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CLIMBING UP THE LADDER



Climbing Up
The
Ladder

HUGH ARTHUR MOULE BERNAU

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The next thing most like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life, and to make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing.

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There was considerable hesitation on my part before I decided to write down happenings in my life. Mainly the hesitation was prompted by feelings that really mine has not been a truly eventful career, but there has been unmistakable guidance where there might have been a choice of several paths. Some people would undoubtedly say that it was all pure chance that finally led me to find my life's work. The reader can judge for himself or herself.

I was born in Blackheath, Kent, on April 29, 1905. In those days this was a town on the outskirts of London, still to grow and expand and eventually become part of Greater London. There were still good paths and undeveloped land in those days, and my sister and I as small children used to go from our home across meadows to my Grandparents who lived a short distance away.

One time when we lived in Blackheath before the twins were born, and I was only 4 or 5 years old, my parents were very weary after a long trip and were not watching me very closely, I played with the handle of the door which promptly opened and I fell out! I can remember quite distinctly picking myself up from the dusty road, and chasing the carriage with shouts of STOP!. Miraculously I had missed the wheels and was quite undamaged. "Bubby" as I was called in those days had received his lesson for playing with forbidden things, and didn't need any severe punishment. I think that my absence was spotted very quickly.

I can remember my Father taking me over to the dining room window, lifting me up and showing me Halley's Comet in the low western sky. There was a pretty good tail connected to this comet, as I remember him saying to me, "Hugh, this comet that you see now will not appear again until 1985, you -are now 5 years old (this was in 1910). You might see it again, but I won't".

Christmas day was always a very special day for us children. Father always thought up some new way for giving out the presents. Once he made a good Father Christmas standing behind a long table, when his arm was raised then a gift was handed over. Father himself stood near the table and by an

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ingenious linking up of cords could control the number of times the arm was raised - for example, three times raised was a gift for Mother, twice for my sister, and once for me (the twins were not around then). Of course the tree was always popular although I do not remember that we had as many decorations on the tree as they have now-a-days. I fancy that the electric coloured lights were missing. When we were a bit older, Father dressed my sister and me up and put a long cloak over the two of us and then made a dwarf of the two of us (anyone who can describe how that is done is welcome to insert a description here!).

There was a row of semi-detached houses almost on the edge of the cliffs in Trimmingham, Norfolk. My parents rented one of these "half" houses for some of the summer months and we enjoyed going down the steep cliffs on to some sands. There were miles and miles of these sandy beaches, real golden sands, great for building sand castles. The sea was nearly always very cold being the North Sea and I do not remember that there was much swimming going on.

One year when I was six we arrived rather late in the evening and everyone was weary. There were few conveniences in these summer houses in those days. I remember that in my little bedroom there was a wash stand with a large and heavy china basin together with a water jug, also quite large and heavy. This jug had been left on the floor after being used and was not put back in the basin. In those days I was prone to walk in my sleep, and when extra tired or excited I would go for a ramble. This I did on my first night and, yes, you guessed it, I fell over this massive water jug which probably had water in it as well. My head hit the jug and being a hard head I broke the jug ... and also my head! I received a deep cut on the top of my forehead just by the hairline. I believe that there was rather a mess and they couldn't stem the bleeding. This must have been around one or two o'clock at night. Poor Father, (no car or telephone) wandered over the countryside trying to find a doctor. He never did tell me how in the pitch blackness he finally got someone awake who directed him to the doctor. I believe that there were five or six stitches put in the cut. I wasn't allowed out and down to the beach for nearly all of our stay there. My Father and Dorothy, my sister, used to bring fancy shells up from the beach to show the little boy who longed to go down on the beach. Apparently

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the doctor was not too sure that the stitches would hold for some while. "What a plucky little man he is", the doctor said after he had stitched me up. But if my memory serves me right, the head was quite numb and I did not feel anything at that time, although I do remember that later on when it started to heal it used to itch "to beat the band".

The east coast climate of England was very bracing and that is why we were there then, because my brothers were on the way and Father was trying to build up my Mother's strength. I do not think my accident helped her much although she never complained. In later years we were to have our holidays in Cornwall where the climate was more relaxing. This was better for Father whose heart was never strong. I like to joke about my accident (the scar is still visible) and tell people that what few brains I had fell out before they could get around to stitch me up!

My wanderings at night time were kept up for quite a few years. When in Harpenden I had a room to myself in the attic with stairs to the room. One night I must have thought I needed a bath, because Father found me in the bath but with no water running. He was always very good at managing the sleepwalker because I can never remember being startled when he quietly woke me up and escorted me up to my bedroom again.

Summer holidays were times to be looked forward to with great eagerness, because we knew that if it was at all possible our parents would take us down to Cornwall, a trip of some 400 miles in the Cornish Riviera train. We generally went away in August when everyone took their holiday too as schools broke up then for the summer.

I remember one time when there seemed to be more of a crush than ever. We arrived at Paddington where the train for Cornwall was due to start. Father had trouble finding a porter for our luggage so he told Mother to go ahead with us children - the twins would have been 4 or 5 years old, Dorothy about 12 and I was 11. Father instructed us as to what platform to make for and the carriage

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number. It was a long, long train with goodness knows how many carriages. The crowds were fantastic, and poor Mother had quite a struggle with the small boys. I hope we helped, but memories of getting to the right carriage are vague. The snag was that Father had the tickets and he was supposed to join up with us, but he never arrived! Shall I leave this tale now and go on to other episodes? "Don't you dare!", I can hear interested readers say. The seats which we had down as ours were taken by people who had their tickets. A seat was found for Mother and the twins, but I rather think that Dorothy and I stood in the corridor most of the way. Father sent us a message by one of the conductors explaining that they had put on an extra train as the crowds had completely filled the first one. Father had a carriage almost to himself and the use of the dining car; we never got anywhere near such a place! We had to change trains when we reached Cornwall, and the Railway Authorities put a man off with us to make sure we met up with Father as he had the tickets! We didn't wait long, I believe that the second train arrived 20 minutes or so after. There was a further short trip to a place called Helston and then a drive across moors for ten miles until we reached a small Cornish house which we were renting. Our ride across the moors was in an open Landau, a four-wheeled carriage with collapsible top, which was named after Landau, a Bavarian city where it was first made.

We were lucky children, most of the days were spent on a vast stretch of golden sands, where castles could be built and races run when the sand was good and firm. In one part there were rocks with pools left by the tide. In those pools were small fish, sea anemones that attach themselves to the rocks, suggesting flowers by their colouring and outspread tentacles. Sometimes there were attractive shells to be found on the bottom of these pools. "Nigger teeth", as we called the Cowrie shells. These are glossy seashells formed by a mollusk. They have longish black spots on the top of the shell, sometimes after the spring tides when the rise and fall is greatest the Cowries are found in greater numbers. We used to have competitions to see who could find the greatest number of these attractive shells.

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Swimming was always popular but the water was generally cold and I being of the "thin variety" could never stay in as long as the majority of people. We used to fill a large hamper full of food and walk to the sands where we spent the whole day, weather permitting. I believe the distance was no more than a mile. There were several farms nearby and the Cornish cream, butter and milk was a great treat. The nearest hamlet or little village was about two miles off and we could get groceries by walking across several fields. One field had a rather fierce looking bull in it, and I would like to be able to report that he chased us sometimes, but these events I am recording are true and tempting though it is to bring in a little fiction, I feel that I should be as consistent as possible. My sister and I were given bicycles and the land being fairly level we got a lot of pleasure from them. I would venture further than Dorothy and eventually made the trip across the moors to Helston which was, I believe, ten miles and then came back another way which was probably about the same distance. We learned to ride our bicycles when we were in Harpenden. I found my balance by pushing off the corner of a greenhouse and then across our lawn.

When I was seven years old we moved from Blackheath to Harpenden which is 25 miles north of London in Hertfordshire. I was unable to go immediately with the rest of the family to Harpenden because I had to finish my term at a private school for beginners. My Grandparents offered to look after me which was very noble of them as they were no longer young. I believe that I was quite a handful, not always very obedient, and I can remember that I always tried to escape in the evenings and go down to the basement which was the servant's quarters! I got far more fun down there listening to their gossip which I am sure Grandma would not have approved of at all! I can hear her now calling me from the top of the stairs; "Hugh! Hugh! Are you down there again? I told you not to go down". Once, the servants - I do not remember how many there were - took me out to look at the beautiful star-lit sky. We ended up having a race up and down the deserted streets!

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Harpenden was a small village between the towns of St. Albans and Luton. One could easily get right into the depths of the country within a few minutes. To listen to the nightingale was no rarity, and the cuckoo would 'sing' during the months of May to August, quite often at the top of our huge oak tree. Birds' nests could be found in any of the many hedges in and around our garden. I must stop here for a moment and tell the reader about our garden. The house was new (rented) and so was the quarter acre garden - real virgin land. I was a bit young to appreciate the glorious potential of meadow land untouched by human hands. The soil proved to be heavy, but excellent for most flowers and vegetables. Father was the architect and he planned the lawns, the flower beds, the paths, the long pergola which had roses growing all over it, and then the vegetable garden which grew vegetables like nothing I have ever seen since.

My twin brothers, born just before we left Blackheath, composed our family of six, and when we had settled our parents sent us to St. George's Public School, one of the first schools in England run on co-educational lines. There is a story in itself about this school and I must pass on, sufficient to say that we entered the school at an unfortunate time. The twins were first in a Montessori class. This was a system of teaching pre-school children devised in 1907 by Maria Montessori in which the children's sense perceptions are trained and their activities guided rather than controlled. The First World War was just starting and all the young men teachers had joined up and the substitutes were a poor lot. I mention this but do not make it a form of excuse as I would probably have been just as poor a pupil had I better teachers. My big failing was lack of concentration, I may have had the brains, although my brothers had the lion's share here, but my mind would wander and consequently I never could handle exams when they came along. It was a big disappointment to my parents as they had made great sacrifices to send the four of us to St. George's.

Our school, St. George's, was built on the crest of a hill. Now, if I wanted to go home, perhaps I had been given an exeat for a Saturday afternoon, I had to cycle down a quite steep hill, cross the main road which ran along a valley from St. Albans to London and then go "hell for leather" up a road on the other side to get to our house. My Guardian Angel must have been busy

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those days because although there wasn't anywhere near as much traffic in those days, I am sure that some heavy trucks travelled that way and passenger cars, and I know that I had a pretty good head of steam worked up when I crossed the road otherwise I couldn't make the opposite hill. I forget just how far the actual distance was, but the time elapsed seemed to me to be around three minutes. If the total distance was rather less than a mile, that wouldn't be too bad a run, would it?

When at school cross country runs were quite the vogue and in those times we ran in the opposite direction down a hill across a creek known as "the water splash" across a small bridge and then up a steep hill into some woods (yes, where the nightingale sang) across country for a mile or so then down again and up to the school's playing fields. We were lucky, there must have been fifteen or more acres. Once when on one of these runs with several other boys I got behind two serious boys who were setting a fairly fast pace. I found that by staying close behind them I could keep up as the wind resistance was broken by them. About halfway home they evidently decided that I wasn't entitled to any more advantages and they quickened their pace and shook off the small runner behind them! Even at that it had been such a help that when I checked in at the time keeper he expressed grave doubts as to whether my time was correct. It was too fast for a Junior! My brothers were good cross country runners and generally came in amongst the first, second or third of the competitors. Geoff belonged to a County team of harriers when he left St. George's, and used to distinguish himself, so they told me. I was a better jumper than a runner, and might have become quite a respectable high jumper if I had managed to grow a bit more!

One of my hobbies when I was young and even perhaps into my teens was playing with trains. I loved to fasten the rail lengths together on the floor, put books on an incline, though not too steep, and have a slight 'hill' ready for the engine, and as many passenger cars as it would pull. Then there was a tunnel, sometimes made out of cardboard boxes, and at other times maybe I was lucky enough to have a real tunnel given to me. The stations with the platforms were rather exciting to set up, and of course I usually had at least two signals near the rail tracks. The engine had to be wound up by hand, and I had a school

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friend who would be at one end ready to reverse the engine and possibly add an odd freight car to the length if the journey over the 'hill' had been reasonably easy. These times usually took place when it was wet out of doors and my bedroom upstairs in the attic had a fair amount of floor space. Even a noisier game did not disturb the rest of the family, and we spent many afternoons, probably after school or on the weekend days, playing trains.

What can I say about my cousin Molly? She is a first cousin, her Father was my Mother's brother. We didn't meet each other when we were children, although Molly's brother came along more than once with another cousin. Father had a French car, a Lagonda, given to him by one of his Club friends and we all took lessons on how to drive. There was a dandy heath or common as some called it, just out of our town, and it was here that learners could do their stuff without endangering other people's lives. Molly came to stay with us and so of course I had to take her out in the little two seater with the top which would come down. I showed Molly how the gear shift worked and then handed it over to her. Poor Molly froze at the wheel and we went into a sandpile. No damage done, but that was enough for her! Her parents asked me back to their home at Brighton, and of course I had a wonderful time out walking with her as they didn't have a car. But that was to be all as both lots of parents were afraid that we might get too fond of each other and there were enough cousins who married in our families without any more. Shortly after this I went abroad and lost track of Molly. She married a Gurney who became a Missionary, and sometimes they went abroad together and sometimes Molly was left at home.

Now I will take some time to tell you a bit about each of my family members. My Father had wanted to be a doctor when he grew up, but destiny was against him. When he was fourteen he got rheumatic fever. This affected his heart and stopped his growth. The doctors were not optimistic that he would ever lead a normal life again, he would be an invalid with his damaged heart they said. But Father had other ideas, and knowing that his life ambition of being a doctor was not possible, he entered Cox's Bank where his father worked and in spite of many disadvantages he made good in the Insurance Dept. where he was assigned and built up the business, securing policies from such well known people as Churchill who always insisted on "Bernau" attending him when questions arose regarding the business.

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What can I say about my cousin Molly? She is a first cousin, her Father was my Mother's brother. We didn't meet each other when we were children, although Molly's brother came along more than once with another cousin. Father had a French car, a Lagonda, given to him by one of his club friends and we all took lessons on how to drive. There was a dandy heath or common as some called it, just out of our town and it was here that learners could do their stuff without endangering other people's lives. Molly came to stay with us and so of course I had to take her out in the little two seater with the top which would come down. I showed Molly how the gear shift worked and then handed it over to her. Poor Molly froze at the wheel and we went into a sand pile. No damage done, but that was enough for her! Her parents asked me back to their home at Brighton, and of course I had a wonderful time out walking with her as they didn't have a car. But that was to be all as both lots of parents were afraid that we might get too fond of each other and there were enough cousins who married in our families without any more. Shortly after this I went abroad and lost track of Molly. She married a Gurney who became a missionary, and sometimes they went abroad together and sometimes Molly was left at home.

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Father had many talents, perhaps the most prominent being that of drawing. I remember how he used to draw animals so very skillfully for us children. He won a prize when at the City of London School, which was a pretty large school in numbers. I believe that one of my daughters, Anne, has inherited her Grandfather's skill here, she is quite accomplished whereas her father can't draw worth a hoot! Father attributed his longer than expected life time to Mother who looked after him so carefully. He was disappointed that when he retired at the age of 65 he was unable to work in his beloved garden, as he had been a victim of the dreadful scourge of Influenza that swept through Europe and Britain in the late thirties. Father battled that illness like everything else, but nearly a year's illness was too much.

Mother was very musical and she had a fine soprano voice. She belonged to the Crystal Palace Choir which, I believe, had four thousand singers - bass, baritone, tenor of the men; contralto, soprano of the women. It must have been an amazing volume of sound. Mother coached boys who had to take tests for entering certain jobs. I wish I could remember more details about this, but it is so long ago now since she told us about these activities of hers before she married Father in 1894. It was ten years before any children arrived and then my sister Dorothy came in 1904, followed by me in 1905. Then there was a gap of seven years before Geoffrey and John, the twins, came on the scene. We all four went to St. George's as I have mentioned before.

Dorothy did quite well and took her teacher training at a College named Parents National Educational Union (P.N.E.U.). She eventually ran two schools of her own. The first, St. Albans, was taken over from two old Victorian ladies in 1934 and was well staffed. It really just got on its feet when the war broke. She was forced to close in 1946. After being on staff at Ambleside College for a bit Dorothy was persuaded to take on a school at Farnham where the head had just died. The numbers soared and it had an excellent reputation as the best prep school in Farnham.

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Geoffrey was the artist. He painted birds and made two large volumes for us of British birds and then after he and John had visited us in 1968, he painted Canadian birds. He was a member of the British Ornithological Society, and then of course, he was a born actor.

John - I suspect - was equally talented as a painter, but he unselfishly stayed in the background in this respect and left the laurels for his brother. John was always interested in the wayward youths and became a Probation Officer in the County of Surrey, finally becoming one of the head men there and being recognized as having the talent of meeting the families of the individuals who had been in trouble with the Law, and helping those capricious youths to start on better lives. John made a home for Mother after Father died. They lived in Woking, Surrey and the house was used as 'headquarters' for Dorothy when she was on a holiday from teaching. Geoff, during his wanderings looking for a job on the stage after the Second World War also stayed there. I stayed there with them when I went over to visit Mother in the fall of 1947. Now I shall continue with my story where we left off.

I had no idea what I wanted to do for work, and so when leaving St. George's Father found a college in London where they didn't require an examination for one to enter and they taught different subjects such as secretarial and the like. After a few months there, Father asked me one day whether I seemed to be getting any ideas on my future. I said, "No, nothing yet." "Well," said Father, "I will try to keep you a while longer if you like although it is expensive, but there is a chance for you to get into the bank. If you come in before the beginning of the New Year (1924) I can get you in without an exam, after then the new rules are that anyone applying for a job there will have to pass an exam, and you wouldn't make it." Father had been in Cox's Bank for many years as his father had. They were the bank agents for the Army, Navy and Air Force. So after some thought I agreed to let Father see what he could do and "pull a few strings", which he did and on January 1, 1924 I entered the Bank. I call this part of my life "Phase 1".

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There were several departments in this large bank, which later amalgamated with Lloyd's Bank. I was shunted around from a small department known as Safe Deposit Room where they were in charge of the thousands of deposit boxes in the Bank's vaults, and of course there was a goodly amount of book keeping there. After a few months I was moved to a large department of some fifty or more men. This was the Income Tax Department where records were kept of the incomes of some ten thousand members of the Army, Navy and Air Force. I was put on a "W" section with five or so others and given 200 names which were mine to handle. Of course I hadn't a clue what it was all about, but each section had a head man and mine was a very helpful and kind person who virtually did all my 200 cases and taught me as we went along. Now the work was interesting, but I felt "bottled" up and longed to be out in the fresh air.

I commuted every day the 25 miles. This meant leaving the house at a few minutes to 8:00 am in the morning, catching a quick train which went straight up from Harpenden at 8:10 reaching St. Pancras Station at 8:40. Twenty-five miles in 30 minutes was pretty good going in those days and then taking the tube to Picadilly Circus and finally five minutes or less to the Bank opposite St. James Park. We were supposed to be at the bank by 9:00 but were allowed 15 minutes grace. It was a tight squeeze but I usually managed it! One other member of this bank who lived at Harpenden used to go up by a much earlier train and then walked from St. Pancras across London to the Bank. He said the exercise kept him going! Father, being head of his department which was Insurance went up by a later train.

For two years I travelled up and down getting the minimum pay for the first year which was I believe £75 a year. Most of this went on a Season Ticket for the train fare. I believe that I saved £10 for my holiday of two weeks the first year!

I had just been made a fully fledged Mason and Father had asked Winston Churchill to a dinner at our Lodge. I had the privilege of being introduced to the great man just before dinner started. Of course Churchill was the guest

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speaker. He stood at the head of a large table where he spoke to the members of the Lodge. When speaking Churchill looked at people on his left, and then keeping his feet together moved or shuffled around always looking at one of the members who were sitting at this rectangular table. I have never seen this novel way of speaking done by anyone else. ✓

Now Mother used to correspond with some friends who had emigrated to Oregon many years previously and she would tell her friends about us children. She was worried about me because I was not happy and did not feel that I was in the right work. This friend who had married a Dane and whose real work was in machinery but had had to give it up as the fumes affected his lungs, told my Mother that she and Waldemar Christensen had bought a ranch in the Willamette Valley and were raising a milk stock of Jerseys. They had a few pigs and were growing different crops on their acreage. I forget now how many acres there were. This was all river bottom land and the richest soil imaginable, but the land was subject to flooding which was how they managed to procure it at a low rate. Dorothy and Waldemar talked it over and suggested that I come out and live with them and they would teach me how to farm. Father had hoped that I would get to like the banking and carry on the "Bernau" name in this bank which had had two generations up to then, but I wasn't cut out to be a banker obviously, and here we see the first "guidance down the road".

Before passing on to what might be termed "Phase II", I would like to acknowledge with deep gratitude all the unselfishness and generosity shown to me by my parents. They sacrificed a very great deal for us children and to me in particular in order that I might find my 'niche' in life and I owe them a great deal.

I sailed from England in June 1926, sixty years ago this year, to return several times in the intervening years but never again as a resident. I believe that I learned a fair amount about the outside life, how to milk the cows, how to harness up a team and hitch them to a wagon, and how to work on the land breaking up the new ground for crops. We grew a fair acreage of mint for spearmint for a start. This brought in good money until everyone

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else grew it too and then the price plummeted. I found that living with strangers in a ranch house with few conveniences to be quite an experience. They had a girl of ten and a small boy of two, and with another on the way! I will leave the rest to the reader's imagination. I liked the open air life and found that singing to the cows produced more milk, more quickly! But something was not quite right, I felt a stranger in a foreign land, which of course I was, although the neighbours were very kind to the "green horn" Englishman.

The Willamette and McKenzie Rivers met near where Waldemar's ranch was. There was a little gully which ran down behind the house. When this started to fill up with water, then was the time to fetch the cows from the pasture, bring in the team if they were out too and drive or lead the animals up the steep ramp into the high part of the building. The team and milking cows were quiet and easy to handle, but Waldemar had four or five young heifers that he was hoping to add to his milking stock and increase the milk flow. These heifers were skittish young animals and refused to go up the ramp, so Dorothy and I drove them into an old shed which had been used at one time to house a car, I believe, Waldemar was ill in bed with influenza and couldn't come to help. We barricaded the door as well as we could, and then I went off wearing long rubber boots, wading through the nearly knee-deep water, and milked the cows the last time for many hours. I forget whether it was two days or more before the water subsided enough for me to go out again and milk the cows. I wired down everything that looked like it might be washed away and then retreated to the house which was built up on sturdy blocks perhaps four feet high. The water rushed by like a large river in spate, and only stopped when it was a few inches below the verandah. A row boat with several men came by to see if we were okay and whether we had enough groceries. The land was all fenced off by barbwire fencing, this was all torn down and piled up in the most fantastic heaps everywhere. In some places huge holes were made in the land, the top soil was washed away in places and deposited in other spots. At the height of all this with the "screaming" of the torn barbwire, the heifers kicked the door and made for the coral where they were used to going at night time. This was one of the deepest places where the water flowed and all the young heifers were drowned, some were swept off and Waldemar

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when he was better had to take the team and disengage their bodies from trees and bury them in the holes made by the flood. It was quite a set-back for Waldemar and his hopes. We spent many days trying to retrieve what was possible of the barbed wire, putting up new posts and rewiring. We filled in a lot of the holes by hand, probably they were several feet deep and many feet across! The un milked cows recovered, as far as I can remember and were none the worse for their ordeal, as were the horses.

One of my uncles and one of my aunts were Missionaries in Japan and every five years they had a furlough in England. They were due to sail on one of the Empress boats from Vancouver whilst I was still in Oregon and wanted me to come up and see them off. On their train journey across Canada they met two young ladies who were travelling as far as Monte Creek where they lived, and my aunt who was a very outgoing person and a great talker (yes, it ran in the family) told them about the nephew who was living in the States and was coming to see them off. He was lonely, she said, and anxious to get onto British soil. The ladies listened and then told my aunt that their father owned five thousand acres of land and grew crops for raising cattle and sheep, and that he always needed extra help. They would speak to him and see what he said. Incidentally, their father was the Speaker in the House of Commons at that time, Senator Bostock. Eventually, I received a letter saying that I could have a job helping feed the livestock for that winter at \$30 per month and board. I didn't know whether to accept the offer but Waldemar said that was pretty good pay at that time, and I should try it. "You can always come back here," he said. A pretty generous remark to make someone who, by and large, was probably more nuisance than he was worth! So in November 1927, about 15 months after being with the Christensens I started off on what proved to be "Phase III". Just chance my aunt meeting up with the Bostock ladies and they asking their father? I don't think so. I met the Senator in Vancouver and he took me around to the Hudson Bay to get clothing adequate for a B.C. Interior winter. I told him that I couldn't afford to pay for the Mackinaws, rubber boots, thick long socks, ski cap and mitts. He said that could come off my wages, but to the best of my knowledge no deductions were ever made!

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I spent a good part of that winter in a log shack with a little man who was a wizard at handling a team and cooking biscuits and making pies. It was a winter of much snow. The haystacks had to be cleared off every morning before one could fill up the sleigh with a load of hay. Dave Blaine would drive the team, I stood on the top of the load and forked off the feed leaving a trail on the snow which was followed by scores of cattle who ate it all before the snow buried the offerings! The sheep, of which there were some 700, were fed in a separate field (there were some 400 head of cattle). The Meadows where we lived was some seven miles up from Monte Creek and mail was delivered once or twice a week by a tough Canadian lady who drove her sleigh with a team with bells on their harness from Vernon to Monte Creek - I forget the distance. She would also bring us a few staples such as meat for a stew, potatoes and perhaps some flour.

In the spring we went down to Monte Creek and I stayed in the bunk house with half a dozen other men. I learned Canadian language there! I stayed on the ranch all that year and in the fall my Father asked that I might be allowed back home to witness his becoming a Master in his Masonic Lodge. I had an enjoyable winter at home (the Senator had found out for me how cheaply I could go home and return, I believe that it was somewhere around \$400!) When I boarded the ship to come back, and was taken down to the two berth cabin, the steward asked me whether I had a lower berth reserved. I said "Yes" and "Why?". "Well," said the Cabin Steward, "There is an elderly man who has been ill with pleurisy and he isn't keen on climbing up into the top berth. Did I think that I could change places with him?". Of course I didn't care, I was just a young man who was enjoying it all, and I said with a laugh that it would give me a chance to tread the fellow's hand or whatever!

This changing of berths was the beginning of a friendship which was to last until my friend passed on in 1968 (we met in March 1929) - nearly 40 years. Of course on board ship we had ample time for discovering what we each did. Harold Somerford was twenty years older than me, but he was very youthful at heart. He had joined up with an Edmonton regiment at the beginning of the First World War, and the whole battalion had been surrounded soon after its

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arrival in France and all were made prisoners. Harold spent nearly all the war time in prison in Germany and if it hadn't been for the Red Cross, he told me, and their marvelous parcels, he would never have survived. I asked him where he lived and worked and was told that he was working in the Okanagan in a fruit orchard. "I look after 40 acres in a place called Winfield, and I do most of the work myself. I should be pruning but the doctor wouldn't let me leave before now!" He told me about the operations of looking after an orchard, and something awoke and stirred inside me, and it was there that the beginning of Phase IV commenced. Harold said to keep in touch and if I was still interested he would give me a job picking fruit in August.

So when that month came around I wrote and asked if I could still come and was told it was okay. I was to take a bus to Vernon and change into one for Kelowna, getting off at Winfield at an orchard opposite an Indian Reserve. I will give a little illustration here as to how some things have changed over the course of 57 years. When I boarded the bus at Vernon I told the driver where I wanted to be let off. "Oh yes," said he, "I know that orchard. It has one of the best crops there in this part of the Okanagan!" I forget how many people there were in the bus, but they listened to our conversation and seemed to take an interest in the young man off to a new job. When we had travelled over the dusty unpaved road and finally arrived, the driver jumped out to retrieve my suitcase (there must have been a trunk too somewhere but I do not remember how that arrived!) told me to go up the orchard road shouted "Good luck young fellow", which was echoed by those in the bus and departed in a cloud of dust! I found a very different man sitting with his feet up on a table on the front verandah. He was so brown and tanned that if it hadn't been for his bald head I doubt whether I would have recognized him. He had been so ill and sickly on the train and the lack of air conditioning made him worse.

"Somie", as he had become known to us was a good boss but a perfectionist. He was very, very good at all the work connected with orchards and expected as good work from others. My first job was colour picking of the wealthy crop of apples. These trees were down near the road, consequently

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the apples were coated with dust which made it difficult to determine whether there was sufficient colour on the apple to make it a Fancy specimen. I forget what the percentage of colour was ... 25%? I picked 66 boxes that first day and the "boss" was satisfied I am glad to say. On the second or third day when he wasn't picking himself, perhaps taking the full boxes out for the truck with his horse and wagon, he came and watched me giving me some valuable tips on how to handle the fruit, how to place the ladder, (ie - to end up with the ladder as near as possible to the next tree on the row - elementary you say? You should have watched some who have never been in an orchard before), how to place the boxes on the ground so that when they were piled up four or five high, they wouldn't all fall over if the ground was soft, how to fill the boxes but not too full so the top ones get bruised. These and many other ways of doing it right I found fascinating. I used to start when it was daylight, whilst Somie got breakfast ready, worked until noon, had a short hour, and picked again until dark (no "tennis" in those days). The trees were large standard sized trees, old MacIntosh in marvellous condition. I used a 12 foot ladder all the time and finished up some of the tops with a 14 foot ladder. There was a five acre block of Macs alone, so it took us around ten days. I believe that there was one other picker besides Somie and myself. Of course Somie had to do the hauling as well and the other man was quite a bit older and was a careful picker but slower. They gave me all the best there was although of course one always kept on the same row. I averaged just over 100 boxes picked each day. Not a wizard for speed, but I am glad to say that I got the reputation of a good picker, which was a great asset to me in the future when Somie would get me a job with other growers either in Glenmore or once in East Kelowna, the Belgo in those days. ✓

We were paid five cents an apple box. This was in 1929, just before the Market Crash and the depression years. Five cents was considered a good wage. I liked this piece work pay because I knew that it was up to me as whether I made a good daily wage. \$5.00 a day was a pretty good wage. I made my first deposit into an account in the Bank of Montreal at the end of August 1929 and have had an account in there ever since. I wonder how many folks have banked there for more than 57 years which is what I make it!

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After my days of "batching" with Somie were over and he had another orchard nearer Kelowna to look after, I was fortunate in being selected to look after an orchard in Winfield for a man who lived and worked at the coast and more or less had this orchard as a hobby. F.C. Brown was good to me but he had no shack on the place, only an elderly barn which was no longer in use. Mr. Brown said that if I would stay there for the season he would have a proper house built for the following year. I learned afterward that he decided on giving me the job because people he knew said that I was not likely to get married and that was what he wanted, an unmarried man!

I had bought a new bicycle earlier on and when I heard that a bike shop was organizing a race from Kelowna to Vernon, I decided that it would be good fun to enter. I had cycled around a bit with Somie but had never gone any real distance at one time. It must be remembered that in those days (the late twenties and early thirties) Highway 97 was unpaved and parts of this road from Kelowna to Vernon did not hold up for any length of time to traffic. Along Duck Lake was the worst, it soon became "washboard" and had a rather large number of holes! The first year in 1930 we started from Vernon and once Mission Hill had been climbed out of Vernon the going was all a gradual downhill and then level from Winfield to Kelowna. A truck followed us picking up any who had flat tires or were too weary to continue. I believe around 16 cyclists started and possibly nine or ten finished. I came in about halfway through the pack. I believe that there were five or six ahead of me! Next year in 1931, we started from Kelowna and once we reached Winfield, it was a long, long hard uphill for 15 miles or so. I remember that I finished the course, but was a very weary young man at the finish. Remember that we had no speed gears in those days!

I don't believe that these races were kept up, probably due to lack of interest. The next year, 1932, I was married and had my hands full looking after my Father-in-law's orchard. It was a difficult side hill place, where I spent many years trying to make the irrigation water run uphill(!) before sprinklers came into fashion.

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I met my future wife whilst playing cricket for a team captained by her father, Mr. Caesar. She had come with him to watch this team, the Woodsdale Cricket team, play a Kelowna team. We were married March 16, 1932 and she and I ran the orchard for over 50 years before retiring in 1983 (or was it 1984). We lived in a small house by the lake for 28 years before moving into her parents' older and larger dwelling about 100 yards south also on the Okanagan Lake. A great deal could be written about all those years and the happy home life we had even if there never was much money. Some helped us during the War years of 1940-1945 and without him we should have been hard pressed to have handled the twelve acres of hillside. Help was exceedingly hard to get, and nearly always the workers were totally ignorant as to orchard work and I used to train any who really wanted to help.

Our two girls were brought up in happy surroundings. It was during the depression years they were born. Daphne on January 18, 1934 and Anne on May 22, 1937. They went to the Centre School first and then on to Winfield Elementary for two years. Both went on to Rutland High School before Anne went for one year to Kelowna Senior and then Normal School in Victoria. Her first teaching job was in South Slokan, the Kootenays. There she met John who was the principal there and they were married in July 1960. They lived in Salmon Arm as John was transferred to Salmon Arm High School, then after several years they went to Vancouver Island where John got established in the University and has been there ever since. They have two children, David who is 19, and Heather who is 18. It is good to see them during the winter and they generally manage to spend a while with us in the summer.

Daphne after finishing school had in mind that she would like to be a Psychiatric Nurse. The course was difficult and long. It is hard to say whether she would have finished it, but she met Gordon and they were married in August 1956. There are two grandchildren - Wayne is 24 and married with a small girl, and Wendy who is 22 and has a job working in a pet shop.

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I should mention here that both Daphne and Anne learned to play the piano as we were fortunate enough to have one given us by Winna's parents. Anne was more correct in her playing, but Daphne had the better touch of the two - one ignored the mistakes and enjoyed her playing.

As for my wife, what can I say? If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be here today, that I am sure about!

One summer night I got up to open more windows as it was quite warm even at 2:00 a.m. I was very surprised to see a bright light coming from the west and going almost overhead into the east. I woke my wife and we stood on our small lake verandah. There the view was tremendous. A band of light, similar to a rainbow only wider and with coloured lights which moved and darted inside the band. We stayed there and watched this wonderful sight for maybe ten minutes. Gradually the light faded from the west and progressively dimmed to the east. I haven't seen the "Okanagan Arc" since!

In 1944 I had four helpers through Canada Manpower and these four are truly worth noting. Two girls came from Vegreville, Alberta - actually I believe they were in their early twenties. They arrived at the end of May and were very willing to learn all they could from me. I started them on the thinning of apricots and they stayed with us right through to the end of the apple picking at the end of October. They spent two weeks or so in August learning how to pack fruit in Kelowna. They were easily the best workers I ever had, we still keep up with them and one of them lives in Winfield and we see her quite often. Mrs. Nellie Davis. Two young men turned up a little late, they too were very willing to learn and got on well with the young ladies. There were two shacks in those days fairly far apart. During the picking time I noticed that the young men although picking a way down the orchard would keep their eyes open to help where needed with tall ladders and top stuff. This was a banner year for us as we had a good crop of all varieties and I was able to organize the work so that no-one was idle. I should note too that if it was a wet day the

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ladies would come over to the cottage where we lived and see whether my wife needed any washing or ironing done. Very few who came early in time for thinning stayed right through so maybe we had up to eight or ten workers each year. I kept the records of most of the workers for many years, but had to have a big clean out from time to time!

Thinking back to the war years, I remember that we here at Okanagan Centre used to get volunteers and go around singing carols. Any donations made went to the "Milk for Britain" fund. There was always a great shortage of men's voices. Refreshments were sometimes very 'heady' especially when given from different homes. We usually started down near the lake probably at the Goldies, then worked our way up the hill as far as the Nuyen's home. Having been refreshed after singing to them we would 'roll' down the hill to the south end of OK Centre and sing at various homes along the way. One of the ladies wore 'pince nez' (for reading the sheet music) and these had a way of dropping off from time to time. Once they fell off in a snowbank and she, helped by me, was left behind until they were found. I am afraid that we got very hilarious and when we finally caught up with the rest of the gang our singing was decidedly weak. We ended up at Kobayashi's (Denby) where they always had refreshments of a different kind. There was a piano there too, so of course we sang some more, and then counted up how much we had made for the "Milk for Britain" fund. I remember that I was offered a ride home one time, but I was enjoying myself far too much and when finally I left it seemed much further than usual to reach home. I sat down on the bank which was on the side of our orchard road and sang a little song all to myself! History doesn't relate what kind of reception the carol singer got when finally he reached his home!

I met a most interesting person on the high seas travelling to England in 1947. Two ladies were on deck and one of them wanted to have a game of shuffleboard. The other lady was blind, so whilst the companion had a game I was able to introduce myself and tell the blind lady where I came from and where I was going. I soon found out that she was a musician, how good and

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famous I did not immediately discern. I asked her if she would play something for me in the lounge. "The Moonlight Sonata" was my request, but of course that was much too long a piece. After discussion with her companion she explained to me that she was under a contract and had to be careful not to abuse this. I notified everyone that I could and when Mary Munn appeared the next day the lounge was full. She gave us a delightful entertainment and was very surprised when she heard so much clapping. "I thought I was playing just for you", she said. I was able to describe to her all the snapshots I was taking back to show my Mother. I then learned more about Mary who was blind from birth yet discerned to have "absolute pitch". She would be performing at the Wigmore Hall in London and I obtained two tickets hoping to take my Mother, however she was not well enough so I took my sister instead on January 15, 1948. After the two hour performance in which Miss Munn handled Bach-Liszt, Mozart, Cesar Franck, Medtner, Prokofief and Chopin, anyone wanting to meet her were asked to backstage. I told my sister Dorothy that I would have a little joke with her as I felt sure she wouldn't mind and after my sister had shaken hands with her, I took Mary's hand and said, "Guess who!?" A barely perceptible pause and then "Oh, Mr. Bernau from the boat!" Dorothy was suitably impressed.

Years went by and I lost track of this fine lady, then one day my wife who had been down to the Book Mobile Library came back quite excited and said, "Look, I have got a book about Mary Munn, a biography." It is titled "The Light in the Dark" and is a very good book. Since then Mary Munn has got her Doctorate of Music, the first (and only?) in Canada. I wrote to the author of the book, Nadine Mackenzie, telling her about my meeting with Dr. Munn and it was she who gave me Mary's address and help me get in touch with her again. Dr. Munn lives and teaches Music at Calgary University. Mary is, I believe, around 79 now, but she told me in her letters that she does a full day's work and recently gave another performance equal in the degree of difficulty as the performance in the Wigmore Hall. What a remarkable lady! Ed Schreyer read the book and after that Dr. Munn received the Order of Canada. I am looking forward to the day when I might be fortunate in going to Calgary and visiting Dr. Munn once again.

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The return from this trip to England was somewhat different. There was a dock strike in the spring of 1948 and it looked as though it was going to be a long time before I could get a passage on any boat. We had made urgent enquiries and finally one day I got the chance of sailing in a Polish boat the next day from Southampton. The only snag seemed to be that the boat went to New York and I would have to travel from there to Quebec, all on my Canadian ticket. It was strange being on a Polish boat. The Batory was a comfortable but not very swift boat. There were only three of us who spoke English. An American Ambassador was going back to the States probably from England to be assigned to somewhere else, Caracas I think it was. "Out of the frying pan into the fire" I remember him saying. The other person was a young English girl, 21 years of age, who was emigrating to the States and going to live with her sister. Daphne Watts was very homesick and very seasick. The American, Darryl Meek, was very sorry for her, but seemed too shy to be of any real help. "Come", I said to Daphne, "Let me help you to your cabin, and perhaps we can make you feel a bit better." I remember that as we reached the door of her cabin there was a stewardess at the end of the passage, she started to come toward us and she looked as though she was going to turn me away, as it would be against rules to let a man unescorted into a lady's cabin, but at the last moment something made her alter her mind and she turned around and went away. Poor Daphne was very sick, ordinarily I think I might have been rather squeamish, but I seemed to ignore that and was able to assist her and make her feel a bit better.

Daphne evidently told her parents and they never forgot, so I heard later, but I lost track of her, and it was many, many years later that she found my address and wrote to me from Palmdale, California where she had settled with her husband and family. She has phoned me up once or twice and written to me, but it is about 38 years since we have met and she would now be in her late fifties. We phoned up her parents when we were in England in 1984, but were not able to meet them. They are getting along in years and were so very pleased, they said, to hear my voice. Daphne's last letter was a sad one as she had broken up with her husband, and was living alone, but happily had a good job.

I had to stay the best part of a day, or was it longer, in New York. I

The return from this trip to England was somewhat different. There was a dock strike in the spring 1948 and it looked as though it was going to be a long time before I could get a passage on any boat. We had made urgent enquiries and finally, one day, I got the chance of sailing in a Polish boat the next day from Southampton. The only snag seemed to be that the boat went to New York and I would have to travel from there to Quebec, all on my Canadian ticket. It was strange being on a Polish boat. The Batory was a comfortable but not very swift boat. There were only three of us who spoke English. An American Ambassador was going back to the States probably from England to be assigned to somewhere else, Caracas I think it was "Out of the frying pan into the fire", I remember him saying. The other person was a young English girl, 21 years of age, who was emigrating to the States and going to live with her sister. Daphne Watts was very homesick and very seasick. The American, Darryl Meek, was very sorry for her, but seemed too shy to be of any real help. "Come," I said to Daphne, "Let me help you to your cabin, and perhaps we can make you feel a bit better. I remember that as we reached the door of her cabin there was a stewardess at the end of the passage. She started to come toward us and she looked as though she was going to turn me away, as it would be against rules to let a man unescorted into a lady's cabin, but at the last moment something made her alter her mind and she turned around and went away. Poor Daphne was very sick, ordinarily I think I might have been rather squeamish, but I seemed to ignore that and was able to assist her and make her feel a bit better.

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do not remember. That place and London must be the loneliest places on Earth! There was a very good film showing in Times Square, "The Bishop's Wife". I enjoyed it so much that I sat there and saw it all over again! I believe that the book is excellent. Was so very glad to get back to Canada.

The Theatre always held a great charm for me, especially as Geoffrey, one of the twins studied at the most prestigious drama schools, namely the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. This was all undertaken after I left England so I did not find out for some time that Geoff came through with flying colours and it was discovered that he had that natural ability for acting, and he was totally absorbed in the acting life. Unfortunately for him the War (1940-45) came along, Geoff joined up in the Air Force just when he was beginning to make a name for himself in travelling companies and after the war he never could get back again in the life he loved so much.

I started on the amateur stage in 1930. Rutland had a Drama Club and I was asked if I would like to take a part in a play called "The Monkey's Paw," not a comedy but for some reason or other the director thought it had an audience appeal. In those days the old Rutland Community Hall had a reasonably good stage, and plays were popular especially by many in Kelowna who used to come out by the busload and enjoy the R.A.D.S. efforts. I have amongst two or three cartons filled with Play books, a Life Membership sheet of paper which reads "Nov. 22, 1930 Received of Hugh Bernau (alias Herbert) the sum of fifty cents, for which he is entitled to Life Membership in the Rutland Amateur Dramatic Society. Signed, C.E. Thompson, Sec. Tres." The paper is getting a bit thin but is still quite legible all in coloured letters!

After that I joined the Oyama Drama Club and in the forties and fifties we put on several plays, both one-acters and three-acters. I would like to remember with affection Harry and Margery Aldred, Bob Brown, Bobbie Potheary and Derek Eyles and any others that slip my memory. "The Devil Amongst the Skins" was a Medieval play in which we won the right to represent the Okanagan Zone when they had the finals at a Festival in Nanaimo. We didn't win there,

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but had a ball meeting actors from all over Canada. I remember how we all celebrated afterwards and then split up into bunches and met in our hotel rooms. Ours was a large room, I believe that there were three or four of us in this room which became crowded very quickly. It got late and no-one seemed anxious to leave. I had to go early in the morning as I was having a ride with our Director. I consulted one of our actors and I remember so well what he said to me, "You have two choices as far as I can see. You can either go to bed in this room with one or both of the charming French Canadian ladies sitting on your bed, or else you can go outside, get into my car and get what sleep you can for the rest of the night." I chose the latter and I believe that it was the first time that I had heard the many birds on the Island start their early morning song of praise.

The Oyama Players also staged a Three-Act play, "The Chiltern Hundreds" a roaring farce. It was so successful that we took it to other communities - O.K. Mission being one I remember. In 1956 I joined Kelowna Little Theatre and was given a role in "The Holly and the Ivy", a delightful Christmas play in which I played the part of a colonel. The Empress Theatre was a delightfully 'intimate' place with a balcony for quite a few patrons, and a room for several hundred people in the auditorium. The stage was small, and one got to the 'dressing room' by descending a steep ladder off stage! The acoustics were excellent in this well built theatre house.

In the spring of 1959 I won the award of "Best Supporting Male Actor" in a festival for (so the paper said) "my hilarious performance as the rabble-raising Analytikos, the king's librarian in the one act comedy, "Helena's Husband". Later I took the part of an Inspector in the three act play "Gaslight", a Victorian drama. An immensely long part which was only learned by the unselfish help and hearing of my part day after day and week after week by my wife. Later I won "Best Actor" award for my part of the old Apothecary in his cellar making up and dishing out love potions and poison potions which get mixed. A delightful one act play, "The Laboratory". I took part in many other Kelowna plays and

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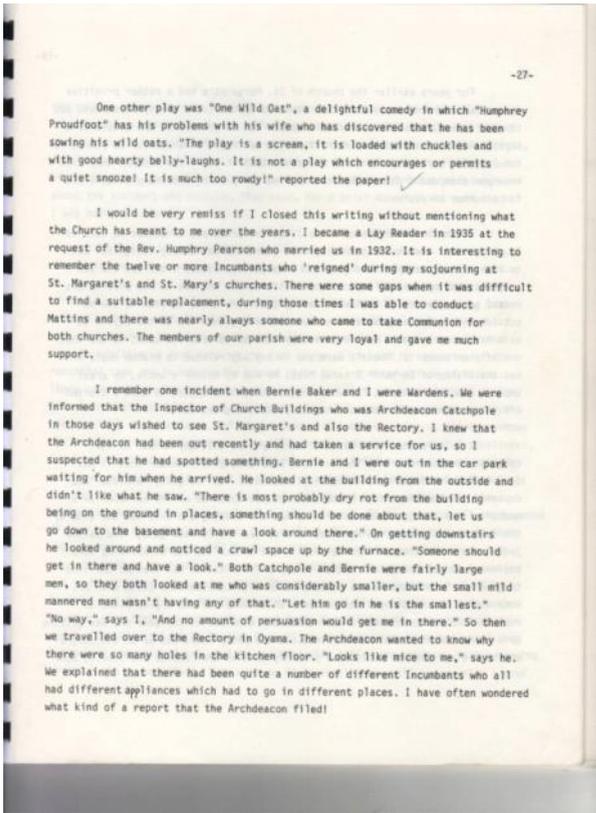
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always felt at home on the stage. I never had any real tuition although I attended a few workshops once when a well-known actor and producer of the name Sidney Risk was in Kelowna for adjudication. At one time we had a fellow from the coast named Sam Payne who was the adjudicator at one of the festivals. He was a charming man and being more or less at a loose end between adjudications I asked him out here and both my wife and I found him most easy to talk to. He made one error however. He had seen me in the "Laboratory" the play he awarded me "Best Actor". "Of course," said Sam Payne, "You have had professional training haven't you. You are not really an amateur!!" I protested quite vehemently that I was a rank amateur and in no way a professional. I am afraid that he did not believe me! The plays tapered off as I found that attending rehearsals several times a week at night perhaps going for two or three hours and then driving home again was too much when I was working in the orchard each day. The odd time I got someone to go in with me who had a small part. That helped.

It should be noted that Kelowna had a man who acted, directed and even wrote a play which eventually was accepted by French's albeit under another name as they had one in their books of the same name. Roland Goodchild was writing the play when I belonged to the Little Theatre. One day he spoke to me and asked me if I would take the part of the butler in this play, "The Pink Lady", which was nearly completed. He said he would direct the play, we would put it on in a Festival, and this we did and Goodchild was given an award for the "Best Original Play by a Canadian Author". The scene of the play is laid in the library at Moberly Court at the present time when George, the eleventh 'Duke of Moberly' presents his fiancée, Vivienne Baird, a chorus girl to his Grandmother, the 'Dowager Duchess of Moberly'. Throughout the duke is aided and abetted by the old family butler. A good play with considerable humour packed into the good lines. We put this play on in different places besides Vernon. I remember we did it in Oyama with a different actress doing the Grandmother's part and incidentally she made a fine job of it. I was quite amazed afterwards to find that 'Roly' Goodchild had come from Victoria to see his play put on once more. "I wanted to see the Butler again," he said!

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One other play was "One Wild Oat", a delightful comedy in which "Humphrey Proudfoot" has his problems with his wife who has discovered that he has been sowing his wild oats. "The play is a scream, it is loaded with chuckles and with good hearty belly-laughs. It is not a play which encourages or permits a quiet snooze! It is much too rowdy!" reported the paper!

I would be very remiss if I closed this writing without mentioning what the Church has meant to me over the years. I became a Lay Reader in 1935 at the request of the Rev. Humphry Pearson who married us in 1932. It is interesting to remember the twelve or more incumbents who 'reigned' during my sojourning at St. Margaret's and St. Mary's churches. There were some gaps when it was difficult to find a suitable replacement; during those times I was able to conduct Matins and there was nearly always someone who came to take Communion for both churches. The members of our parish were very loyal and gave me much support.

I remember one incident when Bernie Baker and I were Wardens. We were informed that the Inspector of Church Buildings who was Archdeacon Catchpole in those days wished to see St. Margaret's and also the Rectory. I knew that the Archdeacon had been out recently and had taken a service for us, so I suspected that he had spotted something. Bernie and I were out in the car park waiting for him when he arrived. He looked at the building from the outside and didn't like what he saw. "There is most probably dry rot from the building being on the ground in places; something should be done about that, let us go down to the basement and have a look around there." On getting downstairs he looked around and noticed a crawl space up by the furnace. "Someone should get in there and have a look." Both Catchpole and Bernie were fairly large men, so they both looked at me who was considerably smaller, but the small mild mannered man wasn't having any of that. "Let him go in he is the smallest." "No way," says I, "And no amount of persuasion would get me in there." So then we travelled over to the Rectory in Oyama. The Archdeacon wanted to know why there were so many holes in the kitchen floor. "Looks like mice to me," says he. We explained that there had been quite a number of different incumbents who all had different appliances which had to go in different places. I have often wondered what kind of a report that the Archdeacon filed!

For years earlier the church of St. Margaret's had a rather primitive furnace which burnt wood. One could stoke it up and get a pretty nice heat, but it didn't last, very often some male member had to go down in the middle of a service and put some more wood on. I served as People's Warden for 18 years, far too long for any one person, but I suspect that it was often because they didn't know who else would do it! The same applied to my being Secretary which I did for a number of years.

I remember when Bishop Adams lived in Vernon and sometimes he came to St. Margaret's church and took a service there. He was a very delightful man to know, always ready with a joke and a laugh. The Bishop's car was old and somewhat beat up, and it was characteristic of him to have an old pipe in his mouth, generally out, I believe. One day just before the service he saw me outside and as he had just arrived we went in together and on the way in he gave me my Lay Reader's Certificate duly made up to date and said, "I see that one of your names is 'Moule', were you in any way related to Bishop Moule who was the Bishop of Durham?" I said, "Yes, he was my Mother's uncle, my great uncle." "Oh," said Adams, "Interesting, because he ordained me when I started off in the Ministry, I remember him very well, a great man."

I am sure that this was not the only time that any member of the congregation departed from the set form of Evensong. I remember that it was one of those times we were 'between' Incumbents. The 'outgoing' Minister had departed and the 'incoming' Rector had not yet appeared on the horizon. So a member of the clergy turned up from Vernon one evening and this was the time of the fall when the evenings were cool and we had the furnace going. The yellow jacket wasps who always liked to rest in and around the church building were beginning to get sleepy and rather 'dopey'. The Minister had reached the time to give his Sermon and he was holding forth with considerable gusto when Mr. Wasp showed up and thought the Rector's white surplice was a good place to explore, and I expect that it was reasonably warm too as the good man was getting up a good head of steam! He never noticed the pesky wasp, but we of the congregation did and someone would have probably gone up and removed the insect, but

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the sermon came to an end, the hymn announced and Mr. Wasp and Rector departed together up to the Altar. As the offending insect was still visible and seemed to be about to reach the Minister's neck I marched up and rather, what I thought, deftly grabbed the wasp in my handkerchief, but I startled the 'bejjibbers' out of the good man who had his back to me. Afterwards he and I had a good laugh about the incident and he said, "You know, for a brief moment I was sure that I was being held up!"

It was in the year 1937 that my wife's Father turned over the reading of the Weather temperatures to me as he was crippled with Rheumatic Arthritis. Mr. Caesar had been a Weather Observer for what we now know as the Department of Environment since 1931, so our connections with this Department dates back some 56 years. My wife and I continued to take the readings twice a day, recording minimum temperatures for the night and maximum temperatures for the day. In addition we kept tabs on the rain gauge which used to be on top of the recording cage and is now on the ground close by, and observations of clouds. There came a time when the powers that be decreed that there should be a change from Fahrenheit to Celsius and from inches to millimetres. A young man arrived one day full of enthusiasm, and loaded down with books and papers, not to mention Maximum and Minimum thermometers. My wife greeted him with her usual friendliness, but I am afraid that my manner was rather cold. He tried to convince me that we must keep up with the times and be modern. I said that I was sorry but I couldn't see the point of change for the 'sake of change' and he was wasting his time, besides we were only a 'two by four' little spot and why bother with all the expense of everything new? "You are wrong," he replied, "You know as well as we do that your temperatures down here by the lake differ several degrees from those just over the hill in Winfield." The young man was really disappointed when I continued to be stubborn, so my wife said, "Don't worry, I will continue even if he doesn't want to." So the new thermometers were installed, also a new rain gauge, together with books of instructions and forms for filling out a report once a month. "The Climatological Station Report" sounded very important and grand, but I remained unconvinced and used to watch my wife taking the readings in the morning whilst I ate my breakfast. This went on for several days until one morning I said

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to myself, "Bernau, you really are rather a 'heel', pull yourself together and do the wretched thing, because it really is your job, you know." In passing I should mention that we were left with two Maximum thermometers and no Minimum thermometer for a start which didn't exactly help my frame of mind! In 1971 the Atmospheric Environment Service celebrated their 100th birthday, so the 'big wigs' from Toronto got together with the Vancouver 'hierarchy' and much to my surprise phoned us up from Penticton. "Might they come here and present me with a plaque!" So they arrived, we gave them a 'bowl of soup' and had a good chin wag. They were a delightful trio. Then in 1985 Ralph Janes of the Weather Station at the Kelowna Airport came along with his wife and gave me a plaque, I am not quite sure why as it isn't quite 50 years yet of my recording but it was very welcome anyway!

Several years ago my sister wrote an interesting letter telling us about a neighbour of hers who lived opposite her home on the same street. Dorothy met the elderly lady one day as she was trying to manage a slippery section of the footpath. She was nearly blind and lived alone. Dorothy asked her to come and have tea one day, and the lady was so pleased and apparently needed some company in which she could blossom out and speak about her friends and relations. "I have a brother in Canada," she told my sister, "So do I," said Dorothy. "But of course you wouldn't know the place where my brother lives in British Columbia," said the lady. "Try me," said Dorothy. "It is in a place called the Okanagan, where they grow fruit." "Yes," came the reply rather dryly. "That is where my brother lives too and grows fruit." History doesn't relate whether the ladies got unduly excited and went on to interrupt each other. I suppose it depended a good deal upon whether they were drinking ordinary tea or whether the tea was laced with 'unmentionables'; however, when the excitement died down it was discovered that Dorothy's brother lived at O.K. Centre and the lady's brother lived at O.K. Mission. Dorothy wrote a long letter to us with the Painter's address. We got in touch with them and finally fixed a date when we went to tea with them in their very attractive house facing the lake. I took some interior pictures of them sitting together on a couch with a view of the lake behind them.

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Copies were sent to Mrs. Sandow who displayed them on her mantelpiece for all to see. The Painters visited us here and I found him a most interesting man to talk to as he was very knowledgeable about fruit growing. We saw the Painters several times and used to meet down at the Mission Hall and lunch together. The old lady, Mrs. Sandow, finally had to leave her home as her eyesight got too bad and passed away in a nursing home. Mr. Painter passed on a few years ago, but Gladys, 'Mrs. P', is still alive and lives in an apartment at the Mission and we occasionally meet still and lunch together. I believe that she is 95 but very alert and able to look after herself still.

One of our neighbours who was the Manager in Winoka, the Valley Land Company fruit business finally landed in Tree Fruits in Kelowna and was in an important position in the Tree Fruits office. I knew Harry Van Ackeren very well and used to pop in to see him when I was visiting Kelowna. One day I said to Harry, "You know I have met most of the managers of the Tree Fruits but the present one is still unknown to me, how about it?" "Sure, I'll take you along to his office and introduce you, after that it's up to you. You won't find that he is easy to talk to, he is somewhat reticent." Having introduced me, Harry departed and I sat down as requested. I tried the usual gambit of asking where he was born, whether it was England or not. "Yes," replied Eric Moore. "But I doubt whether you will know the part of England I come from." "You never know," I said. "I was born in the Lake District at a place called Keswick," said Eric. I asked him if he had gone to Keswick School. When he replied "Yes", I went on to tell him that Keswick School was my 'mother school'. The Headmaster, Mr. Grant, founded the school and after a few years started St. George's in Harpenden, Hertfordshire. Eric Moore didn't know Cecil Grant as this was before his time but his Headmaster at Keswick was a man who taught in St. George's when I was there and I knew him well. Eric and I talked and talked and when reluctantly he rose I could see that he was affected by what he and I had been saying and we arranged to meet again and talk some more. This was the beginning of a friendship which was to last until Eric went back east and started another job. We hardly ever correspond now, but he was very good to me. For instance when I was in Kelowna

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Hospital for a spell he came several times to visit me. The first time as he said, more or less a matter of duty, but the other times because we had so much to tell each other of his Headmaster and mine who was a great man full of trust and faith in his new type of school which was co-educational with the chapel the main stay of all his beliefs and endeavours. I wrote to Mr. Howe, Eric's Headmaster, who was living in retirement in England, and received several good letters in which he expressed pleasure that I had met Eric. Mr. Howe said that Eric had been head boy for some time at Keswick School and he had always expected great things from him. Mr. Howe did say that my sister Dorothy was the one he remembered best, "She was always so very good at the Scripture lessons." I don't remember him teaching me which was probably just as well as he was clever and I don't believe he would have had patience with such as I. Isn't (1) always the clever individuals who are the best teachers, am I right?

There was always a dog in our family when we were children, and after Winna and I married and the girls appeared we started again with puppies. I think, perhaps, little "Vicky" was our favourite - a small black smooth haired terrier type of dog, she was always good with children and loved to come out into the orchard and get busy hunting mice. She had great fun chasing squirrels, but seldom caught any. The dog that I want to write about in particular now came into my life in an unexpected fashion. I was putting on a dormant spray of oil up near the Centre road one day when all of a sudden a largish black Labrador type of dog limped off the road and came towards me. I gesticulated rather violently to her to keep out of the way otherwise she would get soaked with the oil spray; however, something seemed to compel her to follow me up and down, up and down each row. Finally I came to the end of the tank then I got down and had a talk with the weary and obviously lame animal. There was a mark where a collar had been and she seemed thin and sad. My wife had been up in the car and the dog and I went over together and we had a conference. Finally we brought the dog to the house, fed her with what we had, and the first night she slept on a mat near our bed. Obviously she was an outdoors dog, so the next evening I

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looked at the largish table that was on the verandah, found a piece of canvas, draped it over the table and left one end open. All this time the dog was sitting and watching me. I turned to her and said, "Now watch, I am going to crawl inside this kennel, and see whether it is large enough for you." This I did and then backed out as I couldn't turn around inside. I got up and then jokingly said, "OK! It's all yours, do what I have just done and you will be comfortable enough, I think." With no hesitation at all she departed through the hole, and I heard a sigh as she settled into her new 'apartment'!

We were very fond of this stray dog. She had a lovely disposition and was always ready for a game with a stick or ball; however, we found that we couldn't give her enough exercise, and gave her away to a neighbour who would take her out with him when he went fishing on weekends. After a lapse of a few months our neighbour came to visit us again and told us that he had changed jobs and now lived in an apartment in Kelowna. "I guess that the dog will have to go to the Pound." Obviously he knew that we couldn't allow that so once more the dog who now answered to the name of "Murphy" came to live with us. A good friend of ours had a family of four and was looking for a dog who could eventually take the place of their old family pet. They came to tea and fell in love with Murphy. It was a great wrench saying goodbye to her again but we knew she would be in good hands. The four teenagers loved Murphy and were very good to her giving her long walks and much exercise in the form of games. Murphy always seemed to remember us when we went for visits. When asked to sing she had a most attractive way of throwing back her head and giving us a song. Another chance meeting, her coming in off the road when there were many orchards she could have chosen to find someone in? I do not think so!

In 1984 we had a memorable trip back to England to help my sister celebrate her 80th birthday. We had expressed doubts as to whether we wanted to spend three weeks travelling around seeing relatives and friends, but my married daughter, Anne, who had been over with her family the year before said (and I believe jokingly at first) that she would come with us again and help us to organize our travels from person to person. Of course we accepted eagerly and I was allowed to pay for her ticket. Now, if I was to go into detail about all the relations

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and friends that gave us such a happy time I would indeed fill a little book. But in passing I would like to thank my cousins Walter and Pat, Peter and Meriel (known very warmly as "Merrie") my old school friend Stephen Luke, and a cousin of Winna's who treated us royally, not forgetting Dorothy and Geoffrey. Peter, who is a doctor, and his wife arranged all the festivities relating to my sister's celebration; but I wanted any who might be seeing my write-up to know that we have not forgotten those three memorable weeks, and one of these days, who knows the spirit might move me to write a little book with details of our travels from London to Salisbury, and from there to the Lizard in Cornwall and then on to Winna's cousin, Aileen, near Bristol before completing the round back to London. And oh yes! We had the use of a very nice house not far from London. The owners were having a short holiday in Switzerland. They are friends of Anne's and go to her church, they were on an exchange job for a few years in England before returning to their home in Victoria. We made this house our headquarters for our last week in England. *I should like to add the name of Peter Bernau, Geoff's son, who was so good to us, driving us around in his car*

When I retired and my neighbour agreed to look after the remaining few acres with a view to buying eventually, I wondered what I should be doing. The Good Lord had given me reasonably good health and strength, so I felt that there must be another Phase in the offing. After asking for directions it wasn't long before I received my marching orders: "Seek out those in your community principally members of your Church, who are in trouble and help them by word and deed. Forget yourself as far as possible and see what results that brings!"

On reading through this Autobiography it appears, and rightly so, that I have said too little about my married life. There will always be certain items in a write-up like this that appear to be omitted, but intimate subjects such as this are better left unsaid, and I will leave the Reader with this thought. We have had 54 years together and although it would be erroneous to say that we always agreed on subjects, we survived through all those 'dirty thirties', and if it wasn't for Winna I would not still be here!

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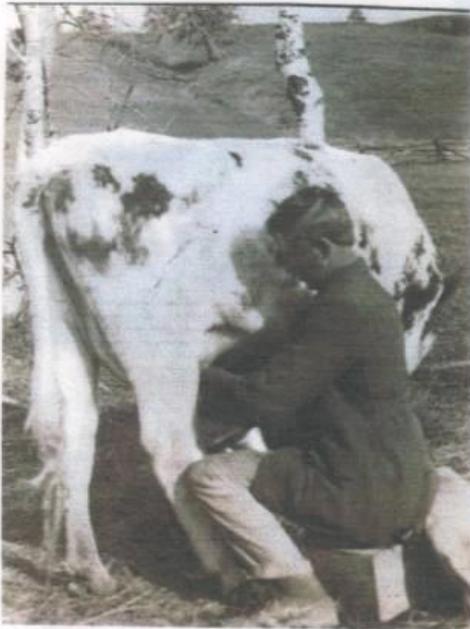


Daphne + Gordon 1956

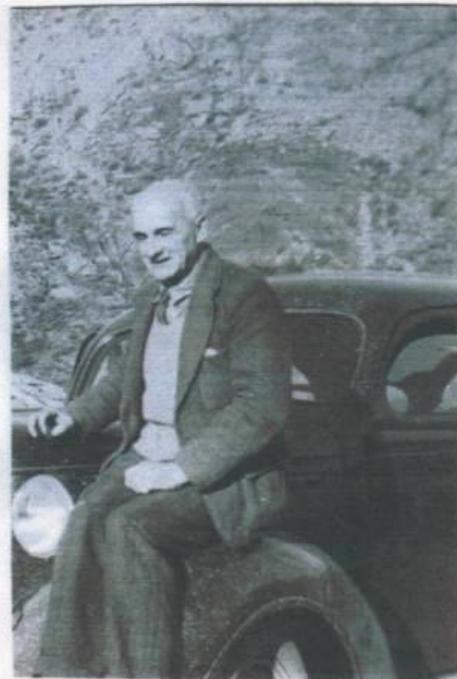


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Molly and Teddy Sept. 10 1936



Hugh 1928



Sonie 1944



- 1. Winna and the girls
- 2. Molly, Mother and me
- 3. Geoff's son Peter, 1984
- 4. Winna at Okanagan Centre
- 5. John and Anne Sheppy, 1979





Lagonda. The car that Hugh gave Molly her lesson on the Common.



1949 -

Northcote Henry Caesar (centre) with Mabel (Winna's Father and Mother) Brixton (known as the 'colonel') is giving Caesar a haircut!



Anne and Daphne down near the cottage at the lake.



Fun on the tractor in 1947 with Mel Kawano spraying the trees.



Winna and Anne with "Vicky" and her puppie:



Hugh feeding a lamb on the doorstep of the bunkhouse at Ned's Creek (near Chase) in 1928.



Hugh by the Okanagan Lake taken by Ted Tait-Wi Nov. 1949

LIST OF PLAYS I'VE BEEN IN

- The Monkey's Paw (Rutland Players)
- Goodnight Caroline
- Pink Lady (Roly Goodchild's original)
- Laburnham Grove
- Devil Among the Skins (Oyama Players)
- Chiltern Hundreds (Oyama)
- Helena's Husband
- Angel Street
- The Laboratory (Best Actor Award)
- The Holly and the Ivy (1st Kelowna Litt Theatre)
- Lucrezia Borgia's Little Party (Best Supporting Actor)
- one wild Oat
- Cinderella (Pantomime)
- The Amorous Prawn
- Dear Charles
- Kind Lady



Atmospheric Environment Service celebrated their 100th birthday in 1971 and presented



Hugh with "Best Supporting Actor" cu for "Lucrezia Borgia's Little Party"



Hugh at around
21 years old.



My sister Dorothy by "The Cot" gate. This is one of the places in Cornwall we rented for the summer holidays.

School Days - St. George's school chums watching cricket (around 1920). Can you spot smiling Hugh between the trees? Below Hugh is his friend and Headboy, Stephen Luke.



1940-43 War-time
The Twins -

John Henry Moule (left)
Geoffrey William Moule



"Bubby" (2 years), Mother and
Dorothy (3 years)
Christmas 1907

Father (William Henry Bernau)
and Mother (Charlotte Augusta)
sometime in the late twenties.



A Picture is Worth a Thousand Words.



Our first house in Harpenden
on Sauncey Ave. The gardener,
Mr. Williamson, is on the
ladder. The window on top is
the attic where Hugh played
with his trains.