

# C.I.H.S BULLETIN

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THE NEWSLETTER OF THE CANADIAN IMMIGRATION HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## SOCIETY NEWS

The Executive Committee, depleted by the losses of Alan Troy and Bernard Brodie, has co-opted four new members: Robert Shalka, Richard Chappell, Bill Bernhardt, and Joe Bissett. These new directors will serve at least until the next Annual General Meeting which is scheduled for Thursday, September 19, 2002 at the Army Mess , 149 Somerset St. in Ottawa, 5:30 PM

### BERNARD BRODIE, 1945-2002

A founding member of the Society and long-time member of the Executive Committee, Bernard passed away this past spring. Following graduation from Oxford University, Bernard started his public service career as a Manpower Counsellor in Trail, B.C., later moving to Ottawa where he had a distinguished record in the personnel field with Immigration, the Public Service Commission, Foreign Affairs and Treasury Board. One result of his service with Immigration was his book Where Do I Get My Visa?. Following retirement in 1996, Bernard ran his own consulting firm. His Eulogy is printed elsewhere in this Bulletin.

### JOHN MIZOBUCHI, 1945-2002

John Mizobuchi passed away prematurely on July 30,2002, at the age of fifty-seven. Born in

Winnipeg, John served thirty-five years in the Public Service, thirty-one of those years with the Immigration Foreign Service. His postings included New Delhi, Tokyo, Manila, and Seoul. His last posting was as Program Manager in Colombo, Sri Lanka.

### JOHN PAUL LEBLANC

John LeBlanc, the founding president of the Pier 21 Society and a long-time member of the CHIS, died in January,2002, at the age of eighty. Following service with RCAF in WWII during which he flew 32 overseas missions, John spent many years with Immigration, retiring in 1982 as Employment and Immigration's Director-General in Nova Scotia. John co-authored, with Trudi Mitic, the book Pier 21: The Gateway That Changed Canada.

### RECOLLECTIONS : DON MILBURN

I joined Immigration in the summer of 1947 at Kingsgate, B.C. Immigration was at that time a part of the Department of Mines and Resources; immigrants no doubt being thought of as "resources", so lumped in with coal and iron and copper and stuff. Counting my wife and myself, Kingsgate, with our arrival became a town of fifty three. Those who were employed worked either for Customs, Immigration or the railway. There was a small hotel complete with beer parlor and gas pumps,

Kingsgate's 'raison-d'-etre' was as an entry exit point on the International boundary between Canada and the USA. At the time the border crossing was open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. and was closed by the US Customs promptly at ten by closing a steel gate across the highway. The Americans called their side of the border Eastport, Idaho. They too were employed by Customs and Immigration, the railway and the US Border Patrol. The combined population of both places numbered some two hundred but fluctuated seasonally as staff increased or decreased with traffic flow.

In Kingsgate we located the man in charge of the immigration portion of the operation - Bill Dunbar - and he got us a room in the hotel and gave me copies of the Immigration Act and Regulations and the Citizenship Act to study before reporting for duty next day. It still August there were plenty of tourists going both ways. Those going south were of no concern to Immigration but Customs in those days had to check southbound Canadians in accordance with federal currency regulations that limited the amount of money you could take out of Canada in foreign currency. Those coming into Canada were mostly from the States but not all were citizens of that country. Like Canada itself, the USA was very attractive to immigrants, mostly from Europe, which was still hurting from the aftermath of WW2. Citizenship in Canada and the US, unless by birth, required five years of residence. The US issued a green Resident Alien card, and we had to make sure those who were not citizens had the card with them or they'd be unable to regain entry to the States. Within a couple of weeks I was doing my own checks and learning more and more about the law as it applied to the job. Best of all I liked the work and we both loved the location. My wife was pregnant and our son, John was born in January 1948, and all seemed right with the world. Then the job ended: we'd known it was

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temporary but not so temporary.

Our home consisted of a two-room tourist cabin but we'd made it quite comfortable and decided to tough it out. I applied in Cranbrook for unemployment benefits but owing to the shortness of my employment record I received very little and for a very short time. I got a part time job at the hotel slinging beer and looking after the gas pumps and earned a few dollars cutting timber for railroad ties and mine props and helping run the sawmill that converted the cut timber to ties and props. I also got into a combined group of guys from both sides of the border to cut and sell firewood. We did this in Idaho where one of the lads had a farm. A large tract of his cedars had been swamped by a spring flood a year or so earlier and most had died - the dead cedar was great for firewood. I was able to keep food on the table, including trout and venison, pay the rent and make a lot of new friends. November had barely gotten under way when luck smiled upon us once more.

One of the full time Immigration officers was from Vancouver and for reasons known only to himself he decided to leave government services and return to the coast. This left a permanent vacancy and I was asked to fill in while Ottawa decided who should get the permanent position. Dunbar put my name forward through our Regional office, in those days in Winnipeg, which backed my appointment. They reckoned without the bureaucratic forces in Ottawa who went back to the original list that my name had been drawn from. Of the eleven names ahead of mine only one remained available - they thought. By the strangest of coincidences that one person was also in Kingsgate - he had chosen Customs over Immigration but his name had not been deleted from the list. He came to see Dunbar, bringing him the written job offer from Ottawa and had he wanted the job it was his, he too being a

veteran. I would have had no recourse but to rejoin the unemployed until another job came open. Happily my friend had grown to enjoy Customs work and had already moved up on their pay scale so he told Mr. Dunbar 'thanks but no thanks'. So as next man on the list I was a shoo-in. My measurements were submitted to Winnipeg and in due course I received my Immigration Officer's navy blue uniform, brass buttons and all. The buttons were supplied separately so I, or rather my wife, sewed a set on one of the suits and we saved the other 'suit for 'best': as a full time officer my salary was under \$3000.00 per annum so one had to take advantage of every opportunity to save.

During the summer of 1950, in the process of checking an Alberta car back into the country I noticed the driver's name to be Mather, from Edmonton. My best army buddy - killed in Italy by a tank mine, had the same name. Sure enough these two were Mo's (Maurice) parents. I took them home and showed them pictures of their son and me and other lads while we were all still in England. Many of these they had never seen and when I offered them to the Mathers they accepted them with such obvious joy I could almost see Mo saying, "thanks Milly". Two other things happened that summer had a profound effect on the rest of my Immigration career. First was a recruitment poster for something called the "Overseas Immigration Service". The second was a notice from the Department of Defense that owing to United Nations growing involvement in the conflict between North and South Korea the Canadian Army might be seeking volunteers to form a Canadian unit to go to that country. As a Reserve Officer I would be 'kept apprised' of the situation. One day in the autumn of 1950 I received two letters, both very official and both from Ottawa. The one from National Defense offered re-instatement at my former rank in the Army and immediate transfer to a US Army base in Texas for specialized

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training in the tactics considered most useful for deployment in Korea. The letter from Immigration headquarters in Ottawa merely asked me to appear for interview on a certain date with a Mr. George Benoit relative to my application for overseas service. A choice had to be made and while the Army choice smacked of adventure I had two very good reasons to exercise caution - a wife and a child: we chose Immigration.

In Ottawa, which I reached by train - my fourth train ride across the country - I stayed at the Lord Elgin Hotel, right across the street from Immigration headquarters in the Woods Building. Five other officers were there for the same purpose, two from Halifax, one each from Toronto and Winnipeg and the other from Boisevain, Manitoba. I was the third one interviewed the following day and a harrowing experience it turned out to be. Three hours after it began it ended when Benoit said "Mr. Milburn you're not making it". I had had all I could take by then so I shoved my chair back and stood up; "In that case Mr. Benoit we are wasting one another's time, goodbye". I headed for the door and Gene Beasley, one of the three interviewers opened it for me and I got halfway through when Benoit yelled "stop that man", as though I was making off with his typewriter or something. Beasley escorted me back in and Benoit, on his feet now, stuck his hand out and said "Milburn, we were never worried about your knowledge but we were beginning to think you wouldn't be able to say 'no' to an applicant, You just disabused us of that notion, you will hear from us very shortly about the training course for overseas officers".

I got back to Kingsgate with the good news and my wife was overjoyed at our prospects. We spent a lot of happy moments speculating on our possible destination. At the time we had just opened offices in London, Paris, Brussels, Rome, Stuttgart, Athens,

Vienna, The Hague, Copenhagen and Stockholm. Several of these offices would cover other areas as well as their own, such as Stuttgart - West Berlin; Stockholm - Oslo; Paris - Luxembourg and so on. As I understood the duties of an overseas office it was to examine applicants to ascertain their suitability to settle in Canada. Anyone with a criminal record or serious physical or mental disability was to be refused, as were 'war criminals'. On the other side of the coin, our officers were expected to provide information about Canada to the successful applicants. It was this latter element that the training course Mr. Benoit had mentioned was aimed at. When my instructions finally came they took the form of a 'Cross Canada Tour' to last six months and cover the country from East to West, North to South, starting from Ottawa. All travel to be by train and auto.

Early in 1951 I went again to Ottawa to begin my training. There I met the others who would be on the same course for the same reason. They were Jimmy Bonner from Fort Francis, Sid Empson from Winnipeg, Ernie Reid from Boisevain, Don Brown and Fred Norman from Toronto and Vic Moran, also from Winnipeg but from District Headquarters rather than the field office. We spent several days in various departments throughout National Headquarters, which included Citizenship and got some idea of how things were done at the top so to speak. Then we got on a Canadian National sleeper car and headed for Vancouver - it still being the tail end of winter in the East and on the Prairies. In B.C. we visited logging camps high in the mountains; sawmills, plywood and pulp mills; fish processing plants and other types of factories; all with the purpose of discovering the extent of the post-war economic growth and the type of manpower needed to keep it growing. Over the next few months we were as far west as Port Alberni, BC; as far east as St. John's, Newfoundland; north up

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to Peace River, and farming country; south into ranching country around Pincher Creek, sugar beet country around Raymond. We also went into coal mines in the Crows Nest Pass; Sunflower farms in southern Manitoba; grain elevators in Regina and Thunder Bay (then Port Arthur & Fort William) and back north to Timmins and down their deepest gold mine. Into Quebec hard rock mines, shipyards and textile industries: New Brunswick's forest industries; Nova Scotia's coal mining and ship building; Prince Edward Islands potato and dairy industries and lumbering; cod fishery and wood boat building (dories) in Newfoundland. All this entailed thousands of miles of travel into every nook and cranny of the country, every conceivable type of working, student and teaching, and cultural environment. It provided me with an intimate knowledge of how our country had grown, was growing and perhaps most importantly how the Immigration Service could best help it continue to grow by providing the right people.

Our last train ride together took us back to Ottawa where we spent a few days with the people responsible for training, giving our opinions of the trip and suggestions for improvement. Then each of us was interviewed by George Benoit and given his first posting. Mine was to Holland, a country very significant to Canadians. When the German Army was advancing across Europe, Canada offered refuge to the Dutch Royal Family. The offer was accepted and Queen Juliana subsequently gave birth to a daughter - Margriet in an Ottawa hospital. Our government declared that part of the hospital to be Dutch Territory to preserve the Dutch Citizenship of their child. Added to this was the liberation of Holland from the Germans by the Canadian Army in the latter stages of WWII.

In preparing to leave Kingsgate I couldn't help remembering our four years there. The

natural beauty of the surroundings, the hunting and fishing and skiing and the people, many like ourselves ex-service people. Outstanding in my memory were several instances that could only have happened at Kingsgate. One was the day a Studebaker car raced through the border going north, sped out of sight across the Moyie river bridge, then in the blink of an eye came tearing back - in reverse- with that model Studebaker you couldn't tell which end was which but the driver was looking back over his shoulder. He said, "sorry fella, didn't mean to run by, thinking too hard about getting to the poker game I guess". It was Bing Crosby, on his way to Jasper to - as he put it, "take some money from a bunch of Yankee doctors". He came back through a week later grinning all over his face. He really didn't have to stop, going south, but he came across the road to gleefully tell us he'd made the price of the trip from the doctors at the poker game. Another celebrity who came through was Claudette Colbert, also on her way to Jasper Kingsgate was the main entry point for Americans going to Alaska and one winter day a bus came across emblazoned with "The Ink Spots". The weather chose that time to turn bad in the form of a blizzard and the Ink Spots laid over for two nights at the Kingsgate Hotel and turned the bar into their 'studio'. There was never a dull moment during that all too short two days. The border was in effect closed by the blizzard so everyone had a chance to get in on some delightful free concerts, before the roads were cleared and the 'Boys' were able to continue their journey to Anchorage

We reached Rotterdam just before my birthday in September of 1951 and even though many Dutch people spoke at least some English we found it, at first, quite strange not to be understood. Art Ewen and his wife Marge met us at the boat and having a diplomatic passport helped clear us through Customs and Immigration in short order. I think the biggest

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surprise though was that the Ewens were driving a very large Chev Impala, it looked ordinary until we drove through some of the tiny cobbled Hague streets to get to our hotel. Art Ewen incidentally was the Officer-in-Charge of the Immigration office. The other Canadians on staff were Eric Forbes, Gord Chalmers and George Small. George was the only one without a wife. Later, when things got very busy we were joined by Jack Armstrong, another family man, and still later by Jim McCarthy. There were also four Canadian medical doctors - every applicant had to meet medical requirements. There was also a section to vet each application for criminal history and war related incidents such as membership in the Nazi Party. Tours of duty lasted four years followed by a six-week refresher Canada tour then a second tour of four years, not necessarily at the same post.

It took us almost two weeks to find suitable accommodation. During that time we stayed in the delightful old Hotel Europa right next door to the legislative buildings and a fifteen-minute walk from the office. The place we finally found was the entire middle floor of a large old house. The owner, Mrs. de Graff, had the ground floor: her son Hans and his wife Gertrude had the top floor. Each place was totally self contained with a private entrance off the stairs that ran up one side of the house. Our place was fully furnished including dishes and silver. In no time at all we had a built-in baby sitter below and above us. All the de Graaf's spoke reasonable English but before long they had John speaking Dutch; we got him into a local kindergarten and he went totally native, language-wise. I had enrolled in classes too and became better and better with the language. Of course all the secretaries were tri-lingual - Dutch, German and English with French as a fourth language. Each officer had a secretary to translate from Dutch to English and the reverse of course. Most of our applicants were Dutch from small farming communities and had had

little chance to practice the English they'd learned at school. Within six months I had little need of a translator for in addition to language I, as a farmer, could communicate in other ways. I passed a Dutch language exam, which qualified me for a \$15.00 a month increment to my salary: the first on staff to do so. This had its down side though, for the more my fluency with the language improved the more I was called upon to travel the country's eleven provinces lecturing and showing films of Canada. This kept me away from my family for weeklong stretches and this I didn't enjoy, since our second child was on the way.

In August of 1952 I begged off the circuit so I could be closer to home. By then of course we had a car - an Austin, shipped over from England where it was made, with left-hand drive for the Continent. Actually it was the second Austin. We went to dockside to watch the first one being delivered from a freighter only to see the cable break and our poor car come crashing down onto the edge of the dock: talk about totaled. It turned out for the best I guess, the replacement car happened to be one of Austin's newer models, and as I told the agent, "I didn't like the color of the first one anyway". During the afternoon of August 30th, we headed for the hospital in our new car. In this hospital things were not at all the same as they had been at the hospital where John was born. Here they let me stay with my wife until in the early a.m. of August 31st, David Lunn Milburn was born.

As for the working part of my life I became adept at selecting immigrants: perhaps in part, because I'd been one myself. The job also involved selecting a destination for any family without one and this was where the cross Canada tour really paid off. Having been to a place made telling about it much more effective, as did having seen how different types of jobs were done help in counseling people who would

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be doing those kinds of jobs. Holland was most interesting. The Dutch had a special liking for Canadians because of our part in their liberation, so no matter where you went you were made to feel at home. Although their country was small it had played a disproportionate role in history, mainly because of their great love of the sea. Much of their land is below sea level and much of it has been reclaimed from the sea to be used mostly for agriculture. This love of the sea stretched back for centuries and most of the world's oceans had been traversed by Dutch ships. They had established a mini empire by becoming overlords in Indonesia - for centuries known to most of the world as the 'Dutch East Indies'. Evidence of their success was the many large homes in Dutch cities, built with the fortunes of successful Dutch businessmen and professionals returning from the Indies. Shortly after the end of WWII the Dutch East Indies was handed back to its native people and became Indonesia. At the time of the turnover the people were given a choice of Dutch or Indonesian passports and those who chose Dutch migrated to Holland where because of vast differences of living style, climate and culture they had a very difficult time adjusting. Much the same situation faced Dutch Immigrants to Canada but they adjusted quickly and became a welcome addition to Canada's cultural scene.

At the end of the fourth year - in the spring of 1955 to be exact - our first tour ended and we sailed back to Montreal on the Holland America liner Massdam. After a two-week holiday it was time for me to go again. This time I did my cross-country tour alone, still by train. Instead of revisiting the same areas I spent more time with the field officers responsible for helping the immigrants after they reached Canada. This experience was, to say the least, uplifting. I met many immigrants I had personally selected and advised and all were happy and rapidly adjusting to life in Canada.

At the end of the six weeks it was back to the farm to pick up my family and head back to Holland. This time we sailed from New York again on the Ryndam. This crossing was oh so smooth, the ship was the first to be fitted with stabilizers to keep it on an even keel even in the roughest seas. Thus, in August of 1955 we arrived back in The Hague to begin our second tour overseas.

Shortly after our return I was sent to our Copenhagen office to relieve Andy Karsberg, the Officer in Charge, for three months while he took his Canada leave and refresher course. Rather than disrupt the family I went alone, by train through Germany and Denmark. Copenhagen proved to be a wonderful experience; Andy had a few days to show me the office and the city. He spoke all three Scandinavian languages but of course my knowledge of Dutch was of little help. Luckily his secretary was fluent in Danish and English so language was never a problem. Like Holland the Danes learned English in high school so there was always someone around to help out. Copenhagen was a quaint old city, still suffering pangs from the German occupation but rebuilding nicely and their Tivoli Gardens was a marvelous combination of art, amusements and nature that the occupiers had liked so much they'd left it alone. The statue of the Little Mermaid, on a rock in the harbor (just like the one near Stanley Park), was especially interesting as was the fish wharf. This also was near the harbor, as one might expect, and featured Danish fishwives preparing fish for sale as their men unloaded it from their boats. The noise level of all the yakking that went on between boats and market was quite awesome. Where I had attended operas in den Hague I found my aesthetic tastes satisfied by ballet in Copenhagen - their National Ballet Company was among the worlds best.

My stint in Denmark finally over I

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booked passage for Holland. But this time I booked by air. Scandinavian Airlines had opened a route to Schiphol Airport near Amsterdam flying DC4 aircraft, four motor propeller planes. We ran into a storm and looking from my window and seeing the wing tips flapping up and down made me wonder if I had made a mistake in leaving the ground but we landed safely in much less time than by train. Things returned to normal at the office but not for long. Soon we heard from Ottawa that the job of serving abroad would be formalized and would require a University degree among other things. An exception was to be made for those, like myself already overseas, provided we, could meet the requirements set by a Foreign Service Officers exam. The others in our office elected to finish out their present posting and return home, I decided to do the exam. In due course I received notice to appear at our Paris, France office where a delegation of senior people from Ottawa would conduct the exam. This was my second trip to Paris - the first had been for a briefing on new immigration policy but we had all been there for that one. This time, staying at the George Cinq Hotel, I wandered alone down to the Louvre, Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower etc. waiting my turn for the exam. By pure accident I ran into Vic Horan, whom I'd been on the cross Canada tour with: he was there also for the exam from his post in Stockholm. We had a night at the Moulin Rouge and wandered the Place de Pigalle and talked immigration. After returning to our respective posts we learned that, out of 106 applicants who had tried, he and myself were two of the 56 who had succeeded. It carried a promotion, pay-raise, to Immigration Officer V1 but no noticeable difference in duties, my salary increased to nearly \$5000. per annum and I thought I had made it for life: nowadays that amount is not unusual for a month doing the same job. Immigration was booming and Ottawa was pushing for still more. At the instigation of our London, England

At the instigation of our London, England headquarters - we now had officers in London, Bristol, Glasgow and Belfast - they advertised for what they called "Advanced Publicity Officer", three positions. I applied for the jobs, hoping for a posting to London.

I did win but someone else, already in the London office also won so I was offered the same job but in Glasgow. Thus ended a very happy six-year stint in Holland during which I had visited all eleven Dutch provinces and recruited thousands of Dutch and other immigrants (hundreds of displaced eastern European refugees found their way to our offices and subsequently to all parts of Canada). Two stories best illustrate the vast difference in size between Holland and Canada; the first concerned a Dutchman whose daughter was sailing from Rotterdam to Halifax alone, so he phoned his brother in Vancouver and asked him to meet her off the ship in Halifax - the brother replied "why don't you meet her yourself, your closer". The other involved a Dutch Government Officer who worked closely with us in preparing immigrants for life in Canada. Our Department in Ottawa along with Willie's own employer financed a trip to and across Canada for him to better acquaint him with Canadian ways. When he returned he said "Don, I know you had told me how big it was but it really didn't hit home until after five days on a train I reached Vancouver Island and learned that Vancouver Island, a tiny part of your third largest province was, itself bigger than my whole country". Even so I recall meeting an elderly farm lady who had lived on a farm eleven kilometers from the Hague all of her 89 years and had never set foot in the Hague, even once. Size is irrelevant I guess.

In the spring of 1957 we left Holland for Glasgow and this proved to be a trying experience. Compared to Holland's cleanliness we found Glasgow to be grimy, sooty and rundown. At the office was one Ernie Reid - the same one I'd done the first cross Canada tour

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with. The Officer in Charge was Lyle McEachren who was never happier than when on appropriate occasion arose for him to don his kilt. As for me, I was back in the land of one of my ancestors - William Wallace. At first, the Scottish way of speaking threw me for a loop but I soon got used to it. As a publicity man I toured all over Scotland selling the virtues of Canada. I especially enjoyed the smaller towns tucked away in the highlands. And the extra special places where they made their world-renowned Scotch whiskey; they introduced me to the process and the product. I found a major difference between the straight malts produced by individual distillers and the blended whiskey you find in the stores. After a few weeks on the road I was happy to return to the office and to my family. Since my days there Glasgow has metamorphosed into a completely different city. It is now clean and perky and bright and a center for the arts.

(The conclusion of Don's recollections will follow in the next Bulletin.)

### EDITOR'S NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS

My new e-mail is: [Delmc@sprint.ca](mailto:Delmc@sprint.ca)

New Directors on e-mail

Joe Bissett [joe.bissett@sympatico.ca](mailto:joe.bissett@sympatico.ca)

Richard Chappell [rhpchappell@netscape.net](mailto:rhpchappell@netscape.net)

Robert Shalka [rshalk7774@rogers.com](mailto:rshalk7774@rogers.com)



## BERNARD BRODIE

1945-2002

*Bernard Brodie was employed by the Public Service of Canada from 1968-1996. He worked in the Departments of Employment and Immigration, Treasury Board of Canada and Foreign Affairs and International Trade. From 1996-2001 he was Principal of The Janiculum Group consultancy firm. He was former President of the Ottawa Branch of the Oxford Society and the Elmwood School Association, and Secretary and Founding Member of the Canadian Immigration Historical Society. A service was held for Bernard on Saturday, March 9, 2002. The eulogy was delivered by his long-time friend Rod Grainger.*

### EULOGY

There are too few gentlemen in the world today. Too few men with good manners, too few men who know how to treat a lady, too few men who are comfortable in a tie and blazer, too few men who can get to an event on time, too few men who can give you their undivided attention, too few men with respect for their elders. The world has just lost a fine gentleman with the passing of our dear friend Bernard Brodie. He had all of these qualities, and many more.

There are too few people who can write the English language well. Certainly there are plenty of people who were brought up in the creative writing era, people who are able to spin a yarn. But, there are too few people who can write a letter, a speech or paper, that is readable, factual, colourful and properly structured. The world has lost such a writer with the passing of Bernard Brodie. He could hammer out a paper with the greatest of ease, and, if you ever saw Bernard typing, you would know what I mean by "hammer out". He would bash away at the keyboard, uttering the occasional curse as his wide fingers struck two keys at the same time.

Bernard loved to pepper his writing with words like "sundering" and "bifurcating". He hated the tendency to "dumb down" the language to the lowest common denominator. He seemed to take it as a personal challenge to maintain some sort of complexity and beauty in the written and spoken word in the workplace. He loved to tell the story of the time when he was asked to remove the word "shepherding"

from a paper he wrote, because they said it would make people think of sheep. He dutifully did so with a grimace, while wondering why, if "shepherding" made people think of sheep, his employer's frequent use of the acronym "MOO", did not make people think of cows.

There are too few people these days who are willing to accept responsibility for their own actions. Their lack of money, their lack of career progression, the bad behaviour of their children, are all somebody else's fault. Bernard willingly accepted responsibility for whatever life handed him, and took responsibility for a lot of matters that were quite beyond his control or even influence. He was most happy with a performance appraisal in which he was described as being "responsible to a fault". You did not have to be in Bernard's company very long before hearing him say, "Oh, I'm sorry". If you knocked over a glass, tripped, or ran into any minor misfortune in his company, he would always assume that he was the cause of it, and apologize. You had to love him for this.

As a father, Bernard never faltered in his love and support for Ian and Eleanor, supporting them through all their successes and setbacks. He was so proud of them both.

A friend, one of the many who visited Bernard in the May Court hospice, told him how frightened many of his contemporaries were at the news of his serious condition. He told him that some were wondering who was next, having only recently lost mutual close friends in Tom Morry and Michael Vaughan. Another said, "Oh, they're on our page". Bernard's response was, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frighten them".

A friend and former colleague recently wrote to Bernard. He said it was some time before he understood why Bernard had not progressed to the rank of Assistant Deputy Minister, and beyond. He had the brain, the impressive educational qualifications, the public speaking ability, the charm, the physical presence, the apparent ease in varied company. He was a great coach and mentor. In fact he had the lot. This friend concluded that it was the fact that Bernard cared too much that was the stumbling block in the way of his further career progression, and the cause of much of the stress he suffered throughout his career. He had a great sense of personal responsibility. He cared

about doing the right thing. He had values that he was not prepared to compromise. He knew a crock when he saw it and was not afraid to speak up.

Bernard kept up his reputation as the ultimate responsible person right to the end. As those very close to him know, he left all his affairs in perfect order. His only regret was that he bought his house in Prescott at the wrong time. He did enjoy it for the short time that he lived there. He said it brought back memories of day trips with his young family to see the ships go by.

The final evidence of Bernard's sense of responsibility came in his efforts to write his own eulogy in the last few weeks. Quite unlike Bernard and his lifelong quest for perfection in the English language, he had not looked up the word "eulogy". If he had, he would have found that it means "an expression of praise". Quite like Bernard, he wanted the eulogy to be an expression of gratitude, his gratitude. He was grateful for where he was born and, what he called, "the accident of his birth" that brought him his father, mother and brother. He was grateful for the opportunity to attend Shrewsbury School and Oxford University. (He is still remembered at both institutions.) He was grateful for the opportunity to emigrate to Canada, and grateful for the opportunity to work in the Public Service of Canada, which introduced him to virtually all of his friends. More could be said about Bernard's gratitude, but this is our time, our time to praise Bernard.

Bernard loved to laugh and to make his friends laugh, which he did with considerable ease. He loved all kinds of humour, but particularly British humour. He loved radio programs from the 50s and 60s like "Round the Horne", and he could take on numerous parts "My name is immaterial - Sir James Immaterial". He had this prodigious memory for all types of comedy sketches from the past, and was always willing to recite extracts from them. He was the oral historian of British comedy. I think he had memorized all of the Black Adder television programs. He apparently did this when he was doing the ironing. He must have done a lot of ironing.

Bernard would often say, "Do you remember the famous line by (insert any

comedy character you like)?" Of course, hardly anyone ever did, until Bernard reminded them. He always seemed to be able to dredge up something that fitted the occasion.

A colleague recently recalled one of the few things that made him smile during his time in Treasury Board. It was watching Bernard in staff meetings, listening to his boss. The door would often be open and, as his friend went by, Bernard would give him the famous (to Bernard and the cognoscenti), Oliver Hardy gesture with his tie. He would flap it between his fingers, in a signal that they both knew meant, "A fine mess you've got us in Stanley".

One of Bernard's later bosses, a close friend, once went to investigate the source of hysterical laughter coming from an office. He found Bernard, with his good friends Tom Morry and Michael Vaughan, writing a speech for the Secretary of the Treasury Board. What made it so funny was that they were writing it between them - one word at a time, taking turns with the words. The subject matter of the speech was something that none of them believed in, something to do with pillars and posts, so they decided to take it lightly, using every fashionable bit of Public Service jargon that they could recall, without necessarily understanding it, or caring to understand it for that matter. They were pretty proud of the final product and sent it up the line. What Bernard found particularly hilarious about this event was that the speech was accepted, unchanged, and delivered.

Bernard had the most wonderful self-deprecating sense of humour. I believe that it was only in recent months that he came to realize that his ability to tell jokes at his own expense showed his inner self-confidence. A story that his friends never tired of hearing concerned an event during the time that he worked in Rome. Two lovely ladies from Ottawa were on holiday in Rome, and Bernard entertained them and showed them around. One evening, they were out for a walk, Bernard, with a lady on each arm. They passed through an archway that lead onto the most beautiful square. Apparently, everything about the square was just right, the lighting, the smell, the general warm ambience, and the beautiful architecture. The lady on Bernard's left, obviously moved by the scene, leaned around to the lady on Bernard's right and said, "Oh,

wouldn't it be lovely to be here with a man". Bernard laughed and said, "Ahem".

Bernard was a man of many talents. I would venture to say that most of us only saw some of them. I know that, just a few years ago, he surprised long-time friends when he burst into song and played the guitar. As you can imagine, he was quite modest about his singing and playing ability, deferring to others in the party who also sang and played. That was Bernard, modest, as always.

Bernard once said that he continued to work after his retirement for a number of reasons, some to do with family and taking special holidays. Mostly though, he said he needed to work because he needed the constant validation that recognition of his talents in the workplace brought him. When he finally had to stop work, he came to realize that he didn't need this validation, that he was a worthy and successful person just as he was, something his friends had tried to tell him before.

Bernard was not afraid to die. He was not a religious man, but he had an open mind and was prepared to contemplate all sorts of futures after his death. He knew that he had been a good man all his life, never deliberately hurting anyone, and helping many. He knew that, if there is a heaven, he had the qualifications to get in.

Bernard was a dignified man, and the only thing he feared about dying, was losing his dignity in the process. He said he did not want to die all wired up and with tubes sticking out of him. He got his wish. With the love and nursing of his long-time lady friend, Gladys, and the extraordinary care that he received from the May Court hospice, Bernard died without pain and with his dignity intact.

Thank you Bernard, Bernard, Bernie, for being our friend, for being in our lives, for making us laugh, for setting such high standards and for being such a loveable, lovely man. We will miss you more than you ever knew.

## Whereabouts of

Many of our "oldtimers" will recall a collection of files in field offices with the above title. Where volume required, the folders would be part of a series, each folder having a letter of the alphabet.

These were cases of visitors allowed temporary entry and documented on form Imm 242. The visitor was instructed to turn in his/her copy when leaving Canada. Many did not, and the office of issue was responsible for follow-up action to confirm departure. It was a thankless task. The practice was discontinued with the change to form Imm 700..

From time to time we are asked whether we know of former colleagues. The thought occurred that we might publish a list of "lost trails" in the hope that some member may have up to date information. We would, of course, never release an address without the consent of the individual concerned.

Here is a short list of some persons:

Charles Morrow

Jeffery McMurdo

Pierre L. Simon

If you know where we can reach these persons, either by mail or phone please advise.

If any member would like to hear from a former colleague, send in the name and we will publish it in the Bulletin in the "Whereabouts of" column. We would also appreciate comments on this idea.

**C.I.H.S. BULLETIN**

***Form for Initial Membership, Membership  
Renewal, and Change of Address***

Please note that the membership year runs from May 1 to April 30.

Please enter/renew my membership in the C.I.H.S.

Fee enclosed \$..... [Life Member (\$100.00), Annual Member (\$ 10.00) ]

Name.....

Address (only required for initial membership or to inform us of a change)

Address.....

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.....

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Phone.....

Fax (optional).....

E-mail (optional).....

Please send this form with your cheque or money order to:

**The Treasurer  
The Canadian Immigration Historical Society  
P.O. Box 9502, Station T  
Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 3V2**