



BACKSPACE

... TO THE PAST

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The Canadian Immigration Historical Society
La Société Historique de l'immigration canadienne
C.P. P.O. Box 9502, Terminal "T" Terminus Postale "T", Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 3V2

CIHS SHIC President:

Randy Orr

Tel:(613)
742-7552 [h]
(613)
997-3876 [o]



See p.6 / President's Message

The CIHS directors' list is on the last page.

DATES TO REMEMBER:

CIHS Directors meet in Ottawa:

Mar. 21, 1996
Apr. 18, 1996
May 16, 1996
June 20, 1996

1996 AGM in Ottawa:

Sept. 1996

FROM THE EDITOR

Bob Keyserlingk

675 Gilmour St.,
Ottawa, Ont K1R 5L9
Tel:(613) 234-1014



Greetings from my first day on the job. Help!

New title, but same main aim: to publish your immigration memories and histories; you, who saw the department(s) in action.

This is your network. Please continue sending in your letters, opinions and stories.

In the last issue, you saw ex-editor Carrie Hunter claiming that she was running out of steam after putting out 12 issues of the Bulletin (now Backspace).

Don't you believe it.

The work was heavy and she performed brilliantly. Her jumbo editorial footsteps will be difficult to fill.

But Carrie continues to have a great head of steam for her busy Citizenship and Immigration minister's office position. Thank goodness, she continues as a member of our executive so that she can pick the new editor clean on your behalf.

Good luck, Carrie, and THANKS.

THE HAREM AND I

by J. Paul Scott



Memory is selective; memory is faulty. But

this is how I remember it.

May 1965: it was the best of times. At 25, with the ink on my degree scarcely dry and newly married, I had been selected to be a Foreign Service officer in the Department of Citizenship and Immigration.

It was a warm, sunny day when I reported to the Bourque Building. In the elevator I met the other three brand new trainee officers, Tove Bording, Bonnie Beare and Gayle Keyes. We immediately became fast friends and during the hectic training year that followed spent a lot of time together. I was the only male and surrounded as I was by four gorgeous women, it was only natural that someone would remark on my "harem." The term stuck.

In the spring of 1966, we were posted. Gayle went to London, Bonnie to Liverpool, Tove to Copenhagen, Ilona and I to New Delhi. We kept in touch, but not until 1979 did we again find ourselves within relative proximity of one another. Gayle and her husband, now Sir John

The Society has been issued letters patent under the Canada Corporations Act, and is qualified as a registered charity under the Income Tax Act. When items in the C.I.H.S. BACKSPACE S.H.I.C. are attributed by name or initials, the views expressed are those of the authors.

following the death of his grandfather, had returned to England with their two young sons after having spent seven years in Montreal. The Robinsons' manor house at Cranford, Northhamshire, could, Gayle assured us, accomodate a large group and we were all invited for Easter.

Tove came from Germany, Bonnie, her husband John Dickenson, an English academic, and their two daughters, came down from Liverpool. We, now numbering four with the addition of two sons born during our Swiss sojourn, came from Stockholm. Thus was born the "Harem Reunion," also known as the "Cranford Easter Experience." It was a great success. We had always liked one another; fortunately, our spouses and kids also liked one another.

Gayle and John have generously repeated their offer to spend Easter at Cranford every year since and this annual event has become an important and cherished part of our lives. At Easter, we go to Cranford. Traditions have grown up over the years. We attend the local steeplechase and visit the local pub; we have a treasure hunt and an evening of skits and recitations. There is always a photo of me with my female colleagues and one of John, John and Ilona, the "camp followers." Last year was the seventeenth annual "Easter Experience" and the thirtieth anniversary of the "Harem."

DECEASED

We regretfully inform you regarding the death of the following retired ex-Immigration officers:

MOE
BENOIT,
Windsor,
Ont.,
December
21, 1995



ALBERT MORIN: Quebec City,
January 13, 1996

FLOYD TUFTS: Bowanville, Ont.,
December 29, 1995

If you have any personal news, please send it to the editor for the next issue.

HOW I BECAME A MEMBER OF THE BAYLISS FAMILY

by Leonard C. Goddard

I am now 92 and counting. Here is the story of how I married into the Bayliss family. It covers over 200 years.



John Henry Bayliss, born in Birmingham, England, joined the 82nd regiment of the British army at the age of 19. Sent to Halifax in 1749, he took part in the Battle of the Plains of Abraham and became a sergeant.

In 1793 he was returned to Halifax and opted to stay in Canada. John Bayliss accepted the offer of 400 acres of farm land in Pictou County, N.S., where he developed the land and built a large house. He married a neighbour, Florence Elizabeth Gillis, of Irish background, whose family had come to Canada in 1775.

Years later, the Lewis family of Birmingham, England, was forced through circumstances to send two of their

daughters, Florence eleven and Ada eight, to Canada through the Dr. Bernardo scheme. They arrived in Halifax in May 1895 together with sixty other children. A local provincial MPP gave the girls temporary residence, while the thirty-five boys were sent to Truro.

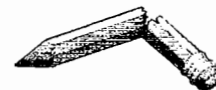
Nova Scotians interested in adopting children came to Halifax. Florence and Ada Lewis were selected by MPP Fred Murray and his wife of Avondale. The girls were well looked after, went to the Presbeterian church and attended school regularly to grade seven.

At age twenty, Florence met and married John Henry Bayliss, a great grandson of the original Bayliss. Their second daughter, Christina Elizabeth Bayliss, became my fiancée in 1944, and we were married in Windsor the next year.

My mother-in-law, Florence Bayliss, decided in 1963 to sell her 385 acre farm and move to us in Toronto. However, the sale of her farm was complicated as the land was still considered British Crown Land and could not be sold. Only after the provincial government filed a request with the British government could the sale be completed in 1966.

Florence Bayliss died in 1971 at the age of 87.

MODEL ANNUAL PERFORMANCE APPRAISALS



"His leadership is outstanding except for the lack of ability to get along with his colleagues."

"He does not have any mental traits."

"Open to suggestions but never follows them."

"Never makes the same mistake twice but seems to have made them all at once."

"In any change in policy or procedure, he can be relied upon to produce the improbable hypothetical situation in which the policy will not work."

"Is stable under pressure and is not influenced by superiors."

"Maintains good relations unilaterally."

"Tends to create the impression of unpositive personality through needless and undiscerning gentility and softspokenness."

"Of average intelligence except for lack of judgement on one occasion in attempting to capture a rattlesnake, for which he was hospitalized."

"Sometimes gives the impression that she is not the best listener or that the supervisor's explanations last too long."

"On inconsequential matters his judgement is not always well weighed but on a major matter I believe he would make a moderate well-thought-out decision."

"The best proof of his good judgement comes from the fact that I, as his supervisor, was awarded a meritorious service award."

"Fluency was his main difficulty."

"It is hard to distinguish his easy-going manner from lethargy."

"Has a tendency towards picturesque styles. The rating officer has every confidence that his writing will evolve towards the neutral, colourless style, which, for better or for worse, is the Foreign Service norm."

"An aggressive young officer destined to go through life pushing his way through doors marked 'Pull'."

Until called upon to write this officer's performance evaluation, I had not realized that he had been posted elsewhere for the last six months."

The first immigration agents overseas followed the passing of the first *Immigration Act* of 1869. They represented Canada's first foreign service assignments.

35 YEARS OF MISSPENT LIFE IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE - PART 7: STUTTART

By Al Troy

In the autumn of 1977, I was advised that my next posting would be in Stuttgart, West Germany. I was unofficially advised that Stuttgart, responsible for southern Germany, would be upgraded to a consulate general and that the new officer-in-charge would be promoted to consul general. My position would be consul (Immigration).



Ron MacDougall had been appointed officer-in-charge. I was doubly pleased; firstly, to be getting out of Belfast with a whole skin after three very uncomfortable years; and secondly, I looked forward to working with Ron, who had been my officer-in-charge at my first posting to Belfast back in 1955.

But I should have remembered the old adage, "never believe anything you hear and only half of what you see." My backdoor information did not prove to be reliable. Stuttgart was closed a year later.

In the meantime, the department authorized a house hunt, so Betty and I flew from Dublin to Frankfurt via Brussels. We had a four hour wait for a 35 minute Lufthansa flight to Stuttgart. Modern travel is something else, isn't it?

We looked at several properties including the apartment occupied by Vic Meilus, the current officer-in-charge, who was returning to Canada for retirement. As the MacDougalls had already opted for a house, we took the Meilus apartment, which turned out to be a wise choice.

On the way back to Belfast, we managed a few days with our daughter and her family in Paris.

The rest of 1977 and the winter of 1978 in Belfast were spent on moving estimates, taking German lessons, arranging two weeks Canadian training and purchasing Vic Meilus' Opel Rekord.

Despite all the problems, we left BELFAST April 28, 1978 and drove our Volkswagen camper to my daughter in Paris for storage. We then flew via Air Canada to Toronto for a week, where I briefed Stan Noble, who was to take over Belfast in June. I spent a further week at Ottawa HQ and was supposed to have two weeks home leave.

But this was cut down to one week as I had to return via Paris to Stuttgart, move into

the apartment, unpack as much as possible and be in Passau near the German-Czech border to start language training beginning of June.

This Goethe Institute course was supposed to include classroom instruction plus living with a German family for practical experience. However, we were so late registering for the course that no German families within a 50 km radius was available. So we opted to live in our camper at the Passau Municipal campsite situated on the top of a fair-sized mountain overlooking Passau at the confluence of three rivers, the Danube, Inn and Ilz.

The view was great, but the site was extremely difficult to get to because of the roadway's 20% incline. The wind seemed to blow all the time and we had our share of rain showers. There was no restaurant and only very basic facilities. As the Volkswagen did not offer enough free space or homework and study, we set up shop at one end of the camp washroom.

Classes started at 8:30 am with an hour for lunch. The uncle of one of the staff had a restaurant downtown, where we ate most of our midday meals. He always reserved space for our group and prepared all sorts of interesting dishes.

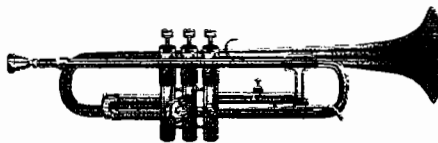
We were about 20 in the class, all at the idiot stage of learning German - New Zealanders, Americans, Japanese, Africans, a Pole, a Russian, Betty and I. We could not manage the two Japanese names, so I named them Yamaha and Suzuki, which stuck even with the instructors. The two young men did not mind and were great company.

I had long settled on learning kitchen German (*Küche Deutsch*) that would enable me to function. But my wife, a former schoolteacher, was determined to learn to speak correctly. The problem was that by the time she had formed a sentence in her mind and then translated it grammatically correct for a German, the object of her attention was probably 10km down the road.

My method was much simpler. I would chose a noun or pronoun, add a German verb at the end of the sentence, completely ignoring such things as tenses. I got on fine. Baden-Württembergers seemed pleased that we made an effort, if we put in a lot of "Bitte" and "Danke."

(Con't on p. 5 , "35 Years")

IMMIGRATION NOTES



The fall issue of PAFSO's [Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers] magazine *Bout de Papier*, vol. 12, Nr. 3, was devoted to immigration history plus an interview with the (now defunct) minister of immigration, Sergio Marchi.

Then DM (now Secretary of the Treasury Board) Peter Harder and ADM Raphael Girard, who have spoken at our annual general meetings, were interviewed on the organization of the department and its programmes.

CIHS member Bob Shalka, ex-*Bulletin* editor and currently in Kiev, who worked in Bangkok in the 1970s, wrote here of his experiences with the Indo-Chinese movement. Another active CIHS member, Mike Maloy, is quoted about his experiences as part of the team dealing with the Ugandan Asian exodus to Canada.

Copies available (price \$4.50) from PAFSO, Suite 412, 47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, K1N 9K1, tel: (613) 241-1391.

The December issue of Citizenship and Immigration's (CIC) departmental magazine *Eureka* introduced readers to the new DM Janice Cochrane. Originally a lawyer with Justice, she became ADM in

Environment. She will be dealing in large part with CIC's difficult downsizing and "renewal." She states that "I believe in flat organizations." [ed: flat or flattened?]

Peter Harder spoke of leaving CIC after eight years for Treasury, feeling that the department is now better able to meet challenges.

A look is also taken at CIC's three case processing centres (CPCs). In November 1995 they became part of the Departmental Delivery Network Branch.

CPC Vegreville opened for business in April 1994 and has a workforce of 180. The first year had some start-up problems. CPC Mississauga succeeded in 1994 to the 1991-founded Special Services CPC for Ontario. It deals with sponsor cases from immediate relatives. Finally, CPC Sydney has been in operation for 12 years and deals mainly with citizenship records.

Brian Coleman, a case management branch employee at NHQ, has compiled a 354-page immigration history chronology spanning the years 1000-1949 and a 90-page document entitled Pioneers of the Canadian Immigration Service.

FROM MY BOOKSHELF

By George Bonavia

Ivan Head and Pierre Trudeau, *The Canadian Way: Shaping Canada's Foreign Policy, 1968-1984*, McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1985. 361 pages. \$29.99 hardcover.



In the years 1968-1984, Canada moved into a new phase on the world stage. The Liberal government under Prime Minister Trudeau decided to use Canada's potential as an "effective" diplomatic power. Ivan Head, a former law professor, worked as Trudeau's right-hand man.

The Canadian Way is a frank account of successes and failures and the problems encountered. It provides a fascinating insiders' view of the development of Canada's foreign policy.

The opening chapter explains the government's position in 1968. The other subject chapters deal, for instance, with sovereignty challenges in the North, justice in the Third World, and links with China and the Soviet Union.

United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, *The State of the World's Refugees: In Search of Solutions*, Oxford University Press, Don Mills, Ont, 1995. 265 pages. \$23.95 paper.

The number of people uprooted by war and prosecution increases daily. Relief agencies struggle to keep pace with each new demand. Governments are becoming reluctant to offer refuge to these victims.

What can be done to resolve the global refugee problem? This is the question posed by this book..

The reviewer is not inclined to see an answer.

or totally ignore you because you were insulting his language, even though you had the best of intentions.

In early July we were back in Stuttgart. The MacDougalls were living in the Graf Zeppelin Hotel and looking for a house, but with very little luck. They finally got wind of a nice house that was being renovated by the owner, who was interested in leasing.

Stuttgart was a very pleasant place to live. It was typical of large industrial German cities that had been heavily bombed during WW II and been rebuilt.

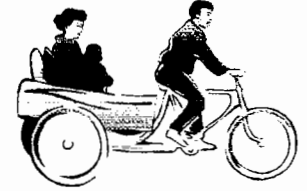
Mercedes Benz was the leading employer followed by the electronic Bosch Corp. They employed thousands of foreign workers on their production lines, especially Turks, Greeks, Italians, Yugoslavs and Portugese, who lived mainly in the older parts of the city.

Some of these "guest workers" (*Gastarbeiter*) had been German residents since the late 1940s because of the grave shortage of German workers due to German war casualties or German soldiers remaining in the USSR as POWs and because of the strong demands made by the massive programmes of housing and industrial rebuilding.

Besides these diverse nationalities, there were approximately 30,000 US servicemen stationed on two huge bases. One rarely saw the Americans as they tended to live and shop in their base facilities, where goods cost about half of German goods. At the time, the German equivalent of our GST was 12%.

We were not allowed to use the US facilities. But we had a pass enabling us to shop at the French base in Tübingen. The Canadian base in Baden-Solingen was also available, where we purchased duty-free gasoline, spirits and tobacco. We could procure these goods through the German

diplomatic process, but it took ages to get our refund cheques.

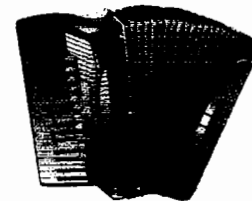


Once a month we drove to Baden-Solingen to stock up on

groceries. In spite of our good intentions to return with only the basic necessities, it always ended up that our camper was loaded with items we really didn't need. But after six years living abroad, we could simply not resist spending money in a Canadian supermarket.

The worst part of these shopping trips was carrying the groceries into our apartment. The apartment house was built into the side of a mountain and had 88 steps from the parking lot to our door. After six or seven trips up these stairs, one began to regret the visit to Baden. Mind you, we were dumb enough to repeat the whole process again the next month.

Almost every Sunday we would drive to the Black Forest and find a little



restaurant or inn for a wonderfully expensive but memorable meal.

Rumours began to circulate that Stuttgart might be closed as a result of the Trudeau economy drive. Yes, dear children, cut-backs operated in 1978 as well as in the 1990s. We tried to verify the rumour, but Bonn replied not to worry: the ambassador was fighting the threat tooth and nail.

By the end of August or early September, we were officially informed that Stuttgart

"35 years", cont'd fr. p.3



They seemed to suffer from a complex that no one in the world would ever want to speak

German because of the excesses of the Hitler regime.

If you tried this simplistic speech system with a Frenchman, he would eat you alive

was to be closed in December 1978. The so-called fight for our salvation proved to be smoke and mirrors. When P.E.T. said "jump," our man in Bonn asked "how high?"

As a result, the MacDougalls did not move into their new house and spent their entire time at the post living in the hotel. Their furniture ended up in Bonn. But the Canadian government was stuck for a huge sum for newly-installed electrical fittings, which were the tenant's not the landlord's responsibility. I seem to remember that the supplier took them back at a 50% discount.

The MacDougalls left in late October or early November, and Bob Shalka was soon thereafter sent to Bangkok.

I was left to shut down the post, spending the best part of three weeks shredding hundreds of immigration and administration files. Paris sent Al Nasrallah of the administration section to dispose of the office furniture and equipment as well as the contents of two Crown-furnished apartments.

Trying to dispose of second-hand goods in December was a tough job. Only three large firms in the area dealt with these things, two of which weren't even interested in looking at them.

A representative from the last firm appeared and began going through the consulate room by room. He made an offer for each item, noted it in a notebook and placed a sticker on each item. Nasrallah thought his offer far too low and said so. The rep quite deliberately snapped closed his notebook and said that was his offer, take it or leave it. Do I carry on or leave?

The dealer carried on. When finished, he toted up the figures, wrote a cheque on the spot and said his men would be there the following morning to remove his purchases.

We also possessed a very expensive inter-office telephone system, which had been bought from Robert Bosch GmbH a couple of years previously. Bonn didn't

want it, so I contacted Bosch. The answer was, "We sell telephone equipment, not buy it. If you want to get rid of it, we will remove it free of charge." Guess where the phone system went.

In the end, we also had to pay for decorating the three staff quarters. But the office landlord did not insist on a new paint job, accepting instead the three months rent for breaking the lease as sufficient financial penalty.

Betty and I had brought our own furniture with us, so only wardrobes and electrical appliances belonged to the Crown. The removal company Schenkers was hired to pack and ship out household furniture on January 2, 1979.

Our daughter and family came to Stuttgart to spend Christmas with us and it was most enjoyable. The Germans make a big thing out of Christmas and have a special Christmas market in the square outside the City Hall.

My daughter's family returned to Paris on New Years Day driving our Opel, while we kept the camper to load with things we would need on arrival at our new posting.

We moved into the Graf Zeppelin Hotel for a week and finally left Stuttgart in mid-January 1979. We deeply regretted leaving Germany as we had thoroughly enjoyed our six months stay there.

I had expected to finish my [redacted] service in The Hague in the summer of 1980. But due to the sudden closing of Stuttgart, this posting was not yet available. So I was given the option of being temporarily warehoused in the UK or returning to Canada. I chose the former, which proved to be a temporary posting in Birmingham.

After stopping in Paris for a few days, we finally arrived in Birmingham around January 17th. Brian Dowsy had booked us into the Holiday Inn, which turned out to be our home for the next five months. More of that next time.



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear members,

As you can see, we have given the old Bulletin a new look and a new name - just in time for my first presidential message!

I cannot emphasize enough the importance of this newsletter for keeping in contact with our network of members.

With a membership that also includes so many members of CIC, our little publication has a cross-Canada and even world-wide distribution.

For those interested in becoming members, a list of our CIHS executive has been included with this issue. Just contact one of us for details.

A number of Ottawa social events are planned for this spring. As last year, they include a joint CIHS/PAFSO cocktail and a later dinner for CIHS members.

I urge our readers to come out to these events. They are a great way to meet old friends and acquaintances and to meet new ones. Look for more details in this issue and the next.

Our editor is on the lookout for new material and new contributors. If you have an interesting story to tell about Canadian immigration history or a personal story of your own role in this whole process, we would be delighted to hear from you.

(continued on the next page)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE CONT'D



Perhaps in some way, Backspace can assist in keeping a community informed about itself and the subject of immigration

As you know, there is a good deal of interest in Canada in the subject of immigration, both negative and positive. Stories on immigration matters appear almost every day in the papers or on TV news.

What is most striking to me is the level of pride immigration people have, and have had, in the work they have done.

Immigration has greatly influenced this country and people who have assisted in this process are justifiably proud of their accomplishments.

The role of our CIHS society is to help to keep this pride alive and ansure that others in our country are aware of the impact that immigration has had on Canada's history.

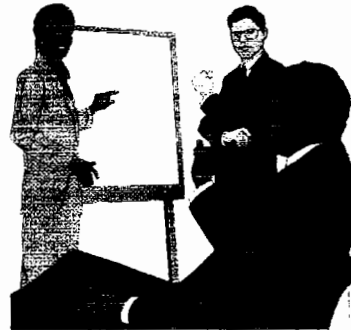
Once again, I extend a welcoming hand to old and new members. I am always interested in hearing from members, so please pass along your views.

Our mailing address is right at the top of Backspace's first page.

Please take up this invitation to attend the upcoming Ottawa social events or an executive meetings. We are moving our meetings to the Journal Tour on Kent Street in Ottawa, where the department is moving to as well. You are welcome there.

Randy Orr, President

CIHS VIDEO HISTORY: VIGGI RING



From time to time, CIHS has arranged an oral/video history of some of its members.

The last one concerned Edna Whinney, now over 90 and retired in Ottawa. Edna had had a grand career in Immigration over many years, having been a Wren officer in World War II.

The usual format is to interview the subject and then interview others who have known him or her.

In the case of Viggie Ring, unfortunately, only the later was possible as she died last year before the video could be made.

This video lasts over an hour and consists of interviews with seven persons, who knew Viggie and worked with her

Al Troy starts off with a short rundown of the main points of her career. Brought up in a Danish pastor's family, Viggie went to the US to study and came to Canada. Because of her skill in languages, she started as an Immigration translator in Montreal, worked in placement and became an FSO in 1960.

She was stationed in many posts in Skandanavia, the Balkans and Glasgow. As an FSO3, she became Canadian Consul General in Glasgow. She also became the first female president of PAFSO.

Wilf Greaves, who knew Viggie, speaks highly of her in the video as does Ian Thompson, who worked with her in Yugoslavia. J.J. Prevost remembers teaching Viggie French and her loyal friendship to the end.

David Bullock and his wife, who were close friends and administered her affairs at the end, recall common Ottawa and Skandanavian experiences.

Through Mrs Bullock, she became involved after retirement in setting up administrative structures for the Canadian Ski Marathon and Opera Lyra

Joe Bissett, who was her overlord overseas and in Ottawa, recalls her sense of duty and recounts skilled stories about her career.

The video should shortly be available through CIHS.

These videos have been made with financial support from CIC.

Rumour has it that that Roger St Vincent, whose Uganda experiences CIHS published, is working on his autobiography now.

MEMBERSHIP/ RENEWAL CHANGE OF ADDRESS

(PLEASE NOTE THAT OUR MEMBERSHIP YEAR RUNS FROM MAY 1 TO APRIL 30)

Please enter/renew my membership in the Canadian Immigration Historical Society or note my new address.

NAME: _____ [PLEASE PRINT] ADDRESS: _____
CHANGE OF ADDRESS ONLY []

FEE ENCLOSED Life - 100.00 [] or Annual - 10.00 []

PLEASE SEND THIS FORM WITH YOUR CHEQUE TO: The Treasurer
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The Canadian Immigration Historical Society
La Société Historique De L'Immigration Canadienne

C.P. / P.O. Box 9502, Station T, Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 3V2 (613) 733-1074

March 22, 1996

MEMO FROM THE TREASURER.

On January 19th I sent a special letter to some 33 of our members reminding them that they were in arrears with their \$10.00 annual subscription to the Society. I also reminded them that it cost approx. \$2.00 to print and mail each issue of the BULLETIN which we sent out at least three times a year and occasionally four issues.

We had a positive reply from 15 members who paid their 1995/96 sub and their 1996/97 as well and we sincerely thank each member for their response. We also had one resignation from one member now living permanently in Europe and we are in the process of transferring the Pier 21 Society in Halifax over to a Special membership. I also pointed out that I hoped the non-payment of dues was simply an oversight and not indicating a desire to give up their membership in the Society.


A check of our member index cards show that we have a total of 88 LIFE members and 89 ANNUAL members and it would be a terrific blow to the Society if the remaining delinquent members dropped out of our group and would not bode well for the very survival of the Society. You can readily see that losing 16 out of a total of 89 is pretty severe.

the

I would therefore ask each of those members who have a (5) after a name in their address to please consider sending us a cheque for \$20.00 which will cover last years sub as well as for the coming year and making them fully paid up members in good standing until April 30, 1997. We are sending each of you the latest copy of the BULLETIN but this will be the last you will receive as we simply cannot afford the expense of sending our publication if you do not renew your present membership. If you have definitely made up your mind that you do not wish to remain a member we would appreciate a note advising us of this fact. In that way we wont continue to live in hope that you will be remaining with us.

In closing I would remind the remainder of the ANNUAL membership group that the new financial year for 1996/97 commences May 1, 1996 and we would appreciate receiving your subscriptions as soon as convenient. The number in brackets after your name in your address as well as the date on your present membership card indicates the date of your membership expiry.

I trust you all survived the rather harsh winter we had and to remind you that soon you shall be mowing grass rather than shovelling snow. Its always one thing or the other isnt it? Take care.


Alan Troy, Treasurer

