

about de papier

Vol. 27, No. 2

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Photograph of bearer
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Remembering Tehran and John Sheardown

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY JORDAN REEVES

Philippine Portraits

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY LIZA LINKLATER

Montréal, ville internationale

PAR GILLES GINGRAS

Joseph E. Harris
(Signature of bearer - Signature du titulaire)



Joseph E. Harris

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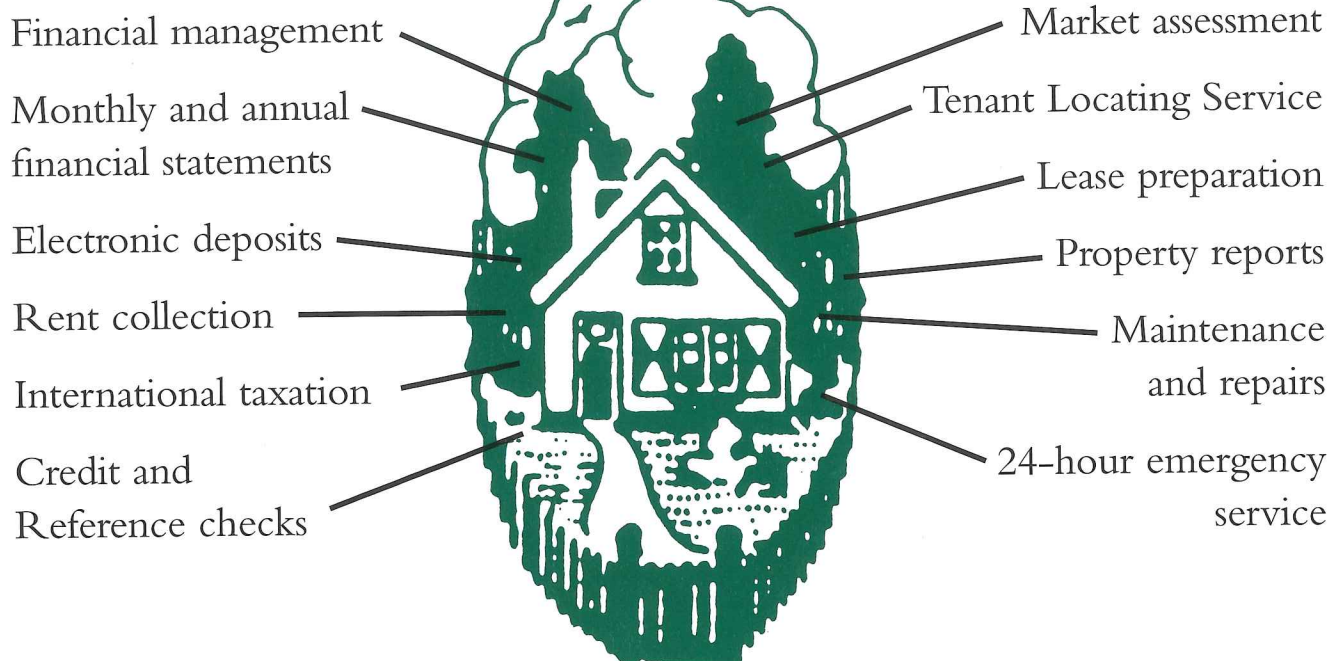
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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bout de papier is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 412, 47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 613-241-1391, FAX 613-241-5911.

E-mail: boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

Opinions expressed in **bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

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bout de papier est une publication trimestrielle de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur, pièce 412, 47, rue Clarence, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 613-241-1391, Téléc. 613-241-5911.

Courrier électronique : boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

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Prrière d'avertir de tout changement d'adresse.

ISSN 0833-9864

bout de papier

Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

SPRING 2013 /
PRINTEMPS 2013

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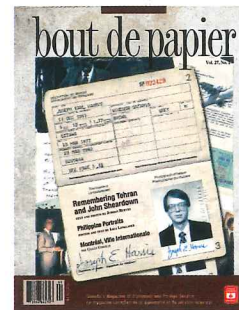
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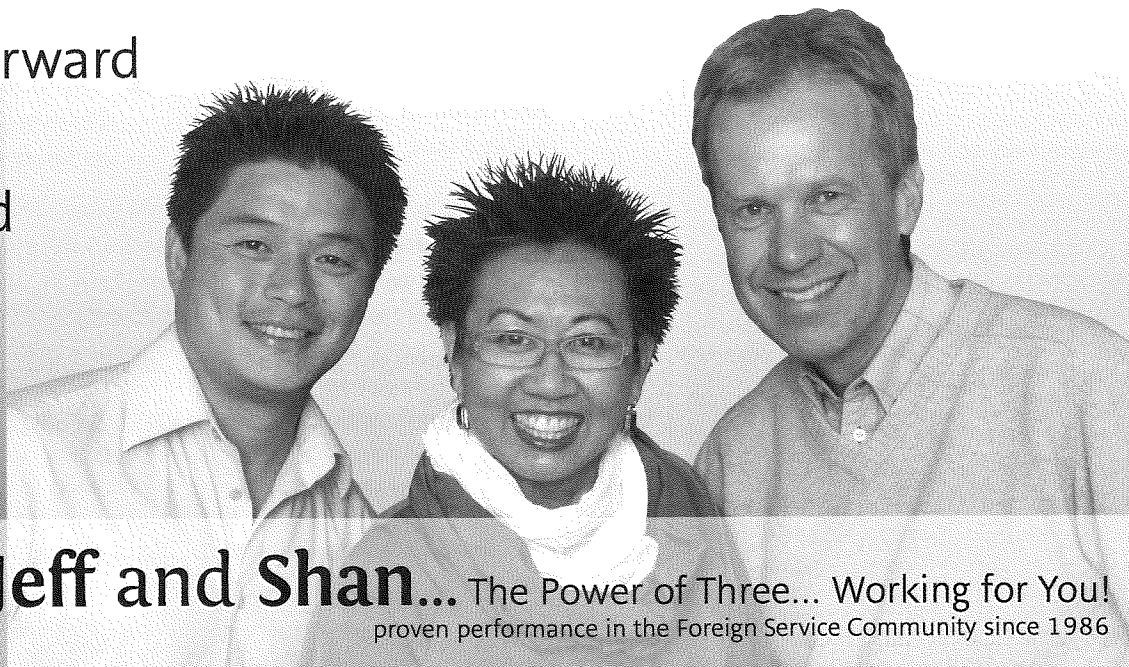
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When to Slam the Lid

While funerals are for the dead, in truth they are for the living, locking in shared memories of loved ones and those we admired to ensure their continued relevance. In that spirit this issue is dedicated to John Sheardown, a collective eulogy.

John était-il un héros méconnu? John a tenu tête au terrorisme. Sa bravoure et son altruisme étaient connus de tous ceux et celles qui ont participé de près à l'aventure des « évadés d'Iran », le cachement et le sauvetage de membres de l'ambassade des États-Unis à Téhéran qui ont réussi à éviter de devenir des otages en 1979, abrités par des amis canadiens. Les autorités iraniennes ont déclaré que les auteurs de la prise d'otages étaient des « étudiants »; Mark Lijek, un des « invités » et contributeur au présent numéro, les appelle simplement des terroristes ayant agi pour le compte de l'ayatollah Khomeini.

Given a few degrees of separation from the events of 1979 and our awareness of brave deeds and people fades fast. I am proof of it: I blame myself for not reading up on the Caper at the time. I regret that I was on posting when the CBC aired its landmark special on those events. Years later, as Editor of this journal, I learned of Sheardown's decisive courage, wisdom and humanity in Iran amidst that country's desperate turmoil following the fall of the Shah. "Blame" is the right word: I had worked for Ken Taylor for a year in New York after the Caper (when he was playfully referred to by Chantal Hébert, one of Canada's foremost journalists – even then – as our "Consul-vedette"), and I served in the Mideast division and in Washington working on Mideast issues for more than seven years...and yet I knew nothing of John Sheardown or Zena, his wife.

Faut-il faire amende honorable? Bien sûr. Mais, si je ne savais rien, combien d'autres – sans reproche, pour une fois – se trouvaient dans le même bateau? En général, nous, les Canadiens, ne rendons pas toujours justice à nos héros et chefs de file.

Vous souvenez-vous des célébrations qui, il y a quelques années, ont marqué le cinquantenaire de la plus grande réalisation diplomatique du Canada, le prix Nobel de la paix décerné à Lester Pearson, alors ministre des Affaires extérieures? Pas même un timbre.

John thought little of the risk to himself or his spouse in taking in the would-be hostages: it was simply the right thing to do.

So why is John Sheardown special? According to John Kneale, also in Tehran at the time of the hostage taking, it was revealed in his talent for slamming the lid of an official vehicle. Puzzled? Read on! According to Mark Lijek, it is because John thought little of the risk to himself or his spouse in taking in the would-be hostages: it was simply the right thing to do. For others it is because when it came time for Honours, he insisted that spouses were as entitled to national recognition as other key Canadian players in those gut-wrenching times. He fought such discrimination and they too received Honours. That's the short list.

Téhéran dans les années 70, ça peut paraître loin. Habités que nous sommes depuis ce temps à tant de violence au Moyen-Orient et ailleurs, nous avons perdu de vue le règne de terreur que l'ayatollah Khomeini avait imposé à tous les supposés ennemis de la révolution islamique. En furetant dans les rayonnages d'un ami en prévision du présent numéro, je suis tombé sur « Prisoner of Iran: One woman's story of survival in an Iranian prison », de Marina

Nemat. Publié en 2007, son récit poignant débute alors que, jeune adolescente, elle demande à un enseignant pro-islamiste de cesser de prêcher politique et de commencer à enseigner le calculus. Elle lui ordonne de partir. Toute la classe, en ayant assez elle aussi, se lève et sort avec elle.

Denounced by her teacher and hauled into Tehran's most notorious prison, she was tortured but saved from execution by her interrogator...just as shots rang out executing other chador-clad teenagers who were a "threat" to the revolution. It is as if Anne Frank were rescued by some associate of Dr. Mengele's and lived to write her incomparable account of unspeakable injustice. Nemat's rescuer forced her conversion, married her and ultimately saved her life again as the revolution's assassins turned their guns on them both. Whatever the setting, it seems the distance between good and evil becomes bewilderingly small when zealots take charge. Ms. Nemat later found safe haven in Canada.

Dans la notice nécrologique de John Sheardown que nous devons à Kurt Jensen, il est fait mention de John, d'un cochon de lait et de termes vigoureux qu'on pourrait considérer aujourd'hui comme politiquement incorrects. Replacé sans le contexte de l'époque de M^{me} Nemat, son ton de défi devient immédiatement intelligible. John Sheardown représentait ce que bon nombre de personnes considéreraient comme des valeurs typiquement canadiennes. Il a encore beaucoup de choses à nous apprendre – en commençant par savoir quand simplement claquer le coffre de l'auto. ☺

– Stuart Hughes

The Foreign Service Strikes for Equal Pay

In mid-March, the 1,350 members of the Foreign Service occupational group voted 82% in favour of job action to bolster our position at the bargaining table. Nearly 75% of members cast a ballot. This follows a year and a half of contract talks plagued by impasse and delay. By the time negotiations broke off in January 2013, the Treasury Board's pay position had not moved one inch since the launch of negotiations in August 2011.

For any public service union, such a turnout and mandate would be remarkable. Under current fiscal and political circumstances – and given our group's vocation to analyze key players and motivations in any negotiation, assess levers and options, and pursue an achievable course of action – this mandate is nothing short of overwhelming.

Le service extérieur est en situation de grève légale depuis le 2 avril et, le même jour, nous avons amorcé des mesures de pression au travail, d'abord sous la forme de « piquets d'information électroniques » – des réponses courriel automatiques avisant les contacts de la rupture des négociations collectives et offrant des excuses pour tout retard dans la prestation de services. La grève du zèle a suivi une semaine plus tard, les agents FS refusant de travailler des heures supplémentaires, de vérifier leurs BlackBerry en dehors des heures d'affaires, de remplacer leurs gestionnaires ou d'exercer des tâches qui ne figurent pas dans leurs descriptions de travail.

De nouvelles mesures viendront s'ajouter au cours des prochaines semaines, avec des conséquences de plus en plus graves – jusqu'au refus de services inclusivement, s'il le faut – si le Conseil du Trésor ne revient pas à la table pour une franche discussion sur nos revendications raisonnables auxquelles il fait la sourde oreille depuis longtemps.

The key issue at stake is simple: **equal pay for equal work**. Foreign Service officers are subjected to a series of unfair and demoralizing wage gaps at all four levels

of our pay scale compared to other federal professionals performing similar or identical work. The latter include economists, commerce officers, policy analysts, and lawyers. Often these employees work right next to us in neighbouring cubicles. Gaps range from a minimum of \$3,000 at the FS-03 level all the way up to \$14,000 per year for FS-02s. We were prevented from addressing them in the last round of bargaining in 2009 when the Government circumvented collective bargaining and imposed wages through legislation.

The FS group is simply looking to catch up to what these workers have been granted in their own contract negotiations with Treasury Board. While some of these gaps are recent, others have persisted for eight years and long predate not only current fiscal circumstances but even the current Government. The result is that, over the last few years, diplomats are cumulatively out of pocket thousands – and in some cases, tens of thousands – of dollars compared to their professional colleagues.

Parallèlement, ces autres travailleurs et travailleuses n'ont pas à relever les mêmes défis que nous. Nos familles doivent régulièrement déménager, nos enfants doivent constamment changer d'écoles, nos conjoints et conjointes doivent quitter leur emploi, nous risquons notre sécurité et notre santé dans des environnements dangereux et nous ratons un nombre incalculable d'anniversaires de naissance et autres moments précieux avec notre famille et nos amis pendant que nous vivons, des mois et des années durant, dans des zones de guerre et de catastrophe.

Foreign Service officers recognize that in these tough economic times, everyone must do their part. Diplomats are no exception. But we **have** done our part. We have accepted the Government's two key demands: wage increases of 1.5% per year (well below average national wage growth and inflation) and the elimination of severance pay on retirement and resignation (in effect a 2% annual pay cut).

In exchange, we have simply asked that the maximum pay at each level of the FS group be lifted one increment in the third and final year of the contract – except at the FS-02 level, where the gap is so large (\$14,000) that it would require three additional increments, one in each year of the contract. The total bill for these adjustments would be less than 2.5% of the total FS payroll by the third and most expensive year.

I sometimes hear that job action is unbecoming of a diplomat – that we are dedicated professionals who are here to get the job done, regardless of the hardship endured. We do this out of a sense of calling, not for the money. Well, PAFSO has learned through the years that this principled but passive approach simply makes us a doormat for cost containment. This happened in the 1990s, when diplomats became the worst-paid professionals in the public service. And we are on a slippery slope seeing this again.

En recourant à des moyens de pression au travail, nous ne tentons pas d'embarrasser le gouvernement ou de lancer des campagnes publiques contre le Conseil des ministres. Nous avons simplement pour objectif d'amener le Conseil du Trésor à reconnaître la valeur réelle du travail de haute qualité que nous accomplissons, souvent dans des circonstances difficiles, pour atteindre les priorités internationales du gouvernement. Et nous voulons qu'il convienne qu'en toute justice – valeur canadienne fondamentale que nos membres défendent chaque jour – notre rémunération doit être au moins égale à celle des fonctionnaires qui exercent les mêmes tâches à Ottawa.

After eight years of seeing the can kicked down the road by our employer, the Foreign Service has declared resoundingly that the time has come to insist on a fair deal. Canada's face and frontline abroad deserves nothing less. ☺

Tim Edwards was elected President of PAFSO in October 2011.



Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Photographed by Steve Farmer Photography.

Salvator Rosa, *Landscape with Two Soldiers and Ruins*, c. 1650. Gift of the United States of America in recognition of the historic 1813 decision of the Honourable Sir Alexander Croke, Justice of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, Halifax, respecting prizes of war. Presented by the United States Consul-General at Halifax, 1952.

Prize, Paintings and Precedent in the War of 1812

by Faye Kert

Note de la rédaction : Faye Kert est l'une des premières autorités du Canada concernant un drôle de subterfuge de notre histoire : les vaisseaux corsaires. Pour le dire crûment, c'était de la piraterie légalisée. Par lettres patentes de la Couronne, des vaisseaux « marchands » étaient autorisés à capturer les navires ennemis et, dans la plupart des cas, à conserver une grande partie de leur butin. Beaucoup ont fait fortune durant la guerre de 1812, dont le procureur général de la Nouvelle-Écosse à l'époque ne fut pas le moindre; son manoir, Mt Uniacke près de Halifax, est aujourd'hui un musée provincial et un trésor de parures de l'époque georgienne comparable à nul autre au Canada. Si les corsaires sont aujourd'hui choses du passé, un autre legs ne l'est pas : un jugement de la Cour supérieure de l'amirauté de Halifax a fait jurisprudence en matière de propriété d'œuvres d'art saisies en temps de guerre. Qui aurait cru que les vaisseaux corsaires, un juge de Halifax irritable et la guerre de 1812 auraient inspiré le droit international de la propriété culturelle de nos jours? M^{me} Kert en fait la preuve.



Robert Field, *Sir Alexander Croke*, c. 1808
Photo © National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa/Musée des beaux-arts du Canada, Ottawa

The Prize

On July 10, 1812, Captain Frederick Hickey of HM Sloop of War *Atalante* was about 100 nautical miles east of Halifax when he encountered an American merchant vessel heading home to Salem, Massachusetts. Compared to the 416-ton sloop of war *Atalante*, the *Marquis de Somerueles* was a square-sterned merchant ship of about 360 tons, owned by Richard Gardner. Having left their respective ports more than a month earlier, neither Captain Hickey nor Thomas Moriarty, the master of the American ship, was aware that their countries were now at war. Hickey, however, was under orders to stop American vessels and ensure that their papers were in order and that they had not violated the Orders in Council that were in force when he left England. Similarly, John Gardner, Jr., acting as supercargo aboard his brother's ship had been cautioned, "by no means go contrary to the British Orders in Council but conform yourself strictly to a Neutral line of Conduct..."

The *Somerueles*, named after a late 18th century Governor of Cuba, was returning from Italy after nearly a year abroad and carried a rich and varied cargo intended for the American market. As Hickey examined the invoices and cargo lists he noted paper, marble, silks, feathers, artificial flowers, wine, brandy, umbrellas, hats and cases and crates containing 21 paintings and 52 prints and engravings consigned to Mr. Joseph Allen Smith of Philadelphia.

Aware of the profit that could be made from confiscating such a cargo on behalf of His Majesty, Captain Hickey minutely examined the hundreds of bills of lading and letters handed to him. The ship had loaded its cargo at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, and the goods had come from well south of the line drawn by the Orders in Council of 26 April 1809. Ostensibly, everything was in order. Or was it?

According to the letter of the law, any cargo brought to Civita Vecchia by water from an unauthorized port was equally liable to confiscation. Among the documents was a list of articles shipped from Leghorn, an excluded port, accompanied by an exchange of correspondence between John Gardner, Jr. and representatives of the firm of PH & A Filicchi of Leghorn. One, dated 28 March 1810, refers to hats and umbrellas which had not been sent but would be shipped at the first opportunity. The other, dated Leghorn, 5 April 1812, mentions "two boxes prints etc. forwarded by Messrs Morelli and Guentini" which would be shipped with 20 boxes umbrellas, hats, trunks and 20 half chests at a cost of \$11,842.29 along with goods received from Florence for \$150.98 shipping.

Had Captain Hickey decided that there were insufficient grounds for delaying the vessel further, he could have sent it on its way. Instead, his sense of duty (heightened, no doubt, by the prospect of a rich cargo) led him to suspect that some of the hats and other fashionable goods on board might have been purchased in Leghorn, in violation of the Orders of Council. As he was bound for Halifax anyway, Hickey ordered the *Somerueles* to follow him.

There was no point in resisting. While evenly matched in terms of size and weight, the *Atalante* carried 18 guns worth of persuasion. The *Somerueles*, pierced for 20, carried only six guns, stored in the hold and only used "to keep off the small Corsairs in the Straight, the Sardinians and the Corsicans." Mindful of the owner's instructions to cause no trouble, the *Somerueles* dutifully followed the *Atalante* into Halifax.

The minute he reached port and discovered the state of war, Captain Hickey claimed the *Somerueles* as his prize, submitted its papers to the Customs House and set the Vice-Admiralty Court process in motion. Even though Great Britain had not yet responded to the American declaration of war with a similar declaration of

hostility, the United States was considered an enemy and the ships of the Royal Navy were obliged to capture enemy vessels as prize. Without a state of war and a Prize Act, however, vessels like the *Somerueles* would be condemned *jure corone* as the prerogative of the crown rather than awarded to the captor. Fortunately for Captain Hickey, the decision lay with the judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court.

The Vice-Admiralty Court

By the War of 1812, the Halifax Court of Vice-Admiralty, established in 1749, had had more than half a century of experience in the adjudication of prize. With England at war with France off and on from 1793, the Halifax court had plenty of opportunities to hone its expertise in the international law of prize. From 1801 on, the court was under the watchful eye of Judge (later Sir) Alexander Croke, LL.D. Argumentative, conservative and undoubtedly brilliant, Croke's difficult personality set him apart from, if not at odds with, his neighbours and earned him the title of "the most disliked man in Halifax". Nevertheless, it is the "detestable" Alexander Croke who is the hero of this story.

At first, it looked as if the *Somerueles* would be a simple case of capture and condemnation, although not likely to the captor. The ship arrived in port 14 July 1812. The next day a "monition" was nailed to the mast advising anyone with a claim to the prize or cargo that they had 20 days to show the court why the prize should not be condemned as enemy property. Next a sworn statement was taken from the prizemaster for the captured ship, Lt. James Rogers Drew of *Atalante*, regarding where, why and how the prize was taken, and the contents of the cargo and the papers relating to it. Then one or more members of the captured crew were questioned according to a set list of 34 Standing Interrogatories designed to determine whether the capture had been properly conducted and the ship's papers were true and fair. Captain Moriarty and supercargo John Gardner, Jr. were selected to respond to the questions and gave similar answers.

Unlike regular legal process, the adjudication of prize law did not require a jury. Instead, the ship itself was considered the plaintiff whose credibility depended solely on the truth and accuracy of the documents

related to it. The affidavits and Standing Interrogatories by various participants in the capture served to ensure that the ship had been lawfully taken and that none of the documents on board were falsified, lost, thrown overboard or otherwise intended to mislead the court.

Behind the Scenes

As the court process moved ahead, John Gardner Jr. regretfully informed his brother of their loss. Not only was the *Somerueles* a sturdily-built vessel in good condition, it was laden with a valuable cargo representing a considerable capital investment on the part of the owners. Worse, Richard Gardner had confided to his brother, “you will know the Ship & Cargo is nearly everything that I possess and have no insurance done.” No wonder the Gardners felt compelled to write to President James Madison in the middle of a war to ask for his intervention.

As well as complaining that the capture was legally, if not morally questionable, Gardner appealed to Madison’s sympathy. Estimating the value of the vessel and property on board at the time to be \$125,000 to \$140,000, Gardner claimed that no other capture thus far in the war was likely to generate such “loss and suffering, depriving each of us and our father, not only of all we possess and rendering us unable to meet many demands that are against us” but further denying them the means to support their families.

Unfortunately for the Gardners, the war went on, and in February 1813, Judge Croke finally condemned the ship and cargo to the captors under the Orders-in-Council.

The Paintings

While the Gardners were unsuccessfully lobbying President Madison in August 1812, the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts was scrambling to recover the artworks aboard the *Somerueles*. Established in 1805 as the first art gallery and school in the United States, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts was created as a public museum by a group of wealthy citizens, rather than by a group of artists as in the European model. Among its earliest benefactors was Joseph Allen Smith (1769–1828), a native of Charleston, South

Carolina, who had moved to Philadelphia in 1807. An inveterate traveller and art lover, Smith began acquiring classical works of art on his travels through Italy between 1793 and 1796 with an eye to donating them for the benefit of his fellow Americans. Deciding Philadelphia was more accessible than Charleston, Smith decided to place his collections there.

At the same time that Smith was acquiring his initial collection of classical art, the army of revolutionary France, under the young Corsican general, Napoleon Bonaparte, was storming into Italy acquiring art and territory with equal enthusiasm.

Smith must have waited anxiously to see the 21 paintings and 52 prints he had purchased so long ago.

The art was destined for the Musée Napoléon in Paris (later part of the Louvre) while Italy was added to Napoleon’s growing collection of European countries. Smith’s carefully collected paintings and sculptures were caught up in the Napoleonic maelstrom and most of the pieces were never seen again.

Caught between the warring ambitions of England and France, the United States struggled to maintain its neutral status. Although the signing of John Jay’s Treaty with England in 1794 tidied up some loose ends left over from the American Revolution (including borders with Canada) and bought the United States a few years of peace, it infuriated the French and led to diplomatic incidents in Europe and attacks against American shipping in the Caribbean and elsewhere. The chances of Charles Pinckney, American Ambassador to France, bringing Smith’s complaints to sympathetic French ears were slim to non-existent. According to a letter from Pinckney’s wife in 1797, Mr. Smith had told her husband that he had lost 13 cases of wonderful paintings, (“near 3,000 gems”). Also confiscated were a number of sculptures, some antique originals, and some copies of the most famous statues of Rome, Florence and Naples which he had personally commissioned “to gratify his countrymen”.

Endowed with wealth and optimism, Smith persevered with his demands for restoration and by 1800, was able to arrange for the release of two cases of statuary,

plaster casts, books, engravings and a collection of impressions of gems to be shipped to Philadelphia. His donation eventually formed the basis of the new Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Over the next decade, Smith was able to secure additional pieces from his original collection but left them in storage at Civita Vecchia since it was still too dangerous to ship them home. Finally in 1812, a window of opportunity opened as the *Somerueles* was loading cargo for the United States. After consigning his long-lost art to the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia aboard the *Somerueles*, Smith must have waited anxiously to see the 21 paintings and 52 prints he had purchased so long ago.

As soon as the Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy learned of the capture of the *Somerueles*, they authorized John Vaughan of the Pennsylvania Philosophical Society to write to Halifax and see if he could get the paintings returned, and if not, authorized him to offer to buy them back for a price not exceeding \$500. Given the state of war between the two nations, negotiations for the return of the art were conducted by the agents for prisoners of war on both sides; Anthony St. John Baker for the British in Washington and John Mitchell for the Americans in Halifax. In November, Admiral Sawyer, who had originally intended to purchase the paintings for himself, told Mitchell that if the paintings were condemned, he would buy them back on his account and turn them over to the Academy as originally intended.

The Precedent

On 26 February 1813, with both countries well into the war, Judge Croke delivered his verdict concerning the capture of the *Somerueles*: “I condemn vessel and cargo to the captors under the Order-in-Council of April 26.” He then turned to the matter of the Solicitor General’s petition for the release of the paintings, opposed “but not strenuously” by the King’s Advocate. Although the text of the Academy’s original petition seems to have been lost, Croke’s decision reiterates the basis of the claim: “That in the *Somerueles*, from *Italy*, was taken a case belonging to the Academy of Arts in that city, containing twenty-one paintings and fifty-two prints; that they were presented to the Academy by Mr. *Joseph Allen Smith*, who has already

given more objects of the statuary, paintings, and prints which they possess; indeed this is a remnant of what he collected for the purpose of assisting its formation. The value we know not, but in this country, and in an infant establishment, every accession is important."

In outlining the Academy's case, Croke repeated its argument that "even war does not leave science and art unprotected" and since Britons have often considered themselves at peace with these, the Academy was hopeful the paintings would be returned. Their trust was not misplaced. For all his prickly personality, Croke obviously had a soft spot in his heart for art and culture. While the law of nations clearly allowed the confiscation of enemy property during war, Croke believed that "The arts and sciences are admitted amongst all civilized nations, as forming an exception to the severe right of warfare, and as entitled to favour and protection." He pointed out that even Napoleon, despite trampling on justice and humanity and reducing France to barbarism, had enough respect for the natural sciences to release a fellow of the Royal Society when requested to by Sir Joseph Banks, a famed botanist and naturalist who had sailed with Captain Cook.

"We are at war in the just defence of our national rights, not to violate the charities of human nature," Croke declared. Returning the paintings would not only contribute to the reciprocal exchange of civilities between England and its former colony but could only improve taste and public standards of morality on both sides. As he said: "Contemplation of the picturesque arts cannot but reinforce support for moral beauty" to the mutual benefit of all. He was confident that such improvements would happen in the United States since Americans had already proven themselves capable of artistic genius. He observed that Benjamin West, the president of the Royal Academy in Britain and already famous for his painting of *The Death of Wolfe*, had been born in America (in Pennsylvania, in fact).

Despite sounding pompous and paternalistic to modern ears, Croke's rationale for his decision was sincere. He speculated that an institution like the Philadelphia Academy might well promote an advanced state of the arts capable of turning out new Wests to "revive the school of Raffaele in the wilds of America." He felt the improved moral feeling this would generate would

cultivate public taste to the point where a people who prided themselves on liberty like the Americans couldn't bear to become the tool of a foreign despot, presumably Napoleon. Nor would they continue to spurn the hand of friendship held out to them by the land of their forefathers. Croke was sure that once society reached this level, England and America would be united in the bonds of friendship, common interest and enlightened commerce. They would "experience no other enmity than liberal rivalry in every elegant and manly accomplishment."

Not wishing to disappoint American expectations of British liberality and seeking to encourage the laudable cultural aspirations of "an infant society", Croke wished America success and prosperity according to the law of nations as practised by all civilized countries and pronounced: "I deem the restitution of the property which has been thus claimed."

Croke's judgement essentially declared that works of art belonging to a public institution should be considered the cultural patrimony of that nation and, therefore, not subject to the ordinary laws of war. His decision affirmed: "the arts and sciences are admitted amongst all civilized nations, as forming an exception to the severe rights of warfare, and as entitled to favour and protection. They are considered not as the peculium of this or of that nation, but as the property of mankind at large, and as belonging to the common interests of the whole species." Here was the first statement recognizing art as cultural property belonging not just to the country that housed it, but to mankind as a whole. Unaware that this early-nineteenth century opinion would set a precedent for the way the law regards items of cultural significance today, a very grateful Joseph Allen Smith and the members of the Board of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts doubtless breathed a huge sigh of relief.

Back to the Paintings

Lest the artwork fall prey to another passing naval vessel or privateer on its way to Philadelphia in June 1813, it was arranged that it be sent to Boston aboard the cartel ship *Agnes*. It must have been a rough trip, on arrival everything was found soaked in sea water. Although only one painting was damaged beyond repair, the 52 prints

probably did not survive the voyage. To preserve what was left, it was recommended that the paintings complete their journey by wagon, safe from recapture by the French, the English or the sea. On July 15, one final painting was removed from the surviving collection as the directors of the academy presented a painting to Captain Hickey of HMS *Atalante* in gratitude for agreeing to give up a valuable portion of his prize. A charming portrait of a young woman entitled *Petrarch's Laura* by an unknown late-sixteenth, early-seventeenth century artist was sent to Captain Hickey with a letter from the president of the Academy thanking him for his generosity and offering the painting as "a memorial of a transaction of your life which without some token of remembrance may escape your memory, although I trust it never will ours."

Postscript

One would think that with the judgement handed down, the paintings handed over and the participants thanked, the story would be over. But, as Judge Croke observed, art is not subject to the ordinary laws of war, let alone history! In 1948, the American Consul General in Halifax, A.A. Klieforth, sent a copy of Croke's 1813 judgement to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts suggesting that they might like to commemorate their appreciation by donating a work of art from their collection to the province of Nova Scotia. As it turned out, the Academy had gradually revised its collection policy to focus on American art and was quite happy to present the province with a couple of lovely classical landscapes by the well-known Italian artist, Salvator Rosa (1615–1673).

The paintings were presented to the Nova Scotia Museum of the Fine Arts on Thursday, March 18, 1952, by Cabot Colville, Klieforth's successor, on behalf of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. They were received by the Rt. Hon. J.L. Illsley, Honourary President of the Nova Scotia Museum and as Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, a fitting representative for Judge Croke. Interestingly, because Halifax had no provincial art gallery at the time, the paintings were hung in the Provincial Archives building on what is now the property of Dalhousie University and was, in 1813, almost on the site of Sir Alexander Croke's former home, "Studley".



Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Photographed by Steve Farmer Photography.

Salvator Rosa, *Rocky Landscape with Figures*, c. 1650. Gift of the United States of America in recognition of the historic 1813 decision of the Honourable Sir Alexander Croke, Justice of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, Halifax, respecting prizes of war. Presented by the United States Consul-General at Halifax, 1952.

Is the case of the captured paintings closed? Not quite. In 1958, Joseph T. Fraser, the Director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, received a letter from a woman in Bristol, England. She and her brother-in-law had inherited the contents of a home in Wales no longer owned by the family. Included in this bequest was a painting of *Petrarch's Laura* originally belonging to one of their ancestors, a Captain Hickey. As neither she nor her brother-in-law had family to inherit the painting, would the Academy be interested in receiving it back? In September 1958, the last of Joseph Allen Smith's collection of paintings finally returned to Philadelphia nearly 150 years after it was first captured.

Conclusion

Judge Alexander Croke's decision altered forever our acceptance of art as spoils of war and set a precedent for future generations to

follow. It was referenced in the dispute between Greece and England over the "Elgin Marbles" which, depending on your perspective, were either stolen or removed to the British Museum for safekeeping by Lord Elgin in the early nineteenth century. It was also used to support national claims for restitution following Hitler's looting of the great galleries of Europe. Croke's judgement formed part of the premise of the *Hague Convention for the Protection of Cultural Property in the Event of Armed Conflict* signed in 1954 and emerged in discussions about the destruction of museums in Afghanistan and Egypt. Who would have imagined that today's international law governing art as spoils of war owes its inspiration to the war of 1812 and the then "most disliked" man in Halifax? 🌐

Ottawa native **Faye Kert** retired from the federal government having served with the War Museum, the National Museums

Corporation, and Health Canada (as a communications specialist). She worked as an underwater archaeologist in the icy waters of Red Bay, Labrador on early 16th century Basque whaling settlements and the murky waters of the English Channel on Henry the 8th's Mary Rose. With an MA in History from Carleton University and a Phd from the University of Leiden, she is among Canada's foremost authorities on privateering (or "licensed piracy" in the view of some) in Atlantic Canada and has published several related key works. She is working on a volume on privateering in the War of 1812 with Johns Hopkins University Press and is the Book Review Editor for *The Northern Mariner/Le marin du nord* (of the Canadian Nautical Research Society and the North American Society for Oceanic History).

EXCERPTS FROM

Whose Man in Havana?

Adventures from the Far Side of Diplomacy

by John Graham

*At the suggestion of **bout**, I have selected excerpts from three chapters in my book of memoirs *Whose Man in Havana: Adventures from the Far Side of Diplomacy* to be published by Penumbra Press in 2013. The book ranges through Latin America, the Caribbean, the Balkans and Central Asia. The chapters are divided about equally between experiences with External Affairs (as it then was) and international organizations which formed a second career. The fragments below are set in the Dominican Republic, my first posting, Cuba, my second posting, and Bosnia where I worked with the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe (OSCE).*

In many chapters I have focussed on the lighter or eccentric side of people and places, but almost everywhere the dark side intrudes. As I say in my introduction, the intersection of both is black comedy. Substance slips in from time to time.

I should add a note about the Cuban assignment when I worked for External Affairs, but was tasked by the CIA in the immediate and still tense aftermath of the Cuban missile crisis. This story can be told because of the declassification of key documents and sketches by National Defence, Foreign Affairs and the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston.

— John Graham



The author beside a T34 tank.

“Darkness at Noon” – Dominican Republic (1960)

The oncoming car had skidded to a halt. My brake was jammed on, but I kept sliding until I crunched into his fender and head lamp. Indignant, I threw open the car door, clambered out to demand in bad Spanish why the stupid driver was on the wrong side of the road. Three men, now outside their car, began shouting at me and pointing to a sign some 30 meters behind me. Visible in the arc of a street light at the intersection was a sign I had missed that said “no entry – one way street”. One man, presumably the owner, stepped forward to examine the damage. Glancing at the front of my car, he sucked in his breath and barked at his companions. I could not understand what they said, but all three leapt into their car. The driver backed up, changed gear and swung away from me.

What the hell was going on? I was totally in the wrong, but these people were not only rushing away from the accident, but in their haste would not even stop to straighten out the fender that was scraping the tread off the front tire and would soon destroy it. I ran after them for a short distance shouting “stop!”. But the only effect was to accelerate the car and increase the tearing noise as the fender peeled off more bits of tire.

I walked back to my car mystified and unnerved. It was December 1960 and I was in the third week of my first diplomatic posting overseas. I climbed back into my car and attempted unsuccessfully to assure my two Canadian guests that everything was alright. I had picked them up at the airport and we were entering Ciudad Trujillo (formerly and subsequently Santo Domingo) when the accident occurred.

Next morning at the embassy, I told Josefina, one of the locally engaged staff,

what had happened. “Why,” I asked, “had they driven away when it was clearly my fault?”

“Perhaps” said Josefina, “they saw your license plate.”

“Yes, they could have...but my license plate...?”

“That would be enough. Your diplomatic plate is green – the same colour as the plates given to senior government officers. “Look,” she said, “let’s go to the landing.” We stood by the elevator. “When you’ve been here longer you will understand...” She looked at me. “Then maybe you won’t. There’s a lot of foreigners here who don’t want to understand...at least,” she paused, “you know why we can’t talk about this in the office.”

“Sure, the phones are bugged.”

“...and maybe the walls or the light fixtures – or maybe me. It’s almost certain that one member of the embassy staff has been recruited by the secret police.”

"Come on Josefina..."

"You think I'm paranoid. What about the men in the car you crashed last night? You've just explained that it was your fault, but they ran away as if you were death itself. In a way they thought you were. It was dark, they couldn't see you very well. But they could see your plates and they were petrified. Anybody with green plates, except for diplomats, owes his position to Trujillo."

"Sure, but a fender bender...?"

"Listen, their minds were racing with what might happen to them: beaten up; shot on the spot; arrested...Terrible things happen here."

I went back to my office and sat down. This foolish accident was stripping away the remnants of my comfortable Canadian norms. A nightmare was taking their place. Those banana brains in Ottawa had sent me to a tropical version of Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. I was beginning to recognize that above the level of the campesino (peasant farmer), the principal beneficiary of the regime, the entire country was quivering with fear. The dictator's name was not mentioned, even in a neutral context lest the maid, the telephone or the microphone in the wall report potential conspiracy or more likely the absence of the obligatory degree of respect. My friend, Bernstein, generally referred to Trujillo as "scrotums". Megalomania had become a magnetic force. Everyone bent to the dictator and obsequiousness was an art form. Anything less than a superlative was an offence.

Whose Man in Havana? (1963)

One long night sticks vividly in my memory. Air reconnaissance had reported that a Soviet base, probably a SAM missile unit, was packing up, either for redeployment in Cuba or for shipment back to Russia. The Soviet army moved its installations by night to avoid detection. I was given the coordinates of the base and asked to scout the roads in an eastern radius to determine where the convoy was headed and what it contained, with instructions to be in the target area by midnight. The area was about a two hour drive from Havana.

Just before midnight I was driving along a secondary highway when I saw the dimmed lights of a line of trucks approaching. A long convoy of jeeps, large vans, trucks and articulated trucks was moving

eastwards – all recognizably Soviet vehicles. Bingo! I had my quarry.

I drew up at the side of the road and opened my notebook. By then more than half the convoy had passed and the balance were moving too quickly for more than sporadic notes and jumbled sketches. When the convoy had moved past I waited perhaps 5 minutes, turned my Volkswagen Beetle

Of particular interest were the approximately 40 foot long canvass shrouded canister shapes with pointed noses – almost certainly surface to air missiles (SAMs).

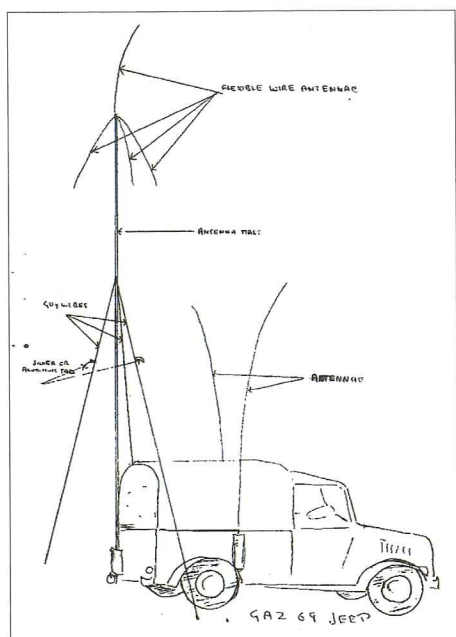
around and headed off in pursuit. Apart from the Russians and myself, there was no traffic on the road. I can't recall exactly, but it was very dark – no moon or only a crescent. I overtook slowly, two or three vehicles at a time. With my note book beside me, I jotted down short descriptions of the vehicles and did rough sketches of the shape of the loads. Of particular interest were the approximately 40 foot long canvass shrouded canister shapes with pointed noses – almost certainly surface to air missiles (SAMs). SAMs fired by a Soviet unit and striking an overflying American U2 aircraft had almost lit the nuclear fuse 11 months before. To double check on shapes and numbers, I drove on about 2 miles beyond the convoy and parked, fairly well hidden by trees at the side of the road. The tail of the last flatbed was lit by a single blue light.

Perhaps I should have followed the convoy to the new destination, but this would have been pushing my luck. As it was, I found it curious that on a lonely country road in the middle of the night, no security vehicle peeled off to stop me and ask questions. Language problems, or perhaps orders to stay clear of the natives. There also appeared to be virtually no Soviet collaboration with the Cuban army or even the Cuban intelligence service. Cuban motorcycle outriders would have been more alert to persons and vehicles which did not reasonably fit the setting. Apart from a brash moment when an embassy colleague and I were stopped entering the secure communications area of one of the ancient Spanish fortifications in Havana harbor (we excused ourselves as bungling tourists), I was never stopped in the course of these operations. Soviet bases, at least the ones that I observed, were lightly guarded and almost exclusively by Soviet soldiers who were not encouraged to fraternize with Cubans. (Cuban soldiers wore uniforms.) I expect that luck also played a role...

For a young foreigner it was a fascinating environment. Everyone worked hard, but in Havana in those days the standard of diplomatic revelry was high – the zest of diplomatic party life being a function of both political isolation and local drama. There was a Roman toga ball. I held a scavenger hunt with points for commandeering a Russian jeep (extra points if it contained Russians), a Hungarian bus, an electric



Gutted farmhouse with haystack.



Soviet communications unit.

toothbrush (only one existed in Havana) and a special bonus was offered to anyone who managed to obtain an authenticated hair from Che Guevara's beard. (Che was in Havana at this point, but this bonus was not collected.) The scavenger list may have been politically dodgy, but spirits were high and uninhibited. Shortly before my arrival two colleagues, Gaby Warren and George Cowley, had convened a masquerade party where each guest was invited to dress as his or her favorite sin. One diplomat, overdosed on bravado, came as Fidel Castro. These festivities invariably concluded in a cloud of ambrosial cigar smoke.

Sex, Sports and Diplomacy – Bosnia (1996)

(I was Chief Elections Officer of the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe (OSCE) for 2 Cantons.)

Halid Lipovac, the Mayor of Cazin, a Muslim town in northwest Bosnia, and Fikret Dragonovic, his deputy looked uneasily at their dinner guests: a Polish Colonel, a Swiss human rights officer, an American advisor, two interpreters and myself. Cazin was frowzy and war-torn, its appearance only partially relieved by an old Ottoman fortress built on an escarpment at the edge of town.

A round of losa, a semi-lethal local beverage (resembling slivovitz), had not softened the brittle atmosphere as both



...etiquette calls for reciprocity and it was soon clear that on our side I am the only one with a supply of moderately obscene stories.

sides groped for common ground. I don't suppose that the décor of the municipally owned hotel was much help – dark wood, poor lighting and cherry velvet upholstery. Most of the broken glass had been replaced, but some window frames were still sheathed in plastic. The war had stopped only five months before and there hadn't been time to cover up most of the ravages of Serb mortar and rocket fire. This was a duty occasion for both sides and none of us were looking forward to a collision of cultures.

Another round of losa appeared. Dragonovic reached for his glass, stood, lifted his beaky nose and intoned "zvilili", the word for toast. "Gentlemen," he said, ignoring the interpreters, "I propose tonight that there should be two topics of conversation – sex and sports". He was trying to break the ice.

Throwing non-sexism to the winds and attempting to bring to a close the lengthening silence that followed the translation of this initiative, I said "Gospodin Dragonovic, you told us that there should be two topics, but you have mentioned only one." Upon translation, the Bosnian side actually beamed. Our side were not expecting this agenda in a rustic Muslim corner of Bosnia. But once propelled downward, the conversation gathered momentum.

The diners were also wrapped in smog. I had brought cigars – good, handmade Dominican coronas. The Bosnians only

knew thin black cheroots. The mayor is enchanted and intends to cut his cigar into pieces to share with his friends, but Dragonovic insists on smoking. There is no cigar cutter, so I demonstrate that the tip can be cut by using your teeth to snip. Dragonovic chomps deeply and removes almost an inch of cigar and the rest starts to unravel in his mouth.

Spewing shards of tobacco leaf and puffing deeply, Dragonovic is telling dirty jokes. Invariably they feature the respective taboos of Bosnian mullahs and Croatian bishops – pigs and girls. Unfortunately, etiquette calls for reciprocity and it was soon clear that on our side I am the only one with a supply of moderately obscene stories. I respond with a story about crazed parrots and prostitutes. Dimly recalling an historical Bosnian animosity toward Rumanians, for my second story I substituted Ceaucescu for Fidel Castro.

This demented cultural interchange is beginning to work. The losa is also playing its intended role. But the key to success owes more to the quality of the translations than it does to the quality of shaggy parrot stories. Zena, one of our two interpreters, is in shock and translation both ways falls on my assistant, Maryanne. Croatian born, but raised in Chicago, Maryanne gives an 80s Punk dimension to the evening. Twenty-three, short black hair and attractive. Because the hotel has no heating, Maryanne has zipped up her black leather jacket and not one of the estimated five tattoos on her body is visible. However, her rings are. She has six in her left ear lobe, two in the right, and a turquoise stone is set in one nostril. Black leather boots complete the ensemble, but she manages to look slightly less raffish than Dragonovic who is wearing a baggy double breasted suit in garbāge bag green. Maryanne is splendid. She carries all of the indelicacies with seamless aplomb. ☺

*John Graham had postings in Europe, the Caribbean and Latin America, latterly as head of post. His subsequent career has been with international organizations and NGOs. He was chair of the Canadian Foundation for the Americas and is a member of Jimmy Carter's "Friends of the Inter-American Democratic Charter". His book Stepping Back from the Precipice about the Dominican Republic was reviewed in the previous issue of **bout**.*

Montréal, ville internationale

Le rôle de Montréal International

par Gilles Gingras

En moins de vingt ans, Montréal est passée d'une vieille économie manufacturière à une économie moderne compétitive et est devenue une ville internationale. Cette affirmation vous surprend? Et pourtant. Avec son caractère cosmopolite et multiculturel, son multilinguisme, les quelque 60 organisations internationales établies sur son territoire, notamment l'Organisation de l'aviation civile internationale (OACI), son positionnement enviable comme 2^e ville consulaire et 3^e ville d'accueil de rencontres internationales en Amérique du Nord, Montréal est résolument ouverte sur le monde.

Aux Affaires étrangères, agent de pupitre dans le dossier de l'OACI, j'étais moi-même aux premières loges pour participer à ce changement de cap dans les années 1990. Se décidait alors, avec l'appui de nombreux acteurs, et après bien des tergiversations, la construction d'un immeuble pour « garder » à Montréal le siège de l'OACI dont les locaux du temps s'avéraient inadéquats. Un tournant dans la vocation internationale de la métropole.

Montréal se distingue également par ses partenariats privilégiés conclus avec, entre autres, Shanghai, Hiroshima, Lyon et Busan. Avec Lyon, il s'agit d'un protocole d'échanges et de coopération entre chercheurs et universitaires, ainsi que de l'établissement de passerelles reliant les grandes institutions d'enseignement entre elles.

Création de Montréal International

En 1995, le Comité pour la relance économique de Montréal, composé de représentants du milieu municipal et du monde des affaires, recommanda de miser sur le créneau international et de mettre en place un organisme dont la mission serait de « contribuer au développement économique de Montréal et d'accroître son rayonnement international ». C'est ainsi que Montréal International fut créé en



Arrivée d'Airports Council International (ACI) à Montréal : Angela Gittens, secrétaire générale d'ACI, coupe le ruban d'inauguration.

On estime à environ 280 millions de dollars les retombées économiques annuelles générées par ces organisations, qui y maintiennent près de 1 500 emplois directs.

1996 avec le mandat de promouvoir le rayonnement international du Grand Montréal.

Montréal International, un catalyseur de premier plan

Montréal International regroupe aujourd'hui plus de 130 membres des secteurs privé et institutionnel, incluant les établissements d'enseignement supérieur montréalais. Il peut compter sur l'appui financier des gouvernements du Canada et du Québec, de la Communauté métropolitaine de Montréal et de la Ville de Montréal. Montréal International vise à attirer dans le Grand Montréal les sociétés étrangères, les organisations internationales, les travailleurs étrangers qualifiés, ainsi qu'à promouvoir et renforcer l'attrait économique de la région.

Pour mener à bien ses activités, Montréal International collabore avec de nombreux partenaires à vocation économique, notamment les organismes de développement économique, les secrétariats de grappes industrielles (*clusters*), Investissement Québec, le Palais des Congrès de Montréal, et Tourisme Montréal.

Montréal, ville d'accueil d'organisations internationales

Un bon indicateur du rayonnement international de Montréal est la présence, sur son territoire, de quelque 60 organisations internationales gouvernementales et non gouvernementales. On estime à environ 280 millions de dollars les retombées économiques annuelles générées par ces organisations, qui y maintiennent près

de 1 500 emplois directs. L'OACI, l'une des quinze institutions spécialisées des Nations unies, compte à elle seule près de 600 employés; l'*International Air Transport Association* (IATA) y emploie quant à elle plus de 300 personnes et l'*Institut de statistique de l'Unesco*, plus d'une centaine de personnes.

Pour Montréal International, l'année 2012 a été marquée par l'arrivée du siège de la Fédération internationale des Associations de pilotes de ligne (*International Federation of Airline Pilots Associations – IFALPA*) et l'essor du siège de l'*International Council of Societies of Industrial Design* (ICSID) auquel s'est ajouté un secrétariat voué au programme *World Design Capital*.

Parmi les autres réalisations récentes de Montréal International, il faut citer, pour l'année 2011, son apport stratégique en vue de la croissance du Secrétariat de la Convention sur la diversité biologique (SCDB), une organisation onusienne qui

États-Unis et 12 % d'Asie. La part du lion revient au secteur des technologies de l'information et des communications, avec 37 % des investissements. Le secteur de l'énergie arrive en deuxième position, avec 30 %, suivi de l'aérospatiale et de l'agroalimentaire, avec respectivement 11 % et 9 % des projets.

Les 2 000 filiales de sociétés étrangères représentent une richesse inestimable pour le Grand Montréal, puisqu'elles contribuent à 9 % de l'emploi total et à 20 % du PIB de la région.

L'importance d'une main-d'œuvre qualifiée

Montréal International soutient également la croissance et la compétitivité des entreprises du Grand Montréal en organisant leur participation à des missions internationales de recrutement, notamment les Journées Québec qui se tiennent deux fois par année en Europe. L'accès à une

main-d'œuvre qualifiée sur lequel les organisations internationales peuvent compter pour assurer leur développement.

Montréal : ville aux mille atouts

Montréal se démarque finalement par la diversité de ses activités culturelles, notamment ses nombreux festivals, dont le Festival international de jazz et divers festivals de cinéma, notamment le Festival des films d'art (FIFA), le plus important au monde, ainsi que les expositions présentées dans ses musées, dont le Musée des Beaux-arts de Montréal. En 2011, Montréal signalait avoir connu une année record au plan touristique et tout porte à croire que 2012 fut aussi fructueuse. Enfin, facteur non négligeable, le coût de la vie à Montréal est moins élevé que dans la plupart des grandes villes nord-américaines. Le logement y est abordable et les locaux pour bureaux sont facilement disponibles. Sans parler des campus universitaires, des centres hospitaliers, des installations portuaires et aéroportuaires de premier plan. Un ensemble de facteurs qui expliquent la qualité de vie exceptionnelle que Montréal réserve à ses habitants.

...en 2011 Montréal International a contribué à attirer 668 millions de dollars d'investissements directs étrangers liés à 28 projets entraînant ainsi la création ou le maintien de 2 351 emplois.

compte une centaine d'employés. Il faut aussi souligner, pour l'année 2010, le succès de ses démarches pour la venue à Montréal du siège de la prestigieuse organisation *Airports Council International* (ACI).

Afin de favoriser l'établissement et le développement d'organisations internationales, Montréal International peut proposer une contribution financière par le biais du Fonds de développement international de Montréal (FODIM), grâce à des ententes avec la Ville de Montréal, le ministère des Relations internationales, de la Francophonie et du Commerce extérieur (MRIFCE) et Développement économique Canada (DEC).

Les filiales de sociétés étrangères : une richesse pour le Grand Montréal

En ce qui a trait à l'activité des sociétés étrangères, en 2011 Montréal International a contribué à attirer 668 millions de dollars d'investissements directs étrangers liés à 28 projets entraînant ainsi la création ou le maintien de 2 351 emplois. La moitié de ces projets provenaient d'Europe, 38 % des

main-d'œuvre qualifiée est en effet devenu un enjeu stratégique pour assurer la prospérité des entreprises de la région.

Depuis 2010, ces missions de recrutement ont permis à une quarantaine d'entreprises de la région montréalaise, principalement dans les services conseils en technologie de l'information, en aérospatiale, en jeux vidéo, en santé et en génie-conseil, de rencontrer plus de 5 600 candidats présélectionnés et, finalement, d'embaucher plus de 250 travailleurs spécialisés et expérimentés.

Montréal, capitale universitaire

La présence d'étudiants étrangers est un autre indicateur du rayonnement international de Montréal. Selon Statistique Canada, le Grand Montréal compte plus de 170 000 étudiants universitaires, incluant 20 000 étudiants d'autres pays. Montréal est la deuxième région qui compte le plus d'étudiants universitaires par habitant parmi les 20 plus grandes régions métropolitaines en Amérique du Nord. Un important bassin de

L'avenir

La concurrence est de plus en plus vive entre les villes qui, à l'instar de Montréal, veulent se tailler une niche – sinon la conserver – à l'échelle internationale. Les atouts évidents de Montréal lui assurent une longueur d'avance. Son positionnement est nettement plus avantageux qu'en 1995. Maintenant devenu résident du Grand Montréal, je continue de m'intéresser à son cheminement sur l'échiquier mondial. Je ne peux que me réjouir des efforts consentis par les trois ordres de gouvernement et le secteur privé au cours des vingt dernières années. Aussi, faut-il que les nombreux acteurs impliqués, notamment Montréal International, ne baissent pas la garde et continuent de tirer leur épingle du jeu. www.montrealinternational.com ☺

Gilles Gingras a œuvré à New York, Abidjan, Paris, Washington et Oslo. A été chargé de cours en Organisations internationales à l'École de Politique appliquée de l'Université de Sherbrooke. Il est vice-président de l'Association canadienne pour les Nations unies-Grand Montréal.

Bill Barton in Profile

by A. Douglas Small

On December 10, 2012 Bill Barton, frail but full of spirit, celebrated with family and friends. It was his 95th birthday.

Bill has long been recognized in the foreign service as a member of that small group of foreign service officers who have made distinctive, personal contributions to the making of Canada's reputation in international affairs.

The Barton Group at the United Nations, created in Geneva, then transferred to New York, served as a useful venue for like-minded delegations in handling many difficult issues such as disarmament. The Group endured long after its namesake chairman had departed from his post as head of the Canadian delegation to the UN, New York in 1979, confirmation of its lasting value as an informal part of the UN structure and of Barton's helpful contribution to the functioning of the United Nations.

A graduate of the University of British Columbia in 1940, Bill continued his pre-war service with the Seaforth Highlanders throughout World War II and was discharged as a Major in 1946. He joined the Defence Research Board from which he was seconded to the Department of External Affairs in 1952 as Secretary of the Canadian Section of the Permanent Joint Board of Defence. In this capacity, he played a role in the development of Canadian-American defences in the Arctic against the Soviet long-range bomber threat. He formally joined the Department in 1954. Posted to the Embassy, Vienna in 1956, he also served as Canada's representative on the International Atomic Energy Agency. He was Ambassador and Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Geneva, 1972–1976 and then held the same position at the UN, New York 1976–1979. In February 1980 he was appointed as special advisor to the Department on international appointments and conflicts of interest. He retired in December 1980.

Recognition of his accomplishments began in 1978. In that year Mount Allison University conferred on him an honorary doctorate. His alma mater, UBC, followed with a doctorate in 1999 and Carleton University in 2007. In 1994 Bill was made a member of the Order of Canada. He was awarded a Silver Jubilee Medal in 2012.

While Bill pursued his career as a successful diplomat, he was at the same time a highly successful investor in the stock market. In retirement in Ottawa he was faced with the question of the disposition of his substantial holdings. From the outset he favoured the idea of providing financial support to a worthy academic institution. He ranged over a number of possibilities and quietly settled on Carleton University. At a Rideau Club dinner in early March 2008, Bill was fêted for his donation of \$3 million to Carleton. At the time it was said that it was the third largest donation ever made to the University. The notion that Bill's gift was an immediate, one-time lump sum was widespread but wrong. In fact his arrangement with the University is that Carleton will receive Bill's bequest at the time of his death. It

will finance the William and Jeanie Barton Chair in International Affairs. In the meantime he makes an annual donation to the University.

On June 18, 2012 Carleton authorities held opening ceremonies for a newly established resource centre. It houses materials for the faculty and students of the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs and the Institute of European and Russian Studies. With ample photocopying and computer facilities it is reputed to be better equipped and furnished than a similar centre at Harvard. Roseann O'Reilly Runte, President and Vice-Chancellor and Fen Hampson, the then Director of the Norman Paterson School spoke about the important place that the Resource Centre occupies in the life of the University and expressed the warm appreciation of the University for the support that Bill has provided. At the entrance there is a plaque which reads: The Jeanie and William Barton Resource Centre. ☺

*A. Douglas Small is a retired Canadian Ambassador and a member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

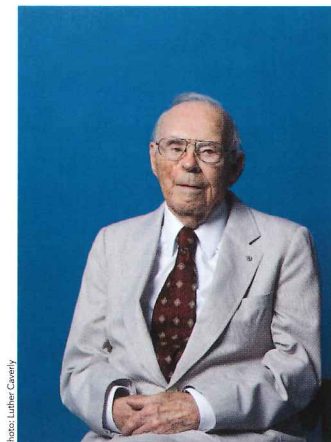


Photo: Luther Cusack

I'M BUILDING A BETTER WORLD

I spent 30 years working as a Canadian diplomat and understand first-hand how moving towards peace and harmony for our world and all the people living in it is an important area of study.

After retiring, I wanted to do more. I established the William and Jeanie Barton Chair in International Affairs at Carleton University, which supports teaching, research and public lectures, and established the William Barton Award in Arms Control and Disarmament.

By giving some money now, I am able to see the wonderful impact my gift is having. I am leaving my estate to Carleton to ensure I will keep helping bring peace to the world long after I am gone.

Carleton's planned giving staff has been a great help to me in making this donation my legacy and I am so happy I am helping the university's students.

— Bill Barton

? Did you know? You can leave a gift of real estate or other property to your favourite charity.

Philippine Portraits

text and photos by Liza Linklater

What is so special about the Philippines?... its welcoming, friendly, creative, forgiving, kind and resilient people. The landscape is magnificent but the country is really about its people. Having met Filipinos working in many different countries, I have focused here on taking their portraits living and working in their own land, engaged in many vocations and activities.

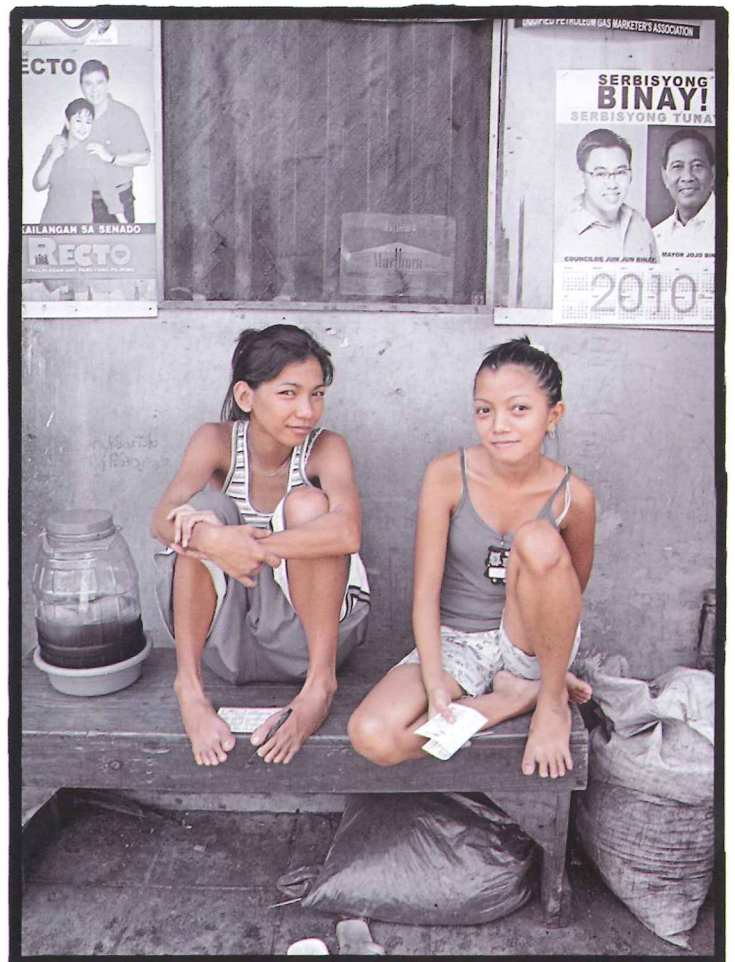
I like the connections that come with making these straightforward portraits. I first ask permission and if people refuse I thank them and move on. After receiving the go-ahead, I always feel it's a privilege that brings with it a certain responsibility. This style of documentary photography allows me to enter the lives of strangers, however briefly, and to record it for others to see. In the Philippines, because we often share a common language, we usually have a pleasant conversation and bond easily.

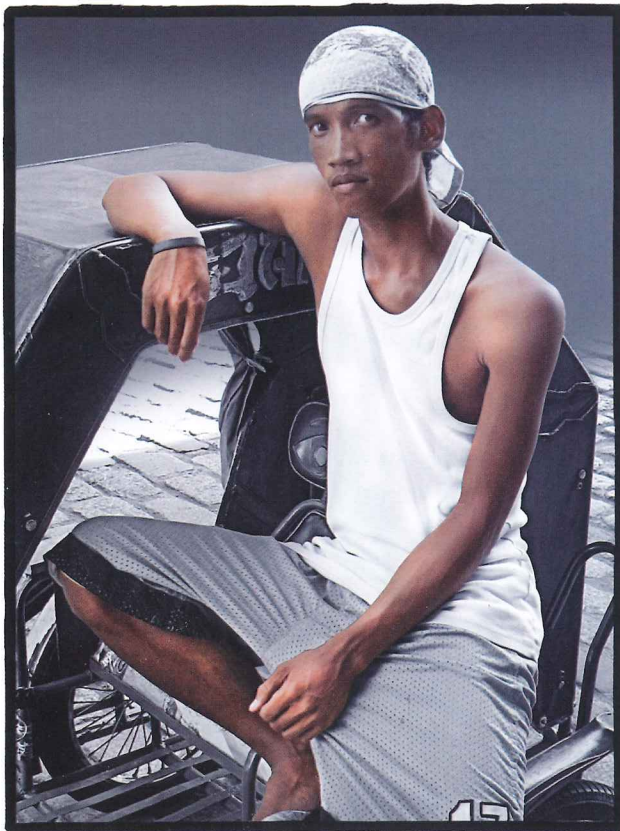
There is so much more to the Philippines than the view presented by the world press whenever there is some calamity – much more than terrorism, typhoons, poverty, hopelessness or political vendettas. The faith of Filipinos and their close-knit families invariably give them hope during the hardest of times. They work hard to support their families and it is these daily occupations – and the dignity and pride they attach to even the humblest of tasks – that I have tried to capture in my photographs. 🌐

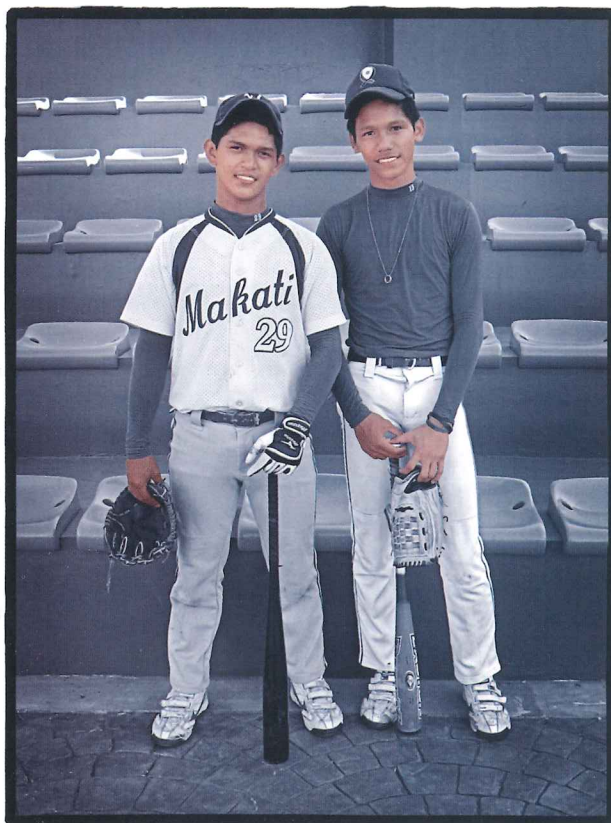
Liza Linklater has exhibited in Canada, Thailand and the Philippines. Her articles and photographs have been published in North American and Asian magazines and newspapers. She has lived and travelled in Asia over a period of 12 years. Her postings have included Bangkok twice, New York City and Manila.

Philippine Portraits Postcard Sets are available via lizalink2002@yahoo.com or her website at www.lizalinklater.com.









REMEMBERING TEHRAN AND JOHN SHEARDOWN

Note de la rédaction : Cette section spéciale marquant le décès de John Sheardown et célébrant l'aventure des « évadés d'Iran » fait appel à plusieurs intervenants clés. Gar Pardy était agent du renseignement à Washington à l'époque et il a joué un rôle crucial pour le Canada. Son compte rendu de première main constitue une excellente entrée en matière. Mark Lijek, un des « invités » américains accueillis par John et Zena Sheardown, donne le point de vue de l'initié sur cette période tendue; son admiration et sa gratitude pour les risques énormes que John et Zena, l'ancien ambassadeur Ken Taylor et Pat Taylor et d'autres Canadiens ont pris pour protéger leurs invités sont tout aussi vives aujourd'hui qu'elles l'étaient en 1979. La lecture de son récent ouvrage intitulé *The Houseguests* est essentielle pour ceux et celles qui veulent une version non scénarisée d'Argo.

Sam Hanson, qui vient de prendre sa retraite du MAECI, expose la perspective d'Ottawa sur la logistique de l'exfiltration. Suivent deux extraits : le collègue de John Sheardown à Téhéran, John Kneale, tire une vignette de son livre de 1993, *Foreign Service*, qui fait ressortir son discernement déterminant et son courage. Mark Lijek puise dans son ouvrage susmentionné pour saluer chaleureusement le chef d'équipe Ken Taylor. La conclusion appartient à un autre collègue de Téhéran, Roger Lucy, qui, fort de sa remarquable expérience personnelle, nous livre ses réflexions sur le livre de Mark Lijek et le film hollywoodien *Argo*. Le dernier mot appartient à Kurt Jensen avec sa notice nécrologique.

Il s'agit à la fois d'un « hommage » à John et Zena Sheardown et à l'une des plus belles réussites de l'Équipe Canada diplomatique – du Premier ministre jusqu'à l'aide ménagère de la RO.

THE WASHINGTON SCENE: GETTING THE AMERICANS INTERESTED IN THE SIX

by Gar Pardy

Jimmy Carter was not having a successful presidency. Elected by the slimmest of margins – 50.1% of the popular vote – in November 1976, now two years into his mandate, he still remained an outsider to many Americans. More troublesome, he was taking on the air of an ineffective one at that.

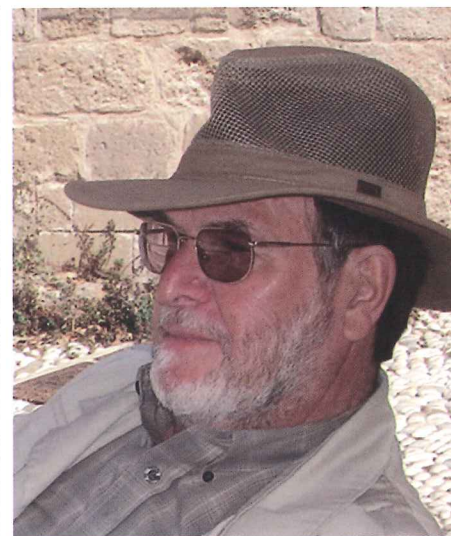
The promise of a sharp break between the sordidness of Watergate and the future gave Mr. Carter his slight edge with the American people. In some ways he represented something more than a change of Administrations, rather he personified regime change at a time when the term had little currency.

I arrived in Washington in the summer of 1978 on a cross-posting from East Africa, after three years of coping with salubrious

Kenya and murder-ridden Uganda under Idi Amin. It was a welcome change and the new job was an interesting one – intelligence liaison with the CIA and the Department of State. It was the start of a four-year university level course on the world.

There was a miasma about the city suggesting the promise of the Carter presidency was in trouble. Not unlike today the economy was unresponsive to the normal nostrums; reliance on foreign oil seemed impossible to counter; and less than a year after arrival in the capital, President Carter, in a nation-wide speech, unconvincedly sought to off-load the responsibility to the American people.

There were successes but these were largely in foreign affairs. A historic treaty



Gar Pardy

with Panama was negotiated and ratified by Congress to return the Canal to Panamanian sovereignty at the end of the century; the Camp David Accords started a process in the Middle East for reconciliation between the Israelis and the Palestinians underwritten politically by Egypt and Jordan; a second round of strategic arms limitation talks led to an unratified agreement with the Soviet Union; and most significantly, President Carter gave voice to the view that the

the Shah's downfall and diplomacy had to dominate confrontation.

Over at the White House, Zbigniew Brzezinski, National Security Adviser to the President, had a decidedly different approach to the world. Born in Poland between the wars, Brzezinski had built a reputation as a realistic interpreter of the Eastern Bloc, especially the dominated countries of Eastern Europe. In the process he became known as the Democrats'

...the Ayatollah backed the action of the students and it was only then that the policy community in Washington realized that it was in the midst of major crisis.

morality of human rights had a role to play in American foreign policy and the management of the international community.

Events in Iran, however, created a worrisome backdrop. Carter visited the country early in his presidency and contrary to his views on morality in foreign affairs lavishly praised the Shah, seeing him as a force for stability in the region. It was not a view shared by most Iranians who harked back to the illegitimacy of his coming to power by British and American machinations in 1953.

1978 was a year of regime shaking civil conflict that the Shah and his main instrument of control – SAVAK – brutally tried to counter but had little success. In the process the Shah lost his limited legitimacy, and before January 1979 was out, so was the Shah. The Shah's nemesis, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini in exile in Iraq and France for the previous 14 years, triumphantly returned to Tehran on February 1, 1979. He was a man with a plan and within a year he was not only the supreme religious leader of the country and Shia everywhere, he was also Iran's supreme political leader as well.

In Washington these events were carefully followed but there was little understanding or appreciation of how fundamental was the change in Iran. The initial issue was how to deal with the Shah in exile in Egypt. Rifts in the Administration were clearly evident. Cyrus Vance, the Secretary of State, wanted to cut all ties with the Shah and did not want to see him in the United States even for critical medical treatment. Vance and his colleagues at State emphasized that the United States needed to recast its relationship with Iran in the aftermath of

"Kissinger" favouring peaceful engagement with the area over détente. In Carter's government he was seen as a wily opponent of Vance who still saw détente as a guiding principle in the management of East-West relations. Their strongly held views became polar points in the Administration and often led to ambiguous policies which played out in counterproductive responses during the hostage crisis.

The news on November 4, 1979 that Iranian students had taken control of the American embassy did not occasion serious concern in Washington. Prompted by the decision by the United States on October 22 to allow entry by the Shah for medical treatment, the takeover was considered similar to what had happened earlier in February 1979 when students took control of the embassy but left after a few days. This benign view was soon overtaken when, unlike in February, the Ayatollah backed the action of the students and it was only then that the policy community in Washington realized that it was in the midst of major crisis.

The CIA in those days was hors de combat. Stansfield Turner was appointed by Carter as his Director of Central Intelligence in early 1977 and it was soon apparent that it was not one of his better ones. The Agency was still coping with Seymour Hersh's 1974 allegations in the *New York Times* dealing with covert activities including assassination efforts involving foreign political leaders and the undermining of foreign governments. These activities were collectively known as the Agency's "family jewels". As well Hersh alleged that the Agency was collecting intelligence on the political



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activities of American citizens. Mainly based on Hersh's allegations Congressional investigations (Church and Pike Committees) provided substantive confirmation of the Agency's illegal activities and recommended major changes in the management of American intelligence activities at home and abroad.

In the midst of these externally imposed and wrenching changes, Turner decided

The exfiltration operation has now been celebrated in book, films and a Hollywood movie.

there was a need to reduce the size of the Agency especially on the Operational side. Over 800 officials were fired (known as the Halloween Massacre in Agency lore). It was years before the Agency returned to overconfidently believing it had a significant role to play in American foreign policy.

It was clear from the very start that the United States did not have a coherent understanding or appreciation of what the overthrow of the Shah represented for American policy. The takeover of the American embassy complicated what was initially a foreign policy matter and turned it into a major domestic issue. Iran under new and radical leadership was one thing; Iran capturing and torturing 52 American officials was a crisis of an entirely different order.

The overwhelming concentration in Washington was concern for the 52 hostages held by the Iranians. Vance and officials at the State Department sought action at the United Nations and the International Court of Justice but even when successful there was no reaction from Tehran. At the White House Brzezinski was promoting direct military action to rescue the hostages, an idea he continued to promote and organize until it led to the disaster in the southern desert of Iran on April 24, 1980 with nine dead rescuers and two crashed aircraft.

There was little action within the Administration on the six Americans now safely sequestered at the home of John Sheardown and the official residence of Ambassador Ken Taylor. The prevailing assumption was that they were out of harm's way and would be accommodated within any larger effort concerning the 52.

It was clear by early December 1979 that this assumption was not only erroneous but dangerous as well, not only for the Americans being sheltered by Canadians but for their Canadian rescuers.

The press by this time were counting bodies and it soon became evident both to Jean Pelletier, the Washington correspondent of *La Presse* in Montreal and the *New York Times* that the numbers being used by the State Department in describing the hostages did not add up. Pelletier even sought confirmation from the Canadian embassy as to whether Canada was sheltering some of the hostages. Fortunately both *La Presse* and the *New York Times* agreed that to publish the story at that time could well lead to increased dangers for the hostages and their Canadian friends.

In Ottawa these developments rang the alarm bells and in early December it was decided that the Americans had to be convinced the six hostages with the Canadians in Tehran had to be dealt with urgently before they joined their colleagues

It was not only a hugely humanitarian and personally dangerous effort by Canadians in Tehran it was one of the finer efforts by Canada's Foreign Service in a long, long time.

as hostages in the American Embassy. Pat Black, the Under Secretary for Intelligence and Security at Foreign Affairs, called in early December and asked that I approach appropriate persons within the Agency and lay out for them the need for urgent action on getting the six Americans out of Tehran. He mentioned that Flora MacDonald would be meeting with Vance in a few days during a NATO meeting in Brussels and she intended to raise the matter as well.

Frank Carlucci was the Deputy Director of the CIA and was highly regarded as the person in the Agency that could get things done and done well. I met with Carlucci soon after the call from Black and laid out the case on the need for urgent American action to exfiltrate the six from Tehran at the earliest possible moment. Carlucci appreciated the dangers the six along with the Canadian staff were now in realizing that it would only be a matter of time before the situation in Iran became public

knowledge. Within a week or so of this meeting Tony Mendez was selected by the Agency to organize and carry out the exfiltration of the six from Tehran.

The exfiltration operation has now been celebrated in book, films and a Hollywood movie. Each in their own way, some more accurate than others, capture the operation in all of its detail. The Hollywood movie unfortunately eliminated the role John and Zena Sheardown played in the drama and as it becomes part of the American mythological historical record it is appropriate that Canada and Canadians stand their ground on the role that was played by so many. It was not only a hugely humanitarian and personally dangerous effort by Canadians in Tehran it was one of the finer efforts by Canada's Foreign Service in a long, long time.

In the immediate aftermath of the rescue operation on January 28, I accompanied Frank Carlucci to Ottawa where he expressed the appreciation of the United States government to Flora MacDonald. It was a cold, snowy day in early February that he met with Ms. MacDonald just prior to the February 18 national elections. Kind words were offered and Ms. MacDonald rushed off for last minute electioneering. As we put on our winter clothes outside her office in the Pearson building, I helped Carlucci's security man with his large jacket. Unexpectedly the coat was much heavier than anticipated and it fell to the floor with a muffled clunk. I picked it up and looked questioningly at the security official in the full knowledge that the matter of Americans carrying weapons in Canada was a perennial issue. The security man looked at me with a slight smile on his face and simply said "lifesavers."

As a postscript to these events, in late January this year a general in Iran's Revolutionary Guard criticized the 2011 storming of the British Embassy in Tehran saying students and activists should "avoid actions driven by emotion." The general went on to say that Iranians must deal with their enemies "more intelligently" and "avoid shallow and emotional actions" that damage Iran's image abroad. Insha'Allah. 🌐

Gar Pardy is retired from the Foreign Service and comments on foreign and public policy issues from Ottawa.

JOHN SHEARDOWN REMEMBERED

by Mark Lijek

It was just after noon on Saturday, November 10, 1979. My wife Cora and I were riding through north Tehran, suitcases on our knees, wondering about this latest move and what to expect from our new hosts. Several days earlier, Bob Anders, the senior of our group of five escapees from the November 4 attack on the American compound, had telephoned his Canadian friend. Before he could say much, John Sheardown demanded, "Why didn't you call sooner?"

Bob replied we were still coping on our own, and there were five of us. John did not hesitate.

"Bring them all."

Still, hesitate we did. Unexpectedly asked to leave the British residential compound earlier in the week, we were reluctant to rely on another embassy. Our circumstances remained tolerable. But John's clear eagerness to help was tempting. When earlier that morning we were unexpectedly forced to move to a less secure house, the consensus shifted rapidly in favor of accepting his offer. Bob called

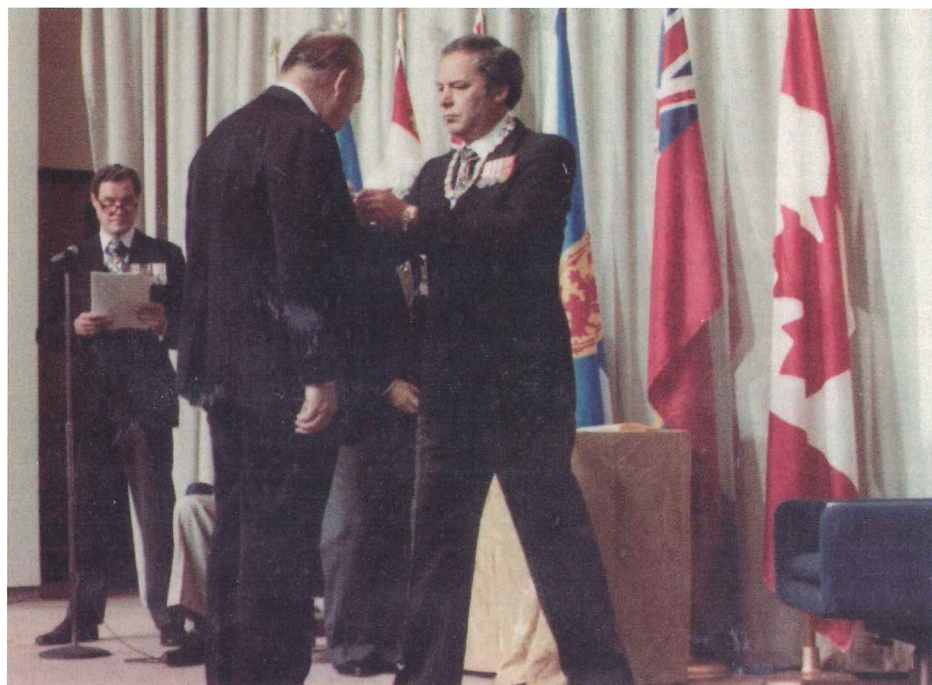
again, and the Brits who dropped us off four days earlier were now chauffeuring us to John's house.

John was watering his sidewalk, a common practice in dusty Tehran. This was an excuse to keep open a garage door and facilitated a quick entry. John closed the door. He greeted Bob warmly and the rest of us introduced ourselves. John was a large man with a graying moustache and beard and thinning hair combed straight back. As we grabbed our bags and headed out the back door of the garage, I spied a new Mercedes 280S.

The house was built into the side of a hill. The garage was at street level and we walked up a flight of steps to reach the smoked glass entry doors. Inside we were met by an attractive younger woman with dark hair and golden complexion, whom John introduced as his wife Zena. We also met Ken Taylor, younger than John with curly hair and large glasses. John's assistant? Some extra chairs appeared and we arranged ourselves around the large coffee table in the sitting room. Zena offered drinks. I noticed John drank Ballantines, an encouraging sign for a fellow whisky drinker. I accepted one as well. I decided to ask the question. Did the ambassador know? A quick smile flashed across John's face and with a twinkle in his eye and a slow puff on his pipe he announced Taylor was the ambassador. I was mildly embarrassed; as a green, first tour officer my image of ambassadors was quite different. I don't know if I was set up, but John clearly enjoyed my brief embarrassment.

By this time I had decided I liked John. Aside from the nice car, good whisky and a wife with personality and style, all of which said he was a man of the world, the firm handshake and the little joke said he was also a strong man with a sense of humor. His reaction to Bob's call indicated courage as well. I was impressed.

The conversation continued for several hours, much of it focused on the events of the past week and speculation about the future. Ambassador Taylor told us our presence had been approved by Prime Minister Joe Clark and we would be welcome until the crisis was resolved or some other means



John receiving the Order of Canada.

of getting us out of Iran developed. He then said two of our group would live at the official residence (OR). Joe and Kathy Stafford volunteered. I was secretly pleased. Although I assumed the Taylors would be good hosts, I suspected life at the OR would be less relaxed than at the Sheardowns.

John and Zena began as our caretakers but over the next ten weeks became more like family. When I arrived at their home, I was anxious for safe refuge. I desperately wanted to get away from any US-linked house, fearing the "students" would find the lease files and send out search teams. Our last house was raided four days after we left. My expectations beyond physical safety were minimal, but not in my wildest dreams could I have imagined the quality of life the Sheardowns provided for us. We wanted for nothing. For example, even though I was penniless, John bought cigarettes for me on the black market.

The house was an ideal hiding place. But as the old saying goes, a house is not

table. Conversation would generally be light. When dinner ended, we would retire to the family room for drinks and more serious discussion. John would stoke his pipe and we four would eagerly absorb his take on the day. At 7:00 p.m. we would listen to the BBC World Service, followed by the VOA news summary an hour later. Generally there was little new information about the hostages and John's insights into the Iranian political scene were more interesting than the radio. After a few weeks of this routine, we started referring to John as our daddy. Even Bob, who was virtually the same age, would sometimes joke we needed daddy to get home so we could settle some question or other. It was only partly in jest. For three of us, John was old enough to be our father and we came to see him very much in that role. He was our protector, our provider and often our counselor as well as our friend. It would have been impossible not to see the parallels, or the affection he was developing for us. My most lasting memory of John is of him

My expectations beyond physical safety were minimal, but not in my wildest dreams could I have imagined the quality of life the Sheardowns provided for us.

necessarily a home. John and Zena made it so for us. The first few days were a process of getting used to each other and developing routines. Lolita, the Sheardowns' housekeeper, showed us how to manage laundry and explained the basics of the German appliances in the kitchen so we could feed ourselves. Zena initially spent time with us, but as the days passed she pulled back so we could establish our own schedules and find the best ways to pass the long days.

John went to work, often on Fridays (the Iranian weekend was Friday and Saturday) as well as regular work days. Before long we began to look forward to his return as the highlight of our day. John would usually change before dinner. Casual for him would be a nice pair of slacks, a dress shirt and the ever-present sweater. He was a formal man, in appearance and usually in demeanor. Beneath that exterior, however, lurked the sometimes impish sense of humor. I was not the only victim. When John brought the sixth houseguest, Lee Schatz, over from the Swedes, he allowed Lee to convince himself he was being spirited away by a CIA operative.

Lolita would prepare an excellent meal, served formally with John at the head of the

sitting in one of the easy chairs, a glass of Ballantines resting on the arm, puffing away at his pipe and gently bringing me back to reality when some news item would trigger a flash of anger. Of the four Americans I was most critical of our government's approach to the crisis as well as the most outspoken about my concerns. Between puffs, John provided calming counsel.

Our presence created practical problems. The quantity of waste multiplied and the presence of liquor bottles in the trash would trigger a demand for a payoff from the garbage man, also a member of the local revolutionary committee. John would occasionally leave extra early for work and dump the trash in front of the committee headquarters. The Sheardowns had shipped non-perishable food and other consumables intended to last them three years. We ate through it quickly so more local shopping became necessary. They bought from multiple sources to ensure no one would wonder at the quantities. We knew about this only because John enjoyed sharing with us. Although a small part of his efforts on our behalf, there was no reason not to have fun with it.

During the days, boredom was our enemy. Zena would check in to see whether

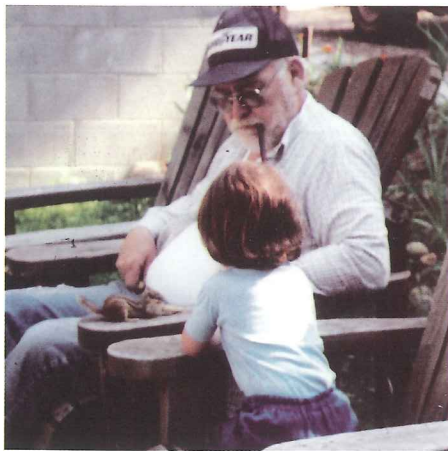


Mark, Zena and John with Mark's children Michael and Krystyna at their Quebec cabin circa 1991.

we needed anything, but otherwise we read and played Scrabble. I started sleeping more, often not rising till 10 a.m. John ensured we had a social life. He and Zena would host parties several times a month, inviting Canadian staff as well as knowing diplomats from New Zealand, Denmark and Australia. We appreciated the chance to talk with outsiders, while realizing how surreal it was that although in hiding from Iranian authorities and with our colleagues imprisoned downtown, we could enjoy this kind of lifestyle.

When American Thanksgiving came along, John made extraordinary efforts to obtain a traditional turkey. He confided to Lee, with whom he had formed a special bond, that the suckling pig we had for dinner was not what he had sought. The turkey did arrive for Christmas, however, along with a tree, and we Americans were taught the British tradition of hanging a decoration on each of the twelve days preceding the holiday. We also learned about pudding from Harrods, which definitely furthered my cross-cultural education. John and Zena purchased a small present for each of us, something we could eventually take out of Iran. We still have the small silver box with an inlaid top; we use it to store our maple leaf pins.

The most difficult day came without warning, just after mid-January. John returned from work early. He and Zena came into the family room and John announced they were leaving; visa operations were being moved to Kuwait. As we sat in stunned silence. John, with a slight quaver in his voice, apologized for leaving us behind, saying it was always his intention to stay till the end. Lee recovered first, telling John he



John with Krystyna

and Zena had been wonderful hosts and done everything imaginable to make us feel welcome. He pointed out that Zena, then still a British national, did not have the protection of a diplomatic passport (whatever that might be worth), and it was time to put her safety first. The rest of us said similar things. The situation was complicated because we suspected our own departure was imminent and believed John knew this. Only later did we learn he had no inkling.

The packers came and it was time to say good-bye. A show of emotion would make John feel worse, so we did all we could to keep the final farewell casual. We told them we would see them again soon in better circumstances. This was easier for us because we really did think we were leaving. They had no idea when or how we were to escape Iran. Yet ten days later we were out. John learned of our escape from the BBC while in Malta. He always felt they should have been told.

We saw the Sheardowns again in May in New York. The Yankees had invited us and our Canadian hosts to a game against the Blue Jays. Afterward we retired to a bar and talked for hours. Although it was a joyous occasion, we already knew something was wrong. John, the indispensable man in our rescue, was turning into the invisible man in the eyes of the media. During the first weeks after our escape when the press was eager for interviews, we would talk about the Sheardowns and find our praise edited out. For whatever reason, the media seemed capable of seeing only one hero. Initially it was Ambassador Taylor, but when the CIA announced its role seventeen years later, much of the press turned on Taylor and adopted Tony Mendez.

We saw John briefly in Warsaw in 1989 when he came through on a TD assignment and not long after we visited Ottawa. By this time we had two young children. John and Zena took us to their cabin on a lake in Quebec. He was building it himself. Indoor plumbing was still to come. Our children adopted John immediately, although whether it was his personality or that he taught them to pilot his motorboat is not clear. Our daughter, more than 20 years later, recalls John showing her how to hand feed the chipmunks that would turn up outside the cabin every afternoon. It was a wonderful visit, although we learned some disturbing facts. We had always assumed our side would compensate John for our upkeep. But he received only \$1.65 per person per day from the Canadian government, not enough to pay our liquor bill. We offered John money but of course he refused. We talked about the media situation. John was unconcerned, genuinely I believe, but Zena felt strongly that his role had been ignored. John was displeased about the assignment to Kuwait, which he considered dangerous for Zena. He also believed it should not have been necessary for him to fight so hard for Zena to receive the Order of Canada, given the risks she had taken on our behalf. I could not help but notice that neither John nor Zena was concerned for themselves. Each expressed unhappiness with the way the other had been treated. I do not have the perspective to judge who was right about what, but I do know each loved and respected the other. That was far more important than the details. We met a few more times, at our twentieth and twenty-fifth reunions. By the twenty-fifth, Zena told us John's memory was failing, although he seemed his usual self to me. When the thirtieth came, he was unable to attend. A group of us visited him at the hospital, but it was not clear he knew who we were. Alzheimer's was taking away his memory.

Our experience was, in the end, an adventure with a happy ending. John and Zena, among many others, made it so. But unfortunately, such "adventures" are no longer uncommon and most do not have happy endings. The 1979 hostage crisis was an early confrontation between a resurgent and radical Islam and the West. Events in my later career confirmed this. I was sent on TD to Kuwait in 1985 to clean up the damage from the terrorist bombing of our embassy

annex. In Frankfurt in 1992 I worked with a scarred survivor of the Beirut embassy bombing, and shortly after my retirement a co-worker from my last Washington assignment was killed in the East Africa bombings of our embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. Terrorism takes many forms and hostage-taking remains a serious issue. As I write this al-Qaeda in the Maghreb claims to have kidnapped as many as forty Westerners from a natural gas facility in Algeria. The unhappy conclusion I draw is that Foreign Service officers of all nationalities must be prepared to do what is necessary to uphold international law and defend the innocent against terrorism. This has traditionally not been part of a diplomat's job description. Despite all that has happened I doubt it is much discussed today; it is not likely to enhance recruitment efforts. During my career, in the years following our rescue, I was fortunate that I never encountered anything remotely similar to Tehran. Still, I occasionally asked myself, were it necessary, could I live up to the standard set by John Sheardown and Ken Taylor and the rest of the Canadian staff? Theoretical questions are impossible to answer, but I know two things. John set the bar high, and I can only hope I would have done my best to come close to it.

Incredible luck brought me to John's door. I became not a hostage but a houseguest, the term describing us in communications between Tehran and Ottawa. I know it is normally written as two separate words. I choose to make it one, to emphasize the uniqueness of a special place and time, and most of all, the courage and hospitality of a very special man. ☺

*Mark Lijek is a retired American Foreign Service officer. Recently wed, he and Cora left for their first posting, in Tehran, as the Islamic revolution gathered force. They soon became "houseguests" of the late John and Zena Sheardown (to whom this issue is dedicated). Undaunted by his Iranian experience, Mark served in administrative and troubleshooting capacities in Hong Kong, Nepal, Poland and Germany with the usual stints at HQ in between. Great friends of the Sheardowns, Mark is determined that the record of Canadian bravery in Tehran is kept straight; the resultant book, *The Houseguests: A Memoir of Canadian Courage and CIA Sorcery, makes compelling reading. "Honorary Canadians" as far as this journal is concerned, the Lijeks live in Anacortes Washington, a ferry ride from Victoria.**

SAM'S PASSPORTS

by Sam Hanson

At the time of the “Canadian Caper”, I was an analyst in the Intelligence and Security Liaison Division, responsible for covering Sub-Saharan Africa and the UN family of organizations. Louis Delvoie came into my office (he was not the sort of director who habitually telephoned to summon you into his presence) and shut the door behind him. Did I know, he asked without appearing to doubt it much, about the houseguests in Tehran?

I did, as indeed far too many already did. It was one of my jobs to go through the “pack”, a stack of paper copies of every telegram coming into the Department and distribute them among the analysts according to their regional responsibilities. I had seen the telegrams from Tehran reporting on the arrival of the six US colleagues. So had everyone else who got a copy of the pack.

Louis asked me to set Africa and the UN aside for the time being and work on Operation SAFE HAVEN, as we were calling it. My first job was to get a copy of the

Order-in-Council (OIC) authorizing the issuance of Canadian passports to the United States citizens who had taken refuge with the Canadian Embassy in Tehran; that was the wording to the best of my memory – it was certainly that specific.

With the OIC in hand, Louis and I went to see the Director-General of the Central Passport Office, explained the situation and showed him a copy of the OIC. He understood immediately, and was enthusiastic about taking part. He said that he would send a message to several regional passport offices in Canada, asking them to provide passport blanks by overnight courier; this would ensure that we would have a good mix of non-consecutive serial numbers. In the meantime, there was something we had to do: since there had to be a completed application on file for every passport issued, it was up to us to generate the applications, and he gave us a handful of blank forms. On the way back to our offices, it occurred to me to ask Louis whether we would have to pay the \$12 fee for each passport, in order to

generate a record of payment received; he said that if it came to that he would pay the fees himself. I spent the rest of the day with my door closed, inserting fictitious information into twelve passport application forms.

My next job was to make up cover stories for the contingency in which CIA support would not be available and we would have to extricate the houseguests by ones and twos. I got as far as a one-paragraph outline of each identity. I think I decided that the Lijeks would be owners of a boutique in Vancouver, in Tehran to buy rugs. Before long, the Americans came back to us with the fully-backstopped “Hollywood Option”, and for us enthusiastic amateurs it was a great relief to have the professionals manage the exfiltration. I remember meeting Tony Mendez and his colleague, a documents technician, when they came to Ottawa. The latter offered to show me how to age a document: first he held the pages of one of the passports closed, and hacked at the edges with a credit card; then he opened it to the photo page, put it face-down on the floor, and scuffed it back and forth with his foot. He was not happy with the result: “Your carpets are too clean,” he said.

I also had to interview Canadians who had just left Tehran to get a detailed step-by-step account of departure procedures at the airport. It went something like this: “You get out of the car at the departures entrance. You go in the door. What do you see? Do you turn right or left? What is the first counter you come to...and so on.”

One regret: I never did get to speak to John Sheardown, then or since. 🌀

*Sam Hanson is a long-standing contributor to **bout** and recently retired Foreign Service Officer. Throughout his career was never far from the thick of things whether at Headquarters or abroad where, inter alia, he served as Head of Mission in Croatia during the conflict, in Bosnia-Herzegovina in early “post conflict” days, and in the Sudan.*



EXTRACT FROM FOREIGN SERVICE

by John Kneale

The revolutionary guards, or "Pasdaran", were everywhere. Loosely organized, mainly self-appointed, they were zealous defenders of revolutionary ideals. They were like a wild card in the law enforcement system, setting up road blocks at will, patrolling the airport and other public buildings alongside the usual security officials, and investigating citizens' reports of crimes against the new public morality. They were detested and feared by many Iranians but enjoyed broad support among those seeking to cleanse the society of pre-revolutionary tendencies.

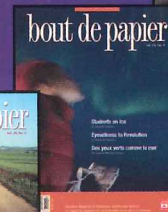
Our most serious brush with them came one day at the airport where John Sheardown and I had gone to meet the diplomatic courier. The embassy was still receiving the sealed red diplomatic bags from Ottawa on a regular basis, but there was increasing harassment from revolutionary guards who wanted to see what was in them. Normally the bag was small enough to be carried aboard the plane by the courier and transported on the seat beside him or in an overhead bin. But sometimes it would be bigger and would be stowed in a special cargo hold high up near the tail of the Air France 747 which the courier usually took. Our job was to drive out onto the tarmac in an embassy car the moment the plane came to a stop and keep an eye on the special cargo hold until the courier had time to disembark and join us at the rear of the plane. The handover would be made on the spot, usually an exchange of incoming and outgoing bags; then we would wait in the car near the aircraft until it began to taxi out for takeoff to ensure that no one reopened the cargo door after the courier was back on board.

Although the task could usually be accomplished by one Canadian officer and an embassy driver, on this particular day the ambassador had asked John and I both to go since some particularly sensitive material was expected. Things went according to routine until we were putting the red bag, a bulky one, into the trunk of the embassy car. One of the revolutionary guards, wearing the customary submachine gun, had been attracted by our presence under the plane and demanded that we open the bag for his inspection. We refused in courteous terms (speaking through the embassy chauffeur) citing diplomatic immunity. The guard insisted, raising his tone. We quietly refused again and prepared to close the car trunk. Suddenly the guard shouldered his way between Sheardown and me and put his hand on the bag. Sheardown instantly brought down the trunk lid, hard, on the guard's arm. The guard uttered a cry of pain and withdrew his arm quickly and in that second Sheardown slammed down the lid, closing it. The guard let loose a stream of imprecations in Farsi, still nursing his arm, but we got into the car, deliberately and without haste, and drove away. Amazingly he did not pursue us, or fire.

I have often thought since that John's act was the most clearheaded and courageous thing that I have ever seen. ☺

John Kneale is a former foreign service officer and author. This excerpt is from his 1993 book Foreign Service, pp. 128-9. He served in the Canadian Embassy in Tehran as economic and trade counsellor, and during the hostage crisis prepared reports for Ottawa and Washington on the impact of US sanctions against Iran. He was also the embassy spokesperson and dealt with the many US, Canadian and other foreign media representatives who came to the Canadian Embassy for briefings. He remained a close friend to John Sheardown.

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ON KEN TAYLOR

The following is an extract from the concluding chapter of Mark Lijek's *The Houseguests: A Memoir of Canadian Courage and CIA Sorcery* (pages 281–2). **bout de papier** thanks Mr. Lijek for permission to reprint.

In September 1997, the CIA announced what it called the Trailblazer Awards, recognizing fifty employees who had made exceptional contributions during the agency's fifty year history. Several of the names were secret: Tony Mendez' name was not. Along with his name, the CIA released information explaining why he was among the Trailblazers, including details of his role in the exfiltration. With the usual sensitivity our government shows its northern neighbor, the Canadians received no advance notice. It probably would not have mattered except as a courtesy, however, as the real action was in the press and among the Canadian people.

Much to my surprise Ken Taylor was being widely denounced as a fake who had perpetrated a fraud.

I first learned of the agency announcement when a Philadelphia news reporter called and asked for my comments. I was stunned, both that the CIA would reveal

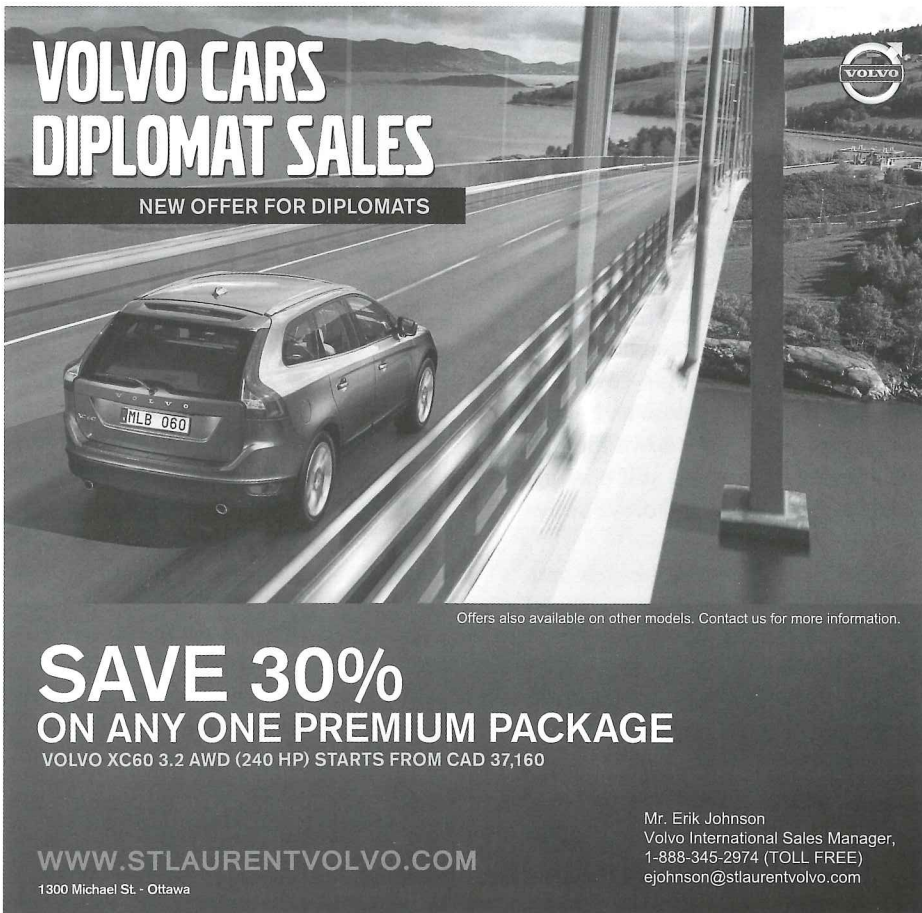
thoroughly misunderstood. After verifying the CIA press release was genuine, I called the reporter back and said Tony was a true American hero and I was pleased we could finally thank him publicly for what he had done for us. But this did not in any way diminish what the Canadians had done.

As long as Iran held the hostages, it was necessary for Ken to claim credit on behalf of his staff and his government as well as himself.

so much of its tradecraft (presumably exfiltrations are still done from time to time) and because the news was being so

John Sheardown's warmly welcoming response to Bob Anders' exploratory phone call remained, in my view, the single most important step in our journey from the consulate building to the airport in Zurich. Of course there were many critical actions along the way and picking one is necessarily arbitrary. But if we had not been convinced we were truly welcome at the Sheardown's home, we most likely would have continued trying surviving on our own. I doubt that we would have lasted another week.

Ken's wholehearted endorsement of John's action, as well as that of Joe Clark and his government, sealed the deal. They bought us the time for Tony's plan, brilliant as it was, to be conceived, approved and implemented. The Canadian passports were key as well. The reporter then asked about Ken's very visible presence during the period when it seemed virtually every American wanted to thank Canada. I replied that it was a critical part of the plan. As long as Iran held the hostages, it was necessary for Ken to claim credit on behalf of his staff and his government as well as himself. Did he do it too well? As I have written previously, the Sheardowns, Zena in particular, may have thought so. But it was necessary for Ken to be convincing... (and) the press was at least as responsible for Ken's visibility as he was. ☺



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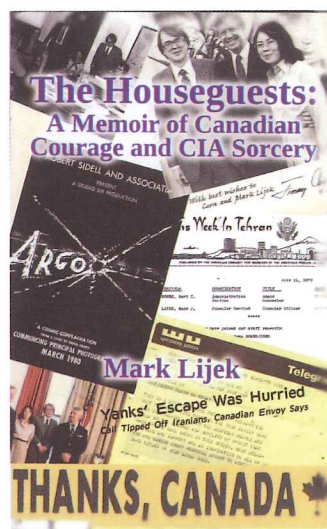
by Roger Lucy

In the historical scheme of things, the joint Canadian-CIA exfiltration of six USA diplomats: Bob Anders, Mark and Cora Lijek, Joe and Kathy Stafford and Lee Schatz, from Iran on 28 January 1980 should be, exciting though it was to those involved, a footnote to the ongoing saga of the estrangement of Iran from the USA and the global community. It was important at the time because the seizure of the U.S. Embassy in Tehran and ensuing hostage crisis had left the USA looking helpless and the international community unable or unwilling to help. The escape of the six came as a huge boost to USA morale, and American gratitude to Canada seemed without bounds. If anything, the disastrous failure of the Eagle Claw rescue mission and the additional year of captivity suffered by the 53 diplomats, who remained at the embassy, made the escape of the six seem even more remarkable.

While the CIA's technical assistance (such as providing authentic looking Iranian visas and other stamps for the Canadian passports which had been issued to the six) was quietly acknowledged, the full extent of its involvement was long shrouded by the needs of operational security. For that reason the Canadian (in particular Ambassador Ken Taylor's) role was given, perhaps, more emphasis than it merited. In 1997 the wraps came off, the CIA was celebrating its 50th anniversary, and it wanted to celebrate some good news stories. One of these was the 1980 Tehran exfiltration as told by its "master of disguise," Antonio (Tony) Mendez, who had planned and led the U.S. side of the operation. The most intriguing part of Mendez's story was the cover he had developed for the six, who posed as the Canadian members of a Hollywood crew scouting an exotic location for a Sci-fi movie. To backstop the cover, Mendez used his Hollywood contacts to set up a bogus production company, Studio Six, buying the rights to a script "Argo, A Cosmic Conflagration." The title of Mendez's first public account of operation,

in the 1999 edition of the CIA's *Annals of Intelligence* said it all – "CIA Goes Hollywood: A Classic Case of Deception."

This caused a minor furore, with the Canadian media – the CBC leading the pack – implying that Canadian Ambassador Ken Taylor did not deserve the honours that had been heaped upon him. This was unjust, but the full extent of Taylor's role was not revealed until the 2010 publication of Trent University history professor Robert Wright's thoroughly researched book, *Our Man in Tehran*. This revealed just how close Canada/USA cooperation had been, particularly with Wright's uncovering the role Ken Taylor and the late Sergeant James Edward had played in helping the USA restore its intelligence network in Iran and in relaying information related to the planning of the failed April 1980 rescue



mission, Operation Eagle Claw. So secret had this been, that I had only an inkling that something more was going on, about which it was imprudent to enquire too deeply.

In 2007 an article "How the CIA Used a Fake Sci-fi Flick to Rescue Americans From Tehran" appeared in *Wired Magazine* which played up the Hollywood connection, and almost ignored Canada's role. As intended by its author, Hollywood took the bait and in

October 2012 the movie *Argo* directed by and starring Ben Affleck appeared. *Argo* had come the full circle.

Now *Argo* is a great flick. I urge you to see it. It's gripping stuff, mixed with some nice humour about both Washington and Hollywood. The casting is generally good. The look and feel of Tehran in January 1980 are captured nicely, if with some exaggeration – hanging people from construction



Roger and spouse Susan Howell.

cranes was an Iraqi, not Iranian, custom. The Canadian OR where the Houseguests are holed up, frankly looks bizarre. But it does, as it must, greatly telescope events, and Hollywood being Hollywood, the USA role is emphasized, and the Canadian Embassy fades into the backdrop. Worse, key characters, in particular the late John Sheardown and his wife Zena, are written out of the script. While it had its share of anxious moments, and the risks to the participants were very real, the exfiltration (thankfully) offered little actual drama. This does not make for a great action movie. To compensate, *Argo* inserts a wholly spurious visit of the six to the Tehran bazaar. Similarly inserted is another cliff-hanger where the operation is almost cancelled as it might compromise Eagle Claw (in fact it served in part as a dry run for inserting agents for Eagle Claw). The grand finale is even more hyped. The passage of Mendez and the six through Mehrabad Airport was in fact rather mundane. In *Argo* it's high drama, ending in the obligatory chase scene. It's great cinema. I especially like the part where Joe Stafford, shown (as he was) as highly sceptical of Mendez's cover story, is suddenly and passionately defending the film project, in Farsi, to some Revolutionary Guards. This is almost convincing, as

Iranians are suckers for people who, like the Joe Stafford character, extol their land and culture, but it never happened. If life had imitated art, the six might have gotten away, but those of us still at the Canadian embassy would have found ourselves in a very sticky situation and I'd probably be smuggling this review out of Evin prison, written on bits of toilet paper.

Argo played fast and loose with history, but two books appeared at the same time which give accurate accounts from their authors' particular perspectives. The first is the official movie book also entitled *Argo* written by Tony Mendez and Matt Baglio, his ghost writer. The other *The Houseguests: A Memoir of Canadian Courage and CIA Sorcery* is by one of the six, Mark Lijek. Mendez's book was written to capitalize on the movie. Mark Lijek's was written in reaction to his and his wife Cora's experience as consultants to the film makers. While Affleck et al seemed willing to make every effort to appear accurate with the visual details, their lack of interest in providing an accurate portrayal of actual events dismayed the Lijeks, particularly the way the Canadian role was being downplayed. Initially, even Ken Taylor had been written out of the script (this was eventually rectified, but

the movie Ken is but a cardboard shadow of our Man in Tehran). Mark Lijek had long contemplated a memoir of his and Cora's adventures, but to get it out in time for the release of *Argo*, he had to go the ebook route (although a paperback version can be ordered from www.marklijek.com).

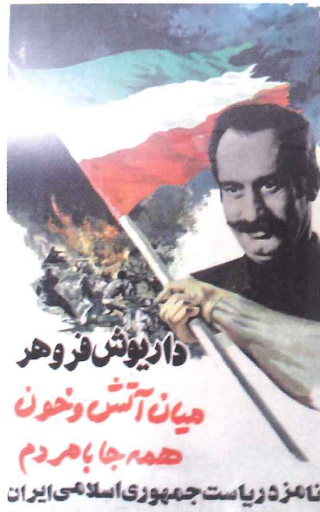
Mendez's *Argo* book expands what had been a single chapter in his memoirs about his career, *Master of Disguise* (William Morrow & Co., New York, 1999). To flesh it out, Matt Baglio has done some spadework, reading *Our Man in Tehran* and other books on the hostage crisis as well as interviewing some of the participants. Much of the other material comes from *Master of Disguise*, recounting Mendez's progress from a dirt poor Hispanic-American with artistic talent (patriotically applied to forging documents for his country) through the ranks of the CIA to head its Office of Technical Services. En route Mendez's flair for cover stories and disguises led to his developing the contacts in Hollywood which he put to good use in working out the *Argo* cover. Back in 1980 Mendez and his pseudonymous colleague Julio impressed us with their professionalism and confidence (indeed convincing the exfiltratees is as important as fooling those manning the border controls). Developing a sound cover requires meticulous attention to detail and this book shows just how much work did go into developing the *Argo* plan. Mendez gives full credit to the Canadian participants, being particularly impressed by the foresight, efficiency and flexibility of his interlocutors in External Affairs and SolGen. Mendez, in the flesh, is a fascinating raconteur, and his spook Baglio is a competent hired pen. If espionage trade craft is your thing, this is a good read, but it has little you won't find elsewhere.

Although the exfiltration itself lacked high drama, for those caught up in the takeover of the USA Embassy on 4 November 1979, there was drama enough. For Mark Lijek and his colleagues who escaped, there followed an anxious week on the run wandering from shelter to precarious shelter until Bob Anders called his friend John Sheardown to ask for help. Lijek's book vividly captures the tension of the seizure of the embassy by the students (Lijek calls them what they are, "terrorists"); how the Lijeks, Staffords and Bob Anders (along with others who were caught) escape from the consular annex; and their search for a secure hiding place

(including a thwarted offer of asylum at the British compound). He conveys very well the stress and suspense of being on the run in a hostile city. If *Argo* needed drama, there was ample real drama here, but their week on the run is telescoped into mere seconds in the movie.

Lijek's account of their two and a half months at the Sheardowns (where they were joined by Lee Schatz, who had been in the care of the Swedes) is covered far more briskly. Life for the Houseguests soon became very routine, with occasional alarms (like the time I got them stuck in a snowdrift) but little by way of diversion, save reading and Scrabble. Lijek recounts their mounting frustration, the feeling (which we at the embassy began to share, but we had our day jobs to divert us) that they had been left on the backburner – out of sight and out of mind, but still very vulnerable. The advent of Mendez and "Julio" in late January 1980, therefore came as a huge relief to most of the Houseguests; Joe Stafford excepted, they proved very receptive to the *Argo* plan. Reading Mendez and Lijek's accounts together confirms what I had long suspected, their film crew cover was designed less to fool the Iranians and more to provide a cover that the six could enthusiastically adopt. If you believe in your cover, it will work far more convincingly than if you don't. Indeed, we all got into the spirit of it, myself playing the Iranian border guard heavy during the pre-exfiltration rehearsals. In all, while I thought I knew the story well, I found myself sitting on the edge of my chair as I read Mark Lijek's account of his experiences between 4 November 1979 and 28 January 1980.

To be sure, like Mendez, Lijek would have had trouble filling a whole book if he had confined it to an account of this period. He therefore has included a prologue to the embassy takeover, recounting how he and Cora came to be posted to Tehran in the aftermath of the Revolution. In addition he provides, at the end, an account of their experiences after their escape. These sections will, I think be of particular interest to DFAIT readers, who can compare their



own experiences with his account of the State Department's assignment process, its pre-posting training and life in a U.S. embassy. One difference that stands out is the huge difference in scale on which our respective departments operate. After our post-revolution draw-down, we had at most some 15 CBS in Tehran, they had about 80 U.S. staff (before the Revolution it was closer to 700!). Junior DoS officers have one assignment choice,

they are sent out to issue visas or do consular work. Their pre-posting training was quite impressive, combining functional training, regional studies and Farsi language training. By contrast, I taught myself a bit of Farsi and, having been desk officer for Iran for the previous two years, was assumed to know what was going on there (and blithely arrived in the midst of a rapidly developing revolution). As for the aftermath, our Houseguests returned to the USA to a hero's welcome and an audience with President Carter. Most of the Canadian participants were told to avoid the media. In due course we got our reward, but in early 1980 Canada was in the midst of a general election – indeed I was encouraged to stay in Europe until after it was over. On a more practical level Ottawa was much more generous and responsive to our claims for compensation.

I highly recommend Mark Lijek's book. It is interesting, exciting, well written and gives a very different and hitherto largely untold perspective of the Hostage Crisis, and the "Canadian Caper." 🇨🇦

Roger Lucy is a retired Foreign Service Officer. He served as First Secretary in Tehran from September 1978 to 28 January 1980. bout readers will recall his many contributions on "dark-age diplomacy".

Argo: How the CIA and Hollywood Pulled Off the Most Audacious Rescue in History, Antonio Mendez and Matt Baglio, Viking, New York, 2012.

The Houseguests: A Memoir of Canadian Courage and CIA Sorcery, Mark Lijek, available on Kindle, Kobo or paperback www.marklijek.com/purchase.php

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John Sheardown

1924–2012

John Sheardown died peacefully in Ottawa at the end of the year; he had been ill for some time. John spent his career in the Immigration Foreign Service, having joined the Immigration Department in the early 1960s before later switching to the Foreign Service. He retired in 1989 after a long and proud career.

John Sheardown was the quintessential quiet man. Although never hiding in the shadows, he did his job – did it well – with little expectation of grand rewards while always comfortable in his anonymity. Men such as John serve in all diplomatic services. They may not share the profiles of their more “political” colleagues, but they are the “oil” of diplomacy. They get the chores done, they conduct the daily tasks of our business. John was also a hero of the Tehran exfiltration – albeit one of several. He took considerable risks, for himself and his family, without expectation of recognition. He did not rise to exalted status in the establishment as a result of his actions in Tehran but earned the highest respect of his peers. He died knowing that he had, indeed, made a difference.

A calm man, quite self-deprecating and with a keen sense of humour, John was something of a stoic. Solid and dependable, he thought little of the effort expended in getting the job done right. One anecdote captures the man perfectly. During the Second World War, he served in the RCAF as a pilot. During a mission over Germany, his Lancaster bomber was severely crippled. He managed to reach England and ordered his crew to bail out before himself, crashing with the plane. As a result both his legs were broken. He never tired of recounting how he crawled to a pub, waking the innkeeper in the middle of the night to ask for help and a glass of whisky. The innkeeper complied, brought the whisky, but insisted on payment while John waited for an ambulance to arrive!

There was also what could be described as a mildly subversive side to the man. A 1978 Christmas celebration for the Canadians in Tehran, hosted by Scott Munro, was the last before the US Embassy occupation in 1979. Most Canadian dependants left Tehran only days before

in response to the increasingly tense situation. All remaining Mission members contributed to the Christmas dinner with John suggesting that “the only appropriate thing to eat in a revolting Moslem country was a suckling pig.” A suitable victim was clandestinely procured.

Instead of arriving at the party with the pig appropriately prepared and cooked, John arrived early in the day with the pig ready for the oven. Unbeknownst to him, Georgette Latimer, another mission staffer, brought a turkey similarly prepared. Luckily, Munro had a second smaller oven somewhat inadequate for either beast or fowl. As the day progressed, the two dinners shunted back and forth between the two ovens, with John’s pig being found at one point sitting on the oven door with its head inside the oven seemingly attempting suicide. Somehow, everything was cooked as it should, and a last happy Christmas was celebrated in Tehran.

John and his wife, Zena, were both in the Iranian capital when radical students overran the American Embassy on November 4, 1979. A small group of Americans evaded capture by leaving from a building on the edge of the compound. For several days they shunted between various apartments before realizing that the embassy occupation would not quickly be resolved and a more permanent solution to their dilemma had to be found.

One of the Americans knew John as a friend and called for help. A man of principles and common sense, John did not hesitate and responded with, “Why didn’t you call sooner?” He then reported to Ken Taylor, his Ambassador. Over the next several months Canadian and American officials planned and prepared for the exfiltration of the American “house guests,” four of whom lived with the Sheardowns and two with the Taylors. Throughout this

time the Canadians at the embassy, particularly the Sheardowns and the Taylors, faced significant risk. The wives of the two principals, neither of whom bore a Canadian diplomatic passport, faced particular danger.

Throughout the ordeal, Sheardown was viewed by most of the Americans “house-guests” as a stoic protector, an “uncle” on whom one could count. In the evenings he would gather his wards after dinner, light his pipe, and with drink in hand, preside over the gathering as all listened with close attention to the international news on the radio.

The exfiltration of the Americans has been dramatically, and largely incorrectly, portrayed in the recent movie, *Argo*. Virtually all the Canadians are ignored in the film, with some of their exceptional contributions attributed to Ben Affleck, portraying the CIA hero (Mendez, the actual CIA officer involved, has fully acknowledged the contributions of the Canadians). When it was all over, John, and the other Canadians in Tehran, were awarded the Order of Canada. He accepted the award only after being promised that his wife, who equally faced the dangers, would also receive the Order. In the aftermath of the exfiltration and the closing of the Canadian embassy, the contribution of most of the Canadians involved in the operation was deliberately downplayed by the government. This does not, and should not, diminish our recognition of what John and others did to save friends, colleagues, and neighbours.

John is survived by his beloved wife Zena, two of his children, Robin and John, and a number of grandchildren.

Kurt F. Jensen is a retired Foreign Service colleague.

Peter Bakewell

1949–2012

Peter was born in the UK and educated at St. John's College, Oxford. He moved to Canada in 1972 and taught elementary school in British Columbia where he met his first wife Ann. Moving to the Maritimes, he worked for about five years in several branches of the Bank of Montreal before he joined the then-Department of External Affairs in 1982 and began the usual peripatetic life of a Foreign Service Officer. He served abroad in our missions in Brasilia, Prague, Amman and Washington DC. While in Ottawa, like so many of us, he had assignments in a variety of Divisions dealing with matters as diverse as the international economy, Eastern European affairs, relations with North Asia, and the conflicts of the Middle East. But for a small group of us, Peter is best remembered for the work he did while in the Security Division and finally during his five years with ISI, the Foreign Intelligence Division.

Peter's career was greater than just a dull recounting of his postings and assignments. While in Prague he took on tasks for which he is still remembered, even though the Canadian Government has not marked the importance of his actions (and those of his colleagues). He was the conduit between the Government of Canada and the Charter 77 dissidents, becoming a friend of Vaclav Havel and having one of his children christened by Father Maly, another dissident of note. He smuggled illegal literature into and out of Prague at considerable risk to himself and his family. His tireless and fearless

efforts on behalf of the dissidents were remembered and after the revolution he was brought back to the Czech Republic to be honoured by the new regime. Perhaps the Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister said it best in a letter to Peter's family:

These days, we again recall Peter's determination to support the activities of the Czechoslovak dissident (sic) and those in exile. The "Canadian connection" that selflessly transported Czechoslovak independent literature and samizdat documents while accepting the adverse consequences these activities could have had for him and his family shall never be forgotten.

Beyond the usual subjects of conversation among foreign service officers – the flow of international affairs and Canada's place therein, Peter had an abiding and intellectual interest in matters of security and intelligence. I recall, from our time together in Washington, occasions when we would sit over a coffee or a drink, often in my concrete box of an office, and discuss the problems of the world and merits or impact of the intelligence role upon these issues. His input on these occasions was always incisive and reflective of a mind in pursuit of a deeper understanding of events and personalities. Peter was a believer in the value of intelligence to the political decision-maker and was an avid discussant of the methodology

and ethics of both intelligence and the diplomatic world.

He was actively involved in sensitive matters, especially during the final years of his career, to which he made great contributions, but for which he did not seek nor did he expect to receive the recognition that was his due. Peter was the exemplar of discretion, but friends and colleagues in Ottawa and abroad in allied capitals know what he did and respect him for it.

But there was more to Peter than the sum of his professional life. True, Peter was a consummate professional; he was steadfast, reliable and greatly balanced in his judgement and perspective, all coupled with a great sense of humanity. He was committed to the promotion of human rights, tolerance and human dignity. This carried on into his private life.

Peter probably considered himself blessed to have had two families. A second and late marriage to Susan gave stability to his being. And, while he struggled with his inner frailties and matters of his own personal salvation – the love for his family, his children and his grandchildren cannot be doubted. He was not "sporty", he would never coach a hockey team, but he was always there to talk, to consult, to advise and to listen. Peter is remembered with great love and affection by all his family, friends and acquaintances.

Jim Gould is a retired Foreign Service officer.



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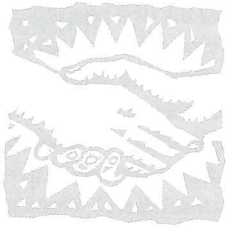
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Tom Delworth

1929–2013

Tom Delworth was born in Toronto in 1929 – a child of the Depression. He attended Weston Collegiate in Toronto and Victoria College at the University of Toronto, where he was a student in honours psychology. He received his BA in 1951. He astutely decided to switch fields at this point, to modern history, receiving an MA in 1956. Even more wisely, to jump ahead, he married Pamela in 1969, at a ceremony in Toronto at which I had the privilege of being his best man. Tom and Pam's son, Christopher, was born in 1973.

Tom joined "the Department" in August 1956. I would like to say it was a banner year, except that modesty forbids, as it included your humble author, among others. In those days, there was no Pearson Building. We were all over the lot. Tom's first home, as I recall, was in the Daly building. Others were in the Post Office building on Confederation Square. I shared an office in the East Block with Marion MacPherson, one of the early women officers in the Department, which was not an "equal opportunity employer" in those days. Others were spread about elsewhere.

Early on, Tom showed his mettle while posted to the Minister's office. He was one of the departmental assistants to Sydney Smith, the then Minister, who had been recruited from his duties as President of the University of Toronto by Prime Minister Diefenbaker. Tom was nothing if not assiduous in respect of his duties. Conscientious he was, but he was much more than that. He gave it everything he had – the job he was doing, when he was doing it, was more important and challenging than anything else on the face of the Earth. And, God knows, Sydney Smith needed that kind of energy and devotion as he faced his new responsibilities.

Next, was his first posting. For us junior foreign service officers, that was, after all, part of the reason we had joined the department – to see the great wide world up close – as real diplomats. We even had a song in the annual new-officers' skit – "All I want is a post somewhere" – set to the well-known tune from *My Fair Lady*. Tom lucked it out when the Department sent him off to Stockholm. Or at least my wife

Janice and I thought so, when we had the great pleasure of escaping gloomy Moscow in 1959 to spend a few days visiting him.

There followed (1963–1964) a posting to Vietnam, to Canada's mission to the International Commission for Supervision and Control. The Commission was supposed to monitor the peace process in that war-torn region. It is hard to imagine it today, more than half a century later, but between 1954, when Canada joined the peace commissions, and 1973, when the final mission withdrew, almost a third of the Department's diplomats served in Indochina. It seemed that virtually all bachelor officers were sent out. I say "bachelor" because there were no proper accommodations for married officers, except for the heads of the various missions. I might add parenthetically, that I escaped because I was married – I always knew that this was one of the best moves I ever made, but now I had concrete proof.

Some years in Ottawa in the Department's Far Eastern Division helped Tom build up expertise and expand his influence on the development of Canadian policy in this important area. Then came his first post as ambassador (to Indonesia from 1970 to 1974), during the dramatic early years of the Suharto regime whose national development strategy required substantial assistance from donor countries like Canada. More senior responsibilities followed, both in Ottawa and abroad.

Three aspects of his career were a particular source of satisfaction for Tom:

- He served with distinction in Geneva (1974–75) and also concurrently with his ambassador's post in Hungary (1975–78) as Head of the Canadian Delegation to the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. Later, he had similar responsibilities during his ambassadorial appointment to Sweden (1984–87) at the CSCE Conference on Confidence and Security Building measures and Disarmament. The Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, which developed its structures in those years, has played an immensely significant role in the unfolding of post-Soviet Europe, and the development and reinforcement of human rights and

fundamental freedoms in Eastern Europe. Tom's efforts in its early days, and his role in Canada's contribution to its future as an agency of great consequence in the North American-European context cannot be overestimated.

- Tom's part in the formation of Canadian policy with Asia and the Far East is equally deserving of notice. The sustained development of sound, productive relations between Canada and the countries of the region was a continuing commitment since his early days in Vietnam, in the Far Eastern Division in Ottawa, and as Ambassador to Indonesia. Subsequently (1978–84) as Assistant Undersecretary in charge of Asian and Pacific Affairs, and later Assistant Deputy Minister for Political Affairs, and Special Adviser to the Deputy Minister, he pursued these objectives at the most senior levels with great effectiveness. He was a major contributor to the creation of the Asia Pacific Foundation, a significant player in Canada's relations with that part of the world.
 - Finally, he served as Canadian Ambassador in Bonn, from 1988 to 1992. Those years coincided with the reunification of the two Germanys, a time of great challenge for the entire continent, but also one of major importance for Canadian policy vis-à-vis the new Germany. His skills were particularly important in protecting and advancing Canadian interests; he ensured a significant Canadian contribution to a process that proved to be one of the most momentous developments of the second half of the twentieth century.
- With his retirement in 1993, Tom brought to a close a thirty-seven year career in Canada's foreign ministry – thirty-seven years of outstanding service and accomplishment. But that is not the end of the story. At sixty-five, Tom turned to a completely new role in academe. Or perhaps I should say a return, for he once described his early university years as "the most profound intellectual experience of my life".
- He was appointed as Bissell Visiting Professor at the University of Toronto and Skelton-Clark Professor at Queen's University,

and Special Lecturer at the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs at Carleton, prestigious teaching positions whose duties he accomplished with great distinction. It was, however, his activities as Provost of Trinity College in the University of Toronto, from 1996 to 2002, that in many respects represent the culmination of a long career in the service of his country.

At an age when many men and women justifiably feel they are entitled to slow down, a time when many of us are content to polish our golf game or enjoy the pleasures of the couch potato, Tom poured his very considerable talents and energy into one of the University's most important colleges. As Provost, he gave vigorous leadership to Trinity and – literally – built a better institution. We all know that universities are much more than bricks and mortar, but we also know how important it is to be able to provide the resources necessary to create appropriate surroundings in which achievements of the mind may be pursued. Tom had extraordinary success in raising funds, and helped to bring about the establishment of the Munk Centre for International Studies and the new Trinity College Library.

Tom was a significant participant in the governance of the University of Toronto. He contributed substantially to the effective functioning of one of North America's most important academic institutions, and its college structure for which he had great respect. When that was over, back in Ottawa, he had still had more to contribute: to the Council on Security Cooperation in the Asia Pacific, to the International Institute for Strategic Affairs, the Atlantic Council of Canada, and the Atlantik Brücke. And in the Ottawa milieu, to the Rockcliffe Park Foundation, and especially to Opera Lyra to which he gave all the dedication and dynamism that he could muster.

Tom's working life was dedicated to establishing a sound foundation for Canadian foreign policy, to excellence in the university milieu, and to the betterment of the Ottawa cultural scene. I find it hard to conceive of a more appropriate embodiment of that sometimes overused expression: "public servant".

But I would be more than a little remiss if I did not add that there was much more to the Tom we knew than the highlights of a fine career. He was a kindred spirit to many of us. He was a comrade for more than fifty-five years, from our earliest days in Ottawa

in the nineteen fifties until just a short time ago. At the end of the day, that is the measure of the man.

Go in peace, my friend, we shall miss you.

Born in Toronto in 1930, Maxwell (Max) Yalden obtained his BA at the University of Toronto in 1952, studied in Paris, and got his Phd in Philosophy at the University of Michigan in 1956 – the year he joined External Affairs. Assignments included Moscow, the Geneva Conference on Disarmament, and the Embassy in Paris. He was Assistant Under-Secretary of State in the Department of the Secretary of State (1969), Deputy Minister of Communications (1973), Commissioner of Official Languages (1977), Ambassador to Belgium and Luxembourg (1984), and Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Human Rights Commission (1987). He was elected to the U.N. Human Rights Committee in 1996 and re-elected in 2000. A Companion of the Order of Canada and Commandeur de l'Ordre de la Pléiade, he holds honorary doctorates from the University of Ottawa and Carleton University.



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William McKenzie (Bill) Wood

1922–2012

My father was born on St. Patrick's Day in Montreal in 1922. He studied at Upper Canada College in Toronto and McGill University and became an officer in the Black Watch Regiment (RHR) of Canada, serving in the North West Europe Campaign. He was wounded in Normandy at Verrières Ridge and then fought again at the battle of Scheldt on the Leopold Canal in Belgium where he was captured and sent to a POW camp. After the war, he studied Economics at Cambridge, where he was taught by Keynes, and then law at McGill. In 1949, he joined External Affairs as a Foreign Service Officer, soon after being called to the Québec Bar.

My father was a modest and very thoughtful man with a respect for tradition but also an openness to new ideas. He was described by many as a quintessential gentleman and had an ability to listen to everyone regardless of rank or station, important qualities for a diplomat. He was always well informed on a wide range of subjects, had a remarkable memory, a great sense of humour, and loved to share stories at gatherings with former colleagues, friends and family.

Looking back at his career which spanned four decades, taking him to so many very different countries, he would tell me how satisfying it was, and would encourage me to go on a posting. Clearly his choice of a diplomatic life was a perfect fit to fulfill his immense curiosity and spirit of adventure.

My father's first posting was to Athens. At the time, in the early 1950s, it was a hardship posting as the country was still devastated from the Civil War. It is there that he met his wife-to-be, Ismene, on a beach, thanks to his Dachshund, Ouzo. Throughout his career she supported him, playing a role of soft diplomacy, running the residences, and smoothing the transitions for the family from posting to posting. This was typical of that generation and certainly much appreciated by father.

His next posting took him to Brussels, where I was born, during which he

was sent as acting Consul General to Leopoldville to open Canada's first Office following the independence of the Belgian Congo in 1960. In those days communications were difficult, and I understand that at some point he was considered actually to have disappeared! Years later, when I was studying at McGill University and he was Ambassador at Kinshasa, I heard on the news that there were revolts in Zaire. Fearing for my parents' safety, I tried to reach them by telephone but to no avail.

My earliest recollections of my father go back to when he was posted to Tel Aviv, before the 6-Day War, and I was attending the American School there. During that time as Chargé d'Affaires he presided over the hoisting of the new Canadian flag on the roof of our Embassy. I remember trips to Jerusalem for Easter, crossing the desert at night in our little car, and him teaching me to ride a bicycle and to drive.

In 1966, my father joined the Canadian Delegation to the International Control Commission, for a year, in Saigon and Hanoi while my mother and I stayed safely in Geneva close to the boarding school where my brother Anthony was studying. For this he was awarded in 2002 the Canadian Peacekeeping Service Medal in recognition of his contribution to international peace and security.

The following year my father was posted to Paris. This was a challenging period when relations between France and Canada were at times tense. I too had challenges of my own when I began studying in the French system – which I continued in Haiti during our next posting where my father was Head of Mission – and then at Lycée Claudel in Ottawa.

I still remember vividly when the U.S. Ambassador to Haiti, Clinton Knox, and his First Secretary, Mr. Christensen, were kidnapped and my father was the first, and only one, to enter the Ambassador's Residence where they were held hostage, and to start the negotiations toward their safe release. For this act of bravery he

received personal letters from Prime Minister Trudeau and from the U.S. Secretary of State. It was 1972 and a few years later he received the distinction of "Commandeur de l'Ordre International du Bien Public" for his distinguished diplomatic services.

His Headquarters assignments included working in the Economic, Information, Legal, and Africa and Middle East Divisions, and as Executive Assistant to the Undersecretary of State, Arnold Heeney, as well as being appointed Director of the Consular Affairs Division.

During his retirement, my father devoted much of his time to his beloved growing family; monitoring his investments; and contributing to the remembrance of WWII, proudly wearing the Black Watch Red Hackle on special commemorative occasions. He enjoyed going to the RHOMA luncheons; travelling to Africa and Asia to visit my brother, Anthony, who works for the UNDP; and playing golf at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club up to just weeks before his passing at age 90.

In 2004, and again in 2007, my father travelled with family members to rediscover where he had fought during the War. Prior to that he was interviewed and appeared in the controversial documentary entitled *The Valour and the Horror*, aired on CBC-TV in 1992, which recounted the battle of Verrières Ridge. He also wrote his *War Story*, which was published in the June 2012 edition of the *Red Hackle Magazine*.

My father's legacy lives on in my brother and me and our children (my Nicolas and Sophia, and his Brian), and his contributions to Canada both in war and peace time will not be forgotten. ☺

Alexandra Wood joined the Department in 1994 from Investment Canada and is currently Deputy Director in the North America Partnerships and Operations Division.

Volcano Rising: An Ambassador's Diary

VOLCANO RISING: AN AMBASSADOR'S DIARY, by John Kneale, to be published Spring 2013; Baico Publishing and Bookstore, 2012, 320 pp, \$22.95. Available at www.baico.ca, baico@bellnet.ca and chapters.ca

John Kneale's book serves a very useful dual purpose: for those wishing to acquire a sense of Latin America, with all its foibles and complexities, it does a splendid job; the author has compressed into a single volume many of the characteristics of the region, using Ecuador as the template. At the same time, he has provided – by describing in detail his own daily experiences – a compelling description of what it is that a Canadian diplomat at the level of ambassador actually does.

For the most part, Latin America has made impressive progress in recent years; economies are expanding, poverty is decreasing, and democracy has been consolidated. But Ecuador belongs to a small group of countries that are mired in the past; a past of populism, erratic government and economic autarchy. For a number of complex reasons, when the rest of the region began to modernize over the past fifty years, these countries stayed behind or followed a different path.

In the late nineties, they found an ideological organizing principle in the precepts of ALBA (Alianza Bolivariana para los Pueblos de Nuestra America), a creation of the late Hugo Chavez of Venezuela. Chavez, a powerful leader of the "caudillo" style and a spell-binding orator, arrived with an agenda that was equally antagonistic toward the corrupt elite of Venezuela and American influence in the region; his mantra had been "socialism for the 21st century".

Using his country's considerable oil wealth, he signed up a number of countries, starting with Cuba, followed by Bolivia, Nicaragua and Ecuador. A handful of Caribbean countries followed, unable to resist the allure of cheap oil, even if they didn't share the ideological extremes of ALBA (they had little choice; conventional aid programs historically provided

by Canada, the US and Europe, were being dismantled to the point that these small island nations were destitute). Others are lined up to join, and Argentina is an enthusiastic outlier.

Americas-watchers attach various degrees of significance to ALBA. Many see it as an empty vessel, soon to collapse under the weight of its own contradictions – if not by the demise of Chavez. Others take it more seriously: a Latin American colleague at the OAS once confided to me that ALBA is "a struggle for the soul of Latin America – a struggle between the *Bolivarianos* and the *Monroviaños*!"

Even by the exuberant standards of the ALBA group, Ecuador's history stands out for its bigger-than-life politicians, its turbulent history, and the consistent instability that has debilitated its economy. For reasons that are hard to explain, it has suffered from unstable governance, decade after decade.

Even by the exuberant standards of the ALBA group, Ecuador's history stands out for its bigger-than-life politicians, its turbulent history, and the consistent instability that has debilitated its economy.

Here is a country that, since independence in 1830, has produced 19 constitutions and twice as many presidents – a procession of colourful, charismatic but often ineffective populists (it should be noted, however, that Ecuador has also produced brilliant leaders, some of whom have achieved renown for their country and for the region).

John Kneale arrived on this turbulent scene in 1998, as Canada's newly-appointed ambassador; although an experienced, professional diplomat, nothing could have prepared him for the wild mix of events that would take over his life for the ensuing three years. He dealt with it all: a military coup d'état; life-threatening volcanic eruptions; kidnappings, indigenous uprisings, and default on the national debt, to mention just a few.

One would like to think that, in the circumstances, the Canadian representative would be

supported by the full strength of the Canadian government but, alas, this was not the case. Ecuador had long been considered by Ottawa to be a country at best marginal to Canada's interests; not big enough, or rich enough, or stable enough to warrant serious attention. For years the embassy itself was regarded as an afterthought, having been closed and then re-opened twice. Even when it was open and functioning, the embassy was starved of the most basic staff and resources needed to fulfill its responsibilities. As a result, it fell upon the ambassador to make up the shortfall, by using his ingenuity and sheer hard work to make the Canadian presence credible.

John Kneale accomplished this to an impressive degree, and then went one step further: he recorded his activities in a daily diary. The record he kept is the backbone of *Volcano Rising*, giving the book a sense of "being there" in real time – a ringside seat to the drama of Ecuador in the late nineties.

It is a balanced account, because the author recognizes, in addition to the faults, the many positive things that there are to say about the country and its people. Also, through a series of historical flashbacks, he puts the colourful present into the context of an equally colourful past.

Most Canadians' knowledge of Latin America is pretty thin, simply because the material available – material that explains our hemisphere from a Canadian perspective – is sadly lacking. This book, brief and concise but packed with detail, does a lot to remedy this situation. ☺

Paul Durand is a recovering Canadian diplomat who spent much of his career in Latin America, as well as India and the US. He was Canada's ambassador to Costa Rica, with concurrent accreditation to Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama.

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Of Governors General and Grown Men

It was early spring in Gallipoli. Aussies, Kiwis, Brits, Turks and others had gathered to commemorate one of the bloodiest, tragic and yet nation-building battles of WWI. The Governor General of New Zealand, the distinguished jurist Dame Silvia Cartwright, presided over the ceremonies. As we know, Gallipoli is serious business and Canada was represented not least because Newfoundlanders were among the battle's many casualties.

I was beside the Governor General of a seriously brisk morning when we were greeted by New Zealand troops. A Maori greeting to be more specific: much stamping, shirtless chests heaving, threatening gestures and shouts galore and – of course – a lot of tongues stuck out as far as humanly possible at the “honoured” guests. Thinking of our own very correct Governor General at the time, Adrienne Clarkson, I leaned over to Dame Cartwright and said (...cheekily, I'll admit): “You know, in my country grown men don't normally stick their tongues out at the Governor General”. “Aaaah” she sighed somewhat wistfully, “...in New Zealand it happens ALL the time.” ☺

*Stuart Hughes is a retired Foreign Service officer and Editor of **bout de papier**. (Have a favourite vignette? Send it!).*

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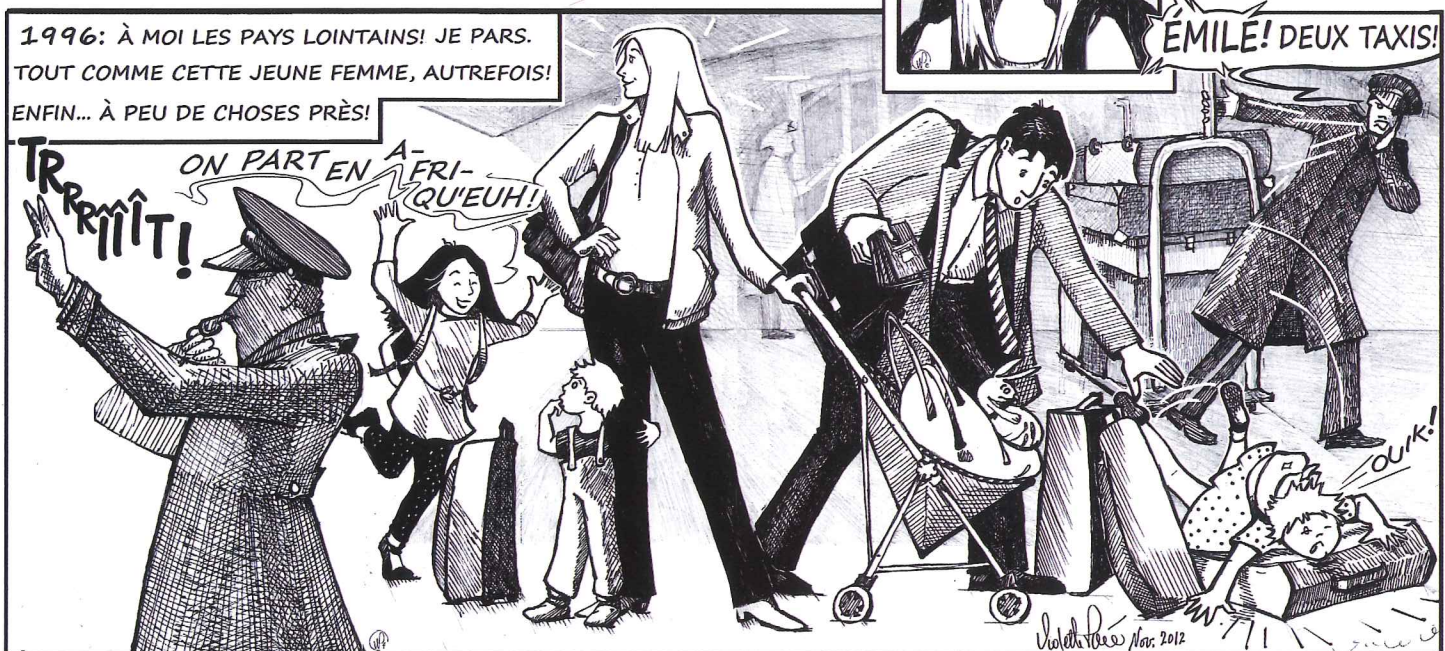
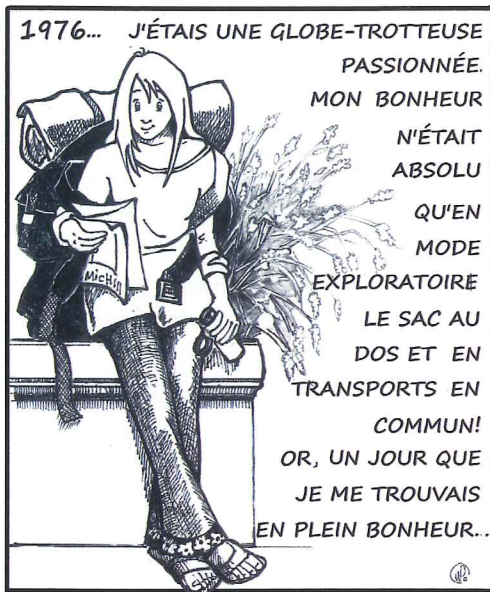
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par: *Violette Paré*
Série: La vie dans les valises - n. 1 - Novembre 2012



VIOLETTE PARÉ. Née à Montréal le 3 mai 1956. Au sortir de sa petite enfance, elle part vivre avec sa famille en Afrique de l'Ouest dont elle revient définitivement à 17 ans. S'ensuivent plusieurs années d'exploration du Canada, et d'études, notamment en scénographie théâtrale ainsi qu'en enseignement. Depuis 1991, elle fait plusieurs séjours à l'étranger en compagnie de son mari, agent des Affaires étrangères du Canada, et de leurs trois enfants.

Lors de leur affectation récente à Moscou, elle a conçu des bandes dessinées sur sa vie d'expatriée, qui ont été publiées mensuellement dans la revue *Moscou-Accueil* en 2011-2012, et ont été exposées par la suite dans le cadre de l'exposition annuelle de l'International Women's Club à Moscou. D'Islamabad, voici maintenant sa nouvelle série: « La vie dans les valises »!

Trivial Pursuit (of an FS Position)?

For those applicants who had survived the ordeal depicted in the last issue of **bout de papier**, there remained further tests. Before the oral examination, candidates were expected to answer yet another set of essay questions as well as one of those "objective tests" (ones for which only one correct answer was possible) highly favoured by the Civil Service Commission, which frowned on the creative possibilities and consequently uncertain evaluations of essay responses (which were too "subjective" for their delicate sensibilities even though they bore a closer relation to what might be encountered in work in the Department of External Affairs). As with the other components of the examination, these elements were longstanding features of the process whereby candidates eventually proceeded, if successful along the way, to the interview stage. Once again, the questions likely reveal more about the cultural biases and attitudes of the examiners than about the qualifications of the applicants. The copy from which these texts were drawn included markings which presumably indicated which answers were given by our informant – if so, I can reassure readers that his application was successful even though not all of his answers were correct.

– Hector Mackenzie

CIVIL SERVICE OF CANADA

FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER, GRADES 1 AND 2

Department of External Affairs

WRITTEN EXAMINATION – PAPER THREE

PART A (60 marks)

1949. Time: 2 hours

(Answer any two of the following questions)

From this section of the paper an assessment will be made of your knowledge of, and ability to deal with, questions of a kind which junior officers may be required to handle in the Department. Due allowance will be made for lack of experience both in handling official business and in the technical forms of draftsmanship. Your answers should display common sense, an appreciation of the general principles involved and capacity to state a case or to suggest a solution.

1. (a) Do you agree that when acting in a quasi-judicial capacity a judge or administrator should follow the principle that "the course of practical justice lies midway between the extreme positions taken by the disputing parties?"
(b) Fearing that a war with neighbouring State X is imminent, State Y orders that all ships in port in State Y should be delayed 48 hours before being allowed to proceed. The owners of the Canadian vessel "Hindmarch" (which was so delayed in State Y) ask you what courses of action are open to them to obtain compensation for the losses incurred by the delay. Assuming that the owners have a claim for these losses, draft a letter of reply.
2. (a) In your view, is the object of punishment the prevention of crime?
(b) Compare and contrast "war crimes" and "crimes against humanity". In your view, would the International Court of Justice hold, if asked for an advisory opinion, that "crimes against humanity" are punishable under international law?
3. In one of his recent speeches, the Prime Minister stated that in the event of war between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., Canada could not remain neutral. Outline the arguments which, in your opinion, could be given for and against such a statement.
4. How has the climate affected industrial development and geographical location affected the growth of commerce in any one of the following countries: Canada, the United Kingdom, France.
5. Examine one of the following, outline the purposes for which it was created and assess its contribution to economic stability.
(a) The International Monetary Fund and the World Bank
(b) The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade
(c) The European Recovery Programme
6. At the International Civil Aviation Organization, several countries have expressed the desire for the merger of all airlines of all states into a single system which would be internationally owned and operated. They base their arguments on several assumptions, one of the most important being that at the present time air transportation is in almost a state of monopolistic competition. Discuss this problem. Indicate whether or not you agree with this assumption, and outline some of the practical difficulties that might arise under a system of international ownership of airlines.
7. Evaluate, with particular reference to Canada, the importance of two of the following methods of combatting depressions:
(a) Government deficits (b) Interest rate manipulation
(c) Foreign lending (d) Tax reductions
8. Write a memorandum indicating in what way a North Atlantic Security Pact can be made compatible with the United Nations Charter and contribute to the strengthening of the United Nations.
9. As an officer of the Department of External Affairs you receive a telephone message from the Stag Line Ship Company in Halifax, stating that one of their ships the "Stag-at-ave" has been detained in a sea port of Illyria and that its cargo of wheat, flour, steel rails and tractors, consigned to another country with which Illyria is in a state of hostility, is being discharged. Write a note stating the action you would propose to take to protect Canadian interests in the matter.

WRITTEN EXAMINATION - PAPER THREE

Warning. - Use only the pencil provided by the supervisor

PART B (40 marks)

1949. Time: 1 hour

1. "Full Employment in a Free Society" was written by:
(a) Beveridge (b) Keynes (c) Laski (d) Cripps (e) None of these
2. Which of the following plays was not written by Bernard Shaw?
(a) The Apple Cart (b) Major Barbara (c) The Doctor's Dilemma
(d) Eros at Breakfast (e) Androcles and the Lion
3. The musical comedy "Carousel" is based upon:
(a) a play (b) a short story (c) a novel (d) a poem
(e) an original script
4. Koussevitzky is the conductor of:
(a) Boston Symphony Orchestra (b) New York Symphony
Orchestra (c) N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra (d) London
Symphony Orchestra (e) None of these
5. Alekhine is famous as:
(a) A Russian marshall (b) A chess champion (c) A political
theorist (d) An orchestra leader (e) None of these
6. John Henry Bagshaw appears as a character in:
(a) Sam Slick (b) Sarah Binks (c) Sunshine Sketches
(d) Pickwick Papers (e) None of these
7. John Locke wrote:
(a) Spirit of Laws (b) Laws of War and Peace (c) Second
Treatise on Government (d) "On Liberty" (e) None of these
8. Machiavelli was, by and large, an exponent of:
(a) Monarchic government (b) Oligarchic government
(c) Republican government (d) Government by constitutional
monarchy (e) Anarchy
9. The Geneva Trade Agreements include provision for:
(a) Immediate elimination of British preference tariffs
(b) Gradual decrease and eventual elimination of British
preference tariffs
(c) Maintenance of British Preferential Tariff at about their
present level
(d) Gradual increase in British Preferential Tariff
(e) No interference with British Preferential Tariff
10. The Trades and Labour Congress of Canada:
(a) Officially supports a political party and encourages member
unions to do the same
(b) Does not support a political party but encourages member
unions to support
(c) Officially supports a party and obliges member unions to do
the same
(d) Does not support a party and discourages member unions
from supporting
(e) Does not support a political party and forbids member unions
to support
11. Recent great iron ore discoveries in Northern Quebec are being
developed by:
(a) A provincial Crown Company (b) An American private
company (c) A Canadian private company (d) The Canadian
subsidiary of an American company (e) None of these
12. The Prime Minister of South Africa is:
(a) Smuts (b) Malan (c) Hofmeyr (d) Strydom (e) Swart
13. His policy might best be described as:
(a) Isolationist (b) Strongly nationalist (c) Mildly nationalist
(d) Imperialist (e) Internationalist
14. With the passage of the "Commonwealth Relations Act"
Ireland technically:
(a) Clarified her former status as a "Republic within
the British Commonwealth"
(b) Did not change her status as a "Republic within
the British Commonwealth"
(c) Left the Commonwealth while retaining allegiance
to the Crown
(d) Repudiated allegiance to the Crown while remaining within
the Commonwealth
(e) Became a foreign country
15. Decisions of the Supreme Court of Canada may be referred to
the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council:
(a) Only in civil cases (b) Only in criminal cases
(c) Only in cases where the Crown appears as a litigant
(d) In all cases (e) In no cases
16. Which of these economists is frequently characterized
as an early exponent of the approach to economics of
the late Lord Keynes?
(a) Say (b) Malthus (c) Ricardo (d) Smith (e) Turgot
17. A country not normally considered within the so-called
"sterling area" is:
(a) Sweden (b) The Netherlands (c) Norway
(d) Argentina (e) Chile
18. A particularly outspoken opponent of Canadian membership
in the Pan-American Union is:
(a) Pearson (b) Massey (c) King (d) Lower (e) Duplessis
19. His argument is based on the idea that:
(a) The British connection precludes participation
(b) Participation would lead to a decrease in Canadian
prestige abroad
(c) Binding international obligations are undesirable
(d) Participation would weaken national unity
(e) Participation would lead to decreased European trade
20. The Fabian Society is primarily associated with the study of
(a) Ancient history (b) Social problems (c) Contemporary
science (d) The drama (e) None of these
21. Yehudi Menuhin is know best as:
(a) An orchestra leader (b) A concert pianist (c) A cellist
(d) A composer (e) None of these
22. "The Emperor Jones" was written by:
(a) Shaw (b) Synge (c) O'Neill (d) Coward (e) None of these
23. "Representative Government" is the title of an essay by:
(a) John Stuart Mill (b) James Mill (c) Edmund Burke
(d) Thomas Carlyle (e) None of these
24. Which of the following poets flourished during the
"Victorian" period:
(a) Gray (b) Goldsmith (c) Rosetti (d) Pope (e) Shelley

25. The "Passamaquoddy Project" is concerned with:
(a) Hydro-electric development (b) Harbour development
(c) Canal development (d) Forestry development
(e) Irrigation development
26. The unofficial financial critic of the Progressive Conservative Party in the House of Commons is:
(a) Diefenbacher [sic] (b) Fleming (c) Macdonnell
(d) Drew (e) Graydon
27. John Steinbeck wrote:
(a) Cannery Row (b) Lost Horizon (c) For Whom the Bell Tolls
(d) Cry, the Beloved Country (e) King's Row
28. "Chicago" is a poem by:
(a) MacLeish (b) T. S. Eliot (c) Sandburg (d) Lindsay
(e) None of these
29. "The Ice Floes" is a poem by:
(a) Pratt (b) Carmen (c) Thompson (d) Carr (e) Scott
30. Sir Joseph Porter K.C.B. is:
(a) A British statesman (b) An author (c) A character in a novel
(d) A professional soldier (e) A character in an operetta
31. The Chalk River Atomic Energy Plant is administered by:
(a) The Department of National Defence (b) The Atomic Energy Commission
(c) The United Nations (d) The National Research Council (e) A private concern
32. Should Canada devalue her dollar:
(a) The price of exports would tend to rise (b) The price of gold would tend to fall
(c) The price of imports would tend to fall (d) The price of imports would tend to rise
(e) The cost of living would tend to fall
33. The 1948 Canadian Rugby Champion Team was from:
(a) Toronto (b) Ottawa (c) Winnipeg (d) Calgary (e) Montreal
34. The rationing of a scarce commodity through the consumers is likely to lead to:
(a) A rise in price (b) A fall in price (c) Illegal trading
(d) An increase in supply (e) A decrease in demand
35. "The Unknown Country" was written by:
(a) Lower (b) McInnes (c) Hutchison (d) Raddall (e) None of these
36. "Giovanni Boccaccio" was:
(a) A thirteenth century painter (b) A fourteenth century author
(c) A fifteenth century painter (d) A fifteenth century sculptor
(e) A seventeenth century author
37. The Character of "Fagan" appears in:
(a) Oliver Twist (b) Pickwick Papers (c) David Copperfield
(d) Nicholas Nickleby (e) None of these
38. In Shakespeare's "Hamlet" Gildenstern is:
(a) A jester (b) A page (c) A soldier
(d) An ambassador (e) A prince
39. General DeGaulle's most effective political appeal appears to be that he:
(a) Offers right wing government
(b) Offers left wing government
(c) Promises to increase social benefit legislation
(d) Promises stability
(e) Is anti-communist
40. Which of the following was not a member of Mr. Truman's cabinet on January 1, 1949:
(a) Forrestal (b) Marshall (c) Krug (d) Tobin (e) Schwelienbach
41. The United States "Bureau of the Budget" is directly controlled by the:
(a) President (b) House of Representatives (c) Senate
(d) Two Houses of Congress (e) Secretary of the Treasury
42. The Postmaster General of Canada is:
(a) Mr. Garson (b) Mr. Glen (c) Mr. Bertrand
(d) Mr. Fournier (e) None of these
43. The place of the French Language in Canada was first guaranteed by:
(a) The Quebec Act (b) The Act of Union (c) The B.N.A. Act
(d) The Proceedings of the Imperial Conference of 1926
(e) The Statute of Westminster
44. The well known phrase "autonomous communities within the British Empire" first appears in the:
(a) B.N.A. Act
(b) Proceedings of the Imperial Conference of 1926
(c) Colonial Laws Validity Act
(d) Statute of Westminster
(e) Proceedings of the Conference on colonial legislation and merchant shipping, 1929
45. The "North-West Staging Route" is:
(a) A chain of trading posts
(b) A mountain trail
(c) Another name for the Alcan Highway
(d) A series of airports
(e) An early American Stage-Coach Trail
46. The province with a bi-cameral legislature is:
(a) British Columbia (b) Manitoba (c) Ontario
(d) Quebec (e) Nova Scotia
47. The Canadian House of Commons is elected for a maximum term of:
(a) Three years (b) Four and one-half years
(c) Five years (d) Six years (e) Seven years
48. The power to disallow provincial legislation may be exercised
(a) by the Governor General in Council at any time
(b) by the Governor General in Council within one year of the passage of legislation
(c) by the House of Commons within six months of the passage of the legislation
(d) by the Governor General alone at any time
(e) by parliament within six months of passage
49. In December, 1948, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that:
(a) the prohibition of the import, manufacture and sale of oleomargarine in Canada was intra vires of the Federal Government
(b) prohibition of import, manufacture and sale was ultra vires of the Federal Government
(c) that prohibition of import was intra-vires of the Federal Government but legislation re-manufacture and sale was ultra-vires

- (d) that the Dominion and the Provinces have concurrent jurisdiction over margarine
(e) that the Provinces have complete jurisdiction on all phases of the trade in margarine
50. Excluding British and French, the racial origin of the largest number of Canadians is:
(a) Danish (b) Ukrainian (c) Norwegian (d) German (e) Dutch
51. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has 50,000 watt transmitting stations in all of:
(a) Toronto, Quebec, Sackville and Montreal
(b) Vancouver, Edmonton, Halifax and London
(c) Watrous, Toronto, Sackville and Montreal
(d) Regina, Windsor, Sherbrooke and Moncton
(e) Winnipeg, Sherbrooke, Toronto and Montreal
52. Which of the following figures most closely approximates the Canadian "national income" for 1948?
(a) Seven Hundred Million Dollars
(b) One Billion Six Hundred Million Dollars
(c) Four Billion Dollars
(d) Thirteen Billion Dollars
(e) Thirty-Seven Billion Dollars
53. The Chief of Staff of the Canadian Army is General:
(a) Foulkes (b) Simonds (c) Worthington (d) Crerar
(e) None of these
54. Which is the largest of the following Canadian Arctic Islands:
(a) Devon (b) Prince of Wales (c) Somerset (d) Banks
(e) Victoria
55. The Dominion-Provincial Wartime Tax agreements expired on:
(a) August 15, 1946 (b) May 8, 1946 (c) January 1, 1946
(d) January 1, 1947 (e) None of these dates
56. On the day on which this paper is written, Canada is represented in Newfoundland by:
(a) An Ambassador (b) A Minister (c) A High Commissioner
(d) A Liaison Mission (e) None of these
57. Which of the following is not a Provincial Premier:
(a) Jones (b) Kennedy (c) Johnson (d) Douglas
(e) None of these
58. Excluding wheat, Canada's most important export by value (1946) was:
(a) Pulp and paper (b) Gold (c) Lumber (d) Base metals (e) Fish
59. Fundamentally the most important single cause of the chronic United Kingdom economic difficulties is:
(a) Shortage of United States' dollars
(b) Loss of investment fields abroad
(c) Growth of advanced manufacturing industry abroad
(d) Depletion of resources
(e) Emigration
60. Which of the following cities is the farthest South?
(a) Victoria, B.C. (b) Ottawa, Ontario (c) Montreal, Quebec
(d) Fredericton, New Brunswick (e) Halifax, Nova Scotia

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The Perfect (Religious) Storm

A Aalto Propounds a Crisis of Faith

The man sat behind a long table at the front of the room, staring intently at his watch. Nodding once, he said, "All right, turn over your papers and start reading."

CANDIDATES' ENTRANCE EXAMINATION: ESSAY QUESTION

Consider the following hypothetical scenario.

It is the year 2033 and the small developing country of Yulandia is in crisis. The fundamentalist Christian majority, which has close and mutually profitable commercial ties with Canada, has a long history of violent repression against women, homosexuals, liberals and atheists. These attacks were carried out by both government forces and street mobs, with impunity in both cases. Six months ago, harsh attacks began on the country's Muslims as well. A UN Special Representative has tabled a highly critical report.

In response, the highly conservative Muslim minority, which makes up virtually all of the armed forces, has overthrown the Christian-dominated government and installed a repressive dictatorship that has armed itself with the latest defence technology from Iran and declared a domestic jihad against Christians and Jews. The Christians and the Muslims both reject foreign intervention in Yulandia, largely because they both expect to win the increasingly violent civil war.

A third religious grouping, an extremist breakaway sect of Tibetan tantric Buddhism, has meanwhile been pouring acolytes into the country for several years. Apparently peaceful at the start, they have recently revealed their core doctrine, which interprets obscure sutras to say that full victory for their creed can only be obtained by giving all non-believers the choice between conversion and death. ("We will make a desert and call it Nirvana!") They have formed the Saffron Tigers guerilla movement which attacks all sides in the war zones.

To complicate matters further, a small colony of non-Zionist Jewish settlers has purchased large tracts of land along the border lakes, where they expect their Messiah to show up before long.

While waiting, they make a living by harvesting and exporting a traditional organic drug from the bushes by the lake. Called "manna", it is legal and popular everywhere in the world except the United States and Canada. ("It makes people happy and tolerant, so it's immoral, plus it's fattening, so it must be made illegal.")

Atheists form a small but lively community in Yulandia, dominating the cultural, intellectual, scientific and professional classes. They are under attack by almost everyone else, on grounds that unbelief is the only thing worse than heresy. The Jews aren't looking for converts but have welcomed the entire atheist community into their kibbutz by the lakes, which has been fortified. Unfortunately, young female members of both groups have seceded from the joint community, formed military cells and started pre-emptive self-defence strikes against temples, churches and mosques outside the kibbutz.

External reaction has been strong but incoherent. The UN and Commonwealth Secretary Generals, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Grand Ayatollah, the Dalai Lama and assorted national leaders have agreed that something must be done immediately, but not what. NATO, La francophonie, the Organisation of Islamic Cooperation, the Security Council and the G-77 are all paralyzed.

The Israeli government and the leaders of a moderate Arab state adjacent to Yulandia, in a historic move, have banded together and massed troops on its border. They say they will invade in support of their respective co-religionists in 14 days with or without UN sanction. (Both the Jews and the Muslims in Yulandia have said they don't want or need to be rescued, but the coalition is not listening.) The Israelis deny carrying tactical nukes.

Meanwhile, in the absence of a Pope (the conclave is still arguing about the contested elevation of Silvio Berlusconi – the smoke

was green), the Knights of St. John have declared the first Crusade since 1292. Their hired mercenaries appear on the field in medieval-themed Kevlar armour, riding A-grav sleds with horses' skulls mounted on the handlebars and carrying laser lances, with Dan Brown as their Father Confessor. They have spread chaos and panic not only among their opponents but among the Christians they are supposed to be protecting.

Offshore, a motley flotilla is approaching Yulandia's beaches, carrying Kali-worshipping Thugs from India, jihadis from the Gulf, Shinto-inspired yakuza, radical Sri Lankan Buddhists and American rapturists who believe that the advent of the Jewish Messiah is linked to the coming of the End Times and are hedging their bets on its location. All are intent on supporting one or more religious factions in the fight.

In Canada, there is only a small Yulandian diaspora, made up of highly articulate members of the atheist community. Canadian religious denominations are taking things vocally to the streets, demanding that the Government do something to resolve the situation in Yulandia – in favour of their own denomination of course. Opinion polls show the general public equally concerned – and equally divided. Both opposition MPs and government backbenchers, conscious of the federal election looming in only six months, are tying up business in the Commons with urgent criticism of government inaction. The US President has contacted the PM. A Quaker, she wants him to lead a “coalition of the willing” to mount a “Responsibility to Protect” intervention in Yulandia in defence of religious freedom, on grounds that Canada is more likely to convince the international community to accept an R2P operation. The PM asks the defence minister to mobilize the special forces but also seeks advice from MINA, who turns in turn to you.

YOU ARE THE FIFTH AMBASSADOR FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM SINCE THE OFFICE WAS CREATED IN 2013. WHAT ADVICE DO YOU GIVE THE MINISTER? WHO IN YULANDIA IS RIGHT AND WHO IS WRONG? WHAT COMMUNITIES AND WHAT RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES SHOULD CANADA DEFEND?

Ludwig Liebnitz looked up from the table and said, “This seems to be an examination question from two decades in the future. Appearances are deceiving however. It was supplied by the Centre's advanced informant GEODE, a silicon-based life form hidden in the caves of SuWaNi, who informs us that it is actually a description of real events in 2033, focusing on a conflict that will lead to a world-shattering war if not defused. It comes to us in this form because of the time geas – events of the future cannot be revealed directly to those in the past because it would allow them to change the chain of causality, creating a paradox. The geas is rigid. Fortunately, GEODE figured out what was going on and was able to find out more from this end.”

“We have been contacted because a certain Dr. Boris Goodenuff, in response to the crisis, developed a solution for it – but then disappeared. The solution is a highly contagious retrovirus that suppresses the neurological basis for belief in everyone it infects,

by methylating and thus blocking expression of the so-called ‘God gene’ (VMAT2) that promotes religious experience. It was calculated that releasing this in Yulandia would affect over 95% of the population within a few days and bring fighting to a halt.”

“But before this could be carried out, the good doctor had an attack of conscience. Although the virus causes no physical harm, he asked himself whether it was fair to tamper with everyone's opportunity to believe or their chance for a profound ecstatic experience – and the virus would certainly spread beyond the borders of Yulandia. So he put together all his notes and samples, snuck into his world's only time machine (the same one that was later used to send GEODE the essay question) and fled back to 2013. He is now hiding out somewhere in our world.”

Liebnitz continued, “The authorities in 2033, afraid to flood our own time with agents from the future lest one of them trip the paradox by accident, have sent us two more pieces of paper that provide his location but with the necessary indirection. The first just says 4-23 8-25-2-23-7-20-7-10-17-13-2 17-13-2-25-4-23-7-5-18 17-13-24-2-23 25-23-11-13-4. The second is a chart with a numbered list of religions in the left column, and a list of holy books organized by letter on the right. Linking the religions with their holy books will create number-letter pairs that can solve the number cipher and provide the doctor's location. Some of the books are a bit obscure to the lay reader, but that's what the Internet is for. Our future friends want us to get to Goodenuff and release the virus so that the problem will never arise in the future.”

YOU ARE A DIVISION CHIEF UNDER LIEBNITZ IN THE CENTRE'S FIELD OPERATIONS UNIT. BASED ON THE PUZZLE, WHERE CAN DR. GOODENUFF BE FOUND? AND IF YOU DO FIND HIM, WILL YOU CHOOSE TO RELEASE THE VIRUS? IF NOT THAT, WHAT WILL YOU DO? AND WHAT ABOUT THE PARADOX? IF THERE IS NO RELIGIOUS PROBLEM, WILL THE DOCTOR STILL BE MOTIVATED TO CREATE THE VIRUS THAT SOLVED IT?

MAXIMUM LENGTH OF RESPONSE: 3000 WORDS. YOU HAVE ONE HOUR. DO NOT WRITE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE PAPER AT THE SAME TIME.

END OF ESSAY QUESTION FOR CENTRE CANDIDATES' ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

The candidates flipped open their tablets and began to type. The woman at the front desk sat back and opened The Gospel of the Flying Spaghetti Monster.

Can you solve the five-word cipher and determine where Dr. Goodenuff is hiding? **bout de papier** will declare a winner by drawing from all correct answers received by July 19. The winner will receive a book signed by A Aalto.

Not necessary to enter the contest, but what would your answer be to the broader questions posed to the Ambassador for Religious Freedom and to the candidates taking the Centre's test? A Aalto's own answers are provided below; the best of readers' answers will be published in the next issue.

	RELIGION		SCRIPTURES
1	Christianity (Catholic)	A	Avesta
2	Shinto	B	Book of the Dead
3	Islam	C	Cippus of Perugia
4	Jain	D	Doctrine and Covenants
5	Druze	E	Epistle to the Son of the Wolf
6	Latter Day Saints	F	Five Classics
7	Bahai	G	Guru Granth Sahib
8	Quiché Mayan	H	Holy Piby
9	Hindu	I	Isis Unveiled
10	Theosophy	J	Jerusalem Bible
11	Rastafarian	K	King James Bible
12	Judaism	L	Lotus Sutra
13	Yorùba	M	Mabinogion
14	Mulderism	N	Nihon Shoki
15	Sikh	O	Odù Ità
16	Ancient Egyptian	P	Popul Vuh
17	Druid	Q	Quran
18	Taoism	R	Rasa'il al-hikmah
19	Christianity (Protestant)	S	Svetambara
20	Buddhism	T	Treasure of Life
21	Etruscan	U	Urantia Book
22	Confucian	V	Vedas
23	Manichaeism	W	Writings of Ellen White
24	New Age	X	X-Files
25	Zoroastrian	Y	Yi Jing (I Ching)
26	Seventh Day Adventists	Z	Zohar

Question #1: Get the Yulandia atheist diaspora in Canada to contact their friends in the kibbutz and have it declared Canada's 11th province. This means that deploying troops counts as "aid to the civil power", not R2P or peacekeeping, which would need international approval. From that enclave, send out heavily-armed combat teams of ultra-loquacious UN bureaucrats, New York liability lawyers, sociopathic social workers and hard case Jehovah's Witnesses. The country will be on its knees in a week. Meanwhile, get DART teams to put manna from the kibbutz in all of Yulandia's water supplies and let everyone chill out.

Question #2: Find Dr. Goodenuff and confiscate the virus samples. Instead of opening them, deposit them with GEODE in his cave and mandate him to return them to the authorities once 2033 arrives

but after all the clues have been sent back to 2013, leaving the decision up to them whether to use the virus. Since no major change takes place in our time, the paradox is not invoked. The answer to Question #1 could also be included with the samples to provide an alternative course of action.

Free-lance prestidigitator and Tuvan throat-singer A Aalto will probably be back in Ottawa by the time you read this. (God willing of course.) The "God gene" VMAT2 actually exists, although its effects are nowhere near as clear-cut as the puzzle suggests. The Gospel of the Flying Spaghetti Monster exists too – it is the holy book of the Pastafarians. Really. Yes, he made up "Mulderism" but hey, do you know any holy books beginning with the letter "X"? Agent Scully was of course Catholic. And A Aalto is an Inari.

Last Tango in Turku A Fight to the Finnish by A Aalto

Answers to Vol. 27, No. 1

Winner: Charlene Petersen, Nanaimo, BC

The bank name and code are:
PANKKI PIAZZOLLA 12941073856.

As fans will already know, Argentina's Astor Piazzolla is the greatest tango composer of all time. "Pankki" is Finnish for "bank". Rumours of sexual misconduct at the Hankki Pankki are exaggerated. The full plaintext of the cipher is as follows:

[President Kekkonen had promised that Secretary Brezhnev could lay a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Helsinki. But there isn't one. So they covered the plaque on the abstract monument to Sibelius and used that instead, without telling the Russians. After the ceremony, Brezhnev said to Kekkonen, "The velvet curtain over the plaque blew aside and I saw the name Sibelius. Wasn't he one of your world famous composers?" The President replied, "As a composer he was world famous, but as a soldier, unknown."]

Urho Kekkonen was the longest-serving President of Finland to date and famously quick-thinking. Contrary to the story above, there actually is a Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Helsinki, at Hietaniemi Cemetery. The monument to Sibelius stands in the park that also bears his name.

The debenture, by the way, never made it to London. Somehow lost en route, which means that the wildlife preserve survived. Bond just shrugs.

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