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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
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A Tribute to John Holmes

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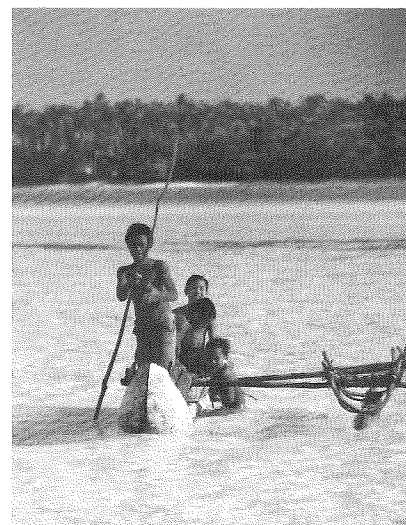
Vol. 6 No. 3

Features/Reportages

- 16 **1945: Reflections from Canada House**
John Holmes explores Canada's international role as the end of World War II set the stage for the current political age.
- 23 **The One Man Post — A Growing Phenomenon**
The experience of running a one man post is recounted by Michael Fine with an introduction by Hugh Stephens.
- 26 **Impressions of Perestroika; Vietnamese Style**
David Wurfel provides insights into Vietnam today.
- 29 **Controlling the Crisis Climate**
Allan Bonner underlines the importance of planning for a crisis.

Departments/Chroniques

- 2 **Editor's Notebook/
Carnet du rédacteur**
- 3 **From the President's
Desk/Le mot du président**
- 5 **Letters/Correspondance**
- 8 **Commentary/
Opinion libre**
Ed Whitcomb takes a stand on overtime pay.
- 10 **Guest Column/
Invité d'honneur**
David Levy praises the versatility of the Russian language.
- 12 **Pardy's Corner/
Rubrique de Pardy**
Paradise Under Siege
- 14 **Freifeld On/
Le commentaire de
Freifeld:**
Waldheim Fooled Canada Too
- 32 **Good and Faithful
Servants/Fidèles serviteurs**
John Wendell Holmes by John Halstead
- 34 **Vignettes**
John Holmes on the Canadian diplomat



Our cover photo this issue, by David M. Edwards, is of young Tongans landing a dugout canoe, Tonga Islands.

In Our Upcoming Issues

Vietnam: Looking Forward
Thoughts on Contract Negotiations

- 35 **Tales from Far and Wide/
Contes du monde entier**
Off-Track in the Kenyan Highlands by Margo Schwartz and À la Plaine des Jarres par Paul Lapointe
- 40 **Poem/Poésie**
The Curse by T.S.E. Jones.
- 41 **PAFSO News/
Nouvelles de l'APASE**
- 42 **Books in Review/
Critiques de livres**
Louise Reynolds on *Political Wives: The Lives of the Saints* by Susan Riley; David Kilgour on *Free Trade — The Real Story* edited by John Crispo; Keith Greenaway on *Arctic Imperative* by J. Honderich and Don Page on *The Canadian Encyclopedia* 2nd Edition.
- 47 **Entertainment/
Divertissement**
A Aalto and Caption that Photo.

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This issue of *bout de papier* is dedicated to the memory of the life and work of John W. Holmes who died August 13, 1988. Although he spent more of his working life as a scholar and a teacher, John Holmes made a lasting impression on the Department of External Affairs in the 17 years he spent as a diplomat (1943 to 1960).

It was a remarkable period for Canadian diplomacy and remarkable figures emerged from the ranks of those who then inhabited the East Block. L.B.J. Pearson, Vincent Massey, Escott Reid, R.A. MacKay, Charles Ritchie, Marcel Cadieux and Jules Léger are but a few of John Holmes' contemporaries. And Holmes, who rose to become Assistant Under-Secretary, was a key figure amongst these men in shaping Canada's international role, in particular, in the international institutions that rose from the ashes of World War II. As James Taylor, Under-Secretary, said at the Memorial Service in the Department for John Holmes on October 14, "It is not mere nostalgia to look on this period as a golden age of Canadian diplomacy."

A golden age it was and one which laid firm foundations for Canadian foreign policy. It is a period which we do well to understand today, not because everything was better then or because Canada could exercise greater influence on the global stage or because individual career diplomats could play such significant roles and rise rapidly to the pinnacle of their careers. Rather, it was a period which set the stage for the new Canadian diplomacy. A golden age yes, but I dare to say not the only golden age Canadian diplomacy will see.

Canada's role internationally has evolved and so has the Department. The world in which we act has changed from the world Holmes knew while he was a diplomat. There are many more players to take into account in multilateral and bilateral relations; development assistance has become a principle component of foreign policy; immigration and refugee policy now claim great significance. These reflect but a few of the new global realities. And the way Canada has responded and managed in this new environment has had to change as well.

But Canada has changed also and these changes have had to be absorbed in our foreign policy and reflected in the composition of the foreign service and in the conditions under which we live and work. The Royal Commission on Conditions in the Foreign Service in 1981 tried to take stock of changes that were needed to keep pace with changing conditions in Canada. There has been progress on many things. There are more women, minorities, and disabled in the Service than ever before (although still too few!). Some standard benefits outside the

Service such as maternity leave, are now also becoming standard inside. It was only a few years ago that one woman I knew was compelled to take vacation leave in order to have a baby while she was at post. The Department has since set the record straight. We've come a long way, but this isn't to say there isn't a long way still to go.

I do not propose here to analyse what the new Canadian diplomacy and diplomatic life is about today. That is a challenge for the contributors to *bout de papier* to pursue. However, the passage of a great person gives us pause to reflect on the impact of oftentimes incremental changes and to contemplate the broader significance.

There is no question that the changes the Department has undergone in recent years to accommodate the new and complex policy thrusts has caused strains and pressures. In the early 1980s, the vision was of External Affairs as a central agency. The years have not borne out this vision but, nonetheless, the Department has become an extended and integrated bureaucracy incorporating trade commissioners, immigration officers and development assistance officers along with the political and economic officers who heralded from the traditional foreign service. Needless to say, a bureaucracy of this size and breadth is not without difficulties which are compounded by the rotational nature of the service.

At the Memorial Service for John Holmes, I was particularly struck by Mr. Taylor's story of his first encounter with Holmes which illustrates rather poignantly where the years of change and growth have robbed the Department of some of its strength:

"I first heard of John Holmes in 1953. The circumstances say something about the man and the Department as it was then. I was in England, completing my studies. I had passed the Foreign Service competition, and was to return shortly to work in Ottawa. I had never worked in an office before, had only a vague notion of what was involved in being a foreign service officer, and had never been in Ottawa in my life. The only person I knew in England who knew Ottawa was Basil Robinson, then in Canada House. When I asked him for advice about finding a place to live, he said 'Why not write John Holmes?' — without saying, as I recall, who John Holmes was. So when I got back to Canada, I wrote John Holmes. I received a courteous and helpful reply, enclosing a clipping from the Ottawa 'Citizen' and telling me that there was a bachelor establishment of foreign service officers at 324 Chapel Street that was looking for a recruit to replace

one of their number who had been posted. It was only when I arrived in Ottawa that I became aware, to my embarrassment, that I had been directing my housing enquiries to one of the most senior officers of the Department.

Yet later, when I knew him better, I realized that it had been as natural for Basil to refer me to John Holmes as it had been for John Holmes to send me a helpful reply. It was my introduction to an institution that has a hierarchy, because it had to, but that didn't fuss about it, an institution where beginners were welcomed and treated with consideration."

A large bureaucracy by its nature can easily lose its human touch and it is difficult to recreate the fraternity and loyalty that can permeate a smaller institution. But the point here is not to wallow in nostalgia. Rather it is to underline the challenge for management today, for PAFSO and for us as individuals to do what we can to preserve the finer qualities of Canadian diplomacy and of the foreign service and at the same time to adapt to the policy demands and the changing political, economic and social environment of Canada and of the world today.

John Holmes exemplifies so much of what was, and I believe still is, good in Canadian diplomacy and foreign service. He was a man of intellect, sensitivity, loyalty and honour; a man who could lead, who could teach and who would inspire others; a man who understood the fine arts of negotiation and compromise.

In this issue, in tribute to John Holmes, we have published a lecture, given first in 1986 but which he sent to *bout de papier* shortly before his death. Also included is a letter Holmes sent expressing his interest in and support for *bout de papier*. John Halstead, has written a remembrance for Good and Faithful Servants, and Vignettes in this issue is devoted to the thoughts of Holmes on Canadian diplomats and diplomacy. It was the words of Yvon Beaulne at the Memorial Service for Holmes which captured the sentiments we at the Editorial Board share in dedicating this issue to John Holmes: "J'ai l'espoir que son nom ne périra pas et qu'il restera un modèle pour les nouvelles générations de diplomates canadiens."

Basil Robinson

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

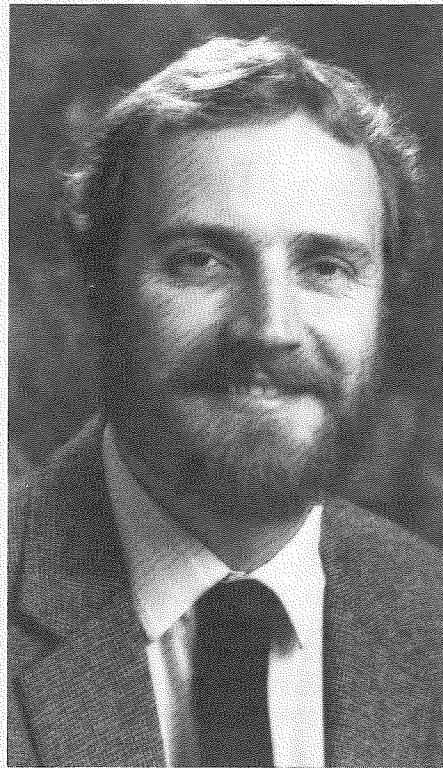
Democracy is alive and well at PAFSO. At the fall Annual General Meeting over fifty percent of the membership elected 11 new members to the Executive out of a slate of 20 candidates. I believe that we now have a very strong Executive in place to carry us through for the next year.

At the first meeting of the Executive, it was agreed to alleviate the absence of Aid Stream representation by inviting Micheline Beaudry-Somcynsky, who garnered the most votes of those Aid Stream officers who ran for office, to join the Executive Committee in an observer capacity. As CIDA de-centralization becomes a reality, it is clearly important to have an Aid Stream voice on the Committee. We almost had a similar problem with representation from the Social Affairs Stream. No officers from the Social Affairs Stream ran for office this year. Fortunately, Sue Lopez, remains on the Committee.

I was pleased to be confirmed as President shortly after the AGM (I had been serving in an interim capacity since June, following the departure of John Lobsinger to Dar-Es-Salaam). I look forward to the challenge and responsibility of serving as President of PAFSO until I depart for Hong Kong next year on the second year of Chinese language training. Peter Morrison will continue as Vice-President, Economic/Commercial stream; Carol Markham becomes the Vice-President, Political/Economic stream; and Sue Lopez was elected by acclamation as the Vice-President, Social Affairs stream.

What has PAFSO accomplished in the past year and what are the challenges we face in the coming year? The question of political appointments remains a very delicate and sensitive issue. I believe that our policy of going public has been fully vindicated. This year the Government has made very few political appointments (Fortier to the Permanent Mission to UN in New York and McDonald to London) and three Posts (Canberra, Lisbon and Paris) have been returned to career foreign service officers. PAFSO has nonetheless used the opportunity presented by media enquiries from CBC National Television, Maclean's magazine and the Financial Post to register our deep concern over the high number of political appointments by the current government. Just because it has been quiet on the political front this posting season, there is no reason to believe the problem of political appointees is behind us.

Political appointments is a high profile question, but in the past year, PAFSO has also been grinding it out in the trenches to



secure victories in two equally important areas. All members will be well served by two grievances which PAFSO has won in the past year. Beginning in 1989, members will receive their performance pay as of April 1 regardless of the status of the Collective Agreement. You will recall last year that performance pay was not received by members until November because the Collective Agreement was not signed until late October. Also PAFSO won an adjudication on the annual percentage increase for allowances paid under the Foreign Service Directives. The employer deemed that we only deserved 3.21% even though the methodology indicated we should receive 7.3%. Consequently all members will see a retroactive increase on their allowances of 4.1%.

PAFSO has devoted considerable effort to establishing a more regular consultative process with External Affairs management in the past year. We hope that this regular contact will ensure that PAFSO's views on various questions will be taken into account *before* decisions are made. Too often in the past we have only seen decisions after they have been made and there was too much bureaucratic inertia to change them. In this respect, I would like to say that PAFSO had an excellent relationship with the outgoing Associate Deputy Minister, Joe Stanford. PAFSO wishes him well in his new job in the Solicitor General's Department and we look forward to working with his successor, Raymond Chrétien.

PAFSO has accomplished a lot in the past year, but I have only had the space to note a few examples. What about the coming year? It is going to be an important one. Most members, I know, are concerned about their pocketbooks and rightly so. We are underpaid and overworked, especially at the lower levels. We put up with this in large part because of our sense of professionalism, but also because of our somewhat misguided beliefs that if you stand up for your rights you will ruin your career. The most important document pertaining to those rights, is the Foreign Service Collective Agreement which expires on April 30. It is our sincere hope to be able to begin negotiations early in 1989 with a view to signing a new Agreement prior to April 30. However, we are certainly not willing to settle at any price and you should be forewarned that the prospects are not bright. We understand that various Public Service groups currently at the bargaining table are looking at an offer of a mere 3% from the employer, Treasury Board. In view of an anticipated inflation rate of 4.5% we would find an offer of 3% completely unacceptable.

The other major issue that PAFSO faces right now is CIDA de-centralization. We have already been involved in a number of consultations on the matter. For those of you not aware of the implications of this move for our members, it will result in the addition of some 200 plus Aid Stream FS positions, mainly through lateral entry from CIDA (they bring their person year with them), over the coming years. The infusion will represent a 20% increase in our membership and increase the number of Aid Stream officers to a level much closer to the trade and political streams. The whole issue, however, raises a number of critical questions as to how the process is going to be carried out in a manner equitable to the current members of the Foreign Service. We all remember the CO conversion! A special Committee of the Executive has been struck to follow this question and we intend to be closely involved in the consultations on this matter with both CIDA and External Affairs.

There are an infinite variety of issues that PAFSO must act and react to in the coming year. There is the Department's new housing policy, which we are in the process of challenging; maternity leave; daycare; spousal employment; AIDS; streaming; appraisal and promotion policy; and self-funded leave. Suffice to say, there is more than enough for the new Executive to sink its teeth into and I hope that they will do so with relish.

As we carry on our on-going task of defending the interests of Foreign Service Officers, we plan to keep in close touch with

members through PAFSO Update. I hope by the time you have received this issue of **bout de papier** you will have received the first two issues of Update. The idea is to inform members about what we are attempting to do. Any feedback you might have on subjects for future Updates would be greatly appreciated.

The months ahead are going to be both challenging and exciting. Please remember we are primarily a volunteer organization which means we can only be as effective as the sum total of the efforts of our members. We always need help, so give us a call sometime.

Rodney Briggs



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Editor,

I am one of the many alumni who have been delighted by the development of *bout de papier*. It is a very lively and readable publication and I am particularly happy about what you are doing to fill in gaps in the history of our foreign policy. I have been teaching Canadian foreign policy to graduate students for about twenty years and am more aware than most of the value of the testimony of our diplomats. In fact, I have been encouraging the new Retired Heads of Mission Association to persuade officers to write articles about important events in which they were involved, even if they don't go as far as writing their complete memoirs.

With best regards,
John W. Holmes
Canadian Institute of International Affairs

Editor's Note: Mr. Holmes sent the above note to *bout de papier* shortly before his death.

* * *

Editor,

I enclose a remembrance I have written (because I wanted to write it down) of John Holmes.

It is not easy to give up friends of 45 years with whom one has been associated in a variety of concerns. What I have set down springs from respect and affection, and it perhaps speaks for those who (in Mr. St. Laurent's phrase) were of the Department, if not in the Department.

John Wendell Holmes (1909-1988), who served in the Department of External Affairs from 1943 to 1960, must be accounted one of the most substantial Canadians of his generation, and one who added in signal fashion to the reputation of Canada abroad and to the understanding of Canadians at home. He was once described as "Canada's foremost commentator on international affairs, and a national resource of incalculable value."

I remember calling on him on the first day he was at the East Block, where he began work on post-hostilities planning. I saw more of him when he served as Personal Assistant to the Under-Secretary; and after he had been posted to London, I worked closely with him during the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in May and June of 1946.

There were stories of John Holmes being stoned (in the Biblical sense) while riding in a British Embassy car in Rome; of his wrestling with Cyrillic alphabet while

sailing through the Baltic en route to Leningrad to take up an interim posting in Moscow; of a journey to Geneva when his luggage disappeared, to be recovered five months later from Teheran. And I remember especially, after he had left External, the interest in and concern for the fledgling Brock University, where he was a co-opted member of the earliest Senate and, more recently, a Visiting Scholar.

During his years at the Canadian Institute of International Affairs he was a gentle, beneficent institutional conscience. He was a wholesome and discriminating critic of other people's essays in the field of foreign policy and international relations. His own publications — notably *Canada and the Search for Peace*, *Canada the Middle-Aged Power*, and *Living with Uncle* — were examples of mature scholarship and balanced judgment which commanded a wide readership.

His fruitful years in External were of primary importance in advancing the function and stature of Canada as a "middle power", working towards a peaceable world community. His services on the Preparatory Commission, as delegate to the earliest meetings of the UN General Assembly, and his tenure as Assistant Under-Secretary were all part of an enduring record of dedication and sensitivity.

Above all, was his quiet genius for friendship, in my own case a most constant encouragement for 45 years; and this will be my lasting memory of a great gentleman.

James A. Gibson
President Emeritus
Brock University

* * *

Editor,

In your Spring 1988 issue, I read an interesting article on the value of international students to Canada and felt that it would be of interest to your readers to know about a new Aviation Business School of Management which opened its doors in Montreal, in 1987, and which will, by the end of 1988, have trained approximately 400 participants from over 100 countries.

The International Aviation Management Training Institute was created by the Canadian Government who, with the Province of Quebec, provided the initial funding for the opening of the Institute. The Canadian International Developing Agency is providing the Institute with a contribution of 3 million dollars a year to provide fellowships to organizations from countries in need of financial assistance to attend courses offered by the Institute.

The Institute offers management training courses from three to six weeks in duration to senior, intermediate and junior executives from airline, airport and civil aviation organizations. These university level courses are conducted mostly in Montreal, with three or four programs being presented each year in a regional setting. In 1988, 14 programs will be offered, three of which will be outside of Montreal: Malaysia, Tanzania, and Trinidad and Tobago.

IAMTI is unique in that it brings to Montreal aviation managers from all over the world for specific and practical management training, thereby contributing to a more efficient, safe and economical international air transportation system.

Information on programs offered by the Institute as well as the details of the fellowship program have been communicated to all Canadian Missions throughout the world.

Should any of your readers wish to know more about our Institute and help us bring to Montreal aviation managers from other countries, they can communicate with us at the following address:

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Training Institute
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Canada H3A 2A6
Telephone: (514) 843-6116
Telex: (21) 05560360
FAX: (514) 843-8666

Michel Desjardins,
President and
Chief Executive Officer

* * *

Editor,

With respect to the article on page 38 of the *bout de papier* (Vol. 6, No. 1), I would like to clarify some observations on my March 11 briefing of staff associations regarding the new Staff Quarter Guidelines.

When I spoke of the demography of employees abroad, I made the point that almost 68% of the 1,574 employees serving abroad on May 1, 1987 were single or were accompanied by only one dependant. As far as the 534 FSs were concerned, there were 234 single employees and 96 with one dependant. These statistics were relevant because a summary overview of our property holdings abroad indicated we required *more* two-bedroom accommodation — not that the global inventory had too many small staff quarters. What the new Treasury Board Guidelines confirm is that two-bedroom accommodation is the standard for all single

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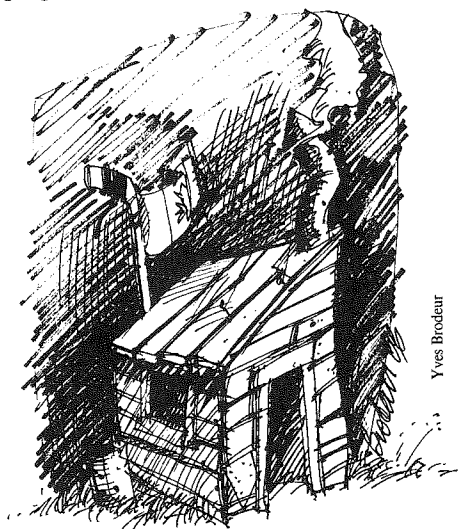
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employees — so the Department will no longer rent, build or purchase one-bedroom staff quarters. However, a comparison of family sizes with property holdings at an individual mission is not always valid because there are many cities abroad — especially those in tropical areas — where two-bedroom accommodation is not available or where the areas in which they are located are not appropriate. As well, the requirement to extend significant hospitality in the home may preclude the acquisition of two-bedroom accommodation because these usually have limited living and dining areas. In such circumstances, missions will acquire the types of accommodation appropriate to local circumstances and to carry out official programs.



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As far as exceeding the space standard (square meterage) in any individual staff quarter is concerned, the Head of Mission can exceed the 'target' by 10% while the Department can authorize a further 15%.

Finally, I did not give any period over which the new Guidelines would be implemented. What I did say was that there was no retroactivity involved to implement the new standards and because the rental inventory is replaced at an average rate of only 5% per year, any changes were bound to come slowly.

D.M. Stockwell
Director General
Bureau of Physical
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Department of External Affairs



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I've Seen the Enemy and the Enemy is US

by Ed Whitcomb

Throughout history mankind has devised ways to better his lot. Better organization. Better technology. Better education. Unfortunately, we are almost equally good at injuring ourselves by doing things like stifling technology, fighting wars and setting false priorities.

One truth holds, however. What we achieve, we did ourselves. The failures and setbacks were due to someone else, or perhaps fate, climate, the gods or innate wickedness.

So it is with the foreign service. We, of course, produced our own Golden Age when Canadian diplomats strode the globe like colossi bringing peace to Europe, development to the Third World and brotherhood to all mankind. In sharp contrast, our more recent descent into stagnation, career frustration, lowly status and relative poverty is clearly caused by others. We all know the devils who did us wrong — a miserly Treasury Board, a blinkered Public Service Commission, too many uncaring managers.

This must surely be at least 95% correct. But our fate is now so sad, our prospects so dismal that perhaps it is time to examine the other 5%, the remote, distant chance that maybe, inadvertently, unwittingly, foolishly even we bear some responsibility for our decline into darkness. There is, indeed, just a faint possibility that we are our own worst enemies.

Unaccustomed as we are to thinking this way, the effort leads to some interesting possibilities. With few exceptions, the foreign service always attracted the best. With even fewer exceptions, it always attracted a particular breed. We may be cynical, but there are few amongst us who are not dedicated to promoting Canada, helping Canadians and building a better world. We are dedicated. We are ambitious. We work damned hard. That used to lead to promotions. Now it leads to staff shortages and inadequate pay.

Treasury Board does not care if a diplomat visits some injured Canadian in hospital on

his own time. TB does not care if a diplomat entertains until midnight lining up crucial support, smoothing the way for a visit, cultivating a market or gathering political intelligence. TB does not know how hard we work because we have never told them.

TB is concerned with running the government machine, with output, costs and organization. All organizations are essentially the same in that they have workers, supervisors and a product, and it doesn't matter if the product is cars, transportation, insurance policies or diplomatic reports.

Much fuzzy thinking results when people develop the illusion that their product is special so their organization is "not like the others". We seem to have mastered this line of argument by tirelessly telling ourselves that we are professionals. That is true, but why has it led to the conclusion that we should tolerate low wages, inadequate promotions, inadequate merit pay, that overtime is something professionals do automatically, and that demanding an hour's pay for an hour's work is unprofessional?

Fuzzy thinking can sometimes be corrected by analogy. Think of External Affairs as a plantation, with all of us out picking cotton, in a professional way, of course. Because we are professionals, we keep picking cotton long into the evening, indeed as long as there is cotton to be picked because we like the work, because it is important, because our masters want us to, and because, as in the old days, someday we may get rewarded for a job well done.

The people who pay our bills and sell the cotton (TB) must be absolutely delighted with this plantation. There we are, 1200 of the most highly-trained, dedicated slaves in the country, working away from dawn to dusk, singing happy tunes to ourselves, staying in the fields past dinnertime without anyone even asking us to, meekly asking once a year for a small raise so we don't grow much poorer. Some of us even use our weekends travelling to distant plantations without dreaming of requesting compensation.

Does anyone expect TB to call us in from the fields at 5 p.m. and tell us to go home to

our families? Does anyone expect TB to say "My they work hard in that plantation. Let's give them a big bonus?" Do we and our managers really expect TB to authorize another 300 PY's when the 1200 of us are willingly doing the work of 1500?

This is not an absurd analogy. Why would *any* organization hire more people or pay its employees more if the employees themselves are willing to work overtime for nothing? Let's join the real world and realize that the more we work for less, the less incentive TB has to pay us more. That is the hole we have dug for ourselves, and the harder we dig the deeper the hole becomes.

Is this a shockingly, disgustingly unprofessional attitude? Not at all. The demands made of the foreign service by the public and our political masters grow exponentially. In working long hours for decades, we have conditioned our masters, our government and our clients to expect more for less. The rewards we once got for hard work have all but disappeared. And we have reached the point where the quality of our service is going to decline because we lack energy, enthusiasm and resources and have reached the limits of personal and family sacrifice. That, patently, is *not* a professional way to provide an essential service.

Fortunately one solution to this quandry was created in the last FS contract. It now says we can claim overtime for overtime on weekdays. We are supposed to take that as leave, but if leave is not possible, it must be paid in cash. If the Department is right about PY shortages, overtime cannot be paid with time off because we are too short of staff. To a large extent, then, overtime must be paid in cash.

That means we can demand and get paid for the amount of time it takes to do the job — 50 hours pay for 50 hours work, 60 for 60. Those working necessary overtime will start getting the weekly wage that was previously denied them, and the increase could be much more than promotion or merit pay could have provided. (Just one hour of overtime each week of the year is worth about as much for most officers as our last pay raise.) That in no way is com-

pensation for merit pay or promotion — it's honest pay for honest work. But money is money and it would be nice to take a bit more home, especially if you don't get home till 8 or 10 p.m.

Other advantages will flow the day all FSOs begin claiming for all overtime worked. Over the years some of us have developed some rather inefficient work habits like the excessive redrafting of material, the leisurely approach to meetings and duplication of effort. They result from an open-ended attitude towards time. The day managers realize they will have to pay, explain and justify overtime is the day they will decide that another draft isn't really necessary, that they already have enough information, that a meeting could move along a bit quicker and that perhaps only one person need attend some event. Nothing would do more for morale than the elimination of the bottom 5 - 10% of our work that is really unnecessary.

More important is the effect on PYs. Any manager who claims he is short a PY should now be signing overtime slips for 37 1/2 hours a week. If not, where is the evidence he and the Department are short of staff? (He may also be guilty of exploiting his staff because anyone who is encouraged or forced to work an extra 10 hours for nothing has seen his hourly wage (his worth) fall by perhaps a third). And, of course, some managers are approving all overtime, which means they have a case within the Department for the transfer of resources from bureaux which have no proof overtime is being worked.

When TB starts paying these sums then and only then will we get new PYs, because a full-time FSI costs less than half of an FS2 on weekend overtime. All that is needed is for managers, in their own interests, to ensure all overtime worked was necessary and is accounted for, and for FSOs to insist on overtime for overtime.

Then the Department will get the resources it needs, and with more resources (growth) promotions will become possible and necessary. We will also start edging back to the professional level of service that was once our pride, the level demanded by the nature of our work. There may still be people out there doing us harm, but at least the main enemy will no longer be ourselves.

Ed Whitcomb has served in Belgrade and Bangkok and is now assigned to the Political and Strategic Analysis Division of the Department of External Affairs. Mr. Whitcomb is also a member of the PAFSO Executive Committee.

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Russian and Russians are No Enigma When You Know Both

by David Levy

The question of how it is that the Soviet Union fields so many English-speaking officials while our side fields so few came out in stark relief last June when the Soviet authorities pulled their service staff out of our Moscow embassy in retaliation for our no-nonsense stand on their espionage over here.

Our key embassy staff were left woefully exposed and disarmed not only on the communications front but also in catering and coping generally. A critical dearth of Canadian personnel sufficiently competent in Russian led to a serious crisis whose longer term implications have now to be addressed.

Proffered answers to the above-cited question are usually couched in self-deprecating twaddle to the effect that it just goes to show how diligent the Russians are in seeking East-West understanding, and what laggards we are. When it comes to the crunch of our learning Russian the way they have learned English, we are, so to say, softies who would rather play golf or engage in other sybaritic occupations. Ignored is the fact that the post-war period brought English to the top spot among the world's most worthwhile languages to learn, largely through the American industrial and technological colossus, not to mention the influence of American entertainment culture on liberated and would-be-liberated youth the world over.

It's not because English is so easy to learn (it isn't, except at the very outset), or that Russians are any more concerned about international understanding than the rest of us (they aren't, or at least weren't until recently). It is because of an all-pervading U.S. influence on world affairs, because of America having what the Second and Third worlds want so badly, in almost every sphere you care to name. That is why the Soviet Union latched on to English as a second language with such impressive results. Circumstances in the real world have not motivated our side anywhere nearly as much in the reverse direction, for obvious reasons that have nothing to do with peace and understanding.

However, this is precisely what is changing as the new-look, participation-hungry Soviet



The author in early 1965 outside U.S. Embassy in Moscow during violent Vietnamese student demonstrations.

Union emerges on the international scene. As contact with ordinary Soviet citizens becomes easier, our lack of Russian in the face of such a salutary development will deny us precisely the personal, professional and political benefits we have always sought.

For, having described the Soviet achievement in learning English, it must be pointed out that we are really only talking of *official* Soviets who have mastered it so well. The rest of the population of the USSR is far behind them, despite the status English enjoys throughout the Soviet schooling system as the first foreign language taught, and despite its general underground popularity in the USSR. If you address Ivan Ivanovich in English you will generally draw a complete blank. Soviet citizens who know English well are *ipso facto* pressed into official service. They learn English precisely to obtain the plum jobs to which it is the key, jobs they do not then propose to jeopardize by agreeing with you that parliamentary government is superior to one-party rule.

At the other end of the spectrum, those who will agree with you are not likely to know English. During my many years covering the Soviet dissident story as a Moscow correspondent, hardly any dissidents knew English, from Sakharov, whose English is hopeless even though he

might know it theoretically, on down. This remarkable handicap under which the dissident movement thus laboured was only slightly offset by the ministrations of such English speakers as Anatoly Shcharansky who knew English well, and who was singled out for a special penance on that account, for uttering his heresies in our language.

Russians, moreover, have been notorious throughout history for holding English in pained contempt, and for being virtually possessed by an awed fascination with Russian, a vehicle of expression with which no other language could possibly compare. A jolly specimen of this traditional species of Russian is Alexei Pavlovich Makarov, Minister-Counsellor of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. Alexei Pavlovich has a truly exceptional command of English which he speaks with a rare combination of ease and precision. Yet he once came out with the same vituperative lament to me which I have heard almost all my life from other Russians about the inadequacy of English as a medium for the expression of feelings, of subtle nuances, of emotional attitudes and so on. He compared the way of saying something we happened to be talking about in Russian with the way it had to be said in English as *bozhii dar s yaitchnitsoi*, a gift from God compared with fried eggs.

Though sprung from the loins of an English Lit. M.A. from Oxford who knew Shakespeare and Chaucer by heart, I found myself agreeing with Alexei Pavlovich on many counts, if not all. Russian is not my mother language, but it is certainly my other language. I love it, and can't get enough of it. Seldom do I get through a gregariously spent day without at some point rueing the inability of an interlocutor to respond to a Russian word or expression which has come into my mind before the English. If only I could at least throw in the odd Russian word as one can the odd French word. But it would fall on deaf, not so say deprived, ears.

What's Russian like to learn?

I think Russian is easier than French for anglophones once you get past a few initial obstacles. French is only deceptively easier because at the outset so many of the words *seem* so similar, not to say familiar. But vocabulary is only a small part of learning

any language. It's the one part you can measure quantitatively. By the time you reach 500, you're almost there, as far as everyday vocabulary is concerned. In Russian, once you are past the 500, life gets much easier because (a) there are so many Latin appropriations, and (b) the big words are conglomerates of small words you already know, unlike English's upper vocabulary which is French. An example of both types of Russian words is the Russian for "presumption of innocence" — *prezump-tsia nevinovnosti*. That second word, obviously, is the word for innocence. Not so obvious is that its "i" ending denotes its genitive form, just as if in English we had no separate word for "of" but said "innocen-ceof". What's so hard to understand about that? Even less obvious to you now, but which would be glaringly obvious once you would have acquired the basic vocabulary, is that the word *nevinovnost* is made up of the negative prefix *ne-* plus a variation of the word for guilt, *vina*, plus the suffix for "ness", *nost*. Similarly, *glasnost* comes from the basic vocabulary word for voice, *golos* (or *glas* in Old Slavonic) and literally means "voiceness", an impossibility in English which we have to get around with the very approximate translation "openness", and which helps you understand what Alexei Pavlovich was going on about! Indeed, the Romanian Ambassador in Ottawa was heard to describe a particular group as "voicier" than another. I don't know any Romanian, but no doubt one can say "voicier" in that language. You can say *glasniy* in Russian, but unfortunately it's restricted to phonetics, and means a vowel, that is, a voiced sound. It also means public, or open, as in an open trial.

Russian has no article at all; no "a", no "the". Gender, of which there are three, is over 90 percent obvious from the way a word ends. Unlike English, French, German and so on, tense is ridiculously simple. There is only past, present and future. No fancy 12-speed gearshifting as with our Western languages. But, just as we are so fussy about tense, Russians are fussy about whether a verb is meant to indicate a one-shot action or an ongoing, general action — perfective or imperfective. So there are two forms of every verb. This eliminates the ambiguity we have in English when we say "I'm going to university", which means either "I'm off to university right now" or "I am a university student". The English particle "off", by the way, as well as other such particles, is the nearest we come in English to a mechanism for making a verb perfective. The need for one is there. Those concerned with good English usage often chide those who say "head up" when "head" will do quite nicely,

thank you. But the "up" didn't come from nowhere; it came from an urge to make the verb perfective, which the formal language thwarts.

One seemingly special difficulty about Russian for English speakers is the implausible polysyllabicism of so many words. English, like Chinese, has a remarkable number of monosyllabic words. But while Russian is by no means at the other end of the scale on that score, its system of building up complex words from simple, basic-vocabulary words, or from Latin words, does lead to a lot of long though easily decipherable words. You can't have it both ways — easy-to-understand complex words that are also short. I once marvelled at a humble Moscow delivery van driver's phonetic agility when, having reached a screeching stop beside me just in time not to go through the red light at which I was waiting, he shouted over to me with a grin: "*Samouregulirushchiesa*" which meant self-regulating, referring to his brakes. The word breaks down as follows: *samo* = self; *regul-* comes from the imperfective verb *regulirovat* meaning to regulate (note the Latin, and note that it is imperfective because it describes a condition rather than a one-shot action); *-ushchie* (in Russian, the *shch* is just one letter) is the normal present participle ending, the equivalent of English's *-ing*; the *sa* (actually *sya* but pronounced *sa*) is the reflexive ending which the French put before the verb instead of after — *se* or *s'*.

The truly hard part about Russian, though only at the outset, is the case system, which is along the same lines as Latin. But once mastered, it soon becomes indispensable, and you begin to wonder how any language gets along without it. It makes every Russian sentence far easier to figure out, no matter what order the words are in, than a sentence in, say, French, which is as uninflected as English. This is just as well, because Russian has to use word order to get around not having an article. The standard example, used in teaching Russians how to use our article (which few of them ever master), is: "House stands on corner" = the house is on the corner. And "On corner stands house" = a house is on the corner.

Another encouraging thing about Russian is that, being spoken by so many non-Russians within the Soviet Union itself (half the population speaks it as a second language), as well as in the satellite lands, Russians are quite used to non-Russian accents. Much the same as in English the way we regard a French accent as just one more of the many ways English is spoken. The nearest I ever came to being laughed at in the Soviet Union over the way I speak Russian was when a well-meaning violinist

told me I pronounced the "sh" like the criminal element in Odessa. He worked on me for some time trying to get me to change, but on that I fear I was as hopeless as Eliza Doolittle. I also notice that if you listen carefully there is something different about the way Russians pronounce their "m's" and their "b's", but I have never bothered to master it. It just doesn't matter. I spoke my own Russian and, because it is grammatical and fairly colloquial, it led non-English-speaking Russians to forget I was a foreigner and take me for some sort of Soviet — curiously enough, not from Odessa but usually from one of the Baltic states. And it is the non-English-speaking Russians who you want to meet if you want to plumb the real character of the country.

Besides everything else, Russian is a marvellous language, a delightful and intriguing instrument to play and tinker with. Once you get into high gear as a learner, you soon appreciate why our English translations of the Russian classics are such weak tea compared with the original.

David Levy founded CBC's Moscow bureau in 1964. An editorial consultant in Ottawa today, he also does Russian interpreting for the Department of Secretary of State.

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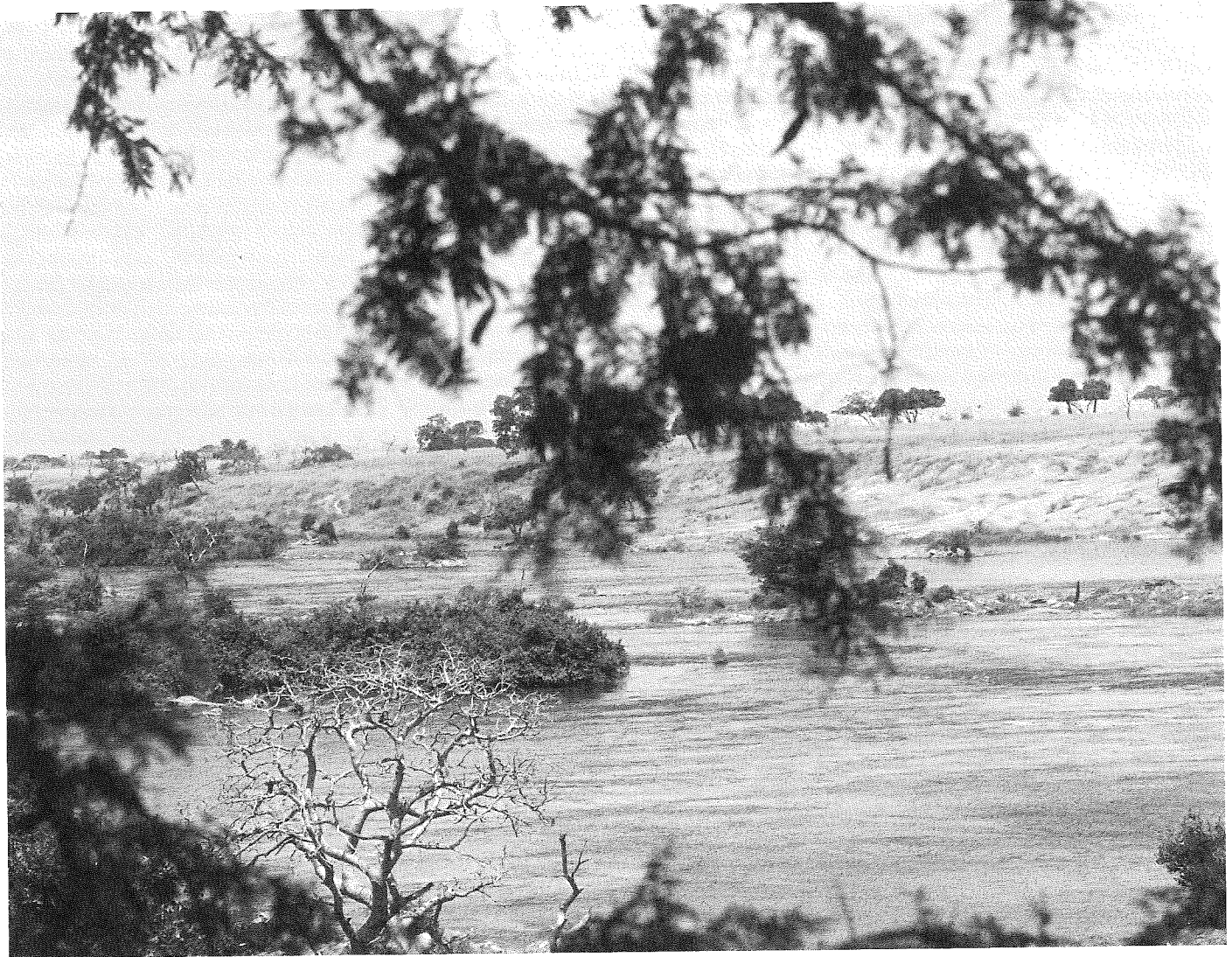
A LANGUAGE FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Russian has been compared to a Swiss watch — a fine mechanism, with many delicate niceties but an instrument of incomparable excellence. The great Russian poet and scientist Lomonosov wrote in 1754:

Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor, used to say the Spanish language is appropriate for conversing with God, French for conversing with one's friends, German for one's enemies, and Italian for conversing with the opposite sex.

But if he had been adept at Russian, he would of course have added that it could suitably be used for conversing with all of these. For he would have found in Russian the magnificence of Spanish, the vivacity of French, the strength of German, the gentleness of Italian, and in addition the wealth and economy of expression of the Greek and Latin languages.

Paradise Under Seige: Notes From a Trip to Uganda in 1976



The Victoria Nile flows behind the Kabalega Lodge. Nile perch in these waters can reach 75 kilos or more.

Story and photos by Laurel Pardy

The explosive bang ricocheted around the inside of the white Peugeot station wagon. We hit the floor; the driver hit the gas pedal and the car raced down the disintegrating highway, ignoring potholes and sunbathing monkeys alike. This was Idi Amin's Uganda and loud noises were not something to safely linger about investigating.

The border with Kenya was several hours behind us. There were no villages, no people walking along the road and no other vehicles, not even military traffic. Highway maintenance had been neglected for so long that the vegetation grew lushly to the edge of the pavement and even in the cracks and holes.

The unspoken anxiety of running afoul of local military or police lurked in everyone's mind.

In this case, the momentary panic had been caused by a bottle of soda water popping its top. In addition to all our own gear, we carried cooking oil, soap, kerosene, salt and flour to leave with the Canadians we would visit during our tour.

There were only a few Canadians left in Uganda in 1976, mostly White Fathers parish priests, White Sisters nurses, and Brothers of Christian Instruction teachers. Most of them lived in the southwest around Mbarara and Masaka. North of Kabalega Falls, in Gulu, however, there was a husband and wife medical team from Montreal who still kept a small hospital functioning.

Visiting these people was the objective of our journey and, so, instead of going directly to Kampala, we went northward and circled counter clockwise through Masindi and Gulu and Kasere on the eastern edge of the Ruwenzoris, the "Mountains of the Moon".

The climate of Uganda is as close to perfect as it gets; days of warm sunshine with light showers in the afternoon and cool nights unbroken by harsh seasons of cold or wet. The altitude takes the edge off the tropical heat and rain. It is true that here, if you erect a fence from freshly cut poles, the poles will sprout roots and become trees. Many of the banana, cocoa, sugar and coffee plantations had returned to a jungle state after their owners fled the irrational violence.

Only three things seemed to flourish



Only three things seemed to flourish under Idi Amin: vegetation, weaver birds and hippos.

under Idi Amin: vegetation, weaver birds and hippos. Doubtless the Nile perch were enjoying a respite from sport fishermen as well, but the tourist infrastructure had ground to a near halt and none of the lodges could offer the rare visitor either land or water safaris.

This is not to say that the lodges were closed. We were offered accommodation everywhere we stopped for the night and, in fact, were always offered a menu and food at country inns when we halted for lunch or a rest. However, the depressing reality was that, although the impeccable service and hospitality of a flourishing tourist industry remained, there was nothing else left.

We arrived, for example, at the Mweya Safari Lodge in the Ruwenzori Park at dinner time. The receptionist, the porters, the parking valets, the maitre d' and the waiters were efficient and polite. The table was set with white linen and sterling silver and the five-course menu was newly hand printed and placed into its embossed leather folder. The menu contained five courses — all variations on fried or mashed bananas. Some of the dishes may have been made from eating bananas, but mostly these were cooking bananas or plantain. The waiter offered us fried Nile perch which we knew he must have expected to eat himself for his dinner.

It was difficult to know how to react to all the pomp and circumstance as we were the only guests in the 200 room hotel, seated at the only table laid in an enormous dining room filled with empty tables and an entire hotel staff with nothing to do but wait on us.

After dinner we were lit to our room in a far corner of the building by a porter who ran ahead screwing and unscrewing a single light bulb into the successive empty receptacles. When he left us at our doorway, he presented us with the bulb but admonished us not to waste it by telling us glowing accounts of the sights an early riser might encounter. He also unwound and handed us our ration of toilet

paper, about six squares each. In the room, the mattresses were more luxurious than those of any Sheraton, but the sheets were much mended and threadbare.

It was painfully obvious that when any item was finished or broken, it could not be replaced or fixed.

The following morning, we took a boat trip along the Kazinga Channel to view any wild game that came to the banks to drink. Two monitor lizards, several dozen bobbing hippo and thousands of weavers swooping in and out of their swaying nests comprised the morning's head count.

Reportedly, in 1974, herds of large antelope and gazelle still roamed the plains, elephant numbered around 3,000 and large cats were still common. Eighteen months later, we saw nothing in any of the parks except one old Cape buffalo. The hippos alone represented the vast herds of large game.

Even though the effects of civil war were felt in the countryside, the promise of agricultural and natural bounty created an illusion of peace and abundance. Nearer to Kampala, the disruption and devastation could not be covered up. Many fields were untended, the Ankole cattle were skrawny and few in number, nobody waved or smiled and it seemed wiser not to take any photographs.

At a school in Masaka, an hours drive southwest of Kampala, we were welcomed but advised not to stay the night. At the hotel in Kampala we were followed up the elevator by secret policemen. The day after we visited Makerere University, fifteen students were arrested and several killed. The French Ambassador's residence was next to a popular internment compound and during dinner one could hear shouting and screaming. On the way back to Kenya, we were stopped at gun point and forced to transport two armed soldiers. Two weeks after our return to Nairobi, two of the priests we had visited were arrested and thrown out of the

country where they had worked for more than twenty years.

At no time were we treated roughly or rudely. There were demands for visas and passports, and checks for identification but we were never delayed unduly, perhaps in deference to the diplomatic license plates and passports, or perhaps because Ugandans are by nature and heritage a polite, friendly people. From recent history, this would not seem to be the case but my experience with individual Ugandans has created an impression of intelligent, diligent, creative people with no particular chip on their shoulder.

The generous natural bounty of the country and climate have created a garden nation. Uganda could feed, if not the globe, at least much of starving Africa. Nature is more forgiving than the human race and if given the opportunity much of the damage could be recouped.

For me, this trip personifies the most difficult dilemma of foreign service life abroad; to see what could be and to accept what will be.

*Laurel Pardy, a regular contributor to **bout de papier**, is a frequent writer on issues of international mobility, basing her observations on both research and personal experience.*

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Waldheim Fooled Canada Too

by Sidney A. Freifeld

Amid all the brouhaha over the World War II activities of Kurt Waldheim, President of Austria and former two-term Secretary General of the United Nations, it seems to have been forgotten that Canada was the first country to which Austria appointed him on ambassadorial assignment and that the career record he presented us here might well have foreshadowed the ominous events to come. In pulling the wool successfully over Ottawa's eyes, he went on for three decades of dissimulation and outright falsification — from the time he set foot in Ottawa in 1956 to the publication of his memoirs a couple of years ago.

Because it still seems unlikely — or certainly has not yet been proven — that Dr. Waldheim directly committed war crimes, it is puzzling to contemplate why he went to such lengths and such risks to obfuscate his wartime record. And it is particularly puzzling in the light of his insistence on the innocuousness of his military activities. Would his war record have handicapped his attainment of such high national international office? Or would the knowledge, now belatedly unearthed by historians, have transmuted entirely his astonishing career?

From the early postwar years up to 1956, Austria had maintained a small diplomatic mission in Ottawa headed by a chargé d'affaires, with its Ambassador in Washington accredited additionally to Canada. In early 1956, Vienna informed the Department of External Affairs that it would like to raise the level of its representation here by appointing a full-time Minister, who would reside in Ottawa.

Vienna proposed Dr. Waldheim for this new post and on January 16, 1956, submitted a *curriculum vitae* and requested the customary approval for the appointment from External. The c.v. noted that Waldheim had served in Vienna during 1951-55 as "Director of the Personnel Section of the Federal Chancellery, Department of External Affairs", from which it might well have been inferred that the biographical note for such a person would have been meticulously prepared. It began:

Dr. Kurt Waldheim. Envoy Extra-

ordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Born December 21st, 1918. Married. Consular Academy of Vienna, legal studies at the University of Vienna, Doctor of Law 1944. Military service: 1936-37, 1939-45. Legal practice at the District Court of Appeal, Vienna, 1940-45. Entered the Austrian foreign service November 1945.

No one in Ottawa queried the anomaly arising from the juxtaposed c.v. entries "military service 1939-45" and "legal practice at the District Court of Appeal, Vienna, 1940-45", and External Affairs approved the appointment without question. Perhaps someone had a fleeting doubt, or was puzzled, because the wording of External's subsequent biographical note, prepared for the Governor General on the occasion of Waldheim's presentation of credentials, was quite cautious: "...in 1940 (he) finished law studies at the University of Vienna. After the end of World War II, Dr. Waldheim entered the Austrian Foreign Ministry".

Dr. Waldheim presented his credentials to Vincent Massey on March 28, 1956. Two years later, Austria raised its mission in Ottawa to the rank of embassy and Waldheim's rank was accordingly raised to ambassador. He served two more years here and in June 1960 was re-assigned to his Ministry in Vienna, and subsequently rose to become Minister of Foreign Affairs.

What External Affairs in Ottawa did not know in agreeing to Waldheim's appointment, and what he successfully concealed in his *curriculum vitae* and in his four-year stay in Canada, were the basic facts of his war record. He first saw service with the German Army in occupied France, where he was commissioned. In 1941, he took part in the Nazi invasion of the USSR, receiving the Iron Cross — and praise from his commander, who was later executed as a war criminal. Wounded in the leg by a grenade splinter in Russia, Waldheim was repatriated to Vienna and after several months regained his health. In 1942, he was assigned to the German High Command in Belgrade, where he served as an intelligence officer; the Nazi Army there, harassed by Yugoslav partisan resistance, engaged in a campaign of atrocities throughout the Balkans, includ-

ing indiscriminate massacres of whole villages, massive deportations to Nazi death and slave labour camps, and systematic depopulation. In 1943, Waldheim was given some study leave in Vienna, after which he was re-assigned to the Balkans, serving until the end of the war as a Nazi liaison officer at Italian Fascist headquarters in Salonika and Athens, i.e. in the areas where some of the war's worst atrocities were perpetrated.

If Waldheim dissimulated about his war years in his *curriculum vitae* for Ottawa, he went even further when he received his first appointment, beginning in 1972, as Secretary General of the United Nations where, it might well have been assumed, his career would have been subject to the most rigorous scrutiny; Waldheim's main competition for the U.N. post was Max Jacobsen, Finland's highly-regarded Ambassador to the United Nations, who was favoured by the Western nations. The UN's official announcement about Waldheim's career following his election makes no mention of war service whatsoever and clearly infers that Waldheim was occupied by the study of law during the years of World War II: "The Secretary General was born at Sankt Andra-Wordern, near Vienna, Austria, on 21 December 1918. He graduated from the University of Vienna as a Doctor of Jurisprudence in 1944. He is also a graduate of the Vienna Consular Academy. Mr. Waldheim joined the Austrian diplomatic service in 1945..."

Even more flagrant is the fabrication that Dr. Waldheim wrote in his recent autobiography "In the Eye of the Storm — The Memoirs of Kurt Waldheim, Secretary General of the United Nations 1972-82" (Weidenfeld, London, 1985). He mentions returning from the Eastern Front with a leg wound in 1941, but then goes on to say: "...to my undisguised relief (I) was discharged from further service at the front. I made a formal request to be permitted to resume my law studies and take my Master's degree and, rather to my surprise, this was granted. I still had my pay as a lieutenant and this helped to see me through." Reinforcing this lie, he then goes on to describe all the work and travel required to secure his higher degree.

That's all. Just law study in Vienna. No mention of Belgrade, Salonika, Athens, of

the dreadful events at Kozara in Bosnia where some 90,000 Yugoslavs, many of them women and children, were put to death. No mention of his role as Nazi intelligence officer. Just law study in Vienna; he did receive his Doctorate in Law in 1944.

Now President of Austria, Dr. Waldheim has ignored domestic pressures on him to resign after a panel of military historians, appointed by the Austrian Government, concluded that he must have been aware of war crimes while serving in the Balkans but did nothing in protest or to impede them and later lied to conceal his military past; and while they found no evidence that Waldheim himself was guilty of war crimes, he "repeatedly assisted in connection with illegal actions and thereby facilitated their execution."

The U.S. Department of Justice has been less reticent. After a year's investigation it stated, on April 27 last year, that "the available evidence demonstrates that under established legal principles, Waldheim, during his service with the German Army in World War II, assisted or otherwise participated in the following persecutory activities: the transfer of civilian prisoners to the S.S. for exploitation as slave labor; the mass deportation of civilians to concentration and death camps; the deportation of Jews from Greek islands and Banja Luka, Yugoslavia, to concentration and death camps; the utilization of anti-Semitic propaganda; the mistreatment and execution of Allied prisoners, and reprisal executions of hostages and other civilians." The Simon Wiesenthal Documentation Centre — which is located in Vienna — has not accused Waldheim of war crimes.

All this raises the intriguing question of why Dr. Waldheim — from his *curriculum vitae* for Canada in the fifties to his memoirs in the eighties — went to such risky lengths to lie about his war years. Had the truth been known, would Canada have given its agreement to Austria's proposal to appoint him as its first resident Head of Mission in Ottawa? Would the members of the United Nations have agreed to his appointment — and re-appointment — to two five-year terms as U.N. Secretary General?

One of the U.N.'s most highly regarded officials from its earliest days, Britain's Brian Urquhart, well known to the Canadian military and to External Affairs because of his long responsibility for United Nations peacekeeping operations, served directly under and supported Waldheim for ten years as a U.N. Under-Secretary-General. Urquhart, now Sir Brian, recently published his own memoirs of four decades of U.N. service, and at a time when the international outrage over Waldheim's misrepresentation

of his war record was reaching a crescendo. In his "A Life in Peace and War" (Harper, New York, 1987) Urquhart, the quintessence of cautious discernment and sobriety of judgement, writes:

"Waldheim, it now seems clear, lied for forty years about his war record... This seems to me a far greater disqualification for responsible office, either national or international, than the currently available evidence of his doings as an officer of Hitler's army."

Last summer direct allegations — the first of their kind — linking Dr. Waldheim to the execution of a British officer in Greece were made by a British Member of Parliament (who once worked for Waldheim at the U.N.) and by a British historian and former Cabinet Minister who had commanded Allied operations in support of the Greek Resistance in World War II. The outcome of the Thatcher Government's inquiry into these allegations should help scholars reach a final judgement in the strange case of Kurt Waldheim.

Sidney Freifeld a former ambassador to Columbia and Ecuador, and a member of the Senior Editorial Board of bout de papier holds the world's record for fly-rod-caught spotted sea trout.

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1945:

Reflections from Canada House



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Canadian High Commissioner Vincent Massey (far right) and General P.J. Montague (left) greet Col. J.L. Ralston, Minister of National Defense (centre) at Hendon Airport, London on his arrival from Italy, October 4, 1944.

by John Holmes

Edited by Dan Livermore

One of Canada's most distinguished commentators and scholars in the area of foreign policy and external affairs, John Holmes died on August 13, 1988. In this article, originally a lecture delivered at Carleton University, he explored some of the foreign policy conundrums of the 1940s, when he was a senior officer in Ottawa, London and Moscow.

This will be more of a nostalgia trip than a history lesson. It is about the year 1945, as perceived largely from Canada House in Trafalgar Square. It is history recollected in tranquility. My ap-

proach is impressionist — post-impressionist perhaps, and a bit surrealist. I have been going through bundles of personal letters and official despatches from that year, and I offer what I hope might be a few flashes of insight into how we saw things in a very confused time.

I admit that one motive for doing so is concern with the way in which orderly historians, unborn in 1945, are diligently deconfusing the issues. I keep wanting to say, "Don't you know there was a war on?" or "Don't you know there was a war off?" or "Don't you realize that many things were going on at the same time?". Of course there is a little pique at the lofty way in which scholars and editors pour scorn on people groping with vast uncertainties for their lack of consistency and foresight so obvious now to any computerized post-graduate. Historians have, of course, made clear the consequences of mistaken judge-

ments, as they should. From my perspective, they are less good on the motives which they too often simplify.

Of course I don't recollect in sublime tranquility. I confess exasperation with those who, for example, denounce the West for handing over the east end of Europe without considering the position of the Red Army; with those who see an Anglo-American desire to provoke a fight with the Red Army without considering the attitude of politicians, diplomats or soldiers after six years of slaughter; with those who complain of the failure to move displaced persons in the hundreds of thousands without regard for the means of transport; with those who denounce the failure to make security checks in a continent where law, government and records were in shambles; or even about the often cruel deportation of people caught up in the crossfire without realising the very human, if in the light of history uncharitable,

contempt for anyone who had fought with the despicable Nazis. We had supped full of horrors, and justice was bound to be rough. There were desperate problems of sheltering, feeding, even protecting prisoners or refugees, not to mention the more or less innocent citizens of allied or enemy countries. What was innocence and what was guilt? I suggest that those who reconstruct the history of that time steep themselves first in those early Bergman films to get the feel of what Europe was like in 1945.

The horrors I had supped during the war were not all that gruesome. Dodging V-bombs and eating bread sausages were very minor discomforts. Still, war does breed callousness, even if one's suffering was vicarious. It still bothers me that I used to listen with satisfaction to our bombers filling the night sky and noting pretty casually which cities had been attacked without paying much attention when Dresden was listed. In judging what was innocence and what was guilt we all need humility.

There was the other side of 1945, and that always leads me to Wordsworth: "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be young was very heaven." If you had survived, that is. My work has been involved in what we called post-hostilities planning. Now peace was upon us. It was daunting but exhilarating.

For most of 1945 there were two first secretaries at Canada House. Doug LePan covered economics and I tried to cover most international political issues. As we had few missions of our own in Europe or anywhere else, I had to keep in touch with things in the Middle East, with East-West relations, the peace settlements, the UN in process of formation. It was frantic but exhilarating. Because so much of the history of this time has been written by Americans from American archives, it is forgotten that the British were playing an equal part in post-war planning, and their views mattered to us very much. Being dependent on British sources for so much of our information might be thought to have warped our vision, and maybe it did. Canadians tend to be suspicious of the susceptibility of their feeble-minded diplomats for foreign seduction. In those days, the Dominions Office circulated to the 'doms' a broad assortment of telegrams and memoranda from all over the world. In addition, the men at the F.O. and D.O. talked to me very freely, and, on the basis of these sources, I passed on Westminster views to such innocents as Norman Robertson and Hume Wrong.

Needless to say, the word from Downing Street was supplanted with reports from our missions in Washington and Paris. Even with our limited resources overseas we could be

eclectic about what we believed or thought. By far the strongest influence on our views of the USSR was our own ambassador in Moscow, Dana Wilgress, and the British also paid attention to what he thought. The glib assumption that we were pressured by the Americans to adopt their lugubrious views of the Soviet Union is not only an insult to our intelligence but also a misunderstanding of the ferment of the times.

Our principal Canadian concern was to get a seat at the peace conference appropriate to a country that had fought the Germans for six years. We were happy that the Americans were taking a lead. We were haunted by what had happened to Wilson after Versailles. Britain was exhausted, we knew, and it was essential that the US remain

The British War Office lived in a world of its own and occasionally put out antediluvian schemes for empire defence which were not pressed by the Attlee government.

committed, but by no means certain that it would. At the same time, there was subterranean resentment of the way the late arrivals had assumed command. It was the Russians and also the Americans who presented the problem over the peace treaties. In the past, Canadians had tended to see their struggle for a voice in an imperial context, but after 1941 we had learned that this was the inevitable and perpetual problem of lesser powers in the company of greater. The British had been browbeaten over the years by aggressive Australians and Canadians into some understanding of the sensitivities involved. They had some interest, furthermore, in magnifying their status as a failing great power with the aura of a Commonwealth, and that required good will. The Russians bluntly wanted three power hegemony, and even if the Americans and British had been willing to concede all we wanted, they could not have reached agreement with Moscow. These were the facts of life, and although we kept up the pressure, we never doubted that the maintenance of agreement among the triumvirate was the highest priority.

The Americans irritated us by arguing that what was conceded to us would have to be conceded to the Brazilians. We had a perhaps excessive pride in our war effort and found that hard to take. In tranquility, I recognize that the Americans did have a problem with their Latin friends. Although we always said that we were fighting for the rights of smaller powers, we did regard ourselves as rather special, and at that moment in time we were. Mr. King resented

our being grouped with Mexico. Even more irritating was the implicit American message that we small powers had nothing to worry about, 'cause Uncle Sammy would take care of the little ones. The United States, we should know, was not like other great powers; it had been divinely created to look after the peoples of the world.

I was much engaged in the campaign to persuade the Council of Foreign Ministers of the four great powers in Europe to let us participate, or at least be heard, in the negotiations, on the peace treaty with Germany. That proved a humiliating experience, to be told in the end that we could make written presentations to their deputies. We had done better than that in 1918. There was, of course, no peace conference or treaty with

Germany, and the issue subsided. We had a seat at the peace conference in Paris that dealt with Italy and the minor enemies. At that gathering the raucous Australian, Dr. Evatt, rather discredited our common cause by putting forth an all-Australian proposal for almost every conflict on the agenda. For the most part, however, we had an effective Commonwealth team which, having a strong moral position from our part in the war, made substantial gains, if not on the peace treaties at least in changing the shape of the United Nations. The Labour governments in Australia and New Zealand hollered loudly, and we, the men of Mackenzie King, were always polite but firm, if perpetually aggrieved. At San Francisco, the Canadians gained some of their burgeoning reputation for mediatory massaging by cooling off Dr. Evatt on the pleading of the Americans and British.

There were some problems in our sudden expansion into world politics. On a visit to Rome I was stoned in the Piazza Venezia — in the biblical sense, of course — by a neo-fascist mob while riding in a British Embassy car the day after the Council of Foreign Ministers had hedged on Trieste. Aside from a cheek scratch I was unharmed, but I have always regarded it as useful in the education of a diplomat to have stared at least once into the eyes of a malevolent mob.

In this period before the Cold War alignments were strengthening, it was the division between small and great powers that often seemed more important. My time was taken up with our effort to transform the proposed United Nations from the great power-

dominated, hierarchical structure the triumvirate had in mind into something more likely to endure because it recognized the interests of the rest of the world. I had been involved in post-hostilities planning in Ottawa and carried this on in liaison with the British team headed by Gladwyn Jebb. I found the Foreign Office, on the whole, sympathetic. They were caught in the manoeuvres of the three great men, often exasperated by their own prime minister whose weird plan for a world of regional councils was described by Sir Charles Webster as 'ideas of the more futile kind of international wallahs of the last twenty years'.

I think the most substantial Canadian contribution to the UN was made by Escott Reid in the Preparatory Commission in London during the summer and autumn of 1945. I was supposed to advise him, but I had too many chores at Canada House and he needed no help at all. As a compulsive and immaculate draftsman, concocter of structures and deviser of acceptable rules, not to mention a formidable fencer with the great power representatives, he left his mark on the procedures of the UN. I thought of him fondly in New York recently when I watched a harried chairman of the Third Committee use those rules to put some order into a raucous session on human rights.

What about the Russians? It seems to me that the actuality is confused by tendencies to personalize or even to nationalize certain attitudes, to identify hawks and doves, to honour or blame them. The British and the Americans alternate as the wise or the foolish. There is also the tendency, not just on the left, to talk of the Cold War in the abstract as a kind of miasma which settled on us like the influenza of 1918, an irrationality which explains everything. What I recall is my own and others' reaction to what was happening in Poland. It was as simple as that. We were very reluctant to believe that at that time in history the Russians had spirited away a delegation of Polish Jewish socialists. Only a few fanatics actually wanted to find similarities with the Nazis, but it was often hard to stifle the deadly parallels. It was only a few years since we had watched Hitler suborn neighbouring governments. As for the complaints on the right about a sell-out, the core fact is that at the time of Yalta the Red Army was heading straight for Berlin and we were stalled on the Rhine. It was the Western powers who had most to gain by sticking to the division of occupation zones that had been agreed upon with the Russians. I believed that strongly at the time and still do. As for Poland, there was no way the Western powers could impose their will; all they could do was try to get a promise of

good behaviour from the Russians. It didn't work, but what would have? We were, of course, frightened by the power of the Red Army, but we were also grateful. Their incredible fortitude made us loth to deny them the fruits of victory and willing perhaps to excuse their brutality too readily.

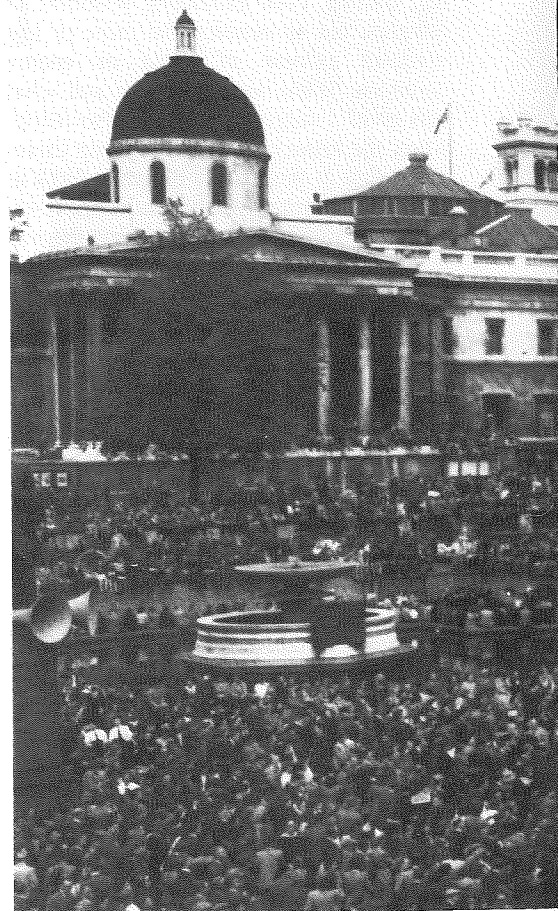
What is too often forgotten about the final months of the war is that the priority was to defeat the Germans. To do so, Allied solidarity had to be preserved at almost all costs. Things could not be allowed to fall apart with victory within our grasp. We were extremely anxious lest the Russians sign a separate peace, and we knew that they were even more afraid that we would do so. There was great fear of the way the war would end, with particular concern lest the Nazis retreat into a mountain fortress taking our prisoners-of-war with them. We may know now that that would have been impossible, but we did not know it then. Maintaining even a troubled alliance was important in order to get a peace treaty which would preserve at least Western and Southern Europe from Soviet domination, to get our prisoners in Western Europe home safely, and to get agreement on a United Nations which seemed the only hope of collective security after the war. There was also increasing anxiety to get the Russians into the war with Japan. Very few people knew of the atomic bomb and even they could not count on a swift end of the Pacific war. Particularly in Britain, the thought of sending the troops off to a long and bloody campaign against the Japanese after triumph and relief in Europe was almost unbearable. Canadians, having been in Europe longer than the Americans, were prepared to send only those who volunteered for this extended and probably fatal service. The arguments for keeping faith with the Russians were overpowering even for those who had the gravest doubts about Soviet good faith.

In retrospect we may be inclined to think that the British were pretentious in assumptions about their continuing role as a great power. But in 1945 they had little alternative. With war expected to rage in the Far East for several years and Western Europe in disarray, the Russians would have a very free hand. Britain was still the only power of consequence in Western Europe and they had to contemplate maintaining a balance of that continent with uncertain support from the US.

It was not only in Europe that the British would be stretched. Whatever historical view one might take of the Empire, the British were stuck with it at that moment in history. They eventually did dismantle the imperial structure by sublimating it into a Commonwealth, but it would have been

morally and strategically impossible to abandon outposts and colonies in a hurry — and the Americans would have raised hell. The British also had the delicate caretaker job for French and Dutch possessions in the Far East and the terrible burden of the sterling area to which they were deeply indebted. So the moral fervour about colonies was hard to take. However right the Americans might have been *sub specie aeternitatis*, they were not inclined to realize the difficulties of instant decolonization. Their insistence on the anti-colonial theme in plans for the UN was a major cause of strain, and of worry for Canada with its perpetual anxiety to keep transatlantic relations sweet. We were noting ironically the imperial tone of the American crusade for removing all barriers to international trade to permit the swift establishment of American economic hegemony, however paternal its intentions. Was it the dawn of the American empire?

This new kind of high-minded liberal imperialism was more evident to Canadians after we had had to counter it at the Chicago conference on international civil aviation, where Adolf Berle wanted to make the skies





National Archives of Canada

Trafalgar Square on Victory Day, London, England, 8 May 1945.

safe for democracy and Pan American Airways — to the greater benefit of mankind, of course. New Dealism was showing another face. FDR, citing Seeley's *Expansion of England*, told Mr. King that the United States was becoming the United Nations. In the argument over colonialism we were annoyed by the fanaticism of the Americans and, as ever, unsympathetic to the Tory right wing in Britain. We were in the process of transforming an empire into a Commonwealth in our image and more confident than ever that evolution was better than revolution. I think we were right, and I don't think we have had enough credit for our part in the more or less peaceful evolution of the largest of the empires. The British don't recognize that if the Commonwealth had not been converted by Canada and the other dominions from an anglo-centric league for common action into an association for consultation, they would never have had at their command the formula which enabled them to quit India without disaster. The Americans regarded the Commonwealth as nothing more than an unfair trade practice.

This progressive side of empire they could not see at all — possibly because its earliest manifestation in Canada had cut their manifest destiny in half.

Ottawa showed less understanding of the British strategic dilemma than they did of the financial. We were generous in our loans, partly in hope of restoring an essential market and partly because we felt that the British had suffered more in what we insisted was a common cause. Mr. King was persistently flattered by perceived plots of imperial centralizers. I note that a good deal of my correspondence from London at this time was devoted to reassuring colleagues that the campaign for a single Empire voice was largely wind, part of the rhetoric of victory, a conviction held more fervently at *The Sunday Times* than in Whitehall. The Foreign Office, even though they sometimes used the language of empire to bolster their shaky status as a great power, had no desire whatsoever to have their foreign policies made in Canberra. The British knew very well that Canada would not join in any firm plans for imperial defence. They had, how-

ever, to respond to the Australians and New Zealanders in their lonely outposts, worried about Singapore and with a different, but by no means colonial, view of imperial defence when the American direction was so uncertain.

We were very egocentric. As Mr. King had been reluctant to let Mr. Massey attend meetings of high commissioners lest he commit us to imperial plots, he now placed absurd restrictions on the Canadian military staff in London. Mr. Massey had, incidentally, always defended the Canadian right to a voice in allied policy.

The British War Office lived in a world of its own and occasionally put out antediluvian schemes for empire defence which were not pressed by the Attlee government. Mr. Attlee spoke of the need for help in maintaining the thin red line but it was out of desperation over the economic and military strains on a very weak state and not out of any intention to revive ideas of a united empire. Mr. King exploited the issue as he had years before exploited the clumsy British request for assistance at Chanak. The Canadian tradition

of calling these 'demands' ignores the fact that for a century the British had been in no position to demand anything of Canada that Canadians were not willing to agree to. The need in the post-war period for us to assert our independence was never pressing because on most world policies our differences were rare, and in the post-Skeltonian era, External Affairs did not regard independence as an end in itself.

In any case, the nationalists were beginning to be more concerned about asserting independence from another great power. As for defence, we argued that the only sensible strategic scheme would be one that included the United States. We argued that not only for Canada but for Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth. That view was accepted by Attlee and Bevin after fears of American withdrawal diminished. It was Canadian and British agreement on that score that led to bringing the United States into a North Atlantic alliance, the real begetters of which were Ernest Bevin, Louis St. Laurent — and Escott Reid. I exaggerate only a little.

There was, however, a great difference between Britain, mutilated but never occupied, and the continent. I very much wanted to know what it was like over there, but it was 1946 before I made it. I was sent to Rome to represent Canada at the winding up of the International Institute of Agriculture to make room for the FAO. We had no embassy in Rome, and I took advantage of the opportunity to take soundings on the state of a country in which left and right and the allied powers were angling for dominance. As for the British, a Labour Government, as would be expected, was hoping for the emergence of a regime roughly social democratic — the medium formula for all the restored governments of Western Europe. The Foreign Office was of that mind and the State Department too, I think. But it seemed evident to me that they were not running Italy. Not surprisingly, the British and Americans on the spot were perturbed at the offence to the Italians of their governments' neutrality on Trieste.

Perhaps I was naive, but the picture I got from talks with British, Americans, Italians and others was of a country whose fate was being decided largely by its own people. The British Ambassador complained that his American counterpart had been absent for a long time and their presence was weak. He wanted a Canadian Ambassador to bolster the team. Of course, there was allied intervention in Italian politics, much of which was possibly not obvious to the allied diplomats. I question, however, the easy assumption that the allies were running the country. Italians are not easy to run in any circumstances. I question also the tendency in some

quarters to be even-handed and equate what was happening in Western Europe with Soviet management of the Eastern countries, but, of course, I never got to Bucharest and I never tried to manage Romanians.

It was not only the sunshine of Italy that struck me after the grayness of London; it was all the wonderful food and the supplies in the stores and all the things I could get with a packet of Macdonald's Exports. It didn't seem quite fair. I recall Brooke Claxton coming to London after the peace conference in Paris and speculating whether the British were wise to face their problems with such disciplined austerity. This was heresy. We in London thought he was dead wrong, but I have wondered since about the Crippsian

threat of anarchy from the wandering homeless of Europe. There were so many contradictions in dealing with people who were not enemies.

Canada was not being at all generous about the Polish soldiers or the Jewish refugees. There was the basic problem that shipping was tied up bringing our own troops home and then their brides. Ottawa was still haunted by fear of depression and post-war unemployment. Pre-war prejudices against alien immigrants lingered, or the leaders thought they lingered. Some time later, I accompanied C.D. Howe to Frankfurt to look at the Displaced Persons (DP) camps. Young men came up to us to say that they had been granted visas to Canada because

A group of my former students, all political scientists, have identified my most insistent homily as 'an acceptance of paradox.'

discipline which I admired at the time. I doubt if we would have given the British such a generous loan if they had been behaving as unpuritanically as the French and Italians. I am not sure whether masochism pays in the long run. I got to Paris in time for the Quatorze. The rich were dining well in Category A restaurants. On a salary of about \$4,000, I could afford to dine only on roast boar. Still the tricolour lights shining straight through the Arc de Triomphe and right up the Champs Elysees to the Tuileries were glorious. Already in Britain the mood was turning sour, disenchanted.

In Rome I had had dinner with General Anders, head of the Polish forces marooned in Italy and unwilling to return home. The British Ambassador, Sir Noel Charles, put me beside him at dinner because General Anders spoke only Polish and French and he assumed somewhat rashly that any Canadian diplomat would speak French.

Where Anders was most impressive was in his dedication to his boys. He took me seriously because he hoped I could persuade Ottawa to take them to Canada. Poles were to be seen everywhere in the streets of Rome. Stranded and unhappy and hating Communists, they had become embroiled in Italian politics with not a little violence. Sir Noel was much concerned at this and also by the European Jews who had been enabled by United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) to proceed to Spezia en route, as they hoped, to Palestine. In Spezia they were venting their frustration in hunger strikes. It was all very human but unsettling in a country seeking stability. I became much more vividly aware of the

they could do farm labour, but they could not abandon their elderly parents. Mr. Howe was a humane man and he got the message. By 1947, shipping was becoming available. Even the trade unions were shifting from old fears of unemployment to the belief that Canada needed a larger population to sustain an expanding industry. We had not been without concern for refugees, but we put our efforts into the International Refugee Organization where we were conscientious and generous. That was, of course, easier than making way for large numbers of displaced persons.

There was a prevalent fear in Canada, rarely stated bluntly and hard to recall now, that Europe was doomed to a hungry and anarchical future, that millions of Europeans wanted to flee westward and that we would have to dole out relief indefinitely. It was a fear hard to resist. Germany, in the heart of Europe, was a cesspool. After defeating the Germans, we had to keep them alive. Desperation, we feared, might drive them to Communism, and to prevent that, they had to be better treated than we had intended. No one, I think, foresaw the German economic miracle, and we had convinced ourselves that they could never recover from Nazification to govern themselves democratically. It is hard for people in the time of NATO to reconstruct in their minds a Western world in which Germany was a vacuum and the United States uncertainly committed. That was, however, the picture that grand strategists, especially in Britain, had to contemplate.

I was a reporter, not an original thinker. If I conclude now with some of my thoughts at

the time on the major issue, East-West relations, it is because they undoubtedly reflect what I was hearing at the Travellers' Club. I have resisted the temptation to edit them. I wrote "Any appeasement of Nazi Germany was wrong because the Nazis had an unshakeable intention to destroy us and profited by any concession on our part. If it is true that the Soviet Union has an equally unshakeable intention to destroy us, then we must not appease her in any way. Our present policies are, however, based on the belief that Russia has no such intention — or at least if she has it in the back of her mind she can be argued out of it. It is a point on which we must be very clear. We must decide now whether or not we think Russia intends to work with us or against us. If we come to the latter conclusion then we should not play into her hands by entering into treaties with her or even planning with her a world organization which could become an instrument of her nefarious design."

In reading that youthful pronouncement, I feel less satisfaction at my foresight than uneasiness over the fact that I am still saying some of the same things, especially about selective appeasement and the perpetual struggle for peace. The quotation, however, is from a draft despatch which was neither finished nor sent, and I can't remember why. Perhaps I realized that I was getting pompous and the High Commissioner wouldn't sign it. I quote it, however, to illustrate the lack of certainty at the time about East-West relations, which has been my main theme in this lecture. There were few people who felt certain about the Russians one way or the other. What is not always understood now is that we created our defensive alliance not because we were convinced that the Soviets would eventually drive to the North Sea but because we were not at all confident of their intentions. What I wrote from Moscow in 1948 reflects that same uncertainty, looking for reasons for assurance but constantly troubled by contrary evidence. Most of us are still uncertain and I think we are wise to be so, as Soviet policy is not foreordained — well, certainly not by God.

I tell the political scientists I have no certainties because I was trained as a historian. A group of my former students, all political scientists, have identified my most insistent homily as 'an acceptance of paradox.' When I mentioned that to that remarkable post-bureaucrat, Len Legault, he said that he had long adopted as his own Blake's observation: 'Say what you will, this life's a fiction and it is made up of contradiction.' In balance, however, he added Blake's other observation: 'If the sun and moon should doubt / They would immediately go out.'

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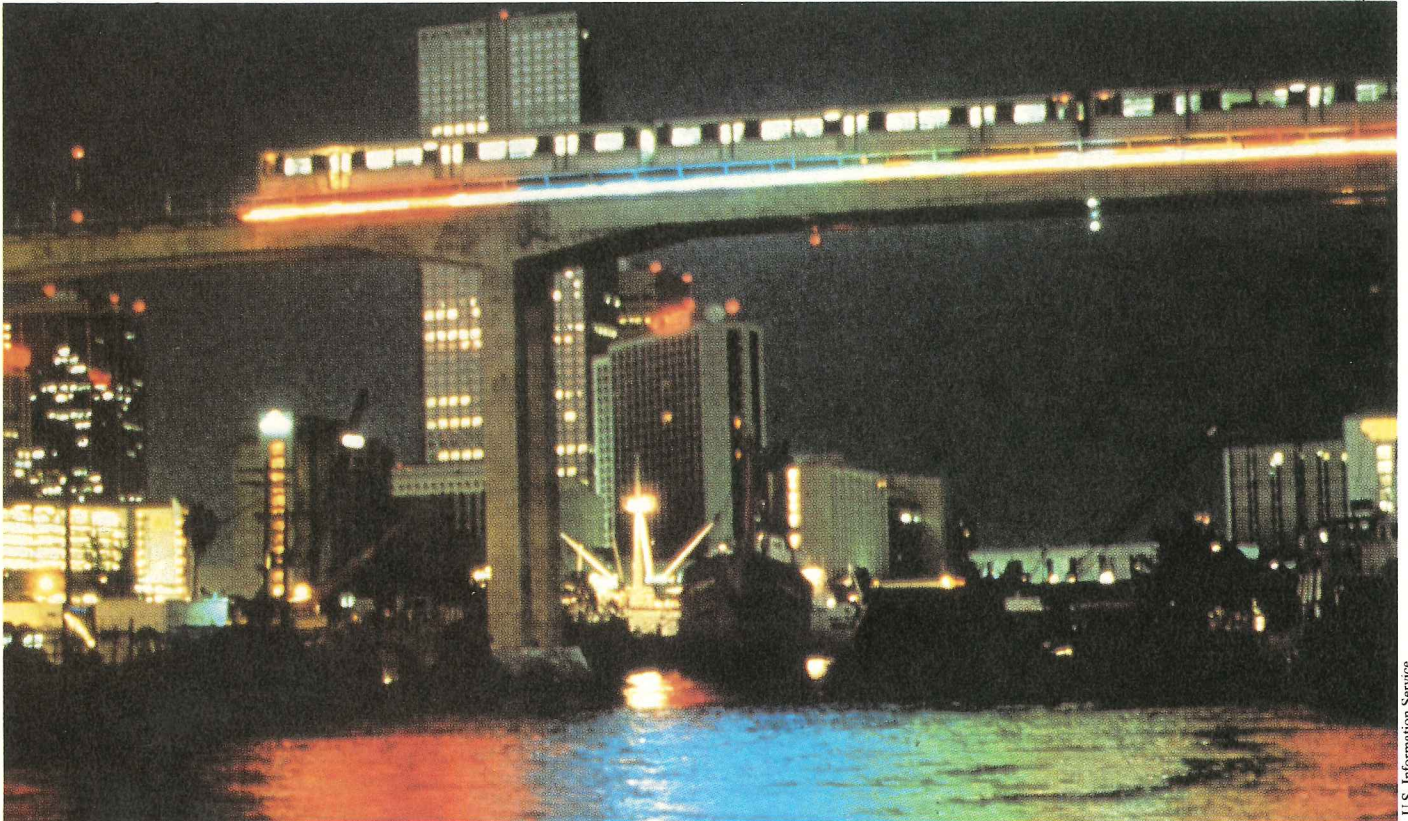
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The One-Man Post: A Growing Phenomenon

by Michael Fine with an introduction by Hugh Stephens



Miami Metrorail at night, Miami, Florida.

In this era of stretched resources, one of the devices the Department has resorted to in order to improve program delivery in the most cost-effective manner — in this case delivery of the trade program — has been the creation of a detached “satellite” trade officer or mini-posts. Normally beginning as one-man operations supported by shared contract steno and phone-answering service, these offices have been particularly successful in the United States according to senior management. For example, it is estimated that more than 500 Canadian companies have already been introduced to regional markets serviced by the satellite offices in the U.S. One office, Orlando, Florida, has assisted in an

estimated \$70 million worth of incremental Canadian high tech sales in just two years.

At the present time, satellite offices in the U.S. are located in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Orlando, Houston, Dayton, St. Louis and Santa Clara. New ones are under consideration for San Diego, Miami, Denver, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Phoenix and San Juan, P.R. Overseas, Barcelona, Bombay and Auckland could qualify for the nomenclature of “Satellite” office, although the latter two have evolved into somewhat more substantial and diversified operations.

In the U.S., the posts vary in terms of resources and structure but typically they involve a sole Canada-

based officer (at the FS2 level) nominally responsible to a program manager, and Consul-General, in a city some distance away. In practical terms, the officer is very much on his own and dependent upon his own wit and initiative.

Such a posting clearly presents unique challenges and opportunities, as well as problems and demands. To provide a first-hand account of life at a one-man post, **bout de papier** approached Michael Fine, who has just finished a three-year assignment as Canada’s man in Orlando, the first Canadian government representative resident in the state. Michael kindly agreed to share with us some of his personal experiences in the article that follows.



Cinderella and her court from Walt Disney World Main Street Electrical Parade, Orlando, Florida.

It all started a little over 3 years ago. I was sitting in my office at the Embassy in Washington, thinking that I would like the chance to run my own trade section at a small post before returning to Ottawa. Since that wasn't likely to happen in Washington, where as a First Secretary I was about four levels and two miles from the Ambassador, I decided to make that fateful call to the personnel section at headquarters.

Well, at that time, the Director of Personnel was a person whom I knew well and trusted. After saying "no thanks" to a few suggested postings that were guaranteed to

move my career right along, (i.e. they're bombing the damn place!), I was told that they had a post for me that could only be described as a Canadian's dream. The only problem, they said, was that there was nothing there now, so I would have to set up my own little office right from scratch.

A few months later, my wife, Sandy, and I set out on our house hunting trip to Orlando, Florida. Visions of palm trees, beaches, sailboats, and, of course, Mickey Mouse, ran through our minds. When we arrived at Orlando's modern airport, hopped into our rented Chevette, and immediately adjusted

the air conditioner to super high, we took our first look at our new home.

When I had arrived at my first posting, my new boss was there at the airport to greet me, show me to the hotel, and help open the bottle of celebratory champagne. Orlando was a little different, since the mother office, Atlanta, was 450 miles north, and the only thing that greeted us was moisture-saturated air and giant cockroaches. We were alone. And, as we were about to find out, the kind Orlandians neither knew nor cared what a Consul and Trade Commissioner was. (There are people here who, after three years, still believed that my main job was to manage the Canadian Pavillon at the EPCOT Center). I won't bore you with the details of finding a house, trying to explain what a Diplomatic clause in a lease is, and trying to open a bank account. Suffice it to say that when we returned to Orlando two months later to start our posting, we were still looking for a place to live.

Atlanta had previously arranged for an office located in an executive center in a new building in downtown Orlando. In an executive center, you get your own office, but all other services are shared. For example, I do not have my own secretary, but rather share the services of a receptionist, telephone answerers, word processors, and secretarial support. In many ways, this is an efficient approach, but it means that you have to do more of the routine tasks yourself. Filing is particularly tedious, as is maintaining business cards and setting appointments. The center is well equipped with a telex machine, photo copiers, and a good modern phone system. In my own office, I have a fax machine, a computer, and that key piece of equipment — a shredder. But when you get right down to it, you are on your own. (A number of the satellite offices have locally-engaged Commercial Officers as well, but I believe that most are housed in executive centers similar to Orlando).

I know that many of you reading this who are stationed out in Boogla Boogla or some similar Garden of Eden won't have much sympathy for someone in Orlando, Florida. But there is nothing quite as lonely, as two people arriving in a new city where no one knows who you are. Luckily, we had a couple of contacts suggested by Atlanta, and set about making ourselves known to them.

I was very lucky to have as my boss in Atlanta, a Senior Trade Commissioner with specific ideas of what he wanted this new satellite office to accomplish. We were able to agree on broad but specific goals for the territory. I would be responsible for the high tech sectors in Florida, which included defence industries, urban transit, and telecoms. I was also involved in investment

development and technology transfer. I was to cover the entire State for these sectors, but all other industries would still be handled by Atlanta. I was given specific instructions to concentrate only on my sectors, and not try to do everything. For example, all consular and immigration work would also be handled out of Atlanta. This was probably the best decision that could have been made, because it made clear the goals of the office, and concentrated my efforts on the sectors with the greatest potential pay off.

While many of you may know Florida, you may not be aware that it is the fourth largest State in the US, with a population just over 12 million. The place is also growing like crazy, with an economy fed by tourism, service industries, and also high tech. In fact, they have started to refer to Central Florida as "Silicon Swamp". Economically, Florida represents a business opportunity equal to about half of Canada, fifty per cent greater than Ontario. In order to take advantage of this opportunity, I needed to spend a lot of time travelling, knocking on doors, and getting to know the key companies. Here again, my boss provided just the right amount of direction, without trying to control every moment of my time. As long as I seemed to be working on the goals that we had agreed upon, and kept him advised of what I was doing, and where I was going, he pretty much left me on my own.

I would say that this is the key requirement for a successful satellite post. You must know in broad terms what you are expected to accomplish, and then you must be left to do it. Some bosses in this situation would want weekly activity reports and constant checking back with them to approve the details of projects. I really don't think that this sort of a relationship would work. An officer in a one-person post has to take the responsibility to manage himself, and must be given that responsibility. Otherwise, it just isn't worth the loneliness and difficulty.

The first six months in Orlando were the toughest that I have ever spent. Gradually, Sandy and I began to make friends, and I began to make business contacts. I was extremely fortunate that I stumbled upon my best customer within the first month, the Martin Marietta Aerospace Corporation. Martin, as it is known to its friends, is a large US defence equipment manufacturer, with an operation in Orlando that produces about \$2 billion a year. I called them up one day, told them who I was, and asked if I could help sell them a few good Canadian components for whatever it was they were making. The response was, "How soon can you get over here?" Well, good old Martin was about to bid on a Canadian project called the Low

Level Air Defence System (LLADS), and they needed Canadian content, but didn't know much about Canadian capability. That was the start of a very rewarding relationship, since Martin went on to win the LLADS contract (in conjunction with Oerlikon Buerle of Switzerland). Later, they competed for, and again won a similar project with the US Army.

I also soon discovered that we were trying to sell new monorail trains to Disney and commuter rail cars to the Florida Department of Transportation. I was off and running. With the support of Atlanta, we cooked up all sorts of interesting projects, including defence buying missions, urban transit missions, and even created our own trade show for defence components. The highlight of my stay in Orlando was when, working with my boss, the Consul General, we persuaded the Governor of Florida to lead an urban transit mission to Canada. The Governor was impressed enough with what he saw in Canada, to invite us up to his mansion in Tallahassee for a casual dinner to say thanks.

My wife, meanwhile, was not able to carry on with her career. Although Orlando is booming, landing a meaningful job is difficult. There are so many people moving into the area, that competition is fierce, and the "Old Boy" system really is in effect when it comes to getting jobs. Since we were the first Canadian government people in Florida, we lacked the contacts that exist in established posts to help with this sort of thing.

After three years, we were both ready to leave. Three years on your own is enough. But, my boss claimed that I had the best job in the Department. "Look", he said, "We pretty much leave you alone, you don't have to worry about office politics or administrative matters, and you have a great territory. Where else can you go on business trips to Palm Beach and Clearwater?" In many ways he was right. It's going to be tough adapting to the bureaucracy back in Ottawa, after this.

On the other hand, I yearned for a good Committee on Post Management (CPM) meeting, and the sound of other voices in the office. I found it more and more difficult to keep coming up with new projects, and to get out and pound on new doors. I decided that three years alone in the Florida wilderness was enough. So, with the support of Personnel, we decided to end our stay in Orlando, say good-bye to Disney World and Mickey Mouse, and head back to the other Big "O".

Michael Fine is a foreign service officer in the Trade Stream of the Department of External Affairs. On his return from Orlando in August, he took up duties in the Export Control Division. Hugh Stephens joined the Department of External Affairs in 1973. He is currently assigned to the Trade Negotiations Office from the U.S. Economic Relations Division of the Department of External Affairs.



EPCOT Center, Orlando, Florida.



Impressions of *Perestroika*, Vietnamese Style

*From April 27 to May 12 a delegation of 12 Canadian academics visited Vietnam to examine conditions and prospects with a view to compiling a book on Vietnam in the 1990's: Canadian Perspectives. They also had talks in Bangkok, Thailand before and after their visit. Two of the academics, Professor David Wurfel and Professor Bruce Burton of the University of Windsor, have written short articles on the impressions they formed about Vietnam. Impressions of Perestroika, Vietnamese Style by Professor Wurfel is the first of a two part series. From Vietnam, Looking Outward by Professor Burton will appear in the Winter issue of **bout de papier**.*

Story and photos by David Wurfel

Vietnam today is a scene of depressing poverty, overbearing bureaucracy and crumbling discipline. But the leadership has finally turned policy in a direction that allows hope for the next

*A country once mobilized
by revolutionary zeal to
achieve almost superhuman
feats has become a nation
of materialistic cynics.*

decade. Many Vietnamese have not yet grasped that hope, however. The ordinary citizen sees corrupt, inept cadre at the local level who stand to lose from the liberalizing reforms that have been announced, and thus

try to block them at every turn. The man in the street or the rice paddy has also heard so many promises from on high that all now ring hollow. Indeed, a country once mobilized by revolutionary zeal to achieve almost superhuman feats has become a nation of materialistic cynics.

But, of course, every revolution eventually runs this course. In Vietnam, the length and intensity of the struggle, which required so much sacrifice, have contributed to the present depth of moral exhaustion. What is now a cause of hope, however, is the apparent recognition by the ascendant faction in the leadership of the reality of the situation, the willingness to reconstruct Vietnam unfettered by most ideological constraints of times past, and to admit the necessity for individual material incentives to spur production.

For a visitor returning after two years, an additional ray of hope is found in the grow-

ing awareness — not yet present in 1986 — that to carry forward liberalizing economic reforms requires political reform as well. The fresh breezes of *perestroika* wafting from Moscow have undoubtedly speeded this awareness, though the proud Vietnamese would never admit it. In fact, they have probably also been scrutinizing carefully the bold steps of Deng Xiaoping. But the new directions are now proclaimed by Vietnamese, for Vietnamese, with justifications drawn from Vietnamese experience. In Hanoi, where less than ten years ago the petty-bourgeois mentality of South Vietnam was seen as an evil to be eradicated, many leading cadres now speak of the need, when drafting reforms, to “learn from the South”. Only in July, in fact, the South, chaffing at the bit despite reforms announced in Hanoi, was explicitly given the right to develop distinct economic policies. The recognition of regional difference which the NLFSV has urged, but Hanoi in 1975 had rejected, is now imposed by economic necessity. Southerners are often disdainful of northern incompetence in both technology and management. Entrepreneurship in the South is a much stronger tradition than in the North, with causes dating back at least to the colonial era.

One example, observed in 1986, may help illustrate this point. The Thong Nhat Hotel in Hanoi and what is still known by foreigners as the Majestic in Saigon/Ho Chi Minh City were jewels in the colonial crown. Since 1975, both hotels have been state corporations, though, of course, this was

true of the Thon Nhat for a much longer period. By 1986, both were attempting to attract Western as well as East European tourists and invited delegations. In the Thong Nhat, the French-installed elevator had long since been abandoned. One climbed two or three flights of stairs, shirt and spirits wilting as one rose, to a room in which the mattresses had been through at least two wars, the air conditioner did not function and the plumbing more often than not met only basic requirements (which did not include dry floors or hot water). As one hit the bed with a thud, one was reminded of the pile of new foam mattresses in the corridor which seemed to have acquired some permanence. In the Majestic, on the other hand, at approximately the same price one entered the newly installed Japanese elevator to a room pre-cooled by a new Japanese air conditioner, and a bath equipped with new Japanese plumbing fixtures, to rest on a comfortable foam mattress. The hotel managements, both working in the same industrial framework, both with comparable revenue, clearly exhibited different styles. (Two years later there were some small signs of improvement in Hanoi.)

Despite the leadership push for suspiciously capitalist-style reforms, more than thirty years of revolutionary armed struggle have not been forgotten overnight. Those accustomed to command, and to being swiftly obeyed, are still prominent in the party and bureaucracy, especially at middle and lower levels. They are unfamiliar with “socialist accounting” which is required of

all enterprises, no longer able to call on state subsidies to cover their mismanagement. They are understandably resistant to attempts by an “unleashed” press to call them on the carpet for various indiscretions, including money-making schemes designed to supplement salaries and allowances



Some forms of transportation are still primitive, bringing back images of the Ho Chi Minh Trail.



A bustling free market in Hanoi.

which cover a smaller and smaller portion of a family's daily necessities.

This old guard could succeed in frustrating efforts at reform. But what is encouraging in 1988 is that the top leadership seems to understand this danger and has devised strategies to try to prevent it from happening. A reinvigorated National Assembly, an unleashed press and a new National Peasant Union are among the most noticeable of these strategies.

The change taking place is not out of control.

The last National Assembly election produced a large turnover — though not as large as in the 6th Party Congress, where 50% of delegates were new. In some instances this happened because incumbents did not receive local party nominations, but more often because the party presented more than one candidate for election and voters preferred the new faces. In Ho Chi Minh City, for instance, there were 80 candidates for 35 seats; one minister, also a party central committee member, was rejected by the voters. Membership of the present National Assembly still has a majority of Communist Party members, however, and only 17% women.

The committee system in the Assembly has been strengthened, with standing committees formed for foreign affairs, education, agriculture, budget, defense, health, and science and technology. In between sessions, committee members, both individually and jointly, hold public hearings which, according to a member of the education committee, sometimes produce lively debates and sweeping criticisms of government policy. Said he: "Everything in the curriculum is politicized, even math. Many teachers cannot tolerate this. In face of the additional problem of salaries being reduced to a pittance by inflation, more than 2,000 teachers in Ho Chi Minh City alone resigned in the first four months of 1988". He added that his committee was pushing the government to allocate 10% of the budget to education.

Changes in tax policy have also been extensively discussed in the Assembly. The foreign investment bill was stalled in the previous Assembly for months while extensive revisions took place. (At that point it was apparently the conservatives who were flexing legislative muscle.) Yet out of discussions with some legislators we learned that they are still not satisfied and are pushing for more influence on policy. Their chorus: "We must democratize".

A remarkable change has taken place in the press just in the last year, i.e. since the 6th Party Congress. *Nhan Dan*, the party newspaper is no longer subject to prior censorship by the Central Committee. Though views, such as on the early 1988 draft of Politburo Resolution #10 on agricultural reform, which was significantly revised after input from around the country, are carefully considered.

A major participant in that discussion was the newly formed National Peasant Union, which held its first national congress in March 1988. (There had previously been only a union of peasants in cooperatives/collectives; the new one includes all farmers, and even fishermen and forestry workers.) One of its main policies is to "concentrate on the family economy", according to a provincial official of the new Union in the Delta. The NPU (most of whose officials are party members) helps to explain party policy to farmers, acting as "a bridge between

Despite the increasing importance of institutions other than the Party and the various signs of liberalization, there is little doubt that the Party and its security police are still in control. Press "freedom" has its limits. A new wave of peasant mobilization is still under party direction. To be sure dissident intellectuals are now allowed to speak to foreigners, and foreigners may stay in the homes of Vietnamese friends — but only with police approval. The number of Catholic and Protestant theological seminaries — long a point of contention in church-state relations — has recently been augmented, but the Party must still screen the students applying, and again those recommended for ordination. The number of persons in "re-education camps" has been dramatically reduced just in the last year, but there are still arrests for essentially political reasons.

Though we heard, even from national officials, such phrases as "Everything is in



Rice boat in Mekong Delta; the rice trade is still largely in the hands of Sino-Vietnamese.

government and peasant", but its "most important task" is to understand the plight of the poor peasants and to protect them against "exploitation" by cadre of local governments and cooperatives. (We were given no Marxist-Leninist exegesis on that one!) Often illegal exactions on peasant production frequently leave the farmer with no more than 20% of the rice delivered to fulfill the quota which he can sell. Other sources indicated that peasant resistance to such exactions is so strong that it sometimes erupts in violence. Local cadre, in turn, sometimes use force to collect them — but such incidents were not admitted by officials we met. An officially sponsored peasant union to take the farmers' side against these cadre clearly comes none to soon.

crisis", and admissions that the Party itself had lost a clear sense of direction, the change taking place is not out of control. Nor are dissidents in the near future likely to attempt the boldness of their counterparts in Poland or Hungary. The recency of a prolonged revolutionary struggle cannot be forgotten. And most Vietnamese believe that a powerful enemy on their doorstep, China, will move whenever possible to exploit any signs of weakness. Nationalism still produces some circumspection, even though it no longer elicits great sacrifice.

David Wurfel is a professor with the Department of Political Science at the University of Windsor.

Controlling the Crisis Climate

by Allan Bonner

One always wishes for greater age, wisdom, insight or argumentative powers in crises cases, but what is really needed is a formal crisis management plan. Such a plan need not anticipate the actual cause of the crisis, but it should contain policy statements and logistical procedures to reduce the trauma or paralysis of dealing with a crisis. There are two excellent books on the topic which I recommend: *Crisis Management* by Steven Fink, Amacom, 1986 (Prentice-Hall in Canada), and *When You are the Headline* by Robert B. Irvine, Dow Jones Irwin, 1987 (Oxford University Press in Canada). Every corporate communicator should either hire a crisis manager to construct a written plan or buy these books, or preferably both.

To whet the appetite for pre-crisis management, I will briefly compare a well-handled crisis to a poorly handled one. Fink's account of the Tylenol incident and Irvine's account of the Challenger explosion serve quite well.

Can You Schedule Your Crises?

Hardly. But that's no reason not to plan many of your actions in advance. Dozens of tasks that will have to be performed during any type of crisis can be anticipated. These generic duties can be planned to conserve time during the crisis.

Many of us keep flashlights in our car, home or cottage. Crisis management is simply buying flashlights, checking the

*A crisis is a turning point
for better or worse.*

batteries, deciding what strategic locations they should be in, and so on.

This pre-facto work pays dividends in public confidence and support as well as profits. A survey of Fortune 500 Chief Executives shows that companies without a

crisis management plan report lingering effects of a crisis 2½ times longer than companies with a plan. Long after the crisis has past, the media will continue to judge you based on your treatment of them during the crisis.

A crisis is a turning point for better or worse. The crisis manager tries to make it for the better or reduce the negative impact. In fact, as Fink points out, crisis in Chinese is "Wei-Ji", which is two words — danger and opportunity. Proper crisis management

Just in case anyone thinks he/she can escape public scrutiny because of remote geography or by stonewalling, bafflebaggabbing or not talking to the media, beware.

reduces the danger and increases the opportunity.

Just in case anyone thinks he/she can escape public scrutiny because of remote geography or by stonewalling, bafflebaggabbing or not talking to the media, beware. Remember Bhopal. You can't hide.

One other dangerous myth is that crisis management is new. It has always been practiced; it's just getting more sophisticated. Consider how far airlines have come. In the early days of airtravel, newsreel photographers liked to shoot dignitaries or Hollywood stars waving from the stairs of planes. PR people got the good idea of painting the airline's name over the door, in order to get the free publicity. But, in the event of a crash, the first airline representative to arrive on the scene knew to carry a bucket of white paint to obliterate the name before the photographers showed up. That was crisis management. Today it's a two page, three-ring binder with such obscure facts as the nearest 24-hour crane operator.

Tylenol

In the Fall of 1982 somebody put cyanide in Tylenol capsules, resealed the packages, and replaced them on shelves in pharmacies and food stores in Chicago. Seven people died.

Tylenol is made by McNeil Consumer Products whose parent company is Johnson and Johnson. Now all J & J executives have two copies of a written crisis management manual — one for home and one for office. But no such document existed at that time. Executives had to scramble for home phone numbers and even the names of people they wanted to reach.

Imagine the shock. J & J is in the health care business, but suddenly was being associated with deaths. Products designed

for healing were killing people. Even without a written crisis management plan, J & J instinctively started doing the right thing. An alert PR staffer notified senior management of out-of-the-ordinary interest being shown by a Chicago Tribune reporter about Tylenol, J & J and McNeil. As soon as it was determined he was looking into a possible link between Tylenol and a recent death, senior management started to act. A helicopter was hired, facts were gathered and McNeil's chairman Dave Collins was put in charge. Collins identified three priorities: 1) stop the killings, 2) come up with a reason for the killings, 3) provide assistance to those in trouble.

While Collins worked, Tylenol became front page news — the wrong kind of news. One study showed that 90% of America knew about the deaths within the first week of the crisis. One newspaper columnist called it 'one of the most heavily covered news events since Vietnam.' Yet J & J saved Tylenol, re-captured 98% of its former market and emerged a stronger company with almost no lasting side effects. J & J had recognized the crisis quickly, established a crisis management team which focused strictly on the crisis and maintained open communications with all concerned.

One moment when it could have gone the other way tells a tale of the value of knowing how media people work and how to work with, not against them. Early in the crisis reporters wanted to know the answer to an obvious question — Was there cyanide at any Tylenol plants or facilities? J & J's VP of Public Relations, Lawrence Foster, checked and said there was no cyanide. Three days later an AP reporter called Foster on a Saturday night to confirm that there was indeed cyanide at McNeil. Foster checked again only to find he'd been wrong the first time and cyanide could be found on the premises.

What to do in this case was as formidable a test of a corporate communicator and his knowledge of how the media work as you'll find. Foster called back and told the truth

but went on to point out that cyanide was only used in quality assurance testing, was housed in a completely separate facility, was kept only in small quantities, and was all accounted for. It was impossible that any could have gotten into the capsules. Moreover, Foster asked for and received a pledge of secrecy from the reporter on the condition that Foster would release the reporter from the deal if any other media outlet got wind of the story. This worked because it was early in the crisis and J & J was perceived as a victim too. The reporter didn't want to help create panic. The issue was contained.

While J & J had no crisis management plan, the company did not become so proficient by accident. Forty years before the Tylenol Crisis, the late Robert Wood Johnson, son of the founder of J & J

enumerated four responsibilities of the company. *In order*, they are:

1. to the consumers
2. to the employees
3. to the communities they service
4. to the stockholders

Hindsight shows that all the swift, effective and compassionate actions taken during the Tylenol crisis were true to this well articulated plan.

The Challenger Explosion

What happened at 73 seconds into the 25th space shuttle mission was an unthinkable human tragedy. January 28, 1986 was also an unfortunate and humble end to 25 years of highly successful corporate communications by NASA.

NASA's charter has always stated that any employee may speak to the press or public without fear or retribution. The agency is open, accessible and friendly with the media. For 25 years, it helped create 'space junkies' in the media. This policy paid dividends in budgets, public acceptance and political support.

I was the recipient of NASA charm and good will in the early 1980's while on a junket to the Johnson Space Centre in Houston. To NASA, I was a completely unknown reporter on a highly speculative mission to gather data for possible syndication in far-off Canada. Yet I was given a royal tour and shown every courtesy possible. On a moment's notice I was given seemingly infinite access to documents, tape, official spokespeople, astronauts — in fact whatever and whomever struck my fancy on my journalistic scavenger hunt. Suffice it to say, NASA knows how to handle reporters.

All this good will evaporated on that January 28 when NASA scheduled and then postponed press briefings on the explosion. The 4½ hour delay irreparably damaged media relations. The height of bitter irony is that NASA has had a plan for shuttle accidents in place since 1983 but did not follow it.

The Solution

A blue print for successful crisis management is well beyond the scope of a short article. A brief look at the solution, however, shows three loose categories: evaluation, compilation and communication. The first requires a good crisis manager to take a hard look at his/her organization's weak points and evaluate vulnerabilities. Simple questions quantify the need:

1. What is a crisis for you? Is it getting your name in print, or not getting your name in print? An inability to continue the enter-



- prise? Three angry phone calls or a chewing out by your boss?
2. What is the likelihood of a crisis occurring?
 3. What type of crisis will it be?
 4. How intense will it get, how quickly and for how long?
 5. What degree of intensity can you, your colleague and your organization endure and for how long?
 6. How interested will the media, government, regulatory bodies and protest groups be in your plight? (An InfoGlobe search of similar experiences will help.)
 7. Might you be the cause or the victim of the crisis?

Chances are you'll find the profile of organizations subject to a long crisis includes those which are public, government, highly visible or with a highly visible CEO, a critical industry or an entity with parallel problems in a 'sister' or related field. The situations which lead to a crisis include loss of life, near loss of life, panic, demonstrated weakness or vascillation, perceived weakness, moral offenses, conspiracies, bribes, misuse of public funds or situations which make good media copy.

Musing about these possibilities might lead to the following questions:

1. Who would be our spokespeople?
2. How much could they say?
3. Where would media calls go?
4. Who would handle the media?
5. Where would briefings be held and how often?

If these questions are answered with "don't know" or "not sure", it may be the needed catalyst for more planning. All attempts should be made to quantify the guestimates used to determine the possibility of a crisis. You will need to look for high impact and high probability areas (i.e. big problems tomorrow, not small problems, possibly never). Searching for ways to do business even in a crisis and paying more attention to the minor crisis that can lead to a major one are the first concrete steps you may take after this exercise.

Compilation requires the listing of information and resources you'll need to manage the crisis when it hits. The first such lists may be mundane mission statements, overviews, goals, objectives, followed by information on the organization that everyone takes for granted — chain of command, responsibilities, spokespeople, logistics, outside help that can be called upon.

Since you can't 'wing it' with reporters any more than you can with security analysts, legislators, members of your board or

regulatory commission, you'll need lots of information on your organization. Safety records, biographies, fact sheets, human resources data are a good start. Even if you think it's boring, compile it. Irvine quotes Al Rossiter Jr. of UPI as saying "A lot of PR people will sit on details because they are sure nobody is interested. We are. It may not show up in our copy, but to have that information to draw on gives the writer a much better perspective."

You will also need:

1. Two telephone answering machines to keep the media informed in off-hours.
2. Telephone beepers (the silent kind, of course).
3. Still and video cameras for the record.
4. A tape machine for taping briefings, meetings and phone conversations.
5. Extra phone lines.
6. The capability to make audio and/or video dubs.
7. The ability to make transcripts of briefings or tapings.
8. A VCR.
9. A rolodex to make a card file of all reporters on the scene including hotel, local and home phone numbers (so they can be contacted directly).
10. A checklist of people such as fire, police, ambulance, military, government, insurance companies, investors, critics, community leaders, lawyers.
11. A checklist of internal contacts in case they have to be told not to come in to work (radio stations are good for that task).
12. Extension cords, coffee urns etc.
13. The number of the manager of the local hamburger outlet so he can be phoned at 3 am if necessary to make up 200 burgers. (Similar numbers for first aid, blankets etc.)

The other half of the compilation game involves people. What kind of people are going to help you weather this storm? The main crisis management team should probably include the CEO, CFO, PR, Legal and perhaps HR representatives. But what about the switchboard operator and the people who will be on the toll-free hotlines? Will they have proper skills and patience to deal with the crisis? In the Spring of 1985, in Southern California, contaminated cheese was bought mainly by Hispanics and caused more than 30 deaths. Poison hot lines were flooded with more than 4,000 calls, but were staffed with only English-speaking nurses.

Everybody must have the same message. Any discrepancy will be a signal to the press that something funny is going on. You may need a list of retired employees, workers in

similar enterprises or others to draw upon in times of crisis. Finally, a gopher or two will be worth their weight in gold by the third day. All in all, you need people who believe that giving the media people accurate information will be a big help in the long run. They need to like dealing with the media and answering "dumb" questions politely, over and over again.

The communications component to pre-planning involves deciding in advance who will say what to whom and when. Also, why and where and how will be helpful to know. Then, other questions arise:

1. Briefing room — is it the right size? Does it need a blackboard, flip chart, bulletin board or other aids?
2. Will you need 24-hour facilities for media from different time zones?
3. How should security and other logistics change if at all?
4. Will you handle a visual story different from a print one?
5. How important is personal privacy to the key players?
6. How will you keep a record of your actions during the crisis?
7. Phone messages will come in dozens. Return them all and keep them with your notes in the back.

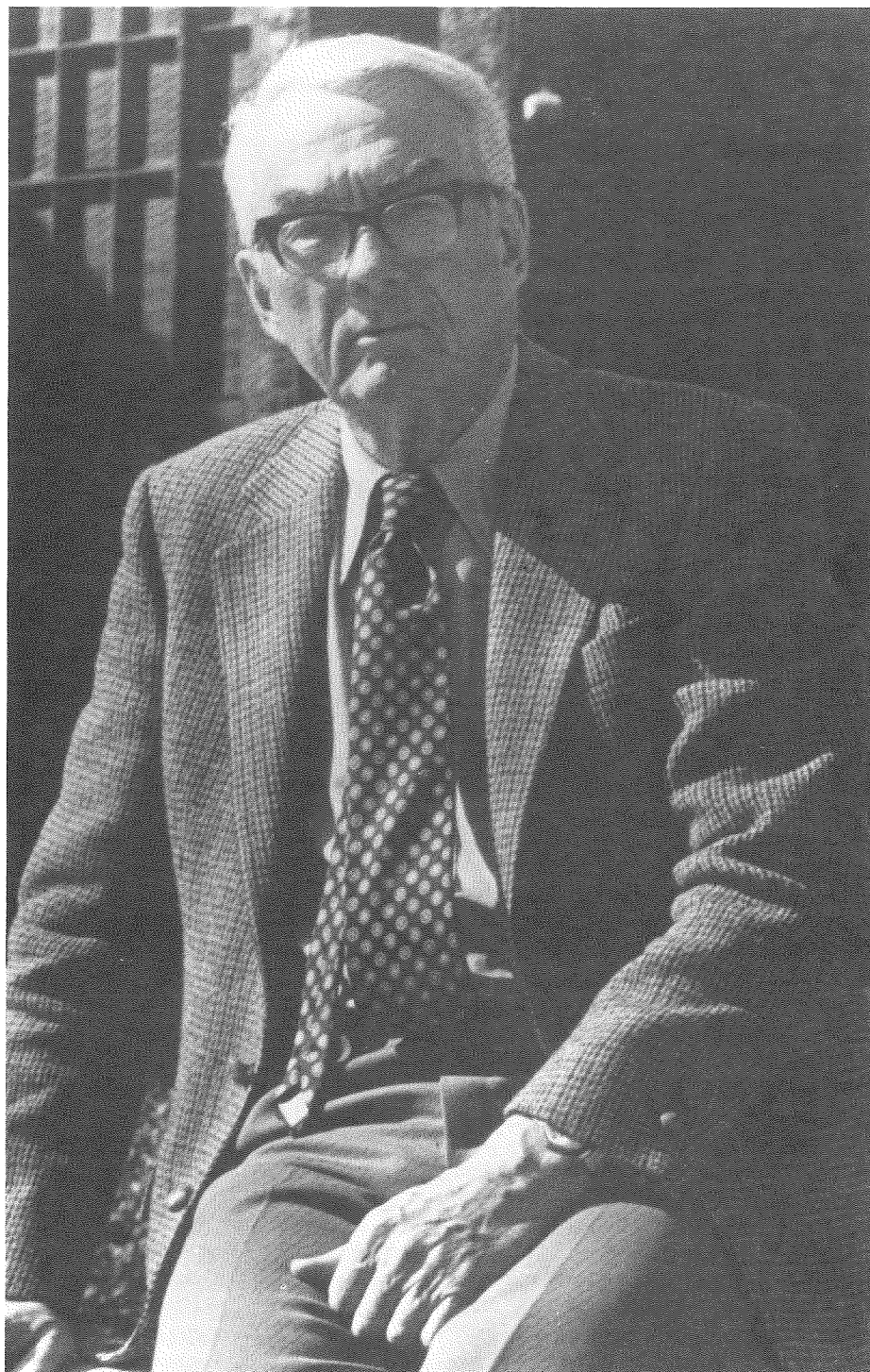
In a big crisis, the main communications target will be the press. Get to know the leaders, talk to them about their needs and perceptions. Be sure of what you're saying and say it with confidence. Be very careful with good news and above all be honest.

Finally...

In reviewing the many examples of crises detailed in the two books I mentioned at the beginning of this article, I am struck by two things. First, you *can* plan for the future. It just takes the kind of long hours of insurance work senior managers are reluctant to allow internal communicators to do. But it should be done and it pays dividends. Second, the best plan in the world is no substitute for the right attitude. It may sound old-fashioned, but you can't go far wrong telling the truth, kicking a difficult question up the line and keeping the people you serve, foremost on your priority list. Good will, support, profits, market share and other benefits will follow naturally.

Mr. Bonner heads W. Allan Bonner & Associates, the Toronto-based consulting firm which has provided crisis management and media training to clients in emergency response, corrections, the military, security & intelligence and government.

John Wendell Holmes



by John Halstead

John Wendell Holmes died August 13 in London, Ontario after a full and rewarding life devoted to international understanding. He never aspired to high office and was embarrassed by compliments. Yet during his 78 years he managed to combine three brilliant careers as diplomat, teacher and moving force in the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. He was awarded many honours, including the Order of Canada and ten honorary doctorates. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and received the Society's Tyrrell Medal in 1986. The library of the Canadian Institute for International Affairs was named in his honour and a volume of essays on Canadian diplomacy, *An Acceptance of Paradox*, was published as a tribute to him in his lifetime.

In all three careers, spanning almost 50 years, he practiced the art of the diplomat, helping to shape the formulation and implementation of foreign policy in the Department of External Affairs, promoting through the CIIA a better public understanding of foreign affairs, and nurturing in his students a deeper appreciation of Canada's international role.

After getting his BA at the University of Western Ontario and his MA at the University of Toronto, he did graduate studies in history at the University of London but these were interrupted by the outbreak of the war. Debarred by poor eyesight from military service, he joined the CIIA in 1940, where he was first Information Secretary and then National Secretary. In 1943, he joined the Department of External Affairs, working in Ottawa for a year on Commonwealth affairs and the question of post-war international institutions. He then spent three years as First Secretary at Canada House in London and a year as Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow. When the Korean War broke out he joined the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations in New York and a year later returned to Ottawa to become Head of the UN Division. From 1951 to 53, he was seconded to the Directing Staff of the

National Defence College. He was then appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs responsible for the UN, the Far East and Commonwealth affairs, and in that capacity worked closely with Lester Pearson during the Suez crisis.

In 1960, he resigned from the foreign service to rejoin the CIIA, first as President and then as Director General. He was instrumental in revitalizing that organization by obtaining major grants and organizing numerous conferences and publications. He also wrote and spoke extensively on Canadian foreign policy, and this led him eventually to a new teaching career. Though he relinquished his position of Director General in 1973, he remained associated with the Institute as Counsellor, and provided insight and support for its activities to the end.

In 1967 he became a visiting professor of international relations at the University of Toronto and began a graduate seminar on Canadian foreign policy. In 1971, he started undergraduate courses in Canadian foreign policy and international institutions at Glendon College of York University. During the 70's he supervised doctoral students at Toronto and was Claude T. Bissell Visiting Professor of Canadian-American Relations there in 1980-81. He also spent two terms as visiting professor of history at Leeds University in England in 1979 and 85.

He was the author of many books and articles on Canadian foreign policy which became widely known and used as reference works. Particularly notable were *The Better Part of Valour: Essays on Canadian Diplomacy, Canada: a Middle Aged Power, Life with Uncle: the Canadian-American Relationship* and his two-volume work *The Shaping of Peace: Canada and the Search for World Order*. He was also a frequent commentator in the press, on radio and television, and was much sought after as a keynote speaker and a participant in academic conferences.

John Holmes had the knack of shedding new light on old truths, of going to the heart of the matter and of winning understanding for unpleasant facts with wit and elegance. His simplicity was never oversimplified and his objectivity was never offensive. I remember one occasion when he gave a brilliantly illuminating and disarmingly frank exposition of Canada-U.S. relations to a conference of the American Assembly, which at one and the same time charmed his largely American audience but left them in no doubt about Canadian concerns.

He saw his academic role, in his own words, as a "facilitator," encouraging the creative work of others, but his input and his went far beyond that. He thoroughly enjoyed

teaching and his students thoroughly enjoyed learning from him. For they found in him a practitioner who eschewed all dogma and jargon, who explained foreign policy in the down-to-earth terms of case studies and who could tell them how it was really done. He did not neglect theory but he preferred to derive it pragmatically from empirical evidence.

The kernel of his political theory was the reality of conflict and the necessity of promoting its peaceful accommodation. Hence the emphasis he gave to compromise. The real world he saw was devoid of absolutes and perfect solutions; he insisted on seeing all sides of every issue, without passion or prejudice. Reason was his sheet anchor and conciliation, his *leit-motiv*. He constantly drew attention to the conflicting pressures under which foreign policy makers have to operate, the pros and cons they have to weigh and the fact that in practice they have to choose, not between good and bad policies, but between bad and less bad policies.

Two themes ran like a thread throughout his career: Canada's international vocation as a middle power; and the role of the UN as an imperfect but essential experiment in international conciliation and cooperation. With respect to the first, he became increasingly concerned with the need for Canada to reconcile its internationalist role with the conflicting pressures generated by its ever closer and more complex relationship with the United States. In *Canada: a Middle Aged Power* he criticized the distortions introduced by both the "bigotted defenders of sovereignty" and the "liberal internationalists who denounce sovereignty and nationalism in the abstract as evil." He was fully conscious of the fundamental problem which the disparity of power between Canada and the United States introduced into the relationship, but he argued for a rational approach to it management rather than indulging in either "anti-Americanism" or "anti-anti-Americanism."

With respect to the UN, he remained to the end a believer in a realistic and evolutionary approach. He was opposed to those who expect too much of the UN system as well as to those who dismiss it as useless. And he was profoundly disturbed in recent years by a tendency he saw on the part of the United States and some other governments to emphasize the system's shortcomings and to downgrade its role in the patient construction of a more orderly and cooperative world. He saw better public education as an antidote for that. One of the last projects in which he was involved was a plan for an Academic Council on the UN System which a group of American,

Canadian and Mexican scholars were putting together to promote research and teaching on international institutions.

Beyond his professional competence as a diplomat, his persuasiveness as a publicist and his effectiveness as an educator, John Holmes' most endearing trait was his ability to inspire confidence and friendship in those, of all age groups and in many walks of life, with whom he came in contact. His circle of friends and colleagues was enormous and his circle of influence extended far and wide in Canada and abroad. I myself owe him a tremendous debt of gratitude as a mentor and friend, not least because he was partly responsible for putting the idea of a diplomatic career into my head when I first met him in Ottawa in 1943.

Humility was his hallmark, tolerance was his touchstone and moderation was his motto. All who knew him, either personally or by reputation, will continue to be nurtured by his spirit for long years to come.

John Halstead is a member of bout de papier's Senior Editorial Board. A retired foreign service officer he was Canadian Ambassador to Bonn and Acting Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. He is currently Chairman of the National Capital Branch of the CIIA.

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In December, 1965 John Holmes spoke to the Toronto Board of Trade about Diplomacy — Canadian Style. Some 23 years have not aged these comments.

* * *

The theme of what I want to say is that the diplomat, Canadian style, is a decent guy ... Furthermore, contrary to popular belief, he does not spend his life pushing cookies. He is too busy in his various small and large ways trying to promote peace and prosperity. He doesn't just sit in an elegant embassy. He spends a lot of time off on special assignments in the jungle or the UN Assembly, where it is equally hot ... Of course, he boos from time to time, but he often takes the blame for others. It is only to make a historical point that I recall the familiar story of the last war, a favourite in officers' messes, about the young External Affairs man on the train being goaded by caustic comments from a group of men in uniform about his civilian clothes, who finally burst forth, "Well, if it hadn't been for us you wouldn't have had your bloody war." The joke, of course, is a period piece. It is quite irrelevant to this decade when our soldiers are being diplomats in Vietnam and Cyprus and working alongside our diplomats in NATO

councils. The head of our disarmament delegation is a general, doggedly fighting away to eliminate generals.

* * *

The term diplomat can, of course, be applied to anyone who is nice to his wife or tactful to his bank manager, but in Canada it is more properly applied, in a technical sense, to career officers of our Department of External Affairs. It should be understood that Ministers of Foreign Affairs or Prime Ministers are only honorary diplomats rather than pros, even though some of them like Mr. Pearson graduated from the professional to amateur ranks ... Ours is a highly professional service, staffed almost entirely by career officers who take their vows before the age of thirty and emerge from this dedicated life when they retire at the age of sixty-five. During that long period they lead a life of hard labour and selfless devotion for which they get all too little credit.

* * *

A diplomat is like claret or a piece of cheese; it takes some years to mature him.

* * *

There will always, I think, be some appointments from outside and I don't think members of the career service object, provided these do not interfere with their reasonable hope of promotion. In this respect we are, of course, more fortunate — or wiser — than our neighbours to the south who block off the most important ambassadorial posts for friends of the Administration.

* * *

It takes brains to be a good diplomat, but it also takes a considerable amount of social awareness in both meanings of the term. He does have to know how to count his forks from the left, but it is more important that he know this country above and below the tracks and beyond Richmond Hill.

* * *

You join the service and go where you are sent. Now most posts are hot. The song of the service for the past ten years or so has not been "The Next Time I See Paris", but a poignant and off repeated song of farewell, "Nothing could be finer than to be in Indo-China in the morning."

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Doug Jacobs

Off-Track in the Kenyan Highlands

Story and photos by Margo Schwartz

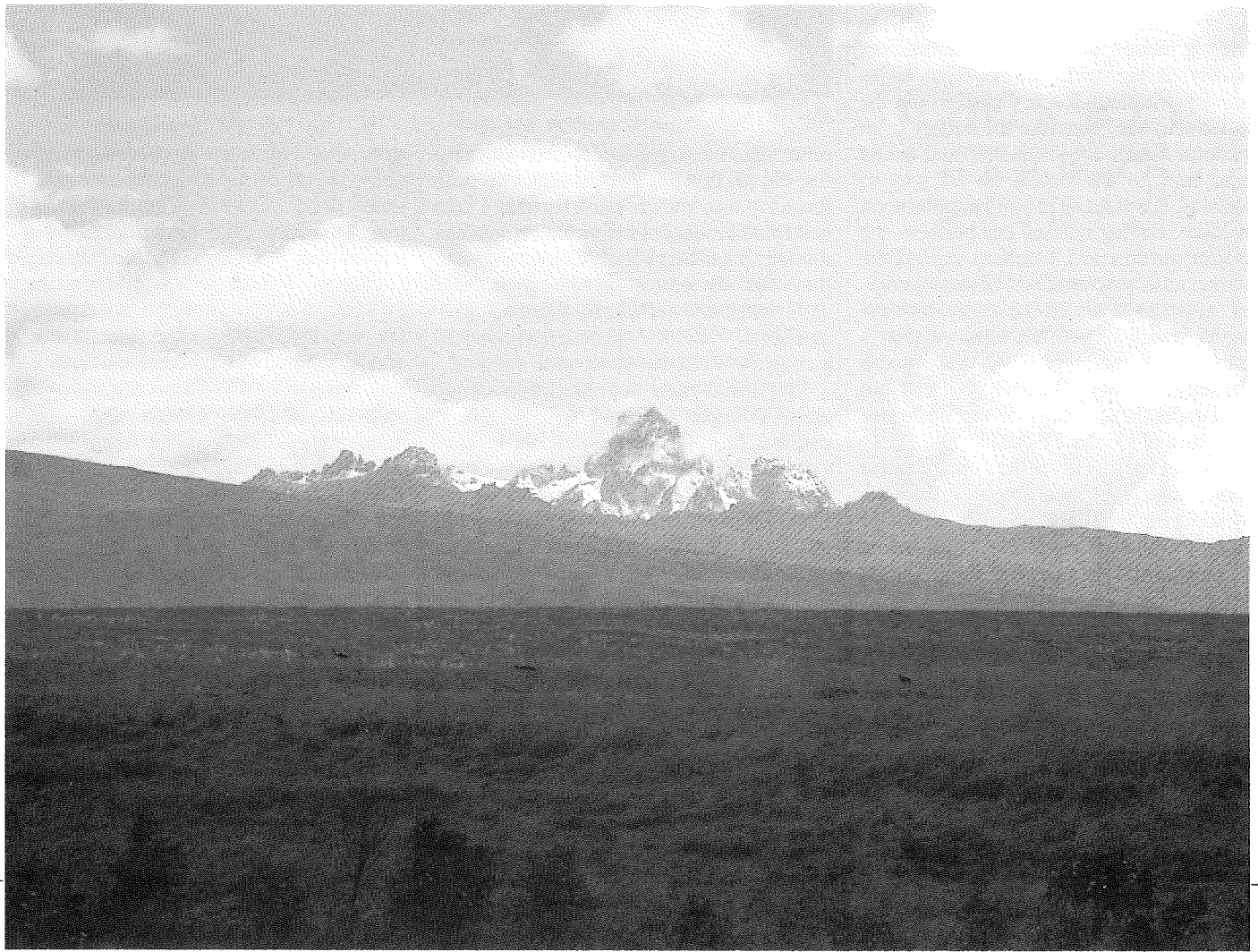
One of the last things I had to do, before I ended my tour of duty in Kenya, was pay a final site visit to the Mobile Pastoral Training Unit (MPTU), a CIDA-sponsored development project located in central Kenya. The drive north to the MPTU headquarters in Isiolo, from Nairobi, takes approximately five hours and entails going from the southern to the northern hemisphere and around Mt. Kenya. About halfway, there is a small monument marking the Equator. Local wisdom has it that the marker was originally several hundred metres north of its present location until a few enterprising merchants decided to put it next to their row of small shops and increase their profits considerably by selling their wares to unsuspecting tourists who stopped to have their picture taken at the Earth's midway point. I had gone this route before and decided that this time I would fly to Isiolo in

the morning and return by nightfall. In this way I planned to cut my time away from the office by half and get in a few hours flying experience on a four-seater Cessna. In a small plane this trip takes just under one and one-half hours. "What could happen in that short amount of time?", I reasoned with my supervisor, the last of the white-knuckle flyers. "Hmmp!" was the response. More convinced by the reduced cost of the trip than by my reassurances, he agreed that I could leave by plane the next morning.

At six-thirty a.m. I met the pilot, Peter Streets, on the tarmac at Wilson Airport in Nairobi, just two hangars down from Pegasus Flyers where I had recently earned my private pilot's licence. He was attending to a rather well-worn Cessna 172 owned by a missionary group. The plane, 5Y-ARD, or FIVE YANKEE ALPHA ROMEO DELTA, had definitely seen better days! The upholstery was stained and more importantly, there had been problems with a faulty alternator and oil leaks. Still, Peter maintained that it was airworthy and there

was nothing to worry about. We waited for the morning fog to lift just enough for us to sneak out under it and begin the trip north.

On the way up to Isiolo we were forced to fly quite low, because of the inclement weather, which, if nothing else, afforded us a good view of the terrain below. Between Nairobi and the southern reaches of Mt. Kenya there are lush rice paddies and small farms and rivers and busy roads. We chose to go to the east of the mountain as it is impossible to go over its snow-capped peaks in a small unpressurized craft. Beneath us, the landscape changed dramatically from well-tended plots to thick forest and deep ravines and rushing mountain streams. In other words, a spectacular view, but not a very hospitable place to have to put down in an emergency, a fact which was to take on enormous significance on our return journey. Past the forest, the sharply sloping foothills have been heavily cultivated by local villagers. Small tea gardens, tree nurseries and square postage-stamp-sized private holdings extend from 7500 feet above sea

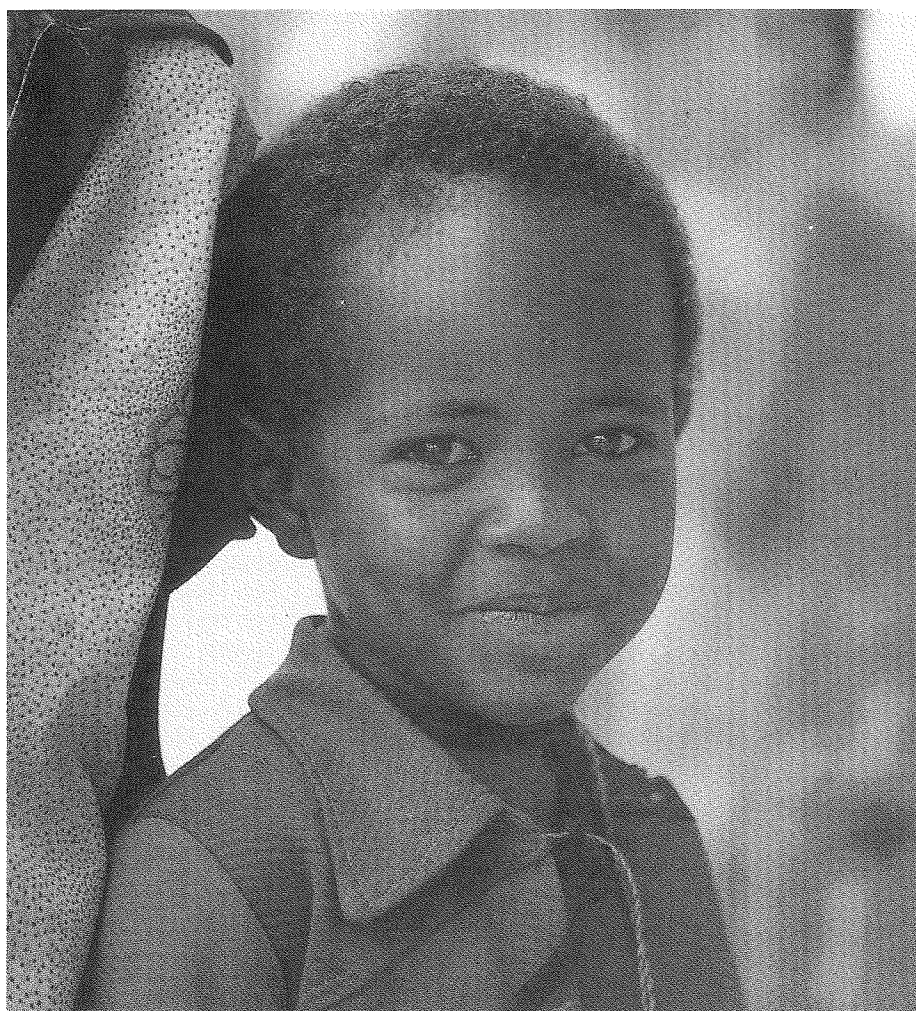


level (asl) down to the base of the mountain. Then, as suddenly as the rice paddies turn into forest and the forest to farmland, the farms disappear and are replaced by desert for as far as the eye can see. We are north of the mountain now and almost in sight of our destination.

Our flight north was fairly uneventful, although the alternator was acting up. Peter tried to find the source of the problem but eventually he just covered the offending red light and we agreed to ignore it. As Isiolo came into view, we prepared to land but it was to be a landing without benefit of flaps, radio or lights as the battery had apparently died during the flight. Once safely on the ground, I climbed out of the plane to meet my party and Peter hopped on the back of a friend's motorbike with the battery in hand. We agreed to meet several hours later for the return trip to Nairobi once he had flown supplies to Wajir and Malakal, nearby towns.

I went with my hosts for a general tour of the project and then we retired to lunch at one of the two local restaurant/hotels. This particular spot was run by a Somali and served a variety of hot curries and greasy chappatis. The rooms were in a three-sided building attached to the back of the restaurant with a concrete courtyard in the middle. A few children and the odd chicken were running about between the clotheslines heavily laden with the establishment's laundry. Finishing lunch, I glanced out the window to see Peter take the battery from the local Indian dry-goods shop and finally head back to the airfield on his way to Malakal. It was going to be a long afternoon in Isiolo. Having finished our business, the project director and I walked around the market and I purchased one of those beautiful copper and wire bracelets for which the region is well-known; the kind we always joked were made of CIDA sponsored transmission lines. Then we retreated out from under the scorching sun and waited for the return of Cessna 5Y-ARD.

The sun sets quickly at the Equator and at approximately the same time all year round. By six-thirty it is dark, so when 5Y-ARD finally reappeared overhead at just before 5 o'clock, I was already worried that I might not make it back to Nairobi before nightfall. This was of some concern because I was supposed to be hosting a dinner party for twenty people that evening. As soon as Peter hit the runway we were ready with the jerry cans of aviation gas and quickly started refuelling the plane. He reported that there was a very strong headwind which had slowed him down considerably from Malakal to Isiolo and we might not be able to make it to Nairobi in time. With my



Kenyan child.

dinner party in mind, we decided to give it a try, but ten minutes into the flight we were forced to turn back because the thirty knot headwind brought us to a virtual standstill in mid-air. A call to my cook, Christopher, and the dinner was set to go on without me. Peter and I then found our way back to the Somali restaurant, while local missionaries organized a couple of extra bunks for us to sleep on.

Bright and early the next morning, we grabbed our gear and drove out to the airfield one last time. The plane seemed to have survived the night in one piece and the wind had died down. As we were packing the plane two Kenyan student missionaries asked to hitch a ride. While instructing them on airplane safety procedures, Peter confided that he was a little uneasy. He had a feeling that he was likely to have a flying accident in the near future. I might have laughed at this premonition had I not been plagued the previous night by nightmares of emergency landings.

The take-off and climb out of Isiolo was routine. Below us, we watched the desert slip by and gradually disappear under a thick layer of low-lying cloud. The rules of visual flight prescribe that a pilot must always be in

sight of land or water. By choosing to climb above the clouds, as it was impossible to fly under them, we were in contravention of one of the basic cautionary rules of flight. I was starting to sense that something might go wrong. To distract myself from these thoughts I looked out the window and followed the progress of the plane's shadow which could be seen on the clouds below. It was surrounded by a halo of colour that reminded me of the rainbows that form in puddles of oil. The mountain loomed to our right as it rose majestically out of the soft carpet of cloud that obscured its base and up into the brilliant sunshine. I revelled in the beauty of the day knowing full well that once we descended we would be faced with mist and rain and would have a hard time imagining what a wonderfully sunny day it really was.

There was only one small break in the cloud cover from Isiolo to Nairobi and that was for three or four miles on the east side of the mountain shortly before the forest. As we were over the middle of this gap, my reverie was interrupted by a sudden increase in rpm of the engine from 2400 to 3200, well over the red danger line. I yelled to Peter,

over the noise of the engine, that there seemed to be a problem. He grabbed the pitch control and wound it out as far as it would go reducing the rpm to 2800. "Get down!", I warned, pointing out a small dirt road below. Peter shook his head in disagreement and indicated that he was turning back. No sooner had he reset course than the engine began to run roughly. It coughed and sputtered, the whole plane shook and then there was silence. The one and only engine was dead and the propeller had stopped on a diagonal across the nose. Peter and I looked at each other in horror as he announced the inevitable, "We're going down!"

We were at 9400 feet above sea level (asl) when the engine quit. The few minutes it took to reach our final resting spot, at 6900 feet asl on the side of Mt. Kenya, seemed like an eternity. We experienced a state of suspended animation as we followed through on all the checks that we had diligently learned in case of such an emergency and had always hoped never to have to use. Peter attended to the business of flying and getting us down safely. Miraculously, the only field in a fifty mile radius presented itself. Peter set up a circuit and prepared to land. We had one and only one chance and it did not look good given that the surface of the field was rough and it was situated between two hills and two fences. I assisted by calling out all the safety checks (seatbelts fastened, sharp objects out of pockets, false teeth out, glasses off etc.). I made sure that our passengers were seated in the proper position and tried to reassure them. Then I called out the remaining engine checks and wedged open the door. We were all depending on Peter's flying abilities to get us down safely. He must have been feeling in need of a little extra help because he turned around to look at the two missionaries in the back and said, "Start praying now, guys!"

I was not frightened until Peter turned the corner to line up with the field and came, what seemed to me, perilously close to the trees and cows scattered on the hill below. "Don't undershoot!", I screamed. He brought the plane close to a stall over the hill and then went straight down towards the field pulling back at the last second before bringing us to earth. We raced down the length of the field, dipping in and out of ruts and almost flipping onto our nose. Peter somehow managed to keep the plane upright and stop it just short of the fence at the far end of the field. He and I jumped out and ran a safe distance away. The two passengers could not figure out how to undo their seatbelts so I ran back to rescue them. Once clear, we all looked back at the plane, half expecting it to explode, but only a tiny wisp of white smoke curled up from under the cowl over the engine.

Peter grabbed me, yelling "We made it, we made it!" But, although we were unharmed, we had only 'made it' to a small field in the middle of nowhere, a long way from our destination. A large crowd of local villagers mysteriously materialized and descended on the plane. We took a quick look around before they disturbed any of the evidence of our misfortune. To our surprise, we found that the undercarriage was completely covered in oil. For some reason all the oil seemed to have leaked out of the oil sump during flight, thus explaining the engine seizure. Pondering this, Peter and I left the two passengers to guard the plane and our belongings and then the two of us fell into line behind an old man who had broken away from the crowd and offered to help us.

First, the elderly villager took us to the house of a former member of Parliament who happened to live in the area. Unfortunately, he was not there. The next available phone was more than an hour downhill. We walked down small hard-packed dirt paths that ran between the many individual farm plots. Finally, we came out on a small dirt road and were led to a local branch of the Kenya Tea Marketing Authority. There were at least ten trucks sitting idle outside the main office, one of which we thought could be used to transport us to the local police station. We also looked forward to a good cup of tea. We entered the main office to find six officers there but, unfortunately, no manager. This meant that while they would let us call the local police they would not let us make a collect call to Nairobi, use any of their trucks or have a cup of tea unless we paid for it. Our patience was running thin at this point and we pleaded with them to be reasonable. However, in the absence of the manager, no decisions were to be made.



Captain Schwartz checking fuel reserves on an earlier, less traumatic, flying expedition.

Frustrated, we left with the old man again. He had barely spoken a word to us since he had taken us under his wing, but he seemed to know where he was going so we followed along. Not far down the road we came upon a large farmhouse. The inhabitants, wealthy landowners, were very hospitable. They offered us tea and cookies and allowed us to

call the owners of the plane in Nairobi. It happened that some contractors were doing a little landscaping on the property that day and they agreed to drive us into town.

We reported to the police station and then hitched a ride back to the plane to get the two passengers. We then returned to town and I got up the nerve to call the High Commission. I explained to my boss that we would need a vehicle in Meru because there had been a small problem with the plane. "Nothing serious", I explained, "just a complete engine failure on the slopes of Mt. Kenya, a crash landing." "Hmmp!", he replied, an utterance that sounded a lot like "I told you so!", but I could not be sure. The rest of the afternoon was spent making out police reports and waiting for the High Commission driver to appear. Peter kept on going over the flight to see if there was anything that he might have done to avoid our mishap. I tried to convince him that he had done all that he could, and that in any case he had gotten us down safely. By lunchtime he started to shake, reacting to everything we had been through. I was fine until later that evening. It was only then, travelling home on darkened roads rutted by construction, that I thought I would meet my end, a bit ironic given my experiences earlier in the day. Much to my relief we made it back to Nairobi safely.

I took my leave of Peter and slowly drove back to my house. There, on the table were little notes from my guests of the night before: "great food; terrific company; had a lovely time; wish you could have been here."

Epilogue

The Directorate of Civil Aviation in Kenya ruled that the locking wire on the oil sump plug had been missing when we took off so that the sump plug loosened and fell out during flight. They believed, but were unable to prove, that the mechanics, who fixed an earlier oil leak, had forgotten to seal the sump properly. A year later, after my return to Ottawa, someone commented on the lovely copper and wire bracelets I was wearing. They asked where they were from and I responded, "Isiolo." Suddenly, it occurred to me that the real source of our problems that day might not have been negligence but was more likely to have been some enterprising young craftsman who climbed under the plane during the night and took the locking wire to fashion into a bracelet, not unlike the ones I was wearing.

Margo Schwartz returned to the safety of air travel in Canada in 1985, after serving as Second Secretary in Nairobi. She now works in the Political Intelligence Division of the Department of External Affairs.

À la Plaine des Jarres (Là-haut chez les Lao)

par Paul Lapointe

Il m'arrive souvent de regretter de ne pas avoir tenu de journal au fil des années que j'ai passées en poste à l'étranger ou durant mes nombreux voyages officiels. Sans doute, me disais-je alors, que ce qui m'arrivait était plutôt banal et que bien d'autres de mes collègues étaient déjà passés par là. Mais avec le recul du temps, il m'apparaît maintenant que certaines de mes petites aventures pourraient trouver leur place dans la petite histoire du Ministère, celle qu'un raconteur comme Sid Freifeld voudra bien écrire un de ces jours. Du moins, il faut l'espérer.

Voici donc quelques anecdotes que je livre de façon tout à fait décousue et pour ce qu'elles valent. Ne me demandez surtout pas d'être précis quant aux dates, noms, distances, etc... Si vous ne me croyez pas, Bo Pen Nyang.

En juillet 1961, j'arrive à Saigon et y découvre un monde exotique, fascinant et extraordinairement intéressant. La présence française avait alors beaucoup diminué, mais elle restait encore importante et les Américains n'étaient encore que fort peu nombreux. La ville était encore, donc, à peu près ce qu'elle avait été sous le régime colonial et on pouvait s'y amuser ferme. Pas de couvre-feu, pas de restrictions. Il y avait plusieurs bons restaurants français et d'excellents restaurants chinois à Cholon. Je m'en voudrais de passer sous silence la beauté des Saïgonnaises, mais si vous vous attendez à des révélations juteuses de ma part, vous faites fausse route. Ce n'est pas du tout ce à quoi je veux en venir.

Quelque trois mois plus tard, on m'expédiait sur Hanoï. Quel contraste! Ce qui avait dû être une très jolie ville quelques années plus tôt était devenu une ville fantôme où ne circulaient que les vélos, où les belles villas d'autrefois (et les filles aussi d'ailleurs) manquaient de peinture, et où il n'y avait réellement rien à faire; pas de restaurants, pas de cinémas (sauf pour la propagande communiste), rien, rien, rien. C'est donc avec quelque soulagement que j'appris en décembre 1961 qu'on me transférait au Laos. Comme aujourd'hui, le Personnel a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas.

J'arrive donc à Vientiane et on m'amène à l'hôtel Setha Palace; une agréable maison tenue par un Français (dont j'oublie le nom, mais je vous ai prévenu) marié à une nord-

vietnamienne. Ils ont une petite fille qui court un peu partout. Quelle ne sera pas ma surprise une quinzaine d'années plus tard de la retrouver mariée à un de nos collègues. Mais je n'y reste que très peu de temps car on m'expédie, quelques jours avant Noël, vers la Plaine des Jarres. Et c'est là, enfin, que ma petite aventure commence.

Je monte à bord d'un Beechcraft que la Commission Internationale de Supervision et Contrôle (CISC) nolisé d'une compagnie privée française. Comme je suis le seul passager, le pilote me fait asseoir dans le fauteuil du co-pilote, histoire de faire un brin de causerie. Moi qui ne connais rien aux avions, je trouve cela plutôt amusant jusqu'au moment où, à mi-parcours, le pilote me demande de prendre le volant et de maintenir l'avion à l'horizontale pendant qu'il va se chercher à boire derrière. Tout ce dont je me souviens de ce premier et dernier vol solo, c'est que je suis resté gelé aux commandes pendant dix bonnes minutes, n'osant surtout pas bouger et à peine respirer.

Arrivés au-dessus de la Plaine des Jarres, nous la trouvons, comme c'était presque toujours le cas, recouverte d'un tapis de nuages. Comme il n'y avait pas de tour de contrôle, le truc consistait à utiliser les montagnes des alentours comme points de repère, et à trouver un trou dans les nuages. De cette façon, nous avons trouvé la piste sans trop de difficultés.

À mon arrivée, je suis accueilli fort aimablement par le lieutenant colonel Sévigny du 22^e et le capitaine Tolson. La raison première de leur présence n'est pas tellement le respect qu'ils doivent à ma haute personnalité civile, autant que le fait que je leur apporte leur courrier personnel. Nous montons ensuite dans un véhicule militaire de fabrication russe, une GAS je crois, avec deux fauteuils à l'avant et deux banquettes en longueur à l'arrière. Je m'assois sur l'une des banquettes de bois et laisse le fauteuil rembourré au vieux (49 ans) colonel. La partie charnue de mon anatomie a eu à regretter cette politesse mais m'a gagné immédiatement le respect du capitaine Tolson qui avait la plus grande admiration pour son chef.

Nous nous dirigeons donc vers Xieng Khouang, là où se trouve notre quartier général, à quelque 30 kilomètres (peut-être plus, peut-être moins, je ne le sais plus) de la piste de la Plaine des Jarres. En route, nous nous arrêtons pour voir les fameuses "Jarres". Il y en a quelques dizaines épar-

pillées au milieu d'un champ et tout près d'une belle grotte naturelle. Certaines font 1 m 50 de hauteur et un homme peut s'y tenir debout à l'intérieur. Personne ne se souvient de ce à quoi elles ont pu servir. Les jarres ont un rebord qui semble indiquer qu'elles ont eu jadis des couvercles, mais ceux-ci sont disparus. Étaient-ce des urnes funéraires ou des récipients de choum-choum, l'alcool de riz local? On ne le saura sans doute jamais.

Il pleut et la route inondée par endroits nous oblige à faire des détours par les champs. Oh! mes fesses! Pour me rassurer tout à fait, on m'explique que les maquisards méos ne posent plus autant de mines sur la route qu'ils le faisaient auparavant. Ce qui ne m'empêchera pas, quelques semaines plus tard, de voir une voiture blindée qui nous précède sauter en l'air sur un de ces engins. Ses occupants se retrouveront cul par-dessus tête sur la route, mais heureusement sans autre blessure que celle infligée à leur amour-propre.

Nous arrivons finalement à Xieng Khouang où se trouve la résidence de la délégation canadienne. C'est une des seules maisons « européennes » du village, et nous allons y vivre à trois pendant près de six mois. La maison est assez spacieuse mais meublée seulement du minimum. Les fenêtres sont tellement mal ajustées que le vent souffle au travers, mais nous avons des chauffettes à l'huile et des canadiennes, courtoisie des Forces Armées canadiennes. Il y a une cuisinière et un frigo, ce qui nous permet de faire notre propre popote. Cinq couvertures de laine chacun nous permettent d'endurer l'hiver montagnard. Il n'y a qu'une douche rudimentaire et naturellement pas d'eau chaude. Cela pose un certain problème pour se débarrasser de la poussière des jours secs et de la vase des jours pluvieux.

Notre travail, et c'est beaucoup dire, consiste à maintenir le contact en tant que membres de la CISC, (les Indiens et les Polonais en font également partie) avec les Princes (ils sont demi-frères) Souvanna Phouma et Souphannouvong, respectivement chefs des partis neutraliste et communiste (Pathet Lao). On espère alors, en 1962, les convaincre de former avec le parti de droite qui se trouve à Vientiane, un gouvernement d'union nationale. Pour le moment, les deux princes ont uni leurs forces et se livrent à de petites escarmouches à la laotienne, c'est-à-dire pas très méchantes, avec leurs adversaires de droite auxquels se

sont joints les Méos, ces nomades de la montagne pour qui le maquis et la guerrilla sont des activités innées. C'est à Khang Khai, un peu plus loin près de la Plaine, que je fais la rencontre des deux Altesses. Car même dans cette situation d'opérette, on donne du titre à tout le monde. Il y a là plus de généraux et de colonels que de sous-lieutenants. Quant à moi, je deviens immédiatement une « Excellence ». Les deux hommes sont par ailleurs extrêmement courtois, Souvanna Phouma surtout, chez qui l'on sent le monsieur de l'Avenue Foch où il a d'ailleurs une propriété. Souphannouvong est un peu plus fermé mais il consent, à cette époque, à jouer au plus jeune frère, même si ses idées sont radicalement opposées à celles de son aîné.

Un beau jour, Souvanna qui est un mordu du bridge m'invite à faire une partie avec son demi-frère et un ex-instituteur français perdu dans le coin. J'arrive, comme d'habitude, avec ma bouteille de scotch car le ravitaillement de leurs Altesses n'est pas toujours sûr. Mais cette fois, les Princes ont reçu des langoustines de la Baie d'Along, un cadeau d'Ho Chi Minh, et du champagne, un cadeau de l'armée française. Les quartiers des princes se trouvent dans les anciens baraquements de la Légion étrangère. Dans la salle où nous nous installons, les murs sont toujours couverts des dessins faits par les légionnaires à la belle époque du protectorat, lesquels n'ont rien à envier à la page centrale du magazine Playboy. En fait, le tout est en beaucoup plus gros. Ce tableau, oh! combien naturel, est complété par un soldat laotien, à peine plus grand que son énorme fusil, qui fait la garde. Nous jouons avec des cartes russes; les Princes ont chacun un tue-mouche à la main et ils scandent leurs enchères de vigoureux coups sur la table. Souvanna est un excellent brideur, son frère, beaucoup moins. Mais comment fait-on pour engueuler une Altesse?

Quelques jours après mon arrivée à Xieng Kouang, c'est la Noël (1961). Sont toujours dans le village, malgré les restrictions de plus en plus sévères que leur imposent les Pathet Lao, quatre missionnaires français qui continuent à exercer leur apostolat dans des conditions assez misérables. Ils ont toujours une église et une école, mais ils doivent vivre à toutes fins pratiques des ressources du pays, ce qui veut dire de presque rien. Naturellement, la présence de Canadiens, catholiques en plus, les réconforte; de même celle d'un capitaine français et de cinq sous-officiers des paras qui ont la tâche d'entraîner l'armée laotienne en vertu des accords de Genève. Tout ce monde là se retrouve donc à 18 h 00, le 24 décembre 1961, à l'église, pour célébrer la messe de minuit, le couvre-feu ne permettant pas une

cérémonie plus tardive. À ma surprise, il doit bien y avoir là une centaine de croyants. Ils font certainement preuve de bravoure étant donné le climat politique qui sévit. Néanmoins, le tout se déroule normalement, et je ne peux m'empêcher de réfléchir au caractère quelque peu extraordinaire de cette messe que j'ai vue répéter tant de fois dans ma jeunesse, à Québec, et que je revis maintenant à quelque 12 000 milles de distance dans un cadre pour le moins hétéroclite. Les formules rituelles sont là, et même les chants traditionnels français, (traduits en laotien naturellement). Lorsque j'entends « Il est né le divin Enfant », chanté par les enfants laotiens

*Les Princes ont reçu des
langoustines de la Baie
d'Along, un cadeau
d'Ho Chi Minh, et du
champagne, un cadeau
de l'armée française.*

avec l'accent local, j'en ai pour un moment un coup de cafard. Il est difficile de décrire, par écrit, ce que ça donne comme musique. Imaginez « La Traviata » chanté par l'Opéra de Pékin.

La messe terminée, il a été entendu que les Canadiens seraient les hôtes du réveillon. Les militaires français fournissent le vin, le foie gras et autres délices qu'ils ont obtenus de leur quartier général à Vientiane, et nous, ce que nous avons pu accumuler de conserves et surtout de spiritueux. Les missionnaires apportent leur étonnante joie de vivre et leur bonheur de passer une bonne soirée avec des compatriotes et des francophones. Quelle nuit! Le divin nouveau-né a dû se retourner dans sa crèche à plusieurs reprises à la vue de nos excès de table, de nos libations ininterrompues et, surtout, à l'audition des innombrables chansons de corps de garde pour lesquelles Français et Canadiens rivalisaient d'ardeurs. Les quatre missionnaires, qui avaient fait leur service militaire, en savaient plus que tout le monde. Le garde Pathet Lao, qui nous "protégeait" de l'extérieur, en a eu pour son argent.

Ce serait trop long de décrire ici tous les petits voyages à travers le pays, notamment à Luang Prabang, la capitale royale aux multiples temples, toutes les visites aux Princes, toutes les parties de cartes ou de pétanque, qui ont rempli les six mois qui suivirent. Toujours est-il que, finalement, le jour arriva où tous les partis, les Princes y compris, réussirent à s'entendre pour établir à Vientiane un gouvernement de coalition nationale. C'était l'aboutissement sur place

des accords de Genève de 1962. La CISC devait assurer le transport de Souvanna Phouma, nouveau premier ministre, de Souphannouvong, et de certaines de leurs troupes sur Vientiane. Pour moi, il s'agissait également de mon départ définitif de la Plaine des Jarres.

Or, voilà qu'au moment du rassemblement à la Plaine, il se met à pleuvoir. Et il pleut, et il pleut. Ça n'arrête pas. L'avion de la CISC, qui arrive de Vientiane, réussit à bien se poser sur la piste mais il fait l'effet d'un croiseur qui fend les vagues de l'Atlantique. Pas question de repartir dans de telles conditions. On attend donc pendant des heures. Souvanna nous fait servir du riz gluant et ce qu'il appelle du poulet, mais la multitude de mouches qui recouvrent le tout me convainc de me contenter des rations militaires d'urgence que nous emportons toujours partout, agrémentées de rasades de whisky.

Enfin, la pluie s'arrête et les vaillants soldats de l'armée laotienne se mettent au travail — avec leurs sandales — pour faire évacuer l'eau de la piste. Deux ou trois heures plus tard, le capitaine de l'avion, Domergue, un Français qui a piloté pour l'Amiral Darlan au début de la guerre et a ensuite fait les quatre cent coups en Indochine, donne le signal du départ. C'est ce même Domergue qui, l'année suivante, disparaîtra au-dessus du Viêt Nam du Nord aux commandes de l'avion qui transportait également notre regretté collègue, Doug Turner. On ne sut jamais ce qui était arrivé.

Quoi qu'il en soit, en ce jour de juillet 1962, nous nous retrouvons à bord du quadrimoteur de Domergue et on démarre. Moi qui suis assis dans la cabine de pilotage avec les trois membres de l'équipage, j'entends le pilote dire aux autres qu'il lui faut atteindre une vitesse de 50 km/h vis-à-vis tel arbre, 75 km/h vis-à-vis la cabane en bois et ainsi de suite, jusqu'à ce qu'il ait suffisamment de vitesse pour s'élever. Il y a toujours passablement d'eau sur la piste qui n'est pas pavée, naturellement. On roule, cela va assez bien. On frappe une flaque d'eau, on perd 10 km. On continue, le bout de la piste approche, la grande crevasse qui y fait suite aussi, Domergue tire de toutes ses forces sur le manche à balai, et en s'écriant « Youppi », il prend de l'altitude. C'est donc en reposant mon estomac de ma bouche vers son habitacle naturel que je dis un dernier aurevoir à la Plaine des Jarres. ✍

Paul A. Lapointe a servi à Indochine en 1960-62. Il était Haut-Commissaire adjoint à Londres et Consul général du Canada à Marseilles. En 1987, il devient négociateur principal pour les Affaires maritimes Canada - France.



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The Curse

*Everyone's looking older
except me.
My eyes still flash
with brilliance;
energy, excitement, both remain;
passion as well.
Blood that coursed and raged within my veins
still flames as wildly —
now and then.
Children call me "Sir" now
show respect.
Hairline's not receded
all that much,
and silver temples add distinction.
Generous stomach
evidence of frequent business lunches
adds importance
"gravitas".
Image in my mind's eye
does not match
broad-beamed, thickening figure
in my mirror,
but it's recognizable, at least,
by it's humour.
Face it, my ample callipygic friend
The Curse is on you —
Middle Age.*

Terry Jones has served in Sydney, Port of Spain, Accra and Copenhagen. He is currently Deputy Director, South America Relations Division, External Affairs.

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Property Management

Congés autofinancés

par Christine Manseau

Les membres de l'APASE se souviendront qu'au cours des deux dernières rondes de négociation, le concept d'un congé sabbatique financé à même le salaire de l'employé avait fait l'objet de revendications qui n'avaient pas été retenues par l'employeur. Il semble que depuis, cette notion ait acquis une certaine popularité auprès des conseillers en planification des ressources humaines puisqu'en juin dernier, la présidente du Conseil du Trésor annonçait une politique visant à favoriser les congés autofinancés.

L'APASE a été impliquée de près dans l'élaboration de la politique ministérielle s'appliquant à l'octroi et la planification de congés autofinancés. Celle-ci devait se conformer à la modification du Règlement de l'impôt sur le revenu. Cette modification vise à permettre à un employé de financer, en différant son salaire, un congé d'une durée d'au moins six mois consécutifs commençant juste après une période maximale de six ans suivant la date à laquelle le salaire a commencé à être différé en vue du congé.

Le salaire différé par l'employé au cours d'une année d'imposition ne peut dépasser le tiers de la rémunération reçue pour cette même année. Et, pendant son congé, l'employé ne recevra ni de l'employeur ni d'une société avec qui l'employeur a un lien de dépendance un montant supérieur à sa rémunération différée et aux avantages sociaux y afférant.

Les montants différés doivent être détenus par une fiducie ou par toute autre institution financière rencontrant les exigences de la Loi de l'impôt eu égard aux régimes de prestations aux employés. Il doit donc s'agir d'une institution financière assurée en vertu des règlements de la Société d'assurance-dépôts du Canada. De plus, l'employé ne peut avoir un accès direct aux montants investis avant la date prévue du commencement du congé.

Il est aussi prévu qu'après le congé et, pour une période au moins égale à la durée du congé, l'employé reprendra ses fonctions habituelles auprès de l'employeur. Dans la politique, l'employeur se réserve le droit de rappeler un employé au travail en raison des nécessités du service. Cela occasionnerait bien entendu des déboursés supplémentaires à l'employé au chapitre de l'impôt sur le revenu. L'employeur s'engage donc à considérer toute autre possibilité avant d'en arriver à une telle décision qui serait de dernier ressort. En vertu de la Loi des contrats, il est de plus entendu que le fardeau fiscal et financier d'un bris de contrat se doit d'échoir à la partie qui en est responsable. L'on présume aussi qu'un tel rappel ferait l'objet de discus-

sions préliminaires avec l'employé et, ne lui serait imposé que dans des circonstances extraordinaires.

La mise en application de cette politique telle que proposée par le Ministère des Affaires extérieures en consultation avec l'APASE et les autres associations d'employés traite de l'admissibilité des employés, des procédures à suivre, d'un retrait possible du régime de part et d'autre et du financement.

Tout employé est admissible au régime de congés autofinancés. Dans le cas des agents du service extérieur, c'est la gestion de filière qui détient l'autorité d'accorder le congé demandé. Tout refus devra être assorti d'une explication détaillée à l'employé faisant la demande et, avoir trait aux nécessités du service seulement. Le congé octroyé à l'employé devra faire l'objet d'un mémoire d'entente entre la gestion de filière et l'employé et traiter des dispositions s'appliquant au congé.

Les procédures à suivre exigent que toute demande soit formulée au moins dix-huit mois avant la date du commencement du congé. Une fois la demande approuvée, celle-ci est acheminée à la Section de rémunération. L'employé doit prendre les arrangements nécessaires avec l'institution financière de son choix et en aviser la Section de la rémunération. L'intérêt généré par les fonds investis sera versé à l'employé sur une base annuelle et sujet à imposition. Les argents investis seront transférés dans un compte au nom de l'employé à la date prévue du commencement du congé.

Les fonds investis par l'employé doivent lui être retournés dans l'année d'imposition

qui suit la date à laquelle a cessé le report du salaire. Autrement dit, l'employé qui prévoit cesser le report de son salaire en novembre se doit de prendre son congé et de retirer les argents y afférant dans l'année d'imposition débutant au mois de janvier suivant. L'employé devrait s'assurer que son absence durera pour une période équivalente au pourcentage de salaire reporté — par exemple, une absence de six mois lorsque 50% du salaire a été reporté — de façon à éviter un fardeau fiscal plus élevé.

Les implications financières résultant d'une mutation à un autre ministère lorsque celle-ci a été initiée par l'employé seraient à la charge de l'employé. De telles éventualités sont donc à éviter à moins d'un cas de force majeure. L'APASE verrait alors à s'assurer que les coûts échus à l'employé soient minimisés au maximum.

L'employé pourra reporter jusqu'à un montant égal à 33 1/3% de son salaire. Il sera donc possible à un employé de faire une demande en l'an 1 et de prendre son congé en l'an 4 du régime si tout va bien. La date de commencement du congé peut être reportée pour une période pouvant aller jusqu'à un an à la demande de l'employé. Les contributions de l'employé à ce régime ne peuvent toutefois être échelonnées sur une période dépassant sept ans. L'employé sera responsable de la totalité des cotisations au chapitre des avantages sociaux pendant la durée de son congé.

Christine Manseau est le directeur exécutif de l'APASE.

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Political Wives: The Lives of the Saints by
Susan Riley, published by Deneau and
Wayne, Toronto, 191 pp. \$26.00

Review and Commentary by Louise Reynolds

"There is no subject I cannot trivialize", wrote Susan Riley. She then set out to do just that in her book, *Political Wives* with its vague and unexplained subtitle, *The Lives of the Saints*. The wives who appear in her book were spotlighted not for all their saintly qualities but because it was so much more fun to write about the sinners.

Riley focusses on the wives of Canadian Prime Ministers of recent memory, beginning with a view of how Margaret Trudeau behaved in that position and then giving us a close look at Maureen McTeer and the present 'incumbent', Mila Mulrone. Riley also steps back to the days of Olive Diefenbaker and Maryon Pearson and gazes into the future, assessing the personalities of Geills Turner and Lucille Broadbent.

Riley is a political journalist who is well-known in the Ottawa scene and she has had ample opportunity to observe many of these ladies in action. She says that she, "tried to approach all of them with the same neutral curiosity with which I would approach any endangered species". What is not clear is how many, if any of them, she sat down and talked with in preparing this book. Mila Mulrone is known to prefer male reporters, but could she be typical of the 'species'? In any case, there is no shortage of material to work with. All the old stories that have been headlined before just spilled from the files and, although Riley claimed that she had no interest in gathering up all these anecdotes and recycling them, that is what has happened. After all, in her own defense, she said that interviewing political wives would be like playing badminton, "one harmless exchange of birdies after another. The really interesting answers to the really interesting questions will go with most wives to the grave". All the same, it is too bad that we have here is largely a run past of all the old stuff once more.

In the eyes of some, political wives are considered to be only 'amusing anachronisms, historic relics with no bearing on the way modern men and women lead their lives'. The fact is that they do exist and they find themselves with a role to play. What are these women expected to be like? What qualities might they have to offer? They should be compassionate, we are told, have a good sense of humour but, above all, beauty is a most admirable asset. It would be to their advantage, as well, to possess those desirable virtues of charm, tact, piety and discretion. Now, that's a lot to ask for, even

tongue-in-cheek, but, should such a paragon exist, the job ahead of her, as delineated here, would seem to be one that many might look on with envy. 'They have unlimited expense accounts, maids and nannies; they travel to exotic places, eat at all the best palaces and have national attention any time they want it'.

But most of these women did not expect to be faced with living such a life style when they married. Perhaps Maryon Pearson said it best: "I married (my husband) for better or for worse, not just for lunch". Although she was not always sympathetic to her role as a political wife, her sense of humour and her outlook carried her through the demands of the job. Some of the younger wives had more trouble adjusting. Margaret Trudeau never succeeded. When this erst-while flower child was suddenly thrust into the limelight, it scared her to the point that she reached out for help from Norah Michener, wife of the Governor-General at that time. What she was told was that "Protocol will protect you. If you get that right, you won't have to put yourself on the line. You'll be judged by your manners ... Protocol is learning to do all the things that you have to do however much you find them unnatural and trying". This advice was not the solution for one of Margaret's informal nature and it certainly was not heeded.

But was life ever any easier for those women whose lives were caught up in the careers of men who became Prime Ministers of Canada or who rose to prominence in other lands? It would seem not, as a general rule. In the days of the British Raj in India, one reads of wives (or sisters) who went out willingly with the Viceroy, "motivated by duty and love". Unlike Margaret Trudeau, they had no qualms about *their* new role. After all, had they not been brought up on the best conduct books? They had read likes of *Sermons to Young Women* and *The Whole Duty of Women*. What they soon discovered, however, was that what worked in British surroundings was of no help to them in a land so strange, so different, that they soon feeling quite adrift. For some, the answer to their dilemma was to retire to their drawing-rooms and take refuge in their painting or sketching, something that many of them had a real talent for. So far, there is no indication that any of our political wives are closet artists, but, since Riley has chosen not to look into these closets, this is mere speculation. What we do know is that it has not been an easy transition to life at the top for those who have followed husbands to Ottawa. If they are not painting or sketching, just what *are* they doing?

In addition to the already mentioned attributes, Riley suggests that possessing 'a

mindless vacant pleasantness' would help. It would make it less painful to carry out the role which many think being a political wife is all about: "(They) are like background music, there and not there. They are usually engaged in purely decorative activities, like hugging orphans, descending the steps of airplanes behind their husbands, greeting foreign dignitaries..." What, however, of the wife who sees her role differently, who is not content to just "smile vaguely and nod sagely"? What if she wants to involve herself in her husband's work or if she has, perhaps, a cause of her own to further? What if she has a career of her own? How much freedom does she actually have to be a person in her own right? For that matter, what role models does she have? It is not necessary to go as far as India for answers or lack of them. One can start with Agnes, wife of Sir John A. Macdonald, the first Prime Minister of Canada, and see how she coped.

Agnes may or may not have read the conduct books of her day but, in any case, she was brought up with the traditional values. Wives, in her time, were expected to be helpmates of their husbands, but their place was still firmly a step behind. For some, this worked out just as it still does today, but Agnes had trouble with the role. Although she married late and had the advantage of knowing that John A. would be at the very top in Canadian politics, she soon found out that her strong nature got in the way. She confessed to her diary that she wanted "to identify myself with all my husband's pursuits and occupations. He is so busy and so much older than I that I would soon fall out of his life if I went my separate ways". But trying to get involved was not easy and, in her enthusiasm, she was likely to over-step the bounds. "If I interfere in any sort of way he will be annoyed ... (He) is absolutely tyrannical in his public life so far as I am concerned". What did she do then? On the face of it, it would seem that she adapted. She hugged her share of orphans, gave the dinner parties when the House was in Session, presided over the oyster soup and sherry on New Year's Day receptions and kept abreast of Canadian politics from her seat in the gallery of the House and by going along with Sir John on political tours. It was on those tours that she came into her own by the use of her pen. Who has not read of the cow-catcher escapade which, like many other experiences, became an article for a prestigious English magazine. In addition, of course, she kept the home fires burning, cared tenderly for an invalid daughter and tried to keep John A. sober.

Almost a hundred years later, and with personal variations, political wives are still carrying out programs much like Agnes did,

but the intervening years have brought about some changes. The greatest challenge has been issued in the name of feminism with some wives protesting that they are not public property. Riley is a strong feminist who refers to "the ludicrous restrictions that bind the life of a political wife as tightly as gauze bound the feet of Chinese women" and she says that the job description for such wives should carry the additional caveat that "feminists need not apply". Her point is that "A feminist political wife is a contradiction in terms; it is like an impoverished dentist, an impetuous central banker, a taciturn talk-show host. It is like a subtle Joan Rivers. It doesn't exist in nature". A good point, but since political wives do not apply for the job but marry into it, they do exist. Margaret Trudeau in her own misguided way made a plea for a life of her own and then there was Maureen McTeer. "I don't pretend not to have any ideas of my own" was her battle-cry but she soon discovered that her time had come too soon and that she had to make many concessions. "An unhappy interlude" is how her time is seen and, clearly, the author feels that the feminist banner has been put away for now. A chapter on Mila Mulrone, the present chateleine of 24 Sussex Drive is entitled "Shopping your way to the top" or "The triumph of appearance over accomplishment".

Something that *has* happened since Mila had 24 Sussex redecorated yet once more, is the Americanization of the role of the wife of the Prime Minister of Canada. When I was searching for titles for my biography of Agnes, the term 'Canada's First First Lady' came to mind only to be rejected since there is no constitutional justification for using such a term. Now, it does not seem to matter and, followers that we are of trends south of the border, the 'First Lady' label is in common use. So, too, are some of the expectations. Glamour is seen to be a necessity either on the part of the so-called First Lady herself or by the public and she is to have a cause, a safe cause, one that will not run counter to the government's programs. This may give her a chance to show some of the desired qualities for the role. She can show that she is compassionate, has charm, tact, piety and discretion and with the veneer of glamour added, she will put in her allotted days and, depending on her own character, she will either love it or hate it.

That, too, is what one might say of this book. If your taste runs to the trivial, it will titillate. If you are of a more thoughtful frame of mind, you may wish that a better book had been written on the public view of *Political Wives*.

The author says that she did not want to be mean, that she wanted, instead to be fair

"and fairness is the death of humour". Is this a humorous book? If so, it is black. Is it a mean book? Often it is just that and an example is when she calls Nancy Reagan "one of the miracles of hair-spray. [It] is the glue that holds her image together, that keeps her ageless and timeless ... Her head has a cement-like cast, it looks too large and too heavy for the emaciated body". Along with all the other things that political wives have to put up with as they go through their own particular motions, they have been peered at here, superficially, by a feminist who considers that some of them are "an embarrassment and disgrace to us all". Perhaps it is too bad that more of them did not tell their own stories by doing what those ladies of the Raj did, keeping personal diaries so that they might, one day, be printed and we would then have a better understanding of how they saw themselves.

Louise Reynolds was a diplomatic wife for 35 years and knows what is expected of the 'species' very well. Her book, Agnes, the Biography of Lady Macdonald was published in 1979 and is expected to be reissued soon. Her latest work, a look at MacKenzie King through the eyes and letters of his closest friends, male and female, is currently with a publisher.

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Free Trade — The Real Story edited by John Crispo, 205 pp., Gage Educational Publishing Company. \$6.95

Reviewed by David Kilgour

The book is a collection of interesting essays on issues relating to the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement (FTA). David Bercuson, the Calgary historian, details how a number of our prime ministers supported some form of free trade with the United States to achieve a more secure export market. Economists Richard Lipsey and Robert York analyze the agreement, rebut some of the arguments against it, and conclude it is both good for Canada and simply a further step down the road Canada began with the GATT. Murray Smith of Ottawa's Institute for Research on Public Policy argues the FTA will place for the first time clear obligations on both countries in respect to traded services. The agricultural economist T.K. Warley of Guelph examines the gains and shortfalls for Canadian agriculture and decides that "by any calculus, for the agricultural sector as a whole, the economic gains outweigh the losses".

Economist Paul Wonnacott thinks the automotive clauses are about as good as could be expected and is pleased problems with the pact were addressed here before they became even more intractable. The C.D. Howe Institute's Edward Carmichael looks at energy and some of the hysteria relating to it; he concludes our oil and natural gas, uranium, and electricity sectors will benefit from the stability and confidence free trade in energy will provide. The Toronto economist A.E. Safarian examines the implications for direct foreign investment, noting guaranteed access to the American market should encourage new foreign investment in both Canadian manufacturing and a number of primary resource and primary manufacturing industries where Canadians have a comparative advantage. Trade lawyer Debra Steger, while conceding the agreement's dispute-settlement mechanism is not perfect, thinks it "will evolve over time into an integrated, authoritative, independent, international agency".

Alan Rugman of the University of Toronto explains why small, medium and large business in Canada support the FTA so strongly; a key reason is their recognition that while few of the 70 percent of all Canadian jobs already in services are affected, an economy made more prosperous overall by freer trade will benefit a host of services, including financial services, education and many other consumer and producer services. The Queen's University economist Richard Harris, noting the Canadian ratio of exports

to GNP is greater than 30 percent, contends there are good reasons to be optimistic about the overall job-creating effects of free trade. Policy analyst Katie Macmillan, also of the C.D. Howe Institute, begins with opinion surveys that women are less likely to support the agreement than men, but concludes that both as consumers and as job-holders free trade offers Canadian women generally an opportunity to improve permanently their economic status. Another economist, Donald Wonnacott, while calling for adjustment assistance programs for persons negatively affected by the FTA, asserts that rejecting it on the basis that some jobs might be lost is "like saying 'no' to the International Revolution. In those days one could easily count the jobs at risk, but not the higher-income jobs that were eventually created".

Economist Thomas Courchene asserts Canadian consumers will benefit from increased real incomes and so will the regions ("The resource sectors [Eg. energy in the west and Quebec and fishing in the east] are also clear beneficiaries. Moreover, by opening up north-south trade the FTA addresses in one fell swoop both the distance and market-size burdens of the regional economies [ie. their centre-dominated peripheral destiny within Canada]"). Richard Lipsey, in a second contribution, refutes a number of the sovereignty arguments made by critics of the FTA, reminding readers that fully seventy-one countries currently participate in regional trade communities without having complained of lost policy independence ("Sweden has many high-cost social policies — indeed many more than does Canada — yet little Sweden trades tariff-free with such economic heavyweights as Germany and France").

An important contribution by the GATT expert, Frank Stone, sees the FTA not as demonstrating a falling away of Canada's traditional role as a Gatt champion, but as a bilateral way of strengthening the multilateral trading system. Stone says, "On balance, it is difficult at present to make a convincing case that the bilateral FTA will stand in the way of global tariff liberalization ... Following the formation of regional, preferential groups in Europe, the member countries proceeded in three successive rounds of negotiations in the GATT to bargain substantial reduction in their tariffs against outside countries, including Canada and the United States, at least for non-agriculture products."

The concluding comments by the book's editor is vintage Crispo. He blasts the anti-free trade biases he perceives in the *Toronto Star*, CBC, and elsewhere in the Canadian media; notes correctly that the real choice facing Canadians is between implementing

the free trade agreement and growing U.S. protectionism "as exemplified by the various versions of the infamous omnibus trade bill, the growing support for gutting the auto pact, and the hundreds of industry-specific protectionist bills circulating the halls of the U.S. Congress", and concludes that the challenge is for all those who favour the FTA to "counter the propaganda campaign being waged against the FTA by refuting it point by point". The reason opponents of the FTA dislike this book so much is precisely because its contributors have risen well to Crispo's challenge.

David Kilgour is the Conservative Member of Parliament for an Edmonton-Strathcona. He has recently written a book called "Uneasy Patriots: Western Canadians in Confederation" published this Fall by Lone Pine Publishing, Edmonton.

Arctic Imperative, Is Canada Losing the North? by J. Honderich, University of Toronto Press, 1987, 285 pp. \$24.95

Reviewed by Keith Greenaway

In August 1986, John Honderich, a lawyer and editorial page editor for the *Toronto Star*, took a leave of absence to bring together his two fascinations, the Arctic, and strategic affairs. At the time, a Special Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Commons reporting on Canada's international relations, noted a widespread concern over what was perceived to be the government's lack of interest in the arctic and major flaws in security arrangements. These concerns were shared by Honderich who considered the age of the arctic was finally upon us, and a new approach and plan of action was required. *Arctic Imperative* is both a call and a plan for action.

Honderich does not answer directly the question raised by the sub-title. Nevertheless, there is no doubt in his mind that it could happen, unless Canada rethinks her policies. A very strong case is made for a much greater northern dimension to Canada's foreign policy. The time has come for more involvement in circumpolar affairs and a commitment to home-made policies, according to the author.

Canadians, particularly those concerned with domestic and international affairs should read this book. Few will agree with all assessments and proposals in such a wide-ranging study. It should not, however, be discarded by arctic buffs as the effort of a young writer who has just discovered Canada's northern reaches, as so often is the case. *Arctic Imperative* is easy to read and stimulating for those responsible for 'devel-

oping a coherent set of policies for the arctic, including foreign policy', the importance of which was stated in the response by the government to the report of the Special Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Commons on Canada's International Relations. Planners wedded to long-standing defence arrangements will find it unsettling.

Honderich divides his work into a number of sections, sovereignty, security, NATO, arms control, and foreign policy. The stage is set with an introductory view of the arctic today and an analysis of the Canadian perception of the polar region. A perception, which in the opinion of the author, has been greatly influenced by a Mercator projection-type outlook and an inheritance of fundamentally a British view of the arctic. Specific recommendations are contained in each section and summarized in the concluding chapter of the Foreign Policy section.

A theme running through the section on Sovereignty is concern over the serious gap between what Canada has legislated and what it can enforce. Early settlement of the Inuit land claims would greatly enhance Canadian sovereignty in the arctic archipelago and its image abroad, argues Honderich; also, it would be looked upon by many Canadians as a step in narrowing the credibility gap between legislation and enforcement. The author agrees with Professor Franklyn Griffiths of the University of Toronto that fixation with the European theatre has hampered development of a truly Canadian national security perspective. The strategic importance of the arctic has increased dramatically with advances in military technology. It has, according to the author, become the newest military frontier — where the superpowers confront each other regularly as their air and naval forces probe and counter-probe. The Canadian arctic is an integral part of this frontier, and is reason enough for Canadians to take a fresh look at security priorities.

Honderich supports a continental defence relationship with the United States but suggests Canada needs much better political control over management of the joint defence effort, particularly at a time when interests and priorities appear to be diverging. The author advocates improved Canadian surveillance of the airspace, and acquisition of a polar class 8 icebreaker and nuclear powered submarines for maritime surveillance. When one remembers that Canada has been negotiating its sovereignty protection role, the argument becomes invincible that more attention should be directed towards building forces suitable for patrolling Canadian airspace and waters. Defence planners can no longer look at the US defence agreement in terms of what one

can get for the least funds, if Canada is to avoid being locked into a US system, warns Honderich.

In conclusion, Honderich cautions against the temptation to settle for 'quick fixes' when political tempers run high over challenges to sovereignty and issues related to security, resources, and the environment. A new perspective and an integrated policy with a long-range view of the circumpolar region is imperative.

This is unfortunate, but such errors do not detract from the book's message, although they may be annoying to readers. Those responsible for foreign and defence policy should not dismiss *Arctic Imperative* as the work of an enthusiastic but uninformed nationalistic journalist, as much of Honderich's call and plan for action is in keeping with "The North and Canada's International Relations", a year-long study by a Working Group of the Ottawa Branch of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, — the members of which could hardly be tagged with such a label.

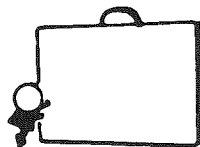
Keith R. Greenaway achieved the rank of Brigadier-General in the Royal Canadian Air Force before his retirement in 1971. He is an internationally recognized authority on aerial navigation, particularly in polar regions.

The Canadian Encyclopedia, Second Edition, 1988, Hurtig Publishers, 2736 pp., (4 volumes). \$225.00

Reviewed by Don Page

Publishers of encyclopedias have always had the daunting task of determining what to include and the space to be given to any single subject. In today's publishing world, price is also an important factor in selling the general public a 'user friendly' reference work that will not soon be outdated. On all accounts, the Editor-in-Chief, James Marsh and the publisher have done a superb job. Given the rave reviews and instant sales that greeted the publication of the first edition in 1985 (155,000 sets sold out in three months), it would have been easy to issue a second edition just to make a profit. The publishers are to be commended that they resisted this temptation and came up with a much better and more comprehensive second edition.

The differences between the two editions are worth noting. Authors were asked to update their original entries and in addition there were the queries and corrections submitted by interested Canadians who wanted it to be a work of excellence for all time. There is, very simply, no other single source containing such a wealth of information on virtually every aspect of Canada



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and its people. Events up to January 1988 have been included which brings in entries on Meech Lake, pop musician Bryan Adams and runner Ben Johnson. Expansion to a fourth volume was necessitated by the addition of 1700 new entries, the expansion of many entries on the cultural side, in particular, and a vastly improved index. The index was expanded from 97 pages to a hefty 372 pages, which leaves no important fact or person unaccessible. The second edition is also more attractive with 673 new photos (total is now 1,600), 50 new maps (out of a total of 308), 61 new graphs and 37 new pieces of original art.

The range of entries should please all users. Those who want to know more about the city they were born in can read a brief history that is more than political history. Those Canadians who have sought their fame and fortune elsewhere, like Lorne Green and Gordie Howe, are also included along with those who remained north of the 49th parallel. There are also articles on topical issues such as impaired driving, Physicians for Social Responsibility, Canada and AIDS. And, for those of us who live in the world of bureaucratise, there is even an explanation on what constitutes a "Green Paper" and the Canada Pension Plan. The encyclopedia also offers short and helpful synopsis of Canadian businesses. General articles pertaining to subjects like zoology, offer a definition, a brief outline of its development, followed by an essay on the subject in the Canadian context and Canadian contributions to the discipline. Many of these kinds of essays are original works written by the best in the field and verified by their peers. For those interested in women in Canada, there is an evening's reading in such sub-topics as women in exploration, Canadian literature, religious movements, sports, medicine, politics, police forces, Chatelaine, film, etc., in addition to biographies on luminaries like Alice Chown, Marion Dewar, Agnes Macphail, Thérèse Casgrain, Barbara Ann Scott, Jenny Kidd, and Vicki Keith. Graphs offer helpful statistical representations in an easily readable format. The one on international visitors to Canada, from Statistics Canada, provides much useful information but one wonders why a similar graph on immigration and demographic trends available from CEIC was not used to flesh out the two excellent articles on immigration and immigration policy. Many of the articles also include a brief guide to published works on the subject.

What is impressive about all this scholarship, is the number of people involved. It took an estimated 5,000 Canadians to produce this masterpiece. The editorial team and their professional consultants, the list of

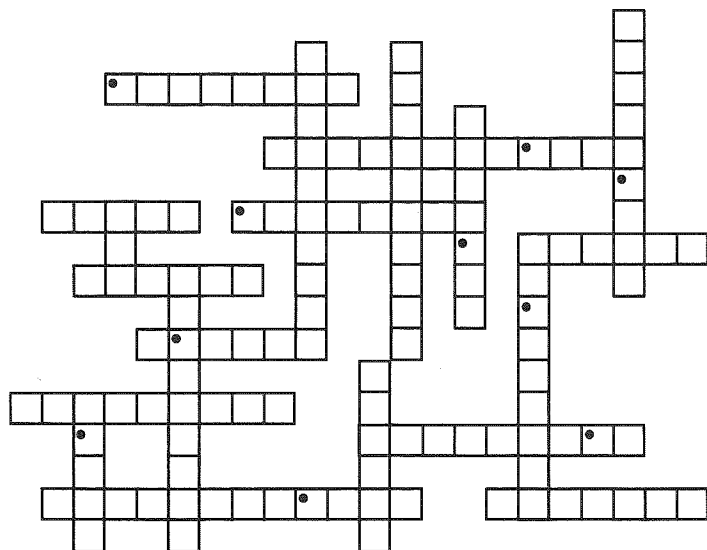
whom reads like a who's who of Canada, are to be commended for their efforts at integrating the contributions into a usable and ascetically pleasing format. At the same time, the second edition is not without its errors, mainly in the newer and updated entries. The problem is less with the authors than in the process of editing which did not allow the authors to proofread the edited versions of their essays. All the same, these are minor and should not detract from the usefulness of the work as a whole. The index could also be improved to pick up subject matter whose title does not fall under the main index entry. For example, anyone wishing to read about Canadian universities will find many excellent entries but all of these are found in the index under universities, as when the name begins with Bishops rather than University of. Encyclopedias, however, are to be used for references on specific subjects, with 9,700 to choose from, rather than a source for a student's topical essay.

There is always the question of when to buy into an encyclopedia. If you missed the first edition, then this is a good time as the third edition, which will not appear before 1992, at the earliest, will not undergo such extensive revisions as the first edition. Furthermore, there may well be an annual or biennial supplement. Informatics, being what they are, before long electronic means are likely to be used for updating and accessing. Maybe through COSICS we will someday be able to tap into this goldmine of information from our desks at home and abroad. Whatever means is found to keep the entries relevant, it is sure to have a long shelf life. For those that bought the first edition, I hope that you took advantage of the publisher's offer to trade upwards. For those who find it difficult to part with \$225 for the second edition, there is even better news. The standard going price is \$175 but Coles and W.H. Smith have specials on for the incredible sale price of \$99. Even if you miss the bargain, at \$175 you will have made a good investment that no Canadian should miss, least of all those who represent us abroad and require an easy guide to understanding everything there is to know about our country. And for the family, you may just learn a little more about where you came from, the organizations you belong to, the fauna around your home or in the Arctic, and people in the news.

Don Page is currently with the Political and Strategic Analysis Division of the Department of External Affairs.

Cities of the Silver Screen

A skeleton from A Aalto's closet



The following clues each relate to a movie with a different major city in the title (for example that great Elvis Presley thriller "Fun in ACAPULCO"). The cities (*not* the movie titles) are in alphabetical order. The number in parenthesis after each clue gives the number of letters in the city-name. Multi-word city names (e.g. Sao Paulo) are treated as one word (e.g. SAOPAULO). The city-names in turn fit into the unnumbered "skeleton" of boxes. Ten of the boxes have dots in them. If you re-arrange the letters that fall into these boxes, you will come up with the one-word title of a famous 1926 "city" movie.

Clues

- (a) Douglas Fairbanks as a larcenous Iraqi of Arabian Nights vintage, 1924 (7).
- (b) Michael Caine pays his last respects behind the Iron Curtain, 1967 (6).
- (c) Everyone comes to Bogie's, 1942 (10).
- (d) Singing in the rain (on the Normandy coast) with Catherine Deneuve, 1964 (9).
- (e) Graham Greene's reluctant Caribbean spy, 1959 (6).
- (f) A Franco-Japanese anti-war story, my love, 1959 (9).
- (g) Title from Kipling, sounds like Hope and Crosby, 1926 (8).
- (h) Woody Allen on his home turf, 1979 (9).
- (i) Russian defector Robin Williams in the Big Apple, 1984 (6).
- (j) Robert Altman dissects the country music capital, 1975 (9).
- (k) DiNiro and Minnelli — if they can make it there, 1977 (7).
- (l) War crimes trial with a star-studded cast, 1961 (9).
- (m) Dirty dancin' meets Marlon Brando, 1972 (5).
- (n) Katherine Hepburn, Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant in Quakerville, 1940 (12).

- (o) Astaire and Rogers wing their way south, 1933 (short form, 3).
- (p) Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn on vacation in Italy, 1953 (adjective form, 5).
- (q) Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy get all shook up on the West Coast, 1936 (12).
- (r) Marlene Dietrich on a fast train through China, 1932 (8).
- (s) Dirk Bogarde does in Thomas Mann on the canals, 1971 (6).
- (t) James Stewart takes on the US Senate, 1939 (10).

Send in your answer (the completed skeleton plus the unscrambled anagram — not necessary to include the movie titles themselves) to *bout de papier*. The first correct answer drawn wins a book prize!

Born in pre-revolutionary Tannu Tuva and raised by Patagonian missionaries on the Zambesi, free-lance prestidigitator **A Aalto** now commutes between Hell (Norway) and Eternity (Quebec). He was understudy to a corpse in the horror classic "Canadian Werewolf in London" aka "I was a Teenage Diplomat."

The Name of the Rogues — Answer

- (a) Gary COOPER, Louise FLETCHER, Gene HACKMAN
- (b) John TYLER, Zachary TAYLOR, Jimmy CARTER
- (c) Erle Stanley GARDNER, Perry MASON, Ellery QUEEN
- (d) Beatrix POTTER, C.S. FORESTER, Arthur C. CLARKE
- (e) John CONSTABLE, J.M.W. TURNER, John SINGER SARGENT
- (f) Samuel BUTLER, Alexander POPE, Oliver GOLDSMITH
- (g) Arthur and Glenn MILLER
- (h) Adam and Joseph SMITH
- (i) Martin Luther and Billy Jean KING
- (j) Captain James and Thomas COOK
- (k) Josephine and Jim BAKER
- (l) Frank Lloyd and Orville or Wilbur WRIGHT
- (m) Katherine Anne and Cole PORTER

After calculating the letter-frequencies, the cipher can be read THE FRENCH SQUARE — OCCUPATIONAL THRILLER TITLE — SECOND PERSON IS FOURTH WORD. "The square" in French is "le carré," and John Le Carré's 1974 *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* involves the discovery of a mole in the British secret service. The cipher text therefore reveals that someone named Tailor is the Spy. The surname-occupation link holds true in many languages, of course, and a little help from Translation informs us that Schneider is German for Tailor — hence the Admiral is the mole. (Boulanger is French for baker, Cacciatore is Italian for hunter, Molinero is Spanish for miller, and a tinker is a peripatetic repairman.)



CAPTION CONTEST



CAPTION CONTEST WINNER:

R.P. Kirby
Canadian Embassy, Jakarta

We actually ate cod tongues!

Hon. mention

Gerry Maffre
Public Affairs
Employment and Immigration Canada

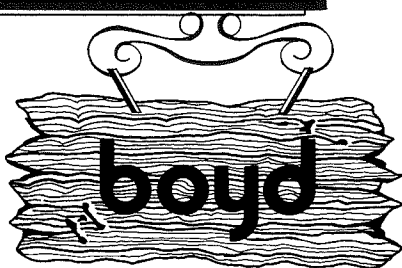
We'll build our parliamentary restaurant
over there as soon as those federal transfer
payments start rolling in.

WINNER OF A AALTO PUZZLE:

The name of the Rogues: Alan Bones
Canadian Embassy
Kuala Lumpur

NOTE to READERS from A AALTO: Nobody submitted an answer, correct or otherwise, to the Spring issue puzzle "The Pugilist's Dilemma." Mrs. Aalto solved it (I never send in a puzzle to the magazine unless she does), so I know it was not impossible, but it must have been tricky enough to discourage everyone else. Unlike a World Series pitcher, I regard a no-hitter as a defeat rather than a victory, so it seems time to hold another reader survey. Please write me care of **bout de papier** and let me know your views on my creations. What kind of puzzles do you want?? Logic puzzles like the Pugilist's Dilemma (but perhaps easier)? Word puzzles like this one or last issue's Name of the Rogues?? Something else?? if so, what?? Are the puzzles too tough?? How hard should they be: that is, if given to a random selection of 100 of your friends and acquaintances, how many *should* be able to solve them — 10% (tough puzzle), 90% (easy) or somewhere in the middle?? On the same scale, where would you rank this issue's puzzle?? How about the Pugilist's Dilemma or the Name of the Rogues??

Please let me know,
Sincerely, AAa



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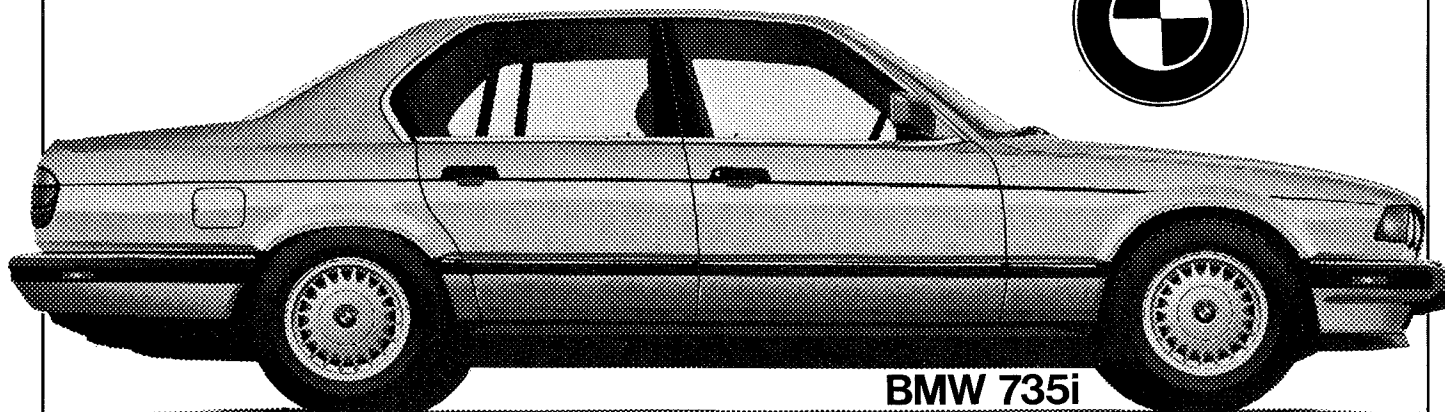
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