

bout de papier

Vol. 29, No. 2

Souvenirs du Népal

**A Pilot Project in
the Asia Branch**

**Concours de photos
de l'APASE**



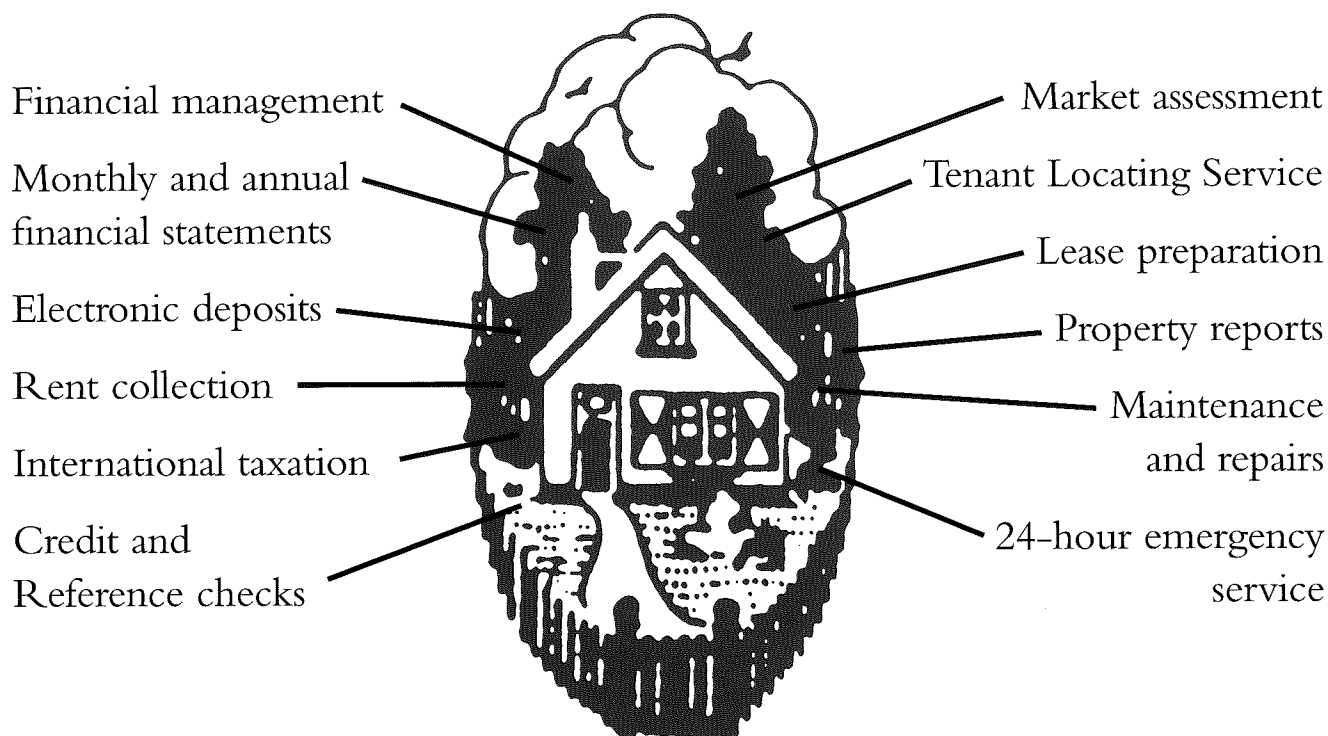
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably in Word, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,000 words.

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WINTER 2016 / WINTER 2016

Vol. 29, No. 2

Features / Reportages

- 4 Souvenirs du Népal : témoignages de FS au lendemain du séisme

4 Namaste

PAR DOMINIQUE LOMBARD

- 7 Putting Theory into Practice:
One Officer's Field Education in
Humanitarian Action in Nepal

BY RICK STEENWEG

- 12 Évacuation des Canadiens au Népal :
mission accomplie

PAR FRANK ASI TALATINI

- 16 The 1990 Iraqi Invasion and Annexation
of Kuwait: A Rooftop View

BY GARY LUTON

- 20 A Pilot Project in the Asia Branch:
The International Officers Training
Program (IOTP)

BY GRAHAM DATTELS, CHRIS WIMMER, LISA BITTO AND FATIMA AMMEN

- 24 The Singing Diplomat: Moose Peru

BY EDUARDO DEL BUEY

- 26 Concours de photos de l'APASE 2015

Departments / Chroniques

Editorial / Éditorial 2

President's Message / Mot du président..... 3

In Memoriam / En mémoire de..... 30
Mehboob « Mebs » Tajdin Velji, Flora MacDonald, Ken Taylor

Books in Review / Critiques de livres..... 36
Exceptional Circumstances

REVIEWS BY HAROLD HICKMAN AND DAVID KYFFIN

The Opinionated Old Cow: Ruminations from the Field

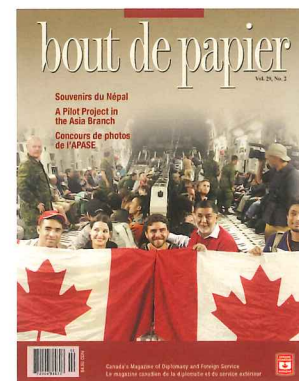
REVIEWED BY JIM JUNKE

Vignettes / À la carte 39
The Hungry Diplomat: Beef BY LISA BITTO

From the Archives / Extrait des archives 41
Performance Anxiety? The Mandate and Work of the Department of External Affairs BY HECTOR MACKENZIE

Entertainment / Divertissement..... 45
Liebnitz and the Flashmob – A Aalto in (social) media res...

List of Advertisers..... 48



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vol C-17 d'évacuation
des Canadiens du Népal
le 29 avril 2015

Photo par Frank Asi Talatini

D'un bout à l'autre...

En 2006, Harold Hickman, alors rédacteur en chef de **bout de papier**, me convainquit d'écrire mon premier article pour le magazine. C'était pour moi le début d'une longue aventure... Quelques dix années plus tard, lors de notre plus récente rencontre du comité éditorial, Harold nous annonçait sa retraite de **bout de papier** après plus de 13 années de service. J'étais bien triste de le voir quitter, lui qui a été pour moi un mentor. Cependant, Harold m'a fait remarquer que la salle de réunion n'avait jamais été aussi pleine pour une rencontre du comité éditorial depuis des années et qu'avec l'équipe diversifiée, motivée et dynamique que nous avons maintenant autour de la table et à l'étranger, il n'avait aucun souci pour l'avenir de **bout de papier**. Thank you Harold for your dedication to **bout**. We hope to hear about your next adventure!

La production d'un magazine tel que **bout de papier** demande un travail de longue haleine pour notre équipe de bénévoles. Celui-ci commence par la recherche de sujets intéressants, d'auteurs potentiels, de la révision des articles jusqu'à la relecture de la mise en page finale et même au remplissage des enveloppes! Au moment d'envoyer sous presse, nous avons hésité à revoir tous les articles de ce numéro, parfois soumis quelques temps avant les dernières élections, pour uniformiser la nouvelle appellation du ministère. Puisque la majorité des histoires racontées se sont déroulées avant les élections, nous avons décidé de conserver l'ancienne appellation telle qu'utilisée par les auteurs. Rien de mieux qu'une caricature de John Graham pour illustrer non seulement le dilemme de notre équipe éditoriale mais aussi celle de nos nombreux collègues qui s'habituent peu à peu à une nouvelle identité ministérielle!

Dans l'éditorial du dernier numéro je mentionnais le récent sondage soumis à notre lectorat. Nous voulions savoir quelles étaient vos habitudes et vos préférences, et orienter notre discussion pour une future digitalisation de **bout de papier**. Nous travaillons maintenant avec le comité exécutif de l'APASE pour une revitalisation du site web de l'Association et explorons les meilleurs scénarios possibles

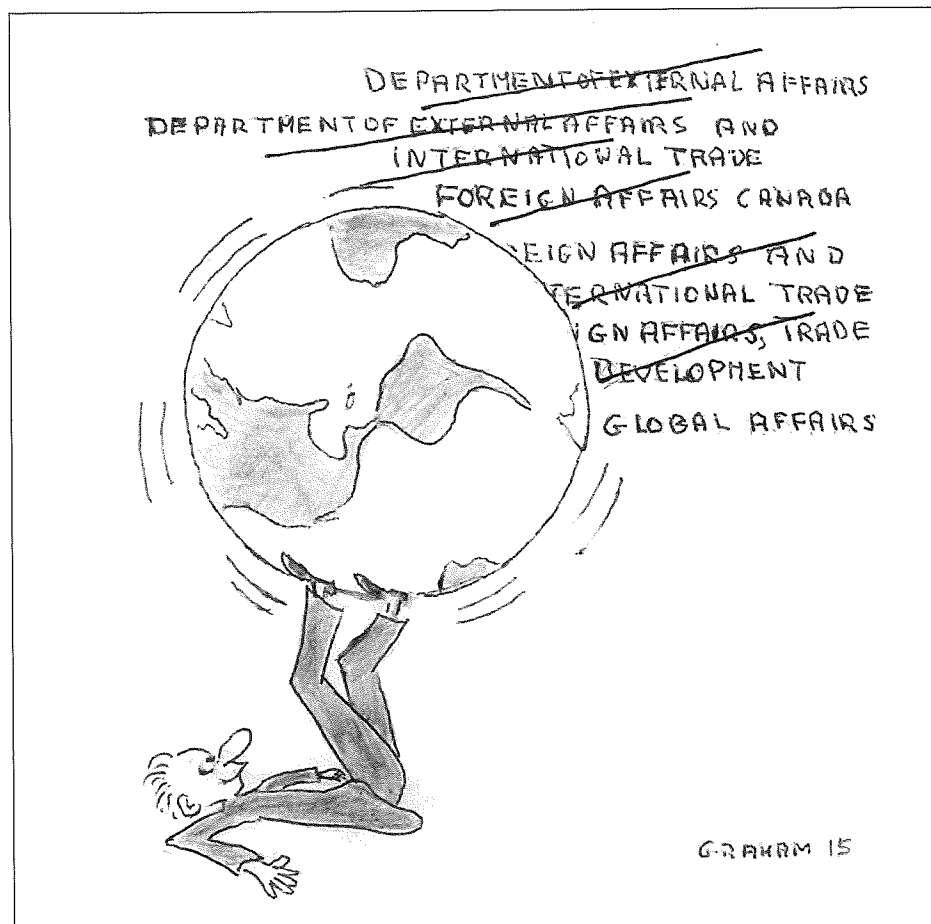
pour une digitalisation de **bout de papier** dans ce contexte. C'est un projet dont la réalisation demande du temps et nous voulons nous assurer de retenir la meilleure option pour satisfaire notre lectorat et nos annonceurs. Nous espérons aussi aller chercher de nouveaux lecteurs, tout en gardant en tête les ressources limitées qui sont à notre disposition.

Highlights of the survey

- Most respondents are the sole readers of the magazine, but a third of respondents share their magazine, more often with their spouse;
- Respondents mostly read **bout de papier** at home;
- About half of our readers would read an electronic version of **bout de papier**;
- 30% of respondents would access **bout de papier** via the PAFSO website;

- 40% of respondents consume digital content often;
- 90% of respondents read articles written by active FS;
- 70% of respondents read articles written by former FS.

Je tiens à souligner qu'un des éléments étant ressorti le plus clairement du sondage est l'intérêt de nos lecteurs pour les articles rédigés par des agents du service extérieur. Ceux-ci sont effectivement lus par 90 % de nos lecteurs. C'est pour cette raison que nous redoublons d'efforts pour vous offrir des histoires d'agents du service extérieur et encourageons nos collègues à écrire pour **bout de papier**, à l'instar de Rick Steenweg et Frank Asi Talatini qui nous racontent dans ce numéro, près d'un an après le tremblement de terre qui a secoué le Népal, leurs implications respectives dans la réponse humanitaire et consulaire du gouvernement canadien. Dominique



Cartoon: John Graham

Fearless advice

La mise en place d'un nouveau gouvernement, le 4 novembre 2015, a ranimé chez bon nombre de fonctionnaires des sentiments de professionnalisme et de fierté depuis longtemps endormis. Le signal était clair – les fonctionnaires devaient faire partie intégrante de la solution (et non pas constituer un problème à cerner), et leurs conseils audacieux seraient bien accueillis.

Un regain d'optimisme s'est rapidement répandu dans la région de la capitale nationale, notamment à l'édifice Lester B. Pearson où, le 6 novembre, les employés ont rapidement eu une occasion impromptue de rencontrer le nouveau Premier ministre et les membres du conseil des ministres à leur sortie d'une séance d'orientation. Les lecteurs se rappelleront que les médias ont fait état d'applaudissements spontanés de la part des nombreux employés présents et, par la suite, de quelques huées lorsqu'un journaliste a posé une question « négative ». Je n'étais pas sur place, mais je suis d'accord avec ceux qui ont souligné le manque de professionnalisme dans ce comportement.

Depuis novembre, le climat à Ottawa – y compris à Affaires mondiales Canada et à Immigration, Réfugiés et Citoyenneté Canada – reste positif. Toutefois, l'euphorie s'est dissipée, comme il fallait s'y attendre, et les fonctionnaires saisissent actuellement

l'occasion d'offrir des conseils éclairés et audacieux.

But offering fearless advice is often challenging. Courage of conviction is not sufficient rationale for offering such advice. A complex equation must be worked through in order to determine the longer-term impact of proceeding and the means to risk manage in cases of potential "blowback".

A case in point was the recent determination by the PAFSO Executive Committee to proceed, as it has in recent years, with issuing a diplomatically worded statement in reaction to the recent announcement from PMO of the appointments of non-career diplomat (i.e., "political") individuals to head of mission positions in Washington, DC, and the United Nations. The reaction to our statement by PAFSO members has been lively, healthy and, as you would expect from FSOs, varied. Views shared both openly and privately with PAFSO have ranged from strong support for our "brave stance" to deep concerns that issuing such a statement could "unnecessarily" erode our relationship with the new government early in its mandate.

I believe that as professionals we have the obligation to have honest discussions



Photo: Sam Garcia

and provide our best advice – particularly in areas of professional expertise. While I am not a proponent of the use of the megaphone approach, I do believe it is also our obligation to offer and to be seen to offer consistent, apolitical expert advice.

Meanwhile, I remain confident and positive that those who publicly declare they would welcome fearless advice will have the capacity to receive it in the spirit in which it is respectfully offered. ☺

Timothy Hodges

President, PAFSO / Président de l'APASE

Lombard nous décrit aussi sa découverte du pays quelques semaines à peine avant la catastrophe.

I note that Frank and Dominique are both MCOs who recently joined the FS family, and we are particularly happy to publish their stories.

In our last issue, Pierre-David Jean wrote about his experience as a political officer taking an assignment as a trade officer in Port-au-Prince. This time, we are publishing a collective article written by Chris Wemmer, Lisa Bitto, Fatima Ameen and Graham Dattels about a pilot project in the Asia Branch, which consists of short-term assignments rotating between

trade, development and political positions. Is this a new trend in the foreign service, where cross-stream assignments will become more and more frequent?

Some 25 years after the invasion of Kuwait by Saddam Hussein's troops, you will also read the first of a series of articles by Gary Luton on the topic. During his first posting, he lived under Iraqi occupation for a month before moving to Baghdad where he spent the following three months as a "guest of Saddam".

In this issue, we also take time to remember friends and colleagues who departed in the last year or so. Alnoor Maherali wrote a beautiful tribute to Mebs

Velji. The Right Honourable Joe Clark and Malcolm McKechnie remember the legacy and unique style of Ken Taylor. Michel de Salaberry and Anne-Marie Leclerc write about the Honourable Flora MacDonald, Canada's first female foreign minister, who also served at the time of the hostage crisis in Tehran.

Finally, we are delighted to publish the results of the annual PAFSO Photo Contest. You will see that often, a picture is worth a thousand words...

Bonne lecture! ☺

– **Joya Donnelly**, *Rédactrice en chef*

Souvenirs du Népal : témoignages de FS au lendemain du séisme

*Editor's Note: On April 25, 2015, a 7.8-magnitude earthquake struck near Kathmandu and was followed by a series of large aftershocks. With millions of people affected, the impact of the earthquake prompted a significant international response. Both in Ottawa and in Nepal, several Foreign Service Officers contributed to the Government of Canada's response, which resulted in critical assistance being delivered to the affected population and Canadian citizens in Nepal being airlifted to safety. Rick Steenweg was among the team of experts deployed to Nepal to assess the needs of the affected population. The team's recommendations guided Canada's actions in supporting humanitarian assistance efforts, including deploying the Disaster Assistance Response Team (DART) on May 2nd. Frank Asi Talatini was also deployed to Nepal where he provided consular services. Both are sharing their experiences with **bout de papier's** readers in the following pages. But first, as Dominique Lombard was travelling to Nepal a few weeks before the earthquake, we asked her to describe the country she was able to explore before the disaster struck.*

NAMASTE

par Dominique Lombard

“Our hosts have more to teach us in regards to living in contentment, than we can possibly teach them.”

— Kev Reynolds, Langtang, Gosaindkung and Helambu (Nepal)

On attend avec impatience de finalement se diriger vers l'Himalaya, d'admirer ces sommets dont on nous parle depuis notre enfance, d'affronter les intempéries et d'être récompensés par des vues imprenables. Qui aurait pu prévoir que quelques jours après notre retour de voyage, cette région allait subir le pire séisme qu'elle ait connu depuis 80 ans. Alors qu'on me demande un témoignage de mon expérience au Népal quelques jours avant le tremblement de terre, j'espère en retour donner un visage, une personnalité, un nom à ces lieux et à ces habitants croisés en cours de route.

Jour un. On aperçoit Kaji pour la première fois en sortant de notre hôtel à

Katmandou. Il se tient à l'extérieur du véhicule qui nous transportera vers Syabru Bensi, à sept heures de route au nord de la capitale népalaise. Il regarde avec un œil

Qui aurait pu prévoir que
quelques jours après notre retour
de voyage, cette région allait subir
le pire séisme qu'elle ait connu
depuis 80 ans?

douteux, le sourire au coin des lèvres, les sacs qu'il devra porter pendant les prochains 12 jours. « Un porteur, deux sacs, mesdames! » Melissa et moi comprenons vite qu'il faut laisser des choses en consigne

à l'hôtel. Il parle peu, mais son sourire, son calme et son visage marqué par le temps suggèrent qu'il n'en est pas à sa première randonnée. Il est de descendance sherpa et nous le fait savoir fièrement.

Direction Parc National de Langtang, près de la frontière tibétaine. On ne peut accéder à la vallée qu'à pied. La plupart des habitants sont bouddhistes, d'origine tibétaine. Cette région du Népal reste moins fréquentée que celles des Annapurnas ou de l'Everest. On y traverse des villages sherpas et bouddhistes, les lacs sacrés de Gosainkund (qui étaient complètement gelés début avril...) et les douces collines de Helambu. La nuit avant notre premier jour de randonnée, en



Photo : Dominique Lombard

Un vieillard accueille les nombreux touristes avec un sourire chaleureux à la Place Durbar, à Patan, site inscrit au patrimoine mondial de l'UNESCO.



Photo : Melissa Gendron

Une fillette observe avec curiosité les gens qui circulent à pied dans le village montagnard de Thulo Syabru.



Photo : Melissa Gendron

Le soleil levant vu de Kyanjing Gomba (3 900m) offre un spectacle naturel splendide.

discutant avec d'autres guides à Syabru Bensi, l'un d'eux nous regarde bizarrement quand on lui annonce qu'on traversera Laurebina Pass (4 610m) dans quelques jours : « Vous savez qu'il y a au moins un mètre de neige là-haut? Pas certain que ce soit passable... » On nous prévient que l'hiver a été particulièrement dur et que toute cette neige au mois d'avril, à cette altitude, est hors de l'ordinaire. Les changements climatiques ont un impact sur les saisons traditionnellement plus convoitées pour la randonnée au Népal. Kaji, lui, ne semble pas inquiet pour autant. Toujours prêt à affronter la montagne, il est de ceux qui surmontent les défis lorsqu'ils se présentent devant lui. La nature a ses raisons, et il sait très bien les respecter.

Le parcours nous fera traverser quelque 10 villages en 12 jours. À chaque pas, on adopte progressivement le rythme de la vie locale. Les vues sont propices à la réflexion personnelle. Le village de Langtang (3 200m) nous a particulièrement marqué comme l'un des plus vibrants, avec école, clinique médicale, boulangerie et même une salle de billard (amenée par hélicoptère). En somme, le seul vrai village de

**Les changements climatiques
ont un impact sur les saisons
traditionnellement plus convoitées
pour la randonnée au Népal.
Kaji, lui, ne semble pas inquiet
pour autant.**

la vallée de Langtang. Deux jeunes garçons nous accueillent à la fromagerie du village. Leurs parents sont absents, mais ils sont prêts à nous faire goûter leurs produits, une technique de vente perfectionnée malgré leur jeune âge. Le fromage de yak fondu sur le pain maison est délicieux, surtout après une longue journée de marche. En revenant à notre auberge, on croise une jeune mère allemande qui a clairement le mal aigu des montagnes. Elle peut à peine se déplacer. Son fils nous regarde avec inquiétude. Sans hésitation, Kaji se dirige vers la chambre qu'elle partage avec son fils pour lui donner des conseils. De la soupe à l'ail, de l'eau chaude et du sommeil. Et surtout, redescendre de la montagne dès qu'elle en aura la force. La dame qui est responsable du refuge à Langtang s'assure également de son bien-être. Ils ont clairement l'habitude de s'occuper des

randonneurs qui ont sous-estimé les effets de l'altitude.

Quelques jours plus tard, la traversée du Laurebina Pass est particulièrement éprouvante. Le passage est enneigé; une

comme tout au long du trajet, sa détermination est inébranlable. Malgré le fait qu'il s'enfonce dans la neige, il refuse de faire demi-tour. Une fois la traversée réussie, on peut respirer plus aisément.

à croire qu'un village entier ait pu disparaître, rasé de la carte avec ses habitants.

Kaji nous a permis de découvrir son pays par sa force de caractère, son sens de l'humour et son sourire contagieux. Son employeur nous a confirmé par courriel quelques jours après le séisme, que Kaji et tous les employés de leur compagnie étaient sains et saufs. Ils ont évidemment perdu des êtres chers, mais ils n'ont pas hésité à prêter main forte aux efforts de reconstruction de leur pays. La résilience dont font preuve les Népalais dans leur quotidien sera sans doute leur plus grand atout alors qu'ils se relèvent de cette catastrophe. ☺

Dominique Lombard a rejoint le MAECI à titre d'agente de la gestion et des affaires consulaires en 2009. Après un premier poste en Tanzanie, elle est maintenant en affectation au Liban comme responsable de la section consulaire. Elle a complété un baccalauréat en communication (journalisme) à l'Université de Moncton et une maîtrise en géopolitiques-relations internationales à l'Institut d'Études Politiques de Toulouse.

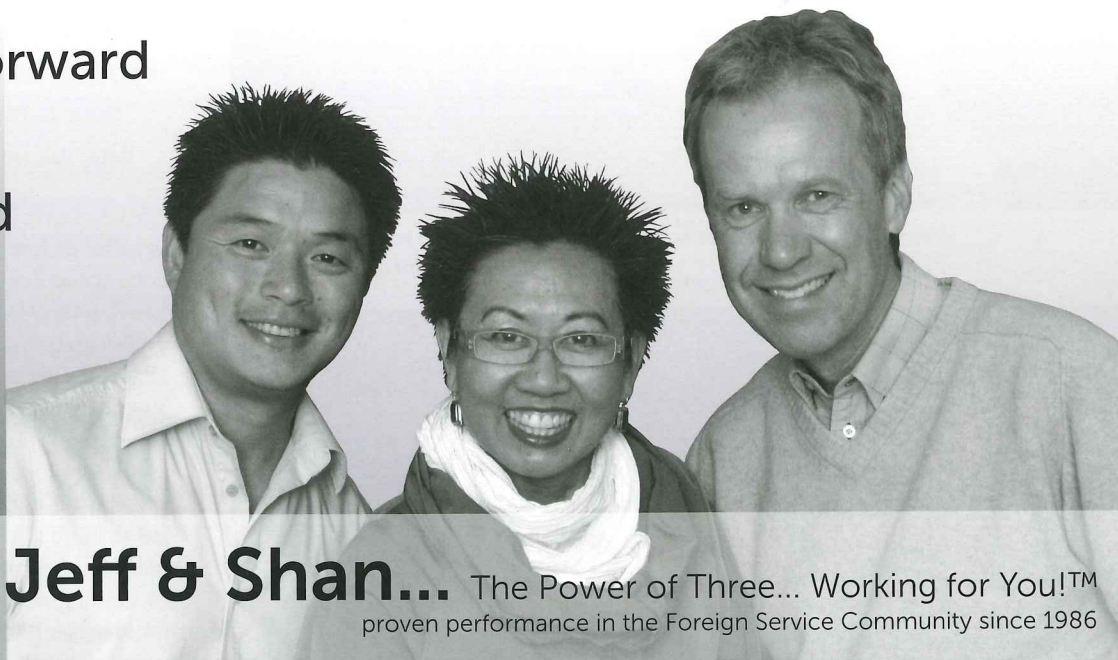
Ceux qui poursuivent la route ont comme instructions de ne pas s'éloigner les uns des autres, comme la visibilité est pauvre avec le vent et la neige. Les pas dans la neige placés par le randonneur en face de soi sont rapidement emportés par le vent. Il ne faut pas trop tarder.

traversée de deux heures risque d'en prendre quatre. Alors que la neige tombe sans cesse, les guides se rencontrent en soirée pour évaluer la situation. Plusieurs randonneurs choisissent de faire demi-tour, d'autres restent sur place en espérant que la neige cesse de tomber. Ceux qui poursuivent la route ont comme instruction de ne pas s'éloigner les uns des autres, la visibilité étant réduite par le vent et la neige. Les empreintes des pas dans la neige du randonneur devant de soi sont rapidement effacées par le vent. Il ne faut pas trop tarder. Kaji se retrouve en fin de file; il faut s'assurer d'avoir un contact visuel avec lui en tout temps. Pendant cette traversée,

À l'exception d'une fraction de seconde où Kaji s'immobilise et écoute attentivement. On l'interroge du regard. Sa réponse est brève mais décisive : « avalanche ». Son ouïe est plus aiguisée que la nôtre pour les repérer, même à distance. Inutile d'en discuter davantage, mieux vaut avancer.

Sept jours après notre départ de Katmandou, le 25 avril, la vallée de Langtang a été parmi les endroits les plus affectés par le séisme au Népal. Les médias rapportent que le village montagnard de Langtang, avec ses quelque 150 maisons, 50 refuges et plusieurs centaines d'habitants, a été complètement enseveli sous des coulées de boue et d'avalanches. On peine

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Putting Theory into Practice: One Officer's Field Education in Humanitarian Action in Nepal

by Rick Steenweg

25 April, 02:15, Ottawa

A very strong 7.8 magnitude earthquake hits Nepal (11:55 local time) centered in Gurkha district, approximately 80 km northwest of Kathmandu.

03:00 – The DFATD Emergency Watch and Response Centre's 24/7 operations officer calls Andrew Gedris, the on-call officer of the Stabilization and Reconstruction Task Force (START) for the weekend, alerting him of the earthquake. He, in turn, calls me and I recommend he issue an advisory and request for reporting from our mission in New Delhi.

05:16 – Having gathered what data is currently available, Andrew issues an advisory, informing the interdepartmental community of the quake.

08:11 – START sends an invite to convene an Interdepartmental Taskforce meeting.

09:30 – As preliminary assessments are underwhelming, it remains unclear at this stage whether the earthquake will require a significant response from the Government of Canada.

However, over the course of the day, as NGOs, UN agencies, and media report on the extent of the damage in Nepal, it becomes increasingly obvious that needs are much higher than originally expected. I draft a memo to the Minister recommending the deployment of the Interdepartmental Strategic Support Team (ISST) in order to assess needs on the ground and determine if and where Canadian assistance might be most needed. Our political leaders are keen for the Government of Canada to provide assistance.

22:00 – I am asked if I would go to Nepal as part of the ISST. I, as any young, eager officer would do, jump at the opportunity – never mind that I'm actually in the middle of moving out of my apartment and have a garage sale planned for the week-end...

23:00 – Returning home, I am notified that the ISST's departure has been moved up to 13:00. Unable to sleep, I pack my bags and prepare a moving plan for my roommate to carry out while I'm gone.

26 April, 12:30

A frantic flurry of activities at the airport as we meet our colleagues from the Department of National Defence (DND), receive any missing immunizations, and check-in last minute. It's too late to have my luggage routed through to Kathmandu so, unlike my teammates, I'll have to transfer it myself in New Delhi.

27 April, 01:00, New Delhi

After 35 hours en route, I'm reassured by Air India that they have retrieved my luggage at the New Delhi airport and passed it on to SpiceJet, for our flight to Kathmandu. While I will receive support from headquarters, our mission in New Delhi and SpiceJet to try and get it back, I won't actually see my luggage again until five days after returning home to Ottawa.

Lesson Learned #1: Don't trust Air India, even when they confirm twice that they've physically transferred your luggage to another airline.

18:00, Kathmandu

Landing in Kathmandu after a 13-hour delay in New Delhi, we arrive in the midst of chaos on the tarmac with military helicopters, civilian and humanitarian aircraft vying for limited space. In the terminal, luggage is piled high and nerves are frayed as fellow travellers enquire if, or when, their bags will arrive and if their flights will depart that day. It is obvious that we've landed in a country still trying to make sense following a major natural disaster. We eventually find two of our six bags and Hong-Won, a fellow ISST member, and I negotiate a taxi ride to transport us to the UN house to see if we can get a better idea of what structures have been put in place to coordinate incoming aid and assistance.

At the UN house, with UN personnel obviously fighting off sleep, it is made apparent that the information we need regarding levels of damage and needs at the district level is barely trickling



Nepal Earthquake ISST. From left to right, DART Commander Lt Colonel Ed Izatt, ISST Signaller Corporal James Nicholls, ISST Lead Christopher Gibbins, ISST Policy Advisor Rick Steenweg (author), ISST Civil-Military Advisor Lt Colonel André Gloumeau, ISST Humanitarian Advisor Hong-Won Yu.

into the capital. On our way to the hotel, the well-informed cab driver has more useful data to offer on the availability of services and the government's response than UN personnel at this time.

Lesson learned #2: Useful information can come from the least likely of sources.

28 April, 04:00

Sleep is for the weak – or at least those better able to cope with the time change. I take a quick walk through the streets of Kathmandu before breakfast to stretch my legs and get an idea of the lay of the land. The team meets at 6:00 to discuss our day's plans and split up to cover more ground. After scheduling a couple of meetings for Christopher Gibbins, my Director and ISST lead, I line up a morning chat with an Israeli diplomat and a visit to UK Aid to discuss their own efforts thus far.

Other members of the team are occupied with acquiring the necessary landing rights from the airport authority, national government, and Nepalese military for the Canadian Forces' C-17 flight carrying humanitarian supplies and members of our Humanitarian Assistance Reconnaissance Team (HART), the forward component of the Canadian Forces' Disaster Assistance Response Team (DART). Through much effort, they manage to gain the necessary permissions for the Canadian Forces to bring in their supplies and personnel and evacuate over 65 Canadians aboard two Canadian Forces' C-17 return flights to New Delhi.

29 April

Meetings with government officials, embassies, UN agencies, and partner NGOs during the first 48 hours are useful in making connections that will be needed to continue ensuring landing permission, coordinating aid, etc. Unfortunately, we are unable to glean sufficient information about needs in outlying districts through attending coordination meetings and discussions with others in Kathmandu. Having been informed by central coordinating bodies of areas in high-need, we decide on the afternoon of 29 April to conduct our first field reconnaissance, or "recce" to Dhadiwng district, west of the capital, to gain first-hand information.

30 April

The ISST spends the morning in meetings, welcoming the second C-17 flight, and joins up with members of the HART and our knowledgeable Nepal Army Liaison Officer, Dilip.

14:00 – Our three-car convoy leaves Kathmandu via the winding, steep and narrow "King's Highway" to areas Dilip hears are in high need of humanitarian assistance. The knuckles of my fellow passengers are white and repeat instructions are bellowed to the local driver to "slow down".

Having been informed by central coordinating bodies of areas in high-need, we decide the afternoon of 29 April to conduct our first field reconnaissance, or "recce" to Dhadiwng district west of the capital to gain first-hand information.

This first recce allows us to witness a well-run Nepalese military operation to evacuate citizens and tourists from more remote mountain villages to a central point where a Bhutanese medical hospital provides first response and triage services. Each helicopter evacuating those in need brings with them humanitarian supplies to provide to remote villages with basic needs. We speak to the base commander, learning that they have things under hand. We encounter a few grateful Canadian trekkers who were evacuated, and ensure they are safe on their way back to Kathmandu.

23:00 – Returning to Kathmandu, we conclude that needs in the Dhading district, while great in isolated areas, are largely being met by the Nepalese military and regional partners (Bhutan and India). Recognizing the need to reach more inaccessible populations, we decide that I should join a few members of the HART on a longer recce out to the more isolated Sindhupalchok and Dolakha districts. The other members of the ISST will stay in Kathmandu to liaise with allied militaries and governments, UN agencies, NGOs, and continue to ensure that appropriate landing rights are received.

Lesson Learned #3: Get out of the capital and speak with locals. There's a gold mine of useful information in the hills.



Bhaktipur, near Kathmandu, as residents sort through the rubble and prepare to rebuild.

Photo: Rick Steenweg

1 May, 10:00

Before heading out on the recce, I provide my first act of civilian utility to the mainly military recce team by picking up a variety of trekking maps, which provide more detail than those currently available to the Canadian Forces, including regional roads and the location of mountain villages. We head out, myself, five members of the Canadian Forces, two drivers and a lower-ranked Liaison Officer (L.O.) from the Nepalese military.

14:30 – We are delayed by a humanitarian convoy distributing food aid on the main route towards Cauchara, Sindhupalchok district. Stopped in a random village, we survey the houses and infrastructure and recognize that the damage is much worse than what we had seen the day before. In a number of villages, the piles of rubble greatly outnumber structures still standing. Those left are likely unsafe to enter. There are numerous tents set up and people are busy sorting the rubble into piles of building materials for reconstruction after the coming monsoon season.

There is a commotion with the humanitarian convoy – likely due to caste discrimination, which we heard was an issue with

the provision of food aide by Indian and Nepalese NGOs. Our L.O. walks over and, with the force of his uniform and oratory skills, calms the crowd so that the convoy can continue at a snail's pace to the next town.

15:00 – Majors Wade and Gourd and I decide that continuing behind the long convoy will cause major delays as the one-lane mountain-ridge road offers zero opportunity of passing. So, having been informed that British forces were considering setting up shop in Cauchara, we contact the Head of the ISST and the DART Commander to receive permission to turn around and head to our second destination.

It is already obvious that Sindhupalchok is in great need of outside assistance and that there would be ample work for the DART if British forces forgo Cauchara as a base for their operations.

19:00 – After eight hours of harrowing hairpin-turns up the side of a mountain and along ridge-top roads with deep precipices on either side, we finally make it to the Nepalese Army base in Charikot, Dolakha district. The base commander provides us with

a detailed explanation, in superb English, of where the DART could utilize their capabilities to support the local battalion in helping local, hard-to-reach populations.

20:00 – We decline the invitation to share the barracks with 40 sleeping Nepalese soldiers, set up our tents, and are nourished with a delicious Nepal Army meal. Leaving our L.O. to continue catching up with his buddies, we bed down for the night.

2 May, 6:00

Up and with our tents packed away, it is a full hour before we locate our L.O., who is worse for wear after a night of enjoying the local drink. We leave him in the car as we search out and speak with the doctor in charge of the local medical clinic, the District Health Officer, and the District Emergency Commander. Each in turn welcomes our team and readily provide us with a better understanding of medical and other needs in the surrounding area.

I am amazed time and time again by the hospitality of every Nepalese I meet. Regardless of their own personal situation and hardship, everyone has the time and a smile for a group of Canadians searching for information on where we can best provide assistance. In broken English, numerous people share

with me with the damage in their communities off the main roads, their concerns about rebuilding and keeping foodstuffs dry in the months ahead, and the loss of friends and loved ones.

I am amazed time and time again by the hospitality of every Nepalese I meet. Regardless of their own personal situation and hardship, everyone has the time and a smile for a group of Canadians searching for information on where we can best provide assistance.

8:30 – Returning to the base, I speak with representatives from Plan International while Majors Ward and Gould meet with the base commander in order to thank him for his generous hospitality. The Commander assigns a new L.O. to our team, who will prove indispensable in engaging with locals, translating, and providing helpful information about local economies, diets, building techniques, and caste differences during our return to Kathmandu.

15:00 – On the return journey, we examine a number of possible sites for the DART's Forward Operating Base, taking into account space requirements, future site remediation, infrastructure,

Photo: Sgt. Yannick Bédard (CombatCam)



Author with DART civil-military and engineering experts speaking to internally-displaced persons. School notebook pictured had meticulous records of all camp residents and their needs.

accessibility and impact on other humanitarian actors. Having pinpointed a possible base location we return to Kathmandu with a plan for the DART if HQ accepts the ISST's recommendations.

3 May

I have the opportunity to accompany Canadian Forces engineers and civil-military experts in conducting a recce of three nearby Internally Displaced Persons camps to determine which are likely to abide by SPHERE Minimum Standards in Humanitarian Response and which should be amalgamated with larger camps. As someone who has worked on humanitarian issues for two years, it is an eye-opening experience to witness humanitarian convoys, coordination bodies, and displaced persons camps first-hand. There are no Red Cross flags, matching tents set out in long rows, or clean, white Toyota Landcruisers here. These

As someone who has worked on humanitarian issues for two years, it is an eye-opening experience to witness humanitarian convoys, coordination bodies, and displaced persons camps first-hand. There are no Red Cross flags, matching tents set out in long rows, or clean, white Toyota Landcruisers here. These camps are small and ad-hoc, set-up in town squares and a local high school, using old tarps and other leftover materials as necessary.

camps are small and ad-hoc, set-up in town squares and a local high school, using old tarps and other leftover materials as necessary. They won't be able to withstand the coming monsoon season, nor a prolonged period of inhabitation and our job is to help determine which should stay, and which should be consolidated in larger camps to be built by UN agencies in the days ahead.

Like everywhere, people in the camps are more than happy to provide us with camp statistics (recorded in a school notebook) and other information as needed, and are fine with the prospect of moving to another location, as long as they were close enough to their destroyed homes to rebuild in the months ahead.

4 May–5 May

My last couple of days in Kathmandu are spent supporting Christopher in drafting the ISST's recommendations for responding to the Nepal earthquake, debriefing our incoming Political and Humanitarian Advisors to the DART, attending further coordination meetings, and spending 30 hours straight in bed privy of a Canadian military ration pack that went bad years before its due date.

Lesson Learned #4: Don't eat the beef stroganoff.

Following the ISST's recommendations to the Taskforce, the DART is sent to Nepal to provide engineering support, medical assistance, training, and other support to local populations. The

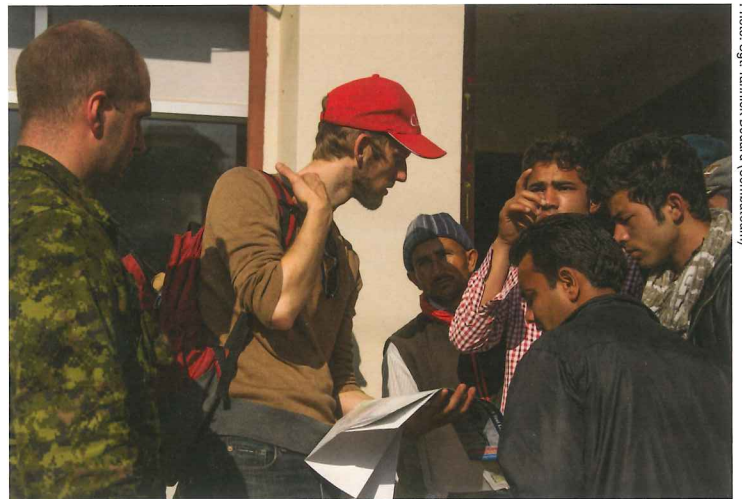


Photo: Sgt. Yannick Bédard (CombatCam)

Major Frank Gould and author, map in hand, discussing the health needs of nearby remote villages with the lead doctor of the local clinic.

site location we recommended is central to both Sindhupalchok and Dolakha districts and was chosen as the DART's Forward Operating Base, housing over 100 members of the DART at its height. The base provided a central location for operations into surrounding areas as the DART treated over 717 Nepalese patients, provided maps and imagery products to Nepalese and foreign partners, removed rubble – opening route access to approximately 204,000 Nepalese – and helped connect remote communities with relief efforts. Furthermore, the Government of Canada's matching fund raised \$23 million, meaning that Canada's citizens and government provided over \$46 million in life-saving assistance for those left most vulnerable from the devastating earthquake.

Settling back into life at HQ, my first-hand knowledge of the DART, their camp and operating locations, and, especially, the needs and challenges on the ground, were useful in informing others involved in the whole-of-government response. The 10-day trip – sleeping 4-hour nights and having an active role in Canada's humanitarian response – was the type of work I joined the department for. The type of work where one can witness the results of one's actions and where a junior officer has an opportunity to be part of the decision-making process. I can only hope that Canada's efforts will help the exceptionally resilient Nepalese to build back better and overcome this national tragedy. ☺

Having completed temporary duties in Libya and New York, Rick Steenweg is on temporary duty to New York to continue his humanitarian work through representing Canada on the UN's Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee. Before starting with the department, he completed an internship at (former) CIDA and at Canada's Embassy to Peru. Rick has a Master's in Political Science from Simon Fraser University and a lovely dog who missed him while he was in Nepal.



L'équipe EPDR devant le consulat honoraire du Canada à Katmandou

Photo : Frank Asi Talatini

Évacuation des Canadiens au Népal : mission accomplie

par Frank Asi Talatini

Katmandou, le 28 avril 2015. Il est 14h, heure locale, quand mon vol de Thai Airways en provenance de Bangkok atterrit enfin après plus de deux heures de retard. L'aéroport international Tribhuvan fonctionne à plein régime et tant que bien mal, dans une atmosphère chaotique, marquée par l'afflux de nombreux visiteurs et résidents étrangers désireux de quitter le pays, l'arrivée des premières équipes de sauvetage et la crainte de nouvelles secousses. La veille, l'équipe consulaire envoyée de New Delhi a dû rebrousser chemin plus d'une fois, en raison de la fermeture temporaire de l'aéroport et des problèmes de surcapacité sur les pistes d'atterrissage. D'autres membres de notre équipe d'intervention arriveront au fur et à mesure d'Ottawa, Mumbai, Islamabad et Séoul, et par la suite de Beijing et d'Hô-Chi-Minh-Ville.

L'Équipe permanente de déploiement rapide (EPDR)

Ce jour-là, nous sommes huit membres de l'EPDR à être déployés à Katmandou, en compagnie d'employés locaux de la mission de New Delhi.

En 2008, à la suite d'une série de situations d'urgence touchant des Canadiens à l'étranger, le MAECI s'est doté de nouvelles structures de gestion des urgences afin de répondre rapidement et efficacement à l'augmentation de la demande de services de la part de Canadiens. Le MAECI a créé un bassin d'environ 600 volontaires prêts à se rendre dans les régions touchées pour leur porter assistance à court préavis. Ces volontaires ont eu plusieurs occasions d'offrir leurs services, notamment à la suite du tremblement de terre en Haïti en 2010, du Printemps arabe de 2011 et du typhon Haiyan en 2013. En 2012, le ministère a formalisé l'EPDR.

Le MAECI a créé un bassin d'environ 600 volontaires prêts à se rendre dans les régions touchées pour leur porter assistance à court préavis. Ces volontaires ont eu plusieurs occasions d'offrir leurs services, notamment à la suite du tremblement de terre en Haïti en 2010, du Printemps arabe de 2011 et du typhon Haiyan en 2013.

Les candidats doivent se soumettre à un processus de sélection rigoureux. Afin d'être bien préparés à réagir dans les situations difficiles en cas de catastrophes naturelles, menaces terroristes ou de toute autre crise, les membres reçoivent une formation intensive et spécialisée comprenant des cours en classe et des exercices de simulation. La séance de formation d'une semaine porte sur les stratégies de déploiement avec un accent sur le service à la clientèle. Elle permet aussi aux participants d'obtenir de l'encadrement d'équipe et individuel.

Pour plusieurs d'entre nous, le déploiement au Népal serait notre premier. Nous allions ainsi être appelés à mettre en pratique en temps réel les compétences acquises au cours de la formation. L'une des forces de ce modèle est que chaque membre de l'EPDR arrive avec un rôle spécifique dans ce nouvel environnement où nous devons rapidement apprendre à naviguer.

Des Canadiens en détresse

Au moment du séisme au Népal, les ressortissants canadiens inscrits au registre du MAECI étaient au nombre de 388. Comme l'inscription est optionnelle, il ne s'agissait là que d'une première estimation, qui sera par la suite révisée à la hausse pour atteindre 500 personnes. Dans les heures qui suivirent la catastrophe, les Canadiens se trouvant à Katmandou entrèrent en contact avec le consul honoraire du Canada pour demander de l'aide et obtenir davantage d'information. Ce dernier s'est rapidement retrouvé submergé de demandes et a fait appel au Haut-commissariat du Canada à New Delhi ainsi qu'au Centre de surveillance et d'intervention d'urgence à Ottawa pour du renfort. En l'absence de structures d'accueil au consulat, les Canadiens se tournent

alors vers les ambassades avoisinantes (États-Unis, Australie, Royaume-Uni) et trouvent refuge dans le club américain à Durbar Marg. Ils y sont accueillis chaleureusement par les autorités consulaires américaines et sont logés dans des abris temporaires.

Le Canada n'ayant pas une représentation diplomatique permanente au Népal, nous avons rapidement dû nous organiser pour offrir de l'assistance consulaire. Une partie de l'équipe fut immédiatement dédiée à la gestion des relations avec les ressortissants canadiens tandis que d'autres membres se sont consacrés aux aspects logistiques du déploiement (communications, transport, logement, nourriture, finances, technologie de l'information, etc.). À la tombée de la nuit, les tentes de l'équipe consulaire montées, les drapeaux canadiens mis en évidence, les lits d'appoint installés et les équipes de travail sont mises en place.

Une opération d'évacuation rapide

Peu de temps après l'arrivée de l'EPDR sur les lieux, la décision est prise d'utiliser l'avion C-17 des Forces armées canadiennes qui fait route vers Katmandou avec à son bord de l'aide humanitaire et l'Équipe d'intervention en cas de catastrophe (EICC) pour évacuer les ressortissants qui le souhaitent. Si plusieurs Canadiens ont déjà pu quitter le Népal par leurs propres moyens, embarquant sur les quelques vols commerciaux qui parviennent à Katmandou, d'autres acceptent l'offre d'une évacuation vers New Delhi. En moins de 24 heures, les membres de l'EPDR s'organisent malgré les défis opérationnels inhérents, et s'attellent à faciliter le départ de près de 100 personnes.

Les inscriptions se font sous la « tente des Canadiens » au club américain jusque tard dans la nuit du 28 avril et tout au long de la journée suivante. Deux agents consulaires sont assignés à temps plein à l'accueil, l'inscription et la vérification des documents de voyage des ressortissants désireux d'être évacués. Quelques familles avec des jeunes enfants sont également du lot. Des agents travaillent à partir des bureaux du consul honoraire pour faciliter les communications et aider les citoyens nécessitant des titres de voyage d'urgence.

Deux autres agents logistiques sont dépêchés vers l'aéroport en tant qu'éclaireurs dès 4h du matin pour accompagner certains Canadiens en partance sur des vols commerciaux. Ils en profitent pour revoir l'itinéraire et calculer le temps de transport des



Premier vol C-17 d'évacuation des Canadiens du Népal le 29 avril 2015
Photo : Frank Asi Talantini

minibus loués pour l'évacuation. Les autorités aéroportuaires locales sont débordées et travaillent sans relâche pour gérer le va-et-vient incessant des avions et des passagers. Plusieurs pays rivalisent pour solliciter les différentes autorisations, laissez-passer et outils nécessaires auprès de la direction de l'aéroport, de l'armée et du ministère des Affaires étrangères du Népal. Après quelques heures de négociation et d'intervention, l'EPDR réussit à finaliser, avec l'aide de notre mission à New Delhi et du prestataire local de services aéroportuaires, les détails de l'arrivée du C-17 et de l'évacuation des Canadiens.

Une partie de l'équipe s'occupe de la liaison avec les autres missions diplomatiques et de la coordination des opérations au sein de l'EPDR. Elle est également responsable des communications avec Ottawa et New Delhi.

Lorsque le C-17 quitte le tarmac de l'aéroport en début de soirée le 29 avril, ce sont près de 96 ressortissants canadiens, américains et étrangers qui seront finalement évacués à son bord vers New Delhi. Le lendemain, une cinquantaine de passagers emprunteront le deuxième vol affrété par les Forces armées canadiennes.

Belles leçons de générosité et de dévouement

Le séisme du 25 avril 2015 aura causé la mort de plus de 9 000 personnes et fait plus de 23 000 blessés, essentiellement au sein de la population locale. Malgré leur état de détresse, les Népalais auront fait preuve d'une grande résilience et d'une forte volonté de se relever. À l'égard des ressortissants étrangers et des différents intervenants extérieurs, y compris notre EPDR, leur attitude générale aura été marquée par la tolérance, la reconnaissance et surtout la générosité. Plusieurs Canadiens bloqués dans des régions reculées du Népal témoigneront de situations où les populations locales n'ont pas hésité à leur venir en aide, et ce, au détriment de leurs propres conditions personnelles.

L'aide apportée aux Canadiens par le consul honoraire du Canada, Dr Buddha Basnyat et son équipe, et par la suite à l'EPDR et l'EICC, aura été remarquable, compte tenu des ressources limitées à sa disposition et de l'ampleur de la crise. Sans sa présence et sa connaissance du pays, il aurait certainement été plus difficile pour l'EPDR d'être opérationnelle rapidement.

De plus, le dévouement sans relâche des employés locaux déployés de New Delhi aura lui aussi joué un rôle majeur dans le succès des opérations d'évacuation. Leur patience à l'égard de la clientèle consulaire, leur ingéniosité à trouver des solutions aux multiples problèmes logistiques rencontrés et leur bonne humeur auront certainement bénéficié à l'ensemble de l'équipe.

Enfin, il va sans dire que sans l'hospitalité, l'aide et la générosité de nos collègues américains, les opérations d'assistance et d'évacuation de nos ressortissants au Népal auraient été plus difficiles.

Un grand merci à tous et toutes. 🙏

Frank Asi Talatini a joint le MAECI en 2009 à titre d'Agent de la gestion et des affaires consulaires après une carrière dans le secteur privé à Montréal. Il a été posté en tant qu'AGC adjoint à l'Ambassade du Canada aux Émirats arabes unis de 2011 à 2014. Il occupe présentement le poste d'AGC par intérim à l'Ambassade du Canada en Thaïlande. Il est membre de l'EPDR depuis 2014.

The Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards

The Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards were instituted in 1990 by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO) to provide recognition by their peers for exceptional achievements by individual officers.

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The 1990 Iraqi Invasion and Annexation of Kuwait: A Rooftop View

by Gary Luton

Perhaps now that 25 years have passed, it is time to think again about Kuwait and give shape to events that took place in the summer of 1990 when Iraq invaded and annexed the oil-rich city-state which sits at the head of the Persian Gulf.

When I was assigned to Kuwait City in early January 1989, my first posting, the Iran–Iraq war was just beginning to wind down after eight grinding years.

By mid-July 1990, a belligerent Iraq had begun to buildup force along its southern border with Kuwait. Most in the diplomatic and intelligence community considered this mere sabre rattling, an act of intimidation, or a method to settle Baghdad's long-standing financial and territorial claims. Iraq said it wanted Kuwait to cut it some slack on more than \$60 billion it owed to the Kuwaitis for war debts and to reduce its oil output – or at least so it was thought.

The new Canadian Embassy in Kuwait had a rooftop terrace and was located close to the Persian Gulf, within sight of the Iraqi Embassy. A view of the central business district, with the emir's palace in the distance, made the mission ideally situated to observe the Iraqi invasion force.

What follows is an account of the uncertain life of a young foreign service officer taken from a rough, personal journal of sorts, written during three weeks spent under Iraqi occupation, and from my recollections twenty-five years later.

Week 1 (2–8 August 1990)

Thursday's headlines seemed a bit incongruous as we arrived at the office "Jeddah Talks End... More Needed." The

night before I had watched the Crown Prince of Kuwait, Sheikh Saad, return from talks with Iraq in Saudi Arabia. The arrival of the Sheikh's entourage was fascinating to watch, particularly at a time of heightened tension. Everyone of importance arrived at the airport to greet the returning Sheikh with a kiss on the shoulder, a touch of noses, or a simple handshake – each signifying rank, kinship and loyalty.

Iraq said it wanted Kuwait to cut it some slack on more than \$60 billion it owed to the Kuwaitis for war debts and to reduce its oil output – or at least so it was thought.

I awoke at 5:45 on August 2, 1990, shortly after the call to prayer, to the sound of low flying fighter jets. Soon after, the gate buzzer rang. It was the Duty Officer, Ron Waugh. "Let's go" he said, "it's begun". Standing outside, glinting into the early morning sun, you could hear a low rumble in the distance of what turned out to be artillery fire.

Late summer in the Gulf meant that most of Kuwait's leadership, senior officials and Embassy staff were all on leave, including Canadian Ambassador Larry Dickenson. We held our first extended briefing session with Bill Bowden, the *Chargé d'affaires*; Michel Têtu, Senior

Trade Commissioner and his spouse Ingrid; MCO Ron Waugh and his spouse Sharon; Communicator Brian Friebe and his spouse Louise; Marianne Kurjata, the Ambassador's Assistant, and myself, Second Secretary and Vice Consul.

The Iraqis had crossed into Kuwait around 2 a.m. and were shelling what appeared to be the Dasman Palace at the edge of the central business district. We could hear the artillery in the distance and see black plumes of smoke drifting upward, mixing with the summer haze. The often conflicting information received that day made for considerable confusion: the Emir was dead; no, the Emir was in Saudi Arabia; his palace was on fire; the government had fallen, a new provisional government of Kuwaiti revolutionaries opposed to the ruling Sabah family had been formed....

"Luton to the roof." Bill said to me. "I want reports every 15 minutes on what's happening out there." "Start calling all local staff, we need the translator and at least two Arabic speakers". I reached Mohammad first. "It looks like we will have to postpone our tennis game for another week Mohammad." "Why?" he asked. "The Iraqis have entered the City and are coming our way."

Rosie, the Ambassador's maid, had been fielding calls since early morning. Our primary concern was that Canadians, other foreign nationals and possibly even

Kuwaitis might seek refuge at the Residence. The decision was made to bring her to the Embassy along with the Ambassador's driver, Houcine, his wife and four young children. I was designated to get a Canadian flag onto a car quickly and to go and get them. No cameras, no getting out of the car. We were taking no chances.

The Canadian Embassy is on the third ring road – one of a series of six concentric roads emanating from the city centre. While these modern four lane highways made the city easy to move around in, they also made it surprisingly easy for the Iraqis to control the capital in less than a day. By 10 o'clock the invasion force was already in control of the second ring road.

I overheard a telephone conversation with the British Embassy on my way out the door. Their Chancery had taken some close hits due to its proximity to the emir's palace, which was still under fire, and where some of the heaviest fighting took place.

The roads were relatively empty en route to the Residence. I saw a white flag on a nearby medical clinic and a pile of bloodied uniforms littered the ground nearby. An ambulance rushed by in hurried silence.

On our return to the Embassy, we passed a convoy of more than a dozen tanks on the Gulf Road, tracks clattering on the pavement – an eerie, mechanized, rattling sound I still recall. The Commander was standing erect in the lead tank. We came at him from behind and held our breath. His mustache, jet black hair, revolver and imposing demeanour made him look like Saddam himself. (Had the tank commander seen Donald Sutherland in *Kelly's Heroes*, or was I imagining?). He let us pass by, slowly, without incident. We start to breathe again.

I woke up on day two of the invasion having slept on the floor of my office and feeling saddened by it all. From the Embassy rooftop, the sky is clear and, the temperature surprisingly moderate. The street remains quiet for that hour and the sun creates a trough of light on the stippled waters of the Gulf, like a child's painting of an imagined sunrise. On the second floor of the Embassy, the BBC is sounding its sombre tone from the inner sanctum of the Coms Centre: the CIA had missed the threat; stringent UN sanctions have been put in place; no one thought Saddam would actually invade the entire country, which

is why the US Ambassador in Baghdad was on holidays.

By Saturday, day three, there were already alarming changes to be seen. Several dozen tanks had dug-in and soldiers filled the median of the Gulf Road. Tank barrels peered out from under soiled

The Commander was standing erect in the lead tank. We came at him from behind and held our breath. His mustache, jet black hair, revolver and imposing demeanour made him look like Saddam himself.

(Had the tank commander seen Donald Sutherland in *Kelly's Heroes*, or was I imagining?). He let us pass by, slowly, without incident.

We start to breathe again.

and tattered canopies, put there to shelter the soldiers from the intense August sun. Incongruous colours adorned the tanks showing off goods pilfered en route. Iraqi tanks and troops were also consolidating their positions in the south, close to the Saudi border where most of Kuwait's oil fields are located.

At the brief morning meeting, Bill asked me to follow-up on a consular case. "Call on that guy at the Sheraton. I understand he's been released."

Driving to the Sheraton roundabout was one of the few areas we ventured into within the battered "war zone" of the city centre. Jammal, our most gregarious of drivers said a prayer while buckling up. "You scared?" he asked, flashing a silver tooth. "Me too," he said, without waiting for an answer.

Burnt out vehicles littered the side of the road as we approached the Sheraton. A water main had been shattered and we plowed on, axle deep in muddy water. Plants were already beginning to die everywhere under the scorching sun. We pass the Yemeni Embassy where large crowds of impoverished guest workers have formed since the beginning of the crisis. Very large Iraqi missiles sit on a tractor trailer stationed in the roundabout in front of the hotel, pointing out to sea.

Sitting in my darkened villa in Bayan, I feel incredibly alone. On day five I get up in silence, shower and leave my house. The Gulf Road is open from Messila to Salmiya. Troops looked ready to make a move further south as they were already up and packed. Further on, soldiers slept everywhere – in the shadow of walls and

along the hedges of the median. A number of tanks were still in place, along with some heavy anti-aircraft guns and a few pieces of artillery. At Salmiya I am turned back. For a second day the Gulf Road to the Embassy has been closed, likely the result of Kuwaiti armed resistance nearby.

I report my findings when I arrive at the Embassy and learn more about last night's consular-related phone calls. The whereabouts of 35 western hostages still remain unknown. Luckily, none of them appeared to be Canadian.

On August 6, UN Resolution 661 imposed stringent sanctions on all trade to and from Iraq except for medicine and in humanitarian circumstances. While things had been relatively calm previously, the Iraqis now appeared to be toughening their stand and consolidating their annexation of Kuwait. Hussein was quoted as saying that "the Iraqi and Kuwaiti people prefer death over humiliation." Since a so-called Arab solution to the crisis did not appear imminent, we wondered aloud when some kind of joint military action by our allies could be expected.

The air is grey. A man stands on a corner not far from the Embassy in a haze, half crazed, directing traffic which does not respond to his rants. A summer dust storm is brewing and the palm fronds outside our window are lashing around in a gentle frenzy. Suddenly, calm falls over the street and light flickers from a nearby mosque due, in part, to lingering dust and smoke from the invasion.

By day six, we all feel increasingly vulnerable. I have moved to the Embassy. I do not expect to return home to Bayan until the crisis is over. For the first time I begin to wonder seriously what it would be like to be taken hostage by the Iraqis or to have to take some form of direct action in our own self defence if conditions deteriorate further.

Later in the day, the news, finally is a bit more encouraging. Turkey has cut off shipments of oil by pipeline from Iraq. Saudi Arabia has deployed missiles on its borders, while naval reinforcements are en route through the Suez Canal. More than 50 warships were reportedly approaching the crisis area. The Americans were sending troops to Saudi Arabia, to arrive the following morning, "in defence of US bases." This later became known as Operation Protective Shield.

Week 2 (9–15 August 1990)

We are now into week two and, incongruously, the Embassy finds itself providing temporary shelter for a parrot named Basel. A blue and white macaw, he is soon able to imitate the sound of the heavy door opening and closing into the secure zone. This provides an unnerving distraction for the watch officer who thinks each time it occurs that a late night visitor has unexpectedly arrived.

We learn that Iraq has made peace with Iran – giving in on a number of issues which had stalled peace talks for years. On August 9th, UN Resolution 662 unanimously declares Iraq's annexation of Kuwait is null and void and the BBC speaks of the rogue state possibly using chemical weapons. Hussein is now calling for Jihad – a holy war of revolution and insurrection throughout the Arab world, including the holy shrines of Mecca and Medina.

Coming north on the fourth ring road, a car has rammed an army truck and both have exploded and caught fire. In my former neighbourhood, a large crowd of Kuwaiti women are demonstrating loudly. Smoke plumes are seen around the city as abandoned cars are lit on fire. Tracer bullets stream late into the night. Two Kuwaiti resistance fighters who were sniping from a rooftop are killed. Meanwhile, the British Embassy calls to say that there has been a public execution of what we later learn to be an Iraqi soldier, hanging in a square near the Meridian Hotel.

On the afternoon of August 9, the BBC announces that Iraq's borders are closed to all except diplomats. Later in the day, Baghdad Domestic Service in Arabic, in parallel with Baghdad Voice of the Masses, announces that a decree by Saddam requires

all Embassies in Kuwait to relocate to Baghdad before August 14th. Following the announcement, calls begin in rapid succession from distressed Canadians as food supplies were running short and mobile phones no longer worked. People wondered what they should do, and if they should try and get to Baghdad by land. The phones also ring with no one on the other end, or with the sound of someone's disturbed laughter before hanging up abruptly.

By Friday, day nine, we had called local staff not to come in. Heavily armed Iraqi soldiers arrive at the gate of the Embassy saying they have come to stand guard or, perhaps more accurately, to keep a better eye on us. They are wearing combat dress, the red berets of an elite unit and red braid on their shoulders.

A British citizen is reported shot while trying to assist Kuwaitis who were fired upon while trying to cross the desert into Saudi Arabia. The Bedouin are charging approximately 375 KD (approximately \$1,500 CDN) to smuggle people across the Saudi border by way of the old camel routes that their fathers once travelled. The Embassy advises Canadians not to try "unconventional" routes to escape from Kuwait.

Week 3 (16–21 August 1990)

By mid-August it was all a bit of a blur really, with long periods of tedium and odd moments of sheer adrenalin. Some Iraqi soldiers were reportedly beginning to trade their guns for clothes and cigarettes. An ammunition truck exploded on the fifth ring road, the cause of explosion unknown, although the remains of a white Cadillac could be seen among the tangled wreckage.

Iraq announced that the time was to be moved to coincide with "Baghdad time" and to advance our clocks one hour. Hospital names were also changed – Amir Hospital was renamed Union Hospital while another was named after Saddam Hussein. Clinics and hospitals were now staffed with Iraqi doctors and nurses, apparently picked up at night by the military in Baghdad and driven to Kuwait, not knowing where they would eventually end up.

Turkish and other favoured nationals were allowed to begin an evacuation by

bus. Iraqi TV reported the only other countries permitted to leave at that time were Austria, Switzerland, Sweden, Finland, Norway and Portugal.

A Canadian reported Iraqis collecting British and American men when they went to petrol stations and food cooperatives. As a result, he said he and his housemates had gone "underground." Other Canadians continued to go in convoys to the border each day to try and cross into Saudi Arabia, only to be turned back.

On my way to the warehouse district to continue our search for food and bottled water supplies, burnt-out military vehicles lay scattered about wherever they had stalled. I saw a purebred Holstein cow heavy with milk in the back of a truck. Its companion dead, legs in the air, heavily bloated in the mid-morning sun. A fist-fight broke out in an office adjoining where I was trying to make some purchases. The military, also tense from increased attacks by the resistance, now rode "shot gun" with at least one heavily armed soldier watching vehicles that followed too closely to try and stave off any attacks.

The meeting in the Ambassadors' office on Thursday, August 16 was a decisive one. We all report on our activities with the usual quips and camaraderie, however, that day we were particularly quiet with the thought of going to Baghdad weighing heavily. Those who will remain in Kuwait, we think, are in for a long haul.

I am not the only one unconvinced about making the 650 km trek to Baghdad when a prolonged war with Iraq seemed imminent. Ottawa was calling it an "evacuation" but it felt a more like flying to Berlin in 1939. In the end, it is decided that Ron and Sharon, Brian and Louise and, of course, Bill would stay. The rest of us would go to Baghdad.

What would be our fate in Baghdad? It would either be relatively straightforward and we would proceed to our final destination, or, if our worst nightmare came true, we would be detained in Iraq as bargaining chips. Diplomatic immunity, as we had seen, meant nothing to Hussein.

Bill read out a telex message from Ambassador Dickenson to raise our spirits. The Ambassador had tried to return to Kuwait several times from both the Saudi and Jordanian borders but was turned back each time. He sent us his very best wishes

along with a bit of a pep talk. This we found quite poignant, as we moved quietly into the final hours before our departure.

On August 18, UN Resolution 664 unanimously demanded that Iraq allow foreign nationals to leave Iraq and Kuwait and rescind its order to close diplomatic missions in Kuwait. The following day, Saddam in a TV message noted how Baghdad had ruled Kuwait in the past. "If the US and UK pull out their forces from Saudi Arabia and the Gulf and cancel the embargo, or if Bush sends a clear notice saying he has the intention of doing so, then foreigners will be able to travel with no hold-ups." The European and American people "should advise their governments to pull out, or abide to the above points, or else we will suffer together." If a war starts, Hussein ominously declared, "we are both going to have thousands of orphans".

On August 19th BBC news announced that westerners in Kuwait were requested by the Iraqi military to report to the Meridian, Kuwait International and Regency Hotels.

The stated aim was to protect them. The Military Authority said it would not be responsible for the safety of those who did not comply. The British First Secretary called soon after saying Iraqi soldiers had rounded up an additional 50 British citizens and put them in military installations and that consular officers were not allowed to see them. The British later called back to report that the Iraqis had taken other westerners and possibly Canadians from the University Apartment Complex in Shuwaikh. Luckily, our wardens reported no Canadians had been detained.

Iraqi TV announced on August 20th that all foreigners in Baghdad must report immediately to the Immigration Department. A speech by Saddam the following day again focused on his detention of foreign nationals and argued that this practice was "averting a greater harm by doing a lesser harm". He noted that America had interned people during WWII and, while he regretted banning travel for some people, "it is to prevent the

crime of aggression which would be committed by the US."

By Wednesday August 22, 1990, we are left few choices by the Iraqis. Six Canadian diplomats and spouses reluctantly leave for the airport, each with a single piece of hand luggage to catch a flight to Baghdad.

Epilogue: After three weeks living in occupied Kuwait, the Embassy was forced to downsize and the author flew to Baghdad on an Iraq Airways flight. Following his journey to Baghdad he spent three months detained in Iraq as a "guest" of Saddam Hussein. Stripped of diplomatic immunity, the Iraqi authorities did not allow western diplomats from Kuwait to leave Iraq until December 9th 1990 when they and other westerners were released. ☺

Gary Luton is currently Director of the Treaty Law Division. His most recent postings abroad were as Head of Mission in Doha, Qatar and, prior, as Consul General in Mumbai.



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A Pilot Project in the Asia Branch:

The International Officers Training Program (IOTP)

by Graham Dattels, Chris Wimmer, Lisa Bitto and Fatima Ammen

Vers la fin de 2013, le directeur du programme de développement à Jakarta, M. Jacob Thoppil, a proposé à l'équipe de gestion de l'Asie-Pacifique (OGM) de lancer un projet pilote qui permettrait aux agents d'acquiescer de l'expérience liée aux trois filières : Service de la politique étrangère et de la diplomatie (SPED), Commerce et Développement. Au fil des discussions avec le personnel et les gestionnaires, il est devenu évident que les agents étaient favorables à l'initiative et même très enthousiastes. Dans les premiers temps suivant la fusion entre le MAECI et l'ACDI, OGM avait organisé des groupes de discussion afin d'examiner les défis et les solutions liés à la fusion. L'idée d'un programme de compétences interfilières refaisait surface sans cesse. À l'automne de 2014, plusieurs discussions internes avaient déjà eu lieu et les Ressources humaines travaillaient de pair avec nous en vue de mettre sur pied le projet pilote. En décembre 2014, nous étions prêts à lancer le projet et avons envoyé un message au personnel de l'Administration centrale afin de recruter des participants potentiels – la réponse a été très positive. La difficulté a été en fait de trouver les trois bonnes personnes, qui occupaient des postes permettant de créer des complémentarités.

Une fois le trio idéal de postes et de personnes établi, nous avons décidé que les affectations seraient de huit mois pour qu'elles se terminent à temps pour permettre aux employés de participer au cycle de permutation de 2016. La première affectation a commencé en février 2015 et s'est terminée en octobre 2015 et la deuxième a commencé en octobre 2015 et se terminera en juin 2016. Nous tenons à remercier sincèrement notre sous-ministre adjointe,

Susan Gregson, ainsi que les directeurs généraux, directeurs et directeurs adjoints de l'OMG qui appuient ce projet depuis le début. Il est clair que, même si en apparence les participants sont les principaux bénéficiaires de ce projet pilote, les gestionnaires et autres membres des divisions destinataires tirent également profit de cette expérience. Le projet a suscité de l'intérêt à plus grande échelle et nous avons reçu des appels de deux autres secteurs géographiques.

Mais jugez-en par vous-même. Nos trois intrépides participants (Chris, Lisa et Fatima) vous décrivent leur parcours ci-dessous. Ce fut un immense plaisir de travailler avec eux et les gestionnaires des directions générales pour concrétiser ce projet. Alors que le projet pilote se poursuit, nous examinons les possibilités de l'améliorer et peut-être même de l'étendre.

Swimming with Dolphins at Fort Pearson

My name is Chris Wimmer and I am a trade commissioner working in the political section. Currently I cover bilateral peace and security relations with Japan. Upon realizing that this would be the first stage for me of the Asia Pacific Bureau's pilot Training Program, I was a little confused...peace and security relations with Japan? That's the country that hasn't been involved directly in military operations in 70 years, right? Is there something I'm missing here? Clearly there was something I was missing...Now that I chase dates for the 2+2 Security Dialogue, Pol-Mil-Mil-Mil (as I like to call it, Pol 3MIL), I realize the importance of our

relationship in this area with Japan. Japan is discussing internally the reinterpretation of their constitution to perhaps provide a mandate for military operations outside the country. Japan being a likeminded country in Asia, the possibilities for further cooperation with Canada will be important.

When I heard about the pilot program, I had already been involved in discussions in our department about the trade and development nexus. As a Development Economist, I felt that I had some experience and knowledge that I could contribute to the conversation. However, I knew that my knowledge about how our development colleagues plan and program was minimal and in order to understand how we can better work together, I would have to understand how former-CIDA colleagues do their job. I look forward to my next assignment working on development files with great anticipation. I believe this program can provide great career development opportunities if one tries to look at our department's overarching priorities and where there is overlap. I have started to take a look at the cross-sections between Global Markets Action Plan (GMAP) and development countries of focus (and now covering political files), also adding in priorities from the Foreign Policy and Diplomacy Service (FPDS) stream such as counter-terrorism partners. There are some interesting insights into how we could work together towards greater goals. It is an important conversation to have both for successful collaborations up to now as well as for missed opportunities.

I was lucky in a sense that I worked just down the hall from the Northeast Asia Division in my former position as a Trade Commissioner in the Southeast Asia



Chris Wimmer

Commercial Relations Division. So when I arrived, the faces were not unfamiliar, and everyone was very welcoming, beyond everyone's concern that baked goods in the division would be taking a dive with the departure of Lisa Bitto (namely, her Soldier On fundraising).

My biggest concern was being burdensome to my new colleagues as I blankly stared at them as they spoke a strange and yet familiar style language of political and military acronyms, agreements and initiatives. It was like swimming with dolphins. They seemed clearly intelligent and able to communicate, and yet, I had no idea what they were saying. I'm joking a bit, but it is difficult coming from the trade side where I felt I had more concrete experiences from education, worked here at HQ and abroad, and even former careers. Now (in OPA, not long ago, GPA, once upon a time PQP) having to understand political side acronyms that are used daily in the "I branch" as opposed to the "T and B branches", as well as various political organizations (e.g. the non-Canadian CSIS), I feel like I need to go on training at Bisson or something.

Someone also said to me shortly after filling a political position, "welcome to the dark side". I thought, really? This is the dark side? I always had the feeling that people on the political and development side saw all of us trade commissioners as Gordon Gekko. What has been interesting is working in a division that already houses trade and

political officers for one country (e.g. Japan). It takes effort to not concentrate on the trade and investment relationship when I think of Japan. When I used to think of Japan, I tended to think about business people and commerce, innovations and technology. But I wouldn't have thought about how we collaborate on international security,

While at times I think that this career leads towards becoming a generalist even if one never leaves their "stream", I think the added knowledge that can come about by learning your close neighbours' work can enrich and benefit one's future work by stepping outside the comfort zone.

development or disaster relief until I started my current position. Now it is second nature to think of all these aspects of our greater relationship with Japan.

Even though it is early in this pilot, I can already see the benefits of taking a more holistic view of relations. Or perhaps (and this is still a work in progress) thinking of Canadian interests in Japan, not as companies and commercial opportunities, but a range of social and international cooperation issues. While at times I think that this career leads towards becoming a generalist even if one never leaves their

"stream", I think the added knowledge that can come about by learning your close neighbours' work can enrich and benefit one's future work by stepping outside the comfort zone.

"Developing" a New Perspective at Place du Portage

I am grateful to have been selected as the political officer to participate in the Asia Pacific Branch's pilot Training Program. Learning about the development stream wasn't just about career development for me; it was a great opportunity to learn the context of where my development colleagues are coming from and also an opportunity to do something very different.

My assignment was with Afghanistan Development (OAA) working on policy and Women and Girls' Rights and Empowerment (WGRE) programming. When I first found out that would be my new spot, I felt a little like I had won the lottery, since I'd been previously posted to Kandahar and done programming with START.

My first day with the division, I brought only a coffee mug with me, not knowing what to expect of my new workplace and colleagues. Everything was a little different, but every drawback also had good points as well. I had to get used to a cubicle instead of a closed office, though the set up allowed for a lot more natural light to reach everyone. I had to take the shuttle often, but am now friendly with each of the drivers. I had to switch provinces of work, but got access to a full food court and lots of coffee at Portage. Now I am watching my development colleagues go through the same process here at 125 Sussex Drive. Much (understandable) grumbling about lack of bus service from Quebec and less choice at the cafeteria, but good things are being noticed too.

Development has a different culture, with different goals and ways of working. As a Foreign Service Officer, I am used to moving every few years into a new and different situation – a generalist. Many of my development colleagues have been working on the same subject matter for years, as their positions have only recently become eligible for mobility. Despite that, development employees have always been eligible for postings abroad, so in a way,



Lisa Bitto

they've always been rotational, if not "mobile". So I have been surrounded by experts on their subject matter, who often have tremendous corporate memory and country knowledge – which can be a rare and valuable commodity elsewhere in the department.

It should have come as no surprise to me that my development colleagues have their own language of business. When you think about it, it's the same with each stream, but also within each division. Being able to communicate with colleagues using their own terminology helps to build bridges. Timelines are also very different. I am used to producing briefing products within minutes or hours. My first project approval memo working with development took three and a half months to produce and have approved, including a significant amount of consultation. I found the process challenging, but at the same time I can see how accountability permeates throughout the work that is done here and how consultation can build strong ownership over a product or a project.

I found one of the best aspects of this program was the cross pollination it produced, even when it was not intentional. When my colleagues lost their access to Lotus Notes, I was able to help out with learning to use Outlook. Frustrating for them, easy for me. I was introduced to Modus (you can find it on the intranet site in the right menu), which

provides a single source of direction for many of the programming and policy processes that are part of development's core business. That can be a huge help when you're starting out.

I think that it's been good to have a "soft introduction" to an unfamiliar stream, both for myself and my colleagues, prior to co-location. I suspect I may have come as a bit of a surprise to some of them – I bet many were expecting a formal, business suited colleague. Nope. What this opportunity has shown me is that our departmental interests often intersect in unexpected ways...and it is definitely worthwhile to build relationships early and often. Think seriously about interacting regularly with colleagues from other streams. Think about including them in your meetings and briefing products, even if only as an FYI. And consider including them in your division's less formal events to celebrate successes and holidays. It's an investment well worth making.

Amalgamation in practice at "Fort Pearson"

My name is Fatima Ameen and I am from the development stream. My first assignment through the Asia pilot program is on the international business development side. As a trade commissioner in the South, Southeast Asia and Oceania Commercial Relations Division, I am responsible for Cambodia, Malaysia, Laos and Thailand. Subsequently, Brunei was added to this portfolio. My first day, I arrived in the office that was buzzing with a flurry of activities and the pressure of very tight deadlines for briefing and related materials for the Canada-ASEAN Business Council Forum meetings which were being held in Bangkok. As Thailand is in my portfolio, I was immediately in the deep end. My years of experience from the development side in preparing approval memos, various briefing materials, questions and answers cards, and scenario notes for senior management was a real asset in making a smooth transition and sprinting with the team to ensure timely delivery of products – amalgamation personified. This was an immediate opportunity to increase my awareness of Canada's international business development work in the region. After

that first week, I was ready for any other adventure with my new team.

A major challenge, in the first days, was learning the "language" of the international business world and getting that message right. An open mind and extremely helpful team members and colleagues from the various other parts of our division saved the days. Colleagues patiently continue to answer my questions and gently keep me

In the field, our colleagues are constantly searching for market opportunities for Canadian companies, negotiating with various stakeholders, showcasing Canada and problem solving.

on the path to "promote Canadian business interests" in our priority countries and sectors outlined in Canada's GMAP. An important aspect of DFATD's international business development portfolio is that it is highly responsive and client-centred.

The start of my assignment also coincided with the 2015–16 planning cycle. This was my first hands-on exposure to Strategia, the DFATD planning tool which had not yet been implemented for development. Strategia is used by the missions to submit their strategies and sector level implementation plans which are developed in consultation with partners and clients, and include timelines and budgets. At headquarters, the plans are reviewed and feedback provided on how they fit in with broader Canadian strategic interests. The turnaround time seemed to be quick, punctuated by strict deadlines and budget implications. I quickly became familiar with the electronic tools Horizons and i-Train on Wiki, the equivalent of Modus on the development side, which were invaluable resources to guide me through the various processes, objectives and contacts. These tools together with TRIO 2 are invaluable in the regular tool-box for information on trade related matters and they helped me expand my knowledge on business development and implementation of our mandate. I was also fortunate to be able to take a four day core trade commissioner training course which helped in obtaining a solid overview of the core services of TCs, their mandate and how it is implemented.

I quickly noted major differences in the responsibilities of what trade commissioners do at headquarters and what our counterparts in the Canadian missions abroad and in the Canadian regional offices do. This is where “economic diplomacy” happens. In the field, our colleagues are constantly searching for market opportunities for Canadian companies, negotiating with various stakeholders, showcasing Canada and problem solving. While templates exist, for many of the situations trade commissioners find themselves in, there is a reliance on natural ability to solve problems. Our colleagues in the Regional Network in Canada develop and maintain relations with the private sector in Canada and try to match them with commercial partners and trade opportunities abroad. Sector practice (equivalent of sector experts on the development side) and the Southeast Asia and Oceania virtual sector teams are also part of Canada’s engagement on the international business development side. The Trade Policy Branch also plays an important role. There is also increasing communication and consultations with our colleagues in development. This is an area that could be further developed to increase knowledge about the various delivery mechanisms and channels of Canada’s development assistance, besides bilateral programming.

In the first week – “It is your turn this week but I will do it until you are familiar with the job?”, so what is this about? I am not sure how our colleagues on the political side deal with emerging or hot issues, but on the trade side this is a best practice. Each day, promptly at 4:00pm, there is a conference among all the trade branches at headquarters where we provide an update on any trade related emerging or, “hot issue” or, success stories that may have an impact on Canadian interests. We rotate on a weekly basis to carry out this function, and the person whose turn it is, has to ensure that each team member has been consulted before 4:00pm for the team’s input. It is a good opportunity to understand what other colleagues in the various regions are doing in the international business stream beyond one’s daily responsibilities in a given portfolio.

After almost 6 months in the job, acronyms such as CABC, APEC, TPP, EOF, and ARTF are part of my new trade vocabulary. I am beginning to fully grasp



Fatima Ameen

the concepts that they impart for our work. Our division is actively exploring ways to harness the potential of social media to advance Canadian interests in the region.

It is important to continue to create opportunities for cross stream consultation and communication. For example, sector experts from development and sector practice groups on the commercial and trade side could meet and share information; explore ways to harness synergies and complementarities not only on PPP, and

An open mind, being ready for new experiences, the ability to adapt quickly and a ready sense of humour also help in the amalgamation in practice at Fort Pearson pilot project.

SMEs but in the education, agriculture and food security sectors among others. Corporate social responsibility is another area of common purpose.

An open mind, being ready for new experiences, the ability to adapt quickly and a ready sense of humour also help in the amalgamation in practice at Fort Pearson pilot project. I look forward to new experiences in my next assignment (to the political stream). Stay tuned. ☺

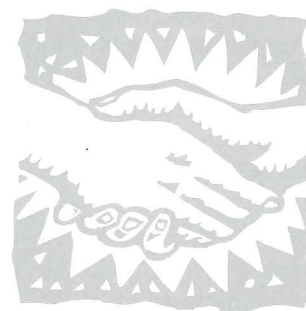
Graham Dattels is the Senior Advisor to the Assistant Deputy Minister for Asia Pacific. He has taken over management of the program from Scot Slessor who is now serving as Deputy Head of Mission in KABUL.

Chris Wimmer is a trade commissioner currently filling a political position in the North Asia Division. In November, he started an assignment in the Sri Lanka, Pakistan & Afghanistan Development Division. He is a Development Economist, graduate of Universities of Toronto and Dalhousie. He also lived and worked in 6 countries before his first posting in Argentina, 2011–14. His previous professional work spans from economics professor in China to development worker in Tanzania to day trader in Toronto. He is also an accomplished blues rock musician.

Lisa Bitto (currently on secondment to DND) is a political officer who was assigned to the Sri Lanka, Pakistan & Afghanistan Development Division. She has worked on Middle East Peace Programming in START and was posted to KANDH in 2008–09. Dans ses temps libres, elle aime faire de la pâtisserie et boulangerie, courir des demi-marathons and lever des fonds pour Sans Limites, La Société protectrice des animaux d’Ottawa et autres organismes de bienfaisance.

Fatima Ameen is a trade commissioner currently working with the North Asia Division. Previously, she has held various positions as international development officer, senior internal auditor, and program analyst at the former CIDA. Prior to joining the Canadian public service, Fatima was a management consultant with government and civil society clients in Canada and abroad. She has worked in the private sector as well. Fatima enjoys reading, movies, Ikebana (Japanese flower arranging) and the outdoors. She also volunteers with local community organizations.

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The Singing Diplomat: Moose Peru

by Eduardo del Buey

The 1985 musical phenomenon “We Are The World” marked a watershed moment in global musical history and in public diplomacy – hundreds of artists coming together around the world to raise consciousness about the serious plight of east Africans facing severe drought and poverty and call governments around the world to action.

This concert and campaign motivated me – an amateur songwriter, performer and professional Canadian diplomat – to use my talent to do something for the children of Peru, where I was sent on temporary duty to the Canadian Embassy that summer.

Thirty years ago the owner of Lima’s Radio Miraflores told me that Peruvian artists had tried to do something similar for the poor children of that country, but had failed to come up with a song. He told me “write it, and we will produce it.” My ambassador – Keith Bezanson – said, “If they produce it, the Embassy will donate 2000 records for sale to raise funds for the charity of your choice”.

I wrote and recorded the song – *Somos Perú* (We Are Peru) and decided to donate the proceeds to the children’s charity run by Peru’s First Lady, Pilar Norres de Garcia. The record came out, and the video played every night on the pop video channel (in those days Lima’s Channel 27). It achieved a certain popularity – indeed, six months later I was walking on the Bahnhofstrasse in Zurich when a couple of young Peruvians stopped me on the street and asked if I was the Canadian singing diplomat. Canada was on the map!

Back in Lima, we found out from a sympathetic contact in the President’s office that the First Lady, a committed pro-Cuban leftist who loathed what she considered “western hegemony”, in fact was going to try to bury the song. No way was the support of a capitalist diplomat going to be accepted!

We then withdrew support for the First Lady’s charity and donated the rights to the song and the proceeds to the Hospital San Juan de Dios – a group of hospitals in many Latin America capitals that performs



Photo: Eduardo del Buey

major corrective surgery on children free of charge. I performed the song on the Hospital’s National Telethon, the record sold, and funds were raised. Canada’s image in Peru created an enthusiastic response among Peruvians who were impressed that an Embassy could take a novel approach to send a message of solidarity and hope for young children. Canada was seen as an excellent partner

revolutionary group. The violence was especially brutal for the country’s indigenous people often caught in the ideological crossfire.

Ambassador André Potvin found out about my recording career in Lima, as did the President of the Aldeas Infantiles SOS Maria Luisa Chattareli (affiliated with SOS Kinderdorf, a non-governmental organization that takes in young orphaned victims of violence and provides them with a home and a solid education until they graduate from university). They encouraged me to write a song to support their cause, and the result was *Poco A Poco* (Little By Little).

Bob Porter, then Guatemala’s finest musical arranger, and father of Emmy award winning producer KC Porter, arranged and produced the record. The Embassy provided the funding for 2000 records that were sold through a major supermarket chain as well as record stores. The video aired every night for a few months, and both Canada and the Aldeas Infantiles SOS came onto the map of young and not so young Guatemalans.

The record came out, and the video played every night on the pop video channel (in those days Lima’s Channel 27). It achieved a certain popularity – indeed, six months later I was walking on the Bahnhofstrasse in Zurich when a couple of young Peruvians stopped me on the street and asked if I was the Canadian singing diplomat. Canada was on the map!

for this country whose flag colours (red side bars with a white centre) we share.

A few months later I was transferred to the Canadian Embassy in Guatemala, then in the throes of a civil war pitting a civilian government that had just replaced decades of military dictatorship against a left-wing

The song called on all to support the youth of the country and end the violence that was claiming so many lives. Needless to say it did not sit well with the extreme right, whose leader, Mario Sandoval Alarcon, was angered that a foreigner would come to his country to call them out.

In those days, one did not annoy him or his followers. Fortunately, his niece was a good friend of mine who told him I was a non-political young Canadian diplomat whose message was merely in support of poor orphans. Sandoval then focused elsewhere, and I was perhaps spared the kind of violence that had affected my immediate predecessor, who had been fired upon in his car in front of his home by a death squad (he escaped unharmed, but the bullet holes in the garage door were still there when I moved into the house).

Once again, Canadian public diplomacy made its mark and sent a series of messages of hope and solidarity to a country that desperately needed it.

Public diplomacy today need not be anywhere near as expensive or complicated to achieve concrete results as it was just a few decades ago. Indeed, what used to cost thousands of dollars can be achieved today for little or no capital outlay and reach far wider audiences. Today's technology allows us all to be broadcasters through YouTube, Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, and other media simply by using our imaginations and our smart-phones in an effective manner.

Many Foreign Service Officers have talent and creativity, and can develop innovative ways to send out Canada's messages and share Canadian values in their countries of accreditation.

It is up to their political masters to harness these talents and use them judiciously.

Both songs are available for listening at <https://soundcloud.com/search?q=eduardo del Buey> 🎧

Eduardo del Buey served as a Foreign Service Officer for 37 years, including postings in Iran, Venezuela, Peru, Guatemala, Spain and Mexico. In addition, he served as Director for Strategic Communications at and Spokesperson for the Secretaries General of the OAS in Washington and the Commonwealth in London, and as Deputy Spokesperson for UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon. He is the author of Spokespersonry and Guerrilla Communications in English and Comunicología Audaz in Spanish, as well as numerous articles on strategic communications in various publications.

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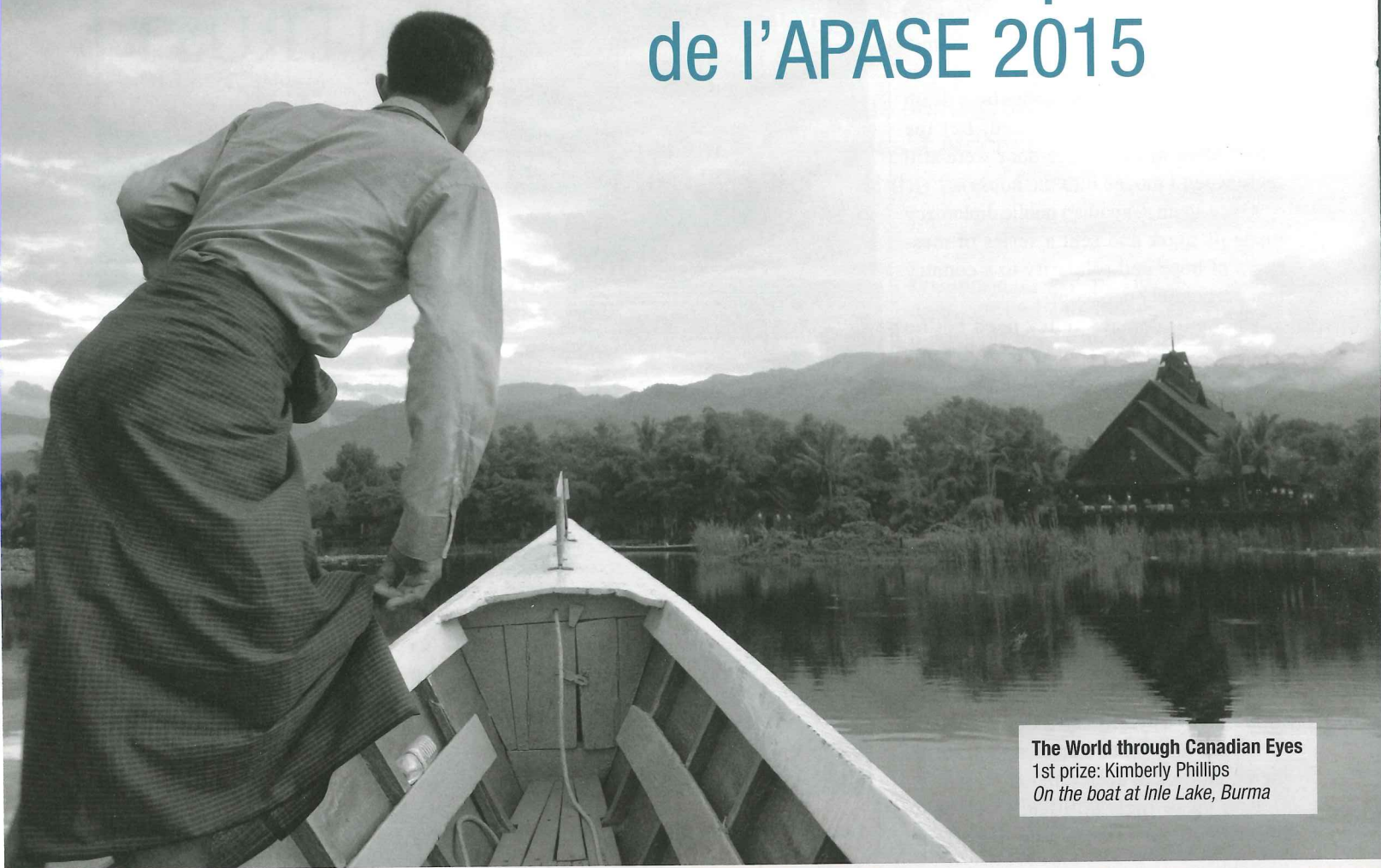


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Concours de photos de l'APASE 2015



The World through Canadian Eyes
1st prize: Kimberly Phillips
On the boat at Inle Lake, Burma

En 2015 le Concours de photos de l'APASE incluait une toute nouvelle catégorie « Un regard canadien sur le monde » pour laquelle seules les photos en noir et blanc ont été retenues, donnant ainsi aux photographes amateurs de l'Association une occasion d'exprimer leurs talents tout en ayant une influence positive dans le monde. L'autre catégorie, « Les agents du Service extérieur : la première ligne du Canada à l'étranger », a mis l'accent sur les dangers et les défis auxquels les agents du Service extérieur sont confrontés dans l'exercice de leurs fonctions, ainsi que sur la valeur qu'ils apportent aux Canadiens et aux Canadiennes, de même que leurs réussites.

Dans la première catégorie, la photo de Kimberly Phillips intitulée « En bateau sur le lac Inlé, Birmanie », a remporté le premier prix. Elle a pris cette photo lors d'un voyage en Asie du Sud-Est avec sa famille. « Loin du brouhaha et de la cohue, la randonnée en gondole de type birman habilement pilotée par un Intha, s'est révélée à la fois apaisante et relaxante, seul le léger clapotis de la pagaie brisait

le silence », a déclaré Kimberly. Christine Leroy et Andrew Ng ont respectivement mérité les deuxième et troisième prix dans cette catégorie.

The top prize ex-aequo photographs in the category "Foreign Service Officers: Canada's Front Line Abroad", were taken by Erin Koenig and depict young girls in Ethiopia. Erin took "Marriage interrupted" and "Water bearer" on a Canada Fund/Child, Early and Forced Marriage project monitoring visit to northern Ethiopia earlier this year. "Taken together, these divergent images really convey the fragility of opportunity for young girls in Ethiopia, the importance of Canadian programming in this area and some of the most meaningful work that I do at post", said Erin. Andrea Niklaus won the Third Prize in that category.

The judging committee of the PAFSO 2015 Photo Contest also awarded honourable mentions to the following photographers: Nicole Lunstead, Matt Friesen, Clarie Cholley, Erin Koenig and Shauna Parr. 🍷

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The World through Canadian Eyes
2nd prize: Christine Leroy
Natural History, Paris, France



The World through Canadian Eyes
3rd prize: Andrew Ng
Nigeria of Yore, Durbar Festival, Abuja, Nigeria



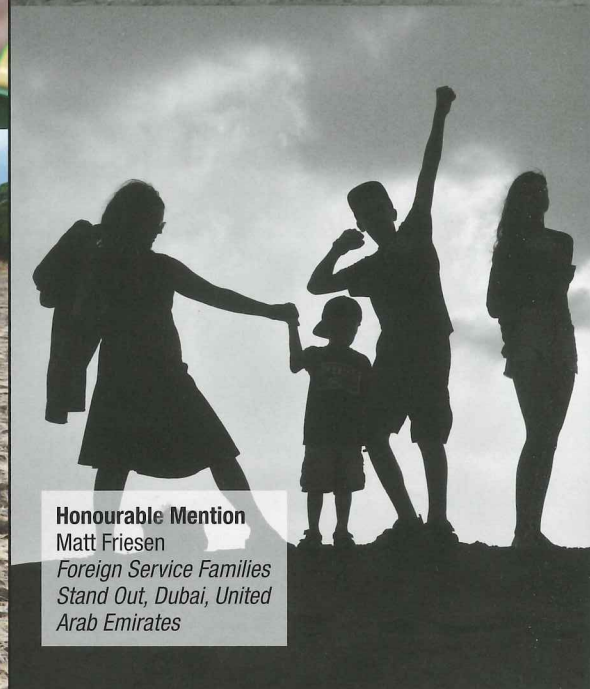
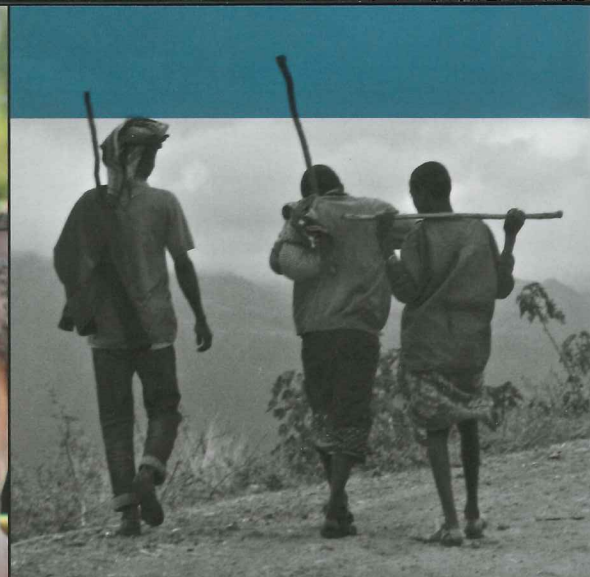
**Foreign Service Officers:
Canada's Front Line Abroad**
1st prize: Erin Koenig
Marriage Interrupted, Kemissie, Ethiopia



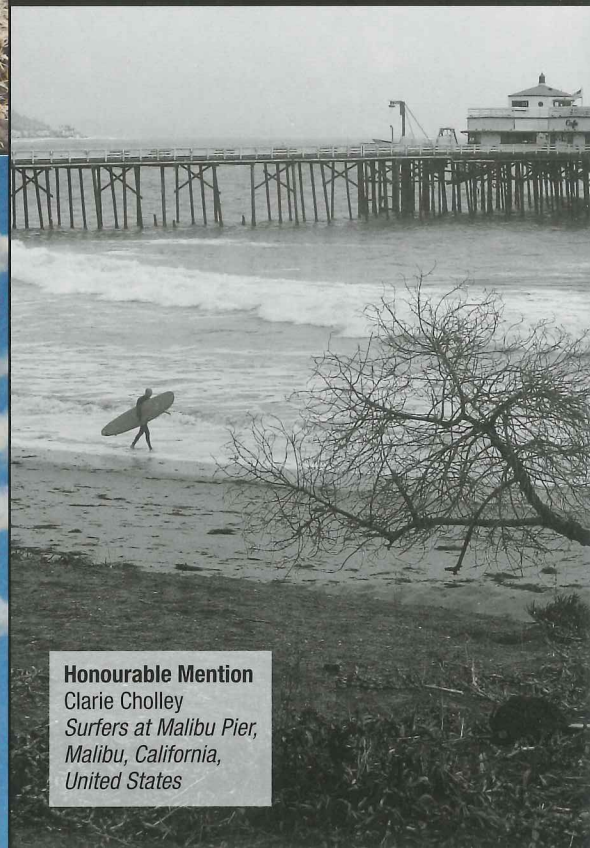
**Foreign Service Officers:
Canada's Front Line Abroad**
2nd prize: Erin Koenig
Water Bearer, Kemissie, Ethiopia



**Foreign Service Officers:
Canada's Front Line Abroad**
3rd prize: Andrea Niklaus
Military Airshow, Cairo, Egypt

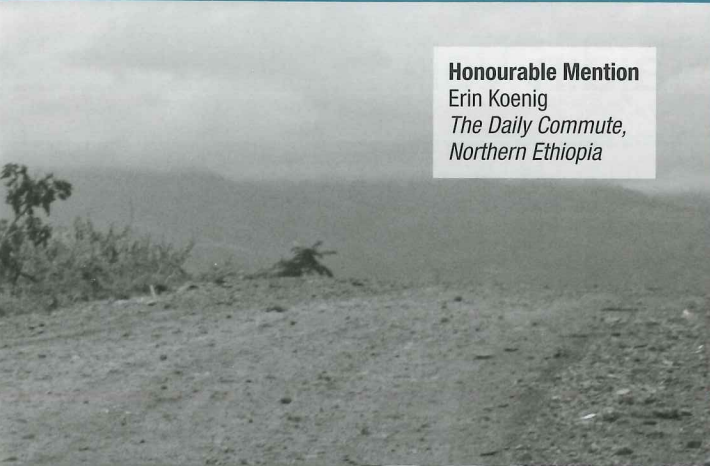


Honourable Mention
Matt Friesen
*Foreign Service Families
Stand Out, Dubai, United
Arab Emirates*



Honourable Mention
Clarie Cholley
*Surfers at Malibu Pier,
Malibu, California,
United States*

MENTIONS HONORABLES



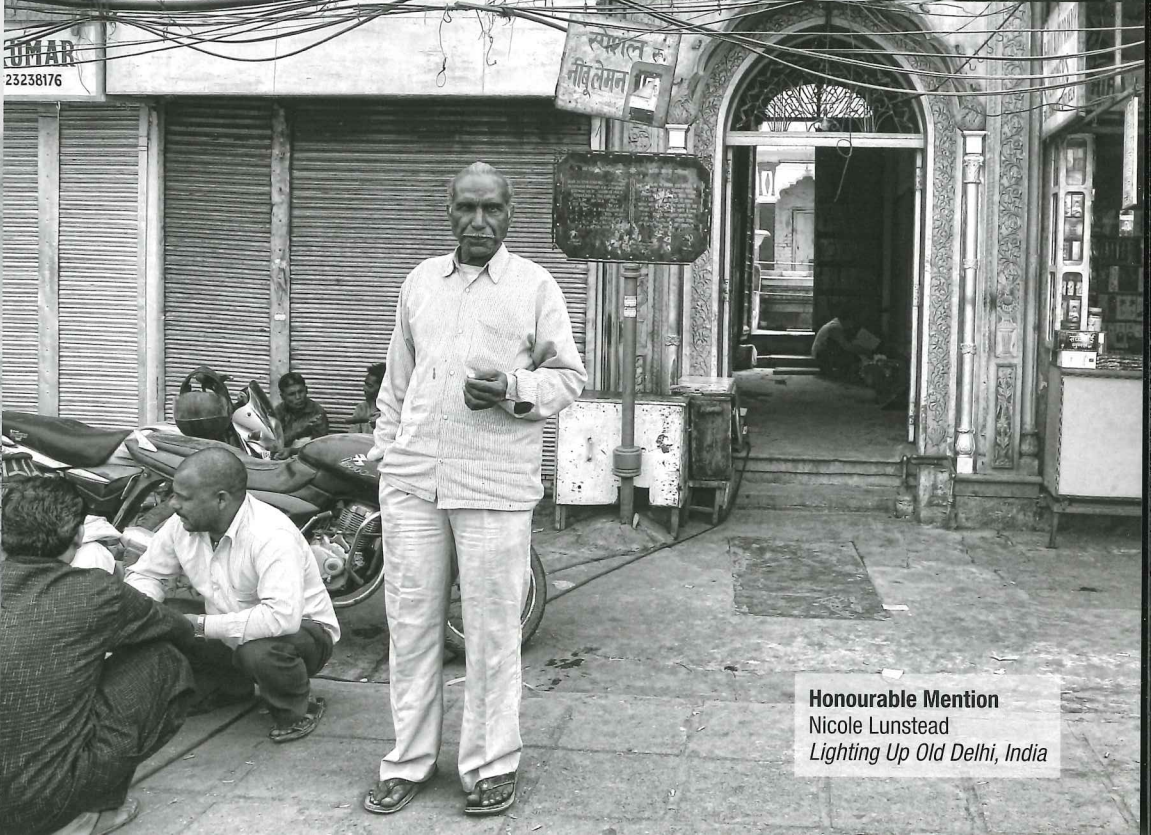
Honourable Mention
Erin Koenig
*The Daily Commute,
Northern Ethiopia*



Honourable Mention
Shauna Parr
*Canadian Planes at Indira Ghandi Int'l Airport,
New Delhi, India During their Commute
between New Delhi and Kathmandu*



Honourable Mention
Nicole Lunstead
East Meets West in Bhutan



Honourable Mention
Nicole Lunstead
Lighting Up Old Delhi, India

Mehboob “Mebs” Tajdin Velji

1968–2014



“Mebs” with daughter Jaide, son Imran and spouse Zoreen Nuraney

Mebs Velji was a devoted son, husband, and father. He was a trusted colleague, and a friend to all. When you spent time with Mebs, even a few minutes, you felt his energy, charisma and his love. It was that profound love that left a lasting impression on anyone he met and it was conveyed in Mebs’ unique million-dollar smile and bone-crushing hugs. His infectious enthusiasm, witty sense of humour, and the time he made for those around him, will be missed.

Mebs grew up in Vancouver and attended the University of British Columbia. He was an avid Vancouver Canucks fan and



an active athlete, playing hockey, soccer, tennis and other sports. He was also a skilled pool player, supposedly putting himself through college on his winnings (if the legends are true) and a poker shark. His zest for life was echoed in his appetite for food, be it fine cuisine, a home cooked meal or pub fair, and his homemade waffles with syrup

and real whipped cream (not store bought but made from scratch) were heavenly and unparalleled. While growing up in Vancouver, he met Zoreen Nuraney, who would become his wife. Mebs and Zoreen were the proud parents of son Imran (12) and daughter Jaide (10), who quickly became the centre of Mebs’ universe. Dedicated to his family, Mebs was an active father and parent, who coached soccer, attended school recitals, prepared meals, and helped with homework. The four were inseparable, and had many adventures together as they travelled the world.

It was that profound love that left a lasting impression on anyone he met and it was conveyed in Mebs’ unique million-dollar smile and bone-crushing hugs. His infectious enthusiasm, witty sense of humour, and the time he made for those around him, will be missed.

Those opportunities were afforded to Mebs with more than 15 years with the Department of Foreign Affairs, Trade, and Development (DFATD). He graduated from the Management and Consular Development Program in the class of 1998–99 and spent the remaining years of his life as a dedicated Foreign Service Officer, with postings to Abidjan, Beirut, Port of Spain and New Delhi, temporary duties (TDs), including in Afghanistan, and other successful assignments at HQ. He was an important member of the Management and Consular Officer (MCO) and Mission Security Officer (MSO) communities, where he was at the forefront of the pro-fessionalization of security services at missions abroad and where his creativity and innovation shone through. He was also a key member of the Foreign Policy and Diplomacy Service (FPDS) team that launched the New Way Forward, Political Economic Renewal Initiative. His final assignment was as Security Program Manager in Delhi where he was greatly respected for his efficiency and

effectiveness, was known for keeping his calm in difficult circumstances, and was an excellent motivator for his team. Mebs was a natural at connecting with people and rapidly turned strangers into teammates willing to work together, whatever the challenges that lay ahead.

Mebs passed away unexpectedly in New Delhi in September 2014. On September 29, he was buried in Vancouver, surrounded by colleagues, friends, family, and the countless other lives he touched with his positive energy and boundless love. The skies opened up that day in an almost biblical manner, as if to signify even the universe’s lament for such a premature loss. The hours, days, and weeks that followed were filled with anecdotes and memories of happier times, and a life thoroughly lived though tragically cut short. During his term as Foreign Minister, the honourable John Baird, on a visit to New Delhi, dedicated a playing field at the High Commission of Canada in India, in his memory. In Ottawa, DFATD colleagues planted a tree and installed a commemorative plaque in Bordeleau Park, in Mebs’ honour. And to celebrate Mebs’ spirit of giving and compassion, donations were made to the Aga Khan Development Network (AKDN), a private, international, non-denominational development organization that is working to improve the welfare and prospects of people in the developing world, particularly in Asia and Africa.

Mebs was a gentle soul who will be missed. But his spirit lives on in his family and those he interacted with in the way that he made anyone he touched feel valued and cared for. And if you only saw it once, that smile will be forever etched in your memory, as a beacon of hope for the kind of person we all strive to be.

Alnoor Maherali is a Foreign Service Officer. He first met Mebs in 2006 and overlapped during the Afghanistan TD, where he lost countless pool matches to Mebs. They were co-founders of the DFATD “Chai” club. Alnoor is currently on leave and working with AKDN.

Flora MacDonald

1926–2015

Flora MacDonald had a very real love and fascination for the Middle East and for all of its people. She had been inspired as a youngster by the letters of an uncle who died in Mesopotamia with a British regiment fighting the Ottomans in World War I. She said that these letters are what sparked her interest in world affairs.

Her international achievements were many and varied. Perhaps she was proudest of the initiative that accommodated 60,000 Indochinese boat people in Canada, a precedent that should inspire us as we face the tsunami of Middle East and North African refugees today. The Tehran US hostage caper. Her contribution to the identification and repression of the trade in blood diamonds in Africa. The empowerment of Afghan village women toward the schooling of their children, girls and boys.

Following are a few glimpses of her interacting with the rich humanity of the Middle East.

Flora was not a trail-blazing intellectual. She was audacious and creative in her commitment to people, to the exploration and fulfillment of the simple values learnt from the father she admired so much and his responsibilities in their United Church congregation in North Sydney. She was radically decent. The old hymns comforted her to the last as I had seen how they sustained her in the chapel of the Scottish Hospice in Jerusalem. Grandiose development funding did not excite her, but her passion was for the growth of persons and what they could do, with a bit of mostly moral support, to advance their local communities. Of local NGOs she would ask the essential question to her: "How do you involve your beneficiaries in your planning?"

We spent time together in each of my postings, twice in Israel and Palestine, once in Jordan, twice in Iran, twice again in Egypt. Ten days before her death, her face lit up as I gave her news of the l'Arche workshop in Bethlehem (one of the communities of persons with an intellectual handicap, founded by Jean Vanier) and recounted to her one of her favourite memories: how she had danced with wheelchair-bound Elias, with Down



Photo: Michel de Salaberry

Left to right: Sheila Muttart, Michel de Salaberry and Flora MacDonald.

Syndrome, one of a small group of friends from l'Arche Palestine with whom we shared Christmas dinner in 1989. The day before we had joined Palestinian Christians for the Christmas Eve service in Shepherds' Field, led that year by Bishop Tutu.

She was adventurous. Driving on her own in Israel with only her sister Sheila in the car, she once took a wrong turn and ended up heading into an IDF missile

delighted Flora. On that same trip of hers, on New Year's Day, we were teargassed together when observing a Peace Now initiative to surround the old city of Jerusalem by a human chain of Israelis and Palestinians.

In Jordan, she amazed and exhausted Ahmad, one of the embassy drivers, by the energy with which she climbed the hundreds of steps to the Altar of Sacrifice

King Hussein had been informed that she was in the country and wanted to see her immediately to decorate her in recognition of the work in Jordan of the IDRC, which she had headed, and for her help in obtaining ambulances from a Canadian donor.

bunker by the Lebanese border. By the number of times she re-told the story, it probably impressed her more than she admitted.

She was also fond of remembering a winter day when she walked on the sea shore next to Jabalya camp in Gaza, where the first intifada had started, and had run into a handful of workers, one or two of whom spoke English. On our telling them that we were Canadian, they had subjected us to a severe and detailed exam of the Canadian voting record on UN resolutions. This extent of political literacy amazed and

at Petra, just as she had tested my limits climbing Mount Sinai to witness sunrise a few years before. Ahmad was also terribly impressed when their drive North of Amman was interrupted by a phone call from the Palace. King Hussein had been informed that she was in the country and wanted to see her immediately to decorate her in recognition of the work in Jordan of the IDRC, which she had headed, and for her help in obtaining ambulances from a Canadian donor.

She had a Persian bug too. The vitality of Tehran cultural life struck a real chord

in her, the performers who were only too delighted to perform if they were given the opportunity, the dynamic civil society community whose energy was rekindled by the interest of this distinguished Canadian visitor thereby rekindling her own, the thousands of keen Tehranis to be met on vigorous Friday morning walks in the mountains just North of the city, and even her one exchange with the police when walking the dog in the neighbourhood. On another later visit, she was keen to join on an excursion through Iranian Azerbaijan, to test the outlook of the locals ahead of the 2009 presidential election which ended so tragically.

In Egypt, she became a strong supporter of a modest community centre involved in everything from obtaining birth certificates for women who had none, to the provision of sewers, to coaching kids through a deficient public school system. For an impressive young member of the centre, she personally contributed a large chunk of the personal share required for a Future Generations scholarship for an MA in community development.

On a February 2004 visit to Cairo, she once came back home about three hours late, after nightfall, alone, after her driver had come back with Anne Stanfield (widow of Robert Stanfield), both of them in despair for having lost Flora in the throngs of built-up area not far from the Saqqara pyramids. Flora never understood why we would have worried. She had wandered out to explore a street market, at some point had realized that the car had left, and had simply HITCHED A RIDE back home. She was as delighted by the people who had helped her as they were of their new Canadian acquaintance. She was then 78.

Flora instilled life wherever she went. She would bid us to continue the celebration.

Michel de Salaberry est un vétéran du Moyen-Orient où il a passé la très grande partie de sa carrière aux Affaires étrangères, notamment en Algérie, Israël, Palestine, Jordanie, Iran et Égypte. Il y retourne tous les ans pour travailler avec des ONG au Caire et à Bethléem. Il s'était lié à Flora MacDonald à Queen's dans les années soixante.

Flora MacDonald : Une pionnière méconnue

par Anne-Marie Leclerc

Audace, ténacité, volonté, empathie ne sont quelques épithètes qui décrivent Flora MacDonald, politicienne canadienne qui s'est éteinte le 26 juillet 2015.

Née au Cap Breton, en 1926, ex-ministre du Parti progressiste conservateur, elle est surtout connue pour avoir osé briguer le leadership de son parti en 1976, alors que les femmes en étaient encore à leurs premiers balbutiements en politique fédérale. Elle est arrivée au 4^e rang lors du premier tour, les promesses de vote de ses collègues masculins ne s'étant pas matérialisées dans l'isolement. Elle avait été élue pour la première fois en 1972 dans la circonscription de Kingston-Les Îles, fonction qu'elle occupera jusqu'en 1988.

Un autre haut fait marqua sa carrière : elle fut la première femme dans un pays développé à occuper le poste de secrétaire d'État aux Affaires extérieures, poste que lui confiera son adversaire dans la course au leadership, Joe Clark en 1979-1980. Ce sera la première fois qu'une femme occupera un ministère aussi senior au sein du gouvernement canadien.

Même si son passage à la tête du Ministère des Affaires extérieures fut bref, il n'en reste pas moins qu'elle a été l'un des acteurs importants lors de deux des événements de politique étrangère les plus marquants de l'histoire canadienne récente. En effet, Flora MacDonald était à la tête du Ministère durant la crise des otages en Iran, alors que des diplomates canadiens ont hébergé six homologues américains qui avaient réussi à fuir leur ambassade qui était alors assiégée et occupée. Elle a été parmi les premières à apprendre que l'ambassadeur du Canada en Iran, Ken Taylor, cachait les diplomates américains. Elle avait alors fait sortir le premier ministre Clark de la Chambre des communes pour l'en informer. Au cours des semaines qui ont suivi, M. Clark et elle se sont appliqués à garder ce secret d'État. Elle a travaillé dans l'ombre afin d'autoriser l'émission de faux passeports canadiens et le transfert d'argent pour le groupe. Cette opération secrète qui visait à organiser le retour des diplomates américains aux États-Unis s'est conclue avec succès 79 jours plus tard.

Flora MacDonald a aussi joué un rôle déterminant dans l'implication du Canada lors de la crise des « boat people » vietnamiens. Avec son collègue Ron Atkey, qui détenait alors le portefeuille de l'Immigration, elle a lancé le programme par lequel le gouvernement a permis aux Canadiens de parrainer des réfugiés pour les amener au pays et qui égalait ensuite le total accueilli par la population avec un nombre égal de réfugiés non parrainés. De cette façon, plus de 60 000 « boat people » sont venus au Canada, l'afflux de réfugiés le plus élevé par habitant de n'importe quel pays pendant la crise.

Après son retrait de la vie politique, suite à sa défaite aux élections de 1988, elle continua à s'engager dans des causes humanitaires, faisant même du bénévolat à l'étranger alors qu'elle a plus de 80 ans. Au delà de la politique, le travail qui lui a donné le plus de satisfaction fut au sein de l'ONG qu'elle a fondée : Future Generations Canada. Directrice de l'organisme de 1997 à 2007, elle a cherché à éduquer les femmes dans des endroits tels que l'Afghanistan et à introduire des systèmes participatifs facilitant le développement durable.

Suite à son décès, de nombreux hommages ont souligné sa compassion, mais aussi sa détermination, sa force de caractère et son franc-parler. Même si elle ne se définissait pas comme féministe, son exemple aura toutefois permis de percer le plafond de verre en politique fédérale et ouvert la voie à d'autres jeunes femmes intéressées par l'implication politique. De cinq femmes élues en 1972, il y en avait 88 aux dernières élections fédérales. L'héritage de Flora MacDonald, tant dans son rôle à la barre des Affaires extérieures que dans celui de députée, mériterait ainsi d'être mieux connu.

Après l'obtention d'une maîtrise en études théâtrales de Trinity College Dublin, Anne-Marie Leclerc a rejoint les rangs du service extérieur en tant que déléguée commerciale en 2006. Elle a eu le plaisir de servir brièvement à l'Ambassade du Canada au Brésil ainsi que pendant trois ans à Paris. Elle se prépare maintenant à partir en Turquie.

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Remembering Ken Taylor

1934–2015

The following tribute was given by The Rt. Honourable Joe Clark at the public service for Ken Taylor held at the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church in Toronto on Tuesday, October 27, 2015.

Photo: Sam Garcia



Ken Taylor at the U.S. July 4th reception in 2014 in Ottawa

Ken Taylor and I were born a few years and a few miles apart, in the forward-looking foothills of Alberta. A mutual friend tells me that, even in high school, Ken was “trim, and elegant, and inclusive. He knew everyone and everyone knew him”.

Our lives were thrown together on a fateful Friday morning, 36 years ago next month, when Ambassador Taylor’s telegram arrived at External Affairs, recommending that Canada protect and rescue six American officials under threat in Tehran. Flora MacDonald was immediately advised and she brought that news and recommendation to me in the House of Commons, just as question period ended.

We authorized the rescue, which Ken and Pat and their brave colleagues then carried out. Their conduct and courage earned the admiration of the world. Yet, it was a very Canadian thing to do – we acted on principle and in friendship – and we acted quietly, professionally.

Without doubt, there was a fundamental “joie de vivre” about Ken Taylor. (We loved it. Most of us couldn’t keep up with it. One of my favourite photos of all time is this curly-headed Canadian at the White House with the very proper Ronald Reagan.)

But the man we celebrate today was also a highly skilled professional diplomat – who understood his duty and his craft, and performed them with unusual sensitivity, care and intelligence. One of his colleagues from that era told me: “as a life-long public servant – I never had a more co-operative partner than Ken through those anxious months.” Those who knew him in other lives would understand.

It was a pleasure for me to work with the Ken Taylor the public saw, and a privilege to come to know the more private man, thoughtful, and generous and genuine. Just one of his qualities, worth noting in this acrimonious age, was his instinct to be gracious, even to people who were not particularly gracious towards him. Most Canadians know Ken and Pat as examples of what we can be at our best, but, like so many of you, I miss him also

as an understanding and under-stated and valued friend.

There are few substitutes in life for ability and intelligence and courage – or for what, in another context, an American jurist once called “a first-rate personality”. And Ken Taylor, the head of the Trade Commissioner Service, the take-charge and inclusive Ambassador, the cool hand in crisis, the bon vivant, had all those personal and professional qualities.

But it is fitting, here and today, to draw a particular Canadian note from this remarkably individual and international man. We should never under-estimate the power of example – and of constructive myth: it is especially important for citizens of lucky countries like Canada to celebrate fellow Canadians whose spirit of generosity, and impact on others, goes well beyond their specific accomplishment, and sets a standard for how we should act ourselves. As Ken Taylor did.

Pat, Douglas, family and friends. We share your sorrow. We share your pride. We are grateful for the gift of Ken Taylor’s life, and company, and example.

The Right Honourable Joe Clark was Canada’s 16th Prime Minister during the Iran hostage crisis. He also served as Foreign Minister.

Ken Taylor: A Personal Tribute

by Malcolm McKechnie

Ken Taylor’s heroic actions in Tehran elevated him to international stardom. But Ken was already a towering figure in the Canadian Foreign Service before that. After serving in remote outposts like Karachi, Guatemala and Detroit before a rewarding stint in London, Ken became the youngest Director General of the Trade Commissioner Service. There, he made his mark as a strong, if unorthodox, leader.

With no doubt many options before him, Ken then chose Ambassador to Iran as his next posting.

I first met Ken in late January 1980 – a couple days after the escape of the six American hostages from Iran which he had engineered before fleeing to Paris. I can still see him sitting in the Ambassador’s office in Paris looking unperturbed and nodding calmly as he was being briefed by

senior embassy officials on how to deal with the throng of media who had gathered in front of the embassy. Ottawa’s instructions were clear: Ken could appear briefly for a photo op but he was not/not to answer any questions. Ken seemingly agreed to the plan and made his way out to the main entrance. As soon as he stepped outside, cameras started clicking and journalists began shouting out questions. Without missing a

beat, Ken launched into a 30 minute press conference. The deputy ambassador's jaw just dropped.

As a novice young diplomat, I have to say I was shocked and impressed. This guy had amazing flair and guts. He defied his instructions but he knew it was the right thing to do at that moment. It was the first chance I had to witness Ken in action – bold, decisive, affable, and in control of the situation. It helped me understand how he was able to do what he did in Iran.

When I was posted to the Canadian Consulate General in New York in 1981, Ken was the new Consul General and was already the toast of the town – breaking records for the number of speeches he was giving around the US and for the awards he was receiving from a hugely grateful American public. The Congressional Medal of Honor, awarded in history to only

It was the first chance I had to witness Ken in action – bold, decisive, affable, and in control of the situation. It helped me understand how he was able to do what he did in Iran.

a handful of foreign nationals, was probably the most prestigious. I dare say Canada was never better known or better appreciated in the US than during those years. Those were also the heady days of “Disco Diplomacy” as journalist Alan Fotheringham so colourfully put it. Ken knew everyone. It would take him 15 minutes just to get from the entrance of a restaurant to his table, because he stopped and chatted with all the staff from the coat check, to the maître d’ to the bartender. It was just fun to be part of Ken and his wife Pat’s world.

After leaving the Foreign Service in 1984, Ken stayed in New York and went on to an illustrious business career with RJR Nabisco and as a member of several corporate boards. He and Pat also devoted much time and effort to education, the arts, and helping young people through charitable events, speaking at numerous universities, receiving honorary degrees and, in Ken’s case, serving as Chancellor of Victoria University (in the University of Toronto) from 1998 to 2004. Ken was a voracious reader, an inveterate traveller,

and had an insatiable curiousness about the world. His zest for life was infectious.

No one loved life more than Ken. No one got more out of life than Ken. No one gave back more than Ken. No one was a truer friend. Ken simply made life more exciting for those around him. He was always interested in what you were doing. He also shared his friends to the point where they became friends and the concentric circle of friends grew and grew. His friends are legion, from all walks of life and from all over the world.

Ken will be remembered for his courage, compassion and commitment. He left his mark on the world and did yeoman service for his country. He also left life as he had lived it, with dignity and class, and with his friends and family around him. His legacy is rich and his memory will go on in our hearts and minds forever. ☺

Malcolm McKechnie spent 37 years in the Canadian Foreign Service, including stints as Chargé d'affaires in Rome, Consul General in Atlanta, Chief of Protocol, and Ambassador to Spain. He now works for Acciona, a Spanish multinational firm focusing on infrastructure and renewable energy.

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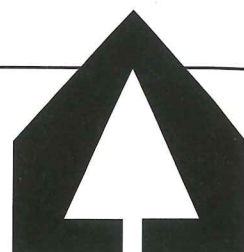
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Exceptional Circumstances

reviewed by Harold Hickman

Editor's Note: We have received two reviews for James Bartleman's latest book – one from a former FS and editor of *bout de papier*, Harold Hickman, and one from an active FS David Kyffin. Since their reviews complement each other well we have decided to publish both for your reading pleasure.

EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES, by James Bartleman, 2015, Dundurn Press, 256 pp, \$17.99.

Exceptional Circumstances by former Foreign Service Officer James Bartleman is a novel set in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Much of the background is based on historic reality though at times the author creates a fictional version of events in Colombia, Cuba and Canada in which the main character, Luc Cadotte, plays a role.

The book is cast as Cadotte's memoirs of his early career, written after his retirement in the early 2000s. At times one senses the author's bureaucratic background emerging in the writing. Excerpts from fictional memos and letters of instruction are included. The table of contents almost appears to be that of a briefing book. However this, and the occasional anachronistic use of modern jargon, adds to the novel's authenticity as the memoir of a bureaucrat written 30 years after the events took place.

Exceptional Circumstances is a good read, at times a compelling read. Bartleman provides good colour in his description of life both in Bogota and Havana. He has used author's licence to move Cadotte, a young Métis Foreign Service Officer, up quickly through the ranks of the Foreign Service by providing him with a powerful sponsor who uses the talents of this junior officer to carry out tasks a more seasoned officer might question. As the focus of the novel is elsewhere, most of Bartleman's characters, with the exception of Cadotte, are not fully developed nor multifaceted.

The clue to the motivation for this novel is at the front of the book, where a quotation from the *New Scientist* reads "Acts of torture can be committed by almost everyone – not just by psychopaths."

Bartleman uses *Exceptional Circumstances* to present to the public a debate on current issues in Canada and

much of the western world. The debate is between measures some feel should be taken to combat perceived heightened security concerns versus responsibility of governments to respect the basic values of human rights.

Bartleman presents this debate through the recruitment and early career of Cadotte, who has an extraordinary early career as a result of his being thrust into intelligence assignments in Colombia and Cuba by the Director General of Security and Intelligence.

In Bogota, Cadotte manages to meet with a revolutionary priest, the charismatic leader of one of Colombia's guerrilla movements, with the goal of determining if the guerrillas have had contact with the FLQ. Being a junior officer, with little experience in either intelligence or departmental functioning, Cadotte does not comprehend the use that will be made of the intelligence he gathers, but he does gain a reputation as a good operative.

Bartleman's descriptions of life in Colombia give the novel authenticity as he captures the brutal nature of the poverty and of all the participants in the ugly combination of revolution and class warfare which took place in this time frame. He describes with accuracy the desperate situation of those trapped in absolute poverty in Colombia, particularly the plight of abandoned children.

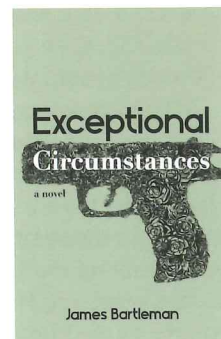
Following Bogota and a several month stint in Ottawa, Cadotte is then posted to Cuba. In addition to his day job as deputy ambassador, he is tasked as a CIA operative to gather information for the USA. The details of the assignment in the novel are fiction, but the arrangement is not fictional. As Bartleman points out in "A Conversation with the Author" at the end of the novel, a current member of the *bout de papier* editorial board, John Graham, as a junior officer posted to Cuba, carried out intelligence duties on behalf of the CIA with the full knowledge of the Canadian government.

Following his abrupt return to Canada from Havana, Cadotte's experiences in Cuba and Colombia lead to him becoming the departmental expert on international terrorism. In short order he is pulled into the vortex of the government's response to the 1970 October Crisis. Here Bartleman again changes the historic details, with the victims of the kidnappings becoming the American Consul General and a fictional minister of tourism.

The debate, present in many forms in the novel, between perceived security needs and the respect for human rights in exceptional circumstances, is brought to a head. Cadotte accompanies a captured member of the FLQ on her deportation flight to Bogota. Though she is a dual Canadian-Colombian national, her Canadian citizenship has been stripped. Cadotte has been tasked with getting her to reveal the location of the kidnapped American Consul General who is being held by another FLQ cell. If she does not reveal this information before the end of the flight, she is to be handed over to Colombian secret police to be tortured to obtain the information.

Bartleman uses these fictional circumstances to enhance the debate and clearly demonstrate the consequences of using the questionable tools such as of stripping of citizenship and the "contracting out" of torture. The novel points to the ease with which such violations of human rights could be sanctioned, when governments are faced with what they perceive are exceptional circumstances.

Harold Hickman is a former editor of bout de papier who has served in Colombia, Peru, Chile and Uruguay.



Exceptional Circumstances

reviewed by David Kyffin

EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES, by James Bartleman, 2015, Dundurn Press, 256 pp, \$17.99.

A well-known and often-repeated injunction to aspiring writers of fiction is “write what you know”. The wisdom of that advice, as it relates to the emotional content of a piece, is counterbalanced by the clear risk of staying too close to lived events. At what point does writing what you know become merely fictionalized autobiography? Having read and enjoyed James Bartleman’s memoirs *Out of Muskoka* and *On Six Continents* – which respectively relate the former lieutenant governor’s beginnings as a half-Indian youth in rural Ontario and his subsequent diplomatic career – I came to his third novel *Exceptional Circumstances* with high hopes and an open mind. I was mostly left with a sense that it might be better appreciated by someone less familiar with the author’s prior work and with the Foreign Service.

Written in the form of an autobiographical memoir, *Exceptional Circumstances* focuses mainly on the early diplomatic career of Luc Cadotte, a mid-twenties francophone Métis Foreign Service Officer from a very modest small-town Ontario background. After briefly covering a few formative incidents in his early years, the narrative follows his rise from his Foreign Affairs recruitment interview, to the development of a specialization in international terrorism through short postings in Bogota and Havana, to a role in the October Crisis of 1970. Although *Exceptional Circumstances* deals with issues full of inherent drama – terrorism and the balance to be struck between liberal democratic rights and the government oversight required to protect them – the novel’s reach exceeds its grasp.

The fictional-autobiography format proves an initial challenge. A memoir is by definition a reflection on past events, understood and rationalized through intervening years. The novel’s use of a detached observer voice looking on from decades later, accentuated by the inclusion of a foreword by the fictional “author” Cadotte written from his retirement home, prevents any real buildup of drama or intensity as the account drifts from the core narrative,

to his difficulties finding someone compatible to settle down with, to expository passages about the foreign service and international affairs in the late 1960s.

A further difficulty is the strained believability of the plot. With a similar personal background and approach to life, the protagonist Cadotte seems to be an idealized stand-in for the author and comes complete with a photographic memory. Handpicked right out of university by a senior manager

At what point does writing
what you know become merely
fictionalized autobiography?

with big plans for his future, he finds himself within two years the deputy head of mission in a Caribbean country of major geopolitical relevance. His incidental contact with FLQ radicals, during which the *felquistes* brag that they are planning the classic “something big” to Cadotte knowing full well he is a Canadian diplomat, makes Cadotte the *de facto* Foreign Affairs expert on terrorism at the age of 27, placing him near the centre of decision-making and lining him up for recruitment by the shadowy cabal of senior civil servants that really runs Ottawa. Even allowing for the historical setting and a fair degree of artistic licence, this account of an early foreign service career is surprisingly heavy on gaining field experience at senior management level, and light on time in a standard-issue Ottawa office drafting briefings and reports.

Ultimately, Cadotte’s meteoric rise seems mainly a way to place him in high-profile situations while allowing a degree of naiveté that experience would normally have eliminated. The plot is otherwise boilerplate, and bridges the gaps between a series of philosophical discussions about human rights and the essence of democracy – Cadotte and his recruitment board, his mentor, a Colombian revolutionary and a Cuban party apparatchik, to name a few – culminating in a Cabinet debate about how far the government can restrict civil rights to oppose a subversive force. Detours into the protagonist’s personal life don’t add much to the narrative and seem included to add length to the book by

creating some arbitrary personal difficulties for him, with little thematic intersection with the main storyline.

As an epilogue to the novel, the publisher included an “interview” with the author where he elaborates on the issues dealt with in the narrative. It is an interesting read as the reflections of a former senior diplomat and national-security advisor to Prime Minister Chrétien, and surpasses the preceding novel in its clarity. It suggests that the author’s strengths are in non-fiction, and that a more direct approach might have served these issues better than a story which is half Bartleman and half Bond.

David Kyffin joined DFATD in 2011 as a Foreign Policy and Diplomacy Service officer following a brief private-sector legal career in Montreal. He was assigned to Canada’s Permanent Mission to the United Nations in New York in 2012 and currently works in the United Nations Division in Ottawa.

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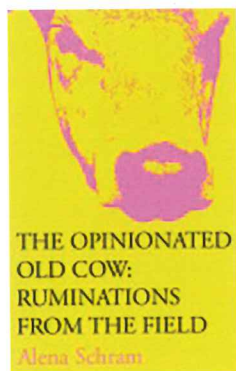
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The Opinionated Old Cow: Ruminations from the Field

reviewed by Jim Junke

THE OPINIONATED OLD COW: RUMINATIONS FROM THE FIELD
by Alena Schram, Cowdy House, 2014,
\$20.00.



First, is the title. It may be meant as a disclaimer, as a warning, self-deprecating, an honest self-assessment or all of the above. On reading the book, in fact, she often accomplishes all of the above in her

43 Ruminations. In the end she does herself a disservice as she is an insightful observer of human nature and seriously funny.

Second, is the number of times that she mentions that her husband John, ex diplomat and hence an inveterate newshound, is immersed in the latest issue of *The Economist*. Given the number of free plugs, that venerable institution should have printed her book for free. Alas it would appear that she is self-published, too often the lot of many authors not drawn to the publishing industry's shrinking list of marketable subjects. This is in spite of her writing appearing in several well-known newspapers.

From her island redoubt near Kingston, Ontario, Schram fires off her views in all directions. Her asserted premise is that she has a free rein now that she is officially a senior with time on her hands. I suspect she was ever thus. In any event, she alerts the reader of her persona at the outset and reminds us of it at the end.

Major topics include getting along with your partner, health issues, her appearance, household affairs and family matters. She writes with flair and is always entertaining. She even seems to be telling the truth most of the time. She acknowledges Dave Barry, the American humour columnist, as an inspiration. Her writing is also reminiscent of another such writer, of older vintage – Art Buchwald, who wrote a regular column about Washington politics in a more genteel and less harshly partisan time.

People of her generation will certainly enjoy this book. So will millennials who will be able to confirm, to their abiding horror, the infallibility of boomers. And also boomers, aka, the children of the anointed ones, will be able to verify that, indeed, their own parents are not the only idiotic but lovable members of their demographic.

People of her generation will certainly enjoy this book. So will millennials who will be able to confirm, to their abiding horror, the infallibility of boomers.

Her insights on the spousal relationship were especially funny. As in, “I ask John his opinion so that I can let him know that he is wrong”. Then there is the hopelessness of men when on a supermarket expedition. Her solution: an IKEA style play area on the premises for husbands. John’s suggestion: a pub. Moreover she keeps him out of trouble on social occasions with her photographic memory of detail when his big picture sense is of less immediate use. As seniors this translates into one functioning brain between two people. Gender differences when travelling, and in arranging casual lunches, get hilarious treatment as well. Alas, they do not agree on Chopin.

On health issues, she is both funny and poignant. Hypochondria gets pride of place along with the joys of colonoscopies and the serious matter of osteoporosis. Given that aging has impact on both one’s health and appearance, many of the issues that she addresses as part of the latter, could be included with the former. This approach, however, makes for amusing self and close friend deprecation, aided and abetted by her husband. And by her children who collectively combine parental influences of diplomatic discretion and endearing directness. She also addresses with brutal honesty and much humour night-time make-up, cosmetics generally, head hair, chin hair, throat wattles, skin tucks, Botox, joint cracking, is she still “hot”?, future movie stardom and the impact of gravity on various bodily parts.

Readers will appreciate her take on household affairs – fridge envy, best before dates, furnishings, and those most senior of issues, kitchen and bathroom renovations and downsizing. There are obviously many direct connections to family matters – sex education, weddings, passing on surplus inventory to children who strangely do not want it, netizens trying with little success to teach their parents the basics of surviving in the Internet age, the mutual incomprehension of generational vocabularies, and the importance of having a multi-year stock of toilet paper.

Schram wraps up her manual on surviving and thriving by concluding quite sensibly that not only is she ready for anything, but that she is irreplaceable. And who could be going to argue with that? ☺

Jim Junke retired in 2013 after serving 40 years as a Foreign Service Officer at both the working and management levels.

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THE HUNGRY DIPLOMAT

by Lisa Bitto

Food is arguably one of the world's most important and ubiquitous diplomatic tools.

Many items we eat and drink have a storied past,
political importance or trade significance.

This column explores one food, drink or ingredient at a time.

BEEF: My cookbook *From Julia Child's Kitchen* falls open on its own to page 263. The page is wrinkled and has wine stains spattered across it. Ever since I discovered it a few years ago, it has entered my roster of regular meals. That page, as you've already guessed, contains the recipe for the Bœuf Bourguignon she helped make famous in North America. It is, quite possibly, one of the most delicious things in the world.

Bœuf Bourguignon is beef stew made with bacon, red wine, herbs and onions. If you've seen the 2009 movie *Julie and Julia*, you'll remember Knopf editor Judith Jones making it from the draft *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, to see if it was worth publishing. (Spoiler: it totally was.) The taste test did actually happen... sort of. In her autobiography *My Life in France*, Julia says Judith and her husband made it for a dinner party as "operational proof." The movie shows the wine spattering over the recipe, making it look the same as mine.

Beef is big business around the world. According to Beef2Live, the biggest global producers by weight include the US (#1), Brazil (#2) and the European Union (#3). While you might expect the famous Argentine and Japanese beef to be near the top, they come in at #6 and #17, respectively. In North America, Canada and the US have been working together so long that our beef industries have become intertwined. Of course, that also doesn't mean the relationship is without certain tensions (Country of Origin Labelling ring any bells?),

Lisa's version of Julia Child's Bœuf Bourguignon

This is the easiest method I've found, creating the fewest dirty dishes.

In a medium or large frying pan on medium heat, fry 1/2 lb bacon (cut into strips) until crisp. Place bacon in a medium or large sized pot and drain most of the fat into a small bowl. Fry the 1 chopped onion and 6 brown or white mushrooms (quarter them first and add some of the bacon fat if needed) in the frying pan, salting generously to help remove the water from both, until onions are translucent and mushrooms darken and reduce in size. Cut 2 lbs beef into big chunks (I do 2" cubes) and brown each side in a bit more bacon fat (see why you want to make the chunks big? Less turning!) Put these into the pot too. Pour 1.5 cups beef stock in the pot, then add around 2 cups of red wine. You want the beef to be just about covered with liquid. Add 2 tsp thyme, 4 cloves of garlic (just crush and remove the skins), 1 bay leaf and 1 chopped tomato or 1 tbsp tomato paste, then cover the pot. Turn the heat to medium. When the stew starts to bubble, reduce heat to simmer. Set the timer for two hours and walk away. Check doneness with a fork: you want it to be shreddable but not falling apart.



Smooch 2.5 tbsp of flour with 3 tbsp butter in a bowl. Drain the sauce into a small pot. Add a few spoonfuls of sauce and mix well, then add the bowl of goo into the pot of sauce. Stir well to reduce lumps. Let the sauce reduce over medium heat until it's as thick as you like it. Add the sauce back to the beefy goodness and heat through. Julia liked it over rice or pasta. I prefer it over boiled potatoes.

which have big implications for Canadian beef producers. The good news is we've got high standards, meaning it's not hard to find a mighty fine piece of Canadian beef. And if you don't know what to do with it, I've found this lovely website for you, which will help you both choose and cook tonight's dinner: www.canadianbeef.info.

I'm not going to lie to you, Bœuf Bourguignon takes some time; it's not the kind of thing you just whip up after work. It is, however, perfect for a Sunday supper. Prep all the ingredients, then bring the kids to the park or take the dog on a long walk while it cooks. Or take a nap. I vote for the nap.

At its heart, the recipe is – unsurprisingly – about beef. When I head to the grocery store, I want a solid piece of meat, which I then take home and cut

into pieces myself. It's not as labour intensive as it sounds; you want really nice big chunks and the "stewing beef" you typically find will be wee tiny bits that will take forever to flip one by one when you brown them in a frying pan. Trust me on this one. The red wine you use would traditionally come from Burgundy. But it doesn't have to. Alternative possibilities include Pinot Noir, Beaujolais, Côtes du Rhône or Gamay. You know what I use? A \$10 Canadian bottle called "Bodacious Red." Not authentic, but it makes tasty stew and great sangria too. To be honest, my cooking style sometimes (okay, often) sacrifices authenticity for time, cost or convenience. I don't apologize for that and neither should you. When someone recommends a restaurant, my first question isn't "is it authentic?" but rather "is it delicious?"

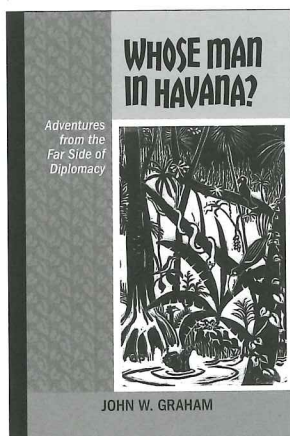
I also don't use the traditional pearl onions for two reasons: first, they're a pain to peel because they're small and you need to use a bunch and second, you can pay as much for a small bag for one recipe as you would for three pounds of regular cooking onions. Use if you wish, but don't feel obligated. Finally, don't forget to ensure you save enough wine for a glass or two. Chef's privilege. ☺

Lisa Bitto has been a political stream Foreign Service Officer for nearly nine years, and an avid baker, cook and food geek since her mother first refused to bake her cookies and she took matters into her own hands. She usually chooses her vacation destinations based on the food.



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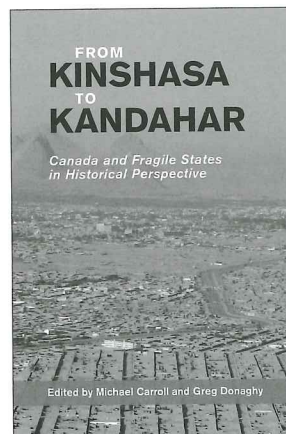
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FROM KINSHASA TO KANDAHAR: Canada and Fragile States in Historical Perspective

MICHAEL K. CARROLL AND
GREG DONAGHY, EDITORS

284 p, 23 illustrations, \$34.95
Paperback, e-book, Spring 2016

Historic forces have shaped
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failed and fragile states. This
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Canada's future role addressing
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Contributors include Darren Brunk, Jean Daudelin, Hevina
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Performance Anxiety?

The Mandate and Work of the Department of External Affairs

*As promised (or threatened) in previous issues of **bout de papier**, we are now publishing the third and final installment of the "McGill Report" on the role of the Department of External Affairs. As with the earlier extracts, this one was distributed to posts and division in headquarters under the cover of a circular document (in this case, Admin. No. 41/76 (SAR) of 8 July 1976). Including appended tables, the full text of this memorandum was 54 pages long, which certainly suggested that Alan McGill and his collaborators, as well as Basil Robinson, the under-secretary who commissioned the study, were keen to demonstrate that the department had worthwhile work to do and that perhaps it did it well. By the way, attentive readers (and students of the art of reporting) will note the early appearance of a word of more recent resonance – "globalization"! Rather than devote a whole issue of **bout** to this lengthy persuasive treatise, however, we have decided to reproduce only the summary, which likely was more widely read by the overworked and underappreciated members of the department than the full document in any case. As with the earlier extracts, this comes from a copy of the "McGill Report" in my possession.*

– Hector Mackenzie

PART III. "WHAT IS THE ROLE AND HOW IS IT PERFORMED?"

Summary

The Scope of Canada's External Relations

Canada's active role in world affairs is likely to continue and become more complex. Contributing factors include the globalization of issues and consequent increase of "multilateral diplomacy" as well as continuing concern for peace and security, increasing emphasis on economic issues, new or newly prominent issues such as environment and energy, technological development in communications and transport, government efforts to control or actively intervene in new areas and provincial government activity.

The Mandate of the Department

The mandate of the Department of External Affairs is not authoritatively delineated except on a few points and may need clarification but it is doubtful that the role of the Department is susceptible to comprehensive legislative definition.

The Functions of the Department

The functions performed by the Department are characteristically comprehensive in the way they mesh with other government activities. They include: (a) The Policy Role

(including policy formulation, implementation, coordination and research and analysis); (b) The Communications Role (including official communication with other governments, reporting, negotiation, and public diplomacy); (c) The Management Role (including managing the Government's external operations at home and abroad and managing visits and conferences); (d) The Service Role (including services to the Government and consular and other services to the public).

The Policy Role

Foreign policy is infinitely complex and must take account of all sectoral national policies and unpredictable events abroad. Despite the difficulty of achieving an explicitly defined foreign policy there is greater demand for some over-arching set of principles as the situation becomes more complicated.

Although foreign policy making in Canada is largely incremental, External Affairs is expected to meet the demand for a more structured, planned and deliberate process. Foreign policy has a substantial component of

reaction to events abroad that are less predictable than domestic events but it also contains a major component of domestic initiatives.

The central problem in the policy role is that decisions affecting Canada's external relations are increasingly initiated by agencies other than the Department of External Affairs. The Department should be aware of any domestic development affecting external relations. Its contribution to domestically-initiated policy formulation should include: (a) information about and interpretation of international developments, (b) knowledge of linkages and cross-impacts with other Canadian policies, (c) advice on tactics, timing and instruments.

As international events impinge more frequently and deeply on domestic life, External is more often required to go beyond the role of collecting and analysing information to that of catalyst for policy change in areas regarded hitherto as domestic.

Leadership is expected of External Affairs in devising a broad framework for foreign policy, maintaining an overview and establishing national policies and objectives in the international sphere. External's leadership role in developing policy and objectives toward countries or international organizations is accepted but is less clear in the extension abroad of functional policies. Domestic departments initiating policy developments that extend to the international sphere must ensure External is brought into the process early. When External takes the initiative because the impetus comes from abroad, it must involve all relevant domestic departments. When the impetus is a mixture of domestic and foreign, as in the law of the sea, it is appropriate for External to play a leading role. External does not have over-riding authority and has to rely on knowledge, clear thinking and persuasion as the instruments of leadership.

Preoccupation with "policy coordination" should not be overdone at the expense of creativity and initiative. The I[nter-departmental]C[ommittee on]E[xternal]R[elations] system is useful for consultative purposes but policy coordination is effected by other channels. External's greatest contribution to coherence in external relations lies through ensuring that the conceptual framework, goals and objectives of foreign policy and sectoral policies take full account of all Canadian interests.

External has adequate access to the information required for its policy role but does not have adequate capacity to research, analyse and assess the available information.

The Management Role

There is no clear consensus on External's role in managing the Government's external relations and responsibility for management functions is divided among departments. Recommendations for a comprehensive management system and integration of the foreign service were not accepted in 1970. What was established was collective management, through ICER, of a partly integrated system of foreign operations, chaired by External.

The ICER system is a consultative or coordinating mechanism. The annual country program exercise is now its major activity. Although it serves useful purposes, and is probably required if collective management prevails, the time and manpower devoted to country programming is excessive.

Establishing objectives and priorities are continuing difficulties. External Affairs can provide a more rational basis for managing external operations to the extent that it can identify national policies and objectives with Cabinet blessing and get agreement on priorities among external objectives.

The collective management principle is applied abroad. Heads of Mission, despite moves to clarify their authority, do not have control over the resources allocated to their mission. The personal force of character and ability of Heads of Mission therefore determines whether posts are managed effectively. There are other desirable qualities in Heads of Mission besides managerial ability.

The External Affairs role in coordinating Canadian participation in international conferences was made clear and explicit in a recent Cabinet Directive but has not been defined as regards general official travel abroad. External should know about all official visits and should facilitate arrangements, advise on timing, on special circumstances, on the context of other Canadian objectives and ensure reports are made available. It may have little role to play in technical visits to friendly countries pursuing established contacts.

External's role in hospitality and arrangements for high level foreign visitors to whom hospitality is extended in the name of the Government, is fairly clear but the Department faces major difficulties in managing, as opposed to simply servicing, incoming visits.

The Department's role in international conferences held in Canada is not clear. The SSEA should put proposals for major conferences to Cabinet with the concurrence of other ministers. External's role should be advisory and

consultative where the subject of conference clearly falls to another department, it should be fully responsible when the subject is purely international relations and in the case of broad spectrum conferences, External should initiate action to have a task force or ad hoc secretariat set up with Cabinet authority.

The Communications Role

The SSEA and his Department are legally responsible for all official communications to other governments. The ideal of speaking to other governments with one voice is now unattainable but inconsistencies can be dangerous. External has a major responsibility for clear definition of Canadian policies and objectives and their dissemination to those in contact with other governments and other agencies have a responsibility to inform themselves of the foreign policy context. In communications with other governments and international organizations, some desirable principles are:

- (a) Communications stating the views of the Canadian Government, creating commitments or materially affecting relations should be approved by External;
- (b) External is responsible for ensuring consistency with all the objectives of national policy;
- (c) External should consult other interested departments before initiating official communications to other governments and organizations;
- (d) External should not hold up communications prepared elsewhere for formalistic reasons;
- (e) Other Departments should communicate direct with Canadian missions abroad only on routine matters not affecting other programs or intergovernmental relations;
- (f) Communications from Ottawa should be addressed to the mission and not to an individual or section;
- (g) Heads of Mission have the right to see all communications received at their mission and to approve all communications to the government or organization to which they are accredited.

External has a responsibility for reporting the views of other governments and for analysing and commenting on developments abroad that are significant to Canada. The public media report events but they often purvey misinformation. The vast demand for reporting on specialized subjects by Canadian missions abroad should

be subjected to rigorous criteria of relevancy. Occasional analytical reports on broad trends, routine collection of published material, negotiation of umbrella agreements and facilitation of exchanges and visits between experts is mostly what is required. Professional foreign service officers may be equipped to play this role or specialists absorbed into the foreign service. Ability to analyse complex situations and identify what is relevant to Canadian interests is required more than ever.

External Affairs is the logical place to house a common communications system with missions abroad. In some respects the Department may not have faced up to the consequences of operating a network that serves every part of the Government.

Negotiation

External Affairs should be aware of all formal negotiations with other governments. Its primary role is to develop broad policies and identify national aims and objectives within which negotiations can take place. It has a reservoir of negotiating skills and knowledge but it does not have a monopoly, cannot match the depth of expertise existing elsewhere on many subjects, and does not have the manpower to participate fully in every specialized negotiation. It should facilitate arrangements for negotiation, ensure other departments are aware of the foreign policy context and of factors known to External. Where the subject of negotiation is broad and External has the initiative, it should be scrupulous about consulting others.

Approval by Cabinet and authority to sign formal agreements is the responsibility of the SSEA and the External Affairs Treaty Section is the repository. The Department should have copies of all informal agreements and understandings entered into by Canadian Government agencies and have an opportunity to advise on form and content in the interests of consistency.

Consultation with provincial governments, where required, should be done by the federal department with responsibility for specialized subjects or by External Affairs where the agreement is broad and general.

Public Diplomacy

Informing other countries about Canada and seeking to influence them in a public way is an accepted part of the Department's role. The Department has to operate a public affairs program serving broad national objectives, capable of serving diverse objectives and supporting all other programs abroad. Every policy decision should

include consideration of public diplomacy. Broad-spectrum public diplomacy, aimed at creating or maintaining a receptive and friendly attitude toward Canada is also required.

The Department's role in public affairs at home is less well delineated than abroad. Journalists and officials do not cooperate as effectively as they should to inform Canadian about their country's external relations. The Department has developed a dialogue about foreign policy with various interest groups in Canada but has tended, with some exceptions, to wait until approached before responding. It has been suggested that the Department should do something about informing Canadians about events abroad as well as about Canada's part in them.

The Service Role

Many functions of External Affairs involve services to the Government as a whole or to other departments and a characteristic of the Department's role is that it is a service agency to a greater extent than many others. The service aspects are interlocked with its policy and managerial roles.

The most extensive services to the public are embraced in the consular program, aimed at providing protection and assistance to Canadians, within international norms, and treatment at least equal to that accorded nationals of other countries. The consular role is growing steadily and there are problems in meeting the demand. The great variety of other services provided to Canadians abroad are a substantial part of the role of most missions. A more systematic service for Canadian businessmen might be developed in consultation with the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce.

Capacity to Perform the Role

Although there is a feeling in the Department that its role is less central in the Government than formerly, it is seen by others as a major institution in the centrality of the role it has to play. The historically close relationship between the Department and the Prime Minister has been replaced by a more normal situation where it has to compete in the quality of its advice and the effectiveness of its service. As new international activities have developed, the Department has not lost ground it formerly occupied but has not succeeded in occupying new ground.

Integrating the Department closely into the Government system is an over-riding necessity. The functional side of External might be structured to parallel more closely the functional sectors of the government and to provide focal

points in External for each Government department or major government program. The geographical divisions of External need to be strengthened in their knowledge of the Canadian scene and their capability to manage bilateral relationships.

Greater continuity and expertise is thought to be required, especially among personnel who work closely with other departments and recruitment, training, career planning and assignment policy should take account of this requirement. Exchanges of personnel with other departments and recruiting non-rotational specialists need to be further pursued but the system of rotational foreign service is essential in keeping personnel abroad abreast of domestic affairs and in bringing fresh minds to bear on policy problems at headquarters. Other departments have to play a part in ensuring that External is staffed with personnel who are fully capable of understanding all the Government's activities.

External officers are accused of not being sufficiently Canadian and of intellectual arrogance. Some officers forget they do not wear the mantle of Canada's official representative when at home. They need to practice diplomacy with their fellow Canadians. The nature of External's role makes failure to consult the unforgivable sin. Other departments must accept that External brings a valid contribution when it draws attention to international factors and External must work to maintain credibility by showing full appreciation of domestic imperatives. As well as steps to integrate External personnel more closely into the Federal Government structure, other schemes might be tried to bring the Department into closer touch with Canadian life outside Ottawa.

Suggestions for improving the performance of the Department dwell heavily on greater internal cohesion and better internal communication. These should not, however, be pursued at the expense of initiative and individual responsibility.

External has the unique organizational problem of looking outwards to the international scene while also being attentive to the domestic scene. The basic structure is mostly designed to the requirements of the outward-facing role but the domestic side currently presents more problems. The relationship between policy and operations is another organizational problem, with a relative small staff required as a policy secretariat and a relatively large one for operations. The Department cannot shed either its policy role or its responsibility for operating posts abroad and various essential services. ☺

LIEBNITZ AND THE FLASHMOB

A Aalto in (social) media res...

Liebnitz, Esmeralda and Bugbyte shuffled down the snowbound street amid the Yuletide glare and blare – tinsel, reindeer, Jingle Bells, children shrieking, parents moaning, partridges, pear trees, angels, shepherds, bemused Magi in the windows selling everything but frankincense and myrrh. All was not so calm but certainly bright, five days to Christmas. So frantic the celebration that no-one noticed the silver icicle streak down and skewer the tired Santa ringing his bell on the corner. Maybe the angels saw it.

Esmeralda heard the crash as the body knocked over the collection stand. She and Bugbyte dashed over but it was easy to tell there was indeed no Santa Claus, not on this block this morning. Liebnitz stared upward. “The metal icicle fell from that rooftop display. A tough shot.” He stooped to examine it. “But look, it has some odd-looking plant twined around the top.”

Later that day, the three were escorted into the nearby offices of the joint counter-terrorism squad, where they were greeted by Special Agent John W. Pilgrim. “C’m on in, folks. Sorry for the rude welcome. We searched the roof, but no luck. Any idea who the killers were?” Liebnitz replied, “Who would want to kill Santa? But the plant around the icicle was mistletoe, another Christmas symbol.” “Mistletoe?” said a nerdish young man behind Pilgrim. “That adds up.”

Pilgrim nodded. “Sure does, Agent Putnik. It connects to the reason we asked you over, Liebnitz.” He took a sip of coffee. “Believe you know a man called Rialto Sleazewagon? Well, he’s planning a big terrorist attack just before Christmas. In fact, *against* Christmas.” “What does he have against Christmas?” asked Esmeralda. “As far as we can tell,” said Pilgrim, “Sleazewagon doesn’t oppose it personally. But the people who’ve hired him do. A neo-Druid cult that wants to return the holiday to its pre-Christian roots.” Liebnitz said, “Druids. The mistletoe.” Pilgrim pointed a finger at the ace logician. “Got it in one. The Celtic jihad.”

A buzzcut young woman entered the room. “We have a development. The Santa outside – he was one of our undercover ops. He was supposed to meet me at his lunch break to report.” Pilgrim grimaced. “Until they decided to terminate that option. Was there anything on the body, Agent Slade?” “Yes sir, his report.” “Have you read it? Give us the short take.” She nodded.

“He had worked out the attack was going to happen on December 22, the winter solstice, a special day of power for the Druids.” “When exactly, and where?” “He wasn’t sure, sir. Only Sleazewagon and the top Druids know, and it will be revealed on Twitter only minutes before the go. And except for the top honchos, the bulk of the attackers have never met.” “A flashmob,” said Bugbyte.

Pilgrim stroked his chin. “Putnik, do you have anything?” The nerd pushed up his glasses. “We know the Twitter account they’re using, so we’ll have the site as soon as the flashmob does.” “What about the ‘how’? What these bozos planning to do, Slade?” “No idea, sir. But our dead Santa thought it had something to do with a song-and-dance number.”

Putnik said, “One more thing, boss. Maybe important, maybe not so much. Recent metadata searches show an upsurge in non-standard fabrications at 3D printers in public facilities. None of these fabrications have been dangerous as such. We’ve followed some of the fabricators involved, no connection to Sleazewagon or the

Druids. But my gut tells me something weird’s happening.”

Pilgrim slammed his fist on the table. “Great. Something bad’s going down in two days, but we don’t know what or where or how to prevent it.” Liebnitz spoke up. “Druidical ceremonies involve mystic rituals. Their dark fringe is said to use human sacrifice to power the magic. I think the neo-Druids will be going for a big kill.” “Thank you for that optimistic sidebar,” said Pilgrim.

The ace logician replied, “Oh, I think we can contribute more than a sidebar. We’ve had a lot of experience with Sleazewagon, so we know how he thinks. And there are useful clues here: Christmas, music and dance, 3D printing, crowds, more. Bugbyte, why don’t you work with Agent Putnik to narrow down the location? Esmeralda, round up Manitoba Jones and your father pronto. And I,” he sighed, “will go and talk with my brother Leo.”

Leo greeted his brother with habitual affection. Towelling the Boston cream pie off his face, Liebnitz sat at the kitchen table and explained the situation. Leo’s manic grin slowly faded. “Weaponized music, you think? How uncool. Maybe I can help you, man. You need a counter-song. How about *Louie Louie*?” Liebnitz glared. “Not in one of my operations, no. And nobody knows the words anyway.” Leo chuckled. “OK, let me get back to you.” The next morning, his reply was delivered. It was a single piece of paper and a blank puzzle chart.

1. Local business reviews and chat
2. Large Chinese micro-blogging site
3. Business and professional networking
4. Chat on books
5. Largest social media site
6. Fantasy and science fiction wiki
7. Photo and video sharing site
8. The bluebird's song
9. Photo messaging application that auto-deletes
10. Largest file-sharing platform
11. Microblogging platform
12. Telephone challenger
13. Early Internet protocol underlying discussion "rooms"
14. Pop culture and music site
15. First online blogging community
16. Entertainment and news site with voting on submissions
17. Largest social network until surpassed by #5 above in 2008
18. Chinese social networking site established by Tencent
19. Photo-sharing and commentary site
20. Site for file-sharing among students
21. Cross-platform mobile messaging service

Arrives December 22, just after noon. The stately Confederation-era station was crowded, with the regular throng of passengers augmented by customers eagerly prowling the city's annual Christmas crafts fair. Stalls lined every free foot of the old stone walls, while from the high arched ceiling and the stained-glass dome hung myriad glittering ornaments.

In the middle of the concourse, a small empty patch of floor had been isolated with red velveteen ropes hanging from brass stanchions. The minute hand of the gilded station clock ticked to 12:17. From an archway, a nondescript man walked up to the enclosure, took down the ropes, opened his suitcase, placed a plastic box the size of a

[illegible]

And so it went. In all, about 40 people added something to the pile, or made an adjustment, and went off again. There was a short pause, then two things happened at once. A beam of sunlight, which had been tracking across the floor as the sun passed over the crystal dome, touched the assembly among the stanchions. And a man with a

The random-looking pile of objects shook and the parts began to slide against one another, boxes opened and items changed shape. The assembly grew taller, sprouting antennas and speakers. Lenses, prisms and mirrors adjusted finely to catch the sunray. People began to notice, to stop and watch. A few clapped.

Then the music began. Not a big sound at first. An Irish jig played on a penny-whistle. From behind a booth selling hot cider strolled a young man and a young woman in green, who started a step-dance. The clapping became rhythmic and a few watchers began to dance as well.

Watching from the mezzanine, Liebnitz tapped his pocket-watch and muttered,

"The solstice. Precisely." He stuffed wads of cotton into his ears and slipped on a pair of shades. Beside him, Bugbyte and Esmeralda did likewise.

On the concourse, more and more people were dropping their suitcases and shopping bags to join the jig. The music grew louder. Soon hundreds and hundreds were stomping their heavy winter shoes on the floor in perfect synchrony, their faces panic-stricken. The two dancers who had started it all stopped, bowed elegantly to each other and left. Everyone else danced on.

Liebnitz looked up to see that dust was sifting from the mortar between the old stone blocks of the ceiling, and cracks had appeared in the glass dome. "So that's it. Those people are step-dancing at the exact resonant frequency of the building. If they continue, the whole place will collapse on top of them. That much stone, that long a drop, there won't be many survivors."

He straightened up. "Esmeralda, cue the band. Jones, Don Gordo, destroy that compulsive construction and find Sleazewagon before he cuts and runs."

From behind them on the balcony, the Centre's heavy metal house band, Edible Granite, stepped up. Taking their downbeat from the lead singer, the Rani of SuWaNi, they broke into the classic rock number Leo had specified. A very loud rendition. From the first guitar riffs, Liebnitz saw a slight hitch in the step-dancers' rhythm. But the dust continued to fall.

Don Gordo and Manitoba Jones swung Tarzan-style from the mezzanine to the concourse. Jones kept right on going and wrapped his rope around and around a giant Christmas tree, bringing it down with a violent crash and clouds of fake snow. He dropped with a thud into a pen of reindeer, who regarded him with mild curiosity. Don Gordo managed a less dramatic landing, but still toppled the flak-jacketed Pilgrim, Slade and Putnik like tenpins. Sorting themselves out, the three Agents mounted a frontal charge on the device, but were stopped by the dancers, who without missing a step shifted to form a barricade.

Struggling to his feet among the reindeer, Jones leaped over the fence, but failed to notice that the adjacent booth was selling roller skates. He zoomed across the concourse, down a long ramp, over a low railing and onto the roof of the arriving Montreal Express. Don Gordo meanwhile got into an argument with the Pilgrim, not

improved by the fact that neither could hear the other. The rotund caballero in frustration pulled out his earplugs – and immediately started step-dancing with the rest of the crowd, his weight adding noticeably to the shuddering of the floor.

On the balcony, Liebnitz put a hand over his eyes. But the Rani was in the groove. She sang about the Twist, the Watusi, the Jerk, the Mashed Potato and more. The band chorused "Nah nanana nah nanana nah nana nah nana nah". The dancers began to lose rhythm.

Don Gordo got back just enough control to tip himself off-balance. Still step-dancing wildly, he staggered across the concourse to a doughnut booth, grabbed a large bowl of batter and stuck his head firmly into it. Ears plugged, his dancing crashed to a halt. Pausing only to lick the spoon, he dashed back into the fray. As he did so, the smoke-smudged figure of Manitoba Jones catapulted precipitously through the glass of the ticket booth. The two figures collided violently and reeled back, Jones into a Christmas bakery and Don Gordo into a toy store.

From above, Liebnitz spotted a figure with a pencil-thin moustache, apparently trying another selfie. Impatiently, the ace logician looked away and then did a double take. Flipping on his collar mike, he shouted, "Gordo, Jones – that man over by the pickle stand isn't dancing. It's Sleazewagon. Don't let him get away".

The step-dancers' rhythm was becoming ragged, but it was no more than a stalemate between Sleazewagon's device and Edible Granite. Liebnitz' team on the concourse looked at each other and nodded. Don Gordo tossed Manitoba Jones a hoverboard from the toy shop pile and a trio of fruitcakes rolled back.

Jones mounted the board and began streaking toward Sleazewagon, ricocheting from pillar to post like a pinball as the archvillain tried to finish him off with a Glock. With a final swerve and a sliding stop, Jones cut the mastermind off at the knees, crowing "Top that, McFly!"

Dripping batter, meanwhile, Don Gordo began hurling the fruitcakes toward the device. The first veered wildly to the left, knocking over Putnik and Slade before slamming into the support struts of a gigantic papier-maché snowman. From a great height, its huge top hat came whirling down to cover a loudly protesting Pilgrim Don

Gordo's second fruitcake jostled an immense floor-candle off its stand into a barrel stuffed with Christmas crackers. The resulting explosion sent a wide section of the dancer's barricade spinning to either side. Flung through the resulting gap, the final dessert, still flaming with brandy, demolished the compulsion construct. Bits of plastic, candied cherries and electronica sprayed widely over the exhausted dancers slumped on the floor.

With a final "Ohh help me!" Mabel brought Edible Granite to a loud tight finish.

The next morning in Special Agent Pilgrim's office. "So what the hell happened, Liebnitz? Not that I'm ungrateful, but what am I supposed to tell the Agency?" The ace logician replied, "You can report that Sleazewagon came up with two interesting new ploys. First, he broke down his diabolical device into components and recruited people to fabricate those parts separately using 3D printers. Then he set up a flashmob to bring all the fabricators to the station at a certain time, to build the device step by step. He told them it was performance art. They never met him or each other, and the parts individually were harmless, so there was never an obvious conspiracy. We were just lucky to work out the target zone, the song-and-dance link and the right counter-measures."

Pilgrim tipped his fedora. "Kudos. But Sleazewagon's smart. Dangerously smart. I hope you keep him securely locked up." "Oh we will, as soon as we straighten out one problem. When Jones tackled him, he swallowed the control device he had disguised as a camera. Now, every time we let him out of the straitjacket, he starts step-dancing madly and shouting, 'Stop dancing, you fool, stop dancing.' We're having some luck sedating him with *MacArthur Park*."

Can you duplicate Liebnitz' efforts and determine the five-word song title hidden in Leo's puzzle, the music that countered Sleazewagon's plot? **bout de papier** will determine the winner by drawing from a hat containing all the correct answers submitted by April 20, 2016. The winner will receive a book signed by A Aalto. Not required to win, but can you also fill in the full chart? And can you say what Frankie Garcia contributed? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator *A Aalto* is currently walking around upside down. The winter solstice last year was in fact on December 22, but at 00:48 in the night Canadian central time; apologies for adjusting that hour for dramatic effect. Apologies to the Druids; although all movements have their extremists, they by definition do not define its central beliefs or practices. Thanks meanwhile to Chris Kenner (who wrote the song), Fats Domino (who paid for the recording) and Wilson Pickett (who made it famous). Be warned however that it was #2 on Dave Barry's list of the worst rock songs ever recorded (MacArthur Park is #1). Flashmob fans might enjoy www.youtube.com/watch?v=MIGJtFULzyQ and www.youtube.com/watch?v=GBaHPND2QJg&list=RDGBaHPND2QJg. Finally, thanks to Mrs. Aalto for advice on social media.

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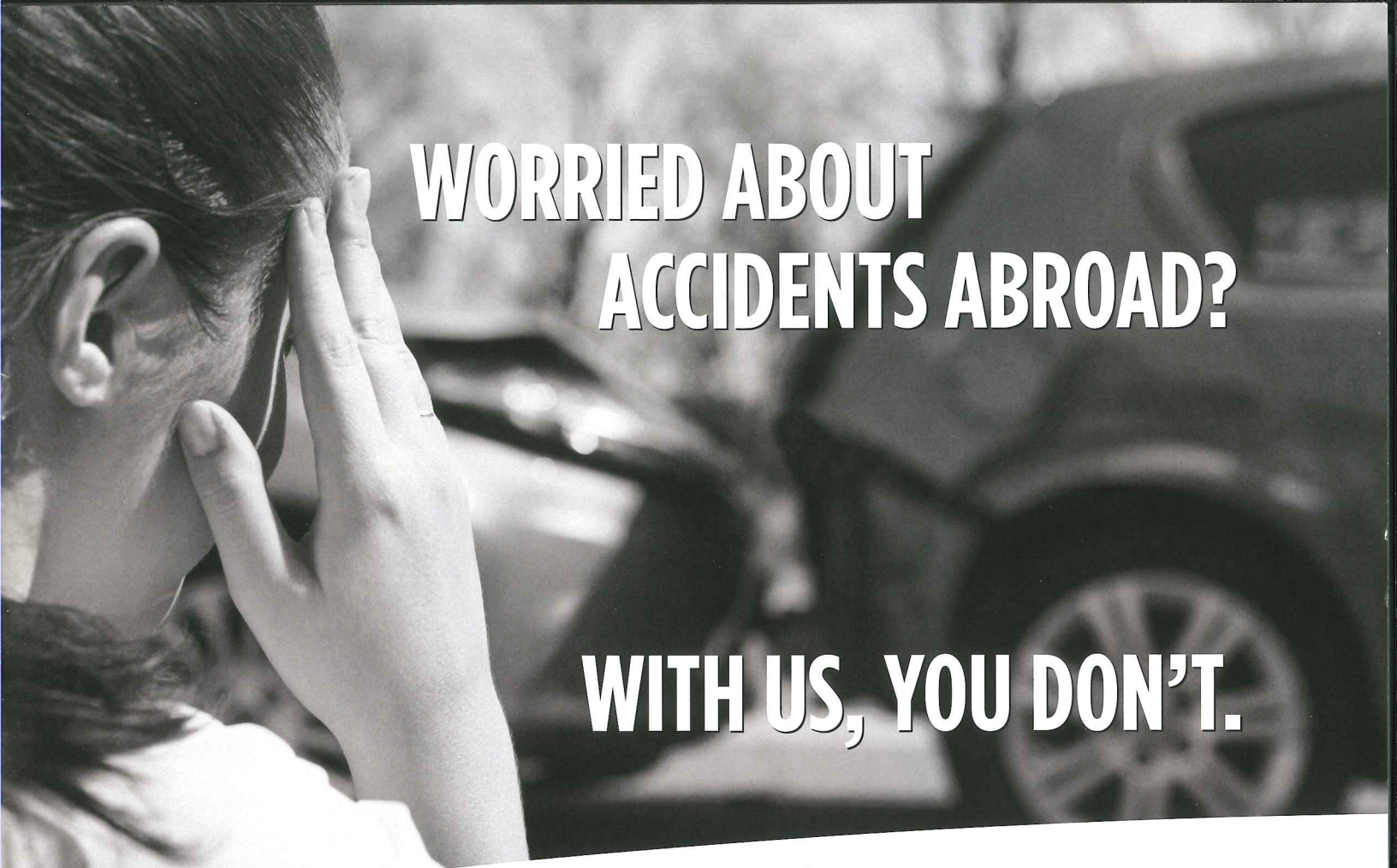
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Fürst with the Wurst: Answers

Winner: Steen Petersen, Nanaimo, BC

The puzzle spells out GIFT IS GERMAN FOR POISON: FUGU. So the plot was to poison with fugu liver the final wurst served to all the other meat-packers, simultaneously making the Baron the biggest butcher in Germany and powering the resurrection of Kaiser Wilhelm (or Sleazewagon's alternative scheme). Fugu poison takes a day or two to kill, but there is no antidote. The full answer chart is found below. The fabled knight with the swan boat, found on the murals in the salon beside the grotto at Neuschwanstein, is Lohengrin.

Opening line(s)	Title	Author	Year Published
Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it.	Gone with the Wind	Margaret Mitchell	1936
It was the day my grandmother exploded.	The Crow Road	Iain Banks	1992
As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed into a monstrous insect.	Metamorphosis	Franz Kafka	1915
Granted: I am an inmate in a mental hospital.	The Tin Drum	Gunther Grass	1959
Call me Ishmael .	Moby-Dick	Herman Melville	1851
He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad.	Scaramouche	Raphael Sabatini	1921
The sky above the port was the colour of television, tuned to a dead channel.	Neuromancer	William Gibson	1984
It was a dark and stormy night.	Paul Clifford	Edward Bulwer-Lytton	1830
A screaming comes across the sky.	Gravity's Rainbow	Thomas Pynchon	1973
Marley was dead, to begin with.	A Christmas Carol	Charles Dickens	1843
Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.	Anna Karenina	Leo Tolstoy	1887
Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number 4 Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal , thank you very much.	Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone	JK Rowling	1997
The past is a foreign country; they do things differently there.	The Go-Between	LP Hartley	1953
It was a bright cold day in April and the clocks were striking thirteen.	1984	George Orwell	1949
Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again.	Rebecca	Daphne du Maurier	1938
All children, except one, grow up.	Peter Pan	JM Barrie	1911
What's it going to be then, eh? There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs...	A Clockwork Orange	Anthony Burgess	1962
For a long time I went to bed early.	Swann's Way	Marcel Proust	1913
You will rejoice to learn that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings.	Frankenstein	Mary Shelley	1818
To the red country and part of the gray country of Oklahoma , the last rains came gently.	The Grapes of Wrath	John Steinbeck	1939
Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board.	Their Eyes Were Watching God	Zora Neale Hurston	1937
It was a pleasure to burn.	Fahrenheit 451	Ray Bradbury	1953
It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.	Pride and Prejudice	Jane Austen	1813
Somewhere in la Mancha, in a place whose name I do not care to remark, a gentleman lived not long ago.	Don Quixote	Miguel de Cervantes	1605
It was inevitable: the scent of bitter almonds always reminded him of the fate of unrequited love.	Love in the Time of Cholera	Gabriel Garcia Marquez	1985



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