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PARTING IMMIGRANT FAMILIES BY LAW STRANGE WORKINGS OF QUOTA RESTRICTION STATUTE

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THERE IS NO question that while the American people, by a vast majority, did approve of the enactment of an immigration restriction law, they are, in principle opposed to some of the provisions that crept into the law, particularly the provision which automatically closed the door to the waiting families of previously accepted immigrants, who were counting the days till the tickets should arrive and enable them to start for America and for the new home provided for them over here.

For years immigrants, fathers and husbands, have come to America alone, to struggle the first two or three years to establish homes for their families to move into when they should be able to send them the tickets for the journey. Usually such immigrants have been looked upon as immigrant assets, for they nearly always have made good. They have never lost any time in idleness, and wherever they settled they immediately acquired a lot and began to build, during their spare time, the modest little house that would eventually represent the home of a reunited family. Authors have tried, and only in part succeeded, to picture the heart throbs, the aches, the joys and the hours of happy dreams of the homebuilding immigrant plodding on alone among strangers in a new land, and the anguish, the hours of watchful waiting spent by a wife and children in the old country, hoping and praying for daddy, far away, that he might be spared for them and that his noble efforts might soon be rewarded so that the precious letter, with the tickets, might come in an early mail.

Out of these fond dreams America has built up reservoirs of contentment, realized hopes, and a love of country that has grown deep into the soil, with roots that have fed on tears and the sweat of the brow. No American child can boast a nobler heritage than the children of such immigrant parents. Nothing can possibly draw out the fervor of patriotism such

as the occasion of an immigrant family which has just arrived and weary of the journey is led by a loving father and husband into the little home he has built for them. The scenes of joy that have been witnessed behind the closed door of the new home of a reunited immigrant family stand out without parallels on the canvas of America-in-the-making. Only those who have been fortunate enough to be participants in such scenes can know the meaning. No matter how humble, perhaps, the "shanty," it was home nevertheless, and no millionaire in the most pretentious palace can possibly have known the width, the breadth and the depth of joy in possession and achievement such as these happy immigrants have known in such a moment within the walls of a little modest home—the first home in America.

Why should these struggling, honest, toiling, hoping, dreaming immigrants be deprived of the fruit of their labor of love, such as has been done to those immigrants who stood on the threshold of the new life and reunion with their waiting families, when those overzealous, thoughtless, and prejudiced Americans in Congress effected a cancellation of all previous conditions of immigration and also closed out the families who stood ready to commence the journey to husbands and fathers in America. No one probably is anxious to explain, for an explanation would be wanting in sufficient cause. The Lord's prayer will have to be said often if it is to atone for all the misery, grief and sorrow, broken hearts, broken spirits and broken family ties—with trails that lead into the land of crime and despair, for not to mention the loss of precious faith—which the madcap congressmen and senators created when they, temporarily bereft of reason, destroyed these hallowed bridges between the waiting families left behind and the accepted home-making immigrants who had almost finished preparing American homes for their loved ones, when the crash came. Add to this the maddening indifference the immigrant encounters when he