

Tulecki Family  
By Daughter Anna  
Skrobecki nee  
Tulecki  
Polish Immigrants  
Samaria  
March 22, 1952



Our life in Poland was very comfortable. We were well off as both my parents were pharmacists and we owned our own business. When war broke out in September of 1939, my father, who was with the Medical Corp., joined up with his regiment. Not long after he left, my mother fled Poland with two young children. I was 4 ½ and my brother was 9.

Our flight took us through Italy to Romania and then to France. In the late Spring of 1940, my mother was able to get passage for us on board a troop ship bound for England.

In order to avoid U-boats and mines, we sailed around Gibraltar and out into the Atlantic. It was a long voyage and we were given little to eat. I was very sick and weak. A kindly cook took pity on us and when he was able, would smuggle in some food for me.

We arrived in England in the summer of 1940. My father also made it safely. He was assigned to work in a hospital for the Polish wounded soldiers up in Scotland. He located us in London, and so we were together again.

We lived in Scotland and then in England till March of 1952, when my whole family set sail for Canada on board the Samaria.

We arrived at Pier 21 in Halifax on March 22, 1952 - three days before my seventeenth birthday.

On our arrival, I remember a lot of chaos. It was a damp, grey day. We were taken straight into the processing area but as there were so many of us, it took a very long time. After that, we were put on a train bound for Toronto. The train was filthy and cold. The only food offered to us was a sandwich made on some kind of strange white bread that tasted like cotton batton.

None of what we experienced on our arrival in Halifax seemed that bad to me. I was young and excited to be in Canada. But now that I think back

on it, it must have been very traumatic for my parents to be in another strange country and having to start a new life all over again. The only possessions we had were our clothes and \$100.00 between the four of us.

What motivated my parents to come to Canada was the hope of a brighter future for my brother and myself. I thank them for making that possible.