

C.I.H.S. BULLETIN

Number 32

ISSN-1485-8460

January 1999

Editor's Note

Bernard Brodie (Interim Editor)

For an Editor, what a pleasant task to have to choose from a bank of available articles!

In this edition we are featuring the fourth segment of Brian Coleman's five-part series on the History of Canadian Immigration Administration.

To complement this, we are also featuring more of Al Troy's reflections, this one concerning his many years in Northern Ireland. Our readers will find this somewhat more serious in tone than many of Al's previous offerings, but his unique perspective is one we are sure you will appreciate.

Consequently, our next edition will bring to a close the two series of articles that began some months ago, with the final segments of both Brian Coleman's History of Canadian Immigration Administration and of K.K. Jarth's description of Indian Family Law.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 2** The History of the Canadian Immigration Service
(Part 4)..... Brian Coleman
- 5** Reflections on Northern Ireland Al Troy
- 10** Membership Form

RECENT EVENTS

New Editor for the CIHS Bulletin

The Board is delighted to announce that Del McKay has offered to take over the task of editing the Bulletin.

Del retired from the Foreign Service after a thirty-year career, the last two postings being as OIC in Kingston (Jamaica) and New York. Del and Carol have worked and lived all over the world, but finally came "home" to Ottawa.

Del welcomes all contributions, manuscripts, memoirs, Letters to the Editor etc., so please give our new Editor your support.

Open House at Lester B. Pearson Building

On November 2nd, the CIHS participated in the 25th anniversary celebrations of the Pearson Building. PAFSO kindly donated space at their booth for our brochures and for a map which showed the location of immigration foreign service officers abroad.

Transition

Our readers will be sorry to hear that two of our former colleagues died in November 1998.

Fred Norman had been retired for some years. His last posting had been as OIC at Buffalo, and from there he had gone to live in the Niagara area.

Vic Meilus died at his farm in Lithuania. Vic had served at many posts, including being OIC Stuttgart and Tokyo. He had originally retired to Florida, but had moved back to the land of his birth some years ago.

THE CANADIAN IMMIGRATION SERVICE TO 1949 (Part Four)

by Brian Coleman

Woman Employees (continued)

The Civil List records on employees back in the mid 1860s is rather scant as to age and date of birth, but we do know that at that time there were listed 43 employees, 39 of them men and only 4 women. Of the four women, one was a cook, two were nurses, and one was a laundress. All worked, during the immigration period of May 1st to October 1st, at the Quarantine Station on Grosse Ile.

The nurses and laundress earned during this five month period \$107.50, and the cook \$122.50. Some of the men were also lowly paid: fifteen of them earned under \$200 for the whole navigation period. But eleven earned between \$201 and \$499, three between \$500 and \$799, and one, A.C. Buchanan Jr. Earned \$2,017.32 in 1864.

Twenty years later, in the mid 1880's of 75 employees mentioned on the Civil List, 73 were men and two were women. They worked in Quarantine Stations, one as a stewardess and the other a matron, and each earned close to \$200. In addition, the Sisters of Mercy formed the nursing staff of the Tracadie Lazaretto in Chatham, New Brunswick.

By 1918, the Civil List was showing 116 employees, of whom 76 were men and 40 women. 38 of those 40 women were unmarried and none of them earned more than \$1,500 per year.

Public Affairs

In the 1890s Clifford Sifton was the Minister responsible for immigration. In his efforts to colonize the West he developed the advertisement of immigration to Canada. In short, Sifton made a policy out of what had for a century or more been a practice: that of advertising Canada through the letters of immigrants to their family and friends back in the old country.

Under Sifton, the availability of immigration literature expanded greatly. As part of this advertising drive schools throughout Britain received Atlases of Canada, and prizes were given to schools to be awarded for the best essay or paper on Canada by a pupil. Emigrant agents in Britain had since the 1860s arranged for lectures on Canada and for touring agricultural exhibitions, and these efforts were continued and increased. Posters depicting Canada could be seen in railway stations throughout Britain.

There were some differences in the advertising practices between Britain and the United States. The main emphasis of the Immigration Service's efforts in the United States before Sifton became Minister responsible for Immigration was the repatriation of Canadians. Sifton in

the late 1890s substantially increased Canadian Immigration agencies throughout the United States to attract a large flow of Americans as settlers in Canada. Unlike advertising in Britain and on the Continent, advertising in the United States was limited mainly to newspapers, distribution of literature, and exhibits at fairs.

Competition for immigrants was heated among the Dominions, particularly between Australia and Canada. The Canadian Government took adverse public criticism of Canada very seriously. In 1907, a dissatisfied immigrant was prosecuted through the instigation of the Department of the Interior for writing criticism of Canada in United States' publications.

Immigration advertising outside Britain between 1899 and 1906 was contracted out to the North Atlantic Trading Company. It was, until then, the only instance of the Department's contracting out immigration publicity.

A later fervour in the campaign for immigrants occurred during the late 1920s but ended with the advent of the Depression in 1930, which was followed by the virtual end of immigration until after the Second World War.

Medical Examinations

The prevention of epidemics was one of the earliest concerns of emigrant agents and the earliest Emigrant Acts. In 1832, Prince

Edward Island became the first jurisdiction in Canada to enact legislation that sought to prevent infectious diseases. Also in 1832, Lower Canada passed legislation for the support of the Emigrant Hospital at Quebec and the Fever Hospital at Point Levis.

Also in the early 1830s came the founding of the quarantine station at Grosse Ile, near Quebec City. This was designed both to protect the health of Canadians and to provide for sick immigrants. The per capita or head tax on immigrants in the first half of the nineteenth century sought to finance this undertaking. On a number of occasions, Canada's quarantine services were instrumental in preventing the spread of cholera and typhus epidemics.

By the 1850s, Britain officially had at least some form of medical inspection for emigrants leaving British ports, but that inspection would appear to have been cursory. On April 16, 1902, proposed restrictions for those with infectious diseases came into force in Canada. In 1903, a limited form of medical inspection became the practice at ocean ports. By 1906, there were medical examinations for immigrants aboard Canadian Pacific steamers en route from Halifax to St. John. In 1907, a fledgling but universal examination of immigrants arriving in Canada by sea was instituted. Any new arrival who appeared likely to become a burden on the community, who was "feeble-minded", or who had a criminal record in his or her native land, was deported at the

expense of the steamship company. In 1908 the inspection of immigrants entering from the United States began. Overseas examinations began in 1920, with Antwerp being the first location on the continent to have such examinations. Even in 1920, however, medical examinations were still being made after immigrants landed in Canada, as well as overseas. Free medical inspection by Canadian doctors in Britain, as well as by local or "roster" doctors, became the norm in November 1927, although the system was not fully operational until early 1928. Seven Canadian doctors were then posted to the Continent. In 1947, X-ray films and a radiologist's report were required for immigrants from countries where the level of tuberculosis was higher than that of Canada.

Immigration and Employment

Immigration and employment have always been closely tied. As early as the eighteenth century, land grants implied that immigrants would do a certain kind of work. For a developing country, farmers and farm-hands were the labour that was needed. Non-farm workers, other than domestic servants, were discouraged from entry to Canada. This policy, which seems to have been applied most vigorously in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, also discouraged immigration to Canadian cities.

One of the duties of emigrant agents was to advise recently arrived immigrants where they could best

find work. In 1893, employment registers of available work were established in immigration offices in the West. In 1907, "canvassers" were sent out to obtain work for unemployed farm labourers and domestic servants. 1913 saw the introduction of the licensing of employment agencies, for the protection of immigrants.

With regard to domestic servants, their employment was sometimes arranged before the young women concerned left Britain. By 1920, London was issuing landing cards to domestic servants which guaranteed their employment upon landing.

In terms of providing for immigrants, it was J. S. Woodsworth, founder of the C.C.F. party, who in 1925 clearly expressed a sense of social responsibility. He proposed that if, after two years, an immigrant was still unable to find work, that the Government should maintain him.

The perennial Canadian problem of how to discourage prairie farmers from leaving for the cities had repercussions on the Department of Immigration. In 1920 there were significant complaints from prairie cities that immigrants from the Continent, who have been brought to Canada to work on farms, were in fact flocking to the cities and creating unemployment. As a result, immigration activities on the Continent were suspended, although this did not affect operations on Britain.

(The fifth and final part of this series will appear in our next issue)

REFLECTIONS ON NORTHERN IRELAND

by Al Troy

Editor's Note

For many past issues, we have all been entertained by Al Troy's memories of his service overseas. In this issue we have the last of the series.

It is also a great deal more serious than his other offerings, and deals with Al and Betty's experiences in Northern Ireland, the tragedy of the years since "the troubles", Al's personal views on conditions there, and his fears for the prospect of a genuine and lasting peace.

It is particularly poignant that this article was written during the week of July 20, 1998, just three weeks before the horrific August 15th bombing in Omagh, County Tyrone, in which 29 people died and 370 were injured.

"I have been trying to write this article for a long time. In fact, I have started it six times, but never got very far with it. However, recent events have made me take one last stab at putting my personal feelings on paper.

The media is full of items of strife, disaster, murder, terrorist activities and many other horrible happenings in various parts of the world. Most of these are in what we consider to be the so-called Third World: Zaire,

Sudan, Eritrea, Indonesia, East Timor, to mention just a few countries that come to mind.

The country I am writing about is a beautiful land, highly industrialized, with excellent medical facilities, first class educational institutions ranging from infant schooling to Ph. D. programs, populated by extremely friendly folk who would offer you the shirt off their back if they thought you might need it. But these same wonderful people have succeeded in murdering over 3,000 of their fellow-citizens during the past thirty years, all in the name of God and patriotism. It makes you want to cry. Indeed, I have done so on many occasions, the most recent being when I heard about the three little boys burned to death in their beds by a fanatical fool who petrol-bombed their home in the middle of the night. Yes, you have probably guessed it; I am writing about Northern Ireland.

When Betty and I with our two small children then aged six and four were posted to Belfast to work in the Canadian Immigration office under that fine gentleman refugee from Prince Edward Island, Ron MacDougall, and his lovely helpmate Helen, we lived at the top of the Ormeau Road which you have no doubt read about in recent newspaper articles. It was a very nice neighbourhood, populated by middle class business people.

We were not there very long before we discovered that life in Northern Ireland was defined by whether you were a Catholic or a Protestant. In every

neighbourhood there would be a business operated or owned by one tribe or the other. In the small towns through the province of Ulster, the same held true. So there would be two travel agents, two or more pubs, two doctors, two real estate agents, and so on. Always there was one of each group, and God help the individual who, even by mistake, frequented the one "on the other side".

There was always a lot of uncomplimentary name-calling between the two groups. The Catholics referred to the Protestants as Prods, and the Protestants referred to the Catholics as Taigs. I never did find out exactly what that meant, but you can bet that it wasn't anything nice!

Some folk claim that life in Northern Ireland is politically orientated. Others will tell you that it is run along religious lines. Actually, both views are quite valid. When we lived there, there were two main groupings. There were the Unionists, who favoured remaining part of the United Kingdom, and their supporters were Protestants. Then there were the Nationalists, who were in favour of uniting with the Irish Republic, and their supporters were Catholic. Now I don't say that this alignment was 100% correct, but in the twelve years we lived there I never met a Catholic Unionist or Protestant Nationalist.

I should also mention the Northern Ireland Democratic Labour Party, which attracts the small minority of people who support neither of the main groups and merely try to offer a

solution to the bitter atmosphere that prevails.

Each of the two main parties have their own sort of National Day of Celebration. The Catholics use the anniversary of the Easter 1916 uprising in Dublin, when the Southern Irish made an attempt to overthrow what they called their "British occupiers", as their celebration day. The Protestants use the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, which was fought just north of Dublin in 1690. In that battle the Protestants defeated the Catholic forces of King James.

On those celebration days, either the Union Jack or the Irish tricolor flag are paraded through their "enemy" neighbourhoods, usually creating riots of varying degrees. The police have cracked down on this sort of show but both sides keep trying to annoy "the other side".

Children on both sides have been brought up for hundreds of years to hate children from "the other sort". Even to this day there are children who have never met or spoken to a child from the other tribe and probably never will do so.

The leaders of the various factions pay lip-service to the so-called peace agreement signed on Good Friday, but they know in their hearts that peace, as we know it, is an impossible goal. The terrorist wings on both sides will always be behind the scenes, ready to do their evil work. On the Nationalist side you have the IRA and their offshoot the Provisional IRA, or "provos", with

their political wing, Sinn Fein, which in Gaelic means "Ourselves Alone". In addition, there is another breakaway group calling itself the Irish Liberation Army. On the Unionist side they have the Ulster Volunteer Force (UDF) and the Ulster Freedom Fighters (UFF). There used to be a "Red Hand of Ulster", but I have not heard of them for some time and assume they must now be in one of the major groups. Each side has other groupings that do not feel that the main terrorists pursue their policies hard enough, so occasionally act on their own to further their particular aims.

Caught in this sad and bad situation are the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the British Army. They are given a hard time, and suffer loss of life, because they are in the middle, trying to uphold the law and keep the two warring factions from killing each other.

Our first tour of duty in Belfast lasted from 1955 to 1959. It was relatively pleasant and there was very little violence. There was the occasional symbolic blowing-up of a mail box or a small chunk of railway line, to remind the public that the opposition people were still around.

On our second tour there from 1961 to 1966 it was still relatively quiet, with only an occasional incident to keep us all on our toes and on guard.

But the really bad times began in 1969 in Londonderry, when twelve of the demonstrators from the Catholic "ghetto" were killed by British

paratroopers on what is still known as "Bloody Sunday". From that day to this, the killing, burning and terrorism have never ceased.

The Department decided that no officer with children would be posted to Belfast. The last officer with children was Walt Jennings, whose son had a close escape when a car-bomb exploded near the bus-stop where he was waiting to go to school.

By this time the centre of Belfast was cordoned off with only two entrances into the area. Cars had to have a special military permit and were subject to search on entry. The car park area was patrolled by soldiers and all pedestrians were body-searched and packages opened on entry. This procedure was repeated at the entrance to our office building.

Social life has basically ceased and hardly anyone ventured out after dark. Roadblocks were set up each night in shifting locations, mostly by the military and the police but also by the terrorists. You had no way of knowing which roadblocks were legitimate until it was too late to get away. This also could mean being taken for a bad guy and being shot: a friendly bullet had the same effect as a terrorist one.

We had an office vehicle and a driver who ran errands and took the wives shopping. Any unoccupied vehicle parked on the street in any part of Ulster was deemed to be a potential bomb-carrier. Military patrols would smash a window and toss a small explosive charge on the

front seat. This would blow open the hood and trunk. If there were a bomb there, it would usually expose it and also upset the triggering device, rendering the bomb harmless. People never seemed to learn, and innocent vehicles were destroyed by this method almost every day. Incidentally, insurance companies refused to pay out on claims of this nature. Hence the driver and vehicle.

I would take the car home at night and bring it back in the morning when the driver would take over the chauffeuring job. We lived in a fairly well-protected area of Belfast on the Malone Road (the posh bit), but the garage was too small for the car. I had to park at the back of the house, out of sight of the street.

In the morning I would follow the instructions given me by the security people regarding checking for explosive devices that might have been placed in the car during the night. I would run my hand over the top of the tires, check the area over the tires, check for wires that might be attached to any part of the car and secured to some solid object that could set off a charge on the underside of the car. Then I would check all the doors and the windows to ensure they had not been tampered with. Finally, and this was the worst part of this daily exercise, I would put the key in the ignition, shut my eyes, take a deep breath, and turn the key to start the engine. When it started I would let out the big breath I had taken and quickly thank God that I had made it for another day.

We had received a direct threat from the IRA that we were "considered a part of the British war machine and as such were now considered a fair target". Not a happy piece of news, as I am sure you would agree. I got on to London, who took this news very seriously, and through their contacts confirmed that this was a legitimate threat and that all care should be taken. I pointed out that we had no security protection whatsoever and that something should be done.

Within a couple of days we had the head honcho from Security at External Affairs in Ottawa in our office, and he immediately authorized all sorts of gadgets for the office, my home, and the home of the other officer at the post. Some of these things were very good, others were better than nothing, and a lot of them simply dangerous toys to have about the premises.

We got bullet-proof windows facing the street, armoured doors, direct phone contact with the military and police, outside lights, alarms, and sirens. Additionally, arrangements were made to have a military patrol pass by and check the houses several times daily. Some of this stuff made me feel better: some of it I felt simply drew too much unwanted attention. Mind you, for living and working in this atmosphere I was getting \$96 per month "danger money". Big deal.

I know my personal opinion doesn't amount to much, but I am convinced there is absolutely no hope of a

permanent peaceful solution to the so-called "Irish problem." The strife has been going on for almost 300 years and all the optimistic talk is not going to change the inbred hatred that each side has for the other. In the long run their so-called Good Friday agreement will mean nothing and that is the sad sad truth. All I can say is God help them.

Our former Chief of Staff of the Canadian Armed Forces is now supposed to be arranging for the disarmament of the terrorist on both sides, and then all will be wonderful. He may get a dozen or so old shotguns and maybe some .303 Lee Enfield rifles left over from the Second World war. He may get a few sacks of potato fertilizer that when mixed with other ingredients makes an explosive known as "Co-op Mix" which is highly volatile and dangerous. But I am sure that he will never get his hands on the stash of Armalites, Kalashnikovs, and the large supply of semtex plastic explosives the various groups on both sides have accumulated at great risk and expense. These will be hidden away for the next outbreak of armed warfare, whether it is next week, next month, or twenty years from now. It is a horrible thing to be saying, but I feel in my heart that this so-called agreement to end this crisis in peace forever is just not on.

One final item to add a bit of humour to this otherwise gloomy tale. When I first arrived in Belfast in 1955 we used a Form 55 as a Immigrant Application Form. Only two pages, front and back. After the name and

address was the question - Religion. This always created a lot of unease and discussion as to why the Canadian officer wanted this information. We had to spend a lot of time explaining that it was to aid the church welcoming groups at the point of entry so that they could contact the newcomer's church officials at their Canadian destination to help provide accommodation and any other help they might need. This would calm them down and we would get the information we needed, but at the expense of a lot of wasted time.

The next question was - Sex. Lots of the applicants' names were in Gaelic and you couldn't be sure if they were male or female. It was amazing how many times the young female applicants would answer this question by writing either "Yes" or "Occasionally". Just goes to prove that there are a lot of really truthful people about, or at least there were in those days. When that supply of forms ran out you may be sure the *next* Immigrant Application Forms underwent considerable amending! "

Editor's Note:

With characteristic modesty, Al suggests that his personal opinion "doesn't amount to much".

Apparently, not everyone agrees with that assessment.

It is a matter of historical record that some years ago Her Majesty the Queen had a private ten-minute conversation with Al, soliciting his views on the situation in Northern Ireland.

