

Stories of Samuel Freedman: Speeches from the Exhibition

JACK LONDON, *
DR. BRYAN SCHWARTZ, **
DR. ARNOLD NAIMARK, ***
AND THE HONOURABLE
MR. JUSTICE MARTIN FREEDMAN †

I. INTRODUCTION

The following speeches were given at an event marking the opening of an exhibit “Samuel Freedman: Man of Law”, curated by Susan Turner, at the Jewish Heritage Centre on November 7, 2006. Justice Martin Freedman, and Dr Jack London, Dr. Bryan Schwartz and Dr. Arnold Naimark spoke about Freedman’s life, his practice of law, and their memories of him.

II. INTRODUCTORY SPEECH: JACK LONDON

Let’s start with a reminiscence of Sam’s impact on young Jewish law students a wonderful lifetime ago. I entered law school in 1962 at the age of 19. In those days, we had to article in a law office while attending classes. Since I was just a kid from the North End of Winnipeg, not connected by affluence or pedigree, I walked the yellow pages in search of

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a law firm that would have me as an articling student. I was immediately offered positions with the first two large firms with which I interviewed, and which, it turned out, had not a single Jewish lawyer on their rosters. In the space of a day, following the offers, I received calls from the managing partners of both firms advising me that each had made a mistake. The position had already been filled in the one case, and the firm had decided not to hire a student after all in the other—a decision which was reversed in about a week.

Now, I was no catch in those days—I'm no catch now, for that matter—but it wasn't hard to figure out what had happened. The name "London" on a young red-headed boy (that was in my hirsute era) had not conveyed my ethnicity during the interviews. But in what must have been a horrifying realization for the law firms, it was quickly otherwise discovered and I was cut loose. So I found my way to the office of the late Monty Israels, assured that if he made me an offer, it would not later be rescinded.

I recount this little personal anecdote only to describe the environment in which we lived as young, wannabe Jewish lawyers at the time. This actually was the only bit of real anti-Semitism I personally had encountered up to that time, but I quickly learned that there were differences between Jewish lawyers and the law firms of the dominant society. Though there were, then, a number of successful Jewish lawyers, they tended to be rather ghettoized in smaller, predominantly Jewish firms which did not include on their rolodexes clients like banks and other major financial institutions. The Manitoba Club was essentially a restricted old boys club and the Blackstone Society—the Jewish lawyers' response to their earlier exclusion from the mainstream social institutions of the legal profession—was still operating an annual dinner and roast as a counterbalance.

It's better now. Much better. But those years represented the waning moments of knowing one's place. The barriers were not insurmountable, but we still all knew our place.

In the midst of this otherwise dim culture of class structure by ethnicity—even worse by gender—there shone a beacon pointing to a more enlightened and less daunting future in the person of Mr. Justice Samuel Freedman: the first Jewish president of the Manitoba Bar Association, the first Jewish bencher of the Law Society of Manitoba, since 1952 the first Jewish Court of Queen's Bench Judge in the history of Manitoba, by 1971

a judge of the Manitoba Court of Appeal and later-to-be Chief Justice of Manitoba, and the recipient of what turned out to be 14 honorary degrees. Sam's appointment to the bench might have been enough to allow the glass to appear half full rather than half empty for a young, aspiring Jewish law student. But there was more and better, for by then, Sam was not just the first Jewish judge. Sam was first amongst the judges. Their intellectual guide. The chauffeur of liberal values. The exemplar of fair play. The arbiter of equity. The image of respect. A leader before and after his appointment to the bench. A respected teacher and mentor. And to top it off, one hell of a sweet, funny, intelligent, accessible, articulate and unassuming man. He made us feel proud and potent.

Sam, on the other hand, wasn't just strong. He was cute. Sam was so cute and genuine that he could recite an off-colour limerick or joke in his frequent appearances as an after-dinner speaker, or in his classrooms, without drawing criticism. I thought of repeating one of them here tonight, but I'm not so cute, and if I did, I could wind up before a human rights tribunal!

On the other hand, Sam would write a leading judgement—which he often did—so readable and so tight in its logic that he could do so without fear of reversal by a higher court. In fact, he was a self-confident and fearless man. As, for example, when in 1966 he was instrumental in forcing the law society of Manitoba to stop holding bencher's meetings at the Manitoba club until Jewish membership became acceptable—which it did shortly thereafter.

Until Sam, no one in a position of public authority had the thought or the courage to challenge these long-standing but pernicious practices. But Sam Freedman did, and he cut another swath out of the wall of racism we had simply come to accept as normal. Sam never received a request for a letter of reference that he did not write. He always found a way to be helpful.

I recall the story that Sam once was asked to provide a reference for an indolent, lazy, irresponsible young man—let's call him Cohen—who was seeking employment. Sam, as always, acceded to the request and wrote to the prospective employer as follows:

Dear Sirs,

I am providing a reference on behalf of Mr. Cohen, who seeks employment with your firm. I can say without a doubt that you would indeed be very fortunate if you are able to get Mr. Cohen to work for you.

Yours truly,

Sam Freedman

Sam Freedman was not just a man, not just a friend, not just a lawyer, not just a humourist and not just a judge. Sam Freedman was a phenomenon. So when I was asked by the planners and organizers of this evening dedicated to honouring Sam's many legacies if I would accept the role of chair, I unhesitatingly said "yes" because I, like every Jewish lawyer in this province, am indebted to Sam Freedman for having given us a sense of pride and confidence in our futures and for having played a key role in paving our way to success. Not with cobblestones, but with a smooth, infinite surface, without a bump or a hitch. He, like others of his era, had fought the good fight and had won so that we, who followed, needed not fight at all.

I, like every other Canadian lawyer of whatever race, nationality or gender, am indebted to Sam for his legacy of brilliant common-sense jurisprudence about which you will shortly hear from my eminent colleague Dr. Bryan Schwartz. I, like every member of our community here in Manitoba, in Canada, in Israel, and indeed throughout the world am indebted to Sam for his virtuoso performance as a role model, tireless volunteer, and true public servant in the broadest meaning of that term, about which another great citizen of our community—Dr. Arnold Naimark—will speak.

I, like all of us, am indebted to Sam for the body of anecdotal, spontaneous and stand-up humour which we continue to exchange with each other even today as though he were still present corporeally in our midst, and which a whirlwind of our community, Harold Buchwald, will soon recount.¹

And I, like all of us who saw Sam and his wife Brownie omnipresent as a beautiful duet, am thankful that she is here with us this evening surrounded by her family, a testament herself to an enduring life of accomplishment and grace. And, by the way, the woman who, when she sensed his hesitancy, whispered in Sam's ear the name of everyone who approached him so that we could all think, "what a memory he has!" Truth be told, Sam's muse and memory was Brownie.

Martin Freedman has had a most distinguished and successful academic and lawyering career. Though he himself has followed Sam's

¹ Harold Buchwald's speech has not been reproduced in this volume.

steps to the Manitoba Court of Appeal, tonight he is simply the eldest child of Sam and Brownie, who will draw for us a portrait of Sam's contribution to his family. Bryan, Arnold, Harold, Martin and I will hopefully, if all too briefly, bear witness to Sam's multiple enduring legacies as a giant of our time and, in so doing, will whet our appetites for the main event—the opening of Sam Freedman, Man of Law, the exhibition so wonderfully mounted by its curator Susan Turner under the auspices of the Jewish Heritage Center of Western Canada and the Marion and Ed Vicar Jewish Museum of Western Canada.

III. SAMUEL FREEDMAN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE LAW: DR. BRYAN SCHWARTZ

To compress a world of meaning into a few simple and concrete words: that has always been the hallmark of the Jewish literary tradition. The Talmud culminates with *Pirke Avot*, the Ethics of the Fathers. In each generation, a preeminent rabbi epitomizes everything he believes in a single phrase. Like Rabbi Shammai's: "Say little, do much and greet each man with a cheerful face."² Sam Freedman was a modern day sage in that tradition. He had a genius for distilling an argument or expressing an opinion in phrases that were elegant, precise, compact and compelling.

And what about the content of the law? The duty of a judge is to dispense "justice according to law." But what if the two conflict? Do you choose justice and disregard the law? Not according to Sam. If you detach justice from the law, you end up with neither. The stability of the law is a safeguard against unequal treatment or outright tyranny. It enables people to plan their lives with some security. Yet Sam almost always found a way to ensure that the law and justice coincide. And here is how he did it.

He started off with the presumption that the established law is sound. In his words, the law represents "the treasured wisdom and tested experience of earlier days."³ The judge's mission is to search for that wisdom, identify it, articulate it and apply it. The judge must not leave himself beguiled by a kaleidoscope of technicalities. Beneath the form, find the substance. Discern the solid and simple principle that informs the

² Babylonian Talmud, *Avot* 1:15

³ The Honourable Samuel Freedman, "Continuity and Change: A Task of Reconciliation" (1973) 8 U Brit Colum L Rev 209 at 209.

complex details. If you search for justice in the law, in the way that Sam Freedman did, you are very likely to find it.

Jerome Frank, an America jurist, wrote that interpreting a statute is like playing a musical composition.⁴ The performer of the music is bound by the score. He cannot simply toss away some notes and drop in some others. But his artistry can take those given notes and make them sound out together in the best way possible. The virtuoso judge does the same with the letter of the law.

Sam told the following parable in a speech he delivered in 1961. Suppose a man is technically guilty of a crime, but essentially innocent. Suppose the letter of the law says you must punish him by dropping a heavy rock on his head. You must indeed drop the rock; but first grind it into fine powder, so that falls gently and without inflicting the slightest harm.⁵

Sam recognized that there are some occasions in which law truly is silent or self-contradictory. The judge may have to create some new law. When Sam took on this role, he was guided by his overall philosophy of public governance. He believed in the liberalism of the Enlightenment. It was an approach shared by many Jews of his time and even now. It holds that the law must respect the liberty and equality of every individual. Each person must be judged on the basis of their own merit and conduct. Group affiliation should never be a cause for someone to suffer. But neither should it be a cause for anyone to prosper.

Robert Burt has written of the reformist influence of Jews in American legal life.⁶ He says that a common factor is that Jews have understood themselves to be outsiders.⁷ They know, or remember, what it is like to be a stranger in a strange land. Sam was the child of immigrants and entered a profession in place which had never known a Jewish judge. He was always faithful to his origins. Yet he also studied British and Canadian constitutional history and proudly embraced it as part of his own inheritance as a citizen and as a jurist.

⁴ See Jerome Frank, "Words and Music: Some Remarks on Statutory Interpretation" (1947) 47:8 Colum L Rev 1259 at 1260.

⁵ This parable is also recounted by Freedman in his 1973 speech, "Some Objectives for Those Who Serve The Law," *infra* page 162.

⁶ See Robert Burt, *Two Jewish Justices: Outcasts in the Promised Land* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988).

⁷ *Ibid* at 66.

Did Sam Freedman influence the course of the law? To the extent that an appellate judge in a small Canadian province can, he did. He was part of movement to focus more on substance than form. He joined in a wider effort to bring more liberal ideas to the interpretation of the Canadian constitution.

The truth, however, is that the law is shaped through the decades and centuries by many different voices and many different hands, and the lasting trace of any one contributor can be hard to detect. A judge should not be moved by whether a decision will earn either current popular acclaim or enduring historical remembrance. What matters most is to render justice here and now in each individual case.

A woman enters a bank. She slips and falls and injures herself on the wet floor next to a teller window. The bank had not warned her of the hazard. Sam Freedman upheld her claim. He wrote yet another one of his carefully considered and finely crafted judgments. Did the case matter much to the long unfolding of the law of negligence? Probably not. But did it matter very much to the woman herself? Certainly it did.⁸

Sam Freedman's potential legacy in fact remains to be fully realized. He left behind a set of judgments that can stand today, and for all times, as a model: of stylistic grace, of lucid analysis, and of humane judgment. It is worthy of study and emulation throughout the common law world, no matter how the details of the law and society may change.

His life stands as a model no less than his works. We law teachers tend to teach about doctrines and institutions, but not enough the human beings who animate them. Sam Freedman is worthy of a full length biography. It is a book that still calls out to be written.

There is a seamless coherence about Sam's life and career that you usually only find in art. You see constantly the same well-defined elements of character and belief, always held in a temperate balance. He was forthright but courteous; funny but dignified; learned but unpretentious; eager to do his part to heal a wounded world, but respectful of democratic principles, of the law and of shared traditions.

⁸ See Freedman's dissent in *Campbell v Royal Bank* (1963) 41 W.W.R. 91, 37 D.L.R. (2d) 725. Freedman's view was adopted by the majority judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada on appeal: see *Campbell v Royal Bank* [1964] SCR 85, 43 D.L.R. (2d) 341 at paras 37-52.

There's a saying about artists: trust the song, not the singer. The person behind the creation will always disappoint you. Of Sam Freedman, we can say that the singer and the song were in harmony with each other and with their world. The music of his life and work deserves to be heard again. Let us hope that today is only one of many more recitals.

IV. SAMUEL FREEDMAN'S ROLE IN THE COMMUNITY: DR. ARNOLD NAIMARK

As you've heard, I've been asked to speak about Sam Freedman's role in the community. An easy task, one would think, since it seems there was hardly an organization in the communal life of Winnipeg and Manitoba—from professional associations, charitable foundations, from university bodies to cultural and social agencies—to which Sam Freedman didn't contribute something of lasting value. We've already heard about Sam's keen intelligence and wit, his love of learning and of the English language that made him such a sought-after speaker. His generosity in accepting invitations to speak at gatherings great and small allowed the broader community to enjoy the wit and wisdom that might otherwise have been accessible only to his circle of friends and professional colleagues. Sam sparkled particularly as an after-dinner speaker, but on more staid occasions he was a master of the reasoned statement who could not only bend juries and persuade judges, but could also speak with an unforced scholarship that easily charmed even the most jaded, learned audience in a formal lecture.

Now, it's clearly impossible in the pitifully short time allotted to me by our tyrannical and parsimonious master of ceremonies to do justice to the full sweep of Sam's influence beyond the contributions he made during his brilliant career as a lawyer and judge, which were so elegantly portrayed by Bryan Schwartz. And so I've chosen to speak about Sam Freedman's contributions in the community of scholarship. First, because it's what I know best, and second, because it serves to illustrate attributes that he brought to bear in all of his communal associations—attributes that I hope to capture with some personal reflections about Sam Freedman as what I shall refer to: an incidental mentor.

For me, that mentorship began decades before I actually met him. For a time when I was growing up, our extended family lived in the same neighbourhood in the North End as Sam and his parents, and I can recall

my grandfather pointedly telling me stories about the Freedman boys, and their dedication to learning, in an attempt to persuade me to abandon my own rather casual approach to schooling. And I didn't encounter Sam in the flesh until the early 1960s when both of us were holed up at Clear Lake, I to study for my specialist certification examinations and Sam to write his report as a one-man royal commission appointed by Lester Pearson to conduct an inquiry into the effect of technological changes on railway workers.

We met on occasion during breaks from our respective chores and walked together: a wet-behind-the-ears junior professor and a distinguished jurist completing his second term as Chancellor of the University. We talked about all manner of academic things as if the gulf between us in terms of experience, achievement and status didn't exist. I was, of course, captivated by his quiet authority and personal warmth, and only later came to appreciate fully the depth and breadth of Sam Freedman's commitment to and influence on higher education both in Manitoba and as a Governor of the Hebrew University in Israel.

Sam served as the sixth chancellor of the University for nearly 10 years, a year past the 9 year usual maximum. He brought to that office an unsurpassed level of engagement and distinction. The late historian William Morton described the chancellor of the University as "the institution's chosen friend in the world," and the University of Manitoba has never had a better friend. Although Sam understood and was sensitive to the longstanding traditions (some would say, idiosyncrasies) of the University and the academic culture, he was nonetheless an eloquent, vigorous, and tireless champion of reforming how universities are governed.

Someone once asked about the power of the Chancellor, to which Sam replied, "the Chancellor really doesn't have any power. He does have influence, but only with those who don't know he has no power."

Sam spoke often and passionately for a holistic vision of higher education, a vision that embraces a fusion of the sciences and humanities and that reconciles the claims of the individual and the needs of society. He cautioned repeatedly against too narrow a view of the purposes of higher education. I recall, as Jack probably does, a conference at the University of Manitoba in the 1980s during the period when politicians and business leaders were calling for Universities to be more responsive to the immediate needs of the marketplace. Sam noted that some of the

rhetoric he used called to mind the anti-intellectualism of an earlier era, and he illustrated his point by referring to an anecdote about Adlai Stevenson who, during his second campaign for the presidency of the United States, hired a speechwriter whose main responsibility was to tone down the intellectual quality of the candidate's utterances. To split an infinitive here, dangle a participle there, all with the intention of demonstrating that the candidate was no different from the ordinary man. But Sam didn't mean to suggest that the crude anti-intellectualism of that era was once again in the ascendency, nor was he against the University here, the academy, seeking to work more closely with industry and other sectors of society. But it was rather to alert us to the danger of exalting utilitarianism, or emphasizing it to the point where it blinds us to other values, fidelity to which has always been the hallmark of every University worthy of the name. So it wasn't against usefulness that Sam spoke, but against too narrow a conception of utility. He said, "The study of the Humanities may not be a guarantee of employability, wealth, position or power. It is justification and utility enough that such study will enrich one's life and make it more meaningful."⁹

There were many occasions over the ensuing years when I had the privilege of being in Sam's company, often as a result of chance encounters. They invariably left a lasting impression. He could be both persuasive and relentless in pursuit of a worthwhile goal. I recall vividly sitting at a luncheon table at the Shaarey Zedek with Mosha Pravis (the Dean of Medicine at the Ben-Gurion University of the Negev) with Sam seated between us, and Pravis and I were sort of warily skirting around the idea of an exchange agreement between Ben-Gurion and Manitoba, and Sam reached out, gripped my arm with one of his hands and Pravis' arm with the other, and he held on, and would not let go until we formally agreed to establish the program.

Beneath Sam's unfailing courtesy, warmth and congeniality, there was a rock-solid core of principle and commitment to high standards. But even when these qualities surfaced, they were often adorned by his customary wit. And one day after listening to a visiting lecture I asked Sam what he thought about the lecturer, and Sam whispered in my ear, twinkle in his

⁹ This sentiment comes from Sam's speech upon his installation as Chancellor, *infra* page 155.

eye, “Arnold, not only does he not know his subject, he apparently isn’t even curious about it.”

In trying to find a way to capture or to encapsulate the silent message that Sam’s incidental mentorship imprinted on me and many others, I recall something his beloved brother Max wrote. And I quote:

One soon learns that the world is a blind lottery, awarding its prizes with blundering generosity or denying its awards with cruel caprice, often preferring the spasm of prejudice to the splendour of justice. That many of the noisy figures who fill the headlines with their strident self-advertisement count for much less in the scale of values than some shy and obscure professor pointing to a forgotten principle or defending a neglected truth.

Well, Sam was neither shy nor obscure. But he was certainly resolute in pointing to forgotten principles and neglected truths, and in demonstrating that learning and scholarship at its best can give one courage in defeat, consolation in adversity, incentive to accomplishment, fidelity in success, and, upon an heroic few such as Sam, they will place a compulsion to greatness.

I know that others in many sectors of our communal life will have had the benefit of Sam Freedman’s incidental mentorship, and I feel they would wish to join me in paying homage to a man who helped us all discern amongst the fevered activities and challenges of our daily preoccupations those things that are essential for the maintenance of a civilized society—a man who taught us to value the right things. Thank you.

V. SAMUEL FREEDMAN’S FAMILY LEGACY: MR. JUSTICE MARTIN FREEDMAN

I’m very honoured to be part of this wonderful opening ceremony for the exhibit on my father. Before I make some observations on his legacy to his family, I do want to express some words of gratitude. I’m at the podium this evening in a representative capacity: on behalf of my mother, my sister Susan and her husband Bill Galloway, my sister Phyllis and her husband Bill Shrague, my wife Roxie and all our children and grandchildren and, in my mother’s case, great grandchildren. And on behalf of all of us I wish to thank very sincerely the Jewish heritage center for their sponsorship and presentation of this exhibit.

I’m fully aware that this exhibit and this evening represent the combined effort of many people, but I think they will all understand if I

express particular appreciation to just a few. To Jerry Posner, for his imagination in conceiving the project and his determination in seeing it through to reality, to A. Banhan for his constant support and guidance, to the financial sponsors of the exhibit for their friendship and for their patronage, and especially to Susan Turner, the curator of the exhibit, for her creative and dynamic approach to the challenges in culling and displaying the highlights of my father's public life. She worked many long hours and the results show her exemplary efforts. To all of them, as well as to the other participants this evening—Jack, Bryan, Arnold and Harold—I express the family's sincere thanks.

My father was the product of the immigrant experience, as were so many of the parents and grandparents of Winnipeg's Jewish community. His parents—Nathan and Ada—lived in what is now the Ukraine. My father was born there in 1908, as he said, in a field near the city of Zhytomyr which is about 75 miles west of Kiev. The family name there was Chasen, but for reasons never entirely clear it was changed to Freedman on entry to Canada.

In 1909, Nathan left for Canada, and about 2 and a half years later Ada came here with her five children, the eldest about 12. My father, the youngest at 3, told us that their ship, which departed I think from Lebo in Latvia, stopped briefly in Liverpool. He was frequently asked in later years where the family came from so, when the mood struck him, he felt technically justified in saying, "We came from England."

He grew up in the North End. He often said how fortunate that was for him, but by the time each of his 4 children was born, our family had migrated to Central Winnipeg, to Kennedy street, and then to Broadway. And then, in the fall of 1947, when Phyllis was just a baby, we moved to the south end—Cordova near Jackson, now Corydon, where my parents lived for about 40 years.

Growing up, we were all acutely conscious of the public facets of our father's life, especially his speechmaking which involved much community work and travel, greatly enriching our parents' lives. But he was, after all, still our father, and we were equally conscious of aspects of his character that came to epitomize him to us, and which represent the predominant, the private, but very real, Sam Freedman.

Let me mention a few of those personal qualities which exemplify and are the genesis of his legacy to his family. And while everyone who knew

him also knew those same characteristics, we three often saw them from a unique perspective.

He was extremely hard-working, and he was determined to succeed in a career of first, private practice, and then, and principally, public service. Yet he was invariably modest and self-effacing, and those latter traits in particular were very evident to us and in many different ways. As one example, we saw that he was never particularly motivated by money. Naturally, having started to practice law in the depths of the depression, earning \$125 a month, he was not oblivious to financial success, but it never drove him. He seemed to believe that things would turn out alright as they usually did.

And then—and if there's ever a time and a place to disclose a few of the family secrets I suppose this might be it—then there was father's establishment of the Freedman Ford Estate Plan. Now this was in the days before Lotto 6/49, and this family secret was his hope—that never really reached the level of an expectation—that he would be named a beneficiary of Henry Ford's will. That he and Ford had never met was only a minor impediment. The amount that he planned Ford would give him was well thought out and precisely calculated. Susan recalls it as exactly \$116,000. Now, it was not that large (certainly not for Henry Ford) but it was large enough to cover off all known and anticipated obligations, such as a mortgage. His innate sense of modesty and proportion prevented him from expecting, or planning for, a larger amount. And when it turned out that he was left out of the will, he accepted the disappointment with characteristic equanimity.

His modesty was matched by his patience with his children and, I think, with everyone and everything. That patience mirrored a calm, gentle, and reflective temperament, steeped in the classics and not very adept at what we would call high-tech endeavours, or even low-tech activities. As an example, he was, to understate it, not very mechanically inclined. Household chores were a challenge. And not only was he not handy with a hammer, he was not especially comfortable behind the wheel of a car. Now this may have been understandable. He bought his first car only after he became a judge, when he was in his 40s, so he learned to drive when whatever aptitude he might otherwise have had was somewhat diminished. But that did not bother him, and he adapted with his usual calm and patient approach. The best illustration is the summer trip that the family took to Detroit Lakes, where my mother and sisters sat in the

backseat of the car and my father gave me my job, sitting in the right front seat. And that job was, as he was driving on the entire trip on the highway, that job was to tell him, the driver, patiently going along, exactly how close he was to the side of the road.

He didn't look like an athlete, and he probably wasn't much of one, but he certainly loved sports. He played baseball as a youth acquiring a bent finger from a missed catch, and he proudly displayed it thereafter as proof of his athletic pedigree. He loved the Blue Bombers and he was a fan his whole life. He took us to Osborne Stadium and then to Winnipeg Stadium, dressed up for winter in his galoshes. And Golf became a passion at Clear Lake and at Glendale. Nothing pleased him more than a solid drive, and if it went 125 yards, it was straight and he was happy.

There's another family secret, and this one originates in his love of the movies. And this was his long-distance love affair, conducted with my mother's tolerant acquiescence, with the alluring film actress Ruth Roman. Although, like Henry Ford, she never had the pleasure of actually meeting my father, she was sort of an earlier version of Elizabeth Taylor, and she was his favourite. He was truly enamored of her in a pure and Platonic sense. This was a classic unrequited love—as far as we know. She was attractive, but I've concluded that the real attraction was that Ruth Roman looked a lot like Brownie.

So, how did having Sam as a father impact his children? For such a public person he was quite reserved with his private feelings. Some of us might have inherited that trait. He seemed to us to be inherently moderate and always fair. He was pretty consistently non-directive with us. He was always supportive of what we did, but he let each of us find our own way. And yet, he clearly had a very real influence on us, on our interests, and on our chosen paths. He must have passed on his love of theatre to us since he, and now we, adored Broadway and London's west end. Dramas, musicals, everything. Susan's love of and work in the theatre can be traced back to a household where theatre arts magazine arrived monthly with the full script of a new London or Broadway play in every issue. Susan read them all, and she grew up thinking it was normal to see six plays in three days if you had the chance. Sam and Brownie did it all the time.

Phyllis recalls that, growing up, we were never expressly told of the value and importance of reading and reading widely. That was something we learned from him by osmosis, rather than by lecture. And the importance of working hard was also shown by example, not words. Every

night we saw him writing his speeches and his judgements at the dining room table. Phyllis' work in journalism over the years has a direct linkage to that dining room table.

And as for me, I have no doubt that my father's example and his subtle influence on me had a great deal to do with my own career path. We saw that he seemed to value rationality over emotion, and that his head ruled his heart in all matters. There was one notable exception, and that was his love for mother. From their first date, when he, ever the romantic, ordered a sardine sandwich, he threw caution to the winds. It was love forever. And while this evening and this exhibit—which we're going to see shortly—is all about my father, we in the family know that his successes would never have happened in the same way or to the same extent were it not for my mother. Without Brownie, Sam would not have been Sam.

Well, the opening of this wonderful exhibit is, for us, a very tangible reminder of those characteristics of our father of which we were so very much aware. His strength of character. His gentle and courteous approach to all. His innate fairness. His sense of humour. His calmness, patience, and self-effacing, yet self-assured, sense of himself. And finally, his deep love of his family. And for all that, we are truly grateful. Thank you.

