

C.I.H.S BULLETIN

Issue 42

ISSN 1485 - 8460

FEBRUARY 2003

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE CANADIAN IMMIGRATION HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AGM 2002 - Report

The meeting was held at the Officers Mess 140 Somerset St. W. Ottawa

19 September 2002.

The President, David Bullock, welcomed the members and guests and asked for a moment of silence in memory of Bernard Brodie, our long serving Secretary, and others who have passed away this year.

President's Report

The loss of Bernard, and of Al Troy, our "senior citizen" on the Board, for health reasons, created a crisis within the executive. Our activities were reduced to essential day by day services.

The establishment of a website continues to be a priority item. Originally, we were able to establish a page on the website of the Pier 21 Society. However, they are no longer able to take on the expenses of maintenance.

Consequently, our own future plans include establishing a website of our own, which would give us control. Geographical location is immaterial so we ask for volunteers from any part of the world to take this on.

Your executive committee often returns to the subject of what is to be done to keep the Society going and even increase its membership. First, of course, is the appearance of the newsletter on a regular basis. Second is the organization of some social events here in Ottawa and encouragement to members in other parts of the country to do the same. For this more volunteers would be needed as well as attendance to make them worthwhile.

We have archival material in storage in Al Troy's basement, which we must clear by the end of September. Al needs the space for family reasons. Plans are in place to move the material into storage. This material offers an opportunity for research but, at present, is merely listed. A searchable inventory would be very helpful but is a time-consuming project. Again, volunteers would be welcome.

Secretary's Report.

The past year could best be described as a time of mixed frustration and satisfaction. Just as your Executive was emerging from a "holding" pattern, and looking at ways and means of furthering our objectives, we lost two long service executives. Al Troy, the Treasurer and Senior Statesman of the executive, was forced to resign for reasons of health. Bernard Brodie, our long serving Secretary, died all too suddenly, when we thought he might beat the onslaught of the big "C". Del McKay, who I am happy to say,

is still "hanging in" as our Editor of the Bulletin, had more than his share of health problems.

It became essential to find members who were willing to serve on the Executive, which had been reduced to a bare quorum even when all were present.

Happily, after a survey of members in the National Capital area, enough volunteers were found to restore the strength of the Executive. It would be ideal to have world wide members on the Executive, and today's technology may make "virtual meetings" possible in the future, perhaps through the Internet. Meanwhile, the most practical system is to draw the Executive from the National Capital area, where we have the largest concentration of members.

We now look forward to the possible development of programs which will mark various special events in the history of immigration, and as many memoirs as our members can write.

Membership has remained relatively stable at 150 to 160 members. We have been blessed with enough new members to balance losses through departures, and unfortunately, the death of older members. Our search for new, younger members has been the most challenging aspect of our endeavours. We would welcome suggestions on how the younger generation could be attracted to the gathering and publication of the unofficial stories buried in the Immigration program.

We look forward to a coming year of vibrant activity. Thank you.

Treasurer's Report.

Peter presented an interesting statement. He explained that, being new to the job, and

attempting to computerize the system, he was unable to provide a detailed financial statement. However he assured the assembly that the Society was solvent and that no luxurious expenses had been authorized.

Peter paid tribute to the work of Al Troy, the former Treasurer for his meticulous attention to the job. He also expressed appreciation of the support of the CIC in the form of a corporate membership.

Election of Officers

Al Gunn presented a slate of nominees:

For President: David Bullock

For Board of Directors:

Bernhardt, W.L. -- Bissett, J

Chappell, Richard -- Cheffins, A.W. H.

Cross, James -- Current, Peter

Gunn, J.A.W. -- McKay, Del

Shalka, Robert J -- Sinclair, William

There were no further nominations from the floor, and all were declared elected by acclamation.

Other Business

Joe Bissett lamented the problem of keeping in touch with former friends and colleagues, many of whom might be members of the Society. In response, our intention of maintaining the

"Whereabouts of" column in the Bulletin was expressed.

Mike Molloy mentioned that this year marked the 30th anniversary of the Exodus from Uganda, and that a reunion was planned to mark the occasion.

The Speaker – J. Bissett

Joe gave an entertaining and informative presentation on today's Immigration legislation. No doubt his views are shared by many experienced officers both abroad and in Canada

He also read a poem entitled "Ode to Phyllis Turnbull" which he had composed at the time of her retirement. Phyllis was a stalwart in the Personnel Division of the original Department of Citizenship and Immigration, and served through the subsequent reorganizations for which the Department is noted.

Adjournment

To wind up the meeting, I would like to appeal to you, and through to other members not able to attend, to originate some ideas for research, articles for the Bulletin and even for new publications of the type which the society became known for a few years ago. There is challenge. Is the society up to it, or is it to slowly fade away? Your call.

The president then invited all present to share in a buffet, prepared by staff of the Officer's Mess, and pronounced highly satisfactory by participants.

DON ILBURN RECOLLECTIONS : PART II

Six months after reaching Glasgow I was transferred to a new office we'd just opened in Leeds, Yorkshire. Leeds turned out to be another dirty industrial city, but pleasant for all that. In Leeds I bought a second hand car, a Sunbeam Talbot, real sporty. I used it when I was touring the Yorkshire Dales selling Canada. I remained in Leeds until August of 1959 when my term ended and I returned to Canada aboard the Empress of Britain. My destination after home leave was Ottawa Headquarters where I had successfully bid on a Clerk-6 position. This was a comedown from I.O.-6 but that rank existed only in the field. By now Immigration had become part of Citizenship and Immigration without any ties to Mines and Resources.

Life in Ottawa proved interesting once I got settled in. The work itself revolved around solving case problems sent in from the field and answering questions, concerning immigration and citizenship, for the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. I quite regularly attended Parliament - in the visitor's gallery - sometimes catching John Diefenbaker, or Tommy Douglas arguing for or against something. All in all a very interesting way to pass the time. Things were changing on the overseas front too. The External Affairs Department ran competitions for Foreign Service Officers and although some were reluctant to count my time at OCTU as university level others willingly accepted it as being at least equivalent to a Bachelors Degree. The result was that once again I became an overseas officer but now as an FSO-2. It was a permanent designation and called for postings anywhere we had Embassies or High Commissions. In 1962 I went to my first posting as an FSO-2 - to our office in London, England. I was there until 1966.

From a work point of view the London office offered varied experiences, being the centre of the Commonwealth. We dealt with a wide variety of applicants with a wide range of problems and the hardest part was sometimes having to say no. On one occasion I had just explained to an applicant that he didn't qualify (he had an extensive criminal record) when our Director, Les Voisey walked into my office and introduced Paul Martin Sr. (father of Paul Martin, Minister of Finance in the Jean Chretien government) who, being a politician set about glad handing and welcoming the family I'd just rejected. I managed to get Voisey's ear and explained and he rapidly led Martin away while I set about doing damage control. But by and large my years in London were enjoyable and I would have been sorry to leave had it not been for my notification that New York City would be my next posting.

If there is another place in the world that could replace London, for excitement, culture and entertainment New York has to be it. I spent several weeks in Canada visiting home. Then I toured coast to coast again before going to New York City. Our office there was in fact part of the Canadian Consulate. The immigration section dealt with applicants for permanent or temporary admission and other sections handled passports, citizenship, trade and culture. The whole was an arm of the Canadian Embassy in Washington, D.C. Other Consulates were located in Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Our office was located at that time in a building at the corner of 5th Avenue and 53rd Street. A lunch time walk could take you to Central Park Zoo, the Plaza Hotel (my home for the first two weeks), Saks - 5th Avenue, St. Patrick's Cathedral and The Rockefeller Centre to name a few. Business was surprisingly brisk considering this was the 'US of A' but of course not all the applicants we dealt with were US citizens - like London, New York garners people

from around the world.

My boss was Tommy Thompson who had been there since the office opened. We got along famously; he enjoyed public relations and I handled immigration-related duties. Weeks would go by without any contact between us - he'd take off on public relations tours anywhere from Maine to Florida. His wife finally complained about his never being home so we began taking turns. I can't say I enjoyed PR work but it took me to places like Augusta, Richmond, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany and many smaller places up and down the Eastern US - doing radio and TV guest spots talking about Canada. Talking about Canada was not difficult, especially as we were coming up on 1967 - Canada's Centennial Year and the Montreal 'Expo'. For every question I was asked about Immigration I'd be asked ten about Expo. As a result of our PR efforts and the increasing hostility of the American people towards their government's involvement in the Viet Nam war we became so busy in the office that we both had to stay in. I finished my New York tour in 1969 and went on home leave to prepare for my next and as it would turn out last posting in New Delhi, India.

Before leaving New York I arranged for the shipment of my household effects and car, by freighter to Bombay and in August of 1969 I caught a Trans Canada Airlines plane to London, the beginning of my journey to the opposite side of the globe. This posting for health reasons was for two years rather than the usual four. External Affairs had a number of posts they classed as 'unhealthy' at that time and India was one of them. It had to do with the climate coupled with the standard of hygiene prevalent in tropical third world countries. To me it was a posting to a different planet, far away from my family and friends and into a totally other concept of life. In the London Airport I sat for three hours feeling very

disconsolate until finally they called my flight - Quantas Airlines to Sidney via Frankfort, Tel Aviv, Tehran and New Delhi. My ticket was for first class so I was well looked after on the journey but when they announced 'New Delhi' and I was the only one to get off I found myself envying those staying aboard. The Delhi airport was wrapped in a blanket of heat, about 110 degrees but in moments a Chevy Station Wagon appeared to pick up my luggage and me and transport me to my hotel. The Chevy was air-conditioned and, by comparison, like Flin Flon in February and carried, as well as the native driver - an officer from our New Delhi staff, an FSO-1 by name of Spence. The Oberoi Hotel was top of the line by any standard and air conditioned to the nth degree, so much so that the first thing that happened to me was that I caught a cold going in and out from 100 plus to 70 degrees. My rank was officially Deputy OIC and by now I was an FSO3. Cliff Shaw was the Officer-in-Charge and besides Spence there were two other FSO's, Gordon Whitehead and Anton Jurkovich. Shaw and Jurkovich were married, Spence & Whitehead were bachelors. Shaw had a Canadian secretary but the rest of the staff was made up of locals, mostly female, except for a male office manager and the male driver. They all spoke English and, between them Hindi, Urdu and Parsee (a left over from the Persian invasion centuries before). Two weeks after my arrival I moved into a rented five room house complete with five servants - all male, ranging from a sweeper, two gardeners and a kitchen help to the top dog, as it were, the cook-bearer named Samson. Two weeks after my arrival Cliff and his family left for a six-week holiday in Hong Kong.

My car and household stuff arrived and helped me to feel a bit more at home. Samson (Sammy) had worked for Canadians before and could cook western dishes as well as local. I was often asked to loan him for 'dinners' because his curry dishes were known far and

wide. When my Corvair arrived from Bombay it was of course filthy so I hooked up a hose preparatory to washing it and got my first lesson in the cultural differences between East and West. All five servants circled me with horror stricken faces and Sammy removed the hose from my hand and gave it to the head gardener: "Sahib", he said, "if others see you washing your own car we will loose face, and nobody else will hire us when you are gone". The two bits of advice I heeded most were 'don't drink the water' and 'if you hit something or someone with your car high tail it out of there and report it to your embassy'. I never had need of the latter but I know that some who ignored it and stopped became targets of angry mobs before even getting out of their car. Sammy boiled every drop of water and kept a large jar in my fridge that he used for washing vegetables, dishes and for making ice cubes. With diplomatic privilege booze was cheap and available at the Commissary at the High Commission or via catalogue, cigarettes the same. The diplomatic joke was that the booze was so cheap you couldn't afford to stay sober. Still it was nice to get home out of all that heat and have Samson hand you a tall ice cold Tom Collins.

As might be imagined day to day living was not the same. Embassy people tended to live in each other's pockets, going to each other's receptions and parties for example. The British mostly lived in a self-contained compound, as did the Americans. Canada is that way now but at that time we had an office apart from the High Commission and we rented living accommodation separately. It was next to impossible to become part of the Indian community because of language, religion and cultural differences. The caste system still flourished even though Nehrus' government had outlawed its practices. My sweeper for instance was of a lower caste than were the gardeners, therefor there was no intercourse between them

at all. Sweepers even had their own village on the city outskirts, where all wage earners were sweepers and raised their male offspring to be sweepers. They did exactly as the name implies - they swept; using twig hand brooms and hunkering down, knees up to their shoulders, backside suspended just above whatever surface they were sweeping. I asked Samson one day if he could get the sweeper to clean the windows; big no-no. He told me that sweepers might only clean what is below the level of their knees. So I said, "Well I guess I'll have to clean them myself", which of course was an even bigger no-no! No!. So Samson made a deal with the gardeners - he'd do the inside and they'd do the outside. Samson was a Christian, hence his name. He was a bachelor and the only one of the five servants to live in - Indian houses were built with servants quarters. When payday came I gave all the rupees to Samson and he paid the others, in this way he kept 'face' and with face went authority.

I had few visitors except for embassy types but there was a constant flow of salesmen selling brass, or wood carvings, carpets or hand made furniture. There was also the 'snake charmer'. He would take the lid off his basket, hunker down and play his flute and out would sway a large hooded cobra. When he sensed you were getting bored he'd put away the flute and release a mongoose, dump the cobra out of its basket and have them try to kill each other which of course he always stopped them short of doing given the price of replacements. The only other cobra I saw in India lived in an old broken up stone wall about 20 or 30 feet from the tee on the first hole of the Delhi golf course. I was new to golf and would probably have mishit the ball anyhow but when I caught sight of this cobra reared up and hood spread best part of a foot wide I hit my ball straight up and headed for the club house hell bent. My caddie caught up in just less than a 100 yards and explained that the cobra rarely left the wall and seemed to

get his kicks out of scaring first timers. He could have been right for although I played several more games on that course I was totally ignored by the snake. It was an excellent course but you were not allowed to play without a caddie for two reasons, neither to do with the Caddies Union. First was poisonous snakes, of which there were several varieties; if you hit your ball into the trees your caddie - armed with a large stick - would locate it, ensure a viper-free swinging area with his snake stick, then motion you in to hit your ball. Second were monkeys. Near several greens were large, leafy trees referred to by one and all as the 'monkey trees'. I thought it was just a name until my caddie handed me an old ball to hit onto the green from something like a hundred yards. I did that and with great good fortune saw my ball land pin high; even before it stopped rolling the trees nearest the green came alive as Rhesus monkeys swarmed down from the branches onto the green, where after a brief scuffle they and my ball disappeared back into the trees: moral!! put your caddie on those greens before your ball. Such was golfing in India.

I did some driving outside the city but the roads were not well kept and used by everything from rickshaws to camels and elephants, to say nothing of sacred cows. You haven't experienced thrills unless you've driven around a corner, at night and your headlights have fastened on five tons of elephant coming towards you on a narrow country road. My car was not air-conditioned so when some of us from the office planned to visit the Taj Mahal at Agra we arranged to hire our office station wagon and driver. Five of us went along and none of us regretted going. Agra is only a hundred miles or so south of Delhi so it took only a couple of hours to get there. Most of the villages we drove by were one family villages - several generations of one or two families, inter-married with families from surrounding villages making large sections of the country inter-

related. The Taj was, in a word, fabulous. Built as a tomb for his Queen by a wealthy Rajah it has stood for centuries, one might say, as a monument to love.

By the time the Shaws returned from Hong Kong the office was purring and I had become a second baseman with the US Marine Corp Softball League. The Marines had built a ballpark within the US Embassy compound as good as any in North America. It was replete with grass infield and outfield, padded fences, electric score board and three umpires per game. For spectators, mostly Yanks, Cannucks and Brits with a few Aussies and Kiwis and a sprinkling of Europeans and a dusting of Africans, there were hot dogs, peanuts, hamburgers and ice cold beer on sale with local vendors doing the honors as hawkers right in the stands. Eight separate teams vied for bragging rights and it would have been at the same level as Senior B here. My team was sponsored by British Overseas Airways who provided the uniforms, tote bags and equipment. It was great fun and helped to keep one in touch with his roots and the games were always well attended. It also, indirectly, shortened my career as a diplomat.

Playing the Marine Corp team one Sunday I got a hit and the next batter sacrifice - bunted me to second. I took my usual lead off 2nd and following the 3rd base coach's signal I dug for 3rd on a hit and run play. Halfway there I felt my right leg give and landed flat on my face. I tried to get up but could only manage to crawl the rest of the way to 3rd. I was out, in more ways than one: out to the third baseman, out of the game and the rest of the tournament: my right Achilles tendon had popped, rendering me in effect one legged. I soldiered on at work after a local doctor put my leg in a cast - diagnosing a slight tear but several weeks went by without improvement until a specialist at the hospital gave me the sad news that the tendon

was completely severed and would require surgery. The supervising doctor for our office and others in Asia was Dr. Black in our London, England office. When apprised of my situation (x-rays and reports had been airtailed to him) Dr. Black ordered me out of India and recommended England for surgery. He knew of my connection to Leeds, my family was still there) which just happened to be one of the leading Orthopedic surgery centers and made arrangements with one of Leeds top men to do the operation. I assumed I would be going back to Delhi to finish my term there, so left my Delhi household intact and flew home in January 1970. It was my only Christmas in India and apart from a sore leg quite enjoyable: though a turkey dinner with the thermometer reading over 100 degrees F didn't seem quite right

After landing at London's Heathrow I made my way awkwardly (on crutches) to Euston railway station and caught a train for Leeds. Next day I made arrangements to enter Leeds General hospital and the doctor had his first look at my leg. I was admitted two days later and surgery took place the next day. The doctor explained later that because of the time lapse between accident and operation the lower part of my tendon had withdrawn around the heel bone and the upper section up towards my upper calf. He had cut a step in each of the separated ends of the Achilles tendon, drew them together till the steps met and sutured them in place using a strip he took from the nearby Lesser Achilles tendon. When I woke up my leg and foot were immobilized in a cast and it was a month before it came off. My leg healed insofar as the tendon was concerned and the cast was replaced by a pressure bandage. For some reason the skin refused to heal completely and when Dr. Black was given my full medical report he informed my Ottawa headquarters that although I could now return to work I could not be sent back to

India or any of the other so-called unhealthy posts. Shortly thereafter I got word to return to Ottawa for duty at immigration headquarters in Ottawa. In March of 1970 I returned home; my overseas career in immigration ended: by trying to steal 3rd base.

My career in Ottawa consisted mainly of, with others, formulating new immigration policies and immigrant selection methods. Then I won a competition at the A.S.5 level in what was called the 'Secretariat'. There we dealt with Ministerial correspondence. People from across the country would write asking questions, proposing solutions or just belly-aching about policy or individual cases and our function was to research the factors then couch a suitable reply for the signature of the Minister. Many of the letters were from lawyers representing individuals under deportation inquiries; these required extreme care so as not to contravene the various processes already in play. On occasion the writer although asking an immigration question would demand a reply from the Prime Minister himself; I wrote many letters signed by Lester Pearson, John Diefenbaker and Pierre E. (PET) Trudeau over the years.

In 1972 I bought my first condominium. A one-bedroom place on the 18th floor of Place Vanier in what was then an Ottawa sub-district known as Eastview, its name was subsequently changed to Vanier. On the ground floor of Place Vanier lived one Dorothy Bechard who was of more than passing interest to me. Dorothy also worked for immigration but on the records tabulating side of things. Years previously we had met at a party in Ottawa on one of my between posting stopovers. I'd spent some time belly-aching about the stupid people who kept bothering overseas officers about how we filled in immigrant record forms; my contention being that we had much more important things to do etc. etc. I was brought down a peg when she

informed me that she was in charge of the 'stupid people' I had been running off at the mouth about. She convinced me of the importance of accurate information but some time later she was seconded to our New York office for six weeks and had a chance to see how hectic things were from the Field Officers end. We became very good friends. It was in going with her to view her newly finished condo suite in Vanier Towers that I became aware of an unsold (and unfinished) unit on the 18th floor. Fortunately the elevator was working and I took the opportunity to rise to the occasion; the view from the balcony, out over the Rideau river to the Peace Tower of our Parliament buildings sold me completely and I placed my offer without further ado.

About 1975 things in government took a major turn. Many of the departments were moved into brand new billion dollar office buildings across the Ottawa river in Hull, Quebec. Immigration was one of these. After we were installed in our new office a number of jobs became available at the P.M.6 level, sort of middle management. One was in Toronto, the other two in Ottawa. I applied for all three and came out on top for the Toronto job, which I was about to accept when the results of one of the Ottawa jobs was posted with Don Milburn on top. It didn't take me long to make up my mind which one to accept, after all I owned a home and had many friends in Ottawa. My new job was in what was called the Settlement Branch. It's Director was a young woman named Janet Zukowski, a transplant from the Personnel division of another Department and very knowledgeable. Settlement Branch had the task of directing the post-arrival care of immigrants. This included placing them in employment, helping them find accommodation and schooling and generally getting them fitted into life in a new country. At headquarters we drew up the operating rules and provided the budgeting as well as guidance to the field. Bi-

lingualism had become a force throughout the government with Trudeau running things. All jobs now carried a language criterion; mine was designated bi-lingual so off I went to study French. The language people had taken over a large tech school complex on the outskirts of Hull and hired dozens of teachers - mostly Quebecois - and literally hundreds of bureaucrats mostly those in higher salary brackets rotated through language training until they either passed or, like me, failed. Strangely, in class my French was fine but the final test was done on tape, in a booth with earphones on and I just plain couldn't get comfortable with it and loused it up. They had stipulated that those who failed would not lose their jobs but would be transferred to a non bi-lingual position; nothing more was said about this and I continued in Settlement until I retired.

Perhaps this was due in no small way to "The Boat People". The Viet Nam war had come to an end and those people in the South were being maltreated by the victorious North with the result that they were fleeing the country in their tens of thousands, usually in boats and ships. Many drowned at sea, either because of overloaded boats, leaky ships or pirates - the latter after the gold and jewelry the boat people hoped to use to finance a new start elsewhere. The successful escapees made it to places like Hong Kong, Malaysia, Thailand and other exotic places. Refugee camps sprang up in many places and naturally the United Nations through its High Commissions for Refugees became involved. Canada was quick off the mark in signifying we would accept a few thousand 'Boat' people and I was asked to manage the placement end in Canada. The idea was that each refugee family or individual would come to a 'Sponsor' somewhere in Canada. That sponsor would be fully responsible for the ones it sponsored until they were able to manage on their own. Word of this was given nation wide publicity and within days

I was receiving sponsorships by the hundreds, from all across the country. For the most part they were from Church and other religious groups. Some employers applied, usually for groups of single people whom they could employ as well as help to integrate. I began alone but soon had eight people working full time. Our overseas officers would process refugees insofar as this was possible given the circumstances, then arrange for flights to bring them to Canada. Several airlines were involved including charter companies. My section would receive a copy of a plane's manifest listing all passengers on that flight plus date time and place of arrival. We would then, with the help of a computer generated listing of sponsors detailing each sponsor's wishes as to family size and make up, assign the refugees to an appropriate destination. The system worked beautifully - even on those occasions when several plane loads of refugees would land on the same day and they were loading a many as 500 people on some of the 747's. This was a challenging but very satisfying year in my service.

By 1980 things had again changed. Janet Zukowski had left to return to her first love: personnel; and I was now Acting Director of Settlement Branch.

I retired from the department of Manpower and Immigration at the end of 1981. We had metamorphosed from Mines and Resources, Citizenship and Immigration to become Manpower and Immigration. I feel it noteworthy that never in all its history did Immigration come first; always it was 'something' and Immigration. To me its importance to Canada has far outweighed this secondary designation but then I might be a tad biased.

OBITUARIES

Taylor, Christopher Edward

Chris Taylor passed away in Vancouver on September 1, 2002. He was fifty-four years of age. After graduating from both Simon Fraser and Toronto, Chris taught at the university level for a short time and then spent many years with Immigration and later Health Canada. His self-written eulogy follows these notes.

Taylor, Duncan

Dunc Taylor served with both the Merchant Navy and the Royal Canadian Artillery in World War II, then worked at a number of jobs before joining Immigration in 1936 in Halifax. During his career he had postings to London, Manchester, Atlanta, Copenhagen, Birmingham and San Francisco. Duncan passed away in Ottawa on December 26, 2002 at the age of eighty-five.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Please note my new e-mail address is
del.mckay@3web.net

Next issue will contain a memoir by Jim Cross, a poem for Phyliss Turnbull by Joe Bissett, and the results of the 1979 Foreign Service Squash Tournament results.

Eulogy for Chris Taylor by Chris Taylor

1) Why this?

Eulogies are not the easiest things to deliver much less write. I've known this; I've given eulogies before – for my father and my brother. I decided that, if the opportunity was ever given to me, I'd write my own. Well – lucky me – I got the chance. And you all know how I love to talk! So, I do this in the spirit of my love for all of you and my wanting to declare some things as part of the service. So that I'm more a part of the service!!

That's also why I'm giving you the Beach Boys CD to take home. Not just because it happens to be the best pop CD of the last century, but because in listening to Brian Wilson and his mystical capacity to communicate via music, I want you to know that I got swept up into this and it also became a part of me.

2) What Do I Want to Say to You?

I want you to know what I tried to accomplish in my life, who helped me achieve my goals, why was music so big in my life, what do I carry forward with me, and why I feel comforted with all of this. **I'm pissed off**; that I'm leaving at this young age when I still had lots to do. But I have had a full life and I am grateful for the opportunities given to me during it.

We all know that the foundation of our soul is built on love; the Beatles said it so well. So, I want to leave this as a loving statement for my

wife, my children, all those close to me, and all those who I grew to know. We need to create more avenues to allow for the passage of this kind of information that binds us together as human beings and makes us different as a species in the world.

3) What Did I Accomplish?

Please bear with me as I self-assess my achievements. First and foremost, I believe I was a good husband and good father. Helen and I had 33 glorious years together; we always commented on how quickly it was going. I was looking forward to another 33; but that wasn't to be. So, it's important to build those years around lessons and legacies of precious ones, Lenny and Vanessa are so deeply loved by me; I can't believe I won't be hugging them anymore. But, remember guys, every time you think about us, it's going to be like a hug from me in another place!

To my mother, brother, sisters, and sister-in-law, I'm proud to have been here for you since 1994. This meant that we could act more as a family unit given our close proximity. The job was the draw to me; but being with you, especially my deceased brother Lenny was the key to my wanting to come. Once here, we could never leave. There is something for me, magical and mystical about this place which I could never walk away from again.

I believe I was a good federal public servant. You need to know that I love the public service, and I really loved my job as Regional Director

General of Health Canada for the BC/Yukon Region. I'm really pissed that I'm leaving so soon since there was so much to accomplish and such a great team and staff to work with. In my years as a public servant, I believe I did embody and live by the values and ethics of our service. Notwithstanding what you may hear from time to time about the quality and character of the service, we have energetic committed staff who are working under conditions of limited resources and ever growing demands on their time. Senior management in the public service is struggling with organizational culture change; I was very much a supporter of key change. But the struggle continues and it will not be easily resolved in the foreseeable future.

I would like to believe that my main accomplishment as a federal civil servant was as an effective team leader. You know the saying: "You're Only As Good As The People Around You". My philosophy is: "You're Only As Good As What You Do To Support The People Around You". So I worked extra hard at devising ways and techniques to support team culture, team development, and team spirit. This is still a challenge area for the public service; most indicators of measurement are at the levels of individual and project. But this is changing, and hopefully will continue to change. I loved being able to share the achievement of objectives with others: the public service very much offers this avenue of recognition. More need to take this path!!

4) Who Helped Me Achieve My Goals?

Wow! This could take an hour to say so I'll try to keep it short! Helen was the first key, because she complemented so much of what I stood for. I think we had one real fight. Remember the pillow fight that got carried away? But talk about truly – to love and live with someone where you had an open, trusting relationship. Where there were no secrets, well almost, she hid some of the places she was saving her money! I know that with Helen by my side, I could then accomplish these tasks as father, public servant, and citizen without the clutter of having to manage the outcome of a bad relationship at home.

A second key person in this category was my deceased brother Lenny whom I remember to be the bravest person I have ever known. In the years prior to his death, the time we spent together showed me how one deals with challenge and maintain an esprit de corps which still contributes to both family and professional relationships. I have missed my brother very much. Now I will get to rejoin him as we dance in the revelry of our human spirits.

My uncle Phil was a guiding beacon for me as I was growing up. The advice and wisdom that he passed on to me was priceless. Phil and his wife Ivy were like a direct part of the Taylor family; their unselfishness to take in and care for both myself and my brother Doug were sterling examples of ones humanity to be charitable to others.

There were many people in my work and professional side who helped me achieve my goals. Here are a few:

Shu-Tac Wong – Professor of Geography at SFU – who taught me the important value of maintaining grading standards in universities, a fight that continues to this day.

Ken Hare – Professor of Geography – University of Toronto – who taught me effective skills in making lecture presentations

The late Kirk Bell (Ottawa) – my first boss in Immigration for 7 years – who taught me the importance of understanding and appreciation of politics when working in a highly public sensitive policy area

Ian Glen – current head of the National Parole Board who taught me the true meaning of living values and ethics in the public service and who was there for Helen when I got sick in 1994.

Nick Mulder (Ottawa) – who taught me the importance of seeking out views and input on your own performance from colleagues, the 360° feedback.

Joe Bissett (retired – Ottawa) – who taught me the value of loyalty in the public service

Ian Green (Deputy Minister of Health) – my current boss who gave me the opportunity to come back and take on the Regional Director General job notwithstanding the views of some that I did not fit the “normal” mode of a federal executive. Surprise! Surprise! I don't!

5) Why Was Music So Big in My Life?

When I was 13 years old, I had completed my Grade 8 Piano at the University of Toronto and my Grade 2 theory. I'm sure father had images of concert pianist sparkling in his mind – but not to be. By the next year, I was into high-school football, girls and rock and roll. The piano interest went out the window. I believe that, in part, my love for music came from father. But it was not for his mind of classical music; it was for our own modern music that was exploding all around us during the period 1960 to 1970. I remember in high-school, being able to take the Bill Board Hot 100 Chart of top 100 singles and memorizing it so I knew every song by position, by artist, by where on the chart. Talk about being obsessed! I thought about being a radio DJ, and briefly flirted with it one year at SFU but I guess it was never in the cards. My love of music remained strong; my collecting ways didn't surface until after we moved to Ottawa in 1981.

During the 1960's, I grew fascinated with the production techniques of music as much as I did to the singers and songs. So people like Burt Bacharach, Hal David, Phil Spector, Brian Wilson, Gary Usher, and Jimmy Webb were of high interest to me as I was fascinated by the construction of the song as I was by the music itself. When I first heard Dionne Warwick sing Bacharach's "Don't Make Me Over" in 1962, I kept on thinking – how did those create the interplay of the orchestra, choral, and vocalist to

make that song? Certain songs stuck to me like glue because of the unique complexity of the composer/producer to bring the song alive. By the way the greatest writer/producers/composers of the 20th century is Brian Wilson – if you haven't heard Pet Sounds, give it a listen.

I can't tell you what happened to flip me into becoming a record collector. You may know I had 15,000 LP's and 1,000 45's; this started when we moved to Ottawa in 1981. In Toronto, when we lived there in the 1970's I did not collect. I got married; we had our 2 kids; we both did our schooling and we were having fun. I'm told that Toronto was a heyday for collecting music from the 1960's. I can't believe how I missed this opportunity!!

Anyway, from 1981 on, vinyl LP's started to arrive at our house: from garage sales, junk stores and record shops. I loved the old covers with their artwork. I loved the music and I loved knowing that this was a key part of our lives, and our growing up that had impact on us and had changed cultural appreciation of music. At first, the collection was disorganized; all over the place. But over time, I grew to categorize it by type and by artist. When we moved in 1994 to Vancouver there were 80 2 cubic foot boxes of LP's; in 2002 when we moved to Burnaby there were double that number!! But as Helen knows, I was reaching my limit and had started to reduce it a bit. Nonetheless, the obsession to collect these things followed me wherever I went. I remember at

Uncle Phil's funeral going right after to a junk store to look for records – I knew he'd understand!

Record collectors are a curious lot – there may be a few of them here today. But we all share one thing in common: a love of music in some form or another that is a central element in our lives. If only we weren't so possessed to want to own it all!! I'll miss you guys – keep on hunting!

6) What Do I Carry With Me?

When you have time, as I did, to prepare for my passing, you can set yourself up to frame and think about what you want to take with you as you advance to the next stage. And, as I said earlier, it's primarily close family – Helen, Nessa and Lenny, the animals, and those closest in my immediate family. I carry with me and understand that love does transcend all and that we continue to move ahead generation to generation because of this love that we build. I'm going to bring a copy of Pet Sounds with me so that symbolically I send the message of my relationships to music. I carry with me 54 years of glorious life – a speck in the infinity of time – but a speck that when connected to all others sustains this chain of being that we are all a part of.

7) Why Do I Feel Comforted About All This

A few people have mentioned to me about how I seem to be not to emotional about my fate. Let me tell you I didn't want this. I wanted to be there with you and living a life that I

thought would continue into ripe old age.

But that's not what happened; and I'm not the only one that this has happened to. I feel comforted, because I believe that the circumstance of my death gave me this wonderful opportunity to talk with my loved ones and friends and leave them with a legacy they could build on. Now, more than ever, I believe we need to create mechanisms whereby we can collect and reference our past, document our family history and traditions, and discuss ways in which these might be passed on to future generations. We don't need early bereavements to make this happen; but I see mine as an opportunity to contribute to this and I hope you all understand.

8) Thanks – 'till we Meet Again

You know I'm not a religious person in the institutional sense. But I do believe that there is more to all of this than the simple random movements of a few molecules. I do believe there is connectivity; I don't know what the basis for that connectivity is. So, I look at what it is for us here on this planet and at this time. And I do believe there must be some relationship between what we are and what we are doing as families and communities. And I believe that this will be sustained in the future to come for all of us. So I look forward to seeing you again in some different manifestation but for essentially the same purpose – to love and support all those we know. It's been a gas – Love always, Chris