

# C.I.H.S BULLETIN

Issue 43

ISSN 1485 - 8460

AUGUST 2003

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE CANADIAN IMMIGRATION HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

## ODE TO PHYLLIS TURNBULL

Who taught us all to sing  
The praises of personnel experience  
Who showed us how to mark  
The ways of public experience

She will remember:  
Brown files wrapped in ribbons pink  
Notes "By Hand," Gene Beasley's wink  
The green ink used by "GRB"  
The foolishness of our "Stage B"  
Phone calls coming all the time  
Appeals from Boards, the loser's whine  
Travels swift across the land  
Meeting friends and shaking hands  
"Confidential" marked on files  
Brought to her by boys with smiles  
"DAR" and Butler, Mitch, Bud Curry --- Mr. Lloyd  
Initials invoking the ghosts of men  
Who walked with her down corridors  
Who talked to her across the years.

She will remember too  
The rough men, the rye whiskey men  
The Immigration men --- "CES," "The Hawk"  
Dunny Munroe, "Black Jack," and Mosoop --- Cy Coutu  
Voices in laughter and tales to make the head spin  
Regional conferences and hotel rooms  
The bitterness of old debates  
Strong convictions held by strong men fighting  
Issues alas relevant now  
As last year's leaves

And the new ones with bright ideas  
As scary as Kim Abbott on a crusade  
Insufferable in their arrogance, a galaxy of stars  
Made bearable only by her patience  
Out to win the world they were  
On her shoulders (she often felt)

She will dream --- not wanting to remember

Of countless reorganizations  
Designed for the most part for failure  
Charts as plentiful as Naldi's stories  
Criss crosses and dotted lines  
Pretending to show reporting relationships,  
The "Who's Who" of a never-never land  
As respectful of truth  
As Gibby Gibson's need for Brylcream  
"Built-in self-destruct" -- guaranteed  
To last until tomorrow.

She will sigh  
Remembering those adjustments to be made  
As each new boss laid down his  
Own peculiar ways,  
The Shaws, Zawiza, Rogers, The MacDougals'  
Morrison's,  
The Sinclairs  
How plentiful they are  
How often they come and go  
She took the measure of them all  
But retained the dignity and strength of spirit  
That is her hallmark

And now she has to go  
But in her going  
She takes with her an accumulation of memories,  
An abundance of more than just our good wishes  
She takes with her some of our heart  
She takes with her some of our soul.

Joe Bissett on the retirement of Phyllis Turnbull June  
1978

### Glossary of Names

Gene Beasley...Chief, Admissions for many years (50s  
and 60s) and later Acting Director of Immigration.  
"GRB"...Georges Benoit... the formidable Chief of  
Operations in the 50s and later Director of Information.  
"DAR"...Don Reid...Succeeded GRB as Chief of  
Operations and later OIC London.  
Boulter...Elmer Boulter... Asst Chief Operations in the  
50s and 60s.

"Mitch"...Maurice Mitchell... served extensively overseas as OIC and later returned to Ottawa as Director Operations of the Overseas Service.

Bud Curry...still alive and active. Bud worked primarily on the operational side of immigration. Well known and respected by the men in the field and always helpful to new officers joining the service.

"CES"...Stan Smith...the Director of Immigration in the 50s and 60s.

"The Hawk"...Lyle Hawkins...for many years the Director of the Pacific Region and served as OIC Hong Kong.

Dunny Munroe...Superintendent of Immigration in the Praire Region in the early 50s.

"Black Jack"...Jack Mcfarlane...Superintendent of the Ontario Region in the 50s.

Mossop...the District Inspector of the Praire Region in the 50s.

Cy Coutu...a veteran overseas officer who served in many posts abroad in the 50s and 60s.

Kim Abbott...Chief of Personnel and later Chief of Inspection Services in the 50s and 60s.

"Naldi"...Naldi Colletto...still active and still telling great stories.

Gibby Gibson...former Spitfire pilot and OIC of many overseas posts.)Gibby was as bald as the proverbial cue ball.)

\*Shaw...Cliff Shaw was OIC of posts abroad in the 70s and 80s.

\*Zawiza...John Zawiza... Big John served as oic in many posts abroad.(Sometimes referred to as the Polish cavalry officer because of his Polish origin.)

\*Rogers...Charles Rogers...OIC of many posts abroad.

\*MacDougal...Ron MacDougal...served in Immigration for many years in both the Domestic and Foreign Services.

\*Sinclair...Bill Sinclair...still around and living in Halifax...was Chief of Personnel of the Overseas Service and later Oic London.

\* All former Chiefs of Personnel and Phyllis' bosses.

## MEMOIRS OF JIM CROSS – PART I

After three years with the RCMP, I decided to try my luck with the public service. Not that my job lacked interest, it did, but there seemed to be no structure for advancement for one who was a civilian. I won a competition as an information officer in the Citizenship Branch of the newly formed Department of Citizenship and Immigration. It may be recalled that it was not until 1947 that Canadians became distinctive citizens of their own country. Hitherto

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they were British subjects domiciled in Canada.

My duties as an information officer included the production of a news bulletin that was sent to the foreign language press in Canada with appropriate translations as well as sending French and English language texts and other materials to the provinces or agencies who were conducting second language courses for newly arrived immigrants. It was not a very fulfilling job. Our director was actually a plant pathologist and while he was a good soldier, he was not a very inspiring leader. The bulletin consisted mostly of press releases from other government agencies. Any original material had to be carefully edited so that it would not appear to be government propaganda. The philosophy of the Branch as it applied to immigrants was "integration not assimilation." This was in contrast to the American theory of the melting pot and to-day is reflected in the overall multicultural policy. During one of our skiing outings I had mentioned to John Taylor that I was not too happy with Citizenship. He must have told his father, Ken Taylor, who by then was the deputy minister of Finance. One morning I was instructed to see my minister, Hon. Walter Harris. When I arrived he told me jokingly that I was in trouble and that they wanted to see me in the Prime Minister's office about a job.

On arrival at the East Block I had an interview with Jack Pickersgill, special assistant to the Prime Minister. Jack, originally an External Affairs officer, had been seconded to work for Prime Minister Mackenzie King in 1938. He was only expected to be there for a few months as the turnover of staff under King was very high. King was a selfish man who had no concept of family life and its obligations. One of King's staff, Ed Handy, once asked for a Sunday afternoon off so that he could watch his son play in a playoff hockey game. King told him he could go if he really thought that was more important than the nation's business. Mrs. Handy was so incensed that she persuaded her husband to resign. Next day King arrived at the Handy apartment with a bouquet of flowers for Mrs. Handy whom he sweet-talked into having her husband withdraw his resignation.

Jack was the exception and was still in the PMO where had earned the full confidence of both Mr. King and Mr. St. Laurent.

My interview lasted for an hour at the end of which Jack asked me in an apologetic tone about my politics. I told him that his question was quite legitimate as there were political considerations for employment in the PMO I also told him that I had always supported the CCF (forerunner of the NDP). To my disappointment Jack suggested that my appointment would be difficult. I thought that that was it and I would be returning to the Citizenship

Branch. I told him however, that I admired Mr. St. Laurent and that I could serve him faithfully. Jack accepted my claim and shortly thereafter I was established in an East Block office from which I had a view of the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings. I was classified as a Privy Council Officer Grade IV, attached to the Office of the Prime Minister.

It appeared that there was a vacancy in the PMO. My new colleagues informed me that Pierre Elliott was fed up and had returned to Montreal. It was years later that it dawned on me that the "Pierre Elliott" they had mentioned was actually Pierre Elliott Trudeau. My career was less than brilliant but not many people can claim that they succeeded Trudeau in a job. (I was in the PMO from 1952 to 1956 when I returned to Immigration)

My new role in Citizenship and Immigration was executive assistant to the deputy minister, Laval Fortier, who was the only francophone in the public service at that level in 1956. The first few weeks in the job were very boring. Col. Fortier, as he liked to be called, though his military service in the army was as a lawyer in the Judge Advocate's Branch, didn't quite know how an executive assistant should be used and so to keep me occupied gave me the Immigration Manual to read. The three volumes were filled with instructions to the domestic and overseas staff, a necessary orientation perhaps but not very exciting. I need not have feared. Then came the Hungarian Revolution in October and Jack Pickersgill's initiative for Canada to accept a share of the refugees arising from that conflict. The decision was accepted enthusiastically by all the immigration staff many of whom worked long hours voluntarily without extra pay. A good percentage of our field staff were war veterans who had a highly developed sense of public responsibility. I knew of many whom at their own expense and on their own time spent weekends trying to find jobs for the Hungarians. One of the veterans was a cheerful fellow, Ron McDougall. Ron had lost an eye to a German sniper while serving with the North Nova Scotia Regiment. He knew an artificial eye-maker who had made eyes for the victims of the 1917 explosion in Halifax Harbour. Ron had him make three eyes, one to match his good eye, one in the form of a Union Jack and one of a girl in a bikini. When a party got dull Ron would slip out the natural looking glass eye and insert one of the extras. It livened up the party!

An immigrant usually knows something about the country to which he is migrating. He probably has done considerable research or heard about Canada from friends and relatives who would be available to counsel him and his family after arrival. This is not the case with most refugees. They had no thoughts of

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migrating in their minds and usually no friends here. The Hungarian rebels were forced to leave their homeland or face death or imprisonment if they stayed. Their adjustment to their new life was infinitely more difficult for them than for the regular immigrant.

During the Hungarian movement I was fortunate to have shared an office with Dr. Imre Bernolak, an economist whom we borrowed from the Department of Transport...Imre and his wife Andrea, who was a world champion figure skater, had come to Canada from Hungary shortly after the war. Imre was an unassuming man whom we used as a trouble-shooter. On one occasion we sent him to Quebec City where we had a near riot with tubercular refugees whom we had hospitalized. Canada took a much more serious view of that ailment than many European countries. Imre succeeded in convincing them that their treatment was essential. By coincidence, Dr. Bernolak had just completed a Hungarian-English dictionary, which was extremely useful. I doubt that he made much money from it but that was not his motive.

One innovative project instigated by Minister Pickersgill was the acceptance of the entire faculty of forestry of Sopron University. They were accommodated by the University of British Columbia forestry school where they completed their degrees being taught only in English by their final year. Most of them found jobs with the provincial forestry department or with private forestry companies. They made a very solid contribution to British Columbia.

One of my jobs was to charter aircraft to transport the refugees. We used the Maritime Central Airways who flew unpressurized C 4's for dozens of flights. My other job was to find university slots for hundreds of non-forestry students. Canadian universities were very generous in offering openings but in most cases it involved language training before the students could take up these offers. The Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada at that time had no secretariat so to make arrangements I had to communicate with the various officers of the Association who were located in Toronto, Montreal and London.

I had developed a reputation of which I was unaware, for having a Spartan lunch consisting invariably of soup, a muffin and tea. My other peculiarity was to use the stairs instead of the elevators; not too difficult in the four-storey Woods Building but a little more strenuous when my office was located on the tenth floor of the Bourque Building. Prior to going to Toronto I asked Roy McGrath, our administrative officer, for a travel advance. At first he refused but offered instead three tins of soup, a bag of muffins and three tea bags. We

watched the public's pennies in those days. I was in Toronto during a public transit strike and rather than use cabs I walked whenever it was feasible.

A different type of immigrant than Imre Bernolak was a Yugoslav with the surname Ferrizi. He visited my office on several occasions where he alleged that the immigration staff were shadowing him and injecting him with drugs. He had also made threats against the staff of the local immigration office, which he visited frequently. Fearing that he might be a danger, I made arrangements to have him picked up on his next visit to the Ottawa office and to have him assessed by the psychiatric unit of the Ottawa health authority. This was done but I was informed that there was nothing seriously wrong with him. It must have been a good day for him because the following week he went to the Indian High Commission where he murdered the third secretary.

I remained in the deputy minister's office for eight years. After Col. Fortier, I had the pleasure of serving Dr. George Davidson and Dr. Claude Isbister, two fine men. Dr. Davidson became so fascinated with the intricacies of Chinese immigration files he would take them home and often study them in bed. No deputy should ever get involved with individual cases unless they were likely to become a cause celebre. George had come to us from Health and Welfare with the unusual background of a doctorate in Latin and Greek. During his tenure, the Royal Commission on Government Organization, the Glassco Commission, published its recommendations. To implement its proposals the Bureau of Government Organization was formed with Dr. Davidson as its head (I referred to it irreverently as BOG). There were dozens of policy questions on Dr. Davidson's desk awaiting his decision at the time of his appointment to BOG. He promised he would come back and take care of them. In response to my cajoling, he said, "Jim 90 % of all problems will solve themselves if left alone. The secret of the good administrator is to identify the 10% that need attention." "But Dr. Davidson," I replied "you don't even do the 10%" He chuckled and I fear left most of them for his successor Dr. Isbister. Later Dr. Davidson was appointed president of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. At the time he didn't even own a television set and had to buy one. After the CBC he went to the United Nations in New York in an administrative role.

Claude Isbister, while not quite as extroverted as Dr. Davidson, was a conscientious and kindly man. He was quite proud of the fact that he had some Indian blood in his veins, one of his ancestors having engaged in the fur trade in Manitoba. He was partly handicapped having one leg shorter than the other requiring him to wear a very thick sole on one of his

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shoes and to use a cane. As an example of his thoughtfulness when he noted that I didn't bring a car to work, having checked the parking lot, he would insist on driving me home. He had an old Austin whose passenger door could only be opened from the outside. My neighbours must have been impressed to see the spectacle of a junior civil servant having his door opened by his deputy minister.

In time I told Dr. Isbister that I felt the need of field experience if I was to be of any value in the policy-making area in Ottawa. He agreed and sent me on the very first senior administrative officers' course which was held at Carleton Place for a 16 week period from February to June 1964. The course eventually evolved into a permanent senior staff training centre in the Gatineau area. On this first course I was privileged to meet many fine public servants, from various departments and agencies and the armed forces. Alas, all were males. The lectures were generally excellent and the field trips to Quebec City and Ottawa very beneficial. One of the greatest benefits of the course was the exchange of experiences with those in completely different areas of responsibility. Many of the problems we were asked to solve were based on the Harvard Business School case histories. The instinct of self-preservation in the public servant is so highly ingrained that it was a couple of weeks before anyone thought that the solution was to fire the manager!

Another example of Dr. Isbister's kindness involved Laura McCormack who had worked for several years on the deputy minister's staff. Laura contracted an illness, which resulted in brain surgery, the operation-taking place about the time Dr. Isbister was transferred to another department. He called Laura's doctor to find out whether it would be better for Laura if he took her with him on his new appointment or to leave her with Citizenship where she had friends. The doctor suggested the former so she accompanied him.

After Carleton Place I was sent to Winnipeg for a two-year assignment as the regional Director of Immigration for the Prairie Provinces. I remember the thrill I had when the prairies suddenly opened up before me as I drove westward from Kenora on the Trans-Canada Highway. The Western Region at that time had sixteen offices stretching from Emerson on the Manitoba-North Dakota border to Grand Prairie in the Peace River District of Alberta. Four of those posts were on the international border, the rest were inland.

I was privileged once again to have extremely loyal and conscientious employees, many of whom were war veterans with a deep sense of responsibility. If they resented an outsider coming in they never showed it. Indeed, in a very short order, Helen and I

were included in the social activities of the Winnipeg staff, and Alison became friends with their daughters of a similar age

My office was located in a cavernous immigration hall adjacent to the CPR Station. Over the years the hall had been a temporary home for thousands of immigrant families on their way to their homesteads on the Great Plains. The accommodations had been closed for many years so the immigrant presence was just a memory but one could imagine hundreds of families debarking from the colonial coaches in special trains that three days before had left the East Coast ports.

My office was voluminous enough to have served as a movie theatre. Over my desk, attached to the wall, was a moth-eaten head of a moose that had reposed there for many years. There were stitches on its jaws where it had been damaged. I referred to the beast as "Arnold" after Arnold Peters, a CCF Member of Parliament, who from his Commons seat had unfairly criticized Dr. Isbister, who was sitting in the Official Gallery. Eventually old Arnold collapsed to the floor. I felt that this would be a good time to dispose of him permanently but the staff wouldn't hear of it so back up old Arnold went with his new repairs.

I used to tour the region by auto twice a year to meet the staff and to find out what their problems were. Generally I had either Ted Swan or Jack McLeod of the Winnipeg office accompany me. I remember one visit to Red Deer in Alberta where we had two officers but no stenographic support. They had to do their own typing of the various reports and Immigration forms. They told me that they were glad to see me but would be even happier if I had brought a secretary with me. They needed help but we could not justify a full-time secretary. Eventually we worked out a plan whereby they could receive secretarial assistance from another federal agency.

While in Winnipeg, I met another of my surrogate angels. This one was in the form of The Honourable John Nicholson, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. Mr. Nicholson was tall and almost bald. Because of his resemblance to a T.V. commercial he was known to the staff as "Mr. Clean." He later became the lieutenant-governor of British Columbia.

Before Mr. Nicholson's visit to Winnipeg on a non-immigration matter we had received instructions from Ottawa that we were to exclude the entry to Canada of an American professor, Mulford Quixart Sibley. He was deemed to come under the subversion section of the prohibited classes of the Immigration Act. It is very difficult to apply this section because the information on which the exclusion is based is generally highly classified. In such cases we

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generally employ a lawyer approved by the Department of Justice. When I read the report on which the exclusion was to be based I was shocked to find that it had been provided by an ex FBI agent living in Little Rock Arkansas, hardly a bastion of free speech in 1965. To complicate the situation even further, Professor Sibley

was a personal friend of the vice-president of the United States, Hubert Humphrey. I was ordered by telephone to advise the president of the University of Manitoba and the president of the local branch of the Voice of Women, whom Sibley was to address, that the professor would be denied entry. I advised against this as I was convinced that to do so would result in demonstrations at the airport. I was overruled on the grounds that the prior warning would be the courteous thing to do.

The instructions we gave our airport examining officer was that he was to tell Sibley that he would have to submit to an inquiry to determine his admissibility to Canada. He would be given a choice of remaining in custody until arrangements could be made for the inquiry or of returning to Minneapolis to come back for a hearing at a later date. By the time his plane arrived in Winnipeg word of his potential refusal had reached the media and Parliament and there was a large demonstration at the airport. Then began my most active five-day period in Winnipeg dealing with the press and attempting to justify what we had done. Sibley decided to return to the United States and while he was en route Prime Minister Pearson stated in the Commons that he had given instructions that Sibley was to be admitted under a Minister's Permit (This is a device in the Immigration Act that allows the Minister to over-ride a statutory prohibition for a temporary period.) When asked by Canadian Press what I thought of Mr. Pearson's statement all I could think of was "Crunch!"

During this period Mr. Nicholson came to Winnipeg. I met him at the airport where he was greeted by hundreds of students, their demonstration no doubt orchestrated by political science professors. There were numerous placards including one amusing one "Who Let You in Mr. Nicholson?" Actually the atmosphere was quite friendly and the Minister said a few words to the students who listened politely. I then took Mr. Nicholson out to my old Chev and drove him to his hotel. I provided him with a folder outlining the events as I knew them.

To my amazement, on listening to the radio news that evening about the airport demonstration, I heard that Mr. Nicholson had to be escorted by armed guards through hundreds of angry students to an armoured car. The facts were that the students were friendly, the armed guards were the RCMP officer who was on his regular duty and myself and the

armoured car was my Chev. So much for journalistic accuracy.

Having criticized the press I must tell the story of a sympathetic Winnipeg Tribune reporter who came to my office at the end of the Sibley mess saying "You fellows have had a hard time. I would like to write something positive." And he did. A nice story appeared on the editorial page about the work that our settlement officers were doing in finding employment for immigrants. Val Werier wrote his story in the March 26, 1965 issue of The Tribune as follows:

"It is unfortunate that the Immigration department has the reputation of being a blundering bureaucratic, arm of the government. Such was the image conjured up by the Sibley case."

"This obscures the day-to-day work of the immigration department assisting people to come to Canada and helping them cope once they arrive. In this the department staffs work with some devotion, often beyond the call of duty and the rules of the book."

"Local Immigration officials are courteous, responsible and ready to provide information that should be available to the public. The regional supervisor, James S. Cross is typical of this breed of men."

"Mr. Cross, says it is not uncommon for officials in smaller towns (where they constitute the entire staff) to invite immigrants into their homes to meet people of similar interests."

There was another positive side to the episode. When the minister returned to Ottawa during the crisis he was told by Burns Curry, the assistant deputy minister of Immigration, "If only the director of the Western Region had kept his head." Mr. Nicholson turned on him and said "He was the only one who did, and you are going to telephone him in front of me and apologize." Mr. Curry did exactly that. Unlike Messrs. Davidson and Isbister, he belonged to the school where you try to pin the blame on someone else for your own errors. Recently I read the House of Commons debates on the Sibley affair. For several days Mr. Nicholson and Prime Minister Pearson were grilled by John Diefenbaker and Tommy Douglas on the episode Nicholson strongly defended his officials whom he said were applying the law as it was written. He admitted that he felt the prohibited sections of the Immigration Act should differentiate between persons seeking permanent admission to Canada and those simply coming for a short term purpose.

Sibley did return to Canada under a Minister's Permit in order to demonstrate at a radar site near Saskatoon. I suspect that some of the Winnipeg staff were delighted that the demonstrators were drenched

by a cloudburst.

On my return to Ottawa in the fall of 1966 I was assigned to the Program Development Service, a separate service that had been established to serve the newly created Department of Manpower and Immigration. The department joined the National Employment Service with the much smaller Immigration Branch. The Citizenship and Citizenship Registration Branches went to Secretary of State. The decision to amalgamate was no doubt political to give the impression that immigration selection was closely related to manpower requirements in Canada. A quarter of a century later Manpower and Immigration was disbanded and Citizenship and Immigration became a separate portfolio once again.

During this period the deputy minister was Tom Kent. He had been the editor of The Economist prior to migrating to Canada where he served Lester Pearson as a special assistant. Under Kent the famous point system for immigrant selection was established. Applicants were judged on such objective factors as language, education, and age, work experience and the demand in Canada for their particular skills. Health and criminal checks continued to be required. The visa officer could reject an applicant on grounds of personal unsuitability if he felt the score achieved by the applicant, although a pass mark did not adequately reflect the likelihood of him becoming established in Canada. To prevent bias, a negative decision had to be supported by a superior officer.

The system with some modification exists today. Extra points are given to sponsorship applications where a citizen or landed immigrant undertakes to see that his relative will not be a public charge. In practice many such agreements have broken down and little is done to make the sponsor live up to his undertaking.

I had no direct part in the development of the system but I was part of the team that held training sessions in Victoria, Quebec City, London and Geneva.

While at PDS I headed a delegation to Munich where the Organization of Economic Co-operation and Development was holding a conference on temporary employment. I gave a paper on the Canadian experience in this area. I found that here was a close affinity between the Irish, Scandinavian and Canadian delegates.

Simultaneous translation was arranged for the delegates to OCED in French, English and German. I recall one amusing incident when a Bavarian who was speaking was interrupted by a North German asking for interpretation. The insulted Bavarian expostulated "But I am speaking in German!".

While in PDS I appeared before a promotion board in Ottawa for a year's

appointment as Director of the Programs and Procedures Branch replacing Jack Manion who was going to Quebec City for French immersion. The board consisted of Burns Curry, the assistant deputy minister (who had to apologize to me over the Sibley affair), his golfing buddy, and a representative of the Public Service Commission. The board found me not qualified but would give me the job in any case. I told them I wouldn't take it if they felt that way. They relented. I had few problems of reconciliation with Mr. Curry and at end of the year when Manion went elsewhere, I was confirmed in the position at the Senior Executive level.

I spent the next five years in Programs and Procedures developing proposals for a new Immigration Act. Unfortunately the minister at the time was Hon. Alan MacEachan who didn't really want to put the Bill through Parliament. He was a master at delaying tactics, learned no doubt in those years when he was a very successful government House Leader. I was appointed to escort him on a European tour of our Foreign Service offices. I hoped to use the spare time between visits to discuss our legislative proposals. It never occurred. Although he was a good travelling companion he obviously wanted to avoid a discussion of immigration issues. He pointed out that on our return we would have a four-hour stopover in Montreal, suggesting that that would be a good time to talk. It never took place. Our plane arrived early and the minister was able to catch the connecting flight to Ottawa almost at once. His secretary, Pearl Hunter, whom I had known in my St. Laurent days, and I were left behind to make sure that the ministerial luggage was despatched on a subsequent flight. Alan did enjoy being a tourist. He took in art galleries and even a taxi trip along the banks of the Amsterdam canal through the notorious red light district never alighting from the cab I can assure you, as Pearl and I who were with him can testify.

He wanted a good *raison d'être* for his trip and I inadvertently gave it to him during a press conference in Bonn. It was mentioned that Germany had a shortage of 6,000 workers. I said to him that those figures were identical to the number of Canadian university students who were looking for summer employment. He endorsed the idea at once. It was too late to do anything that summer but in the following year several hundred Canadian students did work in Europe though not many of them saved very much after their travel and other expenses were paid.

In the summer of 1972 when I was the acting assistant deputy minister of immigration when Idi Amin decided to expel the Asians from Uganda. Although a federal election was under way, and immigration is always a contentious issue, I felt that

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we should propose to Cabinet that Canada accept a number of Ugandan refugees. Hitherto our special refugee programs had been largely restricted to those of European origin. If our immigration policy was truly non-discriminatory we should take some of these people I suggested 6000. To his credit Hon. Bryce Mackasey, our minister, agreed and put the proposal to Cabinet who concurred.

It was not an easy objective to achieve. We had no immigration staff in Kampala, the capital of Uganda, nor was External Affairs established there, the High Commissioner to Kenya being accredited to Uganda as well.

Of course public servants, on facing a problem, always establish a committee. The one, which I chaired, consisted of representatives from External, Health and Welfare, the RCM Police, and National Defence. They could not have been more co-operative. The army offered us the use of their base at Longue Pointe in Montreal as a camp for further processing of the refugees. The RCAF offered transport planes if Idi Amin persisted in his claim to a 10% commission of the cost of air fares on the chartered flights we were planning. Army technicians cheerfully carried out the unpleasant chore of doing stool tests in Uganda.

We sent an experienced officer, Roger St. Vincent then in Beirut, to carry out the operation in Kampala. Roger very quickly arranged office space and all the other accoutrements to carry out the examination process and in a surprisingly short time the first refugees were on their way. It was with quite a bit of national pride that at a meeting in Geneva, I reported to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees what Canada had done. I recall one delegate sourly claiming that as usual Canada had creamed the crop. I responded that we took a good cross-section of those who had applied and that we should not be criticized for responding quickly to an urgent need.

In truth we didn't know what kind of refugees we would be getting other than the fact that they were of Asian origin and had lived in Uganda for many generations. One of our most experienced officers, Maurice Mitchell, was sent to Uganda to escort the first flight. He argued that he was entitled to sit in a cockpit seat because he just knew how deplorable the conditions would be in the passenger cabin. When he returned to Canada he admitted just how wrong he had been. He said that without a doubt these were the best immigrants he had encountered in his entire career. Maurice was a second-generation immigration officer, being the son of an immigration officer who had served in Europe between the two world wars.

Maurice's opinion was confirmed 25 years later when as a director of the Canadian Immigration Historical Society, I attended a symposium in Ottawa

on the Ugandan refugees many of whom were present from across the country. I confess to choking up when our national anthem was sung in both official languages by two of the refugees' children. At the table where I sat at the opening banquet, the Ugandans were most upset because the Boston Bruins had just eliminated the Montreal Canadiens from the Stanley Cup playoffs. Those attending were very successful judging by the expensive cars and cell phones in the parking lot. The medical and legal professions were well represented, as were businessmen

While on the subject of hockey, the Aga Khan, leader of the Ismaili sect came to Canada during the crisis to offer support for his people. The government arranged an official luncheon. It was held during the famous Canada-Soviet hockey series. We witnessed part of the final game on a TV set in the anteroom before the lunch itself. An External Affairs colleague, Alan McGill, asked me how we could keep informed of the game's progress. I replied, "No problem Alan, I'll get the score from the steward and will signal it to you with my fingers, right hand for Canada, left hand for the Soviets."

The Aga Khan was half way through his speech when I was told the score was a two-all tie. I held up both hands for Alan who was sitting at the other end of the table. His Highness saw the gesture and said "Then you agree with me Mr. Cross?" I jokingly have said that it was at this point that we agreed to receive 6000 refugees! This was the game in which Paul Henderson scored what has been called the most important goal in Canada's hockey history.

The son of a neighbour here in Victoria married one of the Uganda girls. My neighbour speaks very highly of Nadja who arrived at Longue Pointe as a thirteen-year-old in charge of her siblings. A kindly Canadian volunteer helped her through that difficult time and no doubt started her on her way to becoming a good Canadian citizen.

Our next minister, Hon. Robert Andras from the Lakehead, was persuaded without difficulty that we should overhaul the Immigration Act. He was backed by our new deputy minister, Alan Gotlieb. At last a green light, but the Bill wouldn't reach Parliament for another four years. Our proposals had to be cleared through the various Cabinet committees and Cabinet itself. I remember one particular meeting that was scheduled with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. It was at the time of the FLQ crisis. I arrived at my building to find it being evacuated because of a bomb scare. It will be recalled that my namesake, James Cross, the British Trade Commissioner in Montreal, was a prisoner of the FLQ at that time. All my papers were in a safe in my 10<sup>th</sup> floor office of the Bourque Building. I wasn't going to miss the meeting with the PM for any reason. I

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thought I could sneak in the back door and get upstairs without being detected. I gave it a try but was stopped by an Ottawa policeman who was suspicious of the package I had under my arm. I told the officer that I didn't have time to explain and that my name was James Cross and that I had a meeting with the Prime Minister at 10 o'clock and had to retrieve some documents that were in my safe on the 10<sup>th</sup> floor. I rushed by him and started the ascent. He followed but I was able to outpace him largely because I had been in the habit of using the stairs rather than the elevator. I was able to get to my office and had started to open the safe when he reached me. I suppose that at that point he accepted my earlier story. There was just no way after cajoling various ministers and deputies for years into doing something, that I would lose that opportunity of my meeting with the Prime Minister.

We got the go ahead but first of all the government wanted the proposals placed in a Green Paper which would serve as the basis for a national debate. This would take a couple of years to be produced and to be vetted. The Green Paper was written almost entirely by a brilliant member of my staff, Maurice Brush, one of those quiet-spoken individuals who is rarely properly appreciated and whose modesty is such, that his opinions, always pertinent, have to be drawn out of him.

I had no part in the preparation of the Green Paper as I was posted to Australia in October 1973 to work in their Immigration Department for a couple of years in exchange with Alan Barclay, an Australian who came to Canada.

On our way to Australia, we made three overnight stops at Vancouver, Honolulu, and Fiji. We arrived in Honolulu after dark and drove to our hotel on Waikiki Beach by taxi. We were not impressed with the city, which was illuminated by those dreadful orange-coloured lights that cast a depressing tint on all the buildings. Our disillusionment was dissipated on the following morning when we had our breakfast on the patio overlooking Waikiki Beach. The combination of sand water and palm trees was magnificent and persuaded us that we should have a longer visit in the future.

Our stopover in Fiji was inland near the Nandi airport. Helen was tired and went to bed early. I wandered down to the pool area where a concert was being performed by a group of splendid looking Polynesians dressed in their traditional costumes. I was sitting in the front row, puffing away on my pipe, when suddenly the performers announced that they were forming a conga line to which we were invited. Before I knew it, I was co-leader of the line hanging on to the hips of a grass-skirted Polynesian woman still puffing on my pipe with sparks flying in the air. It was by good fortune that I did not set fire to my



hostess!

The following morning we flew to Sidney by Qantas Airlines where we transferred to a flight to Canberra. We were booked on a Fokker Friendship which gave us the most turbulent flight we had ever experienced (aside from the old Halifax). It was so rough that the staff couldn't even serve beverages. On arrival at Canberra we noticed that everyone was waving. What friendly people we thought! When we deplaned we realized that they were not waving at us but were swatting at those ubiquitous flies that plague the country.

Helen and I found a lovely home on Barada Crescent in the Aranda district of Canberra. We were soon on good terms with our neighbours partly because of the thoughtfulness of Bill and Jenny Rourke, our landlords. They had a party to which the neighbours were invited and at which we were introduced. The Rourkes were off to London for a couple of years where Bill was to attend naval staff college. Helen looked after the house with such great care that she received a thank you letter from the Rourkes at the end of our lease.

The Immigration staff in Australia were very cordial. In no time we were invited to a number of homes to parties on Sunday mornings, which the Aussies referred to as "matins." Friendships which were made during my posting have lasted to this day. Ron and Nan Metcalfe visited us twice, once in Ottawa and once in Victoria. We are in regular touch with them through E-mail.

I can't say that my duties were particularly onerous. My boss was a former RAAF navigator on Mosquitoes in Europe for which he had won the Distinguished Flying Cross.

I did prepare a syllabus to be used in courses for immigrants to assist them in their adaptation to life in Australia. I believe that most of it was adopted.

Australia had a voluntary organization in each state known as The Good Neighbour Councils. They were operated largely by volunteers assisted by a small administrative staff whose salaries were paid by Canberra. On four occasions I was asked to address the annual meetings of the state councils on the programs Canada had for the integration of immigrants. I visited the states of New South Wales, South Australia, Queensland, and the Northern Territory in this capacity. At a reception of the Council in Newcastle I met a Dr. Lane who told me that he had practised in Canada. I pressed him for details on his location and eventually heard "Saskatchewan" and then "near Moose Jaw" and finally "Aneroid" which of course was our western address. I recalled some of the Aneroid people he knew. To emphasize the cliché "It's a small world" at

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a subsequent Christmas party at the home of the Canadian military attaché to Australia, Col. Denny Crowe, I learned that his sister-in-law had lived on the Jacob's farm three farms to the east of my father's Quimper homestead.

The Newcastle meeting was held in July, winter down under, in a very chilly Polish Hall. I must have contracted an illness of some sort because I became quite sick with a violent stomach upset. On the return trip by auto to Sydney, where I was to catch a plane the following morning for Canberra, I had to ask the driver to stop on two occasions. No alcoholic beverages were served at the Newcastle reception so that was not the cause of my ailment. I hunkered down in the rear seat until we pulled up in front of the Menzies Hotel where I was booked to spend the night. I am sure that as I dragged myself out of the car I looked 100% soused. I didn't notice a paper bag on the floor of the car, which I managed to kick out as I exited. A pool of broken glass and beer formed at the feet of the startled doorman. Believe me I tried to be as unobtrusive as possible when I registered at about 5:00 P.M. I went straight to my room and remained there until it was time for me to leave for the airport early next morning. Mercifully the lobby was nearly empty and I was able to slip out unnoticed.

Helen and I made several interesting trips while we were in Australia. I purchased a second-hand General Motors Holden, which was a smaller version of the North American Chevrolet. It took us to the Riverina town of Griffith, a wine centre in New South Wales and the Parliamentary seat of our very colourful Immigration minister Al Grassby. The weekend was sponsored by the Social Club of the Immigration Department which we were invited to join. That trip took place during our first week in Canberra while we were still living in a hotel. It was a good opportunity to meet immigration staff and their spouses with some of whom we are still in touch with to-day.

We did two motor trips to Melbourne, a city we liked very much. It was more sedate and less rowdy than Sydney. It was comparable to Toronto of yesteryears whereas Sydney had the joie de vivre of Montreal.

No trip to Australia would be complete without a visit to the Great Barrier Reef... This we did as a side excursion while holidaying on Hayman Island, then a pleasant affordable resort, but now out of the price range of all but an affluent few. We reached Hayman by a helicopter flight, a first experience for both of us. While on the island we took a two-hour boat trip to the Reef. Wearing canvas shoes to protect our feet we were able to walk among the coral beds. Because of the damage done to the Reef I suspect that

such a practice would now be prohibited.

The attitude of most Australians towards public servants is largely negative. On more than one occasion I was asked "Are you a public servant or do you work for a living?" I laughed it off because the question was usually asked good-naturedly but there was a meaning behind it. One morning on Hayman Island I was husking a coconut, a process that requires considerable physical effort. It was achieved by smashing the nut on a large spike that was embedded in a log. This particular morning one of the other guests took a picture of me. When asked why he was doing that, he replied "I wanted to get a photograph of a civil servant actually doing some work!"

From Hayman Island we flew back to the mainland to catch a bus that was to take us up the East coast as far north as Cairns...During the journey I examined the manufacturer's plate on the bus to discover that it had been made in Winnipeg. (This one did not have anti-icing shields on the side windows!) While the bus was a scheduled one, the driver was a typical laid-back Aussie not too concerned about time. When we were a few miles short of Cairns in sugar cane country, he noticed some workers who were about to set fire to a cane field. He asked his passengers if anyone wanted to take pictures of the fire, which he said would be "a beaut." In a few minutes there was a spectacular blaze racing through the cane. The purpose of the fire was to drive out the vermin and to burn the weeds before the cane was harvested. This did not damage the crop.

From Cairns we did several side excursions including a train and bus trip to the Atherton Tablelands which were visited a short time before by the Shah of Iran and his wife. This was rain forest with spectacular termite homes of ten to twelve feet in height. There were also tea plantations and mango orchards in the area.

Another trip from Cairns was to Green Island, the only coral island on the East Coast. It was said to have been named after Captain Cook's navigator. The island was small enough to enable us walk around it. Attached to the island was an underwater observatory where one could spend hours watching the tropical fish with their glorious colours.

"Glorious colours" would also apply to the parrots, the crimson rosellas, and the rainbows which we used to feed in our garden on Barada Crescent. We didn't feed the coorawongs, a large bird about the size of a crow, but we enjoyed their melodic carillon type song

Another bird that used to visit us was the kookaburra or "Settlers' Clock." It looked much like our kingfisher, only much larger. It was a meat eater. One day when the goodies weren't coming quickly enough to suit our friend there was a tapping on the

window to remind us of our duty!

Magpies, twice the size of the North American variety, were aggressive during the nesting season. I had a friend, Eric Douglas, who had survived incredible 110 trips as a rear gunner in Bomber Command. He was attacked twice in one day by these birds with enough force to knock him to the ground. Another favourite trick of these feathered villains was to pick up golf balls on a fairway and fly off with them. I can still picture irate golfers throwing their clubs up in the air in a vain effort to recover their balls

No description of bird life down under would be complete without a reference to the fairy penguins Alison came to visit us for one holiday. We drove with her to Phillip's Island, south of Melbourne. There we saw these little creatures come ashore by the hundreds after a day's fishing to feed their chicks which we could see at the mouths of their sand burrows waiting to be fed. We were told that the parent penguins could be seen as far as 35 miles out to sea.

Good things come to an end. Shortly before Christmas 1974, I received a message from Jean Edmonds, my assistant deputy minister, asking me to come home to help with the immigration legislation. My original plan was to return in late May 1975 just in time for a Canadian summer. That would have meant that we would have experienced only one winter in two years and that a mild one in Canberra where snow only falls once in a decade. My Australian bosses agreed to the abbreviated assignment.

Before we left we were entertained at a barbecue party by our good friends, Ron and Nan Metcalfe. I was presented with a cricket ball on which a map of Australia was drawn and a dedication "Jim Cross, 1974, for bowling the most maiden overs." Helen naturally wondered what I had done to receive such recognition. I pointed out that the "s" was at the end of the word "overs" and not on "maidens." To those unfamiliar with cricket terminology, a maiden over is awarded to a bowler who bowls six successive balls at the same batter without a run being scored.

As our plans to visit Southeast Asia in the spring had to be dropped, we decided to return home via Singapore, Thailand and Hong Kong. In Singapore we were very kindly accommodated in the home of John Baker, the Canadian immigration attaché. Of the three places Thailand caught our fancy. Singapore and Hong Kong were very commercial and North American in their business attitude. But Thailand had charm. It was a monarchy rich with interesting palaces and temples. People in Bangkok seemed invariably cheerful and polite. We stayed at the Oriental Hotel, which has since been rated as one of the top ten hotels in the world although

the prices in 1975 were reasonable. During breakfast from the patio overlooking the river we could watch the river taxis and other vessels. We saw an elderly ferry lady who rowed her passengers across the river for a few bahts using a long sweeping paddle to propel her small craft. On the same patio later in the day, we enjoyed the Thai dancers who conveyed an artistry, which was totally natural and not choreographed for the benefit of tourists.

In Hong Kong we were the guests of the Canadian High Commissioner, Bud Clarke and his wife Nora. Bud was an old immigration friend. He and Nora took us to the Peninsula Hotel on the east side of the island for brunch. We visited the open-air market with its exquisite and inexpensive handicraft. We later rode the cable car to the summit. Helen was convinced that the cable would break even though the system had been operating successfully for 75 years. The cable held! We were rewarded with breathtaking views of the harbour beneath and of the Chinese mainland on the other side.

After a short stop at the Tokyo airport, we arrived in Vancouver the following day. There we realized that we would be flying into an Ottawa winter and that our warm clothes were in storage. We went to Eaton's to buy some essentials. We didn't have our credit card with us but Helen was able to remember its eight-digit number. With this we were able to make some necessary purchases.

Our flight landed in Toronto in a winter blizzard. For a time it appeared that we would be stranded there. Eventually good old Air Canada took us to Ottawa on the same day.

Next day I reported to Jean Edmonds, the assistant deputy minister. She seemed surprised to see me even though she had sent a cable requesting my early return to head the legislative planning group. In the meantime Mrs. Edmonds had hired a Queen's University professor, John Hucker, to manage the project. I was attached to the unit without any clear designation of my duties. I soon discovered that Prof. Hucker resented my presence. In time we resolved our differences. I was assigned a delightful Australian woman as my secretary, Loris Griffith. She was six feet tall, middle-aged and considered that mini skirts were the appropriate office wear. I think that she had grown tired of her elderly husband and as her family had grown up she wanted to start a new life in Canada. She had an Australian friend in Canada and she changed her name by deed poll to his.

Before going to Australia I had spent six weeks in Quebec City attending French Immersion courses. I lived with a Francophone family who had agreed to speak only French to their boarders. Nothing was said about television, This family preferred the English language programs. I kept

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otherwise occupied. At the end of the six weeks we were tested. I tell people that the next thing I knew I was in Australia! Actually I passed and was certified bilingual. I took my tapes to Canberra with me so was able to pass the tests again on my return to Canada

One of my duties was to assist a Parliamentary committee that was touring the country to conduct hearings on the reaction to the Green Paper on Immigration. It was a multiparty committee and had on it such MPs as Monique Begin, later Health Minister in the Trudeau Cabinet, Jake Epp a Conservative from Manitoba and later in the Mulroney Cabinet, and David Macdonald from P.E.I. who also was a member of the Mulroney Ministry.

It was a splendid experience working with the committee. They were totally non-partisan and most anxious to hear the views of organizations and individuals who appeared before them in various centres. I kept a brief on the various submissions forwarding them to the minister in the form of a summary. This was done through Alan Gotlieb who was my deputy minister. My personal relationship with Alan was good though that could not be said of all the departmental officials. Alan announced on one occasion that if he saw any of the senior staff leaving the building before 6.00 P.M. he would want to know the reason why! He would often tell his secretary to have an official come to him at once with his resignation in his hand! While he was a most intelligent man, he seemed to believe that good management was best achieved by instilling fear in his subordinates. Later in his career he became Canadian Ambassador in Washington

During the Green Paper considerations I would be assigned to represent the department at seminars or discussion groups. One such meeting was at Waterloo University where I was invited by the student organizers to participate in a panel discussion. One of my fellow panellists was a prominent Toronto lawyer, Paul Copeland, who had been quite critical of our immigration policy.

To my astonishment when I arrived at the theatre where the discussions were to be held, there was a picket line of protestors bearing such placards as "Down With the Notorious Author of the Green Paper James Cross" and "Fascists Like James Cross Have No Right To Speak"

The irony of the protest was that I had never seen the Green Paper until it was published and I believe that I had earlier demonstrated my attitude towards fascists. Furthermore there was only one sentence in the four volumes of the Paper that could be questioned and that was a mild suggestion that the cultural and economic impact of immigration might be considered.

The protests, to the embarrassment of my

student hosts were organized by a group of Marxist-Leninists I must confess that they achieved their goal and were able to totally disrupt the proceedings. Our daughter, Alison, had come to the meeting from Guelph University where she was taking a course in psychology, in order to hear her father in action. I suppose that incident showed how a group of well-organized protestors could disrupt a democratic process. I felt that Mr. Copeland and I deserved an apology from the university but none was forthcoming. However, I did receive a letter of sympathy from a fine gentleman, Dr. Frank Epp, the president of Waterloo Lutheran University who had heard of the incident. Dr. Epp had been a member of the Immigration Advisory Council that I used to serve before my Australian assignment.

Eventually the discussions came to an end and a new Immigration Bill was introduced in Parliament. My role was to head a team that served our minister Hon. Bud Cullen, in the legislative process. I was ably assisted by Jessie Falconer and Maurice Brush. The three of us kept the minister supplied with briefing papers and statements as the bill progressed through its various stages. Mr. Cullen must have been pleased with our efforts as he treated us to dinner in a private dining room of the Parliamentary Restaurant.

The Act itself was not the end of the road. It provided for regulation making powers and I became the chairman of a group charged with the task of preparing regulations with the aid of a Department of Justice specialist in legal drafting, Paul Besau. Among the many regulations we prepared were those which determined the status of persons claiming to be refugees while physically in Canada.

We estimated that Canada's obligation under the various United Nations Conventions on refugees would be limited to those persons lawfully in Canada as students or visitors, whose government changed during their Canadian sojourn, putting them in fear of persecution should they be obliged to return home. We calculated that there would be three or four cases a month whose appeals could be heard by a panel of prominent citizens on a per diem honorarium. One officer and one filing clerk could serve all the needs of the panel. As Canada is protected by its geography the chances of hundreds of people fleeing oppression across our borders are very remote indeed.

Unfortunately we made the grossest of miscalculations. Soon after the refugee regulations came in to effect, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled in the Singh case that the Charter of Rights gave every claimant physically present in Canada the right to the refugee determination process. The catastrophic results of that decision brings thousands of "refugees" into Canada each year. Most of them have destroyed their documents en route before they make their claim.

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The refugee section of the Immigration department is now larger than all other elements of the department combined. Refugee determination is made by hundreds of political appointees across the nation earning salaries of \$100,000 a year. They have no interest in improving the system nor does the new breed of immigration lawyers that has been spawned and whose fees are paid from the public purse.

This mess could be alleviated in two ways. One would be to fine transportation company for bringing undocumented passengers into the country. The airliner's purser could pick up the documents at the point of departure and give them to an immigration officer on arrival at a port of entry. A second remedy would be to overcome the Supreme Court decision by introducing a notwithstanding clause to the Immigration Act. This action would be politically sensitive but acceptable to most Canadians who do not like to see dishonest people enter the country bypassing the legitimate immigrants who often wait for months for their visas while medical procedures and background checks are made. Canada has made a largely successful transition into a multicultural society but the favourable attitudes to that society may change if this unrestricted flow of pseudo refugees is not stemmed.

In late 1978 I decided that I had had enough. I was offered a job as director-general of settlement but I declined as I was not given the resources that I felt were essential to do the job. With my war service, I had been in the public domain for 34 ½ years. As a civil servant I had worked for fourteen different ministers and nine different deputies.

I was privileged to serve under Ellen Fairclough, the first female cabinet minister in federal history. She was admired by her officials and she liked us too recognizing that we gave her the same unbiased support that we had given her Liberal predecessors and so we should have done. Dick Bell who succeeded her was another favourite.

One day Mr. Bell called me into his office to be present when he was meeting David Lewis, a future leader of the NDP to discuss an immigration case. It involved a security matter. I chaired an interdepartmental group consisting of an RCMP officer, Supt. Barrette, and Peter Johnston of External Affairs (a current golfing partner). We advised the minister on how he should respond to adverse security information on citizenship and immigration applicants. That is why Mr. Bell wanted me with him. During the meeting Mr. Bell was called out of his office. That gave me a chance to ask Mr. Lewis about the story that he was alleged to have told a Rhodes Scholarship selection committee that the first thing he would do as a Socialist prime minister would be to nationalize the CPR. The CPR president, Sir Edward Beatty, a member of the selection

committee had posed the question. Mr. Lewis admitted that indeed he had responded that way to Beatty's question. At the time he considered that as a Polish Jewish immigrant and a radical that he would not have a chance. He only applied at the urging of Professor Frank Scott of McGill, one of the founders of the CCF, and so answered the first question flippantly. As the questioning continued for an hour he began to take it seriously. In fact he was awarded the scholarship. He came to Canada with his family as a young boy speaking only Polish. His father changed the family name to something more manageable to the English tongue. As Montreal had a number of Welsh teachers at the time, so David learned to speak English with a Welsh lilt, which fitted beautifully with his name. I wonder what would have happened if he had not won that award. He could well have become more radical in politics and Canada would have been the poorer for not having had such a compassionate leader, a quality so strongly reflected in his son Stephen Lewis.

I had the good fortune of having so many dedicated people working for me that it would be invidious to list them in case by oversight of memory I might miss some. But I would like to mention my dedicated secretaries, all of whom made my work so much easier. They include Gerda Robertson, Loris Griffith, Laura McCormick and Rita Roussy in Ottawa and May Simpson in Winnipeg.

Extracts from "Palliser Triangle to Confederation Square" memoirs of Jim Cross

#### Whereabouts of:

When each issue of the Bulletin is distributed, a few copies are returned by the post office with the notation "address unknown" - "moved" etc. Obviously some of our members neglect to advise us of their change of address. We endeavour to trace them through usual sources, but do not always succeed. At present, the following persons are "missing":

Helen Amundsen - formerly Ottawa

Guy S. Goodwin-Gill - formerly in France

Alexander Lukie - formerly in Ottawa

Jean Roberge - formerly in Ottawa

George Spencer - formerly in Ashton, Ontario

N. D. Olson - formerly in Edmonton, Alberta.

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If you know the address of any of these members, please let me know, or ask them to get in touch at the Society address. By e-mail [algunn@travel-net.com](mailto:algunn@travel-net.com)

### C.I.H.S. WEBSITE

On June 20 last, our President announced the transfer of our website from the Pier 21 website to our own address in Ottawa. This went to those who had registered an e-mail address with the Society. For the benefit of those who have not filed an e-mail address with us, and for those who do not have e-mail, the message is repeated:

I am pleased to announce that the website for the Canadian Immigration Historical Society has been transferred to a new server, and is now up and running. The URL is <http://cihs.ncf.ca>. The pages you will find there are the same as appeared on the server of the Pier 21 Society for the past few years. The CIHS is grateful to Pier 21 for having hosted our pages at no cost to us.

It is my intention to expand the historical section of the site by putting up Brian Coleman's learned paper entitled "The History of the Canadian Immigration Service to 1949". In addition I invite everyone to let me have ideas as to what you would like to see on our website. Though very much a neophyte as "webmaster", I hope to be able to learn enough to develop the site. Needless to say, I would be delighted to hear from an expert volunteer who would take over the job of webmaster in due course. Another volunteer would be extremely welcome who could undertake the translation of the pages into French.

You may be interested to know what the abbreviation "ncf" stands for. It is the National Capital Freenet, of which the CIHS is now an organizational member. To learn more, a visit to <http://ncf.ca/> would be of interest.

David Bullock  
President, CIHS, Ottawa.

