



Colleagues on Ice

By Larry Carroll

I was a member of the Canadian high commission team that participated in the very first national ice hockey championship sponsored by the Winter Games Federation of India.

In early 2001, representatives of the Ice Hockey Association of India contacted the high commission in New Delhi, enquiring about visitor visas for the purpose of attending International Ice Hockey Federation meetings in Montreal. The visa applicants also wanted to meet with hockey officials in the hope of securing much-needed hockey equipment. The mission contacted hockey officials in Canada, and eventually a large number of donated hockey sticks were delivered to the high commission. While discussing the best way to deliver the hockey sticks, the Ice Hockey Association of India invited the high commission to send one or more representatives to Leh (Ladakh) to witness India's first national ice hockey championship. As the invitation included sending a team to play an exhibition game against one of the Indian teams, Bill Marshall (an avid hockey enthusiast and talented player) mustered a team composed of Bill (captain), Philip Lupul, Gerald Degenhardt, Doug Haaland, Gary Taljit and myself. We left New Delhi with the support of our high commission colleagues, but our reception on return was significantly less enthusiastic.

The 343-mile Alliance Air flight was uneventful. We were welcomed with great fanfare and assigned a "host" who acted as our guide, driver, translator and mentor for the duration of our stay. Little did we or our "host" know that our stay would be considerably longer than originally scheduled. We left New Delhi on the afternoon of Friday, 19 January (a non-interview day at the high commission) and were expected back the evening of Monday, the 22nd.

We were booked into the only three-star hotel in town and told to relax and be ready for pick-up next morning at 10:00 a.m. We had our skates in hand that Saturday morning in the hope of lacing up, testing the outdoor rink conditions, and seeing how we coped with Leh's 3,484-metre altitude. We were unprepared for what followed. Because we had our skates with us, tournament organizers asked us to play an impromptu game before the official opening ceremonies. We played shinny hockey, gasping all the while for oxygen. I even managed to score a "bloody" goal, thanks to a deflection off my lower lip.

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Spectators at the boards and in the trees around the Leh rink, 3,484 metres above sea level

The official ceremony followed, at 2:00 p.m. We were formally welcomed over the loudspeaker system and watched a game between teams whose players didn't have any difficulty playing at high altitude. Back at our hotel for some much-needed rest, we wondered how we would cope with shortness of breath in our official exhibition game. For the second night, temperatures hovered in the minus-30 C range. The hotel pipes were frozen and we again had no running water. In the mornings, we were provided serially with a bucket of hot water and didn't dally in taking turns having our daily wash. There were continual power outages and our shared rooms were frigid, to say the least. In fact, it was so cold that we ate dinner dressed in our winter coats!

At our exhibition game on Sunday afternoon, we managed to eke out a victory, thanks to the dazzling play of our captain, who scored all but one of our goals. Impressed by what they saw, the large crowd cheered loudly every time Bill touched the puck. We were amazed to see how poorly equipped the Indian players were. Some wore figure skates, while others sported football and motorcycle helmets. But they were good skaters and definitely competitive.

On Monday, we learned that, because of a six-inch snowfall overnight, the only flight out was cancelled and we were rebooked to leave on Tuesday. Four of our team had interviews scheduled, and we immediately telephoned Rod Fields, program manager in New Delhi, who assured us that he would make the necessary arrangements for colleagues to cover for the Tuesday interviews.

Our "host" informed us that the governor of the Indian part of Kashmir would be attending the ice hockey championships that afternoon and wanted to see us play a second exhibition game against a different Indian team. Word spread that the governor would be in attendance, and by game time there was a crowd of close to 3,500. We played against the Indian army's number one team, winning by one goal. Again, Bill was the star of the game. We were presented with official certificates, lapel pins and commemorative coffee mugs.

Our flight was cancelled again on Tuesday because the runway had not been cleared of snow, but we were assured that we would leave on Wednesday. Another call to Rod Fields was received with little enthusiasm. On Wednesday we packed up our bags and gear and were driven to the airport only to witness something beyond comprehension. Women were sweeping the tarmac with brooms and the Leh airport maintenance staff were shovelling snow with hand-held scrapers! Since only half of the runway was clear, we were convinced that the only flight out would yet again be delayed. Of course, we had to report again to Rod Fields that we were stranded.

Staff in Delhi were not amused when we did finally return on Thursday night. They were convinced that we had lived a life of luxury during our stay in Leh. If we were to judge by the reception given our team by our India Ice Hockey Association hosts and the enthusiastic crowds at our games, then yes, we were spoiled; however,

factoring in the state of our three-star hotel and the delays in returning to New Delhi, our colleagues could not but sympathize with our predicament.

The experience is something I will remember for years to come. I'm particularly proud and happy to have been a member of the very first non-Indian ice hockey team to have been invited to play in Leh. I am even more proud of the lasting impact on bilateral Canada-India relations achieved by a bunch of immigration types and their crazy idea to play hockey in India. Since 2001, the yearly tournament has expanded from a national championship to an international competition and the caliber of the Indian teams has improved each year, benefitting from better equipment, coaching and training. I think our 2001 team would have great difficulty scoring a single goal against current Indian talent. Now we are in 2013, and the annual India Ice Hockey Association tournament in Leh is bigger than ever, has turned into an international event, and remains an important symbol of how two very divergent and culturally different countries can find common ground in something as simple as a hockey game.



From left: Larry Carroll, Bill Marshall, Philip Lupul, Doug Haaland, Gary Taljit (bottom row) and the welcoming committee at the Leh airport (photo taken by Gary Degenhardt)

2013 Annual General Meeting
of

The Canadian Immigration Historical Society/La société historique de l'immigration canadienne

Thursday 24 October 2013, 6:00 p.m.
Ottawa St. Anthony Italia Soccer Club
523 St. Anthony Street, Ottawa, K1R 0A6

St Anthony Street runs west off Preston Street, just north of the Highway 417 overpass.
Free parking. Wheelchair access.
The club provides an excellent Italian buffet for \$30.00. Cash bar

RSVP rgirard09@gmail or call Mike at 613 241 0166

***How Lucky I've Been...Recollections of a Long and Happy Life* by Jack Manion**

Reviewed by Joe Bissett

In the foreword to these memoirs, the author says that being born in Canada is at the top of his list of lucky things in life. This tells us a lot about Jack Manion, who was not reluctant to show his pride in Canada and who spent his life working for this country. The memoir is divided into two parts. The first deals with his personal and family life, and the second part with his 37 years as a federal public servant.

Reading about his early years, it is hard to believe how the author could ever consider he was “lucky”. Born in Almonte, a small village near Ottawa, to parents of Irish descent, Jack was one of seven children. When he was six, he and three siblings were stricken by tuberculosis and confined to a sanatorium, where his elder brother died. Jack and his two sisters survived, but he was in the sanatorium for three years. The experience might have broken the spirit of a lot of youngsters, but Jack bounced back and resumed his normal life.

Reminiscences about his youth reveal the elements that formed the author’s character and his determination to succeed—whether it was at back-breaking work on a farm, picking strawberries, delivering newspapers, or as a young officer cadet and university student.

The account of his student days at St. Patrick’s College in Ottawa, his marriage to Sylvia, his devotion to his children and grandchildren, and his retirement years playing golf in Florida are written in a form that makes it clear family and friends were fundamentally important to him. Despite his rise to the highest offices in the Canadian public service, he maintained close contact with the people he worked as a junior officer in the immigration service.

In the second part of the book, we follow the author’s career from his years as a young policy officer in immigration to the most senior positions of the public service: associate deputy minister, deputy minister, secretary of the Treasury Board, associate clerk of the Privy Council, deputy secretary of the Cabinet, and the Government’s senior personnel adviser. In all these demanding and sensitive positions, Jack performed with outstanding success.

He describes with clarity and humour time spent with some of Canada’s leading political figures from the 1950s to 1990, the year he retired. But he is careful not to reveal behind-the-scenes gossip, confining his comments to the strictly business side of his relationships with ministers and prime ministers.

Jack Manion was a realist, and when he encountered programs or policies he believed were no longer in the interests of Canadians, he worked to change or eliminate them. There were no “sacred cows” that he would not tackle. He feared that the Supreme Court’s ruling that everyone physically in Canada was entitled to Charter protection would make managing immigration impossible and recommended the use of the notwithstanding clause. He did not believe a constitution should be an object of worship but a living instrument and subject to change.

These memoirs are a fascinating account of some of the major events in Canada during the author’s 37-year career. But, quite apart from their historical interest, they leave us with deep appreciation of a truly great Canadian—a man who was dedicated to public service and who was determined to make his country a better place for all Canadians.

If you would like a copy of this book, please contact Jack Manion’s daughter Laurie (either by e-mail or regular mail) with your full name and coordinates along with a sentence or two as to how you knew Jack:

Laurie Manion
46 Louis-Saint-Laurent
Gatineau, QC, J9H 5K8
laurie.manion@sympatico.ca

Remembering the 1956 Hungarian Revolution

This June, for the third year, CIHS joined Citizenship and Immigration Canada NHQ in marking Public Service Week. This time, we offered a presentation by Peter Duschinsky on Canada's immigration response to the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. That response included providing Peter with a new home!

After being introduced by Sarita Bhatla, Director General of Refugees, Peter spoke to about 30 CIC staff and fielded a number of questions about the movement. In his presentation, prepared with the help of Laura-May Roth and Eleanor Berry at CIC, Peter first examined the background to and the events of the Hungarian revolution, with some reference to his own experiences in those heady but traumatic days. He then outlined Canada's response to the revolution, emphasizing the movement of the refugees to Canada. In particular, he spoke about the Canadian government's accelerated decision making, spearheaded by Minister Jack Pickersgill and Jack Manion, who was Hungarian refugee coordinator at the time.

Also covered in Peter's remarks was the operational management of the enormous challenge of moving 38,000 refugees rapidly from Europe to Canada and resettling them in this country, sometimes through novel actions—the transfer of the [Sopron Forestry Academy to the University of British Columbia](#) being but one example. Peter made the point that the Canadian response was an excellent model for subsequent refugee movements to Canada. His presentation connected to the theme of Public Service Week, "Proudly Serving Canadians", by showing how ministers and immigration personnel responded to a plight that caught the attention of Canadians and, indeed, the world.

Post-Soviet Diasporas: Identities, Linkages and Transformations Conference 2014

The Institute of European, Russian and Eurasian Studies, Metropolis, and Migration and Diaspora Studies at Carleton University, supported by the Magna Fund for Russian Studies, will be holding a joint conference, Post-Soviet Diasporas: Identities, Linkages and Transformations, at Carleton University, 20 to 21 March 2014.

The collapse of the Soviet Union has transformed the map of Eastern Europe and Central Asia. Constant social uncertainty, economic turbulence, and the emergence of fragile states have provoked migration and mobility processes that were in many ways unexpected and unprecedented. This dispersal of ethnic groups across the region and throughout the world at once reflects and drives global patterns of mobility, investment, and social and economic development in the 21st century.

The overarching goal of the conference is to identify and assess the effects of the post-Soviet diasporas in Europe, North America and host states and to understand better the economic, political, social and cultural relationships of these diasporas with their kin in their homelands.

Remembering John Sheardown

By Donald Cameron

When John Sheardown went to Rideau Hall in 1980 to be awarded the Order of Canada by Governor General Ed Schreyer, few knew that, until the day before, he had intended not to go to the ceremony because his wife Zena was not also being honoured. John was being recognized for his courage in rescuing six U.S. embassy staff in Tehran after the embassy was invaded and taken over by Iranian revolutionaries in 1979. Four were sheltered by John and Zena at their house for three very stressful months. The day before the ceremony, the Governor General asked John to attend, assuring him that he would do everything he could to obtain recognition for Zena. The following year, after the passing of a House of Commons motion introduced by Secretary of State for External Affairs Flora MacDonald, Zena became the first honorary member of the Order of Canada, to be followed by such notables as Nelson Mandela and the late Queen Mother. Zena was then ineligible for full membership because she had not yet lived in Canada long enough to become a Canadian citizen. John's colleagues and friends were not surprised at his stand on a matter of principle.

John was assigned to train me when I arrived at my first posting, Glasgow. He then followed me on my next two postings, London and New Delhi. I should add that, when I arrived in London, one of our locally engaged secretaries was Zena Khan. John guided me through the sometimes rocky transition from civilian to civil servant. Liz Boyce, John Hunter and others had taught me the act and regulations, but John taught me how to be a visa officer. His greatest contribution was introducing me to immigration English. I learned the vital difference between answering a complaint about slow processing with “Your application is under consideration” and “Your application is under active consideration”. The former meant that we couldn’t find your file, while the latter suggested that we were looking for it.

John took the position that when we made a mistake in handling an application for admission to Canada, we admitted it and tried to make it right. That was not then the universal approach. He also impressed on me the fact that most errors in case processing were caused by failure to read the entire file. For the rest of my career, I asked the officers I supervised to follow what I called the “Sheardown System”, known by the letters RTFF, which stands for John’s frequently expressed “Read the Flipping File”.

John was my tutor in all things British, beginning with explaining why Glaswegians did not recognize my very Scottish name. I was not pronouncing it correctly! John’s instruction included broadening my cultural horizons, in particular in the direction of the English pub, an institution he held in high regard.

His obituaries in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and other media outlets drew attention to his service in an RCAF 429 Squadron Halifax bomber during World War II. The only war story John told was of bailing out of one at night over England at such a low altitude that he broke both legs in multiple places—hence his induction into the Caterpillar Club. He never spoke of the horrors he experienced and witnessed, although he not infrequently expressed distress at having to pay for the scotch he was given at the pub to which he crawled after hitting the ground.

I met John and Zena after they left Tehran and they told me the whole story. I then understood what a difficult experience it had been, particularly for Zena. John declined a number of honours (such as the keys to New York City) saying that the Ambassador accepted recognition for the whole team. His modesty was as great as his sense of duty. However, he did find memorable the experience of standing in the infield in Yankee Stadium while the standing ovation went on and on and on. I feel honoured and blessed to have known him and to have shared three of his postings.

Remembering Father Lancelot Rodrigues

Adapted from The Economist

For the thousands of refugees who have passed since the 1940s through the island of Macau, just across the Pearl River from Hong Kong, Father Lancelot Rodrigues was the gatekeeper to a new life. Those refugees came in several waves. The 1940s brought Shanghai Portuguese, many of them bankers or company bosses, fleeing Mao Zedong’s Red Army. More came during China’s Cultural Revolution of the 1960s. In the 1970s and 1980s, thousands of Vietnamese boat people arrived on their rickety, overloaded craft. In the 1990s, crowds of East Timorese sought refuge from the Indonesian army. All of these encountered Father Lancelot. He found the refugees food, shelter and money. He got them jobs, often on the building sites for Macau’s new hotels and casinos. And whenever he could, he secured them new, permanent lives in Europe, Australia, Canada or the United States. More than 2,000 Portuguese Chinese and more than 8,400 boat people were resettled abroad through his efforts.

By Gerry Campbell

Father Lancelot Rodrigues was nothing short of a legend in Macau, a larger-than-life character out of another era. He was so well known and influential that every diplomatic mission based in Hong Kong kept in touch with him, and he was sometimes referred to as the de facto governor of Macau.

It was no secret that Lancelot had a fondness for Johnny Walker Black Label scotch, wine and good food. He would greet visitors off the early morning hydrofoil with the question: How many lumps in your coffee? And then he would pour out one or two shots of scotch. He organized lunches and dinners at local Portuguese restaurants, where we drank Portuguese Dao wine and ate fresh Portuguese buns and fresh steamed prawns. On one occasion, after a long lunch and far too much Dao, we were walking to the car when Dirk Doornbos, the RCMP officer, stumbled over a large stone object. The son of a baker, Dirk recognized it immediately as a quern-stone, used to grind rice into flour by hand. Lancelot explained that they were all over the place and had it delivered to the jetfoil, where Dirk, a strong young officer, carried the 100-lb quern-stone back to Hong Kong.

On another occasion, Lancelot arranged a late afternoon lunch for representatives of countries involved in Vietnamese resettlement programs. It was held in the old Guia fortress located on one of the small hills overlooking Macau. Flagons of white wine were passed around freely. As the sun began to sink over China, I noticed that our feet were resting on large old wooden trunks under the long plank tables. Overcome by curiosity and encouraged by the wine, I opened one up. It was filled with metal cuirasses, probably left over from the days when these forts were armed with cannon and used to defend the Portuguese enclave against the Dutch, British and other nations fighting over the spoils on the edge of China. Lancelot seemed to come right out of that era, at a time when Macau had been a backwater for 400 years and had not yet reinvented itself as the new Las Vegas of Asia.

I was posted to Geneva when Lancelot attended a conference there. We dined at the Creux-de-Genthod on the banks of Lac Lemman. It was cold and rainy, the waiters were even more surly than usual, and there were only a few customers. Recognizing them as fellow Portuguese, within minutes Lancelot had them all crowded around our table, singing old Portuguese songs. He had charisma and energy that never seemed to flag.

After I was assigned to Hong Kong as consul general in 2004, Lancelot would take the hydrofoil every year for our annual Canada Day reception in the foyer of Exchange Square. I last saw him in July 2008. He had just been in the hospital for three weeks but insisted on seeing me and, though obviously tired, was as warm and friendly as ever. Everyone in Macau, from the chief executive and chief secretary down knew Lancelot. He helped so many in the course of his long career, including some of our colleagues during hard times.

By Scott Mullin

Anyone was welcome who would help his cause. As a young man from Montreal, sent to Macau to give Canadian visas to boat people, I found myself plied with cognac at 11 in the morning to issue more visas faster.

By Sue Lopez

In April 1978, near the end of my three-year posting to Hong Kong, I was sent on an area trip to Macau to interview the first boat people from Vietnam. Since it was my first posting, I did whatever was assigned but did not see many refugee cases. I processed mostly independent, nominated and family class immigrants and also visitors and students.

For this trip, I took the hydrofoil from Hong Kong, which was a noisy but effective way to travel. I was met by Father Rodrigues, who represented Catholic Relief Services in Macau. He settled me into one of the casino hotels; it was run by the triads but was the only hotel to give us a reduced rate.

The next morning, Father Rodrigues drove me with my suitcase of files to the sweaty Quonset hut where the refugees were staying. All the refugees claimed to have relatives in Canada. I completed the interviews by about one o'clock, with the father's secretary translating. I did not see those cases through to completion, but I think they eventually made it to Canada.

Then Father Rodrigues took me for a lengthy lunch with the Macao police chief at the church manse. We consumed so much Portuguese rosé, African chicken and blackened shrimp, we could hardly get up. With even more wine, we then started to share our national songs. I remember singing "Un canadien errant", "I'se

the B’y”, “Red River Valley” and “Leaving on a Jet Plane”. In his hearty fashion, Father Rodrigues drove me to the hotel to check out and to the hydrofoil dock to catch my boat back to Hong Kong. The drive was wobbly, but he would not have been stopped anyway, as he was well known and a friend of the police chief.

Cambodian Love Story

By Sue Lopez

Shortly before I left Hong Kong in September 1978, I interviewed an 18-year-old young lady sponsored as a fiancée by her Cambodian boyfriend, who had been landed in Canada as a refugee a few months earlier. They had been dating as teenagers before the fall of Phnom Penh. Their parents were small-business people who did what they could to get their children out of Cambodia before the worst happened. She and her little brother were sent to Hong Kong, where they had an aunt. A mutual friend, who bumped into her in Hong Kong, knew how to contact the boyfriend (now fiancé) in Canada. We got the sponsorship and eventually issued a visa to the young lady.

Links to Government Immigration Data

The federal government has just opened a new site to provide access to its data, and it is interesting to see the prevalence of immigration data in the “top ten” list:

<http://www.data.gc.ca/eng/facts-and-figures#top10>

CIC data are available at:

http://www.data.gc.ca/data/en/dataset?_organization_limit=0&organization=cic

Contact with Members

By Mike Molloy

Jo and I took a trip out west this spring, which provided an opportunity to reconnect with many old friends and colleagues. In Kelowna we spent a pleasant morning with Lynn and Lloyd Champoux and a fascinating afternoon with Murray Oppertshauser collecting his reminiscences about Indochinese refugee operations in the military camps in the eastern U.S.A. and Thailand. In Vancouver I caught up with Don Cameron, David Ritchie and Margaret Tebbut. Over lunch at The French Table, we had a delightful conversation, especially about the book the society is producing on Indochinese refugees. Jim Pasman was kind enough to come to Tsawwassen to discuss his contribution to the book (now received, thanks Jim). We also had dinner with Gordon and Ginny Whitehead and with Gerry Campbell and his daughter Kristen. In Victoria we met with the doctors Gushulak—we are delighted to welcome Brian to CIHS—and had the now traditional lunch with Ron and Margot Button, Jim Humphries, Rod Fields and Stephen Fielding. In addition, I spoke to Jim Hentschel at his home on remote Cortes Island. Tove Bording was a bit under the weather during my visit to Victoria, but at her invitation I visited her in hospital and was pleased to find her in very good spirits. We have just finished editing the transcript of an interview she and Bill Sheppit gave on their experiences in the Singapore area at the beginning of the boat people movement. Tove, it seems, deserves credit for coining the term “boat people”.

Conference on the Indochinese Refugee Movement: Update

A conference on the Indochinese refugee movement and the launch of Canada’s Refugee Sponsorship Program will take place at York University, from 19 to 22 November 2013.

The CIHS and York University’s Centre for Refugee Studies (CRS) have received funding from Citizenship and Immigration Canada to hold a conference to study the impact of the Indochinese refugee movement that brought more than 150,000 people to Canada between 1975 and 1990. The conference is expected to attract 120 former refugees, sponsors, academics and former immigration officials. It will review what caused people to flee Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos; the regulatory, program and operational innovations that shaped the

Canadian response; the establishment by ordinary Canadians of 7,000 sponsorship groups; and the experiences of refugees, sponsors and officials.

The CRS evolved from the Indochinese Refugee Documentation Centre that was established by Operation Lifeline during the peak years of the refugee movement (1979-1980), and the conference will mark the centre's 25th anniversary. The CIHS and CRS are working closely with the Sponsorship Agreement Holders Council in developing the agenda. The proceedings will be videotaped, and funding provides for the production of a documentary and a series of short videos.

Indochinese Refugee Movement Book Project: Update

Work is proceeding on the book documenting the role of the immigration department in delivering the Indochinese Refugee program between 1975 and 1980. The many hundreds of documents collected by Peter Duschinsky, Bob Shalka and Kurt Jensen have been collated and catalogued by Laura-May Roth, a University of Ottawa research assistant. We have more than 40 memoirs and interviews from former immigration and partner department officials, and together they constitute a real treasure. To date first drafts of six chapters are on file, and the challenging task of melding the memoirs and the research results into a coherent account is about to begin. We are still open to received memoirs, and so if you were there and have not submitted your recollections there is still time.

Letter to the Editor

When I returned this week from Banff, where Margaret and I celebrated our 49th wedding anniversary, the June issue of the bulletin was in our mail. Mike, I am sorry and glad to hear of your retirement after 10 years at the helm. You have done a superb job of reviving a somewhat moribund association. It was Harry Cunliffe's retirement project and he would be delighted with how you have continued the work.

I enjoyed reading Jim Versteegh's article on the Latin American movements and Peter Duschinsky's adventures in Sudan. I never worked with Peter but was on the panel that interviewed him for the foreign service in 1973. His was one of the most interesting interviews we had that year. Kurt Jensen's article on John Sheardown is helpful, as I am still trying to explain to local cinema buffs our service's work in the background to *Argo*. It was a privilege to know John Zawisza, an outstanding individual in a service that has included so many "characters", and it is appropriate that his passing would evoke the memory of Jan Sobieski and his struggle with the Turks. *From Norm Olson*

In Memoriam

Gabe Lau

Gabriel Ping Yuen Lau died peacefully on 16 April 2013, at the age of 70, with his family by his side. He will be lovingly remembered by Ho Lin, his wife of 39 years, daughters Deborah (Dan) and Cynthia (George), son Joseph, grandchildren Steven and Tristan, sisters Yip Chee and Yip Kam, and many nieces and nephews. Gabriel was born in Hong Kong. A proud graduate of the famous Wah Yan College in Kowloon, in 1963 he began his career with the Hong Kong Police Service as an interpreter. He moved to Canada in January 1965 and began an honourable and distinguished career with Citizenship and Immigration. Working in various roles of increasing responsibility across the country (including Alberta, Saskatchewan and Quebec), he decided to settle in Winnipeg to raise his family. After more than 40 years of service, he retired in 2004 as assistant manager/Operations co-ordinator at the Citizenship and Immigration Centre at The Forks. Gabriel was known for his generosity, for always helping others, for his intelligence, and for his keen sense of humour. He enjoyed taking care of his grandchildren, playing with electronics and computers, watching NBA basketball and poker tournaments on television, taking dance lessons with his wife, and going for mall walks later in life. One of his passions was travelling to exotic locales, including Central and South America, Southeast Asia and China.

Adapted from The Winnipeg Free Press

Donald Lygo

Donald Copley Lygo died peacefully on 7 April 2013 in Langley, B.C. Born on 19 April 1928 in Edmonton, Alberta, Don was one of six children of Alfred and Audrey Lygo. Don was seven when his father died, and his early years were hard. At age 15, Don moved to Vancouver and graduated with honours from Britannia High School. Thereafter, Don worked for the CNR, the Post Office, and Immigration Canada. In 1961 he married Meridyth Dunwoody. That same year, he passed the foreign service exam and began a long and distinguished career as a Canadian foreign service officer. With his wife at his side, Don proudly and with great dignity served his country abroad for 26 years. His assignments included Glasgow, Rome, Birmingham, Buffalo and Budapest. He was a member of the Canadian team sent to Vienna to process refugees after the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Don Myatt recalls "When I joined the foreign service, Don Lygo was my supervisor in Birmingham, England. He was a unique (if not eccentric) and gracious man. When the English car industry was on its last legs, he drove a Rover 3500, as if to make a statement to the world. He and his wife invited me to their home and made me welcome, even though I was a child in age and experience. He indoctrinated me with his conviction about the superiority of Swedish tenors over flashy Italians. At work he had the moral compass and integrity of his generation and background. Don left me two gifts I have carried throughout my life: affection for opera and the proper way as a Canadian to welcome strangers, wherever we might be found. I remember him fondly and wish his family peace in their loss."

Roger Martineau

We are sad to report the passing of Roger Martineau. Roger was an RCAF veteran, one of the original postwar recruits to the Canadian immigration service, and a member of the historic Canadian Government Immigration Mission that selected displaced persons from the refugee camps of postwar Europe. Roger joined immigration in Montreal in May 1945 and served in occupied Germany and Austria (1948-1949) and Belgium (1948-1952). Returning to Canada in 1952, he worked in Noranda and Huntingdon. He served in Athens (1954-1960), first as an immigration officer and later as officer in charge. His subsequent career included assignments in Montreal (1960-1961), Athens (1961-1963), Brussels (1963-1967), Beirut (1967-1970), Rome (1970-1974), Ottawa (1974-1977), and Vienna (1974-1981). The following tributes from Roger's colleagues and his daughter Rosemary provide portraits of a quiet, dedicated immigration professional.

A Very Long Friendship by Roger St. Vincent

I met Roger Martineau for the first time at #4 Manning Depot in Quebec in November 1940. We had both volunteered for the Royal Canadian Air Force, hoping to become pilots. We soon parted, as I chose to go to Ontario to improve my knowledge of English, while he stayed in Quebec.

Subsequently I went to Regina to fly my first aircraft and Roger was trained as a pilot in Charlottetown. Upon receiving my pilot's wings, I left for England on 9 December 1941. Roger followed with the next convoy to Liverpool. We ran into each other in London at the Commonwealth Club. Parting ways again, I went to train on fighter aircraft at Crosby-on-Eden on the Scottish border while he went to the Orkneys. While on pre-embarkation leave before going to Africa and Egypt, we met again in London.

I sailed from Liverpool for West Africa, where I flew a Hurricane aircraft from Takoradi Sekondi, Ghana to Cairo by way of Lagos, Kano, El Geneina, El Fasher, El Obeid, Khartoum and Wade Half. Roger arrived just after me and flew the same route. I have a photo of the two of us on the beach at Takoradi Sekondi. While in Cairo we stayed at the Al Maza transit camp awaiting assignments. Assigned to different squadrons, we saw each other infrequently until the start of the offensive against the Afrika Corps in October 1942. It was a chaotic period until the Afrika Corps was defeated. There was then a surplus of pilots and we were repatriated with other pilots and crews by way of London and Liverpool to Canada. Roger was released in 1945 and joined the immigration service at Dorval, whereas I stayed with the RCAF another 14 months, assigned to identifying Commonwealth airmen buried as unknown in Holland.

In September 1947, I also joined the immigration service. Especially when we were assigned abroad, we ran into each other often, starting with the Canadian Government Immigration Mission (1948-1952) and on subsequent postings to European capitals and Lebanon.

After retirement, we saw each other frequently, in Montreal, Ottawa and Oakville. After he became a widower, we kept in touch by phone. We always had much to reminisce about, mostly happy times. Adieu my friend, à bientôt, Roger.

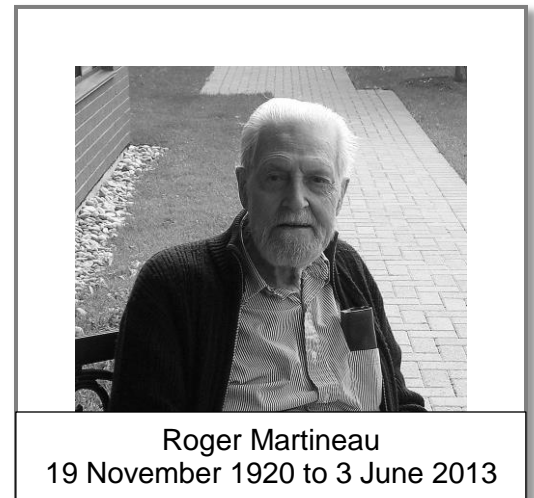
A Good Colleague by Terry Sheehan

In the mid-1960s, when I was immigration program manager in The Hague, Roger managed the program in Brussels, and we met occasionally at conferences and meetings. I met him a few years later when he and his wife invited me for lunch at their apartment in Beirut, where he managed our program. I lost track of him after that, but we finally got together when I spoke at a lunch for him in Ottawa around 1974.

I remember Roger as a man who was somewhat reserved but who had a keen sense of humour. He was one of the people who had to make the transition from the old immigration service abroad to the new foreign service. He did it well and, in his later years, managed immigration programs with distinction. He was a good colleague.

A Good Boss by Jim Hentschel

Roger was my first boss, and a good one. I also remember his wife and daughter (who must have been around eight years old and always curtsied when introduced).



My Dad by Rosemary Baer

A native Montrealer, my father was a very private and humble man. He grew up with his 12 siblings in a loving, hardworking and harmonious family. Everybody had to pitch in with daily chores. Roger, also known as “Ti’dou,” was the baby of the family, and if anything went wrong, the entire family would look at him. It was not always fair, but more often than not he would admit to being the culprit. It was hard to grow up in those days in Montreal. Nothing came easy, but my dad was very ambitious at that young age. He excelled in school, so much so that the teaching clergy wanted to recruit him to be a priest, not an uncommon occurrence in French Canadian families then. His older brother, Réal, had already been recruited as a cleric de Saint Viateur and was teaching deaf children. Roger begged his father not to let the Church take him, a wish that was gladly granted. My dad completed grade 11 and was soon employed with an accounting firm as a junior office clerk. After three years, he had had enough and wanted to see the world. So, at age 20, he enlisted in the RCAF. He earned his pilot’s wings and served as a Spitfire pilot in the U.K. and the Middle East until 1945. That is when his long-lasting friendship with Roger St. Vincent developed. Both were real “ladies’ men”—young, handsome and adventurous. In 1945, my dad joined the federal public service as an immigration inspector and was stationed at various Canadian border posts for three years. In 1948, he was assigned to Germany and Austria. That is when he met my mother, Herta. They married in Montreal in 1953. In 1957, during his third tour of duty in Athens, a little bundle came into their lives—me. That is when my extraordinary life started at my father’s side. His only daughter, I was his “poupée”, a nickname that stuck with me till the end.

My father never brought work home. His career postings were not always easy, but he never let on. My mother backed him in all his endeavors; they were a super team. At home he was a father through and through—using our special French Canadian language when we did not want my mother to understand, teaching me how to ride a bike, playing tennis, skiing, and enjoying our vacations around the world. Life was never boring, and he encouraged me always to do the best I could and was never angry when I failed. Instead, he would put it behind him and say, next time it will be better. My dad was a great public speaker, and the best speech he

ever gave was at my wedding. I wish I could have recorded it. He was also the best grandfather ever. Both my daughters would sit on his lap for hours and listen attentively to his childhood stories. He loved to sing as well. They adored him.

My dad would never stand for nonsense. Once we visited San Antonio Church in Padova, Italy. I was 11 years old and I was wearing a mini leather skirt. The watchdog at the church door would not let us in because my skirt was too short. My dad demanded to speak to the resident priest, and when he saw him he said "It is easier to enter into the Kingdom of God than to enter into your church!" Needless to say, we were allowed in.

Dad, now you are in the Kingdom of God, may you rest in peace. I love you and thank you for being you and my Papa. You are dearly missed.

Dorothy "Dots" (Bechard) Milburn

Dorothy Bechard passed away peacefully on 11 June 2013, at age 90, at the lodge in Victoria. For the past decade, Dots wrote to CIHS once a year, and we will miss her upbeat, cheerful messages. Her husband, Don, who turns 92 in September, had a distinguished career with immigration and played a pivotal role in the Indochinese refugee operation a manager of the matching cengtre, which matched more than 30,000 incoming refugees with 7,000 sponsoring groups. Dorothy and Don were fortunate to find each other and then marry when they retired from the government. They spent many happy years together on the west coast, mostly in Richmond. Dorothy's son James reports that "she was always pleased to receive the CIHS newsletter and keep up with old friends and news. It brought my mom a lot of pleasure."

Constance Pflanz

Connie Pflanz died of a neurodegenerative disease, passing away peacefully at home, on Thursday, 13 June 2013 at the age of 69 years. She leaves behind grieving husband Ben and children Charles, Simon (Gina), Walter, and Emily (Pej).

Connie was born in Regina and graduated with a degree in mathematics from the University of Calgary, where she met Ben. They shared a long and rewarding career in the Canadian foreign service, with assignments in Germany, Italy, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Sri Lanka and the U.K. From early days as a youth hosteller, Connie loved the mountains—hiking, climbing and skiing. In warmer climes she took up tennis and long-distance running, winning the third world marathon in Manila in 1984 in 3 minutes:16 seconds. Card games, especially cribbage and bridge, were a special passion that she was able to enjoy to her final days.

Bev Davis recalls meeting Connie in Nairobi in 1978. "She was a force even then! Organizing fitness classes in her home, scheduling tennis matches, arranging safaris—quite a gal! She went from there to the Philippines and took up running in such a serious way, she actually represented the Philippines in a marathon in California. Back in Canada after a number of years, she called and told me I was going running with her and some other pals...the rest is history. She founded the runner's group and, of course, was at the cottage for the very first runner's weekend! We lost touch the past few years, which is too bad—we really liked her. She was lovely, very kind, and sweet. She'll be missed."

<p>The Canadian Immigration Historical Society (www.CIHS-SHIC.ca) is a non-profit corporation registered as a charitable organization under the Income Tax Act.</p>	<p>Goals: > to support, encourage and promote research into the history of Canadian immigration and to foster the collection and dissemination of that history; > to stimulate interest in and further the appreciation and understanding of the influence of immigration on Canada's development and position in the world.</p>	<p>President - Michael J. Molloy Vice President - J.B. 'Joe' Bissett Treasurer - Raph Girard Secretary - Gail Devlin Membership Secretary - Lorraine Laflamme Editor - Valerie de Montigny Board members: Ray Christensen, Hector Cowan, Brian Davis, Peter Duschinsky, Kurt Jensen, Gerry Maffre, Ian Rankin, Kathy Sigurdson and Gerry Van Kessel</p>
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