



## Annual General Meeting: 1 November 2012

### President's Report

CIHS President Mike Molloy noted that this is the 40th anniversary of the Uganda Asian refugee movement and acknowledged special guests Jennifer Wolters of Carleton University; Mary Ellen Hempel, Jolène Beaupre and Ginette Leroux formerly of the Central Processing Office and members of the Kampala team; Mary Ellen's husband, Paul; and Michael McCormick of CIC's Research and Evaluation Branch.

The most important accomplishment of 2012 was that—thanks to endless hours of often frustrating work by Brian Davis, Ian Thomson and a generous volunteer, Dan Godin—CIHS has a new website ([cihs-shic.ca](http://cihs-shic.ca)), soon to become an indispensable resource for students of Canada's immigration history.

A second accomplishment is progress toward a unique electronic archive for hundreds of documents and images about the Ugandan Asian refugee movement, a cooperative venture with Carleton University.

Third, CIHS is planning a book on the immigration department's role in the Indochinese refugee program. We have already received written contributions from 30 colleagues. Our intrepid research team (Kurt Jensen, Peter Duschinsky and Bob Shalka) has been working at the National Archives and recently gained access to critical documents not previously released. We have a prestigious publisher and plan to release the book on the 40th anniversary of the fall of Saigon (2015).

The board expects the first three video interviews of our oral history project in partnership with Pathways to Prosperity to be recorded in December.

The president reported on his Uganda Asian refugee lecture tour to nine universities (see separate item), noting that Western, Laurier and York have expressed interest in an active relationship with the society.

A visit to Pier 21 this summer has opened the prospect of renewed cooperation with Canada's National Immigration Museum. (Late note: CIHS Board members met Pier 21 CEO Marie Chapman on 21 November to explore mutual interests.) Meanwhile we have been able to maintain the quality of the CIHS Bulletin and are proud that articles from it have been reprinted by CIC's *Insider* newsletter and PAFSO's *Bout de Papier*.

Despite structural changes at CIC, we are working hard to maintain relations with "the mother ship". For the second year we participated in CIC's Public Service Week and are having discussions at CIC about preserving its institutional history.

### Changes to Bylaws

Raph Girard reported that current CIHS bylaws, which date from 1987, must be revised because of changes to the Industry Canada act governing the conduct of non-profit corporations such as ours. All members of the society will shortly receive by mail or email a draft of new bylaws that, once accepted by a vote of the membership, will govern how the CIHS functions. At the same time the draft bylaws are distributed, we will ask members for their comments and suggestions. A final draft will be submitted to the membership for a vote in March or April 2013.

### Election of Officers

Vice-President Joe Bissett moved the following slate of candidates:

**President**—Mike Molloy, **Vice-President**—Joe Bissett, **Treasurer**—Raph Girard, **Secretary**—Gail Devlin, **Editor**—Valerie de Montigny, **Membership Secretary**—Lorraine Laflamme.

**Members at Large**—Hector Cowan, Brian Davis, Peter Duschinsky, Kurt Jensen, Gerry Maffre, Ian Rankin, Kathleen Sigurdson, and Gerry Van Kessel.

Roy Christensen was nominated from the floor. The motion was carried. Departing board members Erica Usher and Ian Thomson were thanked for their service to the society. The Vice-President also thanked Jo Molloy for many years of behind-the-scenes work on behalf of CIHS.

## Financial Report

With the extraordinary increase in CIHS activity during the last year, we have noted a spike in spending, which, if it becomes a trend, would force us eventually either to curb expenditures or to raise more revenue. Paid and pending invoices outstripped revenue during the year by about \$2,500. Our major corporate donor has not yet remitted its usual \$1,000 contribution, but we expect to receive it before the end of the year. As a result, our current cash position is strong compared to our fixed overhead, and the flow of annual membership fees, while not robust, is relatively healthy. Our share of the Gunn Prize was prepaid for 2012 and can be rolled over to 2013 since no acceptable submission was received this year.

Submitted by Raphael Girard, Treasurer, 1 November 2012.

Cash on hand, 1 Oct. 2011	10,996.67	
Investments	6,820.63	
<b>TOTAL ASSETS - START OF PERIOD</b>		<b>17,817.30</b>
<b>Revenue</b>		
Cash proceeds from AGM	1,255.00	
Regular memberships	1,275.00	
Sustaining (Welcoming Communities)	750.00	
Overpayment refund (Molloy)	18.87	
Bank interest	1.07	
<b>TOTAL REVENUE</b>		<b>3,299.94</b>
<b>Expenses</b>		
Bank charges – stop payment	(20.00)	
AGM hall rental and dinner	(1,771.27)	
Bulletins 61 & 62	(577.30)	
Translation Gunn Prize circular	(119.78)	
Press release (Maffre)	(34.88)	
Bulletin 63	(217.02)	

Presentation book for guest speaker	(25.00)	
Post box rental	(158.20)	
Media temple website subscription	(205.57)	
Gunn Prize 2012 – Sir Wilfrid Laurier	(500.00)	
Video project committee lunch meeting	(264.42)	
Stationery and supplies	(25.11)	
Supplies Indochina project (Duschinsky)	(75.39)	
Scanning bulletin stock (Thomson)	(73.45)	
Industry Canada annual filing (Girard)	(30.00)	
Supplies - Carleton presentation (Maffre)	(28.10)	
<b>TOTAL EXPENDITURES</b>		<b>(4,125.49)</b>
Cash on hand, 30 Sept. 2012	10,171.12	
Invoices outstanding	(1,547.78)	
Net cash position	8,623.34	
Investment account	6,827.46	
<b>TOTAL ASSETS AS OF 1 OCT.2012</b>		<b>15,450.80</b>

## Membership Report

Life – 84, Annual – 34, Corporate/Sustaining – 3, Honourary – 8; **Total Membership – 129**

## Presentations

Paul Hempel presented to Jennifer Wolters, Senior Development Officer, Carleton University, representing the university's Uganda Asian refugee archive, the final volume of press clippings on the Uganda Asian refugee movement he collected while his wife Mary Ellen served in Kampala in 1972. President Mike Molloy presented copies of Roger Saint-Vincent's memoir *A Very Fortunate Life* to Mary Ellen Hempel, Jolène Beaupre and Ginette Leroux for their extraordinary contribution to the success of the Uganda operation.

Following dinner, Mike Molloy gave a talk on the Kampala operation, which may be found at:  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NtQPKNhxyM&feature=plpc>.

The meeting adjourned at 10:30 p.m.

### Historical Immigration Uniforms

Citizenship and Immigration Canada's training centre in Toronto is a large facility and we are fortunate to have glass display cases in which to exhibit immigration uniforms. Over the years, I have collected uniforms from: 1950 to 1971, 1977 to 1985, 1986 to 2002, and 2003 to 2006, along with many other items of CIC historical interest. I believe this is the only location in CIC where there is a formal display of the immigration uniforms. I invite your members to tour our facility if they are visiting Toronto.

Also, if retirees own the following pieces and would be willing to part with them, we would be grateful for donations:

- Uniform cap for 1950 to 1971
- Male uniform for 1971 to 1974 (maroon jacket)
- Male and female uniforms for 1975 to 1976.

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# Ernst Mazar de la Garde and Immigration to Canada from Denmark in the 1920s and 1930s by Roy Christensen

## Introduction:

*This is the final instalment of a three-part series concerning immigration from Denmark in the interwar period. The first two instalments appeared in bulletins 64 (conditions in Denmark and the emigration of Danes) and 65 (arrival and settlement in Canada). This final chapter traces the life (and strange demise) of immigration agent Ernst Mazar de la Garde.*

## Immigration Agent Ernst Mazar de la Garde

In the 1920s and 1930s, Ernst Mazar de la Garde worked as an immigration agent for both the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) and the Canadian National Railway (CNR). He promoted Canada as the land of opportunity to Danish farmers and agricultural workers.

Mazar de la Garde was born in Copenhagen, and it was here that he began his association with Canada. Working closely with the CPR's office in Copenhagen, he would travel around Denmark meeting with people who were thinking of emigrating. Mazar's target group was Danish farmers, including farm labourers who dreamed of one day owning their own farm.

To be an immigration agent, it is not necessary to have been an immigrant, but it is essential to know something about the country you are promoting. In Mazar's case, it was the other way around. He had been an immigrant in both New Zealand and Australia for a total of nine years, but he had never been to Canada. To set this situation right and to gain some knowledge of Canada and the conditions for potential settlers, he visited Canada and lived for a while in various Danish settlements. In the winter he would return to Denmark, travelling around the country giving lectures and meeting prospective immigrants. Mazar was conscious of the fact that it was important to select the right people who would be willing to clear land, work hard, and manage on their own.



### Clearing the Forest at Pass Lake

In 1924, a group of Danish immigrants working for the Provincial Paper Company north of Port Arthur, together with Carl Jacobsen, an immigration agent with the CNR in Winnipeg, approached Francis Henry Keefer, MPP for Port Arthur, to ask if it would be possible to have the townships of Sibley and McTavish opened for settlement by Danish immigrants, as the timber rights of the paper company had expired in these townships.

Keefer introduced a bill to that effect in the Ontario legislature, and the first homesteaders located and filed in May 1924. The settlement, located about 50 km from Thunder Bay, was named Pass Lake, after the local lake of the same name. By the fall of 1925, most of the lots had been spoken for, some by families, but most by single men, one of whom was Mazar.

Mazar had already visited Pass Lake in August 1924. The 13 August 1924 edition of the *News-Chronicle* of Port Arthur, reported that "Ernst Mazar de la Garde, Danish Educational System lecturer and author, was in Port Arthur yesterday completing a quiet investigation and inspection trip of the Danish settlement in Sibley Township. Mr. Mazar de la Garde is one of several lecturers sent out by the authorities of Denmark to obtain material for lectures to be later delivered in the schools of Denmark on foreign countries."

The legislation for Pass Lake was modeled on the Dominion Lands Act. It required that the settler build a house and barn on his 160-acre homestead. Settlers were also to clear and cultivate two acres of land during each of the first three years of occupancy. Homesteaders had to be in residence at least six months of the year to lay their claim. After three years, having cleared 15 acres and obtained citizenship papers, the settler could apply for a patent and get the deed to his homestead. In addition to these requirements, each settler had to voluntarily provide three days of work per year on the roads, but he received pay for six days of roadwork.<sup>[1]</sup>

At first, the settlers' main income, according to Pass Lake resident Fred Mikkelsen, was the sale of wood products, such as pulpwood, saw logs, lumber, firewood, railway ties and fence posts. Later, strawberries became a Pass Lake specialty. An article in Toronto's *The Globe* of 29 December 1924, reported that two days earlier, about 70 Danes sat down for Christmas dinner and then enjoyed a dance at the Waverly Hotel in Port Arthur. Among the speakers were Colonization Agent Jacobsen and MPP Keefer. Keefer announced that the Township of Sibley would be taken out of the territory reserved for the Danes, so that the Danish settlers would have an area where they could hunt at will. The newspaper article concluded with the following statement, "At the time of taking last year's census there were 14 Danes in the district; now there are 1,000. More are coming this next season, as active propaganda is being carried on in Denmark."

Mazar de la Garde arrived in Pass Lake in 1925. He started to clear the land on his homestead, completing a large log cabin by May 1926. That spring, Mazar also participated in a river drive, with many local lumberjacks taking logs to a mill by floating them down the river. He could see how dangerous it was walking on the wet logs in the river, so he kept out of the

way and for the most part just took notes. In December 1926, Mazar celebrated Christmas with the George Rasmussen family, another pioneer family.

Mazar lived as a pioneer for two years. Many years later, his daughter reported that he spoke highly of these two years in the Canadian wilderness. He told her that in the evening he would sit outside his log cabin smoking his pipe while listening to the howl of the wolves in the distance.

Mazar left Pass Lake because he was offered a job by the railways' colonization departments. He sold his log cabin for \$300 to 30-year-old missionary Kristian M. Ludvigsen, who arrived in November 1927 from Denmark with his wife. Mazar donated the \$300 to the congregation so that they could build a church. The congregation also received \$200 from the Danish Church in Foreign Countries, which had recommended Ludvigsen to the Pass Lake congregation. Salem Lutheran Church in Pass Lake was officially dedicated in April 1932.

When Mazar visited Pass Lake in 1935, less than eight years after his departure, the log cabins had been replaced by handsome houses, and there were barns, tool sheds and garages. The community also boasted a church and two schools, as well as roads. Mazar was delighted to see the many changes and improvements.

In addition to Pass Lake, two other Danish settlements were founded in Canada in the 1920s. In 1926, Pastor Niels Damskov of Winnipeg founded Ostenfeld, an agricultural community about 70 km east of Winnipeg. It did not truly develop, as better soil could be found elsewhere in Manitoba. In 1929, Pastor Anton N. Skanderup and a couple of other Danes established a settlement at Tilley, Alberta, where Skanderup had secured a block of land from the CPR and then become the CPR's land-and-colonization agent.

## **The Maritimes**

Mazar subsequently went to Denmark to recruit immigrants, this time for the Maritime provinces. He visited folk schools (residential schools for young adults), many of which had agricultural programs for young farmers. There were no prerequisites and no exams or diplomas. The folk schools were meant to equip students for life and were very popular with young people. Some schools would assist young farmers, who were interested in emigrating, preparing them for life overseas. They did this by having immigration agents give lectures periodically or hiring them as teachers for a semester.

Mazar established a good rapport with Vallekilde Folk School, located about 85 km west of Copenhagen. Vallekilde was established in 1865 by Ernst Trier. One of his descendants, Ernst Trier Hansen, immigrated to Canada, settling in New Brunswick, where Mazar met the family. In the 1930s, Hansen nearly lost his farm as he was not able to make the required payments. Mazar quickly stepped in and the farm was saved, remaining in the hands of the Hansen family.

Immigration agent Jens Hvass, who had been the CPR land agent in the successful Danish settlement of Dalum, Alberta, sought to establish a Danish settlement at Walton in Nova Scotia. During the winter of 1927-28, he was a teacher at Ryslinge Folk School in Denmark, where he taught a course on emigration entitled "Guidance for young people who plan to emigrate to Canada and the United States."<sup>[ii]</sup>

## **Mazar Settles in the Maritimes**

In early 1930, Mazar moved to New Brunswick. In the winter of 1931-32, he was a lecturer at the Danish Folk School in New Denmark, New Brunswick, a settlement founded in 1872. He lectured about life in New Zealand and Australia.

Danish immigrants established folk schools in Calgary, Dalum and Edmonton.<sup>[iii]</sup> Young Danish farmers and labourers could attend these residential schools during the winter months to learn English and about Canada in general. It was natural for these farmhands to attend school in winter, as that is what they had done in Denmark. The cost was about \$25 per month and included room and board. All these schools closed in the 1930s because of the Great Depression.

An article about the Danish settlers in Wallace, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, appeared in the 5 December 1930 edition of *Viking*, a Danish-language newspaper based in Toronto and published by Bertel Fuglsang:

*Again this year the number of Danish settlers in Cumberland County has increased by a few families...The farms here are found in surroundings that very much look Danish. These farms just need people to manage them. The previous owners have abandoned them due to age, as all their children have been swept away by the flow of people moving West—and on to the States. The farms have therefore been abandoned and neglected—not because it did not pay to operate them—but because those who should have had the will to do so, simply lacked the will. The few who operate farms give the impression that they are better at farming than those at home...A Danish farm would not fit in here; but growing barley, potatoes and perhaps sugar beets as well as raising hogs will likely secure a bright future.*

## **Mazar Becomes a Canadian Citizen**

From New Denmark, Mazar moved to Moncton. Here, on 16 May 1932, according to *The Canada Gazette*, Ernst Mazar de la Garde, immigration agent, became a Canadian citizen. Later in 1932, Mazar moved to Nova Scotia, settling in Pugwash, Cumberland County. He often visited the Danish settlers in nearby Wallace, also in Cumberland.

The 25 July 1933 edition of the *Danish Herald* (a Danish-language newspaper published in Kentville, Nova Scotia) reported that about 75 Danish families and some bachelors had settled in the county. In addition to farming, there was work in forestry and the local quarries. The article suggested that the Danes join together to establish a sick-benefit association and build an old folks' home.

In the summer of 1933, Mazar arranged a big outdoor reunion in Pugwash for the Danes of Wallace and Pugwash, consisting of a picnic, games and speeches. The keynote speaker was Odin Kuntze, editor of *The Danish Herald*. In his address, Kuntze suggested forming a national organization for the Danes in Canada, to be called the Danish Canadian Society. A branch was subsequently formed in Wallace/Pugwash, with Mazar as president. In 1934 Mazar arranged another reunion. A third was held on 28 July 1935 at the Mortensen farm in Wallace, and 200 people attended. It was on this occasion that the flag of the Danish Canadian Society, Wallace/Pugwash Branch, was inaugurated. One of the speakers was Sigrid Trier Hansen of Vallekilde Folk School, whose husband had been headmaster there. Her son had a farm in Pugwash. She was asked to take greetings back to Ernst Mazar de la Garde in Denmark.

## **Ernst Mazar de la Garde**

Ernst Mazar de la Garde was a proud Dane. However, on his father's side he traced his roots back to François Mazar de la Garde, who fled to Denmark from France in 1685, after King Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes and thereby deprived all French Protestants of their religious and civil rights.

Mazar was born in Copenhagen on 9 May 1883, the son of Hendrik Gerner Sneedorff Mazar de la Garde and Cecilie Camilla (née Gandil). He was the youngest of four children, the others being Frits, Charles and Elna. The family lived on the fourth floor of a new apartment building at Nørre Farimagsgade 56. The family had two live-in maids to help with the children and to clean, shop and cook.

The family moved when his father was promoted and posted to Ribe. There, Mazar was sent to the best school, the strict and prestigious Latin School. He grew up in Jutland, in the towns of Ribe and Aalborg, where his father served as postmaster. His grandfather, Benjamin Antoine Mazar de la Garde, had also been a postmaster. The family wanted young Ernst to follow in their footsteps. After he finished school, he was therefore placed in the post office in Brønderslev as a trainee. However, he hated it; he wanted to be a farmer.

As a boy, Mazar had often visited his father's brother, who managed a big estate in the Stevns area on the island of Zealand. Indeed Mazar had spent several summer vacations on this estate and had thereby become interested in agriculture. After two years at the post office, he quit and quickly obtained work at Vilhelmsborg, a big estate near Aarhus. Later he worked on the Naesgaard estate near Stubbekøbing. He enjoyed it—farming was his type of work!

Mazar worked on these two estates for more than four and a half years, and then his boss at Naesgaard suggested that he try to get some foreign experience, also saying that the East Asiatic Company, headquartered in Copenhagen, was hiring, as it needed forest assistants on its teak plantations in Siam. Mazar applied and within weeks he was on his way. From Bangkok it took him nine days to reach Phrae and the teak-tree plantation, a distance of about 580 km, travelling by train, houseboat, elephant and horse. He spent three years in Siam, from 1908 to 1911.

Diagnosed with malaria, Mazar returned to Denmark, but fortunately he recovered quickly. Determined to see more of the world, he left for New Zealand, where he worked on various farms. From time to time he would play tourist and write a newspaper article. After two years, he left for Australia. Again he worked on farms around the country. What most impressed him about Australia were the constant droughts and plagues of rabbits, mice and grasshoppers. After six years in Australia, he returned to New Zealand, where he stayed for another year.

In 1921, Mazar returned to Denmark via the Panama Canal. His father had died in 1917 and his mother had moved from Aalborg to the plush district of Hellerup, north of Copenhagen. For the first while he stayed with his mother. He also worked on his book, *Nine Years in New Zealand and Australia*, which was published in 1924. Later he would publish *Among Teak Trees and Elephants* about his stay in Siam. Sadly, he never wrote a book about Canada.

After Mazar's return from the southern hemisphere, he made contact with the CPR's immigration office in Copenhagen and for the next many years, his life focussed on Canada, until the early summer of 1935, when he sailed back to Denmark. He would never see Canada again. The Danish settlers in the Maritimes were sad to see him leave. For his goodbye party in December 1934, Ernst Trier Hansen wrote a song in his honour, which all the Danes sang for him. When Mazar left Canada, the country was in the middle of the Great Depression. For the farmers the present was not good—certainly not what they

had dreamed of—and the future did not look promising. Now they would face the future without Mazar. For many of the settlers, he was not just an immigration agent: he was one of them—and more.

Mazar had received word that his mother was sick and decided to return to Denmark to be with her. Indeed, his official reason for leaving Canada was that his mother was dying. But perhaps there were also other reasons. Canada was hard hit by the worldwide Depression. By 1933, 30 percent of the Canadian labour force was unemployed and one in five Canadians was dependent upon government relief for survival. In 1932, the federal government set up relief camps run by the military for unemployed men. As well in 1932, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation was founded in Calgary as a political coalition of progressive, socialist and labour forces to establish a political party capable of bringing about economic and social reform. A key impetus for the new movement came from farmers' organizations.

The 1930s were not a good time to be an immigration agent. The number of farmers allowed into New Brunswick and Nova Scotia under the special arrangement was barely reached. Moreover, in time the majority of Danish farmers who came to the Maritimes left again—for Ontario, the West, or home to Denmark. In the late 1920s, about 4,000 Danish immigrants came to Canada per year. In the 1930s, the number dropped to less than 100 per year. Mazar de la Garde must have been discouraged. That is perhaps why he never wrote a book about Canada. And yet, in Canada he had a job to do: bringing in immigrants, unlike his stays in New Zealand and Australia, where he just worked at menial jobs—or, as his daughter says, “bummed around”.<sup>[iv]</sup>

Mazar's mother died in September 1935. With her passing, he moved to Vallekilde Folk School, where he could also lecture once in a while. There he met Emmy Jørgensen, a housekeeper at the school. Maybe she was the reason Mazar never returned to Canada. Mazar and Emmy fell in love and, on 15 October 1937, they were married in the Frederiksberg Church in Copenhagen. Emmy had been born in Copenhagen on 14 June, 1901, the daughter of train conductor Hans Christian Jørgensen and Anna Dorthea née Pedersen. The newlyweds moved into the Cottage at Vallekilde.

To earn a living, Mazar worked as a tourist guide for the Danish shipping company DFDS, taking groups of Danish tourists on cruises to Norway, sailing along the long Norwegian coast and into the fjords. This good life ended with the Nazi occupation of Denmark and Norway in April 1940. During the war, Mazar operated a peat bog, selling peat for fuel, as it was impossible to import coal or oil.



After the Second World War, Mazar de la Garde continued to live at the Cottage at Vallekilde. As coal and oil could now be imported again, he started a business selling agricultural equipment. In 1938, his daughter, Kirsten, was born. She adored her father. He could tell the most wonderful stories about his many travels.

Mazar's death was an awful shock for Kirsten. Years later, she could still remember that summer day in July 1949. She and her mother had kissed him goodbye as he left on his bicycle. A short time later the local doctor came to their house to inform them that Mazar had apparently fallen sick on his way to the train station. He was found in a ditch—dead.

Kirsten and her mother stayed at Vallekilde for another two years. Then, in 1951, they immigrated to New Zealand. Kirsten and her mother never returned to Denmark, not even for a visit.

i Information from Fred Mikkelsen, Pass Lake

ii *Dalum Reflections*, Dalum History Book Committee, Dalum, Alberta, 1990, p. 9

iii *Danish Folk Schools in Canada* by R.B. Christensen in *Danish Emigration to Canada*, pp.106-124

iv Letter from Kirsten Trenkner to the author, dated May 17, 1989

### **About the author**

*Roy Christensen worked in Ottawa for the Delegation of the European Union to Canada for nearly 35 years, the last 20 as its press officer. He devotes much time to research and writing and sits on the boards of a number of associations. We are pleased to report that Roy was elected this year to the CIHS board.*

## **In Memoriam**

### **A.W.H. “Bert” Cheffins 1924-2011**

We note with sadness the passing of CIHS Life Member Bert Cheffins. Born in Montreal in 1924, Bert joined the RCAF in 1942 as a bomb aimer and observer and completed 30 missions with 102 Squadron and 635 Pathfinder Squadron. Returning to Canada, he married Thelma Pooler and began a 35-year career in the federal public service, starting as an immigration officer at Fort Erie. He served in Prescott, Ottawa, Fredericton and Winnipeg, retiring in 1980 as Chief of Industrial Development for the Prairie Region of Employment and Immigration. An active sportsman, Bert was a member of the Canadian Softball All Star Team for 70s and Over and participated in the Senior Softball World Championships of 2000.

Bert's role in the Manitoba Commemorative Names project, under which more than 4,000 rivers and lakes were named after Manitobans killed in WWII, was recognized by an award from the Premier of Manitoba. For this and many other activities, in 1999, Bert was named the first honorary colonel of the Canadian Forces Air Navigation School in Winnipeg, a role he held with great vigour until 2007. A father of six, Bert was predeceased by Thelma after 58 years of marriage. We were honoured to have him as a member of the CIHS.

### **Ruth Goldbloom 1924-2012**

We note as well the passing of Ruth Goldbloom, a noted philanthropist and a powerful force behind the drive to elevate Pier 21 to Canada's National Immigration Museum. Ruth, born in Waterford, N.S., was a co-founder of the Pier 21 Society in 1990. Nova Scotia Premier Darrell Dexter stated that "Ruth was a woman of such energy, passion and commitment, she dedicated her life to enriching the lives of Nova Scotians, and her legacy will have a lasting effect on Nova Scotia and Canada". She was appointed to the Order of Canada in 1992 and promoted to Officer of the Order in 2000. The citation from the Governor General read: "Her latest project, Pier 21, was realized as a result of her unmitigated enthusiasm and leadership. Through her effort, it was transformed from a simple gateway into a national symbol of hope for thousands of new Canadians". During her recent visit to Ottawa, Pier 21 CEO Marie Chapman stressed how deeply Ruth is missed by the museum's staff. (source: The Canadian Press)

### **Roman Peter Melnyk 1941-2012**

Finally, we note the passing of Roman Melnyk, who served with Immigration in Stuttgart and Cologne from 1962 to 1966. A lawyer and television executive, Roman held several senior positions with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, including senior legal counsel, director of Independent Production, director of TV Network Programming, and executive director of Media Operations. Later he served as executive vice-president and chief operating officer of W.F. Cooke Television Programs, then as vice-president of Business Affairs with CTV Television.

*Going to press we received word of the passing of former CIHS President John Hunter and of John Sheardown. We will pay tribute to them in our next edition.*

### **Alberta/NWT Regional Reunion by Ellery Post and Laurel Friesen**

On 13 September 2012, there was an informal gathering in Calgary for people who had worked for and with CIC/CEIC in the old Alberta/NWT Region. On Ellery Post's suggestion, we canvassed a number of past employees, and as a result we sent out 40 invitations to those we could contact by email.

Some 35 former colleagues attended, from Calgary, Coutts, Edmonton and Lethbridge in Alberta; Surrey, B.C.; Saskatoon; and Ottawa. Members of other departments and agencies also attended, representing CBSA(Customs), CSIS and the Calgary Bar Association. Between them, participants accounted for many years of service under the CIC/CEIC umbrella, and most had worked for or with Ellery at some point.



**Bill Clark, Ellery, Rudy Wiens**

Ellery's career with CIC spanned many years, starting in 1947 at Emerson, Manitoba. He moved on to Winnipeg, worked relief at Churchill and North Portal, and then moved to Regina, then to Brandon, where he was promoted to manager, back to Emerson, and finally to Calgary, where he retired in 1981.

Other CIC managers in attendance were: Bill Clark (Edmonton), Bill O'Connor (Lethbridge), Wilf Lindner (Calgary and Regina), Rudy Wiens (Calgary Airport), Paul Thielen (Coutts), Mike Fitzpatrick (Saskatoon), Fred Furlong (Calgary Airport), and Rob Ferguson (Calgary Airport and Calgary). It was great to see everyone, renew old

acquaintances, and catch up with many colleagues and friends.

#### **Association for Canadian Studies Conference**

Rob Vineberg alerts us that the Association for Canadian Studies will hold a national conference in Ottawa from 14 to 16 March, with a pre-conference day on 13 March dedicated to francophone immigration. (He will be making a presentation on the development of recruitment programs for francophone immigrants as part of a panel discussion.) For people associated with an NGO (such as the CIHS), the fee is only \$150. For more information about the conference, see: <http://www.acs-aec.ca/en/events/other-events/15th-national-metropolis-conference-building-an-integrated-society/>

## **Beatrice May Forster: Reflections of a Home Child (Part I) by Thomas Waldock**

*Having eagerly embraced the opportunity to write about my grandmother's personal reflections as revealed through her notes, I quickly felt the weight of responsibility. All of a sudden, it seemed a daunting task. After all, how do you write about the memories of your grandmother? And is it possible to do this without ending up with some kind of reductionist caricature of her "story"? Lives are complex totalities, and the last thing that I wanted to do was "sum up" these notes or provide some kind of synopsis that would not do justice either to her as a person or to her experience. As an academic, I have both written and read about the home children and noted the personal experiences of some of them—conveyed by individuals themselves as they reflected on their past. These accounts often are chronicled in full-length works written about this chapter in our history, by those who have made the home children a primary focus of their research (Bagnell, 2001; Corbett, 1981; Harrison, 1979; Parr, 1980). But with regards to my grandmother, I am certainly out of my element as an academic, forced to go outside my comfort zone. One gets used to assessing "subject matter" from a metaphorical distance and avoiding the tendency to personalize. That is not possible here. I want readers to be aware of my struggles in this regard, which by the way became apparent beginning with the title itself. First, "Reflections of a Home Child" seemed appropriate. Then just "Reflections"—after all, she wasn't just a home child to me. Then back to the original—readers would need to know the context of some of these memories. In what follows, aside from providing an introduction to this chapter in our history, my grandmother's notes and associated photographs will be presented. Her own words "speak volumes".*

My grandmother was one of more than 100,000 children sent to Canada from Britain between 1869 and 1939 as part of an emigration scheme. They came to be known as the "home children". They were marginalized in their country of origin, victims of rapid industrialization and urbanization combined with an inadequate social welfare system, living lives characterized by poverty and hunger. With the breakdown of families, many found themselves in dire straits. Younger children may have been admitted to care. Older children may have found themselves in workhouses. Far too many ended up on the streets and orphaned. The responsibility for what happened next is not straightforward. I will not elaborate on these complexities here—readers can follow up on this if they choose by exploring the references—except to say that this "drama" of epic proportions at times involved well-intentioned individuals, motivated by the desire to "rescue" these children. But intermixed with such possibilities are harsher judgments born of the realization that less admirable social and economic considerations played a significant role in this emigration scheme. Britain stood to gain from the removal of these children. And Canada was complicit and more than willing to benefit from the cheap labour they represented.

While more than 100,000 of these children were sent to Canada, it is estimated that from 7,000 to 10,000 children ended up in Australia (known as the "Lost Innocents" in this context). Both Britain and Australia have issued official apologies for their roles.

For the most part, the children's existing ties to extended families were seriously attenuated or severed altogether, as was their connection to homeland. Many were placed with Canadian farm families, experiencing the culture shock associated with an urban-to-rural shift in their way of life. Others, such as my grandmother, worked as servants in urban settings. In this new world, they essentially provided cheap labour for the colony. Their experiences are diverse, and one can never generalize. Some of the children became members of their new families and were treated well. Others experienced a lack of caring and love and largely were exploited as boarders or workers—this seems to be the case with my grandmother. And far too many were mistreated and abused. Estimates have suggested that two thirds of them suffered from abuse or neglect. Moreover, they were labelled waifs, street urchins, lesser breeds, guttersnipes, and a host of other names. Many internalized the stigma that was reinforced not only by their host families, but also by the society and culture to which they now "belonged". It is difficult to imagine the impact of this experience on their childhoods. Yet at the same time, their stories often are characterized by resilience and the lives that they built in Canada despite their initial circumstances. Commentators have emphasized the continuing legacy of the home children, and estimates suggest that their descendants make up more than 10 percent of Canada's population (Collins, 2010).

My grandmother played a part in this legacy, but there is no doubt that it was a difficult journey (the streets in Canada were not paved in gold, as she had been told!). At age five, she was admitted to care, where she remained until she was put on a ship to Canada at age 14. Below are the notes and reflections of a home child, as transcribed by my mother, Beverly Waldock. My mother's commentary introduces and follows the notes.

### **Beatrice May Forster**

The following script is taken from notes my mother Beatrice Forster (Smee) presumably wrote after my father (Bob Forster) died. This would make her about 65 years old.

Before I was five years I remember so many things I saw and did, first my name was Maisie, not knowing days, weeks, or years, man, woman or money etc., so tiny. I knew very few words but I could take everything in by sight and did, was I curious, nosy or inquisitive? I once wandered out in the street in my nighty, it was such fun on the nice Bobbies shoulder having to hang on to his hat. Then another time I ran after a man with horse and wagon who was calling out strawberries. I just wanted one. I guess he gave me it. Another time my Mum took me to visit an Aunt, who had a apple tree, little green ones. I didn't like them. On a visit to

another house I saw a little girl with a dolls pram. I wanted one too, the only word I got from my Mum was tomorrow. Then there was a time I joined some kids who were running like mad only to find out a man was after them, and found (I was so frightened for the first time) I ran into a hedgerow, (this might have been a dream) for I do not remember whose home I got to or how, or where it was. One day Mum took me out to go on a bus, then she said to see an Uncle, but he was holding a big red handkerchief, with spots of black over a hole, where smoke or steam was shooting out. I found it quite interesting. Another visit to somebody's



home, a drawer was opened and I saw a lovely bonnet. I was quite taken up with it, years later I find out it was a Salvation Army hat. Gas lights and hat pins got my attention as we went shopping, everything was so interesting. I remember one night my Mum had left me alone in a strange room when I came too I let the whole world know I didn't like it in the dark, and a nice lady came and took me into her room, it was real lovely and bright as I was put on the bed and the lady and gentleman made a big fuss over me. They had a nice fireplace, and on the mantle piece I fell in love with a pair of little baskets of flowers, made of china and they let me hold one. I have no idea where this was, and who the people were. I only know I still love fine china. The place had two sets of stairs, one on the right and left of a landing. I often wonder if it was a hotel. We sometimes went to see Gram and Grandpa. My how I loved them and Mum with my whole heart as they seemed to be the only three I knew. I was to spend the rest of my life wondering what happened to them. It was fun to be at their little cottage, two rooms downstairs, two up. I was to stay overnight a few times and always Gram would put a little candle right on the corner of the mantle piece in my back room and I remember one time Grandpa caught a mouse up by the tail. I still can hear my childlike laughter as I thought it so funny, and the little tub I bathed in, in front of the fire. Then another time, Grandfather took me into his garden and began to eat something, and of course, I begged for one. I took no notice of his no no no's and finally he gave in, it was a nasturtium, now it was Gramps turn for a good laugh. I loved to watch him as he pounded the ground with a big stick with a block of wood on the end. Also he had a small greenhouse. He had a white claypipe and over the mantle a pipe holder. The next time I was at my Gram and Gramps I must have been older as I was allowed to go out the front door on my own, and looking down the lane I thought to myself I mustn't go that way, I might fall of the edge of the world. So I go the wide way and saw a store with books, magazines, etc., and as I watched people pick up and go on their way with papers tucked under their arms, I thought I could do the same, so trotting back to Grams I opened the magazine on a chair just inside the door, only the next thing I know a big Bobbie came and took it away, I wonder to this day if I got my grandparents in trouble. Then another time I saw a house on fire, and there were lots of people crowded around the church, which was two or three doors down from Gram and Gramps and I nearly got lost among so many people. The fire was back of the church on another street. The last I ever saw of my Grandparents must have been on my birthday (5<sup>th</sup>). I had new clothes on, jumper white and dark pleated skirt. My Gram pointed to a little Chinese cup and saucer, all pretty colours and told me it was all mine, also I had a balloon and some sweets, only to go outside and the bigger kids took off and broke my one and only balloon and I did cry. Sometime before all



Age 5 in care

this there had been a big building with a lot of policemen in it. I had no idea what it was all about, but as I grew older and put two and two together it must have been a court or police station. Anyway, I was having a good time with all the Bobbies who were having a meal and I was getting a lot to eat as I ran up and down the very long table with Bobbies on both sides, and finally I said "I had to go pp's and was taken out to the cook in the kitchen, who held me over a big pail. This is about the end of my life as a happy child, innocent but I did know what love was. Then comes the sadness. I was back with Mum in a house and something was going on, and I was crying in the hall as I thought behind a door someone was hurting my Mummy. After a while I was let into the room and was to see a baby girl called Eileen. I was more concerned about my mother. Then I remembered my first time in a church, three girls all in pink took me, (Violet, Gladys and Florrie), and I wondered why I wasn't all in pink silk dresses and floppy pink hats, I thought of them as my sisters (later I find out not so). Two more things come to my mind, one day Mummy was cleaning a window while I was sitting up in bed, then a man appeared and tiptoed into the room toward Mum. I had no idea what went on as I hid under the bedclothes, now as I think back I guess they were having fun. Another time a man, Mum and I were sitting on a grass bank, no idea how we got there, as I was playing around I pointed to a big building all so bright and shiny and Mum said it was the Crystal Palace. I wonder if we were having a picnic. I'll never know how we got to and fro. Now this was all before I was five years old. All these sayings are not in order, as one knows a little child could not know about weeks, months, days or even a year so I'll take a guess, I might have been between three and five years. I do not know. I had a birthday at Gram and Gramps, all in nice new clothes, then two days later a new baby came and next thing I land in a place called "Babies Castle" also known as Queen Victoria's House. What was I doing there? Where was my Mummy? How did I get in such a big place? I was heart broken but could not cry. My clothes were taken away, my hair all cut off. I was so proud of my hair and also recalled how I liked combing Mums lovely long hair. In a room full of sinks and shiny taps they cut my arm and it bleeds (I still have the scars). There was a row of potties and all us babies sitting on them while watching older children waiting naked for their turn to bathe, I think I'm horrified, or in disgust, amazed and terrified and in shock, as I wanted only to get back to my Mother. I was then put in a room with cots full of babies. I must have been the only one able to get in and out of bed as a nurse told me to put a dummy in a tin of thick milk if any of the babies would wake up and cry. I could hear the wind howl as I lay in the dark and couldn't figure out what was going on. All I know as days went by I would sit in a big window and look down at the big gate to see if my Mum would come. There seemed to be a few nurses about and

one was very kind to me, when I had a splinter in the palm of my hand she gave me a sugar lump for being so brave. I was never called Maisie again. The next thing was Christmas, my very heart wasn't in it. I just did what I was told to do and still sat in the window watching. On the floor was a big Christmas cracker and all the little ones were pulling out things to play with. I ended up desperately ill and was put in a very small dark room all by myself and believe it or not, as small as I was, I wished I would die, and not knowing at the same time my Mother was sent for as they thought I was going to die as my mother was to tell me later on, when I was leaving for Canada. What I had got was the chicken pox, and a big Doctor came in to see me and said he was going to try something new on me. Tried for the first time, it was a very big word and I'd never forget the -smell of it (eucalyptus). Another baby child was to share my little dark room, I can still see the big sad eyes and haunted look as the

tiny hand clasped the rail of the cot and looked over at me. I was in a cot behind the door and the other cot was across the room on the opposite wall—just room for two cots and then a screen with frogs on it (dark green ones) was put around me. It must have been nearly February when I was bundled up in outdoor clothes far too large for me and sent outside to join all the little children. It was cold and the head nurse or matron came rushing out and had me rushed back indoors, saying something about how ill I had been and shouldn't be out in the cold weather. A few weeks later I was sent to Girls Village home and the name of the cottage was called Ivy. After a while I started school in infants class only to begin to like two nice teachers. The war started in 1913 or 14 and I was sent to a home in Shirley Southampton, 16 Wordsworth Road and it was then I found out my name was Beattie Smee. I was the youngest one of all the 25 girls who's ages ran from five to fourteen years.

### **Beverly Waldock's (Daughter's) Commentary**

My mother's notes end there. She told many stories of her time in Shirley, Southampton. Her stay there was very unhappy—the matrons treated the girls very harshly and food was scarce. Her diet consisted of bread and dripping much of the time.

Beatrice May Smee was born 15 August 1908, 4 Stonehouse Cottages, Drury Lane in Aldershot. Her birth certificate lists father and mother as Herbert Elias Smee and Florence Agnes Smee, formerly Marshall. The mother at this time was living at 10 Crimea Road, Aldershot. It is virtually certain (despite the certificate) that her parents did not marry. When mom was to leave for Canada, her mother came to visit and told her that she had not married her father. She gave her a picture of him.



Age 14 leaving for Canada

On 2 Feb. 1914 she was admitted to Barnardo's Homes. At fourteen a choice between Australia and Canada was made and she sailed for Canada 14 Sept. 1922 on the SS Minnedosa and arrived in Quebec 28 Sept. She then travelled to Toronto to discover that the streets were not paved in gold, which was the reason she had chosen Canada. She worked as a servant in households in London, Ridgetown and Toronto. While working, she was not physically abused but was treated as a servant and given no affection by the households in which she resided.

At sixteen, while working for Dr. and Mrs. Lake, she wrote to the Aldershot police, asking for her father's address. She then started to correspond with him. He was married and had two children, with the third on the way. He asked her not to put her name on the outside of the envelopes as I'm sure his new family did not know of her existence. For her

sixteenth birthday, he sent her a box of chocolates in a fancy oval metal box and several pictures of himself. On one of the pictures he refers to himself as "Birt". Another was a snapshot of the family—mom cut off the picture of his wife.

There is added confusion concerning her father's name, as he is called "Arthur Smee" on an announcement of Mom and Dad's marriage in the newspaper. My mother sent for her birth certificate in 1952, and this may have been the first time she had seen the name "Herbert Elias". On the other hand, how (and by what name) did she successfully identify her father to the Aldershot police? Somehow her mother found out that she was writing to him and sent mom an angry letter asking her to stop. As a result, Mom wrote to both of them saying she was now happily married with a baby on the way and, as neither had wanted her, she didn't want anything to do with them in the future. In 1930, when Mom was 21, her mother wrote her a very sad letter begging her forgiveness. She was then a Mrs. Foreman, a widow living in Brighton. An earlier birthday card (Aug. 1922) mentions her half-sisters Eileen, Hilda and Doris.

After many years of research, I have not been able to find a birth certificate for "Herbert Elias Smee" nor a marriage or death certificate. There are no army records for this name, even though he had been in the army. It would appear that the name "Herbert Elias" may have been an additional fabrication of her mother's (the name Florence Agnes Smee on Mom's birth certificate, the other) as she later said she was not married. Having said that, however, it is probably true that "Smee" is my mother's actual maiden name, but there is no proof of this. I have also followed up the name "Arthur Smee", again without any conclusive results. There are "Arthur Smees" in the records, but none fully satisfy the timing requirements involved, although there is one possibility who would have been 16 at the time of Mom's birth. The next steps will be to

search the 1901 census, but this won't be released for another two years. It may be possible to get records from The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. I suspect their records will be closed for at least another 10 years.

### **About the authors**

*Beverly Waldo* has researched family history for 35 years. In the early days, most of this research was done through the Mormon Library (Salt Lake City) or English County records. In her mother's case, these are her own stories and what she had written down; they were found in her personal belongings after her death.

*Thomas Waldo* is Chair of Child and Family Studies at Nipissing University and a member of the Children's Rights Academic Network (CRAN), associated with the Landon Pearson Resource Centre for the Study of Childhood and Children's Rights.

## **President's Contact with Members**

### **Hits...**

The Uganda Asian lecture tour provided an opportunity to visit Doug and Barb Dunnington in Kitchener. The Dunningtons subsequently visited Halifax, where Doug gave a video interview at Canada's National Immigration Museum.

### **Misses...**

I'm sad to report that I missed seeing John Baker while in Toronto. Correct information on the time and place of my talk at U of T was hard to come by. Equally frustrating was the fact that Ben Pflanz was in Ottawa and went looking for the AGM. After searching high and low along Preston Street, he finally found St. Joseph's Soccer Club but ended up in the wrong meeting. Sorry, Ben, you would have been a welcome surprise. We'll post big signs next year.

### **Near Misses...**

I asked Joyce Cavanaugh-Wood if she would be willing to assist a student working on the history of immigration from Barbados. We don't get replies like this every day:

*Hi Mike,*

*I am slowed a bit by a broken arm, acquired when I had an altercation with two German shepherds, whilst walking my dog. Luckily, after the dogs put me on the ground, I was able to get at my trusty .38 and fired a shot in the air which scattered the dogs. Then I phoned J on my cell and off we went to the ER. All in all, it could have been much worse. Yes, I will be pleased to chat to the grad student.*

## **Comment on a Historical Document: An Ethical Dilemma in CIHS Bulletin 65 by Peter Duschinsky**

The document in question is a memo written by a Canadian officer in Germany in 1950, who selected displaced Eastern European "refugees" wishing to immigrate to Canada from post-WWII Germany. It is a very valuable historical primary source document: in a relatively short space, it highlights several important historical issues with the immediacy possible only to a person working day-to-day on the ground, facing the people affected by these issues.

What are the principal historical issues highlighted?

First, the document demonstrates that in 1950 there remained substantial numbers of people originating in the U.S.S.R. caught on the Western side of the Iron Curtain and fearing possible repatriation. Of course, we now know, through several historical works, that, if they were repatriated to the U.S.S.R., they faced an uncertain fate at best and being shot as a traitor or disappearance into the Gulag at worst. The officer writing the memo appeared to be aware of these facts. (See Note at end of this comment.)

Secondly, the writer, who appears to be well read and well informed, contends that possibly as many as 40 to 60 percent of the people registering with the UN Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (the main UN refugee agency dealing with displaced persons in Germany in the immediate post-war period) as Polish nationals were in fact Soviet Ukrainians.

Thirdly, the officer comments on the lack of expertise of most of the officers who performed screening for the International Refugee Organization. This has two implications: i) if the security officers in general had limited expertise in performing their jobs, it was, in fact, easy to slip through the security screening net set up by Canada and the other Western nations operating in Germany; and ii) in the absence of an effective security-screening apparatus, the immigration officers' judgement became all important in making decisions regarding the fate of the people they were interviewing.

Finally, and perhaps most interestingly, the major ethical dilemma the officer highlights is how he should deal with the people in front of him, knowing that, in fact, they are not Poles but Soviet Ukrainians, making them impostors, hiding their

true identities, lying on their applications. His choice is either to bring the imposture out in the open, and thereby risk repatriating them possibly to death or the Gulag, or to allow them to continue lying and go forward to Canada. He makes the humanitarian, but as he sees it, unethical decision to allow them to continue lying. He does not take his decision lightly. He knows that some of the people in front of him may have been members of the SS or the Ukrainian Underground Army. But in his view of the world, it is more important that they are anti-Soviet than that they may have been, five years before, pro-Nazi. The brutal genocidal totalitarianism that would kill them if they were to be repatriated to it is alive and more powerful than ever before. The brutal genocidal totalitarianism that some of them (almost certainly a minority) would have been willing to serve five years ago is utterly destroyed. The Canadian officer, a stranger to both totalitarianisms, makes the decision of a human being, a "mensch". And with the hindsight of 62 years, who can blame him?

A final word: a recent book, Timothy Snyder's *Bloodlands*, published in 2010, describes in gruesome detail the sufferings of the peoples of Eastern Europe "between Auschwitz and Siberia". Anybody who wants to understand what happened in Ukraine, Belarus, Moldova and the Baltic States during the period of horrifying struggles between Hitlerism and Stalinism, how the peoples of the "bloodlands" were squeezed between the swastika and the red star, should read this book. Of course, underneath all of this, is the nation of ghosts, the Yiddish-speaking, Yiddish-culture Jews of the "bloodlands". Much has been said about them, but they are gone forever, never to be resurrected.

Note regarding historical sources for the repatriation of Soviet prisoners of war to the U.S.S.R. at the end of World War II: The forced repatriation of Soviet citizens at the end of World War II has been dealt with in several books. One of the first studies was Peter Huxley-Blythe's *The East Came West* (The Caxton Printers, 1964). Julius Epstein's findings appeared in 1973 with the publication of *Operation Keelhaul: The Story of Forced Repatriation from 1944 to the Present* (Devin-Adair). A year later, Nicholas Bethell's *The Last Secret: Forcible Repatriation to Russia 1944-7* (Basic Books, 1974) was published in Britain and the United States. Nikolai Tolstoy published *Victims of Yalta* in 1977 and *The Secret Betrayal* in 1978 (Charles Scribner's Sons). Tolstoy's books present a complete account of forced repatriation and its consequences. Alexander Solzhenytsin's *The Gulag Archipelago* (first published in 1973, several editions since) has a number of references to the repatriated POWs who ended up in the Gulag.

It is estimated that 2.75 million Soviet citizens were repatriated to the U.S.S.R.. A minority (exact numbers are impossible to obtain) were immediately shot in accordance with Stalin's "Official Orders", which treated Soviet citizens who were even temporarily out of Communist control as traitors. Those who were not shot were sent to "filtration camps", where they stayed from several months up to two years. After being "filtered" the majority was released into the general population, but a sizable minority (estimates are between 250,000 and 300,000) were handed over to the NKVD (the predecessor of the KGB) and disappeared into the Gulag.

<p>The Canadian Immigration Historical Society (www.CIHS-SHIC.ca) is a non-profit corporation registered as a charitable organization under the Income Tax Act.</p>	<p>Goals:          &gt; to support, encourage and promote research into the history of Canadian immigration and to foster the collection and dissemination of that history;          &gt; to stimulate interest in and further the appreciation and understanding of the influence of immigration on Canada's development and position in the world.</p>	<p>President - Michael J. Molloy          Vice President - J.B. 'Joe' Bissett          Treasurer - Raph Girard          Secretary - Gail Devlin          Membership Secretary - Lorraine Laflamme          Editor - Valerie de Montigny          Board members: Ray Christensen, Hector Cowan, Brian Davis, Peter Duschinsky, Kurt Jensen, Gerry Maffre, Ian Rankin, Kathy Sigurdson, and Gerry Van Kessel</p>
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