

bout de papier

Vol. 30, No. 1

**We believed: How Canada Resettled 25,000 Syrian Refugees
in Three Months • Escale à Katmandou • Concours de photo 2016**



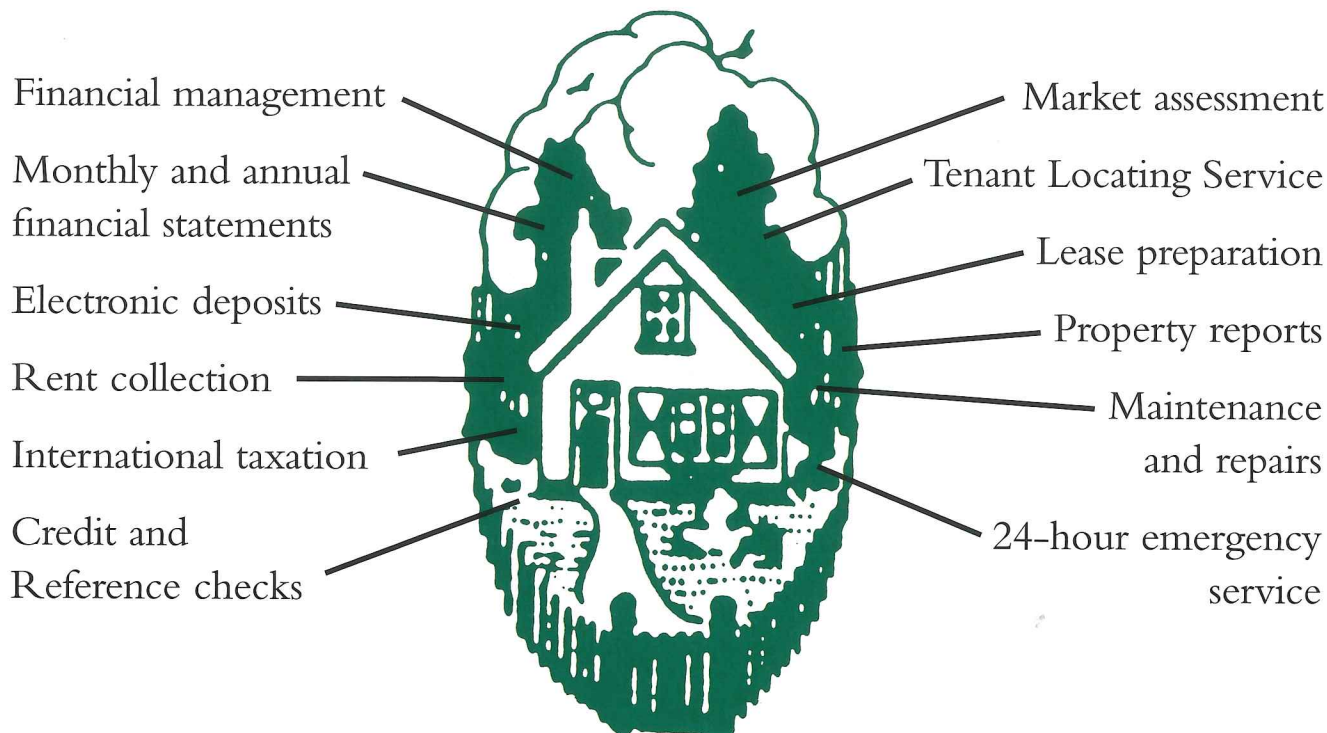
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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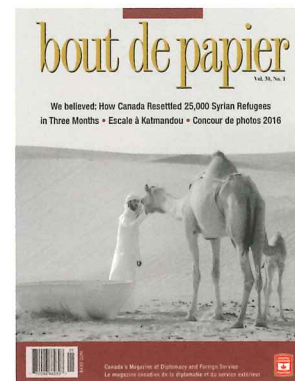
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
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Note de transition...



Écrire son dernier éditorial, c'est un peu comme rédiger une note de transition avant de quitter un poste à l'étranger. On cherche à la fois l'éloquence et la simplicité, on veut être concis tout en laissant à son successeur toute l'information dont il aura besoin pour porter vers de nouveaux sommets les projets amorcés. C'est aussi un moment de réflexion où on se félicite du travail accompli, mais où on se souvient également de tout ce qu'on aurait voulu réaliser, sans en avoir finalement eu le temps ou les ressources nécessaires... C'est le moment de lâcher prise et de confier à un autre les dossiers qui nous ont portés au cours des dernières années. C'est le temps des au revoir, avant de se lancer à la conquête de nouveaux défis!

In the last few years, **bout de papier** has seen somewhat of a dynamic renewal, with more active FS now writing regularly

31 articles were written by FS, with more than 55 FS contributing to the magazine in one form or another. These included several MCOs, now officially part of Canada's Foreign Service, as well as a number of new FS recruits. Increasing the participation of FS in **bout** was the main objective I had set for myself when I took over the editorship, and I am proud to say: mission accomplished!

Malgré ces succès, je dois quand-même vous confier que pendant mes deux années à la barre de **bout de papier**, j'ai passé un nombre assez phénoménal d'heures à travailler dans l'ombre sur le magazine, bien souvent en solitaire... Je discutais avec une collègue récemment rentrée d'une micro-mission en Afrique et nous tissions en riant les multiples parallèles entre son expérience et la mienne. En théorie, elle aurait dû pouvoir compter sur le support de nombreux collègues, mais en réalité, elle se sentait plus souvent qu'autrement seule, à l'autre bout du monde, à ramer en solo sans le renfort tant souhaité. Malheureusement, plus de la moitié des articles qui nous sont promis pour **bout de papier** ne sont jamais livrés par leurs auteurs. À tous ceux qui me doivent encore des ébauches, tenez-vous le pour dit, j'ai passé vos noms à mon successeur pour qu'il puisse vous relancer!

The Editorial Board wants **bout de papier** to relay the reality of life in the Canadian Foreign Service, to act as a memory keeper, as well as an independent forum for ideas on Canadian diplomacy past, present and future. Consistent with this approach, we are particularly pleased to publish in this issue an article by Zal

that it was important for **bout de papier** to publish a first-hand testimony of this important endeavor.

Not surprisingly, one of the biggest challenges for the Editorial Board, however, remains the digitalization of the magazine. As we noted before, the print-only media world we inhabit is shrinking and journals that adapt and thrive generate a real digital footprint. I can assure you that with our limited resources, this is easier said than done. **bout** continues to look into what is realistically achievable in the near and longer terms, from copyright issues in a social media savvy world to a digital archive, so that our past is made accessible to the future. The digitalization of **bout de papier** will be led by Christian Ranger, who has also volunteered to be the next Editor of the magazine. Bon succès Christian!

Comme pour toute bonne note de transition, je me dois de souligner ici les contacts incontournables pour mon successeur. D'abord et avant tout, c'est à Debra Hulley que nous devons la continuité de **bout de papier**. Sans son aide aussi soutenue que précieuse, le magazine ne pourrait exister.

To our board of volunteers, it has been an amazing journey. I hope that you will provide Christian with renewed enthusiasm and continued support.

Au comité exécutif de l'APASE, merci pour votre confiance.

Finalement, à tous nos lecteurs et particulièrement à mes collègues FS, continuez non seulement à lire, mais aussi à écrire pour **bout de papier**. Le magazine n'a de limites que celle de votre talent collectif! ☺

— *Joya Donnelly, Rédactrice en chef*

The Editorial Board wants **bout de papier** to relay the reality of life in the Canadian Foreign Service, to act as a memory keeper, as well as an independent forum for ideas on Canadian diplomacy past, present and future.

for the magazine. When I took the helm of the magazine in 2015, we were receiving very few submissions by FS, which was a recurring concern for the Editorial Board. In the last year, no less than

Karkaria from IRCC, who recounts his experience at the heart of Operation Syrian Refugees. Several FS from IRCC and GAC contributed to these efforts to resettle 25,000 Syrian to Canada, and we thought

Donning the Mantle

Late March. Ottawa is emerging from winter. After a long period of anticipation, the world and our Departments are getting beyond first impressions towards the new US Administration. Within our community, Foreign Service Officers are thinking about their return to Ottawa, while another contingent is preparing to deploy. Amidst these grand motions, **bout de papier** has a new editor.

Does the world move forward? Not clearly, and not without challenges. Does **bout de papier** move forward? Not automatically either. But under my predecessor, it resolutely did.

Joya Donnelly a su atteindre une série d'objectifs qui encore récemment demeureraient des idéaux de rédacteur. Aujourd'hui, des agents contribuent une majorité de textes et le magazine publie dans les deux langues. L'équipe de rédaction s'est rajeunie. Elle est principalement composée d'agents actifs qui reflètent la diversité du Service. Pour un magazine bénévole comme **bout de papier**, ces deux variables – l'équipe et l'engagement de la communauté – définissent l'étendue notre potentiel. Jamais n'avons-nous été en si bonne posture.

Je prends donc la direction d'une organisation fragile mais somme toute en moyen, avec les responsabilités siamoises que cela comporte : en protéger les acquis et en exprimer le potentiel. Je tâcherai de garder le magazine au diapason de la communauté et de rendre pertinente l'expérience de ceux qui s'impliquent. J'explore également un certain nombre de pistes afin d'augmenter notre rayonnement.

En février, je conviais l'équipe de rédaction pour penser un magazine plus ambitieux. Les discussions étaient animées et fertiles. Or quelques semaines plus tard, au moment de boucler cette première édition, je suis déboussolé par le travail qu'exige la « simple » production d'un numéro déjà ficelé. Ma surprise s'alimente de ce que je gravite dans l'orbite de **bout de papier** depuis une douzaine d'années, suite à l'invitation que m'y avait faite Alan Bones.

Je découvre aujourd'hui le travail de montage et de révision qui précède la

publication. On repasse le manuscrit, puis les épreuves, à l'affût du détail qui cloche. On soupèse chaque correction, inquiet de froisser les auteurs mais soucieux d'éviter les malentendus. Le temps s'efface sous le poids des microdécisions successives qu'on prend afin de présenter le travail de l'équipe sous son meilleur jour.

Puisque je partage désormais l'intranquillité qui l'a habitée dans ces périodes de production, je tiens à saluer le travail de Joya, particulièrement pour ceux qui ne peuvent pas mesurer ses efforts. Merci, Joya, d'avoir porté bout comme tu l'as fait : avec énergie, intuition et brio. Les heures fugaces, englouties à la lumière bleutée de l'écran, continuent de s'incarner ici. Ton engagement éclaire le mien.

Joya's vision of the magazine has transpired in these pages, and it is one that I share. **bout de papier** is a unique publication because it exists in a niche ecosystem. Its readership is primarily composed of Canadian Foreign Service Officers. The magazine chronicles this community, giving it a window onto itself and a vehicle to tell its story to others, be they friends, family or decision-makers. The magazine is also defined by its close relationship with the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers. While **bout de papier** remains editorially independent from PAFSO, PAFSO is its chief financier. Should these parameters change, the magazine would change as well.

bout de papier has mainly carried three types of content of late. First are recent stories, where officers share their experience through narratives. Zal Karkaria vividly illustrates the reality behind delivering on Operation Syrian Refugees, a government priority, while Toby Schwartz reflects on the value of language skills, and our own Laura Atar captures images of Katmandu on the margins of a multilateral negotiation. Second is historical content. Hector Mackenzie's *From the Archives* is a staple – check External Affairs' mid-century musings on relations with the UK and the US. In this issue, Ed Whitcomb and Gary



Luton also tell of an era in Vietnam and Kuwait, respectively, and Sheena Trimble describes how women integrated the Foreign Service. Third are community news, such as last year's photo contest, PAFSO awards, in memoriams, and the message from PAFSO's President.

That is a lot to package coherently into a single, 50-page magazine. Nevertheless, I hope to bolster our value proposition by adding other types of articles that our readers will enjoy. I would also like to make the magazine's layout lighter, as I think it would improve reader experience... You would be excused for wondering how that is possible.

The key is adding an electronic platform. A dedicated website will allow us to handle different contents differently, and I am eager to explore this path. Publishing over two platforms will require a serious effort, in conjunction with our partners – our readers, PAFSO, our advertisers and our contributors – but now is the time to take that curve: besides external factors inviting us to do so, our bench strength is greater than it has been in years. ☺

– *Christian Ranger, Editor*

Parting Thoughts

After four rewarding years on PAFSO's Executive Committee, a posting abroad means that I must bid farewell as President. Having heard from hundreds of Foreign Service Officers, I feel compelled to share parting thoughts. While you may not agree with all my humble observations, I hope you find value in them.

- **Gérez vos attentes.** Ce que je vais dire ne me rendra pas populaire. Cependant, à moins que notre gouvernement renverse la tendance, les FS vont probablement passer les 10 prochaines années dans leur poste de titularisation. Bon nombre partiront, et nous perdrons des gens talentueux. Dans d'autres professions, les FS graviraient probablement l'échelle organisationnelle. J'encourage tous les FS à progresser dans la carrière, mais je souligne le danger de nourrir des objectifs irréalistes. Pour votre propre satisfaction professionnelle, modérez vos attentes.
- **Remember why you joined.** I suspect that most FS joined to serve abroad, and I encourage you to spend as much of your career abroad as you can. Currently, every fifth position abroad is filled by a non-career diplomat. Consider assignments outside of your comfort zone. After all, we were selected to be flexible, adapt and thrive in hardship environments.
- **Remerciez votre conjoint(e).** Les conjoints des FS sacrifient leurs aspirations professionnelles, leurs salaires, leurs avantages sociaux et leur pension. Ils se retrouvent en pays étranger sans pouvoir parler la langue et ils

investissent de leur temps à représenter le Canada. Prenez quelques instants pour leur exprimer votre gratitude.

- **Don't undervalue yourself.** FS often work evenings and weekend at mission, but they tend not to claim overtime. This habit drives down actual wages, and makes uncompensated overtime the norm. This creates a stigma for employees who do claim. Overtime is a major factor in burnout and takes its toll on well-being. Furthermore, undocumented overtime leads management to underestimate the resources required to run programs abroad, and undercuts their advocacy for FS resources. While there is room for give and take, please claim your overtime! If you are being asked to work overtime without compensation, contact PAFSO.
- **Prenez soin les uns des autres.** L'approche d'Affaires mondiales à l'égard des nouveaux agents préoccupe l'APASE. À AMC, les nouveaux FS sont maintenus indéfiniment au niveau de perfectionnement, tandis qu'à Immigration ils accèdent au niveau de travail dès leur graduation. Ces actions injustifiables touchent 4% de nos membres. L'APASE s'inquiète également du fait qu'AMC recrute des FS pour une période déterminée et ne leur offre pas de formation en langue officielle. Ces dérogations minent notre service extérieur. Nous devons prendre soin les uns des autres, y compris nos plus récents membres.

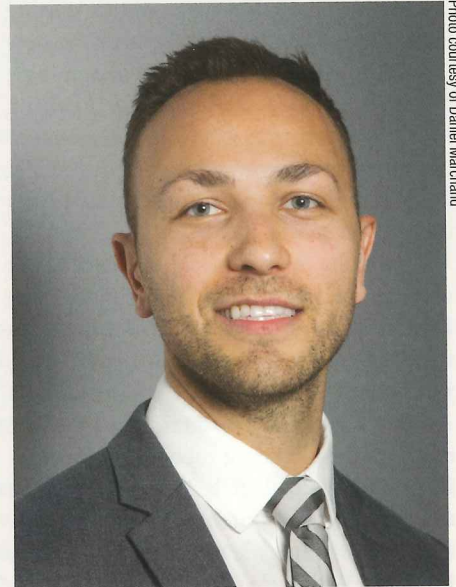


Photo courtesy of Daniel Marchand

- **Take care of yourself.** They say a little stress in the workplace isn't a bad thing, but I have seen too many cases of burn out and what was probably Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). FS often light the candle at both ends, live and work in environments largely unlike Canada, see and experience poverty, violence, unrest, terrorism, human rights violations, war, natural disasters, corruption, kidnappings, robbery, difficult consular cases, discrimination, refugee claims... the list goes on. An estimated one in ten military personnel returning to Canada from a war zone is diagnosed with PTSD. FS work alongside Canadian Forces in many situations. That is why PAFSO started a discussion with senior management on mental health. We hope a strategy is implemented. In the meantime, reflect on your well-being. If you suspect you are

suffering from burnout or another mental health condition, please reach out to a professional.

- **Il y aura toujours une tension entre syndiqués et cadres :** les deux ont un rôle à jouer et, bien que nos intérêts convergent dans certains secteurs, nous sommes aux antipodes dans d'autres. Ce qui importe, c'est d'agir respectueusement et raisonnablement. Dans l'ensemble, je crois que nous maîtrisons bien le respect. Cependant, au fil des ans, l'APASE a dû affronter des scénarios moins que raisonnables. Malgré tout, nous avons été efficaces.

- **Own your suggestions.** With just five full-time employees, the incredible "PAFSO office" has little capacity to champion new ideas. If members don't participate in the solution they propose, chances are it won't happen. I've found senior management to be receptive to PAFSO's (i.e. your) ideas and we have witnessed promising outcomes.

- **Ensoleillez leur journée.** De temps à autre, des membres communiquent leur reconnaissance au personnel et au comité exécutif de l'APASE après avoir obtenu de l'aide. C'est là un geste gratifiant pour son destinataire. N'hésitez donc pas à écrire à l'employé(e) ou au bénévole du

comité exécutif de l'APASE pour les remercier de leurs services.

I am proud of what our Executive Committee has accomplished over the past four years, but I leave preoccupied. Decision makers are jeopardizing the integrity of our profession as they focus on the bottom line. Their approach is not sustainable and will have lasting consequences for Canada internationally. I am certain however, that PAFSO will continue to be a prominent voice in this discussion and I am optimistic for the future of our profession.

It has been an honour and a privilege to work with you and to serve as PAFSO's President. ☺

Michael Kologie

President, PAFSO/Président de l'APASE



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Let's get started!

We Believed:

How Canada Resettled 25,000 Syrian Refugees in Three Months

by ZAL KARKARIA

The mood was somber amongst the small group of officers meeting to discuss lessons learned. We huddled in the middle of a massive airplane hangar, cold, hungry, tired and overwhelmed. It was past 7 p.m., and the last families of refugees interviewed on that first day were just leaving the building. Plastic chairs were being stacked along partition walls.

Staff lingered outside, chatting and smoking as they waited for their buses to leave.

A vacuum cleaner whirled somewhere in the distance.



Migrants boarding the bus headed towards the Processing Center in Amman, Jordan.

We went over the accomplishments of our huge team, consisting of staff from various Government of Canada departments and the International Organization for Migration (IOM). We had successfully interviewed, fingerprinted and photographed 250 refugees in one day, a seemingly impressive number. We had even completed the painstaking task of filling in their lengthy immigration forms. But we had finished very late – too late – and needed to get a lot faster at running the refugees through our makeshift processing center if we were going to meet the 10,000 person target assigned to Amman by Immigration, Refugees and Citizenship Canada (IRCC) headquarters in Ottawa. 250 was great, but in just three more days that number would need to *double*. The question lingered in our minds as we discussed the first day of operations in Amman: how on earth were we going to process 500 Syrian refugees per day for

one month straight in a frigid airplane hangar on the northern edge of Amman? And if we couldn't figure out the answer to that question, how would IRCC meet the government's publicly-announced pledge to resettle a mind-boggling 25,000 Syrian refugees by February 29th?

It is difficult to overstate the challenge presented by the newly-elected Liberal government's plan, dubbed Operation Syrian Refugees (OSR). It called for identifying, interviewing, vetting, medically clearing, transporting to Canada and then housing 25,000 Syrian refugees in a space of around three months. It would mean establishing operation centres from scratch in three countries at once – Turkey, Jordan and Lebanon – on the periphery of a calamitous civil war in the heart of the Middle East; undertaking thousands of laborious, lengthy interviews, including many involving complex security issues; chartering dozens of planes during the holiday season and finding thousands of homes for the newly-arrived refugees in Canada in the dead of winter; resettling in three months close to the number of refugees Canada normally resettles in two *years*; and mobilizing hundreds of Government of Canada officials and deploying scores overseas. Ultimately, for the 2015–16 fiscal year, IRCC personnel completed 1,111 weeks on assignments related to resettling Syrian refugees, equivalent to 254 months or 21 years of work.

After the October elections, it became evident that the Trudeau government was serious about its election promise to resettle 25,000 Syrian refugees by the end of 2015.

refugee was rejected by a visa officer while chugging toward Canada in the middle of the ocean? As such, there was widespread relief when, in early November it was announced internally that the deadline was extended to February 29, 2016 and that plans were being drawn up to charter planes and not boats. Visa officers immediately began to parachute into the Middle East. But even the new target presented a massive challenge.

Luckily, resettling refugees was nothing new for the department. Visa officers have a proud tradition of processing refugees from across the globe, often under very challenging conditions. Whether in muggy Southeast Asia, the remotest parts of the Horn of Africa or war-torn corners of the Middle East, visa officers have answered the call of duty for decades. They had already undertaken other large-scale refugee resettlement projects, including the ones to bring Hungarian, Chilean, Ugandan, Indochinese and Kosovar refugees to Canada during the second half of the 20th century. Visa officers have been selecting immigrants since the 1800s, playing a behind-the-scenes role in building our country.

What made OSR unique were the timelines, described variously as “ill-advised”, “crazy” or, simply, “impossible”. There were also logistical challenges, including a massive one presented by Transport Canada regulations prohibiting direct flights from Lebanon. This meant that the plane loads of refugees departing from Beirut would have to change planes somewhere on the way to Canada – Amman was eventually chosen as the transit location

Visa officers have a proud tradition of processing refugees from across the globe, often under very challenging conditions. Whether in muggy Southeast Asia, the remotest parts of the Horn of Africa or war-torn corners of the Middle East, visa officers have answered the call of duty for decades.

The general sense within IRCC was that this was impossible. Different plans were floated and then wisely discarded, notably the one to transport refugees on massive cruise ships and process them while they sailed across the Atlantic. Though elegant in theory – the refugees could be interviewed and medically cleared *en route* and then remain on the boats while docked in Canada until proper housing was found – it featured a fatal flaw: what to do if a

– adding a time and resource-consuming complication to the transport logistics. Foreign Service Officers and other government officials spent hours adding and deleting names on flight manifests, sending emails back and forth between Beirut, Amman and Ottawa and overseeing the boarding and unloading of the planes. It meant a lengthy and difficult journey for the refugees that began with a bus from their temporary home in Lebanon many

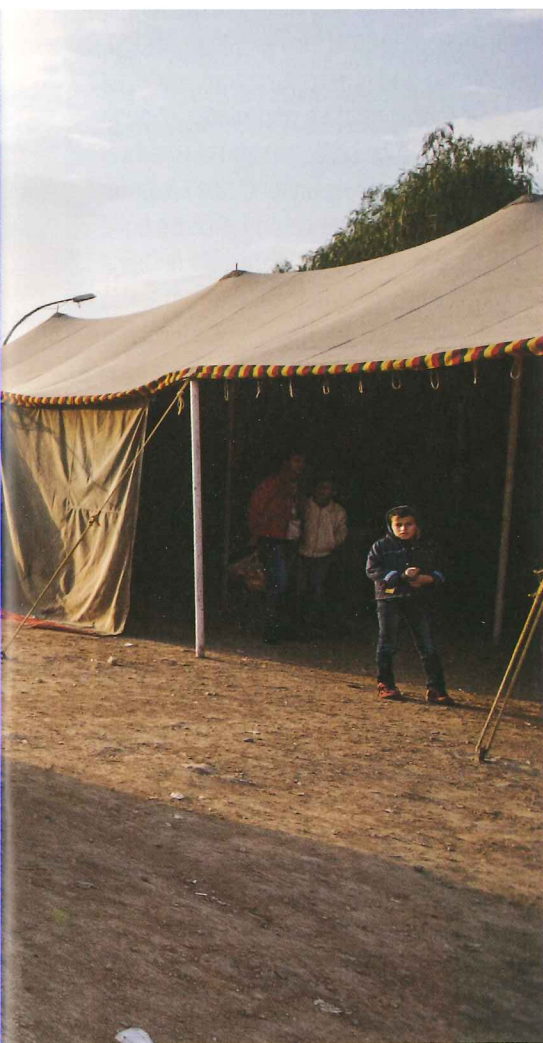


Photo: © IOM/Muse Mohammed 2015



The main reception area at the Processing Center for Syrian families resettling to Canada.

Photo: © IOM/Muse Mohammed 2015

The Special Operations Forces Exhibition or SOFEX is a cavernous airplane hangar on the outskirts of Amman. It shares a runway with Marka Airport, where the refugees would be boarding their flights to Canada. It was an unorthodox refugee processing centre to say the least. Normally used to park planes and play host to a multi-day arms fairs, the facility was offered to Canada as a possible venue for OSR by the Jordanian government. SOFEX was located in a bleak part of Amman, far from attractions, restaurants or suitable hotels. But SOFEX proved an inspired choice, and was an important factor in the Amman Operation's overall success.

There were drawbacks, however: it was cold, drafty and leaky. Airplanes roared just outside and noxious jet fumes sometimes drifted into the building. The food was mediocre. And birds sometimes dropped their business around the workstations, dangerously close to officers and refugees alike.

But all of these problems were manageable and the exhibition hall had one quality that outweighed all disadvantages: its size. No matter how many people entered the complex it never felt cramped. Hundreds of dividers were erected and different stations were set up: a vast waiting area, prayer room, daycare and diaper change area; form filling, interview and biometrics collection booths; medical examination and x-ray machine rooms; a section for office supplies, in a separate building in the back, basic offices and a conference table for the Director of the Operation and IT staff; and a "back office" for the visa processing operation, where files were tracked and finalized, and where every refugee case ready to be issued a visa and travel was squeezed out of the electronic system and flagged as soon as it appeared. There was even room left over for the original occupants of the hangar: two Jordanian Air Force planes parked inconspicuously at the rear of the building.

hours before their first flight, and ended with touch-down at a cold Canadian airport countless hours later.

I found out I would be heading to Amman in mid-November. I packed my bags and traded my downtown Ottawa workplace for a temporary visa office in the middle of nowhere.

Prior to leaving Canada, I had spent the few days before my departure madly running around Ottawa, buying Christmas presents and stocking up the house with as

many supplies as I could to reduce the burden on my spouse. Just before departing, I was given the assignment of "Logistics Lead" for the Amman operation. I had no idea what this meant and was terrified that whatever it was, I would not be very good at it.

Like the rest of the officials deployed to OSR, I learned on the job. While I am not sure if it was in fact logistics, in Jordan I found myself performing tasks well outside the normal duties of a visa officer. Amongst many other things, I helped arrange shuttles for officers between the hotel and SOFEX, ordered office supplies and

furniture, wrote reports and updates for headquarters, negotiated heating with venue management for the frigid hangar, tried to protect officers from the bird droppings, in addition to interviewing refugee families. I think I had the best job in Amman for those six weeks. Every day presented a new challenge and a new adventure; I even found myself in a room with the IRCC Minister during his second visit to Amman, briefing him on the operation, something normally unheard of for someone at my level. Whatever "Logistics Lead" was, it was the highlight of my career.

So at the end of that first tough day – which, on top of everything else, included the visit of *three* federal ministers to SOFEX – we didn't despair, but instead, worked on solutions, and learned from our mistakes. Everybody got faster at their jobs and by the middle of December we were moving hundreds of refugees through SOFEX every day in an orderly fashion. Every department and organization involved played their part – CBSA set up shop near the entrance, pre-screening applicants and flagging any issues to interviewing officers; Canadian Armed Forces personnel efficiently ushered refugees through the maze of trade-show dividers that enclosed the various stations; Global Affairs monitored the fragile IT systems and mobilized transport; and IOM, contracted by the government of Canada to assist with OSR, filled forms, provided interpretation and kept us supplied with food and tea, amongst many other tasks.

It helped that the team was excellent, including experienced officers such as Sian Upton. Sian approaches her work with fierce devotion tinged with the weariness one might expect from someone who has spent years involved in refugee processing while moving from one hardship post to another. She was part of the small team that initially designed the Amman Operation Centre, and also managed IRCC's relationship with UNHCR Jordan. We had presented the UN refugee agency with the unprecedented challenge of feeding Canada's refugee referral pipeline at a massively accelerated pace, and the relationship required a diplomatic and practical hand.

Sian was a crucial resource on the ground, owing to her local expertise. She had just completed a two-year posting in Amman; before that, she had helped shut down the Damascus refugee program in 2012 and subsequently started the refugee program in Beirut. Thus, she had recent, on-the-ground experience with Syrian refugees, and so, along with partner agency personnel, knew the conflict. She was able to brief us on security and eligibility issues pertaining to this population. After completing her temporary duty (TD) in Amman, Sian returned to the Middle East to manage the Beirut Operations Centre, and thus had the privilege of participating in the OSR project in both Jordan and Lebanon.



Syrian families wait to be interviewed at the Canadian settlement Processing Center in Amman, Jordan.

Sian guided officers through the interview template, a thorough document sometimes cursed for its length and seemingly tedious detail. But while following the template line-for-line could be excruciating for both interviewer and interviewee alike, doing so ensured a rigorous examination. With visa officers assigned the front-line responsibility of screening out refugees who may pose a safety or security risk to Canada, the better-safe-than-sorry template provided a critical tool for ensuring that decisions were sound.

Though conditions in Amman were unusual, there were even greater challenges in Beirut. Lebanon has not had a properly functioning parliament since 2014. The government is unable to even arrange garbage collection for the citizens of its largest city, and large chunks of Beirut – including the airport area – are controlled by the militant group Hezbollah. There was the issue of flight routing; and obtaining exit permits in Lebanon was complex, compared to Amman, where the Jordanian authorities agreed to issue exit permits to the refugees at the airport just prior to departure. And whereas Canada had nearly exclusive use of the quiet commercial departure area at Marka Airport in Amman, in Beirut flights had to run out of the chaotic commercial terminal.

Like me, Paul Jamieson was not sure what he was going to be doing when he was told to pack his bags for Beirut. He had lots of experience processing refugees



A prayer room at the Processing Center for Syrian families resettling to Canada.

in Africa and the Middle East so he was well-placed to assist. He also knew Syria, having been posted to Damascus on his first overseas assignment. However, the six weeks he spent in Beirut were like nothing he had experienced before. A blur of late-night taxi rides, frantic negotiations, tedious data entry and very little sleep, Paul and his partner Gary Wallace ensured that the planes taking off from Beirut were filled. They were the liaison between the Beirut Ops Centre and the IOM, taking on the role of co-Departures Lead.

By the time Paul arrived in late November, Gary – a member of the Foreign Service since 2004 – was already a veteran of the makeshift Beirut operation. He had been dispatched to Lebanon in early October (before the federal election) as part of a wave of officers who were to implement a Conservative government plan to increase the number of Syrian refugees resettled in Canada. However, the Departures assignment was far different from the interviewing he had been doing until then. Gary and Paul found themselves thrust into a role where time pressures were immense and the margin of error, razor thin. One night early on in the operation they were confronted with the alarming news that 17 exit permits for an



Children's drawings at the Amman airport while they await their flight.

extended family of refugees had not made it to the airport for a flight due to depart imminently. At 1am the pair jumped in a Beirut "white taxi" and sped off to Lebanese General Intelligence Service (GIS) headquarters on the edge of Hezbollah territory. Barred from entering and with gunfire echoing in the distance, Gary and Paul conducted what Gary called "sidewalk diplomacy", talking their way into the heavily guarded compound, and into a meeting with the officer in charge of the permits. After some tense discussions, the permits were released and the relieved visa officers rushed to the airport with a police escort, pulling up to the doors with a screech of tires. The flight had been held and the 17 Syrians were able to board and travel to their new lives in Canada. Both officers are convinced that their unorthodox methods that stressful night cemented their relationship with the GIS and, crucially IOM.

Indeed, the unsung heroes of the operation were the tireless staff of both IOM (which has been around for over half-a-century, providing services and advice to governments on migrants) and the

UNHCR. As Gary Wallace put it in reference to IOM staff, "for every 23 hours we worked, they worked 24". To describe these organizations as crucial partners in OSR is an understatement: they were essential and irreplaceable in all three locations. IOM took on responsibilities big and small, everything from ordering staples, to chartering planes. Staff were always on call, professional and courteous, impressing everyone involved in the operation. Their dedication ensured its success.

Meanwhile, the UNHCR also played an integral role in making OSR possible. UNHCR Staff worked nights and on weekends, sending tens of thousands of text messages to prospective candidates for Canada's refugee resettlement program. They then pre-screened the thousands who signalled interest; personally explained Canada's OSR program to them; and helped negotiate exit permits with local governments.

Tyler Arrell had returned to Ottawa after an eventful decade abroad during which he oversaw the closure of IRCC's visa office in Tehran and managed the network's busiest Temporary Resident Unit in Beijing, where he oversaw huge changes in the distribution of processing work throughout the IRCC network, earning a PAFSO award for his innovative work. Perhaps hoping for a more mundane assignment after two years in the Beijing pressure cooker, he returned to Ottawa in August as a Senior Analyst for Refugee Resettlement. Instead of a 37.5-hour work week and strolls along the Rideau Canal, Tyler found himself working evenings and weekends almost from the moment he stepped into the hospital-green corridors of IRCC headquarters. Tyler began his assignment mere days before the photo of the lifeless body of Alan Kurdi was published around the world, thrusting refugee resettlement into the middle of the Canadian federal election campaign and to the top of the priority list for IRCC. It was an extremely busy time for anyone involved in refugee affairs within the department.

Once the election was over, Tyler's work only intensified. He helped engineer the massive refugee processing machine that had to be constructed on the fly in order to meet the newly-elected government's pledge to resettle 25,000 refugees

by the end of February. Once constructed, Tyler found himself at the very centre of this huge apparatus. He was a crucial component that provided direction to the operations on the ground in the Middle East, briefed senior managers, gave instructions to other government departments involved in the operation and liaised with staff leading the in-Canada side of the operation. He was a walking-talking command centre, and he worked non-stop for weeks, breaking occasionally for a few hours rest in his flat, conveniently located a mere block away from the office. His work is a reminder that visa officers and other officials served the operation proudly in Canada as well as overseas.

The operation in Turkey presented logistical challenges of its own, ones that ultimately led to it being wrapped up after only a few weeks. The Ops Centre was set up in Adana, close to the Syrian border in southern Turkey, but hundreds of miles away from where the refugees to be processed were located. It was also far from the nearest Canadian mission (located in Ankara), unlike the operations in Beirut and Amman, cities that also host visa offices. Because of security concerns, the visa officers assigned to Adana were not permitted to leave their hotel. Despite these challenges – or perhaps because of them – the Adana Ops Centre introduced unique operational procedures that leveraged the one advantage it had over both Amman and Beirut, and even Ankara: a fast, reliable Internet connection.

The backbone of IRCC operations is its unloved electronic file management system, GCMS (Global Case Management System). Clunky and bandwidth-hungry, it has endured its fair share of curses and insults since its deployment overseas in 2010. However, deployed effectively and connected to a reliable Internet provider, it can be a powerful tool for just the type of operation Adana needed in order to deal with its unique logistical challenges. Innovative staff developed a unique solution to the problems they faced: they went paperless. IRCC forms were completed by IOM at a facility in Gaziantep, closer to where the refugees were living, and then uploaded into GCMS. Fingerprints were taken simultaneously and also uploaded

into the system. This saved huge amounts of time (and countless trees). When the refugees finally appeared for interview, visa officers needed to simply open the electronic file where they found all the information they needed to process the application. With two screens open, it was easy to navigate between the forms and GCMS. This innovative approach, after a brief period of skepticism, was enthusiastically supported by the Adana officers.

Despite such innovations and a strong spirit of camaraderie amongst the staff in Adana, the decision was made to wind down the operation earlier than expected. The logistics were too daunting and the security of staff, a concern. Despite the inconvenience of being holed up in a hotel for weeks on end, staff were disappointed and many would have preferred to push on in Adana. There were a few tears, the intensity of the previous weeks and the exhaustion that had built up overwhelming some staff. Many were flown to Beirut or Amman to join the operations there, while others headed home.

A few went back to their postings in Ankara, where they set up a smaller “pop-up” Operations Centre staffed by 6–8 officers. They worked long hours through the bleak winter months, closing up shop at the end of February after having successfully interviewed around 2,500 refugees to go along with the 1,800 or so interviewed in Adana.

Operation Syrian Refugees succeeded due to strong cooperation between various government departments, the herculean efforts of IOM and UNHCR, and the leadership and dedication of the staff involved, including the Foreign Service Officers that conceived and managed much of the operation in Ottawa and overseas. The operation was exhausting – staff worked long days and through weekends, and spent the holiday season on the job away from their families. Many went home burnt out and sick, the adrenaline of the mission finally draining from within them as their assignment wound down. But officers interviewed for this story expressed pride in what was accomplished and admiration for their colleagues. The team I worked with in Amman impressed me every day with their enthusiasm,



Syrian families filling forms with IOM staff at the Processing Center in Amman, Jordan. The information they provide here is later used during the interview phase with Canadian officials.

professionalism, creativity, and stamina in myriad ways. As one officer described it: “People really believed – as a result they delivered.”

And what was it they believed? That bringing these refugees to Canada was the right thing to do. As Sian told me, “I can’t think of a richer working environment, or of a project that was so meaningful that we felt it in our bones.” Concerns were expressed amongst us about the pace of the work, the stress on the refugees having to move to Canada so quickly and how they would manage and settle once they arrived, but there was a strong sense that this was an historic mission, whether we worked for the Canadian Armed Forces, IRCC, Global Affairs Canada, the Canada Border Service Agency or another department or partner such as IOM.

Whatever reservations we may have had, there was no doubt that the refugees we were resettling needed help. The stories they told us made this abundantly clear. The narratives become depressingly familiar: the lives of innocent families shattered; friends and relatives killed; parents unable to get to work through an unpredictable and dangerous maze of checkpoints; arbitrary arrest and detention, and for the unlucky, torture and beatings; random shelling and bombing; finally, a building dangerously close to home destroyed by the war, making it clear it had become too dangerous to stay at home. Families scattered – a sister in Lebanon, in-laws in Turkey, a brother in Germany.

A life on the edge in the country of asylum – irregular work on a building site or driving a taxi; more ominously, daughters married off at increasingly young ages to reduce the financial burden on the family.

Life in Canada will be challenging for these families – many don’t speak English or French, have limited education and know little of the world outside the towns and villages they fled. But the children they brought with them will enrol in school; they will quickly learn the language, make friends, attend birthday parties, join a sports team. Their parents may struggle, but the children will be given the opportunity to flourish and contribute to their new country.

Thus, the mission to resettle these refugees – exhausting, exhilarating, extraordinary – was a nation-building one, in many ways the job we, as visa officers, have always done, albeit at a vastly accelerated pace. Entrusted with the responsibility to select the immigrants that will help tell the next chapters of Canada’s unfolding story as a nation, visa officers are proud to have been entrusted with such a noble and important task. ☺

Zal Karkaria has been a member of the Foreign Service since 2004. He has undertaken assignments in Nairobi and New Delhi and is currently posted to London as the Risk Assessment Officer for IRCC.

The Beginning of the End of the Cold War: Vietnam's Withdrawal from Cambodia

by Ed Whitcomb

Canadian diplomats may have written the first report suggesting that the Cold War was coming to a close and that the West had won it. They did not know it at the time, but they certainly knew that the event they were describing was important, and it turned out to be perhaps the first indication that the Communist world was in retreat. The development was Vietnam's withdrawal from Cambodia, and the date was June 1987.



Young man sorting macaroni noodles drying in the sun in Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City), early 1980s

Photo: Liza Linklater

In 1978 Vietnam invaded Cambodia and installed a satellite regime. Having already attained effective control of Laos, its invasion of Cambodia fulfilled an ancient Vietnamese desire to dominate all of Indochina, a goal that had been cut short in the nineteenth century when France conquered the entire area. Hanoi had a good argument for intervention: to overthrow the murderous Khmer Rouge regime of Pol Pot that had killed some 20% of the population. That, however, could not disguise the fact that it merely replaced Pol Pot's gang with another faction of the Khmer Rouge led by Hang Samrin, the ones who had fled to Vietnam to escape being purged. A nasty satellite of Communist China was replaced by a less repressive satellite of Vietnam, itself a Russian satellite.

The West had recognized North Vietnam's conquest of South Vietnam in 1975 and its domination of Laos. It was not, however, prepared to accept Vietnamese control of Cambodia, the replacement of China by the USSR as the main threat to Southeast Asia, and the presence of a Vietnamese army a few hours drive from Bangkok. It was, after all, the Vietnamese army that had defeated the French and the Americans and soon thrashed the Chinese when they invaded in response to Vietnam's conquest of Cambodia. It was said that the only thing that could slow that army in Thailand would be the traffic jams. The belief that the USSR was still on the offensive was strongly reinforced when Soviet troops invaded Afghanistan in 1979.

Three sanctions were imposed on Hanoi: no aid, no support for trade, and no high-level visit until Vietnam pulled out of Cambodia. Those sanctions, coupled with Hanoi's mismanagement of its economy doomed Vietnam to stagnation, and the West waited and waited for the government to recognize that it could not keep Cambodia and have meaningful economic development. The job of this First Secretary in Bangkok was to monitor the situation in Vietnam, especially the question of when Hanoi would realize it had to withdraw from Cambodia.

In 1984, I was assigned to Bangkok with responsibility for Indochina. Every three months or so, I visited Hanoi and Saigon, accompanied alternately by Ambassador John Paynter or Political Counselor Gordon Longmuir. And every three months, I wrote three reports which were easily summarized: no change on Vietnamese policy towards Cambodia, no change on internal politics, and continued economic stagnation. We were in contact with the few Western missions and our reports were almost certainly the same as all of theirs. There was an excellent exchange of information, and everyone knew that little would change until Vietnam withdrew from Cambodia.

The situation in the mid-1980s was stalemate: Hanoi was determined to hold on to Cambodia and the West was determined to force it out. The question was how stubborn were the Vietnamese, and the key issue was their economy. Vietnam was falling further and further behind the rest of Southeast Asia which, at the time, was experiencing very rapid economic growth. Flying from Bangkok to Hanoi was like going back half a century or more in a time machine. Thailand was booming with smiling faces and signs of prosperity and growth everywhere; Hanoi featured bicycles and hungry, badly-dressed, sad-looking people. It was a bit of a joke amongst the Vietnam watchers that there were more cars in the parking lot at Bangkok's airport than in the whole of Vietnam, and those of us who visited Hanoi and Saigon



Photo: Liza Linklater

Young married couple (women dressed in red) in Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City), 1984

brought back stories of extreme poverty and steady deterioration in infrastructure. We stayed in the best hotels with incompetent and uninterested staff, mosquito netting, broken windows and missing toilet seats. We got sick on every visit, sometimes very sick.

In 1985, Gorbachev's Soviet Union began announcing changes to internal and external policies. Was it propaganda? If real, what could the motives be? The Soviet economy was a mess – reform would make it less communistic, but, if successful, would make it a more powerful threat to the West. European satellites were becoming less tightly controlled, but there was no hint that the Warsaw Pact was ending. Improved relations with China made the world less dangerous, but a better Soviet-Chinese partnership posed a direct threat to Western interests throughout Asia-Pacific.

In a speech in Vladivostok on 28 June 1986, Gorbachev promised to withdraw some troops from Afghanistan. That was certainly desirable, but it was designed to reduce casualties and meet a Chinese demand. He did not announce a complete pull-out, which only happened in February 1988. Instead, he offered a more positive Soviet approach to the countries of Southeast Asia, but that was also a challenge to Western influence there. Gorbachev announced more confidence-building measures and disarmament proposals – again these were desirable but very self-serving as the arms race was destroying the Soviet economy. Overall the West's reaction to these gestures was suspicious and negative. The speech also ignored one of China's three main demands, that the USSR stop supporting the Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia.



Photo: Liza Linklater

Young kids on the street in Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City), early 1980s

In the spring of 1987, both the Ambassador and I were being posted back to Ottawa. Our June trip to Hanoi would be the Ambassador's farewell, with his first meetings with the very top officials since presenting credentials four years earlier. There would be banquets and speeches and meetings with the main ministers, and the challenge of saying something positive about a relationship that had no positive elements and showed no signs of improvement.

At Bangkok airport, Ambassador Paynter said: "Well, Ed, it didn't happen during our tour. Some day our successors will get to preside over the normalization of relations. We are both busy getting ready for our next jobs, so let's just go, relax, and do the necessary. You write a short report, I'll sign it, and that's it for Vietnam."

We went into our first meeting expecting to hear the usual fibs and banalities, but the meeting was a complete surprise. The Minister said that it was too bad that there had been a cloud over the relationship throughout the Ambassador's tenure and that we had not had more productive relations. This message was not particularly surprising as we had repeatedly heard that things were fine, getting better, and we should continue broadening and deepening the relationship, none of which was true. Hanoi had also repeatedly brought the media to witness alleged annual withdrawals from Cambodia and, we believed, rotated new troops back in after the media left.



What was entirely different was the tone: this Minister was serious. Part way between the building and the car, both of which we assumed were bugged, Paynter and I looked at each other and one of us said: "They are getting out of Cambodia." We weren't sure, of course, but suddenly an almost pointless visit had turned into possibly the most important trip Canadian diplomats had ever made to Vietnam.

Now we were excited about the next calls, dinners, and farewell speeches, and the impression at all of them was the same: a uniform message was being given to a prominent Western Ambassador that Vietnam was dealing with the problem that had poisoned its relations with the West. Though never mentioned, that had to be the occupation of Cambodia, and that could only

be done with Moscow's approval. The Soviet Communist Empire was about to begin shrinking; the global Communist offensive that had begun in 1944 had run its course.

One of the most important and interesting aspects of visiting Hanoi, was talking to foreign diplomats stationed there – Western, neutral, and even Soviet satellite. At first, we felt we were the “takers,” since they were the ones who could tell us what was going on. We gradually realized, however, that they wanted to talk to us as badly as we wanted their views. They, in fact, had hardly any contacts with the senior Vietnamese leadership, but the latter had to meet a visiting ambassador, and after a couple of days in Hanoi an outsider could be more up to date than a resident diplomat.

When we visited our usual contacts that week, they were clearly surprised by what we were hearing. My guess is that the Politburo had made the decision to withdraw from Cambodia just days before our visit. A key part of their decision-making would be how to convey that to the West and the world in general. The farewell visit of a major Western Ambassador gave them a perfect opportunity. Some of the embassies we visited probably reported our comments to their capitals before we could report from Bangkok. There would, however, have been a significant difference – our report was first-hand – Canada was the first country to be told with conviction that the “cloud” over Vietnam's relations with the West was about to be lifted.

Ambassador Paynter, I, and some others certainly believed that the message was that Vietnam was going to withdraw from

Cambodia and that this withdrawal would be a very significant development. We were also aware of the games governments play, and that Canada's position had to be to “wait and watch” for concrete proof. We did not then know for sure that the “cloud” would be lifted and that movement towards normalizing relations would occur, but we had been told that was in the works. We did not and could not know that this was possibly the first step in the ending of the Cold War, but in fact, the withdrawals that began that year were genuine – we had been told the truth and we had reported it.

Years later, some Western Cold Warriors still did not accept that we had won the Cold War. The Berlin Wall did not fall until November 1989, and the peace agreement on Cambodia was not completed until 1991. Nevertheless, our unexpected report of June 1987 may well have been the first diplomatic report by any foreign service presaging the end of the Cold War. And it was all an accident occasioned by the timing of Ambassador Paynter's farewell visit. ☺

Ed Whitcomb was First Secretary (Political), in Bangkok, 1984–87, as part of a foreign service career from 1975 to 2008. He has published fifteen books including histories of every Canadian province and a history of Canadian federalism (Rivals for Power) and was appointed to the Brandon University Wall of Fame in 2014. www.fromseatoosea.com.

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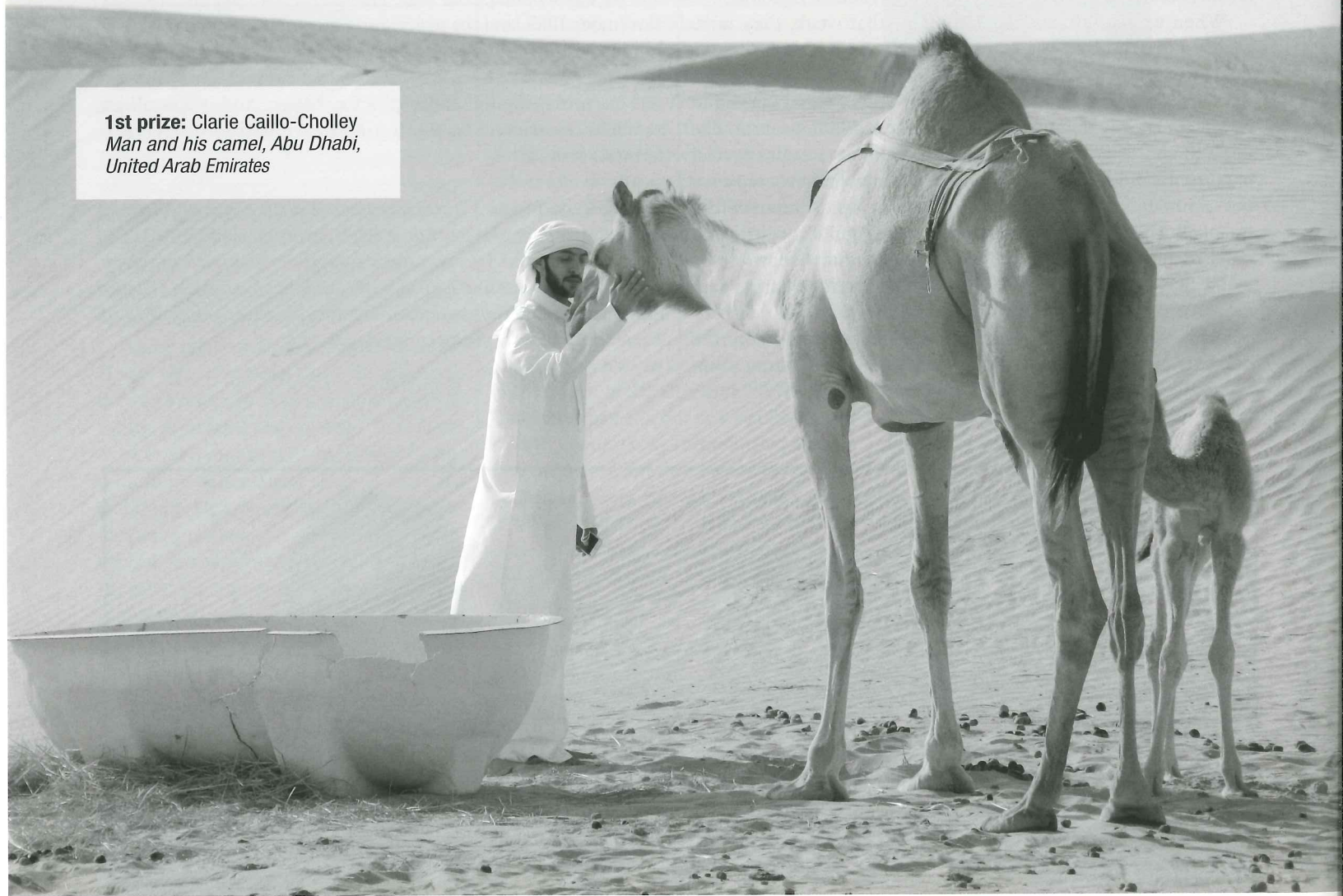
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CONCOURS DE PHOTO DE L'APASE 2016

1st prize: Clarie Caillio-Cholley
*Man and his camel, Abu Dhabi,
United Arab Emirates*



En 2016, le concours de photo de l'APASE comportait deux catégories. La première, en noir et blanc, avait pour thème « Un regard canadien sur le monde », tandis que la deuxième, « Les agents du Service extérieur en action », cherchait à illustrer le travail de promotion des valeurs canadiennes.

Clarie Caillio-Cholley won the First Prize in the first category for “A man and his camel, Abu Dhabi”. The picture was taken on an isolated farm in the middle of the desert, 50 km from Abu Dhabi. “An Emirati approaches the camel and speaks to it while gently patting its head”, explained Clarie. “This moment of

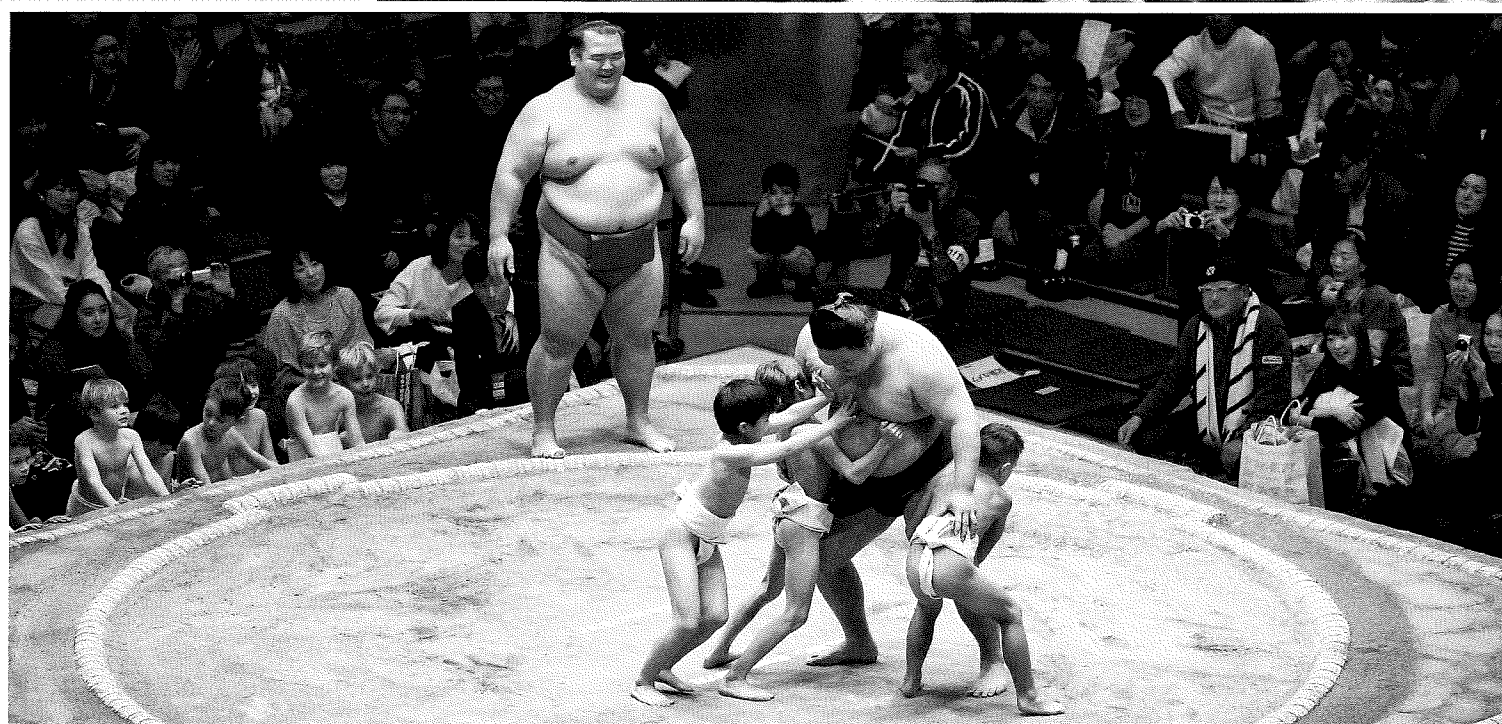
complicity and trust between the man and the camel was particularly touching. To me, it symbolizes the close relationship, almost sacred, which unites Emiratis to their camels. Like the Salukis, Arabian horses and falcons, camels are part of the precious heritage of the Bedouin culture. Each winter, between 20 000 and 30 000 animals, bred in farms, participate in spectacular camel races organized on sand tracks. This is one of the oldest traditions of the United Arab Emirates.”

Laura Atar and Nicolas St-Pierre won the second prize *ex aequo* in this category.

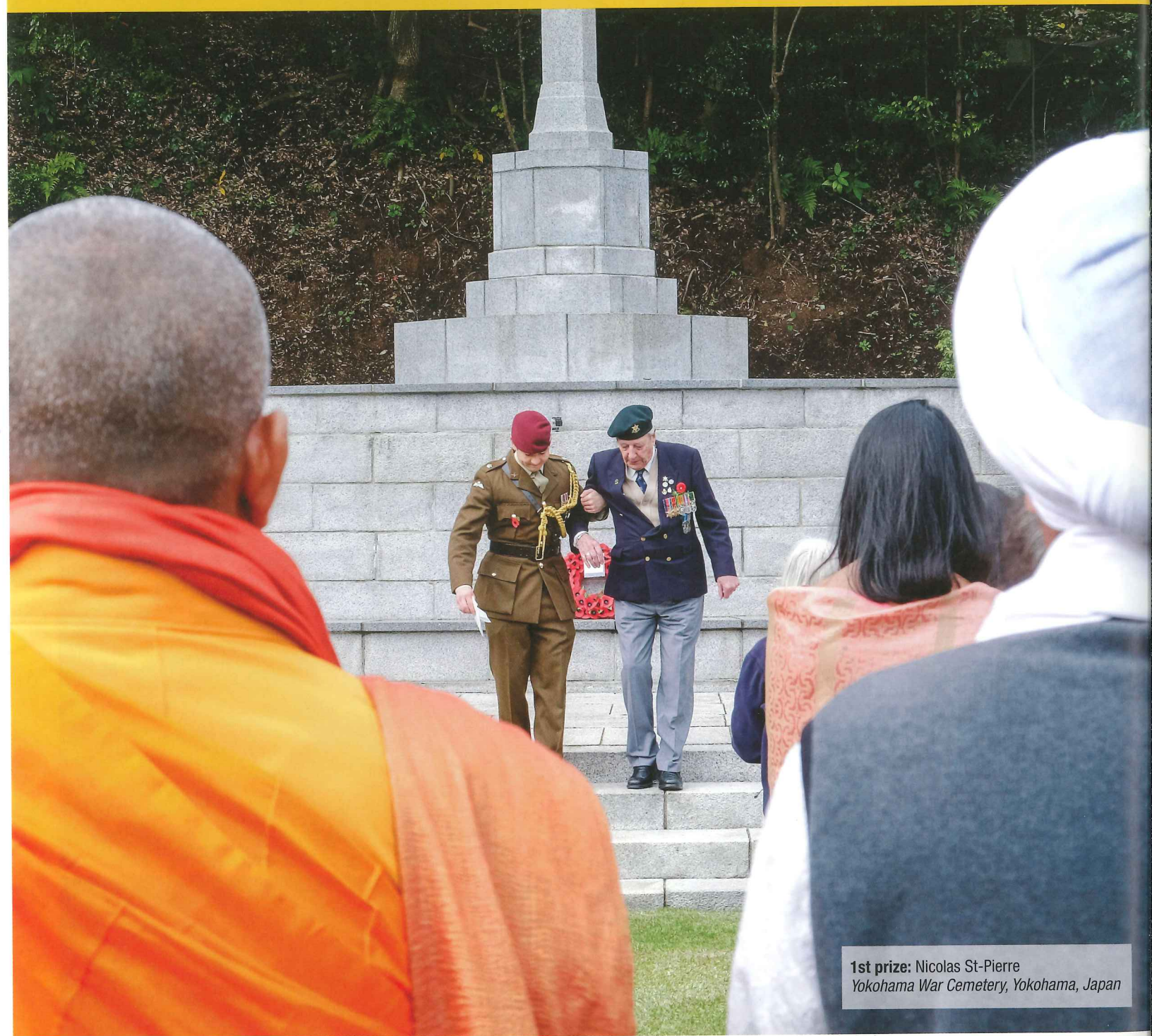
(Far right photo)
2nd prize: Laura Atar
*Gas masks abandoned
after Chernobyl in a former
school at ghost town
Pripyat, Ukraine*



(Bottom photo:)
3rd prize: Nicolas St-Pierre
*Sumo tournament,
Tokyo, Japan*



LES AGENTS DU SERVICE EXTÉRIEUR : LA PREMIÈRE LIGNE DU CANADA À L'ÉTRANGER



1st prize: Nicolas St-Pierre
Yokohama War Cemetery, Yokohama, Japan

Dans la catégorie « Les agents du Service extérieur en action », le premier prix a été décerné à Nicolas St-Pierre pour la photo intitulée « Cérémonie du jour du Souvenir au Cimetière de guerre de Yokohama (Japon) ». « Cette image illustre la capacité de personnes de toutes les générations, religions et nationalités à se regrouper autour du même idéal de garantir que les horreurs de la guerre ne sombrent pas dans l'oubli et ne se répètent pas », a déclaré Nicolas.

Matthew Robertson et Monika Moricz ont mérité respectivement les deuxième et troisième prix dans cette catégorie.

The judging committee of the PAFSO 2016 Photo Contest also awarded honourable mentions to Laura Atar, Kirk Duguid, Jason Joyce, Jennifer Morgan-Jones, Myriam Morin Dupras and Nicolas St-Pierre.

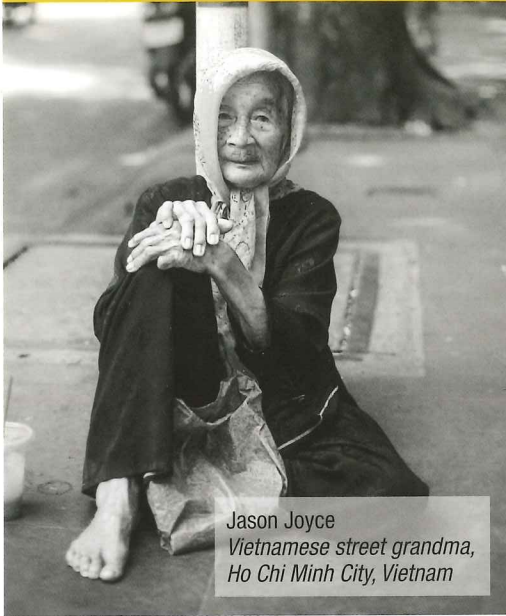


(Far left photo)
2nd prize: Matthew Robertson
*Cambodian mine action authority
 worker prepares a plot of land
 for inspection, Pailin, Cambodia*

(Bottom photo:)
3rd prize: Monika Moricz
*Searching for missing
 Canadians and Canadians
 in distress after Typhoon
 Haiyan, Tacloban,
 Philippines*



MENTIONS HONORABLES



Jason Joyce
*Vietnamese street grandma,
Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam*



Kirk Duguid
*Visit to refugee camps
near Tindouf, Algeria*



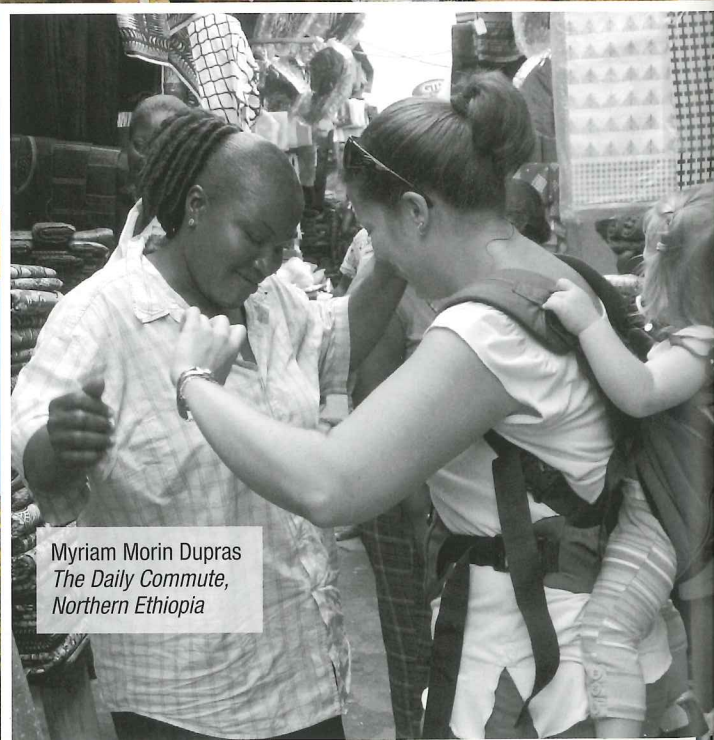
Nicolas St-Pierre
*Matsuri (Japanese Festival)
in Kamakura, Japan*



Jennifer Morgan Jones
Gay pride day, Rome, Italy



Laura Atar
*United Nations
Peacekeeper observing
the war in Syria from
the Israel-Syrian border*



Myriam Morin Dupras
*The Daily Commute,
Northern Ethiopia*

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The First Gulf War and its Aftermath: Return to Kuwait

by Gary Luton

This is the final article of a four-part series following the author's experiences during the first Gulf War in Kuwait (1990–1991).

Immediately following the cessation of hostilities, Ambassador Larry Dickenson and a small team flew back into Kuwait aboard a Department of National Defence (DND) Challenger from Bahrain where they had been based during most of the conflict. The Canadian flag was raised and the Embassy reopened to an emotional welcome from neighbours and friends. Kuwait City, with an original population the size of Ottawa-Gatineau, the Ambassador recounted, was now without water and sewer systems, telephone, electricity, taxis or functioning banks. The civilian airport would not open for another month. Without the continued help of DND, which provided a generator, satellite phone, pallets of bottled water, canned food, and armed body guards, it would have been impossible for the Embassy to function.

Flying in on my return to Kuwait in April 1991, hundreds of oil wells were still burning, black smoke drifting with the prevailing winds. Iraqi troops had tried to delay approaching coalition forces by setting Kuwait's oil wells on fire. Once defeated and retreating, they set fire to hundreds more, creating an environmental disaster of epic proportions. The airport was in ruins: a British Airways Boeing 747-136, the last to land prior to Iraq's invasion, lay wrecked on the runway. The passengers from Flight 149, including several Canadians en route to Malaysia from London via Kuwait City, were unable to complete their voyage after landing. Those passengers and crew were taken by Iraqi forces, detained, and later released.

WWI-era batteries and pillboxes lined the waterfront, and the destroyed villa of the Crown Prince Shaikh Saad leant an air of an abandoned ghost town. Many

Kuwaitis had been away for the summer when the Iraqi invasion occurred and had not yet returned. Ironically, the greenery along highway medians, left unattended and un-watered, flourished and grew wildly out onto the Gulf Road.

The air quality in Kuwait was dire for months as the oil fires kept blazing, often turning daylight into darkness, spitting tiny oil drops that soiled clothing and the landscape. There were times when the street lights came on mid-day and it appeared like a London fog. Munitions still lay scattered everywhere and the sulphur smell from the fumes of burning oil added to the sense of Dante's Inferno.

Close up, the orange flames from the oil wells looked like they were coming out of a jet engine. Some wells hissed shooting oil upwards, 75-metres into the air, while purple-black smoke eddied skyward. Oil oozed from the ground and was animated by small flickers of flame like one imagined coming from the lava flows in the final hours of Pompeii. Shortly after I arrived, five people were killed, including two Financial Times journalists, at the Al Ahmadi oilfield when their car, only slightly off the main highway, made contact with a shallow pool of burning oil. They were soon consumed by ground fire and clouds of smoke.

In many ways Kuwait had been dismantled by the Iraqis piece by piece while coalition bombing did the rest. Cars stripped of their hardware and components could be found everywhere. Chassis left like carcasses – engines, tires and trim missing – and of course garbage and bits of ransacked plunder were everywhere. I found a women's Cartier watch on a road in my old neighbourhood of Bayan. It had

been run over many times. I picked it up and, years later, had it repaired.

My car, locked in the Embassy compound, had its windshield smashed and the radio ripped out. The villa where I had lived had been taken back by the family that owned it during the conflict and my belongings, moved to another house. The Iraqis had a command post outside, and many of my personal effects had been looted or vandalized. I moved into an apartment left by a colleague that overlooked the Gulf and what was left of a nearby souk that was slowly coming back to life.

Kuwait was a heady mix of munitions and landmines and the specialists who knew how to deal with them. The Iraqis had reportedly buried five to six million anti-tank and anti-personnel mines in the vicinity of the beach, along Kuwait's southern border with Saudi Arabia, and in northern parts of Kuwait City. Of the hundreds of thousand cluster bombs the allies dropped over Kuwait, it was estimated that 30 percent failed to explode. Foolishly exploring the grounds of an empty villa, I was startled to discover a massive number of crates of munitions, untouched and still stacked in green wooden boxes, stored in the garden.

Upon retreating from Kuwait, the Iraqis had systematically torched or shelled all of the four and five star hotels, resulting in damage reportedly in excess of \$US250 million. The Sheraton hotel, where I had gone to recover two Canadians immediately following the invasion, was devastated. What was left of the SAS Hotel lobby was covered in dust and broken furnishings. The elevator doors had melted closed from a fire. The best surprise, the Holiday Inn, had somehow resisted the ravages of war. While fires had been set, the Iraqis had not turned off the water



Author with a destroyed mural of Saddam Hussein in Kuwait City following the liberation.

supply so the sprinkler system extinguished the flames.

On a ridge on the outskirts of Kuwait City, on the road from Mutlaa to Basra in Southern Iraq, rest perhaps my most lasting and haunting images of Kuwait and the war. It became known internationally as the "Highway of Death" due to the detritus of war that was everywhere: burned out trucks, tanks, buses and troop carriers of all sorts, and the occasional corpse of a defeated Iraqi soldier abandoned in open body bags among the ruins. To this image add looted broken furniture, tattered clothes, electronic equipment, household goods, auto parts and rubber tires, all bulldozed to the side of the road. Retreating Iraqis had been caught in a massive traffic jam by coalition air strikes where cluster bombs rained down. Munitions still laid everywhere, some unexploded.

More than 300 expatriate experts in oil well blow-outs and oil fires were some of the first to arrive in Kuwait. A team from Safety Boss out of Calgary was prominent among them, using its unique technique: a special powder of potassium bicarbonate hosed onto the oil well to starve the flames of oxygen. Canadians would also take on a post-war peacekeeping role along the Iraq-Kuwait border, monitoring a demilitarized zone, and specialized Canadian

troops operating between Kuwait and Iraq would assist in mine clearing operations. Several Canadian naval vessels remained in the region patrolling the Persian Gulf, Arabian Sea and Red Sea.

Then Foreign Affairs Minister Joe Clark was the first minister from any country to visit Kuwait on 10 March 1991, accompanied by a small business delegation and some media. Ambassador Dickenson had to insist that no one steps off of the pavement or sidewalks due to unexploded landmines.

Kuwait had always been a protectorate in many ways – either Ottoman, British or, more recently, American. It was decided that the United States Army Core of Engineers (USACE) would be the interface with the private sector "managing the recovery program" and the rush for business deals that would follow. The central role of USACE, and links with US firms, helped temper early enthusiasm for quick Canadian commercial results.

Gratitude for Canadian Forces participation in the coalition and diplomatic efforts at the UN was part of every meeting. Highly personal stories of missing family members and torture were frequent. But would such gratitude result in contracts for Canadians?

Former Canadian Ambassador to Iran, Ken Taylor, was a frequent visitor during June and July 1991, representing Canadian interests focussed on reconstruction of

airport terminals and facilities. We made what seemed like daily visits to the Civil Aviation Authority and the office of Kuwait Airways, as the sale of aircraft was also on the agenda.

Part of the job was to brief delegations on the realities of doing business in the 'new Kuwait'. The old family compacts were soon open for business. Those who had stayed behind during the war had renewed commercial interests and political views on the way forward for Kuwait. Tracking down Ministers was a key challenge in a pre-cell phone period. Also key was getting a letter of intent for various proposed projects. A typical visit included getting through heavy security.

By June, over 200 oil wells had been brought under control while several hundred others kept blazing. Oil oozed from the ground and lay in pools in the desert, animated in some places by small flickers of flame. While Safety Boss led in the total number of wells capped, names like Red Adair, Boots and Coots and Wild Wells Control become household names.

By late July, Kuwait's hotel rooms had both doors and locks, telephones worked and fax machines were numerous, their use less crowded.

While there were no Canadian civilian or military casualties during the conflict and its aftermath, a number of Canadian Gulf War veterans maintained that illnesses developed post-Kuwait resulted from exposure to chemicals and toxins. This became known as Gulf War Syndrome. The second Gulf War in 2003 left Iraq in tatters and was followed by the execution of Saddam Hussein by hanging on 30 December 2006. The direct aftermath of these wars is still being felt today. Nevertheless, when I flew out of Kuwait in August 1991, my love for the Middle East was undiminished by war and destruction. ☺

Gary Luton is currently Director of the Treaty Law Division. His most recent postings abroad were as Canada's first resident Ambassador in Doha, Qatar and, prior, as Consul General in Mumbai.



Escale à Katmandou: Entre résilience et reconstruction, magnificence et émerveillement

par Laura Atar

23 février, 13h30 : L'avion qui m'amène à la rencontre des pays donateurs du Fonds asiatique de développement (FAD), le Fonds spécial de la Banque asiatique de développement (BAD) pour les pays membres les moins fortunés dont le Canada est l'un des principaux contributeurs, s'apprête à amorcer sa descente vers Katmandou. Je jette distraitemment un coup d'œil à la fenêtre lorsque soudain, je l'aperçois... le Mont Everest... s'élevant triomphalement au-dessus de la mer de nuages!

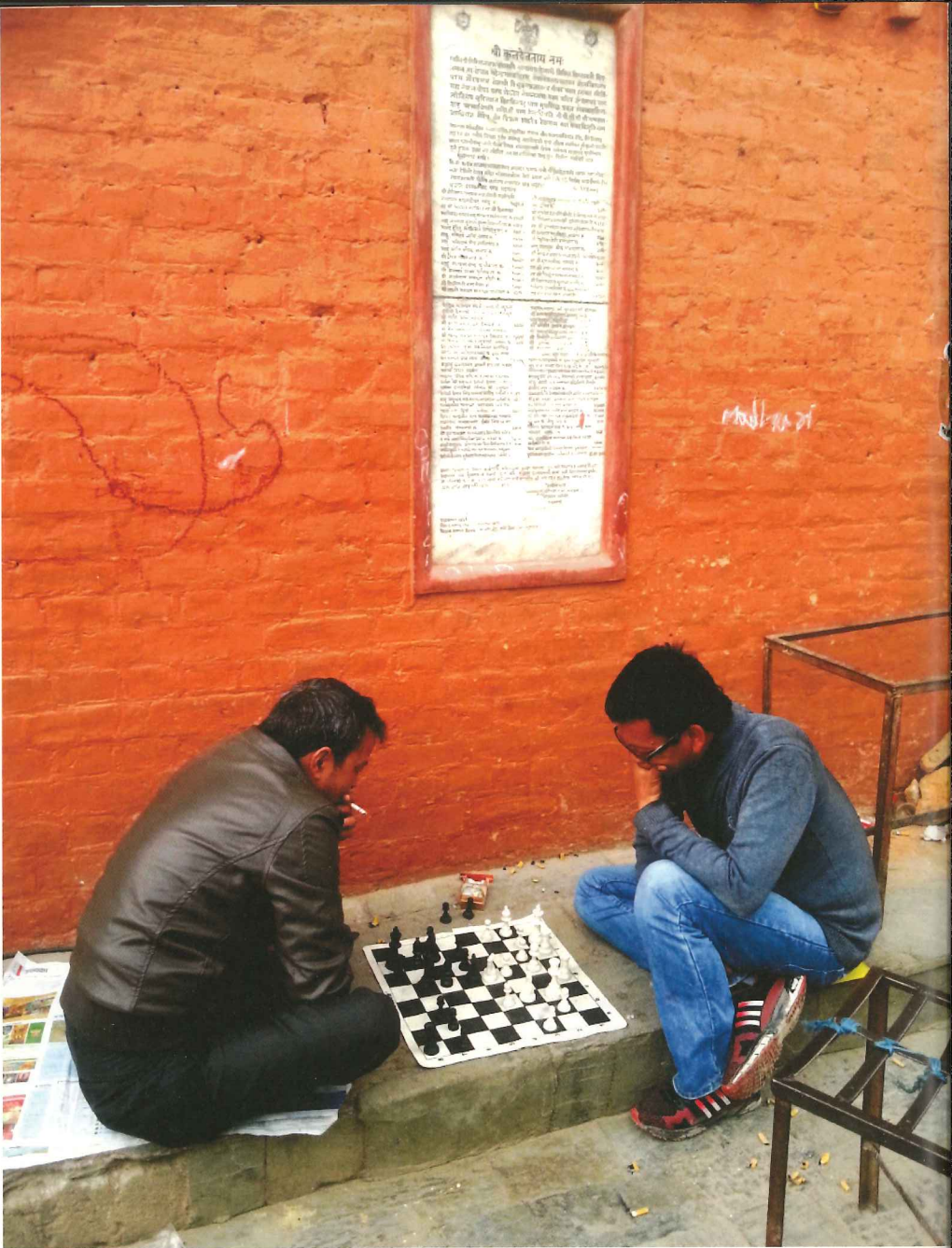
De vraies montagnes aux sommets enneigés, je n'en reverrai guère plus du restant de ce bien trop court séjour de quatre jours. Katmandou n'est en effet perchée qu'à 1 400 petits mètres de haut, et la brume qui y plombe en quasi-permanence le ciel de février est tout sauf propice à la vue des premiers sommets de l'Himalaya.

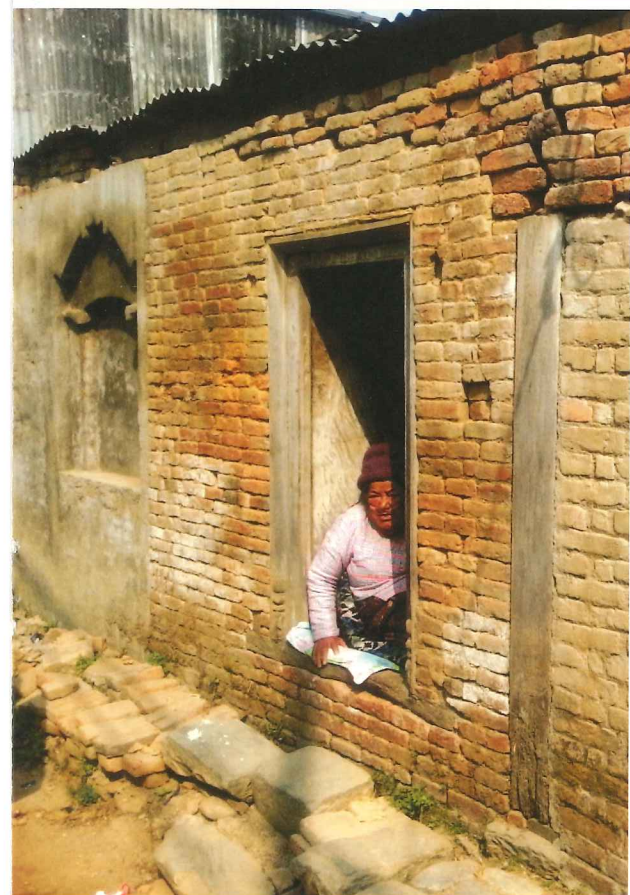
Mais dès mon arrivée, je suis accueillie par une palette infinie de couleurs dont le chatolement et les multiples visages s'avèreront une source sans cesse renouvelée d'émerveillement.

Émerveillement d'abord et avant tout devant la force, la résilience et le courage des Népalais suite au séisme dévastateur d'avril 2015 puis aux pénuries toutes aussi dévastatrices induites par le blocus de la frontière indo-népalaise de fin septembre 2015 à début février 2016.

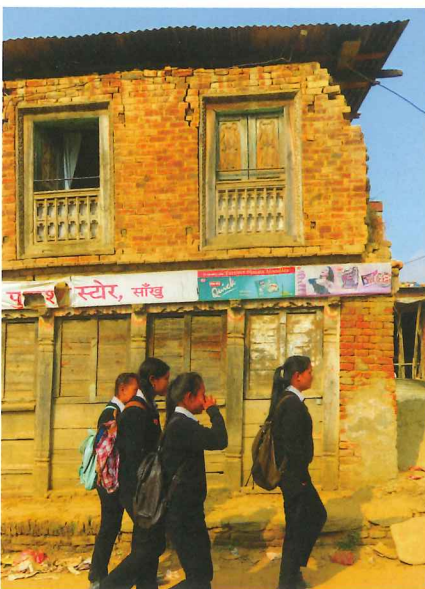
Émerveillement devant leur détermination à quitter leurs abris de fortune, à rebâtir leurs logis, leurs rues, leurs villages et leur pays, une brique à la fois. La vie qui reprend son cours à travers cette corde à linge étendue sur un pan de maison en ruines dans le village de Shankhu, en périphérie de Katmandou, que nous vadrouillons lors de la visite de terrain organisée par la BAD et le gouvernement népalais.

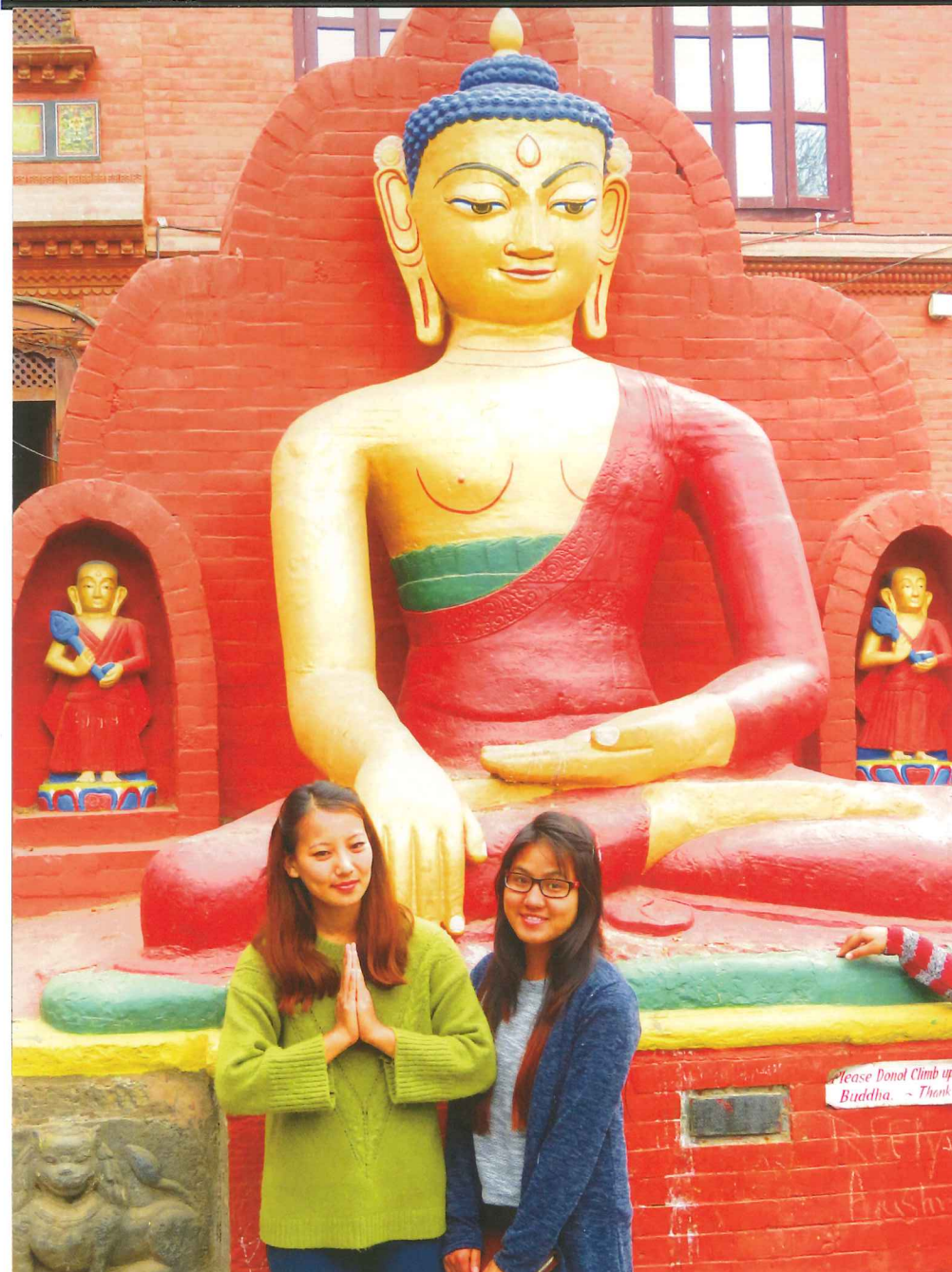






Émerveillement devant ces écolières de l'école secondaire Shree Bhagyodaya de Shankhu, qui rêvent de devenir ingénieures depuis qu'elles ont vu leur école résister vaillamment au tremblement de terre de 2015, grâce notamment au renforcement dès 2010 de sa structure (et de celle de nombreuses autres écoles népalaises) par le FAD.



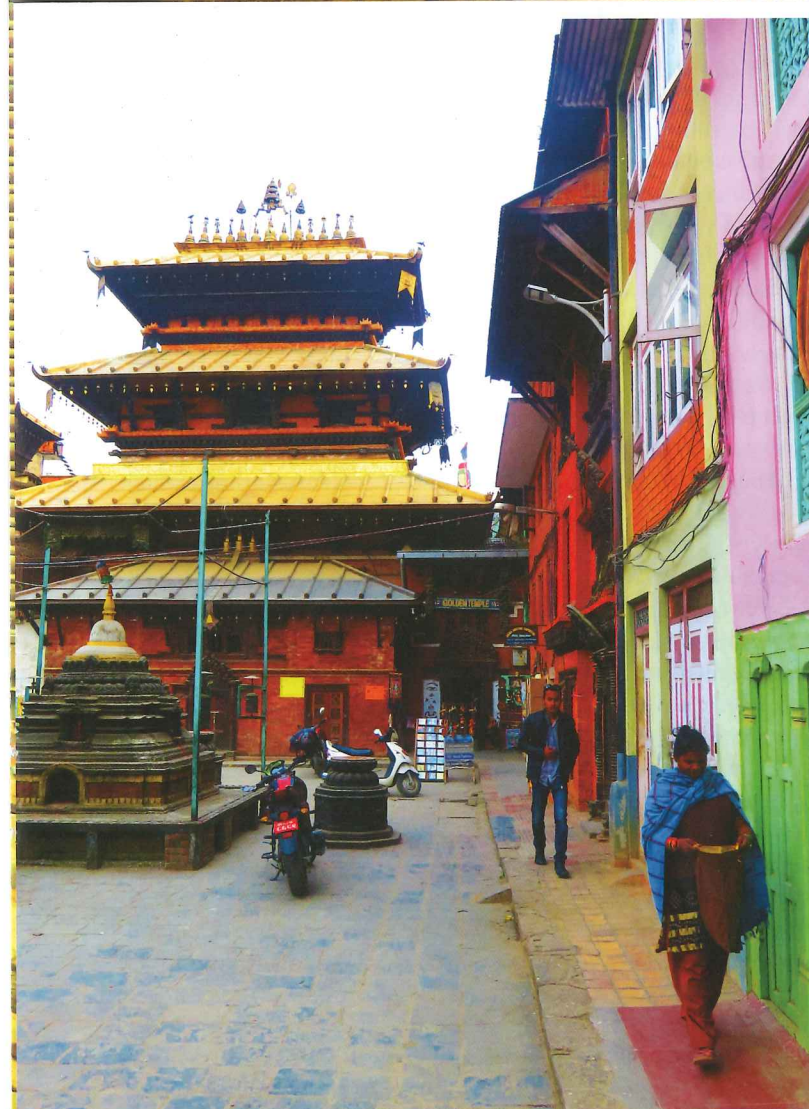
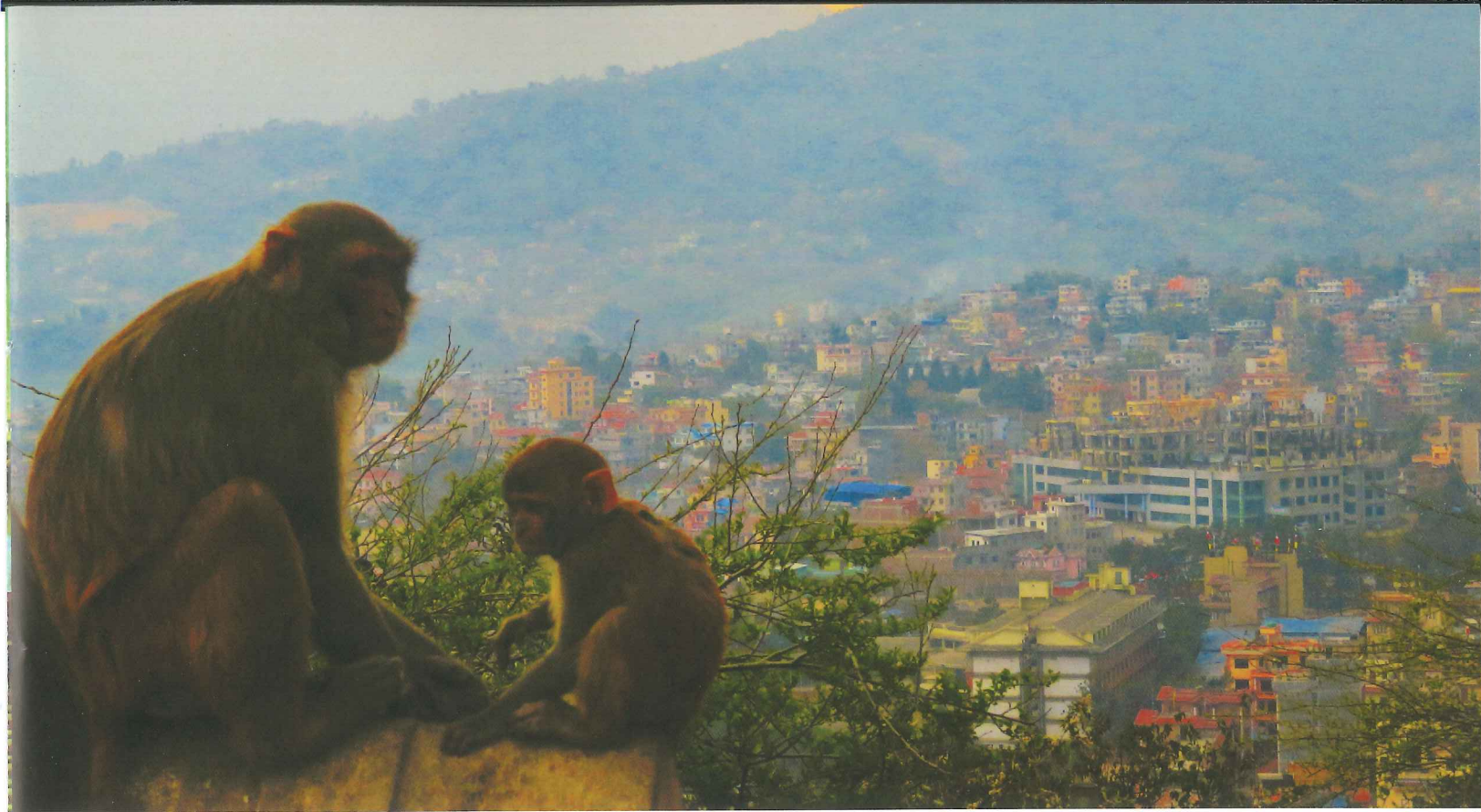


Émerveillement, enfin, devant l'hospitalité inégalée des Népalais et devant l'immersion spirituelle complète qu'offre Katmandou, une ville au carrefour de deux civilisations où se mélangent, au détour de chaque ruelle, pagodes hindoues à toits superposés et gigantesques stupas bouddhistes.

27 février, 17h30: La navette qui me conduira à l'aéroport vient d'arriver à l'hôtel, sonnant le glas de mon aventure népalaise. Quelques heures auparavant, un peu après 13h, les négociations s'étaient conclues avec succès et j'avais envoyé mon ébauche de rapport final à ma directrice générale, que j'accompagnais à cette réunion. Je n'aurai donc eu que quatre petites heures pour explorer les quartiers et édifices plus historiques de Katmandou, mais le tour privé que notre guide Bikash nous a concocté, à ma collègue du Portugal et à moi, aura été, du début à la fin, un tourbillon spectaculaire de panoramas saisissants et de monuments pittoresques. Népal : ce n'est qu'un au revoir! 🌀

Laura Atar joined the Foreign Service in 2006 as a Political/Economic Officer, and was posted to London between 2008 and 2011. She is currently in a cross-stream assignment within the Economic Growth and IFI Division, covering the Asian Development Bank – her ninth multilateral organization in 10 years. She loves travelling and photography, and ideally combining both!





TAKE HEART! Why language training is critical to survival abroad

by Toby Schwartz

It was one of those nightmares, “it could never happen to me” scenarios. It was April 2012 and my husband Dave and I had just returned to our posting location, Taipei, after a week-long holiday, and were about to tuck in for the night before heading back to work the next morning. And then the pain started. My husband described it as “someone tightening a vice-grip, or a rope, all the way around his chest”. He’d had chest and back pain before, and we’d just assumed he had a slipped disc in his back or something along those lines, but the pain had never come close to what happened that night. And it wasn’t going away, and we clearly were not going to bed with him in that condition. So we called a taxi, and headed to the hospital – getting there around midnight. My husband was keeled over in the cab, and I was trying to comfort him during the 15-minute ride. I assumed we’d get to the hospital, he’d get some kind of needle for the pain, we’d go home, and go back to work a bit groggy-eyed the next day.

Let me digress for a moment to describe Dave. At the time, he was 32 years old, slender, athletic (he played in the Taipei Ice Hockey League), and had passed a few months earlier a thorough health exam with a very clean bill of health. We spent our weekends in Taipei hiking, biking, playing ultimate Frisbee, and other outdoor pursuits, and were in pretty strong physical shape.

Now back to the hospital. Not a single person working in the emergency department that night spoke English. Not the triage nurses, and not the attending physician. Nor did my husband speak much Chinese – a few words (the essentials learned through pre-posting spousal language training support – like “my name is...”, “how much is...?”, “where’s the bathroom?” etc). Very useful skills, but not even close to being applicable in an emergency situation.

Fortunately, I had attended almost a full year of Mandarin language training before leaving for Taiwan at Bisson Campus, where the Center for Foreign Languages (CFSL) of the Canadian Foreign Service Institute (CFSI) delivers language training. I did not get the full two years that is the standard for a level 3 (advanced) Mandarin-designated language position,

but managed to eke out at 2+ before my departure. Again, luckily for me, during my first year in Taiwan, the Department announced the “flexible fluency” program, allowing those like me that did not get the full amount of training and had not yet attained the required level, to apply for additional funds to study in-country. My manager approved an additional six weeks of full-time training a year into my posting, enabling me to obtain the level 3. Throughout my three-year posting, I was also able to benefit from CFSL-funded, twice-per-week maintenance, classes. While by no means perfect (not even close), I was confident in my language ability and often delivered remarks at universities and other public events in Mandarin. It made me a more effective officer, as I was able to engage with Taiwanese interlocutors, attend local-language events like conferences, watch the local news, and build relationships with people with whom it would have otherwise been very challenging to interact. The fact that language ability is essential to the work that many of us do abroad is something that, in my view, no one can reasonably dispute. Beyond this, I think we can all agree that local language ability also facilitates life

abroad; allowing people like me to navigate new cities, order in restaurants, and easily locate the nearest washroom when nature calls. But what I had never realized, nor truly appreciated, was the extent to which my language training went beyond making me a more effective diplomat or helping me to order a delicious bowl of beef noodle soup, and was literally a survival skill, until I reflected back on that April 2012 night and the ensuing days at the hospital in Taiwan.

Allow me to elaborate. And remember that all of the exchanges described below took place entirely in Mandarin. The triage nurses asked what was wrong, and I explained the extreme pain that my husband was experiencing. They asked whether he had fallen, or had been injured in some way. I responded that he had not. They took his temperature, and his blood pressure, and then brought us in to see a doctor. The doctor reviewed his file (we had gone to that hospital before for medical check-ups), asked several questions, and gave my husband a shot of morphine. I was responding to questions such as his age, medical history, whether he had any allergies, any history of health issues in the family, and would then translate back to

English for Dave so that he'd know what was happening. I repeatedly reiterated to the nurses and doctor the serious pain that Dave was experiencing – even after having received one, and then another, and then a third shot of morphine. Nothing helped. I overheard the doctor and nurses use the word heart attack amongst each other, and understood that they were performing an electrocardiogram (EKG) to check for abnormal heart activity. Dave asked me what was going on, and whether they thought he was having a heart attack. He had a look of fear in his eyes when he asked me that question that I will never forget as long as I live. I lied. I told him no, in part, because I didn't want to terrify him and make a bad situation worse, but also because I was in denial. The whole thing didn't make any sense, and was certainly not part of the life plan that involved wild adventure travel followed by raising a family upon our eventual return to Canada.

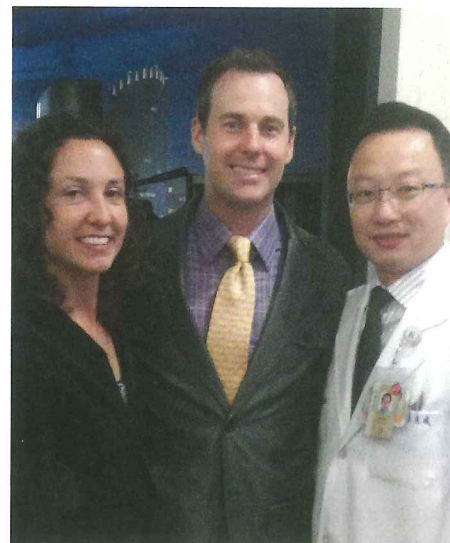
The EKG was not conclusive, but they brought in the on-call cardiologist to review his case. He was the only person we saw that night that spoke English. He looked at the EKG results, reviewed Dave's file, and told Dave that if he was on drugs he'd better admit it right away (Dave was not). The cardiologist concluded that it was not a heart attack. He explained that Dave's recent health exam revealed low cholesterol, he was young, fit, and simply did not have any of the risk factors. He said they'd run a blood test to confirm (apparently the body releases enzymes into the bloodstream during a heart attack), but that the results wouldn't be available until the lab opened around 9am that morning. And then the cardiologist went home. It was about 2am.

Switching back to Mandarin again, and with Dave still in extreme pain, the emergency doctor decided to perform an MRI to see whether Dave was injured. After what seemed like an hour, and after they reviewed the results, the conclusion was that there was no injury. They had run out of ideas for what to do. It was about 4am. They gave him another shot of morphine (we were at five shots at that point), again to no effect, and transferred him to the ICU. When we got there I translated again, asking the nurses there for more morphine – Dave was still in extreme pain. They told me that he'd had the limit, and that there would be no more

morphine. That was not an easy message to translate back to Dave. The ICU doctor explained that at this point they were suspecting myocardial infarction (read: heart attack), given that Dave's pain was so extreme and could not be alleviated with morphine. He added that results would be available when the lab opened in a few hours, and told me to go home and get a few hours of sleep. It was the longest few hours of my life. Needless to say, sleep never came.

The results indeed indicated a significant heart attack, which we later discovered was a 96% blockage of Dave's left anterior descending artery – the most important artery in the heart (often referred to as the widow maker, as a blockage of this artery can often be fatal). That artery, by the way, is only about 4mm wide. The width of a pencil lead. The cardiologist performed an angioplasty and angiogram around noon that day – about 12 hours after the pain had started the night before. He removed the blockage and inserted a stent to hold open the artery. Dave said his pain relief was immediate. The cardiologist explained that the heart attack was likely caused by a rupture in the plaque lining his artery (we all have some plaque in there, cholesterol levels aside) and the body – assuming there was some kind of lesion or cut – sent platelets to that location to block the rupture. The platelets effectively clogged the artery, causing the heart attack. This was an extremely rare occurrence for someone so young and so healthy. They showed me the tissue that they pulled out of his artery. It was minuscule enough to have hidden under a person's fingernail.

They kept Dave in the ICU for four days – and only allowed visitors for one hour, twice per day. None of the ICU nurses spoke English, nor did the attending doctor. So when I came during visiting hours I was responsible for telling the nurses whether Dave needed anything, how he was feeling, etc., and for getting updates from the doctor on his condition. I would also smuggle in a cell phone so he could speak with his parents, and then (if time permitted) would get a few moments of one-on-one time with him to digest what was going on. Other than those few moments a day, he was completely at the mercy of the doctors and nurses, his only source of information being the pulse, blood pressure and other blinking numbers



Toby, Dave and his Doctor.

on the screens surrounding his hospital bed in the ICU unit. He was in the ICU in a foreign country, having suffered a shocking heart attack, with almost no ability to communicate. Whatever shape I was in emotionally, it must have been infinitely more intense and terrifying for him. Thankfully, after four days he was transferred to a normal hospital room, and I was permitted to be there for several hours a day to support him and to communicate with hospital staff.

Language challenges aside, in the end our week-long hospital experience in Taiwan was extremely positive, and Dave's treatment was first-rate. Yes, it took the doctors a long time to make the heart attack diagnosis, but I don't resent this. Dave was not your typical heart attack victim, and every doctor he has seen since that incident has expressed disbelief when they hear this story. Dave is now healthier than he has ever been, although the heart invariably suffered some long-term damage (there goes my retirement plan of living off his NHL salary). Nevertheless, the story has a happy ending: In true Taiwan style in which a tall, blue-eyed, Western man is somewhat of a novelty, upon discharging Dave, the cardiologist sheepishly asked whether he could take some photos with him. He confessed that Dave was the "most handsome patient" he'd ever had. The hospital then asked him if he would do a taped interview for the hospital's website to describe his experience – as they were apparently trying to attract more expat business. So I brought in Dave's suit, they did his make-up, and

taped an interview. We laughed that while Taiwan's tourism motto was "Taiwan – touch my heart", for us it was now "Taiwan – fix my heart"!

So why am I sharing what is an extremely personal story with **bout de papier**? Because I do not know if there is a deep enough appreciation of how critical language training is to our lives abroad. Had I not been able to communicate with the nurses and doctors in the hospital that night, at best the most emotional, difficult experience of my life and that of my husband would have been unimaginably frustrating and painful; the challenge of that situation would have been intensely amplified. An inability to communicate could have meant that things might have been much worse – physically and emotionally. What I can say for certain is that my ability to communicate and translate in those circumstances was invariably the most important practical application of my language training that I could possibly conceive. For that reason above all else, I am profoundly grateful for the training I received, for the dedication of my Mandarin teachers, for my long hours of

studying, as well as for the investment that was made in building my language ability. And I am even more convinced of the importance of investing in these abilities, in full recognition of the fact that this training comes with a significant price tag. But that cost pales in comparison with the benefit, and you can't put a price on the invaluable. If there is one lesson that I hope we all take to heart (pun intended): Our language training programs deserve a level of resources commensurate with the enormous benefit that trainees bring to the job as effective local-language communicators, as well as the immense and potentially life-saving value that it brings to our lives in the service of our country abroad. 🌐

Toby Schwartz is currently posted in Singapore. She has previously served as Deputy Director for the Southeast Asia and Oceania Relations division in Ottawa, and at the Canadian Trade office in Taipei. She has lived in Bangladesh, India, South Korea, Taiwan and China, and has traveled extensively throughout Asia. She is from East Chezzetcook, a small town on Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore.

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The Search for the Seamless Career

by Andrew McLaughlin

EXPRESS MAIL

One trip around the sun: Soon after deciding to take the leap back into the private sector following nearly a decade in the foreign service, I received a note from **bout de papier's** editor, inquiring if I'd be interested in writing about my move. At the time, I said I'd have to think about it, knowing that I would need some time and distance from Fort Pearson to reflect.

It's now been more than a year, and a whirlwind one at that. New city, new house, new job, and most importantly...new (and first) baby, Pablo. He's awesome.

If there were a competency based promotion exercise for infants, he'd totally nail it.



Exit Strategy: By 2012, I was wrapping up my posting as the Global Security Reporting Program (GSRP) officer in Havana. It had been a fascinating and life-changing posting; I couldn't have imagined a better assignment. However, by year two, I was starting to get a career itch that I couldn't yet put my finger on, but I knew it would likely involve returning to my previous career as a lawyer. I began crafting my exit strategy. As part of this, I enrolled in a distance LLM program in international business law (University of London) that I would complete during my cross-posting as the GSRP officer in Mexico City. (There was so much extra time pre-baby!)

Observing from the Sidelines: While working at the Embassy in Mexico, an assignment that involved a significant focus on Canada's involvement in that country's extractive sector, the career itch increased with a nagging sense that I was on the sidelines – simply observing and reporting back to capital, all the while being one step removed from the action. I wanted to be part of the team making the deals on the ground and navigating the host-country challenges, rather than the one reporting on these matters. With that in mind, I set out on the job hunt and cast a wide net both in Canada and abroad. After a multitude of cold calls and repeatedly making the tough pitch that I could jump back into the private sector after nearly ten years in government, I landed a position that would take me back to my home province.

Steep Learning Curve: In the fall of 2015 I left the legal branch of the department after a brief stint and joined Major Drilling Group International Inc. (MDGII) as the General Counsel and Corporate Secretary. MDGII is the largest New Brunswick-headquartered public company, with operations in over twenty countries (including a strong presence in Latin America). It's been a hell of a learning curve. Thankfully, I had seven months of handover with my predecessor as he went into retirement (definitely beats the "handover email" from the Foreign Service days). This position has all the elements I was looking for: constant problem-solving, great variety (corporate/commercial law, employment law, corporate governance, business development, risk analysis, etc.), a high level of responsibility, a strong corporate culture, and an international presence. It's a fast-paced operating environment, and one where performance and results are at the forefront.

Looking Back at the Department

As I take a step back and reflect on my nearly ten years in the department, I realize that I collected some amazing memories along the way. On the professional side, some of my favourite highlights include: being the first GSRP Officer in Havana (a position that offered a unique window into a fascinating country that I grew to love), traveling by helicopter over lawless Guerrero state to remote mining sites in southern Mexico, and appearing before the WTO Appellate Body in Geneva, just to name a few. On the personal side, it's no doubt the amazing friends and co-workers at HQ and post that I met along the way that had the biggest impact. I was always impressed by the remarkable talent that makes up the FS team, and was admittedly in awe at times of the high calibre of my colleagues. It's with that in mind, and acknowledging that I still care about the future of Canada's Foreign Service, that I wanted to share a couple of concerns about organization-imposed restraints of which I became aware as I navigated from one position to the next, and which I believe are keeping Canada's Foreign Service from achieving its full potential.



Discovering the country during the now-defunct Cross-Canada tour (Yellowknife 2007)



Catching a lift with the Nayarit State Secretary of the Interior (Mexico 2014)



Hanging in Havana with Omara Portuondo, legendary Cuban singer and member of the Buena Vista Social Club (Cuba 2012)

Empowering employees: At times I found that some of the best officers were markedly under-utilized and not empowered or enabled enough to truly make a meaningful difference. In these instances, FS officers would be entrusted with relatively minimal authority, while at the same time being weighed down by the ever-present duty to consult widely and interact with overly cumbersome internal systems. This dynamic inevitably triggers a feeling akin to driving with the parking brake on, particularly for those who joined the FS ranks after having gained significant work experience elsewhere. In my case, I joined after working as a lawyer in private practice with my own clients and I recall being highly underwhelmed in my first assignment at Pearson in which even relatively innocuous intra-departmental emails had to first be approved by my deputy director. While the reins were gradually loosened over time as I accumulated more experience, after a decade in the department I still didn't reach the level of responsibility I had as a junior lawyer in the private sector. As I talked with some of those further up the chain, I learned that this concern doesn't always dissipate at the higher altitudes of the senior ranks. The unfortunate result is that the latent energy on offer by these underwhelmed officers that could have been unleashed at home and abroad is too often stifled by the bureaucracy.

Imagine a department where the hierarchical rigidity is broken down, and young/mid-level officers are given ownership over important files and are charged with managing working committees struck to tackle these files (both at HQ and post). Imagine a department that truly seeks to leverage the talents of its officers by prioritizing their individual career development (e.g. with a dedicated career development office, rather than the current "figure it out on your own" approach), and one that uses the intelligence gathered through this process to:

- i) feed into human resources forecasting 3–5 years out, and
- ii) help shape the future direction of the department itself.

Fostering intelligent risk-taking: There seemed to be an unwritten career-advancing imperative to play it safe. While there are great examples in the senior ranks that defy this rule, from my humble mid-level officer perspective, I witnessed far too many cases where individuals in senior roles seemed to be rewarded for simply not messing up, rather than for taking risks and showing what they can do (notwithstanding the risk of a few scrapes along the way).

Imagine a department where officers and managers are encouraged to chase down and implement innovative ideas and projects, and where this creative thinking element is prioritized in hiring and promotions.

Thoughts on the Way Ahead – Enabling Seamless Transitions



If we are serious about reversing the Foreign Service's perceived decline and restoring it to its coveted spot among the best in the world, there has to be a big shake-up. In my view, if we're to respond to the concerns raised above, we have to recalibrate the organization's sights towards offering its people the level of responsibility and freedom to thrive. No doubt, this takes courage and real leadership at the top. My pitch here, however, is focused on much broader shake-up efforts that need to be undertaken, specifically: there desperately needs to be a better framework for more seamless transitions between the public, not-for-profit and private sectors, potentially several times over the course of one's career.

The benefits of such a dynamic to our organizations and institutions are many, but to name a few at the individual level, this would provide the opportunity to: gain a much deeper understanding of the broader social and economic dynamics and systems at play in today's world; be exposed to distinct operating environments that have different ways of measuring performance and results; be embedded with a client or partner organization for a time in order to genuinely understand their needs and challenges; and enhance our credibility with stakeholders outside our organizations, having "once been in their shoes". Perhaps most importantly of all, such opportunities would allow us to vastly enrich our network beyond the normal silos and would give us a boost in becoming truly global (in all senses of the word) citizens. One way to achieve this would be to implement compulsory leave without pay, e.g. up to two years in the first ten years of one's career, with the potential to subsequently return to the department at a higher level.

Unfortunately, today such movement between sectors is largely the exception, not the rule, i.e. once you've picked your camp, you stick to it. Why? In my view, this can be partly blamed on one thing: pensions. If we could extract this from the equation – by having one's pension (or retirement compensation plan) attached to the individual, and not their job (see lessons from the Australian model) – it would enhance freedom of movement between the public, not-for-profit and private sectors. Couple this with a new departmental mindset that truly values external experience, and I think we'd be off to the races.

Until we get there, I thought I'd conclude by sharing some advice that stuck with me for those considering taking the great leap beyond the public sector. In one of my last outings during my Mexico City posting, I recall discussing my next move over a drink with a former US Ambassador (and lawyer), who remarked: "you've got to balance the pain of the bureaucracy with the joy of being able to live in some of the most fascinating places on earth". Perhaps in the future, such confounding calculations won't need to be made.

I couldn't end this piece without noting how much I miss my colleagues in Ottawa and abroad, and sending a shout-out to the absolutely amazing 2006 FS cohort – I know you'll do great things, both inside and outside the department. ☺

Andrew McLaughlin joined the Foreign Service in 2006 after working as a lawyer. From 2012–2015 he served as the GSRP Officer at the Canadian Embassy in Mexico, and prior to that, as the GSRP Officer in Cuba. In 2015, Andrew joined Major Drilling Group International Inc. as General Counsel and Corporate Secretary. Andrew, his wife Alix, and their son Pablo live in Moncton, New Brunswick, with their overly hyper Mexican dog, Maya.

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1957 : Les femmes font leur entrée au service extérieur de l'Immigration du Canada

par Sheena Trimble

Dans l'évolution des politiques d'immigration canadiennes, les actions de femmes fonctionnaires sont d'un intérêt évident, mais elles ne sont pas facilement repérables dans les archives gouvernementales. Lorsque j'ai contacté la Société historique de l'immigration canadienne (SHIC) pour obtenir un document particulier, Gerry Maffre, membre du Conseil, a fait appel au réseau de la SHIC afin de me présenter à d'anciennes femmes ASE, ainsi qu'à deux hommes bien placés pour observer les changements dans l'emploi de femmes. Grâce à des entretiens et des échanges de courriels, ainsi qu'aux anciens numéros du bulletin de la SHIC, j'ai pu esquisser un tableau des expériences de ces ASE pionnières. Je remercie chaleureusement Elsa Amadio, Maria Beaulne, Joe Bissett, Joyce Cavanagh-Wood, James Cross, Barbara Pelman, ainsi qu'une femme qui a préféré rester anonyme, d'avoir bien voulu partager leurs histoires. Je les disculpe de toute interprétation erronée de ma part.

Entre 1945 et 1967, l'influence de femmes fonctionnaires est limitée par leurs effectifs restreints et un plafond de verre très bas. L'économiste Mabel Timlin, en effectuant des recherches pour le ministère des Finances à l'été 1943, remarque la curiosité qu'elle suscite auprès des secrétaires. Elle observe que « *a number of them if they had been men would have travelled much higher in office than confidential secretaries to Ministers or their deputies* ». Six ans plus tard, en faisant une étude sur la capacité du Canada à absorber des immigrants, elle ne recense pas davantage de femmes dans des postes à plus grandes responsabilités au sein du ministère des Mines et des Ressources (MMR), où la Direction de l'immigration est alors hébergée. Patrizia Gentile, dans ses recherches sur les actions de l'Association

des loisirs de la fonction publique pendant les années 1950 et 1960, révèle des perspectives très genrées sur les rôles et aspirations de femmes fonctionnaires. Les « *Government Girls* », comme on les appelle, ont droit à un concours de beauté, « *Miss Civil Service* », et à des conseils pour trouver un époux. Elles sont non seulement cantonnées dans des emplois de cols roses, mais également vues comme n'ayant pas d'objectifs ou de perspectives de carrière à long terme.

Pendant les années 1940, le plus haut poste occupé par une femme au sein du MMR, soit Irene Baird, est celui d'agente d'information. Le relais est pris en 1957 par Germaine Bundock qui intègre le ministère de la Citoyenneté et de l'Immigration (MCI) dans un poste semblable, avec l'atout additionnel de son bilinguisme. Durant les années 1950, des femmes comme Irene Fogarty, Edith et Leona O'Connor et Doris Hutchinson gravissent les échelons de l'administration pour arriver au niveau de cadre intermédiaire. Par ailleurs, pendant les années 1940 et 1950, les services d'immigration régionaux embauchent des femmes pour répondre à des besoins ponctuels comme l'interprétation ou la traduction. Certains services délicats, comme ceux de la *Deportation Section*, requièrent la présence de femmes pour s'occuper des immigrantes en particulier. Vers la fin des années 1950, Phyllis Turnbull est probablement la femme la plus haut placée dans l'administration du MCI, occupant un poste d'agente supérieure du personnel. La situation s'améliore légèrement durant les années 1960: on retrouve désormais des femmes à des postes de directrice du personnel et de directrice intérimaire de l'information. Ces femmes restent cependant en marge de l'influence politique.

Pendant les années 1940 et 1950, l'Immigration engage beaucoup d'anciens combattants ayant peu de qualifications professionnelles et attend d'eux qu'ils appliquent les règlements sans prendre trop d'initiatives (Hawkins, 1988). Lorsque le MCI est créé en 1950, la Direction de l'immigration fusionne avec celle de la citoyenneté, qui faisait jusque-là partie du ministère du Secrétaire d'État. La Citoyenneté valorise davantage les études universitaires et l'expérience auprès d'immigrantes ou de groupes ethniques. Cela permet le recrutement de femmes comme Charity Grant, Constance Hayward, Françoise Marchand, Violet King et Rita Cadieux. La possibilité pour ces dernières d'influencer les politiques d'admission d'immigrants est toutefois freinée par le fait que ces deux composantes du MCI ne sont pas bien intégrées. Pendant leurs seize années ensemble, entre 1950 et 1966, les deux directions gardent en effet des cultures et idéologies différentes.

Les services d'immigration canadiens à l'étranger résistent longtemps à la présence de femmes dans des postes autres que commises et secrétaires. Celles-ci sont habituellement recrutées sur place et sont ainsi dans une position de double subordination, de par leur origine et leur genre, au personnel canadien qui est surtout masculin. Il arrive à ces femmes d'atteindre des positions à plus grandes responsabilités grâce à leur expérience et leur ancienneté. Madeleine Karp, qui travaille à l'ambassade du Canada à Paris entre 1948 et 1981, en est un exemple. À la fin de la guerre, Helen Davison est la seule femme agente d'immigration outre-mer. En octobre 1947, le sous-ministre Hugh Keenleyside s'alarme de la nomination de Davison comme directrice intérimaire des services d'immigration à Heidelberg.

Il s'empresse de s'assurer que la situation ne durera que quelques jours dans l'attente de l'arrivée de deux agents permutants d'Ottawa.

En 1956, le MCI lance un programme visant à recruter davantage de diplômés universitaires dans ses services à l'étranger. Le recrutement de la majorité des ASE est intégré au dispositif de recrutement – composé d'un examen suivi d'un entretien – des ministères des Affaires extérieures et du Commerce. Pour introduire ce nouveau programme, le MCI publie une brochure vantant les avantages à travailler dans ses services. Il suffit d'être citoyen canadien, diplômé universitaire et âgé de moins de 31 ans pour rejoindre un « *highly trained and devoted group of men and women upon whose understanding and wise counsel depends the happiness of thousands of men, women and children who will become, in time, citizens of Canada* ». La brochure n'explique pas que l'équipe existante des ASE est surtout composée d'hommes et d'une poignée de femmes rarement affectées en dehors du Royaume-Uni. Néanmoins, à première vue, ni l'existence de ces quelques femmes, ni la possibilité d'augmenter leurs effectifs, ne sont occultées.

Les avantages du travail sont énumérés : une formation approfondie, une rémunération intéressante, des allocations généreuses, de bonnes possibilités d'avancement, des voyages, l'exposition à d'autres cultures et un rôle dans la construction du Canada. En contrepartie, le MCI demande aux candidats une grande capacité de travail, « une faculté d'adaptation peu commune » et la volonté de « servir en n'importe quelle partie du monde ». L'État se tient prêt à faciliter cette mobilité en se chargeant du déménagement de l'ASE et des « personnes à [sa] charge ». À une époque où l'époux n'est jamais considéré comme « une personne à charge », une telle phrase annonce des complications à venir.

Parmi les trois groupes de recrues qui entament leur formation en 1957, une trentaine de personnes en tout, figurent deux femmes : Elsa Amadio et Pierrette Picotte. La campagne de 1958 voit arriver trois autres femmes : Juliette Barcelo, Alice Rendek et Beverly Anderson. En février 1959, la journaliste Helen Turcotte écrit un article sur ces cinq recrues, citant une autorité de l'Immigration qui soutient que le MCI fait un effort particulier pour

recruter des femmes. Selon cette source que Turcotte nomma « *gallant gentleman* » avec une touche d'ironie, le ministère voit les femmes comme étant particulièrement adaptées à ce travail humain : « *We're anxious to have more women on the job. [...] It's a job that demands tact, a natural ability to deal with people, adaptability and hard work. In all of these qualities, [...] women excel* ».

Un bilan de cinq femmes sur une cinquantaine de recrues en deux ans peut-il être qualifié d'effort particulier ? Certes, ces cinq femmes recrutées sont fort qualifiées. Elsa Amadio est diplômée en histoire et langues modernes de l'Université de Toronto. Fille unique d'immigrants italiens qui encouragent les aspirations de leur fille, elle a étudié un an en Italie pour des études de maîtrise avant de poursuivre son rêve de devenir ASE. Pierrette Picotte a, quant à elle, une maîtrise en relations industrielles, tandis que Alice Rendek et Juliette Barcelo sont juristes et que Beverly Anderson possède une licence en histoire et sciences politiques. Toutes les cinq parlent plus d'une langue.

Elsa Amadio ne se souvient pas d'attention particulière à son genre, négative ou positive, pendant le processus de recrutement, bien qu'il n'y ait eu que des hommes dans la commission de sélection. Dans l'explication qu'elle donne de son choix de travailler pour le MCI, elle relève néanmoins le sexisme inhérent au processus d'embauche. Les choix des femmes sont en effet limités : « *Trade did not hire women, External only a select few, whereas C&I was selecting for their newly introduced F.S.* ». Mme Amadio évoque l'« ambivalence » du personnel du MCI à propos de l'intégration de femmes dans le service extérieur de l'Immigration. Elle décrit ainsi les attitudes du personnel du ministère :

« *We were in a male-dominated world with the usual jokes and comments nothing a well brought up lady could not cope with. I found it best to ignore the comments. My fellow trainees accepted me even if they wondered why I had selected such a career... after all, I would never get anywhere. Some of the older officers took bets on how long we would last, lamenting the training cost that might not be*

totally lost if we married a fellow officer. The few women around were mainly secretaries who wondered about us too ».

M^{me} Amadio gagnera toutefois le pari de l'endurance : elle effectuera toute sa carrière au sein du service extérieur. Elle y décrochera des postes de plus en plus élevés, mettant fin à sa carrière en 1988 après avoir été Consule générale à Milan. Les attitudes sur les opportunités offertes aux femmes dans la fonction publique évolueront, mais pas toujours dans le bon sens. Les prévisions du début de sa carrière à l'effet que son genre serait un frein (*you will never progress because you are a woman*) se transforment en affirmations que ses réussites sont attribuables à la discrimination positive (*you have progressed because you are a woman*). Elle résume ainsi le destin des femmes ASE recrutées durant les années 1950 : « *The pioneers of the fifties realized that they belonged to a tradition that placed women in a subordinate position to men. They worked hard to be given the opportunity to acquire the different roles to which they aspired* ». Grâce au travail et aux contributions de ces pionnières, les effectifs des ASE femmes continueront néanmoins à augmenter, modestement mais sûrement, pendant la prochaine décennie. ③

Expatriée du Canada en France afin d'épouser un Français, Sheena Trimble a poursuivi des études doctorales en histoire à l'Université Angers entre 2008 et 2015. Cet article, publié en deux parties, est tiré de la thèse « Femmes et politiques d'immigration canadiennes (1945–1967) : au-delà des assignations du genre? » qu'elle a soutenue en octobre 2015. Le jury a particulièrement apprécié le traitement des femmes agentes du service extérieur de l'Immigration du Canada et la mise en lumière d'histoires non-abordées jusqu'ici dans l'historiographie canadienne.

GRIT: The Life and Politics of Paul Martin, Sr.

Reviewed by Eric Bergbusch

GRIT: THE LIFE AND POLITICS OF PAUL MARTIN SR., by Greg Donaghy, UBC Press, 2015, 496 pp \$35.76

A Man of Contradictions: An Uneasy Insider

He was a minister unlike any other. His hopes and fears, anxieties and disappointments, were ever on the surface. Neither French – or Québécois – enough for the pundits in Montreal nor English enough for the Anglo-Canadian establishment. A progressive liberal and a traditionalist. A deeply-read scholar and a cynical ward-heeler. Down-to-earth and pompous. A man of contradictions.

Many tales were told about him. In the House one afternoon, he asks about the duty on versivated chickens, an issue in his riding. A member tries to help: “You mean eviscerated chickens”. But Paul Martin, with three degrees and stints at Harvard and Cambridge, insists there is such a term – “You can look it up” – to sceptical laughter from the government benches. Hansard records the event (22 July, 1961) in a greatly abbreviated form; *versivated* is printed in italics.

He calls one (and many other junior officers) late at night to discuss what he should say in Parliament the next morning. (My father-in-law, in business, overhears one call in our meagre, rented house outside Ottawa and is appalled: “That was the Minister? You must ask for a raise!”)

The unabashed patronage: arriving at External Affairs, he confuses his departmental assistant for his political aide and cheerfully hands him a list of postmasters to be appointed.

One weekend, he proposes to meet a senior foreign minister dressed in a T-shirt and cotton pants: “Aw, I’ve known him for ages; we’re friends.” Warnings about his visitor’s likely reaction and especially that of any press at the airport finally dissuades him.

At an international conference, he turns and asks what one thinks of Pearson’s

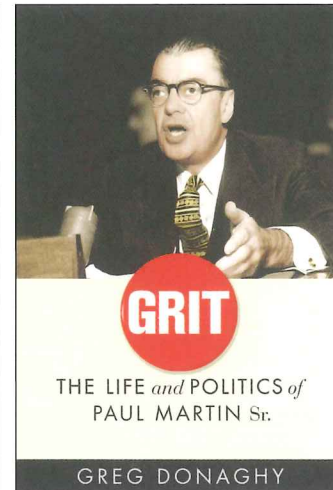
speeches, adding “I’ve read them all: there’s nothing in them!”

And yet... And yet... Despite the absurdities, the occasional pomposity, and the famous obfuscations in the House of Commons, Paul Martin was a man of extraordinary achievements, one of the great ministers and politicians of the twentieth century. Apart from Lester Pearson, no-one ever came to the External Affairs portfolio with such deep knowledge of the actors and the issues. Despite the jokes, he kept the respect of his parliamentary opponents, in office and out.

His place in history was assured before he got to External. As a young Secretary of State, he brought in the Canadian Citizenship Act, establishing a Canadian identity shorn of its colonial past. During eight years at Health and Welfare, he framed the bases of our postwar health and social security system with pension improvements, family allowances, hospital insurance, polio vaccination and a range of other measures. During that activist period, he also represented Canada at the UN while Pearson was at NATO. By bold and adroit management of the issue, he broke a long-standing log-jam on membership, having outpaced British and American opposition. The package deal brought in 16 new members, balanced between NATO, the Warsaw Pact, and the third world. It set a precedent for further expansion.

Martin’s bad luck at External was that his Prime Minister was a famed diplomat whom everyone turned to in a crisis, and that his deputy minister, the deeply conservative Marcel Cadieux – himself on uneasy terms with the Prime Minister – had little time for Martin’s strivings and constant search for press and public approval.

Greg Donaghy recounts all of this, the achievements, the contradictions and the disappointments, in a solid piece of historical research that is well-organised and clearly written. He examines the issues Martin had to deal with at External Affairs, notably nationalist claims from Québec, relations with France before and after the de Gaulle visit, and shifting



relations with the United States in the age of Kennedy and Johnson as they gradually fell under the darkening shadow of the Vietnam War.

Two themes run through Donaghy’s account of this period. One is the difficulty Martin had in steering a course through the waves of protest that rolled through the unruly sixties. Rightly cast as a politician of the liberal left in earlier decades, he found himself denounced as an accomplice of warmongers. The other is the tricky balance that operated between Pearson and Martin on many issues, with Pearson stealing the limelight on many occasions, for example, during the Middle East crisis of 1967/8 and by his Temple University speech on the Vietnam War. With the benefit of hindsight, one may say that neither had a monopoly on wisdom.

Donaghy also sets out clearly Martin’s key role, first, in the strategic extension of our relations and programmes in Francophone Africa, second, in the expansion – in size and extent – of the aid programme. He nicely sets Martin’s friendship with Maurice Strong in the context of his attraction to other rogue figures such as Burgon Bickersteth (the famed, first Warden of Hart House at the University of Toronto), and Lord Beaverbrook. Independent, self-made men, they reflected elements in his own character. For Martin himself had climbed up from poverty to his three degrees at the

University of Toronto (and a full year each at Harvard and Cambridge) by extremely hard work and tireless self-promotion. Unexampled pertinacity was his key to winning financial support from a wide range of sponsors, Catholic, liberal, bhe was not deterred by occasional turn-downs. That prefigured his future.

Martin was perhaps best known in his own time as a street level politician ("Anyone here from Windsor?"). It may surprise some to find that Donaghy is at some pains to draw his intellectual history as a motive centre for his career. Arriving at St. Michael's College, Martin quickly embraced the liberal Catholic philosophy associated with Jacques Maritain and St. Thomas Aquinas, as it was espoused there. That tradition remained an intellectual (and emotional) anchor all his life, combined with the thought of the great English liberals, notably J.S. Mill. It was Bickersteth at Hart House who led him in that direction. At the other pole of Martin's personality, Donaghy faithfully records his crass fund-raising and politicking, the career of a retail politician who at times came close to crossing the line.

A number of colleagues will read with special interest the final chapter where Martin has a minor renaissance as High Commissioner in London, after disappointing years in the Senate. Having developed extremely close relations with many British ministers, Martin, one heard, was not abashed about calling them late at night to put Canada's case to them. He did much to advance it on a number of issues.

Greg Donaghy tells us the tale of a Grit: *a Clear Grit* and *a True Grit* combined, the one signifying clean sand without dirt and the other a particularly tenacious character. We misjudged Paul Martin in our day, thinking his replacements would do much better. We were wrong: with all his qualities and contradictions, he was one of the best. It is all there in GRIT: read the book as a complement and corrective to 'Oom Paul's' own engaging memoirs.

Eric Bergbusch worked for 13 foreign ministers from Howard Green to Lloyd Axworthy in the years 1960 to 1996.

Pacific: Silicon Chips and Surfboards, Coral Reefs and Atomic Bombs, Brutal Dictators, Fading Empires, and the Coming Collision of the World's Superpowers

Reviewed by David MacDuff

PACIFIC: SILICON CHIPS AND SURFBOARDS, CORAL REEFS AND ATOMIC BOMBS, BRUTAL DICTATORS, FADING EMPIRES, AND THE COMING COLLISION OF THE WORLD'S SUPERPOWERS, by Simon Winchester, New York: HarperCollins, 2015, 512 pp

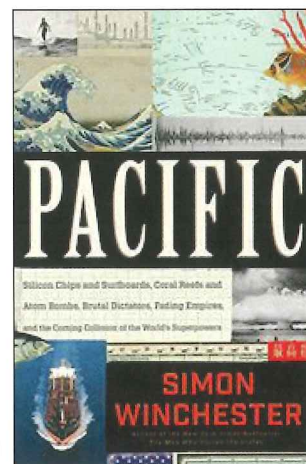
Pacific – and Turbulent

Simon Winchester takes us on a voyage through cross-currents of regional geopolitics, environment, technology, and culture.

The Pacific Ocean is surely one of the world's least aptly named geographical spaces. Home to violent weather patterns that have bedeviled sailors for centuries, it is also a place of almost unimaginable vastness – larger than all the world's continents combined. In the past, it has also been something of a non-place – of scattered islands and locals who have suffered under various imperial designs.

In his most recent work, simply titled *Pacific*, Simon Winchester, perhaps the world's foremost travelogue writer, argues that this region is taking centre stage in world affairs much as the Mediterranean and the Atlantic did in times past. His volume aims to set the scene of the Pacific for the 21st Century, framed by post-Cold War thermonuclear testing in the Marshall Islands, on the one hand, and the budding rivalry between China and the United States today, on the other. In between, the author offers us a chronological tour of some of what he considers the most important "pivotal moments" in the Pacific over the past 65 years – such as the Japanese development of the transistor radio; the emergence and popularization of surfing; and Australia's uncertain and uneasy relationship with its Asian neighbours.

The strength of the book is also its weakness: the one-word title is accompanied by an extended subtitle: *Silicon Chips and Surfboards, Coral Reefs*



and Atom Bombs, Brutal Dictators, Fading Empires, and the Coming Collision of the World's Superpowers. Covering a wide range of topics across the decades, the reader gets a strong sense of the impact of the Pacific both along its borders and beyond. But the narrative does not have unity. For instance, the chapter on the emergence and popularization of surfing, from its origin in Polynesia to expansion to Hawaii and then to California, contributes to the book's pan-Pacific perspective. It is beautifully written and would make a fine stand-alone piece. But it fits awkwardly between a chapter on the 1950s Japanese development and export of the transistor radio and another one on North Korea's capture in 1968 of a U.S. surveillance ship, the *Pueblo*. Readers who have enjoyed Winchester's peripatetic travels in the past, reflected in his books such as *Outposts*, in which he visits far-flung and nearly forgotten former British colonies, will appreciate *Pacific's* flexible structure; those who prefer a book that unfolds around a central theme, such as his *Professor and the Madman*, in which he recounts the making of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, will be less positively inclined.

Politics and geo-politics provide the *raison d'être* for the book and Winchester's chapter on Australia, "How Goes the Lucky Country?" is especially incisive in

both areas. He uses as an historic turning point the then-Governor General's dismissal in 1975 of the reform-minded Labor government (an administration that ended Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War and opened formal diplomatic relations with China, among other bold measures). It would be more historically accurate to say that there were a series of turning points, including the ending of the White Australia immigration policy in 1970, and, more symbolically, the inauguration of the Sydney Opera House in 1973. Winchester argues that two separate Australias exist: one expansive and outward-looking, reflected in the bustling multicultural metropolises of Sydney and Melbourne, and another more traditional and protectionist, exemplified by the country's policy of intercepting boats of would-be refugees and marooning migrants in off-shore processing centres.

Canada and Australia are often seen as Commonwealth cousins, with British historical origins, parliamentary systems, resource-based economies, and uneven

relationships with their Pacific neighbours over the sweep of history. Regrettably, however, Winchester did not turn his talents to a chapter on Canada and the Pacific.

Instead, the references to Canada are scattered, suggesting an involvement at times quixotic and happenstance. Consider one example of each. In 1884, Canadian engineer Sandford Fleming proposed that the prime meridian be located in the Pacific, instead of through Greenwich, England, to reflect the importance of the former to global trade. Needless to say, the proposal was not adopted (although Fleming was knighted in 1897 for other accomplishments). In a chapter on the development of the Japanese transistor radio, which Winchester considers a key technological accomplishment of the 20th century, he reports that it was a Winnipeg-based businessman, Albert Cohen, who provided the first market for this product. In 1955, Cohen was wandering through Tokyo seeking export opportunities and came across the new invention, an attractive alternative to the large console-type radios

that then dominated living rooms. By a twist of fate, this Canadian helped the Sony Corporation to get its start.

A chapter on Canada in *Pacific* would have fit well with Winchester's model of historical "turning points": Canada arguably had its own Asia Pacific shift with Expo 86 in Vancouver. The handover of Hong Kong in 1997 was another important pivotal moment, with implications for Canada's demographics, culture, and housing market, notably in Vancouver and Toronto. Winchester's book offers us a backdrop of the diffuse forces shaping the Pacific, but we will have to write our own chapter, and unlike our Australian cousins, make our own luck.

David MacDuff is a Foreign Service officer currently based in Ottawa. He was previously posted in Singapore from 2010–14.



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O.D. Skelton: A Portrait of Canadian Ambition

Reviewed by Daniel Livermore

O.D. SKELTON: A PORTRAIT OF CANADIAN AMBITION, by Norman Hillmer, University of Toronto Press, 2015, 455 pp, \$39.95

Those who glance at the historic plaque dedicated to Oscar Douglas Skelton in the Skelton Lobby of the Pearson Building may ask themselves what else there was in the life of this long-departed figure of External Affairs lore. After many years of patient study, Carleton University's Norman Hillmer has answered the question in a first-rate, thoughtful biography of one of Canada's most influential figures. He builds on an initial portrait he sketched in an edited volume of Skelton's writings published in 2013, which Hillmer appropriately subtitled "The Work of the World, 1923–1941".

Skelton was a rare but growing breed at the turn of the last century – a Canadian nationalist who wanted an independent Canada rather than merely a British ally and colony. Born in 1878 in Orangeville, Ontario, a graduate of Queen's University, he returned from studies in the United States to take up a position in political economy at Queen's in 1908. As his reputation grew in Kingston and Ottawa, he created the public policy connection between the public service and Queen's men (yes, virtually all men) which lasted more than half a century after Skelton's death.

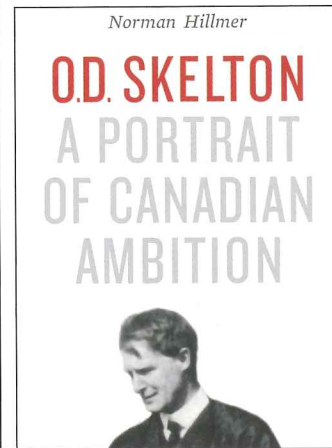
Hillmer paints a sympathetic portrait of the founder and architect of the non-partisan Canadian public service, who also happened to be a passionate Liberal. In 1923 Prime Minister Mackenzie King lured Skelton to Ottawa to take on duties in an exceptionally small, almost clerically-oriented Department of External Affairs, on the promise of eventual nomination to its top job. Skelton made his mark almost immediately at the Imperial Conference of 1923, where Canada won the right to negotiate and ratify its own international agreements. In 1925 King appointed him Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, a post he held until his death in 1941 at the age of 63.

Skelton moulded "External" in his own image. In search of thinkers who could write

quickly and well, he initiated a rigorous, competitive recruitment process as the Canadian foreign service was launched, and he appointed others, like Hume Wrong and Escott Reid, whose qualities he knew well. In time and for years after his death, "External" was loaded with Skeltonian internationalists, men (all men) whom Hillmer characterizes as "flexible, versatile and adaptable pragmatists", "widely read generalists" and "anti-imperialists, suspicious of the worst excesses of both British and American power". This legacy, too, would endure, as a succession of his acolytes, from Robertson to Pearson, took over his office (and his desk).

Hillmer ably recounts the vast range of issues under Skelton's command, a testament to the tiny public service of the 1920s and 1930s and the confidence vested in Skelton by a Prime Minister who required subtle guidance on files both foreign and domestic. Skelton was thought to be on thin ice when R.B. Bennett and the Conservative Party won the election of 1930. Bennett and Skelton were polar opposites in temperament and policy, but Bennett found Skelton so valuable he could not contemplate his departure. When King returned to office in 1935, the world was drifting inexorably towards war. Skelton tried to steer a determined course of action against commitments in Europe and undue deference towards British requests for assistance against the growing Nazi menace. While he claimed to be internationalist rather than isolationist, he essentially believed that Canadian foreign policy began and ended in North America, because Canada was far from the growing threats in both Europe and Asia. In Skelton's words, drafted for a prime ministerial speech, Canada was "fortunate both in our neighbours and our lack of neighbours".

Hillmer is balanced and cogent in his discussions of Skelton's foreign policy views and strategies. Modern readers are likely to applaud his dogged emphasis on Canadian autonomy, eventually crystallized in the Statute of Westminster in 1931. They are likely to be less sympathetic to Skelton's visceral opposition to the League of Nations' attempts to build a system of



collective security, first in the mid-1920s, then in the 1930s at a time of crisis with Japan, Italy and Germany. If he believed at all in the League, he thought multilateral security cooperation "the futile hope of a few dreamers", in Hillmer's words. As deputy minister, Skelton could advise, but he could not decide. R. B. Bennett disagreed with Skelton and chose to support British and French advocacy of economic sanctions against Italy in the Ethiopian crisis of 1935. That policy was reversed when King returned to power and, under Skelton's guidance, the government was able to avoid Canadian involvement on the other side of the Atlantic.

Most readers will also be perplexed, as is Hillmer, about Skelton's failure to adjust his own prejudices and views at times of European crisis in 1938 and 1939. He sensed creeping imperialism behind every British proposal for assistance in the latter 1930s, and his resistance to cooperation with Britain left Canada as a undependable security partner at a time when cooperation, publicly expressed, might have had some deterrence value. In September, 1939, when Britain declared war, Skelton wanted Canada to stand aside, and he believed the Canadian declaration of war had destroyed his dreams of an independent Canada. By that time, as Hillmer notes, the Prime Minister had "a superior grasp of the national interest". Opposed to war but soldiering on as King's deputy in organizing the war effort, Skelton was already seriously ill. He died in January, 1941, still bearing the enormous burden of

being both his department's deputy and the Prime Minister's principal adviser on virtually everything.

Hillmer notes that many of Skelton's instincts became traditions of "Old External", including an eloquent integrity in telling truth to power, combined with a blithe disregard for administration and management. The workaholic public servant could not keep Canada out of foreign wars, despite the cogency of his views. But he built a first-rate foreign service which came into its own as the war ended and as Canada took its place in the post-war world. The remarkable career of O.D. Skelton comes to life again in the pages of Norman Hillmer's superbly-crafted biography.

Daniel Livermore studied history at Queen's University, where he obtained a Ph.D. in 1975 immediately prior to joining External Affairs. He served for over thirty years in the department as a Foreign Service Officer, and his last assignment prior to returning to the historical profession was as director general, Security and Intelligence.

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THE HUNGRY DIPLOMAT

by Lisa Bitto

DONAIR It seems that only those who have spent some serious time in the Maritimes will drool at the mention of donair. That's too bad, because a good donair will seriously upgrade your life for about 20 minutes or so. And it's a Canadian invention.

"What is a donair?" you may ask. My response begins that it is more than the sum of its parts. So bear with me: Pita. Spiced and thinly sliced mystery meat. Tomato and raw onion. Sweet garlic sauce. I know. It sounds horrendous.

Let's break it down. The pita should be served warm and usually comes from a bag, but is far superior if you take the time to make it yourself (and it isn't hard to do). The meat is much like a densely-packed meatloaf, highly spiced with oregano, garlic and onion

powders. Traditionally, this is put on a rotating spit like shawarma and sliced off as needed, which makes for delicious crispy edges on the meat. At home, you can just put it in the oven after forming it into a loaf. Add the raw veggies – I cannot tell you why that combo, but it is perfection – and don't you dare violate it with lettuce, pickled turnip or other unauthorized shawarma toppings. Finally, the sauce. Discussing this with my colleague from Saskatchewan makes her grimace every time. Some type of

canned milk, sweetened condensed or evaporated (adding sugar to compensate), vinegar and garlic powder or garlic salt. I know. Just breathe.

Roll the sandwich. Wrap in foil if you don't especially want to do laundry. Luxuriate in what can only be called junk food nirvana, as you would be hard pressed to argue it has any nutritional value whatsoever. But it's great after a long evening of socializing with friends on the town or when your need for instant gratification

Recipe: Donair and Sauce

If you're making your own pita, I highly recommend the recipe in David Tanis' 2014 NYT article. So worth it. Then drop the oven temperature and prep the meat. This is adapted from the 2011 Mmm Is For Mommy blog recipe by "Heather", but go crazy on the interwebs until you find the Donair of your Dreams.

Donair

- ¾ tsp all-purpose flour
- ¾ tsp oregano
- ½ tsp cayenne
- 1 ½ tsp paprika
- ¾ tsp onion powder
- 1½ tsp garlic powder
- ½ tsp pepper
- ¾ tsp salt
- 1 lb lean or regular ground beef



Combine all spices in a large mixing bowl. Add meat and work the spices in well. Pick up the meat and smash against the bowl a few dozen times, which will help condense it into the right texture. See? It's therapeutic too! Bake on a rack over a foil-covered pan in a 325F oven for 1.5–2 hours, until cooked a uniform brown throughout. Let cool 15 minutes to firm up before slicing thinly.

Sauce: Thoroughly mix a can of sweetened condensed milk, ⅓ cup of vinegar, 1 tsp garlic powder and ¼ tsp salt in a glass measuring cup or small bowl. That's it. Throw as much of this as you can handle over a pile of pita, meat, tomatoes and onions. Cutting the veggies into long strips instead of small cubes makes them less likely to fall out.

exceeds your need for self-control and weight maintenance.

Some of you may still be seething from the first paragraph, where I claim that the donair is Canadian. Indeed it is, but it is a close cousin to several street food sandwiches from the Mediterranean. Greece has its gyros and Turkey has its donair kabob. Both are fine, I'm sure, but in 1973, a certain Peter Gamoulakos tweaked the Greek classic by chucking the lamb for beef and sweetening the traditional garlic sauce to make us very, very happy. Pretty bold, when you think about it, selling mystery meat with milk sauce.

This unlikely, sacred Maritimer creation has sustained students with Ferrari metabolisms, for decades; this has made some very proud. Halifax, Nova Scotia made donair its official food in 2015. Seriously. Google it. And I have seen many a mild-mannered Haligonian develop a smarmy smirk while claiming that the best donairs

must come from Pizza Corner in Halifax. Pfft. Whatever.

Try making it at home. And if you find yourself unable to eat it all at once, put everything in the fridge and wait in great anticipation for tomorrow. Then put a few pitas on a baking sheet, slather with sauce, top with meat, veg and mozza and bake it all up into donair pizza. Side benefit: significantly easier to eat. Also, cheese. It won't be quite the transcendental experience of getting the loaded Pizza Delight donair with cheese and pepperoni (may the nutritional gods forgive us), but it will present an alternative form of Awesome. And for all the leftover sauce, make the donair's best friend, garlic fingers. Pizza dough, garlic butter and mozza. Once baked, cut the pizza-shaped goodness in half, then transect the cut many times into narrow fingers. Oh yeaah. And maybe eat a salad tomorrow.

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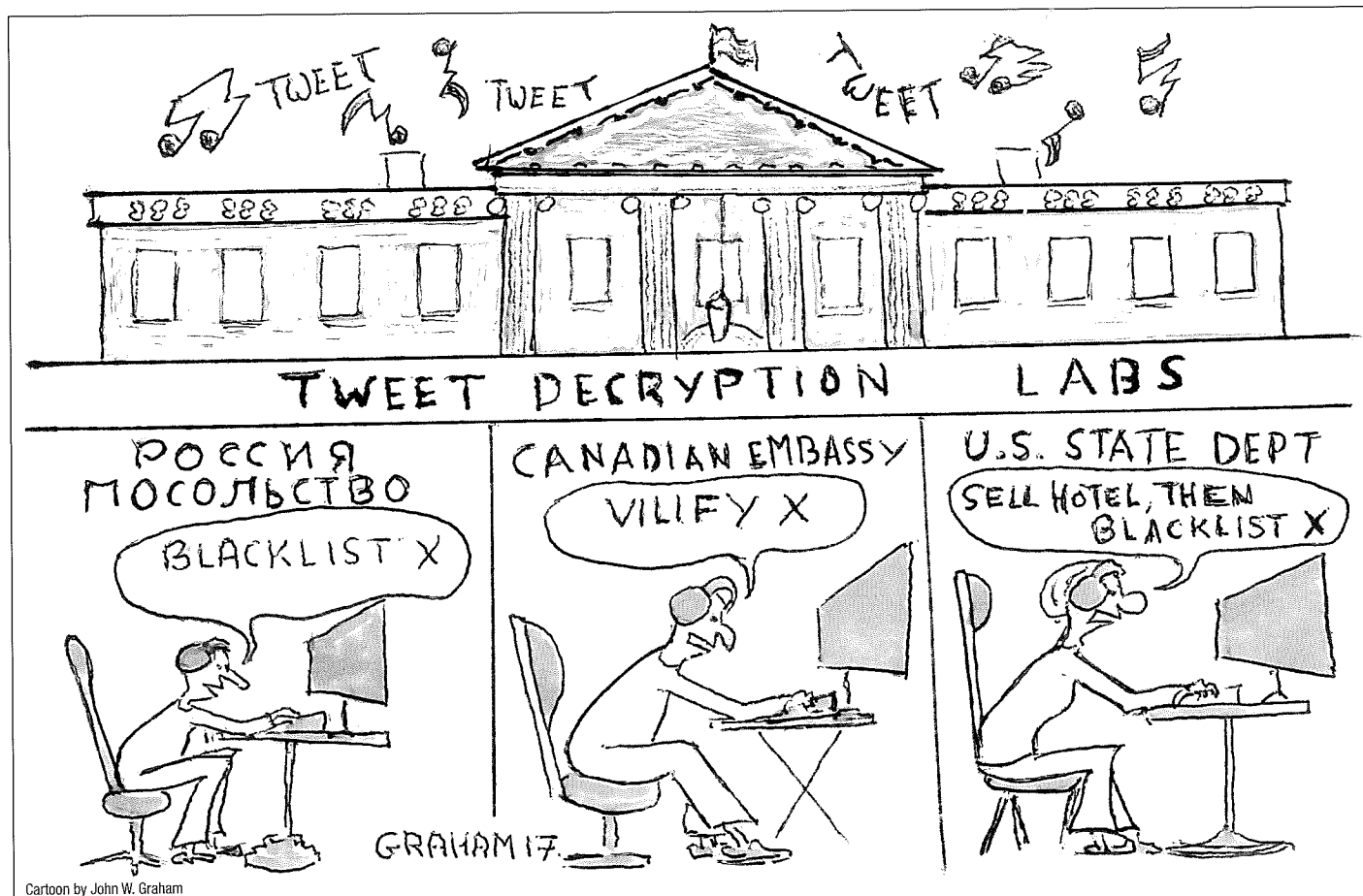
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Imperial Twilight? Canada, Britain and the Commonwealth at Mid-Century

*In past numbers of **bout de papier**, we have printed extracts from papers in the major project spearheaded by Escott Reid, a "Re-Examination of Canadian Foreign Policy (1951–52)." The intent of the series was to provide reference works as overall guidance for posts and divisions at headquarters. Perhaps unsurprisingly, this ambitious scheme collapsed of its own weight, though there are drafts of fourteen papers in various stages of completion in the departmental files at Library and Archives Canada. Though these studies never fulfilled their original purpose — and the departmental authors treated their assigned tasks with varying degrees of commitment — the texts make interesting reading as an indication of how each aspect of Canada's international relations was seen by officers in the department (often specialists in the subject), particularly as drafts were frequently circulated for comment and input. John Holmes played a leading part in the preparation of the document from which an extract is printed below.*

The relationship with Britain and the Commonwealth was sufficiently important at this time that it was a key topic for analysis (it had also been stressed by Louis St. Laurent in the famous "Gray Lecture" in January 1947).

This document may be found in RG 25, volume 4132, file 6133–40 at LAC.

– Hector Mackenzie

SECRET
July 26, 1951

CANADIAN POLICY WITH RESPECT TO THE COMMONWEALTH

i. General considerations.

1. At present the principal advantage to be derived from Commonwealth membership is the broader grasp of world movements which results from constant intercourse with the other members. The close contact with the Asian members is particularly valuable, both in counteracting any tendency to insularity on the part of the Western members and in enabling them to explain their points of view to the Eastern members. Further, the Commonwealth is useful under present circumstances in providing a loose skein which enables Australia and New Zealand to add their strength, in a sense, to the North Atlantic alliance, even though they are not signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty. Moreover, the Commonwealth organization introduces a modification or shading between the United States on the one hand and the rest of the non-Communist world on the other. United States policy at times displays a disturbing tendency to try to break down all links throughout the non-Communist world except those that have their head and centre in Washington; the United States attitude, on various occasions in the past, towards the sterling area might be taken as an example of this. It is useful to maintain the Commonwealth connection as a check on such tendencies.
2. No doubt there are certain disadvantages, too, in the connection. Membership in any international organization carries with it some danger of being talked into doing things that are not altogether in the national interest, though Canadian delegations usually resist such temptations fairly well. The risk of being legally committed to a war by another member has been done away with by the established right to neutrality, but the Commonwealth connection still makes it more difficult to hold aloof from a war of a localized character in which other Commonwealth members are engaged than from a war involving mere foreigners. A special hazard of the post-war Commonwealth is the probability of incurring the ill-will of both parties to any dispute by observing a strict neutrality between them, or, alternatively, of making an enemy of one by indicating that the other appears to have the better case. However, the advantages to Canada of membership in the Commonwealth appear to outweigh considerably the disadvantages.

3. In the years when the present structure of the Commonwealth was being determined, Canada, while trying to guide its development in a direction consistent with Canadian national ambition, acted on the whole as a moderating influence between those countries which would have preferred some degree of centralization and those which were uncertain about staying in the Commonwealth at all. There is still room for the exercise of such an influence. Among the new Asian members, Pakistan seems to favour a more closely organized Commonwealth, India would doubtless be as much opposed to this as Ireland used to be, and Ceylon's attitude is uncertain.
4. The knowledge that the United Kingdom is no longer a great power of the first rank has, during and since the Second World War, given rise to various proposals for restoring her to her former position by consolidating the Commonwealth under her leadership. It is probably true that if the United Kingdom could speak to the Soviet Union and the United States on terms of military and economic equality, it would make for stability throughout the world. But the dream of accomplishing this by turning the Commonwealth into a single state for international purposes is, under present conditions, so clearly impracticable that it does not deserve serious suggestion. This idea is, consciously or unconsciously, at the root of suggestions for a permanent Commonwealth council of ministers, for central or decentralized Commonwealth secretariats, or for more formal defence commitments, which keep cropping up. That does not mean that some of these suggestions may not in themselves require careful consideration. The world is far from being the same place that it was when the present structure of the Commonwealth was being worked out, and any proposals by which it is hoped to increase the security of the member nations of the Commonwealth must receive adequate thought and discussion among them. In general, however, the existing organization of the Commonwealth as a group of independent nations cooperating in matters of common concern seems best adapted to the realities of the situation.
5. Because of the rapid and remarkable change in the relative power and prestige of the United Kingdom and United States in the world, Canada need no longer fear domination from Whitehall, but we are increasingly aware of the overwhelming influence, and sometimes pressure, of Washington. In this situation the Commonwealth connection may serve as a useful counterpoise to the one-sided pressure exerted on Canada by the United States. Several times in recent months we have felt that the policy of the United Kingdom, especially in the Far East, was wiser than that of the United States. This mature conduct of foreign affairs by the United Kingdom can sometimes serve to offset the uncertainties and emotional aspects of United States foreign policy.
6. It is considered that the Canadian Government should now be prepared to modify slightly its attitude towards attempts to have the Commonwealth speak with one voice in world affairs. It is unlikely that such attempts will be made frequently, but there may be occasions on which it will serve our purpose to have the Commonwealth take a united stand on an issue. Thus, at the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers last January there was a joint approach to the question of Chinese intervention in Korea, which was perhaps able to exercise a greater moderating influence on the United States Government than if the viewpoint had been separately expressed by a number of Commonwealth countries. At that time we did not inhibit our action by the old fear of ganging up on someone else, and the joint approach served a good purpose. Generally, however, we should sidestep attempts to achieve a single voice on foreign policy and resist any effort on the part of one Commonwealth member to speak for some or all of the others, either on a special question or in relation to some particular region. We can of course, on occasion, expressly authorize another Commonwealth member to speak for us, or we may find joint representations desirable. Usually, however, our objective should not be a single voice, but unison of harmonizing voices. While we will not be able to achieve a sustained common foreign policy, it should frequently be possible, after careful consultation, to pursue similar policies in common. It may well serve Canada's interests to increase the influence and prestige of the Commonwealth association by active cooperation in foreign affairs.
7. Canada has traditionally been cautious towards proposals for new Commonwealth organizations and suggestions for Commonwealth conferences. Our hesitation may have had a rational basis but has often been founded as well on old habits and apprehension of possible domestic criticism. Canadians should now be prepared to take a calm and practical approach to such suggestions. Certainly, we will not be enthusiastic about "improving" the machinery of consultation and cooperation and setting up new organizations which may duplicate the functions of existing Commonwealth, regional, or international bodies. We should continue to oppose machinery for its own sake, and indeed take the initiative to remove any obsolete existing machinery which overlaps more effective machinery of the United Nations and the Specialized Agencies, but we should always be prepared to consider changes in methods of consultation. It would be a mistake to assume that the existing flexible and informal machinery has reached a stage of unchanging perfection. Proposals for changes should be judged on practical, functional grounds.
8. On nearly all occasions in recent years when we have been invited to a meeting of Prime Ministers, Foreign Ministers, or other cabinet ministers, Canada has been dragged

unwillingly to the conference table. Frequently, however, we have, in the end, felt that the meeting was well worthwhile. This would seem to mean that we should now revise our customary attitude to the holding of Commonwealth conferences. We would not wish to see a substantial increase in their number, because of the multiplicity of other regional and international conferences, but frequently we could take a more cooperative and helpful attitude from the outset.

9. Canada has, for long, opposed any suggestions that the mutual obligations between Commonwealth countries, whatever they may be, should be formalized and defined as specific commitments. Attempts to do so have, fortunately, become much rarer in recent years, particularly as it has become more widely appreciated that the Commonwealth countries have few special interests which are exclusive to the Commonwealth and not shared, at least regionally, with other countries. It is not suggested that this attitude calls for any basic change. We have, however, made a substantial alteration in our attitude to formal commitments by becoming members of the United Nations and parties to the North Atlantic Treaty. We are happy to see the United States showing a willingness to incur specific security guarantees to Commonwealth countries such as Australia and New Zealand, as well as to certain foreign countries, and it may well be that we should not be unalterably opposed to all ideas of security pledges to countries not fortunate enough to be in the North Atlantic area. Canada would, of course, be reluctant now to increase her already extensive commitments. Furthermore, it must be recognized that because of the geographical dispersal of the Commonwealth, the Commonwealth association cannot be regarded as a major instrument for the security of its members.
10. It has now become almost a platitude to declare that one of the greatest values of the Commonwealth, as it is constituted today, is to provide a bridge, almost the only bridge, between the West and Asia. Certainly, the very nature of the Commonwealth has been fundamentally altered by the addition of three Asian countries to its membership, and the contact with them has been valuable to Canada and the other Western members in removing suspicions and misunderstandings and giving us a wider picture of the world today. The Commonwealth is, however, such a loose organization that it would be dangerous to assume that such a bridge automatically exists and will continue. On the other hand, it should not, pessimistically, be regarded as a temporary link which the Asian members are disposed to question from time to time and which they will inevitably sever. It calls for deliberate action to keep it under repair and make it serve useful purposes of intercourse. On the part of Canada this means that we should make conscientious efforts to consult the Eastern members, to exchange information with them, to meet them around the conference table, to befriend them in their endeavours to establish stable, democratic, parliamentary forms of government, and to help them in concrete ways. The Colombo Plan for economic development and technical cooperation is clearly one means of strengthening the bridge.
11. It may be that Canada has a special role to play in preserving this link with the East. The United Kingdom, because of the memories of the Raj and perhaps because of the persistence of old habits and attitudes in dealing with Asians, although official policies have changed, may have certain handicaps in handling its relations with the Asian Commonwealth members. South Africa clearly can play no useful part because of its racial policies, and even Australia suffers from the self-consciousness of its much-proclaimed White Australia policy. The present Indian Government has placed a good deal of confidence in Canadian leaders. Likewise relations with the Pakistan Government have been close and friendly, partly because of the successful operation of our mission in Karachi. It is too soon to say whether there is a permanent basis to these relationships, but it appears that Canada may be in a position to influence and strengthen the link with the Eastern Commonwealth countries.
12. One difficulty which Canadian governments have in the past had to contend with in dealing with problems relating to the Commonwealth is that substantial groups of Canadians were unable to consider these problems in terms of the national interests of Canada. Instead, their opinions were dominated by an emotional approach to the Commonwealth or to Great Britain – an emotion of affection or dislike. During the past generation, the number of Canadians who find it difficult to think rationally about Commonwealth problems has substantially diminished. There are, however, still a few, and it is possible that one of the main reasons why these people find it difficult to take a rational and realistic view of the Commonwealth is the continued existence of vestiges of the old colonial status of Canada – the fact that no Canadian has ever been Governor-General and even the very title of this office, the necessity of going to London for amendments to important parts of the Canadian constitution, the King's title, and also perhaps the continued difficulties over a national flag and a national anthem. If these vestigial remnants of the old colonial status help to cause confused thinking in Canada about the nature of Commonwealth relations, they may have to be changed in order to make it easier for the Canadian Government to pursue, with respect to the Commonwealth, policies which serve the national interests of Canada. It must of course be recognized that there is no obstacle outside Canada to making these changes, except that any change in the King's title requires the consent of other members of the Commonwealth.

WHO KILLED THE DUKE OF URL?

An oenological enigma by A Aalto
(or another geek of the same name.....)

"I'll have it up in a moment, sir" said Felix Africa nervously, pushing a flash drive into his laptop and tapping furiously. "There, got it." The overhead viewing screen lit up with a lurid splash of clashing colours. The Centre's A-Team stared at an overhead viewing screen lit up with a lurid splash of clashing colours. "It's a final version of the blog he would have uploaded at midnight, if he hadn't been killed first."

**From the Keyboard of THE DUKE OF URL:
"The Past Just Ain't What It Used To Be!!"**

Welcome back fellow time travellers, as we continue our explorations into the real past – the past denied by the powers that be, the smug so-called experts, the elites with an agenda to do you down and keep you there. And have I dug up some treasure for you!

First, let's talk about China. Up and comer, no question about it, and so, so proud of their thousands of years of culture. **Except that it's all baloney!!** Research by the Centre for Advanced Hindsight reveals there is no evidence of Chinese culture until about 1550. Before then, the country was full of settlers from Zimbabwe and Fiji, with completely different societies, languages and ways of life. It was only after simultaneous floods and earthquakes of near-Biblical proportions wiped out the whole population that refugees arrived from Roswell, New Mexico and started to create an "ancient Chinese" culture to justify their land grab. Gotta hand it to them, they really are hard workers – just imagine building all those fake ancient ruins, writing all those fake histories of emperors who never existed – planting fake documents not just in China but all around the world – that Marco Polo effort was a classic. Of course there are always doubters. But I figure if God could build and bury all those fossils to create a back-story for our 6000 years of world history, then the Chinese could do the same for theirs.

And when it comes to fakes, don't talk to me about the French!! The Neo-Annales School, a group I ignore except when they accidentally support my prejudices, has just announced that **no President of France has had a mistress for the last 50-plus years!!** Who knew – but we should have guessed, right? All part of the intellectual-macho fantasy trip they have pulled like a soggy

beret over everyone's eyes since at least Louis XIV – a guy, by the way, who wore high heels and a wig. **A bas Sartre!** The last French President who did have a mistress? – Charles de Gaulle. And the General was actually a woman! A great soldier and someone with lots of smarts, but back in the day when you couldn't be a woman and lead your country to war. This from the land of Joan of Arc? But he was wrong about one thing – you **can** govern France, because there are really only two kinds of French cheese – one blue and runny, the other like white cinder block – the rest is imported from New Zealand and re-branded.

And then there's Germany. Be honest now: have you ever tried to read Hegel? Incomprehensible, right? Well, don't feel bad. **He's supposed to be incomprehensible!** The man we know as Hegel was a mild-mannered postman in the small town of Bratwurst-am-Odour. His whole philosophical shtick was a joke perpetrated by some bored scholars meeting in a beer-hall in Heidelberg, led by three clowns named Goethe, Fichte and Herder. They bet they could create a totally bogus philosophy school by dressing up utter drivel in blindingly obscure jargon, using a writing style closely resembling warm tar and praising it to the skies in learned papers and conferences. Goethe held that academics as a group would refuse to admit they had no idea what this "Hegel" was talking about and so would have to declare him a genius. And he was right. The postman turned out to be such a natural that the joke got out of control: do the names Nietzsche, Wittgenstein and Derrida ring any bells?

Talking about out of control, let's poke our noses into the White House. You are aware (but I'm going to tell you anyway) that the current incumbent is actually a guy called Oscar Diggs? You may know him better as the Wizard of Oz. Obvious when you think about it, am I right? He arrived by balloon (hot air of course),

Course	Wine	Note
1 Entrée	Chardonnay	Co-poison 1
	Riesling	
2 Main	Bordeaux	Antidote
	Burgundy	
3 Dessert	Sauterne	Co-poison 2
	Tokaj	

stapled a dead albino weasel to his head and built himself a new model of the stupendous Flim-flam Machine that kept him in power so long in the Emerald City. How else can you explain the campaign, much less the results? Need more proof? How about the fact that Washington is full of flying monkeys and panicking munchkins? Or that the Cowardly Lion, the Tin Woodsman and the Scarecrow are all in the Cabinet now, running the country? All I can say is, we'd better find Dorothy and Toto fast before Vladimir Putin starts weaponising Kansas farmhouses and dropping them around the country.

While we're in North America, let's talk about Canada. Go back a few years. Stevan the Terrible is running the country, the Liberal Party is running out of leaders and an election is coming up. Out of the West rides this knight on a white horse. Suddenly, there are posters everywhere – Justin **Justin! Justin!!** But this one-word campaign has a flaw. The party hacks are over the moon that new memberships are soaring, but nobody asks who the newbies are. Teenage girls, that's who. And come the leadership convention, who comes out atop the secret ballot? Justin, of course. Justin Bieber, unfortunately. The party is stuck with him, but the election is coming up, something has to be done. Something in the great Canadian political tradition: something sneaky. So they cut a deal with the Bieb to let Justin T run things. Like the girls care, right? Want proof? Well, for one thing, the T doesn't live in 24 Sussex, does he? **Well then, who does?**

Turning to the entertainment world, a new movie on the horizon that I just have to tell you about. It's the story of a billionaire philanthropist and former IT geek now into medical charity. He invents a time machine and decides to recruit great medical figures from history – Hippocrates and such – to serve on his board of advisors. Modesty is not his problem. He goes back to the Russian Black Sea Coast of 1855 to find Florence Nightingale, who is nursing the British army in the middle of a big war there. Of course they fall in love and he winds up in the Charge of the Light Brigade and it's all very box-office. Angelina Jolie as Florence. They're bringing Johnny Cash back by CGI to sing the theme song, "Crimea River". Don't miss "Heaven's Gates".

Well that's all for now. Just remember – never believe something just because they say it happened that way. As Orwell

reminds us, "Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past."

Wow," said Felix. "I've seen some conspiracy theories in my time, but this guy is something else. What an awesome collection of wackerie."

"If it was all wackerie, the Duke wouldn't be dead downstairs," said ace logician Ludwig Liebnitz. "In fact, it's all true. Except for the movie, which he made up. But the rest of it – well, there are five countries with strong reasons for not wanting that blog to hit the net. And it looks like one of them decided to make sure it didn't."

"How?" asked Felix. Liebnitz replied, "The Duke was cocky enough to host a formal dinner here tonight with representatives of four of the countries named in the blog. He was going to upload it at the end of the meal, while they were all sitting around unable to stop him. But one of them got to him first. "With what?" "Poison in the wine, Felix." "That gives new meaning to the word 'intoxicated'. But why didn't everyone die?"

The ace logician glanced at his notes. "It was a binary poison – you had to drink two specific different kinds of wine, for it to kill you. A third kind of wine contained an antidote for the poison, so the killer had a way to make sure other guests didn't get assassinated by mistake. The killer must have known what wines the Duke would choose."

Esmeralda raised her voice. "So there were many different types of wine being served? Seems overly complicated." Liebnitz replied, "Only a choice of two wines for each of three courses. I have it all in a chart here."

Esmeralda said, "As someone who's put on a lot of dinners, I want details. How was the table laid out? Who poured the wine? Do we know which diners got which wines?" Replied Liebnitz, "The five diners were seated out on one side of the table. The whole serving staff has been cleared. All the guests had access to the wine bottles in the pantry after they had been opened, but no-one was seen doing so and there are no fingerprints. Fortunately, the restaurant had a security camera in the ceiling of the dining room, so we are able to keep track of what went on there. Unfortunately, the system it is still in beta-testing and the pictures aren't much help. Fortunately, the AI running the system was able to provide a written interpretation of what it saw.

	Chair 1	Chair 2	Chair 3	Chair 4	Chair 5
Name					
Country					
Wine 1					
Wine 2					
Wine 3					

Unfortunately, it isn't very coherent." He circulated a chart and a list of ten points.

1. The Duke of URL, who celebrates Christmas at home in the summer, was in Chair 3.
2. The man from New York was served Riesling.
3. No more than three diners chose the same wine for any course.
4. Major Ma Zhi was in Chair 4. She was served Riesling and Sauterne.
5. The diners in Chairs 2 and 5 were both served Chardonnay.
6. Both the German and the Australian were served Chardonnay and Sauterne.
7. The American was seated at one end and was served Tokaj. So was the Frenchman.
8. The diners in Chairs 1 and 2, as well as Jean Stein, were served Burgundy. The Chinese diner was served Bordeaux.
9. Winston Fat Wa and the European Johannes LaPierre had adjacent chairs.
10. At the start of the second course, before anyone had drunk that course's wine, the diner in Chair 2 switched his glass with the one in front of the man on his left, unobserved.

Liebnitz examined the chart and the clues. "Not so difficult. Yes, that's our killer. If we hurry, we can wrap this up before pressure from their Embassies forces us to let the diners go home." The group dashed down to the entrance, where their suspects were retrieving their coats. The ace logician stepped up to one of them and said, "Your colleagues can go, but I believe we will have to detain you a little longer. I can understand that you felt you had

to protect your nation's past, but this is a foreign country; we do things differently here."

The diner looked up, smiled and said, "You know, it wasn't tonight's blog that really set me off. It's something he was planning to put in his next one." On the screen of the smart phone the killer held up, Liebnitz read: *I hear about a planned remake of an Australian classic. A race across a post-apocalyptic desert in heavily-armed dune buggies. The crews are headed by Lenin, Trotsky, Che, Mao and Ho. They are all seeking the broad proletarian masses, and only one can win. Despite the leftie veneer, this one is going to be an action winner. Keep your eyes peeled for "Mad Marx".*

"The man had to die." Liebnitz just nodded and led the killer away.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz' feat and provide the name of the murderer? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a hat containing all correct submissions received by July 28, 2017. The winner will receive a book autographed by A Aalto.

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto acknowledges the help of L Frank Baum, LP Hartley, Yogi Berra, the cartoonist Bizarro, George Orwell and Gene Chandler (the original Duke of Earl). Kudos to Danny Kaye and Sylvia Fine (who wrote his material) for inspiration: "The pellet with the poison's in the flagon with the dragon; the vessel with the pestle has the brew that is true" (from "The Inspector General" – ZID to note). And thanks as always to Mrs Aalto, this time for riffing on Hegel and for the observation that satire is getting tougher and tougher to pull off as reality gets weirder and weirder.

Yi Xing on Mars: Answer

Winner: Julia Drew-Watt, Ottawa, ON

The release phrase is NIX OLYMPICA.

It means "Snows of Olympus" which is what some 19th century astronomers called Mons Olympus, even before they realised it was a mountain.

MOM is India's Mars Orbiter Mission, which arrived around the planet in 2014.

1. US entrepreneur who says he hopes to die on Mars, "just not on impact".	MUSK
2. Italian astronomer who first mentioned "canali" on Mars.	SCHIAPARELLI
3. Greek equivalent of the god Mars.	ARES
4. He starred as "The Martian".	DAMON
5. Edgar Rice Burrough's Martian civilisation.	BARSOOM
6. US lander, roved Mars in the early 21st century.	CURIOSITY
7. First Indian orbiter to reach Mars, for short.	MOM
8. Looney Tunes' little Martian.	MARVIN
9. One of Mars' moons.	PHOBOS
10. UK author from whose novel Welles scripted his radio report of a Martian invasion.	WELLS

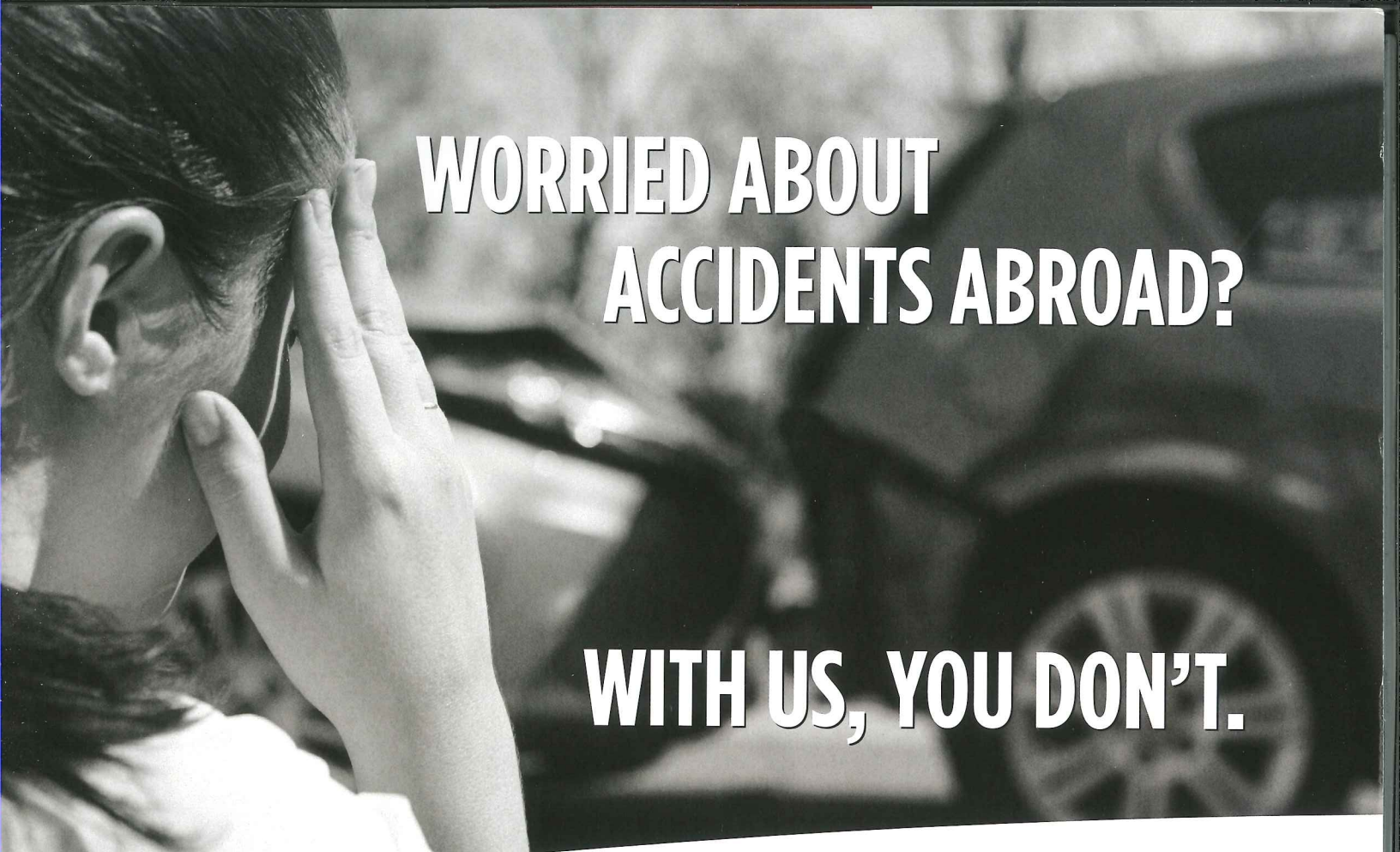
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