

February 1st, 1978

The Passport Office,
Canadian High Commissioner,
Canada House,
Trafalgar Square,
London, S.W.1.

Ref. No: 77-K-157

For the kind attention of Mrs. Taylor

Dear Madam,

Thank you very much indeed for telephoning me this morning, and particularly for taking so much trouble over this matter.

I enclose my Irish nationality document with pleasure.

At the outbreak of the 1939-45 war I was in Upper Burma. I arrived in England in November 1939, and served in the British army from then until December 1945. In 1940 I married an English girl. When I left the army at the end of the war I wanted to return to Canada; but my wife objected to this plan (not altogether unreasonably, I thought) on the grounds that she would be totally cut off from seeing her family or friends, especially as my plan would have been to go west. Accordingly when a good opportunity arose to work in Ireland (the Republic, as it now is), I took it, and we lived there from the first half of 1946 until I retired. I have been in England, at the above address since the end of May of last year.

In 1969 I wanted to buy a piece of land in Co. Cork. Non-Irish citizens were limited to a maximum of 3 acres at that time (later increased to 5, but still very much too little), so I applied for Irish nationality as a necessary step to buying the land, and got this automatically since I had been more than 7 years in Eire without being geoled. It was simply a matter of applying and paying out some £20.00 for the privelege, and it never entered my head that I could have trouble with my Canadian nationality. Indeed I had my Canadian passport renewed at least once since

once since/

1969 by our Embassy in Dublin -- but I think that the renewal forms may well have been old stock, because I am quite sure that there was no question about other nationality on them as there is now.

At the risk of being even more long-winded than I have been up-to-date, here are a few more details: The Kaulbachs (or Kaulbacks -- it is spelled both ways now) settled in what became Lunenburg N.S. in 1740 something, and the family has been Canadian ever since. My grandfather was Archdeacon of Truro N.S. My father joined the British army in 1894 (there being no real Canadian army in those days) and was adjutant at the R.M.C. Kingston from 1908 to 1912, when he was posted to India. He returned to Europe for the 1914-18 war and remained with his regiment (which he commanded from 1923 to '28) until he died. I was therefore educated in England, but -- like my father and mother -- I always considered myself as being Canadian, as, indeed, I was. After I got my degree from Cambridge University* I made two exploratory journeys in Central Asia on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, and was in the middle of a third when the last war broke out.

I hope all this rigmarole explains why I was out of Canada for so many years.

And now my fingers are crossed that I may be forgiven my trespasses and have my Canadian nationality restored to me!

Yours faithfully,

R. Kaulback.

* in 1931

P.S. As a further detail, my son got his Honours degree at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon, and is now working in Ottawa as an ecologist -- so the family still strives to be Canadian!

P.P.S. I would happily give up my Irish nationality, of course, if that would help.