trunks, and left Ireland with the princely sum of £8. We came as immigrants, which meant the government paid our passage with the understanding that we would stay on the land for two years. The ship sailed from Liverpool. However, the harbour in Belfast was too shallow so we had to get on a smaller boat (called a tender) and board off shore.

We were travelling Third Class, and the men and women were separated on the ship. The Irish Sea was very rough and many were seasick. We heard the food was good, but seldom made it to the dining room. I don't remember how we put in the time during the voyage. Most of the passengers had never been more than a few miles from home before. After a week at sea, everyone rushed to the rails shouting "Land! Land!" as we came in sight of Canada.

We landed at Quebec City and took a train to Toronto. We went to a farm near Dundalk in Ontario to my father's half-brother. My mother took my sister and I to Toronto, but my father and brother stayed the two years working on various farms. By the time Dad joined us in 1929, the Depression was on and he could not find work. It was a struggle to survive.

