

The Filipp's Family
 By Son Karl Filipp's
 German Immigrants
 Olympia
 December of 1954

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION MUSEUM
PIER 21



Martin, Katharina and Karl Filipp's

We left Lubeck and moved to Bremen, which was a staging area for medical and immigration and final preparation for leaving Germany. During our stay, we had a final picture taken in the mess hall during supper as a remembrance.



It was a dreary, cloudy and damp Wednesday December 8, 1954. This was the final day in Germany before sailing to Canada. We left Bremen which was our holding area for Bremerhaven where we boarded the TSS Olympia, I realized it's size as my eyes traveled it's length and size. This observation was quickly dashed as the USS

United States was tied up behind the Olympia

The ship was twice the size and it was a thrill to see the fastest passenger ship ever in a transatlantic voyage, a record it still holds to this date. Our family boarded the Olympia with many other families seeking opportunities in a new land, Canada. Once we were settled in our cabin, deep in the bowels of



the ship, as we had no window or porthole, we learned that the Olympia had only been in service for one year and it still had that new car smell. I explored the ship and realized that this was not only a luxurious liner but was a great place to spend the next few days, as it had all the latest conveniences.



It was that evening when we finally got underway and nightfall had set as we crossed the English Channel for Southampton England. The channel was exceptionally rough and many passengers who had never been to sea got seasick, and never really recovered until we touched land in Halifax. The Southampton Harbour was busy and I took several pictures. We took on additional families and Canadian service personnel. We spent most of the day in

Southampton before getting back underway.

Our voyage was non eventful, we only passed one freighter during my many hours on deck and those flying fish avoided my view during the whole voyage. I made several friends and took some pictures.

On the sixth day we saw the faint Outline of Newfoundland's coastline on the horizon.

Our arrival at Pier 21 on December 15/1954, was chaotic, everyone with their belongings Came down the gangway. Segregated from those returning to Canada and us entering for The first time. Waiting to go through Health and Customs took its time, everyone was so Helpful and the language barrier was quickly overcome. It was a long, tiring experience, As it almost took one day to process everyone.



Our final trek from the customs building To the train station was welcoming, as we were finally on our way. Stepping out of the Building was my first experience with the cold Canadian winter. I had never experienced such deep snow and bone chilling temperatures. It was nice once we were settled on the train to let our next journey commence. It was dark and we were all tired as we boarded the train and settled into our seats. Our trip lasted two days through Montreal, Toronto and our final destination of Windsor. It quickly sank in how large the country was. It was Endless hours of nothing, just woods and landscape with only a few villages and cities. It

Was nice being greeted by family members in Windsor on December 18, 1954. We knew that this was the beginning of a new life and that the language barrier would also be overcome.

Living in many places in Canada, I in 1992 again settled in Halifax the threshold and start of my Canadian experience.

