

Ole Falkeisen
Dutch Immigrant
Groote Beer
March 25, 1955



The trip from Rotterdam took seven days and I arrived in Halifax full of hope and the expectation of travelling to Alberta to meet my sponsor family and begin a new life in Canada. Holland was war-torn and held no future for a young man at that time.

At Pier 21, I was met by Immigration officials and after clearing the necessary paperwork, I received my landed immigrant stamp and boarded a train for Lethbridge, Alberta. My first recollection of a good Canadian meal came in the form of Kellogg's Corn Flakes served in a mini-box. Never having seen this before, I wondered in amazement if everyone in Canada ate out of little one-meal boxes!

Upon arriving in Lethbridge, my sponsor family failed to show up to collect me, so I was placed overnight on a farm run by the Catholic Brothers. The next day I was placed with a rancher in Hartleyville, Alberta. There I learned what a cold Canadian winter was really like; rounding up cattle in sub-zero temperatures. After two years, I moved East with other members of my family who had followed me to Canada.

Back in Halifax, I became a licensed mechanic and later joined the RCAF during the Cuban Missile Crisis. After serving five years with the RCAF, I moved with my young family to Barrie, Ontario and became a Police Officer, a job I held until my retirement in 1996.

My wife is a Haligonian and we raised three daughters and a son while keeping our close ties to Halifax. One of our daughters lives there with her family at present.

This is a synopsis of my life in Canada and my fond memories of arriving in Halifax. I have returned at every opportunity to the lovely Halifax Harbour and Pier 21.

