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Selecting Salvadoran Refugees in the 1980s

Bob Brack

Bob Brack was a visa officer from 1982 to 2012. His postings include New York, Guatemala City, San Jose, New Delhi, and Islamabad, as well as short-term assignments in Belgrade, Buffalo, London, Tel Aviv, and Caracas. At NHQ, his responsibilities included being departmental assistant to the Minister of Immigration and senior strategic advisor on removals in Enforcement Branch. After leaving the government, he was chief executive officer of the Immigration Consultants of Canada Regulatory Council from 2012 to 2015. Prior to his foreign service career, he worked as a legislative assistant to the Hon. Jim Peterson, PC, MP, and was a researcher, motel front desk clerk, and taxi driver.

Ed. Note: This article on Central American refugees complements one by Joyce Cavanagh-Wood in Bulletin 84.

Background

In 1987, civil wars were wreaking havoc in Guatemala, Nicaragua, and El Salvador; and while Honduras itself was not engaged in a civil war, those raging around it meant that it too was suffering much misery and mayhem.

I arrived in Guatemala in 1986, on my second posting after two years in New York. I had only rudimentary Spanish and virtually no experience with the developing world, much less civil wars. After a few area trips to Honduras to interview immigrants (mostly refugees) and prospective visitors to Canada, I was told that someone needed to go to a couple of refugee camps in Honduras to interview Salvadoran refugees there. That someone was me.

Flying into the Honduran capital, Tegucigalpa, was an interesting experience, in the sense of that famous Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times". The runway in "Tegu", as everyone called it, was about half the usual length required in the developed world for many of the planes that regularly flew there. Making landing there even more "interesting" was the fact that the runway did not exactly line up with the gap in the mountains surrounding the airport, and a rather sudden and hard shift to the left a few seconds before landing was required. And lastly, the other end of the runway abutted a partial cliff, and so a sudden and complete stop was required. One plane had had to swerve violently at the end of the runway to avoid going down the cliff, damaging a wing; however, my flight was routine and so no more "interesting" than usual. But that was not my last flight on this particular trip to Honduras. Far from it.

Getting There

A day or two later, after completing some routine interviews, I went back to the airport to take a flight to the refugee camps situated on the border between Honduras and El Salvador. (Students of Central American history may recall that, in 1969, the two countries fought a four-day war triggered by a World Cup soccer qualifying game. That conflict led Honduras and

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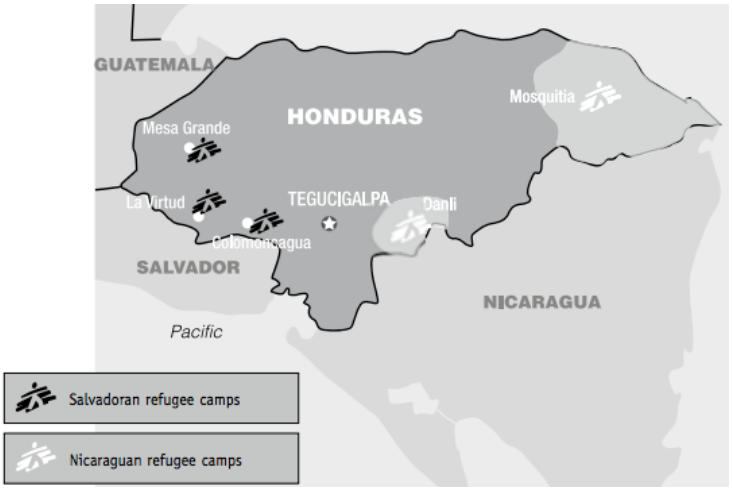
airport and be weighed holding my luggage. I thought this odd, but when I saw the plane I understood why it was necessary: the plane was a small six-seater. My size and luggage were apparently twice that of a regular passenger, as one of the other passengers was denied boarding to make room for me. I felt bad, especially as she was quite angry about being left behind and made her feelings clear to the person who checked us in for the flight who, it turned out, was also the baggage handler and pilot—and all of perhaps 25 years old.



Map courtesy of Médecins sans Frontières, *Salvadoran Refugee Camps in Honduras 1988*

The plane was operated by an American evangelical group, which offered me some degree of comfort. We flew by sight alone, bouncing over the hilly Honduran terrain to our destination. It didn't help that, because of my long legs, the only room for me was beside the pilot and I so had a clear view of the ground just below us, or that the lever—a long metal stick, really, that he used to make the plan rise and fall, often at what seemed the last minute—was strategically placed between my legs, due to the narrowness of the fuselage. But the excitement was just beginning. It turned out that we were not landing at an airport but at a very small army base on a butte almost exactly on the border with El Salvador.

The landing strip was a soccer field full of young soldiers in the middle of a game, and so the pilot had to buzz the field at low altitude on an initial pass before circling around and landing. I asked him if that was normal procedure, and he assured me that it was and that he had yet to take out anyone or have any other kind of accident, having made dozens of such landings. This was a relief, given that the butte on which we were landing had steep cliffs at either end of the so-called runway, apparently a common feature of runways in Honduras.

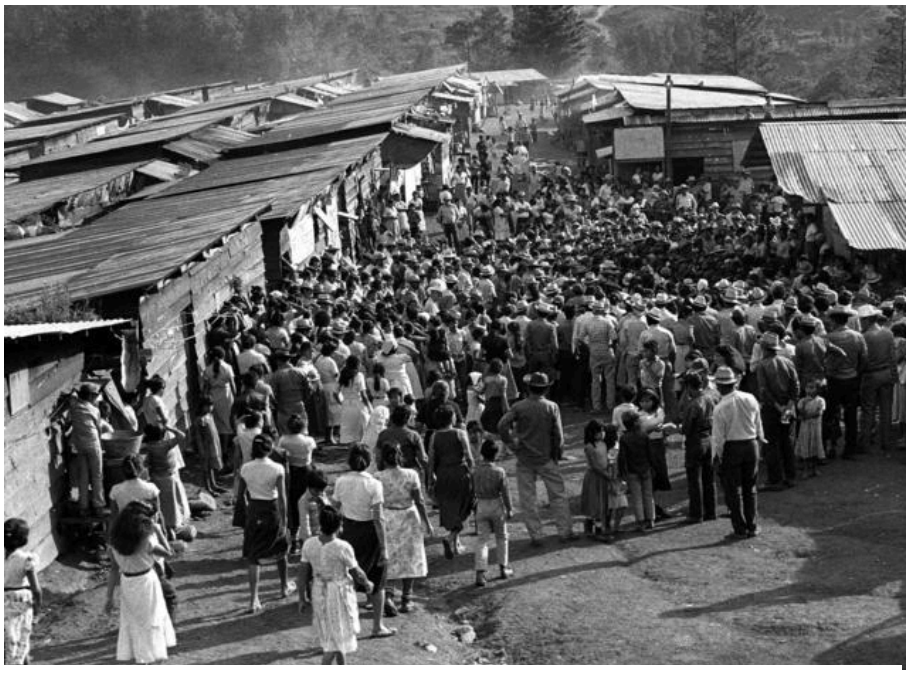
But that still was not the end of the excitement. While the airport/army base/soccer field was the nearest landing strip to the refugee camps, it was nowhere near them. To actually arrive at the camps required an hour-long drive in a four-wheel-drive vehicle, much of it along a mostly dried-up river bed. Taking this route, rather than what passed for the road the whole way, apparently saved a great deal of time. It also, however, nearly dislocated my shoulder, as for most of the journey I hung on to the overhead handles for dear life, usually with both hands.

The Camps

On arrival at the first camp, I was met by the local UNHCR representative, who explained that this camp was very small and was for those who had conflicts with other refugees, or psychological or health issues; they lived there while the UNHCR and other volunteers tried to sort things out. Newly arrived refugees were also initially housed here, though most moved directly from El Salvador to the main camp a short distance away and further from the town.

The senior UNHCR official briefed me on the people I'd be interviewing. All had fallen afoul of the refugees who were effectively running the main camp, which housed over 10,000 people. It surprised me to discover that the refugees, rather than the UNHCR, were the de facto government of the main camp. Furthermore, those in charge were suspected of being senior officials in the main guerilla group in El Salvador, the Farabundo Marti Revolutionary Front, or FMLN. The final surprise was that some of those I'd be interviewing could be in great danger if Canada did not accept them because of a variety of transgressions the leaders of the camp deemed sufficiently serious to merit a fearful penalty. No pressure at all, then!

I had only one refugee family to interview in the small first camp before moving on to the main camp; however, it was clear that my presence was a big deal. Perhaps it was because I was the first foreigner, aside from the UNHCR officers (of whom there were very few), they had seen for a while. Or perhaps people knew why I was there and were hoping to go to Canada themselves. Or maybe it was just the fact that my arrival was something different from their day-to-day lives in the camp. Whatever the reason, I was greeted by several men who identified themselves as the refugee leadership of the camp, with perhaps 100 or more others lingering in the area. They told me that they had set up a small office in a house in the camp and would bring me the interviewees. I showed them my list of applicants' names, which had been provided to us by the UNHCR, and was relieved that it matched their own list.



Salvadoran refugees in a Honduran camp, 1980-1991 (Courtesy of Steve Cagan, Harvard University's *Revista*)

My recollection is that there were five or six individuals or families.

Before the interviews started, however, I was given a tour of the camp, which was really more of a town than a refugee camp. I was shown shops (*pupuserias* in the local slang)—a clinic, a barber shop, a bicycle repair shop, and other small businesses—that one would find in any Central American village. It all seemed quite normal and familiar, and not at all what I expected my first refugee camp to be.

The Interviews

When the first applicant arrived, the camp leaders wanted to stay and listen to the interview. I told them politely that this was not allowed. This news did not go over well, but in the end, it didn't really matter, as the wooden plank walls did not offer much of a sound barrier and it was clear that the crowd that had accompanied me from the entrance was milling around the building and listening to every word. My efforts to persuade the camp leaders to move themselves and the others away were not successful.

I cannot recall the details of any individual interview, but it was clear that all the applicants were terrified and believed that a visa to Canada was their only guarantee of safety. Again, no pressure! But by that point I had done many Salvadoran and other refugee interviews in Guatemala and had a clear understanding of the threshold for acceptance under the Refugee Convention and the Canadian Immigration Act and Regulations. Every applicant met it easily, and that was a good thing for them. I discovered later that the camp leadership had secret makeshift jails, the locations of which were unknown to the UNHCR staff, and that some of the people I'd interviewed had been held in these jails pending my arrival.

I needed a bathroom break between interviews and was ushered to a row of porta-potties on the edge of a cliff that formed part of the border of the camp. The person who walked with me there suggested that I use one at the far end of the row. I asked why and was told that the Salvadoran army, whose base was on the other side of the border a short distance away and within sight of the camp, would sometimes take pot shots at the porta-potties on the other end of the row, closest to the border. He said a refugee using one of those toilets a couple of weeks earlier had been shot and killed. I took his advice and used the one he recommended.

Once the interviews were finished, I was thanked by the leaders of the camp and accompanied back to the entrance by refugees of all ages that by then numbered well beyond 100 people. Some of the children spoke to me, but I could not understand their Spanish, if indeed it was Spanish, as many people on both sides of the border spoke local or indigenous languages. I remember thinking it odd that no adults, beyond the camp leaders, spoke to me or even made eye contact with me. I took it as an indication that those in charge of the camp ran it with a very heavy hand.

As it was late and getting dark by the time I finished my work, I stayed overnight in the village near the refugee camp. I don't recall if it had a hotel, but in any case, I stayed with the senior UNHCR official in her house, which had just been built and so was more modern than others in the village. The arrival of 10,000 refugees had been a bit of an economic boon for the village, and new housing was needed for those who had come to take advantage of it. There was, however, no running water in her house, so the toilet was flushed with a bucket of water—not the end of the world, especially compared to conditions in the camp. At least the Salvadoran army was unlikely to shoot at me while I used it.

The next morning, I retraced my journey—the hour-long four-wheel drive to the army base, the hair-raising flight back to Tegucigalpa (minus anyone angry at me), and a nice, long, hot shower in the Honduras Maya Hotel.

Looking Back

In retrospect, while the people I interviewed clearly had a well-founded fear of persecution, it seemed they were afraid as much if not more of the leadership of the camp as of the guerillas or the Salvadoran army. Those of us working on refugee

matters in the region often remarked that it was difficult to point the finger of blame at one side more than the other in the various civil wars raging in the area. To be honest, we didn't try, focusing instead on the credibility of the stories we heard, regardless of who the bad guys were in particular instances. Often the applicants themselves were not sure which side was persecuting them. For example, we accepted those fleeing the army and the guerillas in El Salvador and Guatemala, as well as those fleeing the Sandinista government and the Contras, as the rebels were known, in Nicaragua. We occasionally met with U.S. embassy officials who supported the Salvadoran and Guatemalan governments as well as the Contras. We also met with human rights activists, who often supported the guerillas in El Salvador and Guatemala and the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. We eventually came to the view that, if the very different supporters of each side were unhappy with our decisions, as was the case in all three countries, then we were probably getting it pretty much right.

The key was not to put too much weight on the proper nouns, when we heard the terrible stories. What does that mean? Instead of thinking that the government in this country or the rebels in that country were the bad guys or the good guys, we focused on the stories we heard and the story-tellers' credibility. After a while, one's instincts for sorting out exaggerations or outright fakery became rather acute, though in fact there was so much terror and brutality in northern Central America at that time and the people being terrorized were for the most part not elites but simple people who probably were incapable of convincingly faking a story. Our own ever-growing experience, the regular reports we received from various sources, and our own inquiries during trips to these countries gave us confidence that our decisions were sound and consistent with the direction we'd been given by Ottawa regarding the selection of people to go to Canada.

And what of the other 10,000 refugees in the camp? Why were they not considered for visas for Canada? During my two years at the embassy in Guatemala and two years after that at the embassy in Costa Rica, we issued more than 4,000 visas—over 500 refugee visas a year in the former and over 1,500 a year in the latter—to citizens of almost all the countries in Central America. On one level it seems, and is, only a drop in the proverbial bucket. But we tried to ensure that those visas went to people who really needed them. A tragic incident in Guatemala made it clear to me that we were achieving that goal, to some extent at least.

I interviewed a union leader in his fifties, along with his wife, two adult sons, and their *companeras* (partners). (It was common in Central America for couples to wait to marry until after they had children.) While the father was clearly in imminent danger, so much so that he was out of the country within days of being interviewed, his sons were not deemed to be. They lived in the same house but were not involved in union activities or anything else that would suggest they might be in danger. However, a few weeks later, the partner of one of the sons came to the embassy to tell us that her *companero* had been kidnapped a few days earlier and that his tortured and mutilated body had been dumped on a road near their house. I was shocked, appalled, filled with guilt, and probably would have burst into tears if she had started to cry. But she didn't shed a tear, nor did she appear to blame me in any way; she just quietly recounted what had happened, while dandling her infant child on her lap. We gave her, the brother, his *companera* and their child Minister's Permits [now known as Temporary Resident Permits, these can be issued to foreign nationals to enable them to enter Canada for a specified period of time, and requirements for permanent residence can then be completed in Canada] and got them all out of the country to Canada as quickly as we could.

Needless to say, this incident has stayed with me all these years. I felt much guilt over not giving the sons Minister's Permits to go to Canada when I first interviewed them, but my boss, Joyce Cavanagh-Wood, told me that I had made the right decision based on the information I had at the time, as there was no evidence that the sons were in danger then. The fact that one of them had been killed was taken as evidence that the others were in danger and, if we hadn't got them out of Guatemala quickly, would likely have met the same fate.

Some people were "disappeared" or killed in retribution for trying to flee Guatemala and escape from those who were persecuting or hunting them. The most infamous was Beatriz Barrios Marroquin, who was killed on her way to the airport with her Canadian Minister's Permit in hand. The union leader's son was probably killed because his father had escaped and whoever was after him wanted to give a warning to others. This was not common in El Salvador: once applicants were accepted to go to Canada or another country (Australia and Sweden also had programs), they were usually safe. On a happier note, I recall a Salvadoran family I interviewed and accepted at our Guatemala embassy that included a 14-year-old boy. I met him again almost 20 years later while on a temporary-duty assignment in Tel Aviv. He was by then a foreign service officer himself and the Canadian junior administrative officer in the embassy.

So, what is my take-away 30-plus years later? It's that, for all the negative immigration stories one reads regularly in the press or hears about from friends or neighbours, there are many more positive stories. Some get some publicity—the recent Syrian refugee movement comes to mind, for example. But more often, the big immigration stories seem to be negative, while the truly life-changing, if not life-saving, stories rarely make it to the public's attention. I hope this one tilts the balance a little.

Immigration Program Delivery in Cyberspace: Come to Hear the Managers Responsible

Delivery of the immigration program has changed dramatically in recent years. The Global Case Management System allows files to be processed anywhere, and electronic applications allow files to be shared with other offices. Using all the department's resources in Canada and abroad, as well as private companies, to provide the client interface makes the department more efficient. The directors general from the three Operations networks—Louis Dumas of Domestic, Heather Primeau of Centralized, and Mark Giralt of International—will tell us how the immigration program is delivered today.

CIHS's Annual General Meeting will be held Thursday, 18 October 2018, at St. Anthony's Soccer Club, 523 St. Anthony Street, Ottawa. (St. Anthony Street runs off Preston immediately north of the Highway 417 overpass.) The club is wheelchair accessible and has free parking. A cash bar will be open at 6:00 pm, and the meeting will come to order at 7:00 pm. The meeting will be accompanied by an excellent Italian buffet at the cost of $40.

We are looking forward to greeting new members and old and extend a special invitation to any members from outside the National Capital Region who happen to be in Ottawa. Students are particularly welcome and pay half price. Please RSVP rgirard09@gmail.com or call 613-241.0166.

The Bombing of the Canadian Embassy in Vienna

Norman Olson

In 1969 the Canadian embassy occupied two premises in Vienna, at Ober Donaustrasse 49-51 and at Dr.-Karl-Lueger-Ring 10/IV. It was at the first of these that the bombing took place. The second location was added in 1969, when the Immigration section that had been in Geneva was moved to Vienna. As there was insufficient space at Ober Donaustrasse, new quarters were acquired to house the immigration section. The two premises were only about four blocks apart.

The perpetrator of the bombing was Colman Losonczy, a man of Hungarian ethnic origin whose original home was in Slovakia, just north of the Hungarian border. He emigrated to Montreal in 1951, where he became a Canadian citizen. He married a local woman, Lucille Bastien, and they lived for some time in Paris. She ended the relationship and filed for divorce in1968, as she was tired of supporting him.

Losonczy then moved to Vienna. He decided to renounce his Canadian citizenship and visited our embassy to do so. He had several meetings with our consular officer without result. It seems he caused a scene and was deported back to Canada. He returned to Vienna on 26 August 1969, resolved to punish the consular officer, but in the interim the officer had been transferred to another post.

Losonczy was determined to punish this troublesome bureaucrat. For this purpose, he put together a number of Molotov cocktails and made his final visit to our embassy with the bombs hidden in inside pockets of his overcoat. When he arrived, he went directly to the consul's office. As he entered, the new officer, Jack Culhane, looked up, and Losonczy realized this was not the right man. He left the consular office and began throwing his bombs around the reading room and the library, setting the embassy on fire.

Embassy staff acquitted themselves well in this melée. An officer caught one of the bombs and ran down the stairs with it. A woman began removing window curtains to impede the spread of the flames. Another employee was hit by Losonczy as he ran for a fire extinguisher. Killed in the blaze was a senior commercial officer, Hans Karl Rott, and a delivery man, Alfred Sautner. Both were locally engaged Austrian citizens. Between 15 and 32 others suffered injury.

When the police arrived, Losonczy surrendered and confessed that he was responsible for the bombing. He had previously written a letter to the Canadian government, declaring his escape from Canada where he refused to "live in destitution and misery". Losonczy hanged himself in jail in March 1970 while awaiting trial.

After the bombing, additional space was acquired at the Dr.-Karl-Lueger-Ring locale, and the whole embassy was consolidated there early in 1970. My only involvement in the bombing itself was representing the embassy at the funeral of one of the two employees killed.

When the bombing took place, my parents, who were in the harvest fields on their farm, received a phone call from Ottawa telling them that their son was not injured. You could get injured in many ways in harvest work, but how would you be in danger sitting at a desk?

Inspection of Persons Destined to Canada at United States Seaports

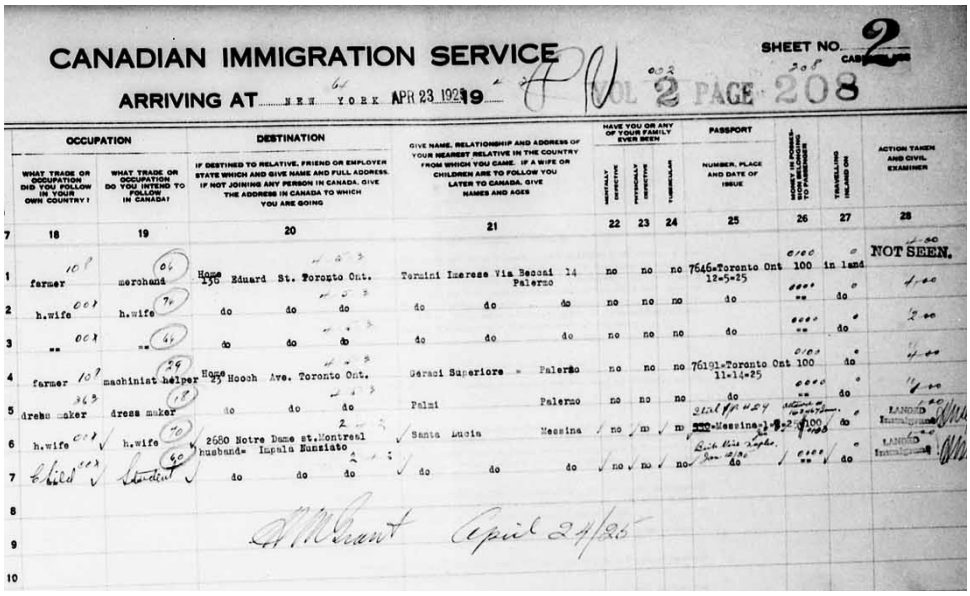
Robert Vineberg

It may come as a surprise that Canadian immigration officers worked for many years at Ellis Island, New York, as well as in Boston and Providence, Rhode Island, to inspect disembarking passengers destined to Canada via those ports. Yet, prior to 1908, in the days when controls on the Canada-U.S. border were non-existent, and even after, when they were cursory at best, it made sense to inspect immigrants and visitors on arrival in North America.

Library and Archives Canada (LAC) holds policy files on the inspection of immigrants in New York City for the period 1897-1927.[1] LAC also has online the passenger lists for the period 1925-1935 for New York, Boston and Providence.[2] By far the most ships were destined to New York. There are 15 microfilm rolls for this period for New York and only one for Boston and Providence together. For this reason, while officers were posted permanently at Ellis Island, none were posted permanently to either Boston or Providence.[3] Officers from the Canadian consulate in Boston cleared the passengers disembarking at Boston and Providence.

For Canadians, as well as immigrants and visitors destined to Canada, shipping companies had to complete the "Canadian Government Return" (manifest) as if they were arriving in Canada. Often there were only a few people destined to Canada on each ship, but in examining the landing returns I saw records of some ships with as many as 30 people destined to Canada. Canadian immigration officers acted with the same authority as if they were in Canada and actually landed or rejected intending immigrants on the spot without the immigrant having even touched Canadian soil. On 5 May 1926, the SS *Vandyck* arrived in New York City out of Buenos Aires with seven British immigrants destined to Canada: six were landed and one was rejected. [4]

The relationship with the U.S. immigration authorities was close and reciprocal. American immigration officers were posted to major Canadian ports[5] such as Victoria[6], Halifax,[7] and Quebec City.[8] Also, Canadian inspectors relied heavily on the U.S. authorities. If Canadian officials were unable to examine passengers, U.S. officials would examine the Canadians and forward the manifest to them. Similarly, if a medical examination was required, U.S. medical officers at Ellis Island would do the examination and advise the Canadian immigration officers.[9]



CANADIAN IMMIGRATION SERVICE

SHEET NO. 2

ARRIVING AT NEW YORK APR 23 1925

VOL 2 PAGE 208

	OCCUPATION		DESTINATION										
	WHAT TRADE OR OCCUPATION DID YOU FOLLOW IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY?	WHAT TRADE OR OCCUPATION DO YOU INTEND TO FOLLOW IN CANADA?	IF DESTINED TO RELATIVE, FRIEND OR EMPLOYER STATE WHICH AND GIVE NAME AND FULL ADDRESS. IF NOT JOINING ANY PERSON IN CANADA, GIVE THE ADDRESS IN CANADA TO WHICH YOU ARE GOING	GIVE NAME, RELATIONSHIP AND ADDRESS OF YOUR NEAREST RELATIVE IN THE COUNTRY FROM WHICH YOU CAME. IF A WIFE OR CHILDREN ARE TO FOLLOW YOU LATER TO CANADA, GIVE NAMES AND AGES	HAVE YOU OR ANY OF YOUR FAMILY EVER BEEN: MENTALLY DEFECTIVE	PHYSICALLY DEFECTIVE	TUBERCULAR	PASSPORT: NUMBER, PLACE AND DATE OF ISSUE	MONEY IN POSSESSION TO PASSENGER	TRANSPORTATION TO INLAND DESTINATION	ACTION TAKEN AND CIVIL EXAMINER
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2	h.wife	h.wife	do do do	do do do	no	no	no	do		do	
3	"	"	do do do	do do do	no	no	no	do		do	
4	farmer	machinist helper	Home 23 Hoosh Ave. Toronto Ont.	Gerasi Superiore - Palermo	no	no	no	76191-Toronto Ont 11-14-25	100	do	
5	dress maker	dress maker	do do do	Palmi Palermo	no	no	no	do		do	
6	h.wife	h.wife	2680 Notre Dame st. Montreal husband- Impala Nunziato	Santa Lucia Messina	no	no	no	[illegible] Messina	100	do	LANDED
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A McGrant April 24/25

Excerpt from the manifest of the SS *Dante Alighieri*, 23 April 1925

A typical trans-Atlantic liner would carry a mix of Canadians, Canadian residents, and intending immigrants. The SS *Dante Alighieri*, out of Genoa, arrived at New York City on 23 April 1925 with 12 persons destined to Canada. Two Canadians were travelling in First Class and were not seen by a Canadian immigration officer, nor were the seven Canadians travelling in Cabin (2nd) Class. However, there were two intending immigrants in 2nd Class, and they were examined and landed. In Third Class one person had identified himself to the shipping company as an Italian and he was examined. It turned out that he was a Canadian citizen and was admitted as a returning Canadian.[10] Those not seen by a Canadian immigration officer would have been examined by U.S. Immigration, and if there had been any concerns, they would have been referred to Canada Immigration.

As the processing of immigrants evolved, so did the role of Ellis Island. In 1921, the U.S. Congress passed the so-called Quota Law (the National Origins Act), by which all countries (outside of the Americas) were assigned an immigration quota based on the proportion of the relevant immigrant populations in the U.S. in the 1910 Census. Then, in 1924, Congress amended the Act to reduce the overall number of immigrants by using the 1890 Census with its much smaller population figures for most continental Europeans. The 1924 law also required that intending immigrants obtain a visa at a U.S. consulate prior to embarkation.[11] This reduced the volume of immigrants considerably, and in due course, the

Americans decided that only persons with health issues or without visas needed to pass through Ellis Island.[12] Others were landed at the ship's pier in Manhattan.

Canada followed suit in 1928 and intending immigrants were required to undergo medical examinations prior to arrival.[13] Without the need to examine all intending immigrants, the Canadians were no longer needed to meet every ship at its own pier and, more and more, simply waited for U.S. Immigration to forward the manifests to them. With the onset of the Depression, both Canada and the U.S. almost completely shut down immigration and each country ceased examination of immigrants at the other's ports of entry.

Notes

[1] Library and Archives Canada. RG76-1-A-1, Vol. 197, File 79779, "Inspection of immigrants at New York City 1897-1913" and "Inspection of immigrants at New York City 1913-1923" (Reel C-7351), and RG76-1-A-1, Vol. 665, File C-1439, "Regulations regarding inspection of immigrants at New York City 1923-27" (Reel C-10600).

[2] Collections Canada. Passenger Lists: New York (1925-1935) http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/microform-digitization/006003-110.02-e.php?&q2=20&interval=50&sk=0&&PHPSESSID=pgu74hjaupu9qmj7ao9j21gtb3 Accessed 23 July 2018. Passenger Lists: Eastern U.S. Ports (1925-1935) http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/microform-digitization/006003-110.02-e.php?&q2=21&interval=50&sk=0&&PHPSESSID=nm5gk0r8pu6o8nf4d35ussq5j3rd9ij2hhjl5r13o1j59ht15dc0 Accessed 23 July 2018.

[3] Ellis Island opened in 1892. Prior to that, immigrants were examined at the Castle Garden Depot in Manhattan (now known as Castle Clinton).

[4] Passenger Lists: New York, Reel t-14927, page 0.

[5] GG Archives. "Inspection of Immigrants at Ellis Island circa 1901". https://www.gjenvick.com/Immigration/Medical-Mental-InspectionOfImmigrants/1901-InspectionOfImmigrantsAtEllisIsland.html Accessed 23 July 2018.

[6] Steven Schwinghamer, "Canadian Immigration Facilities at Victoria, B.C.". https://pier21.ca/research/immigration-history/canadian-immigration-facilities-at-victoria-bc Accessed 28 July 2018.

[7] United States Immigration offices are shown on the 1912 plans for the "New Pier and Shed No. 2 Halifax, N.S.", Department of Railways and Canals of Canada. Similarly, the 1928 Plans, as constructed, of Pier 21 show U.S. Immigration offices. (Both plans provided to the author by Steven Schwinghamer, historian at The Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21.)

[8] Jan Raska, "Port of Precedence: A History of the Port of Québec, Part 1", https://pier21.ca/research/immigration-history/port-of-precedence-a-history-of-the-port-of-quebec-part-1 "Port of Precedence: A History of the Port of Québec, Part 2". https://pier21.ca/research/immigration-history/port-of-precedence-a-history-of-the-port-of-quebec-part-2 Both accessed 28 July 2018.

[9] House of Commons, Select Standing Committee on Agriculture and Colonization. "Minutes of Proceedings and Evidence and Report in respect to the consideration of the subject of Immigration, the Immigration Act and Regulations and the work of the Department of Immigration and Colonization". Ottawa: The King's Printer, 1928, p. 229. (Hereafter: Committee Report, 1928).

[10] Passenger Lists: New York, Reel t-14924, pp 10-13.

[11] National Parks Service. "Ellis Island Chronology". https://www.nps.gov/elis/learn/historyculture/ellis-island-chronology.htm Accessed 23 July 2018.

[12] *The Brown Quarterly,* Vol. 4, No. 1 (Fall 2000): "Ellis Island/Immigration Issue". p. 5.

[13] Committee Report, 1928. p. 216.

CIHS Website News

Our internet presence attracted a Statistics Canada researcher looking into Eastern European immigration to Canada, and we have answered his questions.

A British Columbia architectural firm sought our help through the site in its search for information on the construction of Customs offices along the B.C.-U.S. border. The firm was encouraged to pursue this with B.C. regional offices of either the Canada Border Services Agency or Public Services and Procurement Canada.

The site has also been used by people to reconnect with Immigration personnel. Brian Casey was contacted by a Serb-Canadian for whom he had issued a visa many years ago and who has since successfully become established in Canada. Lynda Joyce heard from distant U.K. relatives because of their ties through the British Home Children movement and this Society's attention to those young migrants.

The site once again features a rotation of historical immigration photos that we intend to expand as we clear copyright issues. Bulletin readers with pictures they would like to see in this rotation can contact us.

We have also been approached by someone developing a musical based on the work of immigration officers at Pier 21 in the 1930s and 1940s. If you can help us, and him, connect with former officers who worked at Pier 21 in the 1940s or even later, please contact us. He would also be interested in speaking to any war brides from Holland who entered Canada at the pier.

The Country that Was—Yugoslavia
Part II: Picking up the Pieces
Holly Edwards

Holly Edwards was an immigration foreign service officer from 1981 to her retirement in 2012. Much of her career was spent on refugee policy and processing. In addition to refugees from the former Yugoslavia, she selected members of the Eastern European Designated Class and Lebanese Special Measures, and refugees from Ethiopia, Iran, Iraq, Sudan, Guatemala, and El Salvador. She was posted to Belgrade, Cairo, Boston, Damascus, Vienna, and Brussels. While in Ottawa, among other assignments, she was responsible for the annual refugee target and Director of Refugee Resettlement.

Ed. Note: This is the second part of an article on the former Yugoslavia begun in Bulletin 85 and complements one by Brian Casey to be found in Bulletins 81 and 82.

Author's Note: Except for my fellow foreign service officers and those locally engaged staff who have given me permission, for privacy reasons I have not provided names. A lot of people did incredible work on the former-Yugoslav refugee program. They are not all specifically mentioned here, mostly due to my poor memory. Many colleagues, all of the local staff involved, the sponsoring groups, and all those who assisted the refugees with their settlement in Canada were silent heroes. My apologies to them that I have not retained all the names or all the memories.

Sarajevo

When I made my first trip to Sarajevo in 1996, the airport was still half destroyed and run by United Nations troops in camouflage, including a few Canadians. The airport building's ceiling was gone, and plastic sheeting hung at various points down to the floor. On the taxi ride into town, every time the taxi turned a corner there seemed to be more graves. (They could not bury people in cemeteries during the war, and so the graves were all over the place.) The skyscrapers downtown were burnt-out hulks. A local man working for a UN agency showed me a hole in the wall of his apartment where a missile had hit. Luckily, he had been out. I guess the UNHCR had no space in the city, because I rented a suite in a seedy hotel. My bedroom was upstairs, and I did my interviews below. Imagine interviewing men who we were seriously worried might have committed war crimes all alone in my hotel room! There was no security guard, only me and an interpreter. True to human nature though, I can only remember the good cases. There was the Bosnian Moslem I accepted, who then told me about his Bosnian Serb common-law wife. (There were a lot of common-law marriages among all ethnic groups and all religions.) By this time, I had enough experience with the former-Yugoslav philosophy ("*nema problema*") and with the quirks of the surreal post-war world to ask him if he could possibly send her to see me so that she could fill out a form and get medical instructions so that she could go with him to Canada. She could make it, the Bosnian-Moslem Romeo said. And next day there she was, the Bosnian-Serb Juliet. How she got across the border between the two Bosnias I have no idea, but they were very cute together, and they both went to Canada.

I did not get outside much in Sarajevo as I was tied to my suite interviewing, but I do remember feeling decidedly short walking down the street—tall, these Bosniaks. Sam Hanson, who was our ambassador at the time, told me jokingly that half of Sarajevo lived by selling coffee to the other half. It seemed so. There were a lot of cafés.

Ljubljana

Ljubljana was a surprise. When I went in 1996, it and the Slovenes living there were basically untouched. It had always been more productive and richer than other parts of Yugoslavia. The population was not as mixed as elsewhere in Yugoslavia; there was no Serb-minority population to defend. Slovenia was far, and it was tough, mountainous terrain to fight in, so the Serbs let it go. The war had, if anything, a positive impact on the Slovenes. Ljubljana was like Switzerland: clean, well-organized, and expensive. It contained many chic restaurants, very well educated and competent bureaucrats, much better standards of refugee accommodation, and generally less dislike of the other former-Yugoslavs. But I believe the people were living beyond their means and it came back to haunt them later. I heard a story about a Yugoslav National Army (JNA) tank being surrounded by a bunch of Slovenes shortly after they declared independence. The tank driver got out and with a Slovene accent asked where he was. He was shocked to find out he was fighting against his own people. As the story went, he was let go and joined the Slovene resistance. The fact is that in a matter of days the Serbs let Slovenia go and hostilities ceased for the rest of the war.

Zagreb

Zagreb in 1997 was just grey. I spent a memorable night sicker than a dog there. Before I left Vienna, my six-year-old daughter had been up all night with a stomach 'flu. Her paediatrician, whom I had called late at night, told me that it was a

24-hour thing that was going around and she would be fine the next day. And so she was. But I caught it and spent the night in the bathroom of my hotel room. The next day, I had a six-hour car ride to Osijek in a not-so-comfortable UN vehicle. Another memory of that hotel was dragging myself back there after a day of listening to 10 or 12 refugee stories. In most cases, I knew enough to accept the applicants after a few minutes, but some of the refugees had a burning need to tell their story, and I felt it was my duty as a fellow human being, not necessarily as an immigration officer, to listen to them. It was bearing witness: they had to tell me, and I had to listen. Many of the stories were awful. I used to go back to the hotel and go straight to the bar, order a Scotch (and I didn't generally drink hard liquor), sit down, and write out the stories so that I could then put them out of my mind. Whom are you going to tell such horrors to? Why burden anyone else with the knowledge of what depraved things one human being can do to another? It worked. I was able to put the awful memories out of my mind. I still have one of those accounts written during a session in the bar in Zagreb.

> It's been quite a week interviewing, and I want to write down some of what I heard so I don't forget and some of the stories eventually get told. It is interesting that none of these cases was referred by the UNHCR. There are many people out there who do not register, live with relatives, and eke out an existence without the help of the UNHCR.
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> There are also many in Bosnia. They may have been in Croatia, but it is expensive, there is no possibility of work, and their relatives may have got tired of them, so they have returned to Bosnia—not to their homes, but somewhere else or their city, where they are in a Serb house because their own was destroyed. I wish we had the Resettlement from Abroad category [I had been director of Resettlement in Ottawa when it was drafted, but it had not passed into law at the point I was writing], because those in Bosnia are most vulnerable to any new outbreak of violence. We get many more letters and inquiries from Bosnia now. Before it used to be Croatia. Now it is Bosnia. I, for one, will feel awful if another war breaks out before we have been able to take some of these people under the RAC.
>
> Although the Germans are not forcibly repatriating people, they are scaring people into returning who really should not. They are also returning men and women, but not considering that their wife or husband is now in another country, Croatia for example, and because of a mixed marriage cannot possibly join them in Serbia. They are safe but prohibited from a normal family life.
>
> My first traumatic interview was a very calm Moslem from Bosnia who perked my interest because he had been in the Bosnian army for three years. At the interview, he explained that he had spent two and a half years of that time imprisoned by the Serbs. He had initially hidden at a Serbian neighbour's, but the neighbour eventually turned him in. The international tribunal has heard his testimony on war crimes he witnessed in the camp. He also told us that two of his brothers secretly joined the Bosnian Serb army despite the fact they are Moslem. He and another brother were in the Bosnian Moslem army. Why his brothers in the Bosnian Serb army did not, or could not, get him out of a notorious prison camp where many were killed or tortured is a mystery. He is divorced, and his daughter and ex-wife are in Germany. He seems to have a good relationship with the ex-wife, who has remarried. The daughter may join him in Canada. When asked where he wanted to go in Canada, he said somewhere where there is no one from Bosanski Samac, his hometown.
>
> The second interview was with a mixed-marriage family from Zenica, he Croat, she Serb. Zenica had a steel factory that employed thousands of workers. The father worked there 20 years. The son was a big, strapping 20-year-old basketball player who spoke perfect English, to my surprise. When I asked where he learned it, he said by himself. As a child, he just liked the sound of it and so had decided to learn it. The interview went normally until we got to the war crimes question. The son said that if it was not a war crime to shell innocent civilians, then he did not know what was. He explained that for the 13 months they were under siege in Zenica, his mother could always find something to do around the house and his father knew that if he went out he would be picked up and mobilized so he could exercise self-discipline and not go out. But for kids it was hard not to go out on beautiful days, and it was then that they shelled. Also, people had to get food from the market, and they targeted the market. Who did the shelling? I asked. Everyone, he said, all sides, no one could be singled out. All were equally bad. The son had almost been conscripted twice because the Bosnian army encircled the market where people had to buy food and took away all the draft-age males. He managed to get through on two occasions. He told me how hard it was for the children to remember that it was dangerous to go outside—the beautiful weather, the desire to play…and then he started to cry. His best friend had been hit by a grenade on one of those beautiful days and had lost his leg. After that, the son always had the fear that he could be the next victim. And there is just the fact that he is a sensitive, caring human being and will mourn the loss of his friend's leg the rest of his life. Amazing how this mixed-marriage couple from Zenica have raised such a fine, upstanding son, despite it all. I envy them their son and I hope I

can do as good a job in peacetime with my daughter. To leave Zenica, they showed up unannounced or registered and got on a bus to Medjugurje for a pilgrimage. They had only their coats so as not to raise suspicion. They are living with friends.

Impressive how some of these friends have kept families of four for years despite unemployment etc., in Croatia itself. Some work double shifts to pay for their cousin's family who cannot work because they have no papers. And often the marriage is mixed, so here is this Croat working to pay for a Serb or Bosniak in-law. You figure it out! And if you are a Serb, you have to really love someone to stay with your Bosniak wife or husband, or vice versa.

Someone from the Republika Srpska came to be interviewed in Zagreb. The UNHCR runs a bus from Banja Luka (in Bosnia) to Split (in Croatia). That seemed to be a part of the solution. Many families had been separated and hadn't seen each other in years, one partner in Croatia and the other and the kids in Serbia, or vice versa.

There was the HVO [Hrvatsko vijeće obrane, the Croatian Defence Council, the main military force of Croats of Bosnia and Herzegovina during the Bosnian War] that drove the children of a Serbian teacher to the Serbian border while the father followed in his own car. They said they could not protect him or the children any more. Apologized and showed them the way out.

There were many cases where, as long as the local population was in control, the minorities were safe. As soon as the authorities from outside took over, the locals told the minority friends to leave.

The last traumatic story of the day was a couple from Kakanj. He Croat and she Bosniak. They bought their way out of Kakanj and were taken to the Croatian lines by the Bosnian Moslem (Bosniak) army at the time of the Moslem-Croat War. They were told by the Bosniaks to go toward the Croat lines calling Croatian names as someone was sure to answer to one of them. They were with their two small daughters, aged about 6 and 8. They got lost in the snow for hours, and the youngest daughter pleaded with her parents to go on without her and just let her lie down to sleep in the snow. Eventually they did get close to the Croatian line and they called names as they had been told. But the Croatian soldiers were used to Bosniak soldiers doing this, so they fired. But then they realized it was a family, so they shone lights on them and told them to stay put. A Croatian soldier dressed in white came out and he and some others carried the wife and children across the minefields that separated them from the Croatian line. Had they not got lost, they would have been blown to bits on the heavily mined road that led to the Croatian line. Once there, they were held in tents for days and interrogated. He was asked whom he had brought with him as she looked Moslem. He said his wife. The commander said, "To you it is your wife, to me she is a Turk". The children cried. The only way for the wife and children to be safe was if he joined the HVO and stayed on the line. So he did. His wife went to the closest village, where she was the only Bosniak. He was able to get her "medically evacuated" to Croatia with the children by getting his father's friend, who happened to live there and was a doctor, to sign a paper that said she needed a kidney transplant and also said that she had a Croatian name. Eventually he escaped from the HVO and joined them. They both cried while telling the story. He said no side in this war was good. He looks very thin. I hope he passes the medical. They have lived in 17 different places since they arrived in Croatia. It is hard to house a family of four. Relatives cannot help for long. How do children get over such a nightmare? How does the father?

When I read this now, it does not sound as bad as it made me feel then, but you have to remember that I knew these towns and what had happened in them. I had read about the concentration camps where Bosniaks were held. And the people I interviewed made me feel their terror.

There were good stories too. A bus system was being set up throughout the former Yugoslavia, and people were beginning to be able to get from one of these former enemy states to another. They could not hang around long, but they could show up for an interview and then get out of there. Sometimes the other half of a mixed marriage would make a surprise appearance. In one case, she was a Croat and he was a Serb. They had been separated a long time and were thrilled to see one another. I was flabbergasted that he was actually back in Croatia even for a few hours, having been driven out during the war. He was very nervous and left right after the interview. Having the other half at the interview meant that you could process both and they could both leave. I imagine the International Organization for Migration (IOM) had some challenges arranging their departure from different airports and meeting perhaps somewhere else in Europe to fly to Canada.

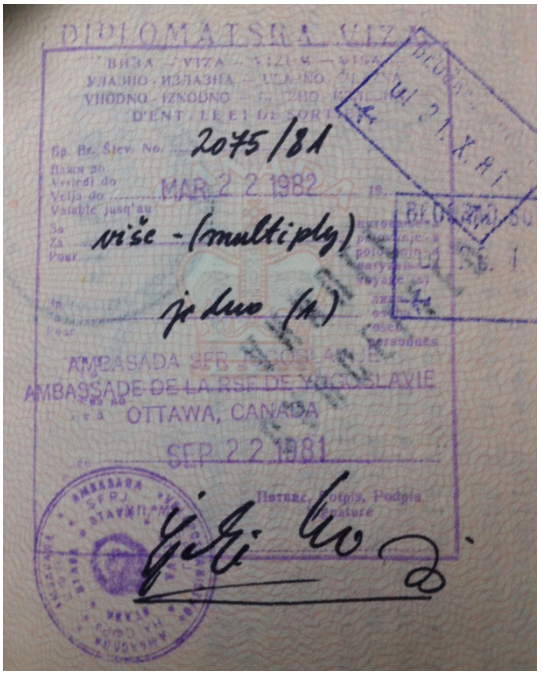
It was comforting to hear over and over again that it was not the people of another ethnic origin in the village who had driven out the minority families. Generally, someone in the village warned them. In a number of cases a villager actually helped them leave. There were nasty neighbours to be sure, but it is generally true that when the applicants I saw knew someone, that individual did not see them as a Bosniak or a Serb or a Croat, but rather as a person.

And there was liaison work. I remember we worked with a very handsome member of the Serbian minority. He was under threat because he worked for the rights of the Serbian minority in Croatia. Because we called on him regularly when we were in Zagreb and showed our interest in his wellbeing, Canada helped to ensure that nothing happened to him. The war was close. During the war, he would have been a prime target and could have been killed with impunity. The people who might have done it were still around. As an example of the violence and ethnic tensions that still simmered, a Canadian contact, who worked for the UNHCR in Zagreb at the time I visited regularly, was badly beaten and almost lost an eye when he took offence at racist remarks made in a bar.

Two groups in Croatia were unique. The first was Bosniaks who were followers of Fikret Abdic, who opposed the official Bosnian government, established the short-lived Autonomous Province of Western Bosnia in 1993, and was subsequently imprisoned. I was involved in interviewing these Bosniaks, who could not return to Bosnia because they had aligned with Abdic and the Serbs against the Bosnian government. They were housed in a camp in the middle of nowhere in Croatia and considered refugees both by the UNHCR and by Canada. I am not sure how we decided whom to interview, but I recall I had UNHCR assistance all the way along. A UNHCR driver came to the hotel to take me to the camp and bring me back every day.

U.S. soldiers were also billeted at the hotel and had food provided by the American army, including stuff like macaroni and cheese. I was the only regular paying guest. A feature of the former Yugoslavia, which continued in the new countries, was that, although you were given a menu, virtually nothing on it was available. I asked why the Americans got regular food and all I could order was soup. By the end of my first week, I had met the American commanding officer and offered to pay to have the same food. He said it was too complicated to take my money, but because I was a visiting Canadian, they could treat me as a guest, He then gave orders to the hotel to serve me what the Americans were eating. When I got back to Vienna, I raved to Jacques Beaulne, the immigration program manager in Vienna, about the food at the hotel (funny missing American food, when now I miss schnitzel) and told him how to organize it. Unfortunately for Jacques, when the time came for his interviewing trip, the Americans had decamped. Not only did he have terrible food, but also no heat. Poor Jacques had to read his files in the evening with a blanket wrapped around him.

The man who ran the Abdic camp was an Australian Croat who had worked for Quantas and returned to help the nationalist Croat cause. He became disillusioned with that and ended up running the camp. He ran it extremely well, but then, he was a logistics expert. At some point, an agreement was worked out with the Croatian government and the whole camp just disappeared. I don't remember whether the Bosnian government gave the foot soldiers an amnesty or whether the Croatian government let them stay in Croatia outside the camp. Probably a bit of both. Abdic himself was well received by Croatia, and I suppose the others who had a role in calling the shots were too. The foot soldiers would have been no problem for the Bosnian government. They did what they did because they worked for Abdic and when he asked them to fight their fellow Bosniaks, they had no choice. He was not a man you said no to. A good number did get visas as refugees before the amnesty and the camp closure.



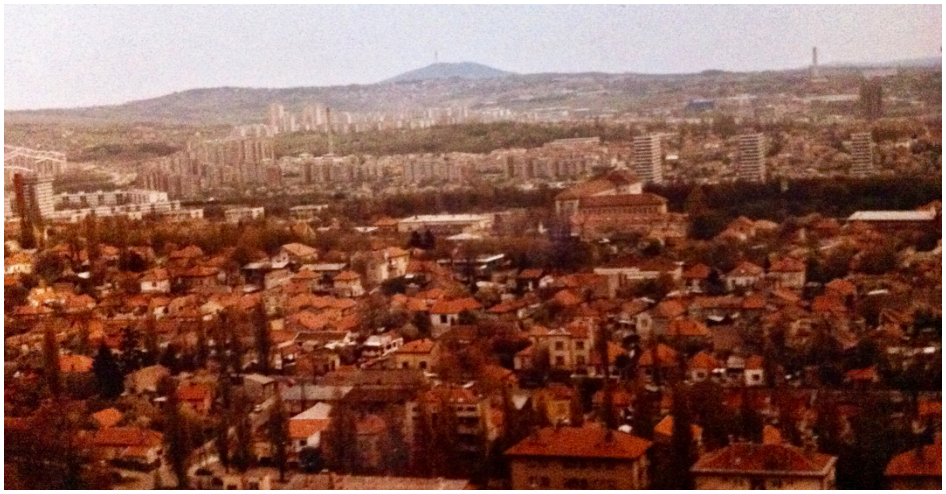
The author's diplomatic visa for Yugoslavia, 1981

The second odd group to stick in my mind was the Serbs in Eastern Slavonia. Eastern Slavonia was then a Serbian enclave in Croatia. I remember it was like being back in Belgrade, where I served in the early 1980s. The writing was in Cyrillic, the money was Serbian. The mineral water came from Serbia, and so did everything else. Eastern Slavonia did not revert to Croatia until 1998. I think a case could have been made for calling them refugees, because they were Serbs living on land that was about to be granted to Croatia but who could not stay in Croatia and could not return to Serbia proper. However, I do remember that the UNHCR could not officially help us with this group and so must have had a reason for not considering them refugees. Thank goodness Canada had the option of designating Croatia a source country.

When I left Vienna in 2000, we still had thousands of Bosnian source-country applications to decide on, but none from Croatia that I remember. I think we made Croatia a source country specifically to accommodate the Eastern Slavonia caseload and it ceased being a source country once that had been accomplished. Donna Capper, our refugee officer in Vienna, and I were probably the only ones to interview these people, as once Eastern Slavonia went back to Croatia, it was over for anyone who might be persecuted by the Croats. Anyone with a good claim had to leave before. Not everyone was able to go to Serbia even with a Serbian ethnic background. Many selected by Canada were in mixed marriages. Others had burned their bridges with both Serbia and Croatia and had no friends and no future in either place.

The Eastern Slavonia source-country cases were dealt with in Osijek, Croatia, along with sponsored refugee (PSR) and Convention refugee cases referred by the UNHCR. A UNHCR car took me from Zagreb to Osijek. James Lynch, the officer in charge of the UNHCR office in Osijek, was American. He had worked with Bob Romano, a Canadian visa officer in Kenya, prior to arriving in Osijek. They had got on extremely well, and as a result James was very positively inclined toward Canada (and I heard a lot of great stories about his and Bob's adventures in Mombasa). If a family came to the attention of the UNHCR Osijek office and did not meet the Convention refugee definition, but might qualify under Canada's source-country category, James would let me know about them. James lived in a house that belonged to Serbs who had been forced to leave. It was obvious they had left in a hurry—a pair of glasses was left on a table beside an open book when he moved in. The family was happy to have James in their house, as they believed he would take good care of it and they might have a chance to get it back. The UN had a peacekeeping mission in Eastern Slavonia and the peacekeeping staff also referred source-country cases.

Belgrade



Belgrade, photographed from the author's 27th-floor apartment, 1982

When I first went back to Belgrade in the winter of 1997, it looked the same as it had in 1983. Nothing had changed; in 14 years, there had been no improvements. Belgrade at that point had no war damage, but criminals and assassinations were common. I arrived a day or two after Vlado Kovacevic, a professional racing-car driver and friend of Marko Milosevic (son of Slobodan Milosevic), was murdered in front of the Sava Centre. It was said that he was involved in cigarette smuggling.

I knew the Sava Centre from my previous posting and could see it from my hotel window. The city was communist grey, cold, and bleak. It was depressing, and people were weary and at times bitter. The Hotel Moskva, where we used to listen to a band of octogenarian musicians was now populated by big men with no necks wearing black leather jackets—the cigarette and other mafia. My local staff friends took me to a safer place, a bar down by the river, where we drank *slibovice* and listened to folk songs. They were proud to point out that the folk songs and singers were not just Serbian, but also Bosniak.

The embassy was in a new building, not the cosy residence-like annex on Proleterski Brigada where we had been. That was now the UNHCR office. I don't recall the refugee stories being as compelling as in Bosnia or Croatia, but there were interesting cases. One was a Bosniak general who had fought in the Yugoslav National Army throughout the war; he was not selected. Others were cases of mixed marriages; the situation for many was still difficult. Not infrequently, the partners were split, with the applicant in Serbia and the rest of the family somewhere else, with no indication that they would ever be able to join him.

When I returned to Belgrade after the NATO bombings in 1999, I was happy to see that the bombings had been well targeted (with the notable exception of the American bombing of the Chinese embassy). All the buildings hit were of strategic importance, and the collateral damage appeared to be small. For example, one military building was right next to a hospital; it was destroyed, but the hospital was fine. The fact that the bombing was so accurate meant that the civilian population in Belgrade was not as angry with ordinary Canadians and other citizens of NATO countries as they might otherwise have been. This lessened any risk of violence and meant that we were able to reopen the embassy in Belgrade fairly quickly, once there was a peace accord for Kosovo.

Budapest
I also did interviews in Hungary between 1997 and 1999. Some were at a camp called Bicske, just outside Budapest. I would take the train to Budapest and stay at the hotel beside the Chain Bridge. I was driven every morning to the camp, which was well organized, and the refugees were too. The camp administration included a representative from every ethnic group. My interpreter was originally from Voyvodina (the Hungarian ethnic part of Serbia). Because he spoke fluent Hungarian and was of Hungarian ethnic background, he had been able to acquire Hungarian citizenship quickly, and he now ran the camp for the Hungarian government. He was invaluable because he really knew Yugoslavia and everyone in the camp.

I remember one refugee at the camp whom I met as the representative of the Croatian minority. He was later interviewed by another officer and refused. The interpreter/camp manager called me to tell me what had happened. The refugee thought he would impress the officer with his knowledge of English and insisted on being interviewed in English. His English was not good, however, and he used word-by-word translations of Croatian expressions that made no sense in English. The officer could not get a coherent story out of him. I knew the man and was sure that he would not have been chosen as a representative by the other refugees if he was not one himself. So, for perhaps the only time in my career, I re-interviewed an applicant. This time he spoke Croatian, provided a compelling case for being a refugee, and was accepted.

Another case which originated in Hungary and that I remember well was the case of the wheelchair-bound Bosniak table-tennis coach. At the time, it was very difficult to accept anyone who was medically inadmissible. The coach came from a very large family. Visa officer Peter Duschinsky had sent the whole family to Canada but had not been able to include this man who, at that time, was considered medically inadmissible. Then the post in Budapest was closed, and Peter had to return to Canada. I had to do a medical submission to get the coach accepted. Ultimately he was, but it was a lot of work. The coach knew it, and he and his family sent me Christmas cards every year for a long time. I have often wondered whether he managed to coach table tennis in Canada.

We still had an embassy in Budapest, but we seldom held interviews there. However, there was an immigration “crisis”, towards the end of my time in Vienna. When things had calmed down quite a bit and people were actually returning to Bosnia, a group of Bosniak refugees being protected in Hungary decided that they wanted to emigrate to Canada and that they would just occupy the embassy grounds until Canada accepted them. It was easy to do, as the grounds were fairly big and the fence was not high. Jacques Beaulne was away from Vienna at the time, and so I got the call from Albert Galpin, the political officer in Budapest, telling me about the sudden occupation and asking what to do. The UNHCR was able to confirm that the refugees were not in danger of *refoulement* by the Hungarians. And so, in concert with Ottawa, we approached the Hungarian government and asked them to come on to the grounds and remove the protesters. The Hungarian government sent a number of buses to take the protesters away. Before any police got there or anyone started forcibly moving the refugees, they all hopped back over the fence and got on the buses. It ended very peaceably, and no Hungarian officials had to exert force on Canadian embassy ground.

The Last Gasp—Kosovo and the Kosovo Movement to Canada
Canada’s program for Kosovo started in April 1999 in response to another UNHCR appeal. The UNHCR asked resettlement countries to take people quickly because the Macedonians and Albanians were shutting their borders to Kosovars who were trying to escape from Serbs attacking them. As usual, Canada responded first and with gusto. The Canadian Kosovo programs (Operation Parasol and the Kosovar Fast Track program) were fascinating and deserve mention here, but I personally did not have much to do with them, and so I urge someone else to tell that interesting part of the Yugoslav story. Donna Capper went to Macedonia to do interviews and it was she, who, on her return to Vienna, managed the paper processing of all of the Kosovar files out of Vienna.

Somebody had to put these emergency cases in the Computer Assisted Immigration Processing System (CAIPS). John Maffett, the former Belgrade officer in charge, went to Macedonia to manage the “office” there. I stayed in Vienna and worked with Jacques Beaulne to manage the rest of the Vienna-Belgrade operation. The paper processing for Kosovo done in Vienna was a huge amount of work for Donna, the local staff, and everyone else as we shifted work around to accommodate this extra task. After the Kosovo program finished, I attended a conference to assess what went well and what did not. There were reams of documentation and a final report and recommendations. As I recall, the gist of the report was that the situation had been unusual, and while we could learn from it, it was not recommended that we try to duplicate it in its entirety in the future. It is always a risk to bring in individuals who have not completed a full screening whether it be medical, criminal, or security. Since 9/11, it has become even more risky. In addition, each refugee movement has its own particular dynamic and challenges. I am sure, nonetheless, that the recent Syrian movement benefited from the Kosovo experience.

Postscript

I am extremely proud of the role Canada played with regard to refugees from the former Yugoslavia and the small part I had in it. Refugees from the former Yugoslavia have done very well in Canada. I think all the immigration officers and the vast majority of other Canadians who dealt with this group have been impressed by their resiliency and hard work.

It was an experience that had a profound impact on me—not just my work, but who I am and how I see the world. As my former colleague Stan Pollin said, it was a literate, generally well-educated society, and life and the people there were not so different from Canada and Canadians. When one sees a country one loves descend into the most awful civil war, especially a country that seems not so different from one's own, it brings home the fragility of life itself. As a result, I try not take things for granted, and I try harder to enjoy the moment.

Left to Right: Author's former work colleagues Monika Rubik, Julie Fréchette, Nora Farkas, Vera Schnirch, Mladen Krstanovic, 2018

CIHS Supports Public Service Week at IRCC

Gerry Maffre

During a week when the work of some public servants was still plagued with problems related to Phoenix, CIHS was happy to accept an IRCC invitation to present another success in the immigration program.

CIHS member Holly Edwards and Board member Brian Casey drew on their experience to make presentations on successfully managing the immigration program in the midst of the Yugoslavian breakup of the 1990s. This disintegration was characterized by ethnic cleansing, forced displacement, and some of the worst war crimes seen in Europe since the Second World War. Canadian immigration officers required exceptional expertise and a high degree of initiative to weed out the perpetrators and identify the victims.

Before an audience of some 50 NHQ employees, Edwards and Casey reviewed the challenges they faced. They carried out their work while the legal framework of immigration was evolving. Each touched on some of the management decisions taken, tools used (particularly the preliminary application questionnaire), and client relations pursued in visa offices to respond to the humanitarian needs of thousands of applicants. Casey and Edwards have written articles in past (82, 83, 85) and present Bulletins about their experiences. Jacques Beaulne, immigration program manager in Vienna during some of these years, also spoke to the need to ensure staff of all backgrounds were making proper and impartial decisions.

The event was actively supported by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers. In thanking them and especially CIHS, event host Mark Giralt (DG, International Network) spoke to the importance of these annual presentations in helping staff understand the department's and program's history. It was also evident that some of the audience were comparing their experience in the Syrian refugee movement to this early 1990s refugee program.

The Society wishes to thank the IRCC Research team, who once again supported our presentation with a display of books and a reading list on these sad events in Yugoslavia. Thanks also to officers in the Communications branch for their work in preparing and promoting this Public Service Week event.

Memorial Wall

Anne Arnott

On 11 June 2018, Global Affairs Canada inaugurated a permanent memorial wall in the lobby of the Lester B. Pearson Building in remembrance of Canada-based and locally engaged staff who died abroad during hostilities or who were killed fulfilling their duties for Canada. Michael Molloy and Anne Arnott attended the ceremony on behalf of the Canadian

Immigration Historical Society. As more people are identified and other honourees determined, their names will be added to the memorial wall each year.

Our Immigration colleague Annemarie Desloges, who was killed in a terrorist attack in Kenya in 2013, was among those honoured. Other federal officers whose names are celebrated are: Glyn Berry (killed in Afghanistan in 2006), Mark Bourque (killed in Haiti in 2005), Marc Bastien (died of poisoning in Moscow in 2000), Peter Roman Lishchynski (killed in Ukraine in 1997), Derrick Haro (killed in Iran in 1993), Gordon Cox (killed in Vienna in 1978), and John Douglas Turner (killed in a plane crash en route to Hanoi in 1965).

The Society has begun to gather names of Immigration colleagues we believe fit the criteria for the honour. If you know of someone, please let us know.

CIHS Out, About, and Busy

CIHS at the IRCC Training Centre

CIHS recently had the opportunity to introduce itself to a group of visa officer trainees. Mike Molloy, Anne Arnott, and Gerry Maffre met with a dozen of them in the new IRCC training centre in Gatineau on 6 August.

The trainees were told about the Society's founding, purpose, membership, and regular and keynote activities. The presenters also talked about some of the highlights of their own careers in immigration and elsewhere in the public service.

Molloy talked to them in some detail about the Indochinese movement, drawing links to some of the recurrent and continuous challenges in immigrant and refugee selection to this day. His remarks led to a discussion of the, at times, fine line between public acceptance of and antipathy to the program and the factors that can tip the balance one way or the other.

Before we parted company, one of the trainees won a copy of *Running on Empty,* and a copy of *Seven Crested Cranes* was awarded to another.

CIHS donations to Pier 21

Pier 21 has accepted more CIHS donations. On behalf of the late Randy Gordon, we offered his collection of immigration editorial cartoons and historical documents. On behalf of Elvire Westley, we offered her photographs from her career in the Paris visa office [See Bulletin 83]. We also facilitated the donation of the plaque the late Carla Thorlakson received from appreciative people in an Indochinese refugee camp [See Bulletin 84]. These donations enrich the Museum's public and research resources.

CIHS has launched a research project into the Lebanon Special Measures of 1975-1990, seeking to capture the personal stories of those involved in helping Lebanese relatives of Canadians find a safe haven during the Lebanese civil war. As well, archival research into the relevant policy and situation on the ground will be carried out at Library and Archives Canada, with CIHS already having secured access to the immigration files from CIC. Some early research work was carried out for this project by Michelle Nguyen.

Anyone who had any level of involvement in this movement is invited to contact Kurt Jensen at kurt.jensen4657@gmail.com.

Student Research

During a book promotion event in Toronto, Mike Molloy and Peter Duschinsky were approached by Ryerson student Michelle Nguyen, who asked about doing some volunteer work with CIHS. As a result, she spent several weeks in June and July cataloguing our Indochinese Refugee collection at Carleton University as well as collecting material on the Lebanese Special Measures at Library and Archives Canada. The daughter of Vietnamese boat people, Nguyen chose the Vietnamese settlement experience in Peterborough, Ontario for her major research paper for her Master's degree.

The Class of 1968

Michael Molloy

Ten members of the Manpower and Immigration Foreign Service class of 1968 plus spouses and guests attended a three-day reunion 50 years, almost to the day, after they reported to work on 18 June 1968.

Those in attendance included Carol Ayliffe, Al Nauman, Sam and Caroline Schellenberger, Warren Major and Marilyn Stuart, Anton Jurkovich, Robert LaPointe, Doug ("The Kitchener Kid") and Barbara Dunnington, Nadia (née Stachowsky) and Paul Gray, Mike and Jo Molloy, and special guests Joe and Les Bissett. Members of the group who were unable to

attend for health or other reasons included Elizabeth Marshall, Norm and Margaret Olson, Marijke Olson (née Leenders), George Sutherland, Jacques Drapeau, Suzanne Maltaise, Toby Price, Rudy Denis, and Jim and Bev Metcalfe.
The event began Friday evening 15 June 2018, with dinner at the Canal Ritz overlooking the Rideau Canal. The following evening the group, reinforced by Anton and Robert, who drove in from Montreal, met at Marilyn and Warren's beautiful farm just north of Gatineau for an evening of good food, good wine, reminiscences, and tall tales.

Gavin Stewart, one of the class trainers, sent the following message:

> My 10-year reunion pin has gone around the world with me and is kept in a safe place. I'm sorry to miss this 50th-year gathering but look forward to seeing everyone at the 60th.
>
> I know how much Elizabeth Boyce would have enjoyed being at this event. I am re-imagining 1968 and can clearly see each youthful face and picture where everyone sat around the conference table in the training room in the Bourque Building. I have poignant thoughts now of all of those who were around that table who are no longer with us. Those thoughts led me to recall the lines of "Oh, the Places You'll Go!" by that great poet Dr. Seuss, apparently written for recent graduates on the brink of their careers. (Check it out on line). It's hard to realise that, in what seems to me the blink of an eye, all of us have gone to so many places and done so many things in the past 50 years. I hope there will be an opportunity during the reunion to drink a toast to absent friends. Here in London, Barbara and I will raise a pint in honour of all of you.

At this point the group did in fact drink a toast to the memory of our lost friends and colleagues—Bob Brown, René Godbout, Florent Tremblay, Paul Simard, Norman Amyot, Guy McLean, Janice Higaki-Nauman, and our second trainer Elizabeth Boyce. Each of the former trainees then received a 50-year medal (a 2018 50-cent piece, as opposed to the dime each got at the 1978 reunion).

Joe Bissett, who was Director of Operations for the Manpower and Immigration Foreign Branch in 1968, spoke about his impressions of the 1968 group and stressed that the class was among the first to be trained in the use of the point system that came into effect with the 1967 Regulations. Much has changed since then. Women comprised a third of the class, which for the times was not bad. However, when classmates Warren Major and Marilyn Stuart decided to get married, they were informed that a longstanding policy did not permit married couples to serve: Marilyn (being the woman) would have to resign. Happily, a chance conversation with a ministerial staff member brought the matter to the attention of the minister, who promptly cancelled the policy.

Hearts of Freedom, Canadian Southeast Asian Refugee Historical Research Project

Peter Duschinsky

The application for the three-year Hearts of Freedom research project led by Carleton University on the settlement and integration of Southeast Asian (Indochinese) refugees in Canada was approved by Heritage Canada in late April 2018, with total funding of $369,000—35 percent less than was requested. [See Bulletin 83.]

The funding reduction will have its biggest impact on the first two years of the project, which are devoted to the research, rather than the third year, which will focus on the creation of a book, video and educational materials. In a series of meetings, the research team steering committee, made up of two Carleton professors emeriti, a professor from Menno Simons College in Winnipeg, and two CIHS members, reformulated aspects of the project to accommodate the reduced funding, cutting the number of interviews from 200 to 110 and limiting the project to central Canada (Ottawa, Gatineau, Toronto, and Montreal). The steering committee also set up a management committee to run the day-to-day operations of the project; it will include representatives of the three Indochinese communities, Pier 21, the Canadian History Museum, and all members of the research team.

The first order of business for the management committee was to hire permanent staff. Job descriptions were written for a project coordinator, media coordinator, three community coordinators (one each for the Vietnamese, Cambodian and Laotian communities), and three two-member interview teams. Advertisements for these positions have been posted on Carleton University's and the ethnic communities' web sites. The deadline for applications is 15 September, and interviews will start later the same month.

The project team hasn't given up its original goal of conducting 200 interviews across Canada and so is making concerted efforts to obtain additional funding. IRCC, potential private donors, and several financial institutions have been contacted. We hope to augment Heritage Canada's funding considerably to ensure the project's broader success.

The next management committee meeting will take place on 14 September. We hope to have permanent staff in place by the end of October 2018. The Oral History unit of Pier 21 has undertaken to train the interviewing teams in late autumn 2018, with a view to starting the Southeast Asian refugee interviews in Ottawa late this year.

Hearts of Freedom is a major project, and CIHS will play an important role in it. The project flows out of the success of *Running on Empty* and represents the second tranche of the book. Just as the book's purpose was to record the experiences of Canadian immigration officers who were essential in bringing almost 40,000 Indochinese refugees to this country, Hearts of Freedom will preserve the historical memory of many of the Southeast Asian refugees who were part of that major refugee movement. It is a worthy project for the Society and will continue to demonstrate that CIHS is an important repository of Canada's immigration history.

Letter to the Editor

Ed.Note: The following letter was received after publication of Bulletin 85, in which an article by Holly Edwards referred to war crimes and department officials whose work was related.

I'm not sure who was kind enough to suggest I be added to this distribution list but am very glad they did. I read each issue with interest and much reminiscing. I have been with the department 25 years now, and my first job at NHQ was in the war crimes unit, where Ian Taylor was my director (I was Heather Weil back then)! I remember many of the individuals writing the stories and those mentioned in the stories. Thanks to all who have contributed to the production of these bulletins.
Heather Primeau
Director General, Centralized Network
Immigration, Refugees and Citizenship Canada

In Memoriam

Adams, Conrad
Remembered by William Lundy

Con Adams and I spent a year posted together in Seoul, Korea, from the summer of 1976 until the summer of 1977. Prior to his arrival, I received three letters from colleagues that might be best described as "Dear John" letters expressing sympathy for my fate. One even went so far as to suggest that this was some devilish plot by Ottawa for the two of us to destroy each other and then be rid of us both. I had not realized my reputation had developed so early.

I picked Con up at the airport and dropped him at his hotel, and Jill and I had him over to dinner the next evening. At the end of the meal Con discovered my interest in military history, and we spent a good 90 minutes discussing the WWII Malaya campaign. Con had served in Malaya in the British army during the early 1950s "Emergency". He was clearly impressed by my knowledge, and when I dropped him at his hotel that night he commented "you seem to be a young man who knows a thing or two"—a good start, I thought.

Within two weeks, Con set the immigration program officer the task of finding out the rules and requirements for two foreigners to be married in Korea. Within another month Hiromi arrived and they were married shortly thereafter at the city hall. It was a marriage anchored in opera and endured till Con's death.

In the office, Con decided he wanted to sign off on all outgoing telegrams. I was dismayed to see my drafts returned considerably marked up in red, pointing out my grammatical and spelling errors. Much to my irritation this went on for some time.

About a month after their marriage, Con and Hiromi went to Japan for a holiday. On his return, Con brought me three presents: *The New Roget's Thesaurus in Dictionary Form*, Fowler's *The King's English*, and Eric Partridge's *Usage and Abusage*—three books I have to this day. In handing them to me, Con held his pen aloft and, in a flourish, exclaimed "the pen, young man: the foreign service officer's most formidable weapon. Learn to wield it well". There began my education in writing properly and effectively.

As Con's confidence in my judgement grew, he would consult me on his draft telegrams to Ottawa. These discussions were often conducted at 120 decibels and usually resulted in Con's deciding to "sleep on it". The next morning, he would

invariably arrive stating that I had a “couple of good points”, and the draft would be re-written with most of the vitriol removed.

Con was always full of energy and shortly after settling in, he formed a Sunday hill-climbing group. I never participated but was always invited to the luncheon that followed. One Sunday Con made it known that he was going to cook a Malaysian curry. We arrived to find Hiromi scurrying about the kitchen cutting and dicing ingredients while Con stood proudly at the stove, stirring the pot!

One anecdote I will always remember involved Korea’s midnight curfew. The 45 minutes before curfew in Seoul were about the most dangerous time possible to be on the road. If out that late, most diplomats would wait till after curfew to drive home. This involved stopping at numerous military check points where soldiers pointing M16s would demand to see your diplomatic identity cards and peer into your vehicle, no doubt looking for unauthorized persons. Hiromi had yet to be issued her diplomatic ID card, and every check point was a great hassle. The diplomatic ID card application form did not ask for citizenship, and passports were not submitted with the form. Jill was therefore able to secure her card despite her being a citizen of India at that time. To the Koreans, Hiromi was obviously not Canadian, and worse, she was probably Japanese! The embassy had proven completely inept in rectifying this situation, and so Con took it upon himself to do so. He started collecting Korean diplomatic passports that came in for visas. When the pile reached about a foot high, the Korean foreign ministry phoned the head of the political section, Geof Charlebois, to ask what was happening. When Geof came to see Con, he was informed that the passports would be returned when Hiromi got her card, possibly even with visas in them! Hiromi got her card the next week.

I will always remember the time Con burst into my office very much agitated and waving a letter from his former wife. His youngest son, Bryan, had dropped out of school to join a rock band. At the time, Con was estranged from his family, and would be for a few more years.

After Jill and I left Korea, we stayed in touch with Con and Hiromi. We next saw them when we stayed with them in 1981 with our six-week-old son Robert. In 1983, we met at a program manager’s conference in Hong Kong. It was then I heard that Con had been reconciled with his two sons and had become very proud of Bryan. I didn’t fully appreciate this till I arrived in Washington that summer and discovered Bryan Adams was indeed somebody great in the music world.

While we stayed in touch through Christmas cards and letters, I did not see Con and Hiromi again till 2009, when we visited them in Nanaimo. He was as energetic as ever and had taken up tapestry. He was very proud of Bryan, particularly his photography and melding of rock and opera. Hiromi remained actively involved with opera as well as efforts to boost Japanese-Canadian cultural relations. Over the past few years it has been Hiromi who has written the Christmas messages, and so it was not entirely surprising to hear of Con's passing. For me, Con will always be remembered not only as a friend, but also as someone who put me on the path that led to my unconventional career as an immigration foreign service officer and many wonderful and rewarding postings. Adieu Con.

Hall, David

Colleagues in the Society note with sadness the passing of David Hall in November last year. David was a career officer in Immigration who served as assistant director general of Enforcement in the early 1980s. He was known for his ability to analyze complex policy issues and for his untiring efforts to enhance the effectiveness of immigration programs. He had strong leadership skills, and his team very much appreciated his quick wit and good humour. During the government-wide program review exercise in the early 1990s, he opted for a severance package to pursue other professional interests—and the department lost a productive and dedicated member.

CIHS thanks its corporate members - IRCC, P2P and Pier 21 - for their significant support as well as its life and annual members. All these contributions allow us to pursue our objectives and activities.