

Graham Victor Stallard

If you are reading this, I must have fallen off my perch! I arrived on the planet at a most inauspicious time and place; a few months into the Second World War in Southern England – 29th February 1940, at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight to be exact.

My parents were very supportive of their wimpy kid. Mum planted a remarkably non-tribal outlook, with a distinct curiosity about “the other”. In my late teens Dad encouraged a sense of responsibility – trusting me with his 50-passenger tourist boat. I never hurt a passenger nor damaged the boat – this was all before I could drive a car.

In the late 1950’s I moved from a little seaside village to the “big city” to attend the London School of Economics. Next, in an uncharacteristic act of bravery, I moved a quarter of the way around the planet to Vancouver. I must have run out of bravery as I stayed in S.W. British Columbia for the rest of my life!

LSE figured that “a community planner was a geographer with a job”. The UBC School of Community and Regional Planning was the entry point to a delightfully varied planning career, serving the full range of communities (and the odd regional agency or two) on the Lower Mainland, Vancouver Island, including even a few in the Southern Interior. Looking back, the fondest memories were being heavily involved in the restructuring of Victoria’s Inner City. Later in life I gravitated to the front counter helping people understand “the system” and to untangle their development aspirations. Trying to be objective and rational in a notoriously turbulent world was a challenge!

The professional institutes (BC and national) absorbed a lot of my time, as Editor of the regional magazine, on both PIBC and CIP councils and two terms each as President of both. As

a Council member I acted as “curmudgeon in residence”, where a valued colleague commented that “You make us think!” It was an entertaining experience that took me throughout BC, across the country, and even as far as Cyprus.

In 1970 I married Gabriele Seidel. Our contribution to saving the planet was not to have kids! Actually, it was because between us we had too many medical peculiarities that would be unfair to pass on. After three reasonably happy decades Gabi’s health problems overwhelmed her at too young an age.

I could not have had better in-laws. Sadly, only Gabi’s sister Marianne remains.

Gabi and I rattled around from job to job – which seems to be all too common a situation among the professions. It was a mixture of fascinating and challenging. Settling in Sidney over two decades ago I resolved never to move again!

Special thanks to my long-term close friends Lois Ferguson and Nick Dorken. Thanks for putting up with me! I must also add Lois’ sons and families. They fill a void, as my birth relatives are all gone. There was also a long line of animal companions – mainly dogs, especially “Buster”. Even friends acquired in planning, and more recently as a tour guide for the B.C. Aviation Museum are thinning out alarmingly.

In addition to aviation, I pursued a strong interest in the sea and ships and served as a correspondent for ShipPax magazines of Halmstad, Sweden. Oh yes, in my twenties I was a member of the Royal City Sports Car Club.

My favourite Aunt once confided that I was from a long line of smartasses, and I have done my best to live down to this reputation! I tend to see the world in cartoon images and one-liners. Looney Tunes were a firm favourite, and as Bugs Bunny would have said “THAT’S ALL FOLKS!”

Oh, please no formal gatherings. If you feel like it, have a

drink and do a random act of kindness in my memory.

Survived by Lois Ferguson, Nick Dorken, Buster, and many friends.

Condolences may be shared below.

McCall Gardens

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