

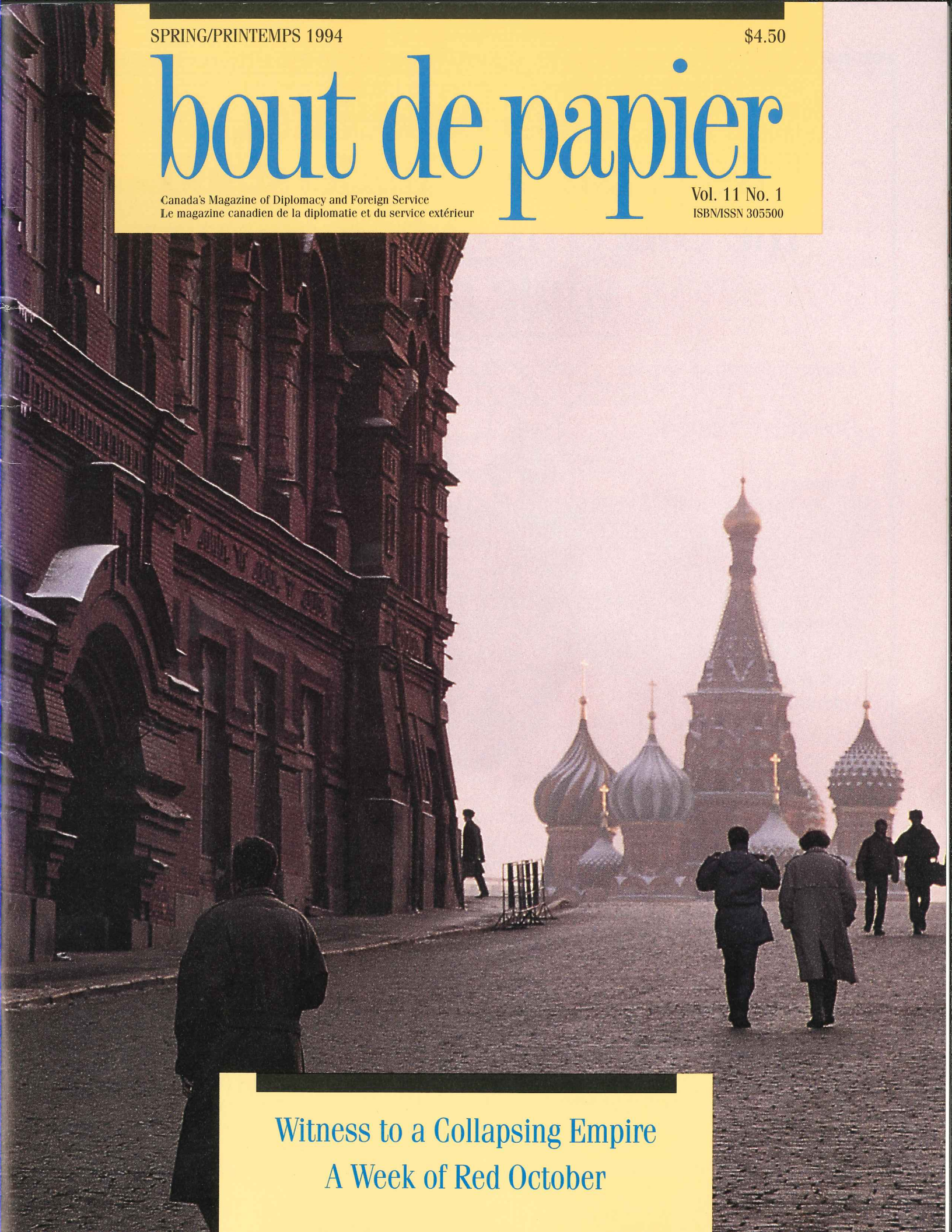
SPRING/PRINTEMPS 1994

\$4.50

bout de papier

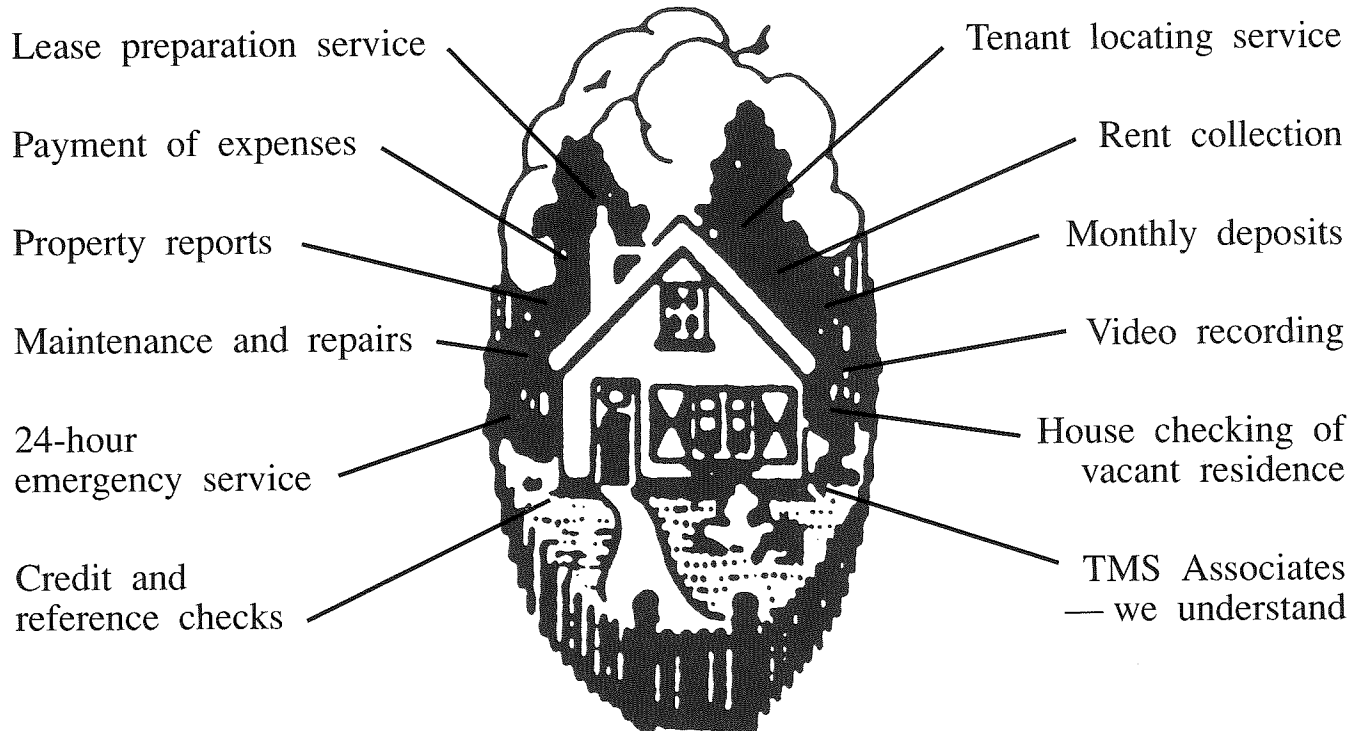
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

Vol. 11 No. 1
ISBN/ISSN 305500



Witness to a Collapsing Empire
A Week of Red October

At TMS Associates, we personally understand the concerns of homeowners while posted.



Our computerized services are tailored to individual needs and are intended to enhance and maintain property values.

Phone or fax today for information or an appointment.

TMS
ASSOCIATES

RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY
MANAGEMENT

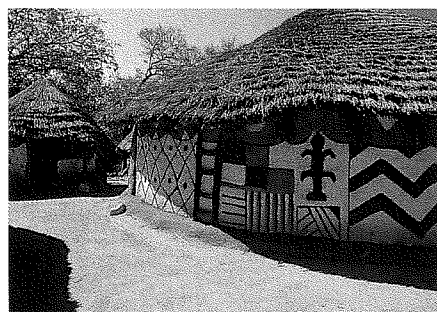
TMS Associates (EAST) Ltd.
Phone: (613) 834-7213
Fax: (613) 834-6838

Est. 1985

TMS Associates (WEST) Ltd.
Phone: (613) 722-6127
Fax: (613) 722-5230



Approaching Red Square, Moscow. Our cover photo was taken by David Edwards, a foreign service officer.



The Place of the Rainbow, page 35.

Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur 2

Letters / Correspondance 3

PAFSO News / Nouvelles de l'APASE 38

Features / Reportages

Japan: Marler House in Tokyo 8

Weddings, diplomatic functions, war-time house arrest and a Canadian institution. Mary Taylor brings to life the history of Marler House.

Canada: The One Hundred Days of Last SSEA 11

Most memorable persons. Impressions of the Department. The downside of being SSEA. Perrin Beatty tells all.

Moscow: A Week of Red October in Moscow 14

Tanks. Riots. The burning of the White House. Gord and Sandra Barnett have a window-side view of the events of October.

Witness to a Collapsing Empire: Echoes from the former Soviet Union 18

Moscow then and now. Violence in the Baltics. Ukrainian independence. Chaos in the Near Abroad. Anne Collins and Chris Shapardanov witness history in the FSU.

Third Culture Kids 23

What are TCKs? Eight defining traits. An excerpt from Robin Pascoe's *Successful Living Abroad: A Parent's Guide*

The Foreign Policy Review of 1968 27

Attack on Diplomats. Foreign Policy Review. Canada-USA Relations. Sound familiar? An excerpt from Mitchell Sharp's memoirs, *That Reminds Me*.

Yugoslavia: An Unexpected Invitation 30

A mysterious Canadian war hero in Yugoslavia. Elmo Thibault recalls an unexpected invitation to dinner.

Departments / Chroniques

Commentary / Opinion Libre 4 Some Very Foreign Affairs / 39
The Trade Programme Manager's des affaires si étrangères

Pardy's Corner / 7 Books in Review / 42
Rubrique de Pardy Critiques de livres

In Memoriam / En mémoire de 34 Entertainment / Divertissement 55

Tales from Far and Wide / 35
Contes de monde entier
The Place of the Rainbow
by Kurt Jensen

Editor's Notebook / Carnet du Rédacteur

*We plan to publish quarterly, on schedule,
regularly but at the same time, we want
to break out with Special Issues.*

With this edition, we start the 1994 series of issues of **bout de papier**. If you are a true aficionado of the magazine, you may be surprised to see that we have managed to get the numbering of the issues right. This has not happened before. We now intend to publish quarterly, on schedule, regularly, so that the numbering holds true (ie. this is Volume 11 No 1 Spring; the next one should be Vol 11 No 2 Summer; and after that will come No 3 Fall and No 4 Winter).

We are doing this not because we have become born-again militants of Cartesian logic nor to satisfy the vocal and often violent union of university librarians of the country. Rather we want to be an expected and welcome habit for our readers. It also helps with our advertisers who would like to know when the magazine is coming out.

What are our plans for the coming year? We want each issue of the magazine to continue to be a window on the life in the foreign service. This means a mixture of articles from all the actors in the foreign service community-foreign service officers, retired foreign service officers, spouses, or those, although not permanent members of the service, who take part in Canadian foreign policy, whether these be academics, soldiers on peacekeeping, single assignments from other departments, aid cooperants, or election observers.

At the same time we want to break out occasionally with Special Issues. This year we plan two Special Issues.

In the fall (Vol 11 No 3), we hope to put out an issue that celebrates "The 100th anniversary of the Trade Commissioner Service." We call on all Trade Commissioners and others so inclined to write articles that are relevant to that issue. In particular we would like an article on "The Fifteen Great Moments in Canadian Trade Commissioner History." Any volunteers to nominate and describe some of the great moments? We need your contributions on this subject or any other by **June 1, 1994**.

The other Special Issue will be Vol 11 No 4 Winter. We intend to try put together an issue on "A Day in the Life of the Foreign Service" which will trace on an hour-to-hour basis on a given day, June 2, 1994, across all continents and in Ottawa, the work and experience of members and families of the foreign service. (This was explained in an insert in the last issue, but since we all tend

to chuck out these inserts, we thought we would remind you again.)

For the "Day in the Life" issue to be a success will require a high degree of participation from members and families in all posts and Headquarters. So remember what you are doing on June 2, 1994. And send us your articles and photos by **July 15**. There will be prizes for best day and best photo. If all goes well, this issue may be something you will be proud of and can use to bore relatives and friends for years to come.

As for this issue, it features new graphics for the Table of Contents, this column and for the Book Reviews. We hope you like the changes.

The issue also contains the usual mix of articles from the front lines of Canadian foreign service by the usual crew of foreign service practitioners. There are articles from foreign service officers in the political/economic, trade and immigration streams, from two former ministers, from spouses, from retired foreign service members and from the foreign policy academic community. How's that for clever programming!

Anne Collins and Chris Shapardanov, and Gord and Sandra Barnett, in two separate articles paint the reality of working and living in a Russia in transition. Two former Secretaries of State for External Affairs contribute, the last SSEA (there is now a Minister of Foreign Affairs) Perrin Beatty describes his time in the Department while Mitchell Sharp in his memoirs describes a Foreign Policy Review of 1968 and other views of the Department. Flashing to the past, Mary Taylor recalls the vibrant history of Marler House in Japan and Elmo Thibault remembers an unforgettable incident in Yugoslavia. An excerpt from Robin Pascoe's book illustrates one of the problems for foreign service families. Four Trade Commissioners offer a Trade Programme Manager's Survival Guide. Kurt Jensen brings us back to Africa and the splendour of the Victoria Falls in the Tales from Far and Wide.

Hope you enjoy the issue but sharpen those drafting pencils and polish those keyboards for the remaining issues of the year. We're waiting for you.

Editorial Board / Équipe de rédaction :

Kevin O'Shea
Editor / Rédacteur
Debra Hulley
Managing Editor / Advertising
David Anido
Philip Calvert
Alison Christie
Susan Courville
David Edwards
Graham Green
Hector Mackenzie
Karl Jones
Hélène Lafortune
Carol Markham
Laurel Pardy
Jean-Pierre Petit
Colin Robertson
Hugh Stephens

Senior Editorial Board / Conseil de rédaction sénior :

Bill Barton
Yvon Beaulne
Arthur Blanchette
Georges Blouin
Ross Campbell
Sidney Freifeld
John Hadwen
John Halstead
Jim Langley
Arthur Menzies
Geoffrey Murray
Jim S. Nutt
Alfred Pick
Charles Ritchie
Douglas Small
John Starnes
Si Taylor
Elmo Thibault

Technical Consultants / Conseillers techniques :

Acart Graphic Services Inc.

All contents © PAFSO, 1994 **bout de papier** is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 600, 45 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 5W8 (613) 241-1391, FAX (613) 241-5911. Opinions expressed in **bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO.
Tout contenu © APASE, 1994. **bout de papier** est une publication trimestrielle de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur, pièce 600, 45, rue Rideau, Ottawa, Canada K1N 5W8 (613) 241-1391, Téléc (613) 241-5911. Les opinions exprimées dans **bout de papier** ne sont pas nécessairement celles de l'APASE.

Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably on WP 5.2 3½" diskette, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,500 words. **bout de papier** publishes all articles in their original language. Send articles to **bout de papier**, c/o PAFSO (see address above). Manuscripts accepted à double espace, de préférence sur WP 5.2, disquette 3.5", accompagnés d'une brève notice biographique sur l'auteur. Les articles comptent habituellement environ 2500 mots. **bout de papier** publie tous les articles dans leur langue d'origine. Envoyer les articles à **bout de papier**, a/s APASE (voir adresse ci-dessus).

Subscriptions / Abonnements :

One year \$16; two years, \$30; Overseas add \$6 per year; USA add \$4 per year. Please advise of change of address. Un an, 16 \$; deux ans, 30 \$; outre-mer, ajouter 6 \$ par année; É.-U., ajouter 4 \$ par année. Prière d'avertir de tout changement d'adresse.

Editor:

Manila has discovered the secret location where FS officers are produced.

I guess we should wear "Made in Philippines" tags on our three-piece suits.

(Taken from a speeding car along the south superhighway, Manila, June or July 1993.)

Regards to all.

Jim Bowman
Manila



Editor:

Greetings from Deepest Darkest.

I still read the mag with considerable interest and enjoyment.

With that in mind I enclose a letter from the Chief Justice of Tanzania about the "good samaritan" services of a Canadian, as I think **bout** readers might be interested.

T.S.E. Jones
Dar es Salaam, Tanzania

18th May, 1993

Mrs. Patricia Marsden-Dole,
The High Commissioner of Canada,
DAR ES SALAAM.

Your Excellency,

Re: A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE IN CANADA

As you are aware, I visited Canada in March to attend a meeting of international law experts held in your beautiful city of Vancouver between 22nd and 26th March 1993. During that brief visit to your great country, an incident occurred which made me come face to face with what is finest in Canadian character. Just a day before my departure from Canada, a Tanzanian postgraduate student studying at Simon Fraser University took me and my personal assistant in his car on a sight seeing tour to

Chilliwack and beyond. Later in the evening, as we drove back to Vancouver through Agassiz along Lougheed Highway, we stopped at a sight-seeing roadside, to observe what a noticeboard at the site described as the original bedrock of the river Fraser. Unfortunately, as we got out of the car, our postgraduate host overlooked to put on the car brakes. As our eyes feasted on the scenery below, our car slid quietly towards and over the edge of the road and fell down the sharp incline with a crash into the woodland below.

After realizing the full implications of what had happened and unsuccessfully attempting to stop numerous motor vehicles which drove past the scene, we decided just to walk along Lougheed Highway until we could find someone somehow to assist us. We did not have to walk very far. We soon came to a house by the highway. We met a Canadian, who seemed to have been waiting to help us, regardless of the fact that we were complete strangers and black. After listening to our story, he drove us in his truck to the scene and to the nearby town to get professional help to retrieve our motor vehicle. All this he did with great warmth and humanity. The car was retrieved, and as it turned out to have suffered only minor scratches, we drove happily back to Vancouver. This happy ending is undoubtedly attributable to the conduct of one of the finest Canadians that I have ever met. He is no other than one Mr. John Perry of 2721 Lougheed Highway, Agassiz.

Please convey to him my warm regards and gratitude.

F.L. Nyalali
Chief Justice of Tanzania

Editor:

Cassandra and Kafka

The creation (?) of a Consular/Admin stream Foreign Affairs will in a few years fail, to be followed by the re-invoking to some other familiar path.

It is first of all a sociological error to separate further the political, economic resources from the consular and admin (seldom spelled out) functions, although these latter have been denigrated since green door East Block days. Part of the explanation for the sins of commission in recent years is the extent to which policy thinkers lacked administrative smarts. The latest stream will only encourage this. It will be regarded, and regard itself, as second class although it won't necessarily be.

In addition consular work is unremitting and requires the kind of training and the touch of the expelled immigration officers. There will not be a marrying of cultures with the central agency (remember) orientation of the administrative authority. There will be painful and sometimes fatal conflicts for resources and in availabilities.

Once again the basics are being purged for lesser roles, immigration, culture, aid, passports, etc. Trade is a sovereigntist entity. Now consular and admin. It might even be better, but less subtle, to contract them out. Foreign Affairs is denuding itself of almost all of its sources of public recognition.

The provision to the government of high level Foreign Affairs counselling in Ottawa, with some input from downgraded facilities abroad, is a weighty responsibility but it is hard to quantify, and more or less impossible to plan. Political analysis is assessed sceptically and second guessed by self-confident, well-informed, responsible operational departments around Ottawa.

Press on as well as possible but prepare for the next move when this one proves no better than the last time it was tried.

Yours sincerely,
John Hadwen (rtd)

—◆—
LECOURS
+
LEMIRE
+
MORIN
—◆—

Comptables agréés
Chartered Accountants

Jacques Morin, c.a.
Associé / Partner

77-A, rue Laurier
Hull (Québec) J8X 3V7

Tél: (819) 775-3306
Fax: (819) 775-3396

The Trade Programme Manager's "Unofficial" Survival Guide

by Susan Harper, Sara Hradecky,
Jamal Khokhar and Bill Pound

The world of international business is changing. Industry is busy redesigning itself from the inside out to cope with the demands of today's fast paced global market. Meanwhile, are we as Trade Commissioners keeping up? We, like business, must strive to be competitive.

We are often critical of Canadian business's ability to be competitive, and its conservative nature in meeting the special challenges of new markets. The irony is that industry is becoming better equipped for global business competition than we (read governments at-large) who are supporting their efforts in international business. In light of this, a group of Trade Commissioners decided to get together on an informal basis to try to develop a practical tool to help

ourselves and our colleagues managing federal trade programmes abroad. The result of this effort was the *Trade Programme Manager's "Unofficial" Survival Guide* which has been distributed to all trade officers at headquarters and in the field.

The *Guide* is a concise straightforward document divided into four basic sections: Pre-Posting Arrangements, Upon Arrival, Taking Stock, and Managing for the Future. Each section sets out a series of questions intended to provoke analysis of both the local business and office environments. The *Guide* is *not* prescriptive (we did not presume to have the answers); we believe that identifying what *questions* to ask is half the battle in good management and that solutions will always vary according to particular circumstances.

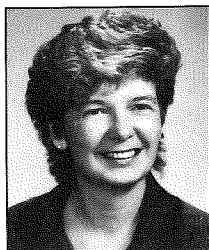
We put the *Guide* together on a shoestring budget with more evening and weekend

hours than we care to count. To capitalize on the diversity of individuals that make up the Trade Commissioners Service, the group grew to include 20 colleagues ranging from FS1-D to EX-2, representing a range of job profiles and geographic and functional back-grounds, working together in sub-committees on the four sections of the *Guide*. A number of "judges," senior departmental managers (political and trade) in both the field and headquarters, looked at the *Guide* in its various stages and shared their advice, perspectives, and experiences. Senior management liked what they saw, and supported our efforts by printing and distributing the *Guide*.

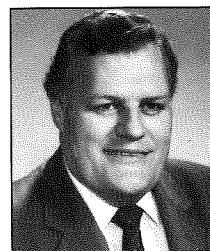
Perhaps the most satisfying aspect of this undertaking was having junior and senior officers sit together, on their own time and initiative, roll up their sleeves, and tackle issues of common interest. While we did

Posted to Ottawa? Planning to buy a home?

**For Personalized, Professional Service, write or fax us
your requirements!**



Liz Hinke
Sales Representative



Bob Wootton
Associate Broker

Serving Canadian Representatives Abroad for more than 10 years!

Write to us at:

Liz Hinke and Bob Wootton,
Royal LePage Real Estate Services Ltd.
1762 Carling Avenue, Ottawa K2A 2H7

Telephone: (613) 729-6153

Liz Hinke and Bob Wootton

Our Fax number is:

(613) 729-8791

*Trade Commissioners
like business,
must strive to be
competitive.*

Traditionally, we have prided ourselves in our relevance to the Canadian business community, its needs and expectations. The emergence of non-traditional sectors and a distinct shift towards supporting non-export specific commercial-economic work (eg. investment promotion, technology transfer, strategic alliances) demand more of our attention. Further, the importance of multilaterally negotiated or regionally negotiated trade policies and market access issues have

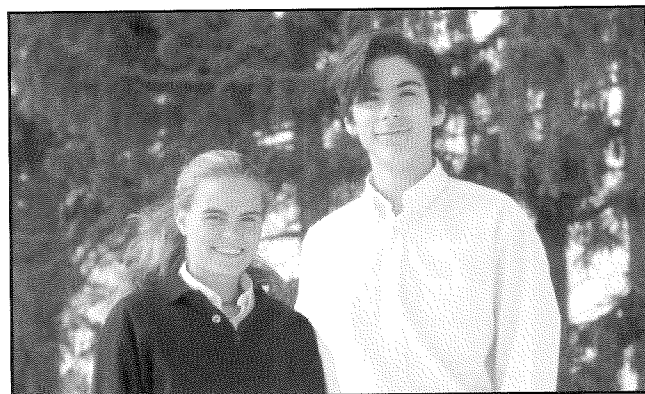
Susan Harper, Sara Hradecky, Jamal Khokhar, Bill Pound are all Trade Commissioners, serving abroad or in Ottawa.

bout de papier Vol. 11, No. 1 5

Lakefield

C O L L E G E S C H O O L

Lakefield, Ontario Canada K0L 2H0
Co-ed • Residential • Grades 9 to OAC



Daryn Sutherland, Grade 11, Saudi Arabia
Peter McLachlan, Grade 10, Mexico

Foreign Affairs families commonly cite the following reasons for choosing Lakefield:

- High academic standards, including advanced placement courses
- Small class sizes
- Full 7 day-a-week residential program
- Each residence houses from 10 to 25 students
- Safe, healthy Canadian environment
- Warm, family atmosphere
- Outstanding music, art, drama and debating programs
- Unique athletic and outdoor experiences

For more information, contact Stephan Grasmück at (705) 652-3324 FAX: (705) 652-6320

INTERART EVALUATION

INTEGRATED SERVICE FOR INSURANCE APPRAISAL &
ESTATE DOCUMENTATION OF VALUABLES

SINCE 1981, AN EVALUATION SERVICE DESIGNED TO PROVIDE INSURANCE COMPANIES AND THEIR CLIENTS WITH DOCUMENTATION TO FACILITATE THE ANALYSIS AND SPEEDY SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS

A TOOL FOR ESTATE MANAGEMENT AND SUCCESSION PLANNING

IRRESPECTIVE OF THE COUNTRY OF ORIGIN OR THE PERIOD, AN EVALUATION SERVICE FOR FURNITURE, SILVERWARE, COLLECTIONS, ANTIQUES, ANTIQUITIES, WORKS OF ART AND OBJETS D'ART

AN ELECTRONICALLY DATED PHOTOGRAPHIC DOCUMENTATION

A WRITTEN DOCUMENTATION OF VALUABLE PERSONAL PROPERTY SEALED TOGETHER WITH ITS PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ADDITIONAL SECURITY

A DOUBLE OF THE EVALUATION DOCUMENT KEPT IN INTERART VAULTS AN UPDATING SERVICE AT A FRACTION OF THE ORIGINAL COST

AN EVALUATION REPORT PRESENTED, WITHOUT ADDITIONAL COST TO THE CLIENT, AS A CATALOGUE OF VALUABLE PERSONAL PROPERTY

OTTAWA: 656 EDISON STREET K2A 1V8 (613) 761-ARTS
AYLMER: 1404 CHEMIN D'AYLMER J9H 5E1 (819) 776-ARTS
PLACE INTERART COMPLEXE CULTUREL & GASTRONOMIQUE



Librairie PAPYRUS Booksellers

Special orders of books
in French or English

Fournissons les commandes
individuelles de livres
français et anglais

World Exchange Plaza
104-111 Albert Street
Ottawa, Ontario K1P 1A5

Tel: (613) 233-1826
Fax: (613) 233-2605

Soda Bombs and Soup Mix

by Laurel Pardy

Protocol. Precedent. Panic.

Whatever the reason, one of the *de rigueur* preliminaries to a diplomatic posting used to be "the letters." These were the epistle to the wife of the Head of Mission and the list of questions that were directed at one's predecessor. Both were written in hope. The former in hope that it elicited a short warm response. The latter in hope that it would unravel some of the mystery surrounding the years ahead.

It was expected that the outward-bound wife would introduce herself via a graceful handwritten note to the wife of the Head of Mission, expressing eagerness to become a member of the mission, pleasure at serving under her and her husband, and indicating, by an appropriate turn of phrase, her suitability for the role of diplomatic wife. It was also the custom to include in this letter an advance offer of assistance. This offer was two-pronged. One was an inquiry as to whether there were any small items for which the wife of the Head of Mission had been pining. Of course, if there were, it was a moral and social obligation to find them and hand carry them to post, so that she need pine no longer.

The second line of helpful Harrietness was to offer to arrange for, or ship along with one's personal goods, items for the Canadian stall at any of the yearly bazaars. There do not seem to be as many of these international *fêtes* as there once were, but at one time they were the scourge of diplomatic life. One could be sure that over the year there would be several of these affairs to organize. The offer to bring out the necessary cases of Canadian salmon and maple syrup would be sure to ingratiate instantly a new arrival into the good graces of the senior wives. It proved one knew how to do one's share, hold up one's end, wave the flag, carry one's weight, and not let the side down. Try to do those all at once and not sweat while doing it!

Procuring these items could often be a protracted and thankless task. There is a myth that any company, retail store or craft outlet should jump at the chance to donate items to these affairs. If not as an outright gift for the glory of being associated with the diplomatic life, then at least to ask only cost price. Ottawa is not a large city. The

number of outlets that can be tapped by the missions abroad is limited. The successful search for a flattered first time donor requires ingenuity, tenacity and connections.

Details of individual international fairs blur in memory (thank you) but on one occasion it had been decided that Canadian (well, North American, at least) cosmetics would be hot ticket items at one such tropical event. It may have been a decision based on connections rather than common sense as it turned out. Anyway, boxes of lipstick and powder, moisturizer and nail polish arrived. Such beautiful shades. Pearly Pink, Blushing Coral, Misty Mauve, Barely Beige. On the day of the bazaar it finally dawned on the Canadian contingent that lipstick melts in 45 degree Celsius temperatures and pink blush does not complement an olive complexion. Ingenuity to the rescue. Put the lipstick in ice buckets and flog the powder to colour compatible embassies.

On another occasion, only three out of ten cases of salmon destined for the bazaar cleared customs. Three days before the bazaar, tins of Pacific salmon appeared at a local market stall frequented by diplomatic shoppers. Another little tradition reared its head about that time; members of the mission were expected to purchase unsold items, especially junior members. This was probably so that the senior wives would not have to acknowledge that "their" items had not sold well. As a result, salmon quiche and salmon tarts and salmon sandwiches and salmon mousse were staples at Embassy events for months.

The other dreaded curse that lurked around the edges of an international bazaar was the request for a "cultural event." The sight of three stout wives in dimid skirts and peasant blouses clogging away at centre stage can send tremors down the spine of the staunchest patriot. You see, when the Brits decide to render a Scottish fling, there is nothing left for the Canadians but the Ottawa Valley clog.

Easier to write but equally fraught with danger is the letter to one's predecessor. To ask a stranger to advise on market deficiencies, the quality of hairdressers, the availability of children's books and the suitability of domestic staff is as reliable as consulting a Ouija board.

Personal priorities and preferences are barely understood in a long-term relationship let alone between strangers.

Bring dry soup mixes. Spritzer bottles are a must, bring lots of carbon dioxide bombs. There are no shoes to be bought here. You will need all your children's underwear for three years. Bring toilet paper. Bring Pampers. Bring Christmas cards. Bring, bring, bring. Buy. Buy. Buy. The Visa and Mastercard companies rub their hands in delight.

Never mind. Three years later you can ship it all back home again. In some dark corner of the basement there still lie six dozen soda bombs from a Delhi posting a quarter of a century ago.

Oh, yes. Always pack a winter coat for those winter visits to Canada.

Laurel Pardy has been an observer of Foreign Service life for twenty-five years. Assignments in India, Africa, the USA and Central America are the background for her columns.

IAN H. WARREN
Barrister & Solicitor

•
Personal Service
at a Fair Price

•
Real Estate
Wills & Estates
Business Law

•
Suite 1100-150 Metcalfe St.
Ottawa, Ontario
K2P 1P1

(613) 565-3813

Marler House in Tokyo

by Mary Taylor

On 27 May, 1991, Prince Takamado, a cousin of the Emperor, met the Prime Ministers of Canada and Japan in Marler House in Tokyo to sign a document commemorating the opening of the new chancery. If ghosts could return, the spirit of Sir Herbert Marler would have been pleased to watch the guests sip champagne in this, the oldest and possibly grandest, Canadian residence abroad, before they crossed the yard with their wives to enter the splendid new building.

It was just over sixty years ago, on November 2, 1933, that the Marlers moved into their new home, a neo-classical building with a pillared portico. The adjacent

chancery opened two days later. Actually, Lady Marler moved by herself for as luck would have it, and luck had not always blessed this project, Sir Herbert was in bed with pneumonia.

No sooner had he been offered the appointment as minister to Japan than obtaining suitable accommodation became one of Marler's chief concerns. Indeed only six weeks after he had agreed to go he received drawings for an embassy from Kenneth Rea, the Montreal architect who had built his house in Westmount. These plans showed the chancery joined to the residence. Marler also drew up a detailed list of the china and silverware necessary for entertaining in appropriate style. This preoccupation with household matters might seem

Gardens, 1933

unexpected in a prominent man of his generation but in fact planning houses was one of his hobbies. He had already built several in Québec, one of which, at Senneville, was somewhat similar to the proposed residence in Tokyo.

Planning was one thing; persuading the government was another. Instructed to rent premises when he first arrived in September

Marler House, 1993

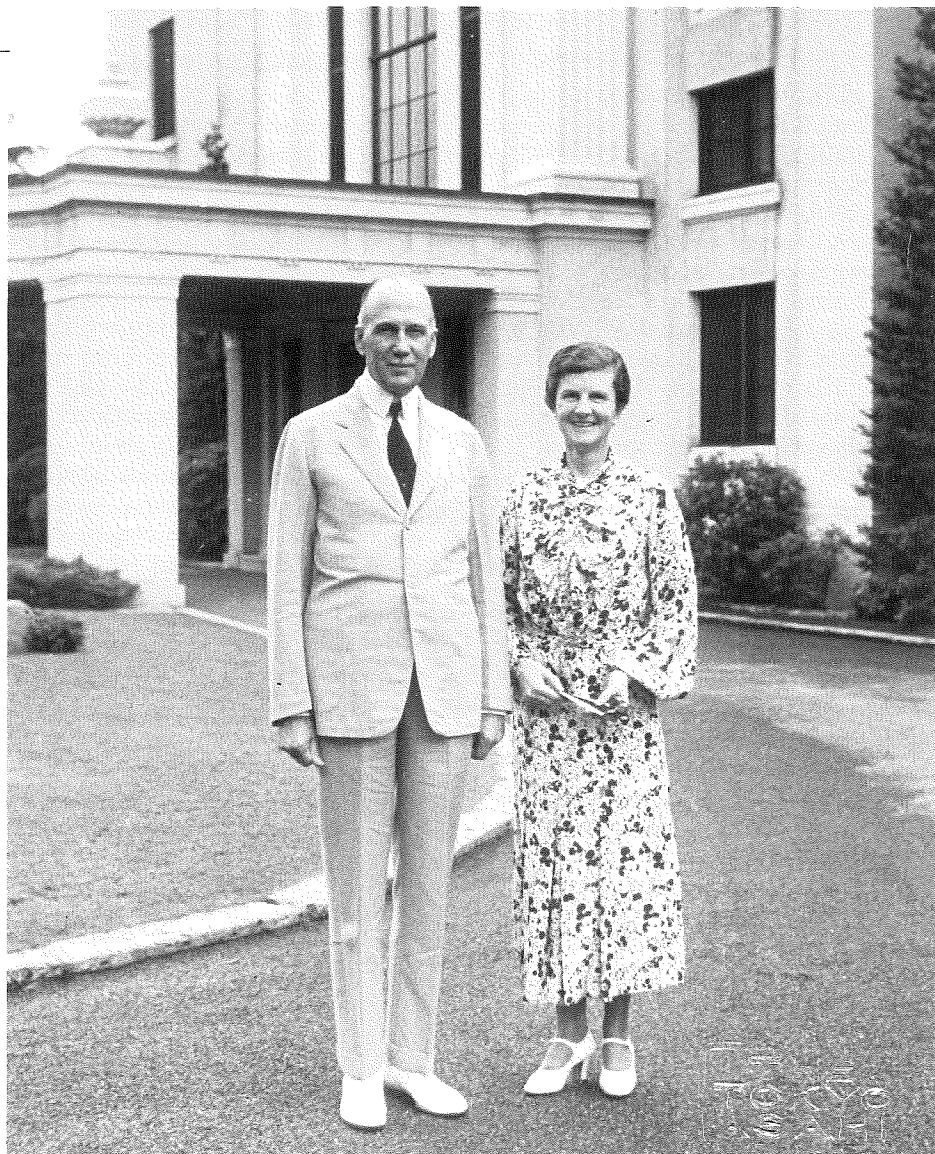




1929, Marler established himself in a house in *Nishi-machi* previously occupied by the Romanian minister — an interesting indication of how the countries' relative status has changed. From the very start he was anxious to build a suitable embassy since "the people of Canada expect to have their legation as a source of pride." But Prime Minister Mackenzie King, who had been deeply shocked by the \$500,000 required for the legation in Washington, was unsympathetic as was his successor, Prime Minister Bennett. Marler's assurances that the total cost would not exceed \$200,000, of which he would pay \$25,000 himself and would lend the government the rest, enabled Bennett to obtain Cabinet approval. Fortunately the yen had fallen and after some hard bargaining by the commercial attaché, James Langley, an agreement was reached with Viscount Tadayoshi Aoyama to purchase the property his family had owned since the 16th century.

The location has proved to be superb. The land lay in what was then a residential suburb and is now part of central Tokyo, close to the main hotels and opposite the Akasaka Palace in the grounds of which live most members of the Imperial family. Construction was supervised by a Czech architect living in Tokyo, Antonin Raymond. Raymond who was a pupil of Frank Lloyd Wright had built the US residence which is still in use today but was unflatteringly referred to at the time as Hoover's folly. Work had just begun when Marler was instructed to defer the project because of the international financial crisis. He did cancel plans for a cornerstone-laying ceremony, much to the annoyance of the local Canadians who were keen as ever to have a party. Marler, however, took the gamble of going ahead since delay would have added to the expense. Fortunately the government soon changed its mind.

According to one theory, the land was a bargain because it was haunted by the ghost of a housemaid drowned in the well and no Japanese would buy it. Certainly a famous legend of this kind was associated with the



Aoyama family but the incident was usually thought to have taken place elsewhere. Whatever the facts, the story has been a source of amusement to many Canadian ambassadors and their guests.

If ghosts haunted the premises, they might well be those of the Canadian diplomats who were placed under house arrest on the day after Pearl harbour and kept in the residence until an exchange took place the following summer. The Japanese officials were not entirely heartless; the Foreign Ministry arranged for those incarcerated to have a Christmas turkey. The house, built of ferro-concrete and designed to withstand earthquakes, survived the firebombing when most of the neighbouring buildings were burned to the ground. The Swiss Minister, representing the protecting power for most of the Allied governments, chose to reside in the Canadian legation during the war so his staff doused the flames that penetrated the property. Mr. Yagi, the son-in-law of one of the original servants and himself butler for many years, remembers coming at the end of the war and seeing from quite far off

Sir Herbert and Lady Marler, 1935.

the white house standing alone amidst the surrounding devastation.

The Marlers devoted a great deal of attention to furnishing the residence. Lady Marler went on shopping expeditions to both Montreal and London. One of those enlisted to help her in London was a young military attaché who would later become ambassador to France and Governor General, Georges Vanier. There was also a trip to China where the beautiful silk carpets were acquired. Many of these purchases have survived not only the exigencies of war, when the Swiss were responsible for the property, but also sixty years of use. Much of the porcelain remains, including a beautiful Royal Doulton set of gold and green dessert plates and matching demi-tasses. On the back they are marked Canadian Legation and on the front they bear the coat of arms now only used by the Governor General. An attempt some years ago to have them despatched to Rideau Hall was mercifully averted. The Marlers bought many magnificent mirrors which fit

well in the large rooms with their high ceilings. Long before I went to Tokyo, I had heard of the gilded ceiling in the drawing room, little thinking that its upkeep would ever be of interest to me. The most magnificent piece, however, was a pair of six-panel gold screens showing mountains and waterfalls. These were the work of Tanni Bunsho, dating from the early 19th century. A slightly less impressive pair by the same famous artist is in the nearby Nezu museum. When and how these extremely valuable screens were acquired no-one seems to know.

The whole purpose, of course, of this lavishly appointed twenty-room (18,000 sq. ft.) house was to entertain. And entertain the Marlers did, as have their successors ever since. Lady Marler's niece, Toppy Wade, stayed with her aunt for five months in 1935. When she returned to visit us in 1990 she told tales of dances and dinners interspersed with weekends in the country and games of golf. In those days there was a course further down Aoyama Dori. The ballroom then served its original purpose though rather surprisingly Lady Marler also used it once a week — every Friday at 8:00 a.m. so the story goes — to teach her Japanese friends bridge and poker. There were many contacts with the Japanese but the diplomats also seemed to see more of each other than is the case today. In those halcyon days there were no official delegations though a fair number of missionaries seemed to have dropped by and signed the book.

The happy events which have taken place in Marler House are legion. One man who has seen most of them is Yuasa Masaki, known to innumerable Canadians as Tony-san, who has worked in the residence for nearly forty years, twenty-five of them as butler. If the house really belongs to anyone it is to him. When I asked him his most memorable occasion, he spoke of the wedding in 1962 of Ambassador Bull's daughter, Freddy. It was attended by a number of very distinguished guests, including the late Emperor's sister-in-law, Princess Chichibu, and Chief Walking Buffalo from Alberta, the latter in full Indian regalia. The bridal party processed down the long corridor to the sitting room where the ceremony ended with a blessing from the Anglican Primate of Canada who happened to be in Tokyo.

Quite a few wedding receptions have taken place. The first was probably that of Beatrice Carter, Lady Marler's private secretary who married an English businessman. Another party was given by Lady Marler to celebrate the marriage of a daughter of a close

friend, Mrs. Kawakomi. Nearly sixty years later Mrs. Kawakomi's granddaughter, Chise Mita, brought her father to revisit the scene. The most unusual affair must surely have been the Shinto ceremony in April 1991, when Brian and Mikko Wilkin were married by the local priest. He had already officiated at several ceremonies connected with the building of the new chancery so he came as always accompanied by his shrine maidens and equipped with a portable altar and the necessary sake. My husband and I felt slightly out of place as official go-betweens since we had done nothing to facilitate this happy match. Our predecessors, the Steers, however, had contributed to bringing about a marriage and a very important one at that.



The present Empress before her marriage and a friend modelling traditional wedding garb, Marler House, 1967.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Frederika Fleming.

It was at a dinner in the residence that Prince Takamado, who had studied at Queen's, met his future wife, thus creating a very special bond between the Canadian embassy and this branch of the Imperial family.

Over the years many princes and princesses have come to lunch or dinner, to listen to music, even to square dance. Shortly before her engagement to the former Crown Prince, the present Empress took part, as a member of a young women's group, in presenting a show of kimonos. She wore the wedding kimono, a coincidence which did not go unnoticed. History repeats itself. One of the guests at our Christmas party in December 1992 was Masako Owada who, as we were later surprised to learn, had just agreed to marry the Crown Prince. I like to think that she enjoyed what must have been one of the last parties she attended as a normal citizen.

There has been a fair amount of music played though with the concert hall in the new chancery there is now less need to use

the residence. Guests have enjoyed listening to the piano, the violin, even the harp and those lucky ones who attended a national day reception given by Ross Campbell heard the Sado drummers before they became so famous. On one magic evening in May a pipe band from Halifax happened to be passing through Tokyo when there was a reception for Canadian businessmen. The pipers came marching down the hall filling the house with the skirl of the pipes and out into the twilight garden where they continued to play till darkness fell.

Unlike the house, the garden which the Marlers planned is a traditional Japanese one with flowering shrubs, elaborately manicured trees, winding paths and many stone lanterns. Both Canadian and Japanese maples grow there and three new cherry trees were planted to commemorate the opening of the chancery in 1991. The rather old-fashioned swimming pool, a blessed relief to so many in Tokyo's hot humid summers, was built during the occupation with labour paid from Occupation accounts. Arthur Menzies, then Head of the Canadian Liaison Mission to the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, paid personally for the materials.

It was in this garden that Nadeshiko Kai, a women's organization to bring together Japanese and foreigners living in Japan, celebrated its fortieth anniversary on May 19, 1992. Thirty black garbed ninja — assassins who also served as secret agents for the feudal lords — were led in by two splendidly attired samurai. They then performed James Bond-style antics with ropes and poles and various fearsome weapons to the amazement of the one hundred and twenty women gathered on the lawn. Some had come from far away to watch them including two of my predecessors, Mona Rankin and Martha Steers.

Marler House had a narrow escape in the 70s. It was proposed to tear it down and replace it with a penthouse built on top of the chancery. Fortunately the protests this proposal evoked won the day. Japanese friends of the embassy were relieved that at a time when many old residences were being destroyed the Canadians had decided to preserve this building which had such an interesting history. It will soon feature in a book on Western-style houses in Tokyo.

May that celebrate the beginning of another sixty glorious years for Marler House.

Mary Taylor, whose articles on Japan have appeared in the Globe and Mail, lived in Marler House from 1989 to 1993 as the wife of the ambassador.

The One Hundred Days of the Last SSEA

An Interview with Perrin Beatty

*On his last day as Secretary of State for External Affairs, Perrin Beatty discussed with the editor of **bout de papier** his impressions, memories and experiences of his stay in the Pearson Building.*

bout: What was your most memorable event during your time as Foreign Minister?

Beatty: I think it would have to be the signing of the agreement of peace between Israel and the PLO. It was a tremendous privilege to be there, representing Canada as one of just a handful of Foreign Ministers from around the world, watching the course of world history change.

It was, in and of itself, a tremendous historical event, but secondly it was a recognition for Canada.

It's something I'll never forget, no matter how long I live.

bout: As a Foreign Minister, you meet many people. Are there any persons who stand out, either in your foreign meetings or on the domestic side?

Beatty: Four stand out for very different reasons.

Warren Christopher of course because he represents the most powerful country in the world and he is a thoughtful person. He's very respectful of the views of others.

Douglas Hurd, because he is enormously insightful. You find that any time he speaks he's just able to capture the essence of an issue and describe it exceptionally well. Listening to him, for example, describe his views on what went wrong in Bosnia and what the challenges were ahead for us was a privilege to be there.

Foreign Minister Kozyrev from Russia. It was fascinating for me to have that insight into an area which has long fascinated me and which is going through a very difficult transition. They (the Russians) have a very capable Foreign Minister, whose instincts

are basically very democratic and very pro-western.

And then there is Don MacKinnon from New Zealand who, after Monday night (October 25), took time off from the middle of his election campaign to pick up the phone and call me from New Zealand just to offer good wishes for the future. That was a personal act of generosity on his part.

bout: I guess the personal relations between leaders is one thing people probably underestimate.

Beatty: Absolutely. I know the question that you mean to ask me next so I'll answer it now. What was the most surprising thing for you (as Foreign Minister)?

Well, it was the element to which foreign policy, which diplomacy, is done personally — the amount of business that gets done on the telephone, the amount of business that gets transacted at a meeting such as the ASEAN Foreign Ministers meeting, or at a meeting of Foreign Ministers of the G-7. The personal relationships are exceptionally important for resolving issues. They are important in enabling the Western world to move by consensus. In terms of the resolution of issues, they're important because the relationship of trust and confidence you build with your counterparts enables you to pick up the telephone and resolve issues on a one-to-one basis.

I wasn't aware of the extent to which personal diplomacy was important before coming here. In every other portfolio that I had, you had a relationship with your international counterparts. But it was not on a continuing, personal basis.

bout: That's interesting. I wasn't going to ask you that question, but I'm glad you answered it.

Beatty: That's why I volunteered it.

bout: But the question I was going to ask is "you've had a very distinguished political career; you've been a Minister of a number

of portfolios including Communications, Health and Welfare, Defence. So how does External Affairs compare as a portfolio, in terms of the complexity of the issues, the time pressures, even the responsiveness of the bureaucracy? Any comments?

Beatty: It's unique within government. It is, in my opinion, one of the most fascinating portfolios in terms of the challenges we face, the issues we deal with. The quality of people who are serving is exceptionally high. There was an intense sense of pride in their work and they were exceptionally knowledgeable and driven to serve the country.

I was struck very early about the pace of events. The day after the swearing-in, I was at my mother-in-law's for a party that she was holding. It was just a party she holds every summer. The telephone rang and it was my chief of staff calling to say that the Americans had bombed the Iraqi intelligence headquarters in Baghdad. It happened very quickly, before I had even gone through the briefing books. The world doesn't stop to let you catch up, nor does it stop during an election campaign.

During the election campaign, I was in Washington for the signing of the Israeli-PLO peace agreement; I was in New York for the UN General Assembly; we had to deal with issues related to the insurrection in Russia, the lifting of sanctions in South Africa and Haiti as well as the ongoing problems in the former Yugoslavia.

The pace of events is exceptionally rapid. The nature of the job doesn't allow a great deal of time for reflection. It means then that you really need to have exceptional people in the foreign service to back you up.

Another element that's evident is that there's a culture within the foreign service (and within External Affairs more broadly) that's different from any other department. I haven't had a chance to fully get a handle on this yet because it's been such a short time that I've spent here. When I went into Defence, there was a military culture which was different from civilian culture, and it's evident to everyone because the people are

wearing uniforms. It's apparent as you go into the place that you're dealing with an institution that's different, and that there's a very extensive protocol that's followed within the military.

Within External Affairs, the people working there dress the same way people do in other departments, but there's an ethic and an *esprit de corps* and a feeling of belonging to an institution that makes External unique.

bout: What was the perception in other departments of External Affairs?

Beatty: I guess there's always a competitiveness between other line departments and External Affairs. External has the umbrella responsibility for our relations with other countries, while individual departments feel that they have the expertise on a particular issue. One of the first issues I was dealing with here was related to what I was doing previously in Communications — the question of protecting Canadian magazines. I came at it from the perspective of the Department of Communications — the importance of our acting to protect our industry and stop it from being swamped.

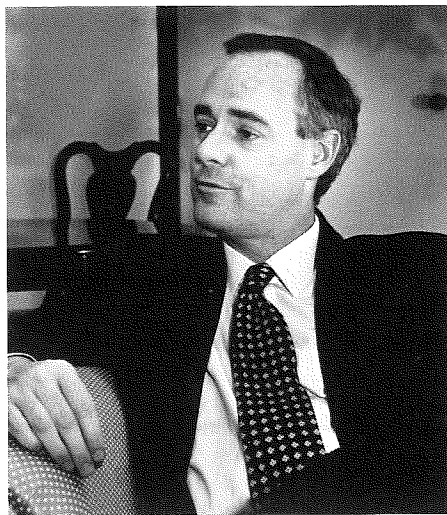
The perspective of External is much broader than that and you look at the broader question of our relationship with the United States. The approach taken by the government was, I think, the right one. But it was very useful for me at a very early stage to see one issue from two perspectives.

bout: Do you have the feeling that other departments think that sometimes we at External are dilettantes on some issues?

Beatty: Certainly, you hear that criticism, you've seen it in print from time to time, and I'm sure you hear it when you're bumping into people socially and professionally, as well.

I don't know whether its dilettantism or a sense of elitism that people might feel exists here, a feeling that this is a department unlike any other. Well, this is a department unlike any other — its responsibilities are different and the nature of career development of foreign service officers is very different from that of people in any other department of government.

And it's not surprising that perspectives would be different as well. I'm very proud of the foreign service. I was very proud of them before I came into the department, because I had a chance to deal with Canadian Embassies abroad in my other capacities and was really struck by how professional the people serving Canada abroad were. That was only confirmed during the time that I spent here. It is professional and



The Hon. Perrin Beatty

there's a great pride that people have in their professionalism, and I think that Canadians are better served by the Foreign Service than they may realize.

bout: What did you least like about being Foreign Minister?

Beatty: It certainly makes demands on your family life. I have a wife and two small children, and for me the most important thing in my life is my family. To do the job properly, you have to be constantly in motion, and constantly travelling, and I didn't do a great deal of travel compared to my predecessors for example, in large part because I knew we were coming into an election and my focus had to be domestic to an extent.

But I always used to marvel at how Barbara McDougall was able to get off the plane and then had to get her suitcase, reload, and get back on another plane. There's no doubt it takes a toll on your physical well-being and on your capacity to maintain family and other relationships.

bout: Do you think that Canadian foreign policy tries to do too much? Should we try to focus a bit more? Are we all over the map?

Beatty: I think it's certainly time for a foreign policy review, and by foreign policy — I define it very broadly, to include foreign policy itself, aid, and defence. It's not because I believe it's fundamentally flawed. I believe the policy we've followed since World War Two, the broad lines of it, are very sensible. The fact is the world has changed. The Berlin Wall no longer exists; the Soviet Union no longer exists; but also the constraints on Canada have changed — the financial constraints on us have changed dramatically.

So I think we have to ask ourselves, "How do we focus to have the maximum impact in those areas where there's an identifiable Canadian interest?" And by that I don't mean simply how do we promote trade. If there's an interest in human rights, how do we maximize the impact we have? If we want to be a player within our hemisphere, how do we do that? If we want to stress the fact that we're a Pacific nation, how do we give a greater emphasis to our role in the Asia Pacific?

I think what we need is a very open and broad foreign policy review which invites Canadians to be part of the process. And, at the end of the day, that we begin to say, "Okay, how have the global realities changed, and what should our priorities be? How do we focus on those areas where we can have the greatest impact, and where are Canada's interests most at stake?"

bout: If you were Minister for the next four years, or advising your successor, what issues now, without having gone through this foreign policy review, would you instinctively put your time on in the next four years, or recommend to your successor?

Beatty: I think there are a number that stand out. I'd like to see us put a greater emphasis on Asia and the Pacific. We are a Pacific country, and yet our mind-set in Canada is still very much focused on the Atlantic. For ten years we've done more trade in the Pacific than we have across the Atlantic. There are tremendous opportunities there for us. I was struck by the fact, when I attended the ASEAN Foreign Ministers meeting, that we were legitimately there as a Pacific country. Our colleagues from Europe were there, but they are not a Pacific country. We have a special tie with the Pacific and a special relationship that I think we can emphasize more than we have in the past.

It also helps to counterbalance the ties that we have with the United States. There are important economic, cultural, political ties that we have with our closest neighbour. It's the most powerful country in the world. But, as somebody who has studied history in school, I'm very much aware that one of the key issues in Canadian history has always been the maintenance of a distinct Canadian nation on the upper half of the North American continent.

One of the ways which we can achieve a distinct Canadian identity is to encourage ties that prevent us from having a strictly uni-dimensional relationship with the United States. It also prevents us from something that we've tended to fall into in the past, and that's defining ourselves in terms of who we weren't, defining ourselves in terms of

not being American. We have a broader role to play, and we should define ourselves vis-à-vis the whole of the world.

I think we have a vital role to play in issues related to nuclear non-proliferation. We are a country that's had a history with the civil use of nuclear technology. We once had a military role with nuclear technology which we've renounced. We go into discussions with other countries with clean hands. There's a role that we can play in encouraging non-proliferation. When I look at the big differences between the time when we wrote the *White Paper on National Defence* in 1987 and now, the world is much safer when it comes to the prospect of a global nuclear conflagration.

But the threshold for the use of nuclear weapons has been lowered. The possibility of them being used in regional conflicts has increased dramatically. We have to find some way of getting the genie back into the bottle. That should be a priority for Canada.

One which Prime Minister Campbell stressed here and at the UN General Assembly is the need for multilateralism. The world has finally come to the point where what Canada has been saying all these years can come true. We can look to international fora to solve problems, instead of solving them bilaterally. And we shouldn't allow that moment to slip away from us.

bout: The role of government is generally questioned all across the board. If you were an independent consultant, what advice would you give External Affairs in terms of adapting to the reality of government in the future, one which we all know will be one of downsizing and budgetary restraint if External is to maintain its traditional functions, or even fundamentally change its role?

Beatty: I think one of the things that External has to do is to demonstrate its relevance domestically. It has to demonstrate, for example, that this is an economic portfolio as well as one which deals with philosophical issues. The emphasis on using our posts abroad to promote trade has to be stressed. We have enormously professional people around the world in strategic places and their work results in jobs for Canadians. Particularly at a time when there are enormous constraints on all areas of government activity and government spending, it's important to demonstrate that External benefits Canadians domestically.

I believe in the importance of External for the intrinsic merit of managing our relations with other countries, but I think it's important to demonstrate in a more tangible way that there is a direct return to taxpayers. We should quantify it in terms of jobs for

Canadians and prosperity for Canadians. There is much more that we could be doing to manage that.

bout: Do you think Canadians care about foreign policy?

Beatty: I think they do care, but right now their primary concern is how to keep a roof over their heads and how to keep food in their kids' mouths.

But I well remember the reaction of Canadians when they saw innocent children in Bosnia who were suffering in hospital. You know, we are a generous people; we're proud of our history in international affairs; we're proud that we are seen as a country that comes to the table with clean hands — we have no colonialist history; we're a country which has never used our armed forces to try to take one square centimetre of someone else's soil; and we've always behaved in international affairs with integrity and with generosity.

*I think one of
the things that
External has to do
is to demonstrate
its relevance
domestically.*

And I think that's a source of pride to Canadians. At a time when economic pressures are so acute on Canadian families, their attention, naturally, first turns inward. But I do not believe that they would like to see us abandon an internationalist role for Canada.

bout: Minister, one last question, a personal question. We all know you served admirably for twenty years as an MP for your riding. How did you personally feel on the night of the election?

Beatty: I can honestly say that my first feeling was one of gratitude for 21 years. I'm 43, my father died when he was 44, and I look at the life-time of any politician. I've stretched my life experience. If I look at what I've been able to experience during that time, the privilege of being able to serve both my own constituents and to serve Canada, I'm the luckiest person I know!

And I have nothing but gratitude for it and a tremendous sense of privilege. I certainly would have liked to have been able to continue to do the work. Of all the portfolios that I've held, the most interesting and challenging is the one that I currently have. I would have liked to have at least been able to spend a few years here and to become involved with the issues and to leave more of a personal stamp on our relationship with the rest of the world.

But nonetheless, I feel very grateful for having been here even for the very short time, and I feel that to have had the privilege to serve as a Member of Parliament and a Member of Cabinet in seven different departments is a tremendous honour that I will never forget.

The initial thrill I had, in being elected back in 1972 — it's never worn off. When I go home at night and look back over my shoulder at the Parliament Buildings I still feel a shiver running down my spine about how, what an unbelievable privilege it is to be here.

But it also reminds me, as I look at the age of the buildings, that people much more famous than I have come and gone and the buildings are still there. What we hold is a lease on the office; we don't hold title to it.

bout: Given what you're just saying, which is very idealistic, what is your reaction to public cynicism about politicians?

Beatty: Much of the sense is warranted — when people turn on the television and watch the behaviour in the House of Commons, I can't think of any other group of professional men and women who go to such pains to alienate their clientele. If we want greater respect from people, we have to earn it. It doesn't come as a matter of right, it's something which has to be earned.

Having said that, my experience with Members of Parliament from all Parties, over 21 years, is that they are genuinely motivated by a sense of public service. They enjoy thoroughly what they're doing, they want more than anything else to feel as if they've made a contribution to their country, and that is the motivation. In my view, that's the right motivation for somebody going into public life.

bout: Any future plans at the moment?

Beatty: Not at this point. I hope to take a breather and to spend some time with the family; I'm taking the kids out for Halloween, it's the one plan that I've got, then hopefully we'll go from there!

bout: Thank you. 

Story by Gord Barnett
Photos by Sandra Barnett

We live on *Kutuzovski Prospekt*. It is a much travelled street nine lanes wide, bringing travellers from the west of Moscow into the heart of the city, past the White House on to *Prospekt Kalinina*, and then to the Kremlin. We live a few blocks from the White House. We have front-row window seats for the events of a week of Red October.

September 21, 1993. Yeltsin dissolves Parliament. We are at home that evening, preparing to dine with friends. We receive a call from one of the Embassy's political officers — a major announcement from Yeltsin will be made within the next hour. We gather around the television. Nothing — until one of the Russian channels breaks from its regular programming and Yeltsin begins to deliver an address. Major frustration — Russian words come at us a mile a minute and nobody can understand. We learn soon enough what has occurred through phone calls and news analysis on the European channels.

We are driven to work each morning in a black *Zhiguli* with a red velveteen interior. We happened upon this driver and car through his wife, a taxi dispatcher with a good knowledge of English and an entrepreneurial spirit. "Why should we hire a taxi, when she could fix us up with a car and driver at a very reasonable price?" Our driver speaks but a few words of English. When we need to communicate, we do this through his wife.

Wednesday morning, September 22. We drive past the White House. The crowd of two or three thousand that had gathered late the night before, following Yeltsin's announcement, have largely disappeared. A few hundred cold miserable people stand around the odd bonfire with a few old scarlet Soviet flags and the white, yellow and black banners of the National Salvation Front.

Soldiers surround the White House in a loose cordon. There is no sense of siege or danger. Our driver motions for us to look, smiles, and states, "No problem."

Tuesday, September 28. The Americans close their visa operation for the day. More and more soldiers have gathered over the week. The drive to work, past the White House, becomes less pleasant. Thick lines of soldiers and guns are at each official building and at each street corner. The White House is cut off — no electricity and no water for the opposition.

That night, I attend a reception at the American Consul's apartment. The street leading to the Embassy is completely sealed

by the army. We must walk several blocks down the open roadway. All are concerned with the gathering military strength and the ultimatums being issued from each side. As I leave the reception and make my way to the waiting car, I walk up the same side street, now completely filled with two rows of army trucks and personnel carriers, parked with their lights out and motors running.

Sunday, October 3. Sandra and I walk to the Embassy. The Ambassador to the UN from Kyrgyzstan requires a transit visa so he can leave Monday at 9 o'clock. Sandra is willing to accommodate. It is a nice day for a walk, but there has been much violence in the city. On Saturday night, the large provisional stage which had been set up to celebrate the 500th birthday of the Arbat, one of the city's truly beautiful streets, was torn apart by bystanders to obtain pipes to beat police and soldiers.

During the two hours we work at the Embassy, another demonstration turns violent. As we walk home, we are re-routed by soldiers to streets covered with broken glass and smashed cars. We have narrowly missed this riot.

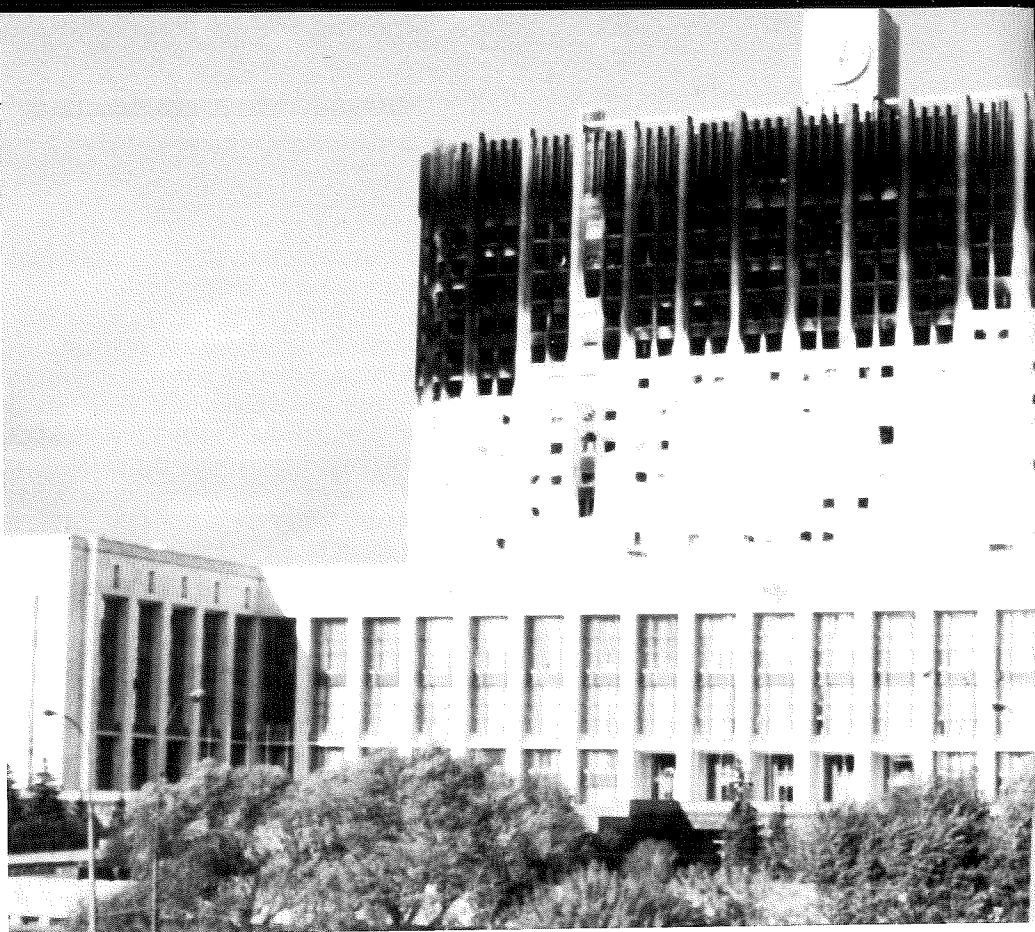
On Sunday night, the violence escalates. There is an attempt to take over the television tower. A state of emergency is declared.

We watch television and stay in touch with friends on the phone. Everyone in the city has a different vantage point and different local happenings to report.

Monday, October 4. The first sign that this day would be different occurs just as we begin preparing breakfast. A convoy of armoured personnel carriers comes down *Kutuzovski* and stops just beyond our building. There are a dozen carriers with soldiers and what appear to be civilians riding haphazardly here and there on the vehicles. They park on each side of the wide boulevard and the soldiers and civilians cross and recross the street to confer with each other, taking care not to be run down by passing civilian vehicles. In the distance, at the White House, we hear the sound of erratic rifle shots — a sound we had been living with since Sunday evening. I call the duty guard at the Embassy to tell him what we had seen.

I hang up from my call to the Embassy. A totally new sound comes drifting up from the street. We step out on our balcony. We see, approaching from the west, a long line of tanks. Huge, noisy and startlingly quick, they rumble down *Kutuzovski*, chewing up the pavement. Sandra gets the camera, I stare with amazement.

In a few short minutes, our street is transformed into a moving flow of military



A Week of Red October



in Moscow

vehicles — two lanes filled with huge trucks and one with tanks — all three lines stopping and starting, jerking their way toward the White House. The street is now blocked off to the west of us. We can see the Militia car and the officers busily turning non-military vehicles away. But, to the east — toward the White House — the street remains open so that the long lines of army trucks and tanks meet a steady flow of buses, cars and trucks laden with goods as they leave the Ring Road and head west. In no time, civilian traffic has crossed over the middle of the street and occupies the east-bound lane the military are not using. I call the Embassy duty guard and report the tanks.

The tanks and trucks continue to lurch past our balcony. Sandra takes pictures. People stare curiously at the line of green and camouflaged machines. Some, across the street from us, have obviously been awakened by the clatter outside their windows but *Kutuzovski* residents were not the first awakened by the tanks. As they noisily made their way through the night toward Moscow, from Naro-Fominsk, some 80 kilometres away, they left in their wake startled villages and roads torn up by the heavy treads. I watch the tank immediately below me

Tanks on Kutuzovski.

October 5, the White House.

advance twenty or thirty yards, peeling the pavement off the road as it spins for traction.

The tanks travel the two blocks to the Moscow River. They have only to cross the Kalininski Bridge. The street is now totally occupied by the army. A few parked cars are dwarfed by the huge military machines. A red Lada emerges from a driveway to our side of the police blockade. Unchecked, and finding no opposing traffic, the driver turns toward the White House and on the wrong side of the road, like a defenceman on a breakaway, streaks past the army. Before anybody can react, a quick left turn into a laneway and the red renegade is gone.

I look up the street and note discussion at the Militia blockade. It is our driver. In minutes, the black *Zhiguli* with red velveteen interior, using the empty lanes on the other side of the street, travels down *Kutuzovski* until it is even with our driveway, puts on the right signal light and threads its way across two lanes of trucks and one of tanks. Our driver parks the car on the sidewalk, gets out and joins the curious onlookers watching the passing parade.

The Ambassador calls. We discuss what is happening and he suggests that we should not open the Embassy to visa traffic and immigrants. Perhaps inspired by the actions of our driver, I propose that we open as usual. He agrees. Sandra makes a few calls. We let the staff know it's business as usual.

The gunfire at the White House has now become a continuous crackle of sound and,

from time to time, something big enough to rattle our windows is fired. We rush downstairs and get into the back of our car. The driver mutters in Russian, turns and looks at us with anger in his eyes, gestures to the tanks and says "Democracy?"

Our driver stays on the sidewalk, driving west out of town, to get around the line of army vehicles. He is visibly upset, worried, and he manages to let us know that he is not sure whether he can get to the embassy. Yet all goes well — we get onto the next street over, *Dorogomilovskaja*, traffic flows well, we cross the Borodino Bridge and on our left, we can see the White House under a cloud of smoke. Gunfire is continuous and heavy shelling racks the air.

The lineup in front of the Embassy is much shorter than usual. We are gratified nevertheless to see the local staff — the backbone of the visa system — arriving, concerned but ready for work. The Ambassador proposes that we allow fewer people than usual into the waiting area. At 9 o'clock, we open the doors for business to what is obviously going to be a light day.

By late morning, we are informed of new developments. There are snipers about, particularly in the area of the Arbat, which lies between us and home. The military reports come to us hourly. I work in my office, which looks out over the Ambassador's garden and watch as the *dvornicks* carry fertilizer into the garden to the sound of sniper fire and machine guns clattering.

By mid-day, we are informed that, in order to isolate the White House, most of the



metro stations in the vicinity of the Embassy are closed. Plans are made to get the locally-engaged staff to a metro station and they are asked to leave early. A van takes them to the nearest open station. At 4 o'clock, the same van takes us and others who live in our area home. Too many snipers are about for people to make their own way. The Embassy's military personnel urge us to stay away from windows.

At home, we join the rest of the world watching CNN. During the night, the sound of gunfire gradually dies out.

Tuesday, October 5. All is back to normal, except for the occasional gunfight as the odd group of hardliners is routed out or the snipers are dealt with by the army.

That night, I talk with our driver's wife. We discuss the Monday events. She cries, a mixture of great anger toward the politicians who allowed this to happen and humiliation. It is a private grief and I cannot offer much comfort.

Outside our window, I hear the soft discussion of the soldiers who are part of the supply convoy. Over a dozen huge trucks filled with ammunition and gas have been parked outside our building since Monday evening. The young soldiers quietly move about their vehicles, smoking strong-smelling Russian cigarettes.

Wednesday, October 6. The goose-stepping guards on Guard-post Number One are gone. They have been doing duty in front of the red marble mausoleum since Vladimir Lenin was interred in Moscow's Red Square in 1924.

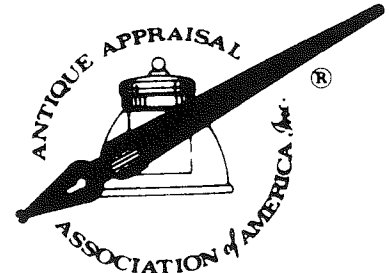
Friday night, October 8. Sandra and I are invited to a reception by the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The events of the week hang over us, yet it is an enchanted evening. Several very talented actors and singers entertain us as we eat dinner. At one point, a lady with a voice to rival Edith Piaf, sings a sad song about Moscow. I do not understand all the words, but from my vantage point, I can observe the effect of the song. The Russians from Foreign Affairs, men I do not know yet but who will become my colleagues over the next two years, big beefy men with tough physiques and tough minds, quietly weep.

Dosvidania CNN 

Gord Barnett is the Program Manager — Immigration in Moscow. Sandra Barnett is the Second Secretary — Immigration in Moscow. These pictures will join her collection of pictures from around the world.

Elizabeth Antiques Appraisal Service

FINE ARTS & ANTIQUES



Elizabeth Mayhew

68 Pine Glen Crescent
Nepean, Ontario
K2G 0G8

(613) 226-5915

New York



*We cater to diplomats moving to New York
... or anywhere in the world.*

AMJ CAMPBELL

INTERNATIONAL MOVERS

(613) 737-0000

OTTAWA, ONTARIO



Bennet Household Management

Residential Property Management

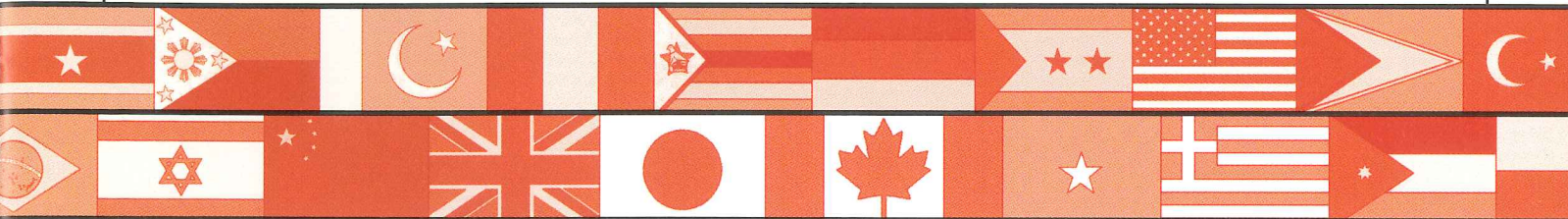
Maintenance and Renovations

- Full Service Property Management
- Financial Administration
- Income Tax Preparation
- For Information or to Arrange an Appointment Call:

David Bennet
49 Ivy Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario
K1M 1Y1

(613) 746-1248

When You Go Abroad, We Go Abroad.



Clements & Company

The Leaders in Insurance for the Foreign Service.

At Clements & Company, we are the leaders in providing domestic and international coverage for the foreign service community. Our clients receive unsurpassed service that has become synonymous with Clements & Company.

As an independent agent we represent a number of outstanding insurance carriers providing you with a diversity of insurance options. This assures you of a program that can be tailored to your specific needs.

Our Primary Products Include:

- Automobile
- Household Effects
- Personal Liability
- Life, Health and Disability
- Domestic Coverages
- Commercial Programs that include:
 - Commercial Automobile
 - Commercial Property
 - General and Directors' and Officers' Liability
 - Fidelity Bonding
 - Workers' Compensation
 - Major Medical/Disability

At Clements & Company we are committed to the foreign service community. We will pursue the best available coverages and premiums for all your insurance needs.

Clements & Company Insures It.



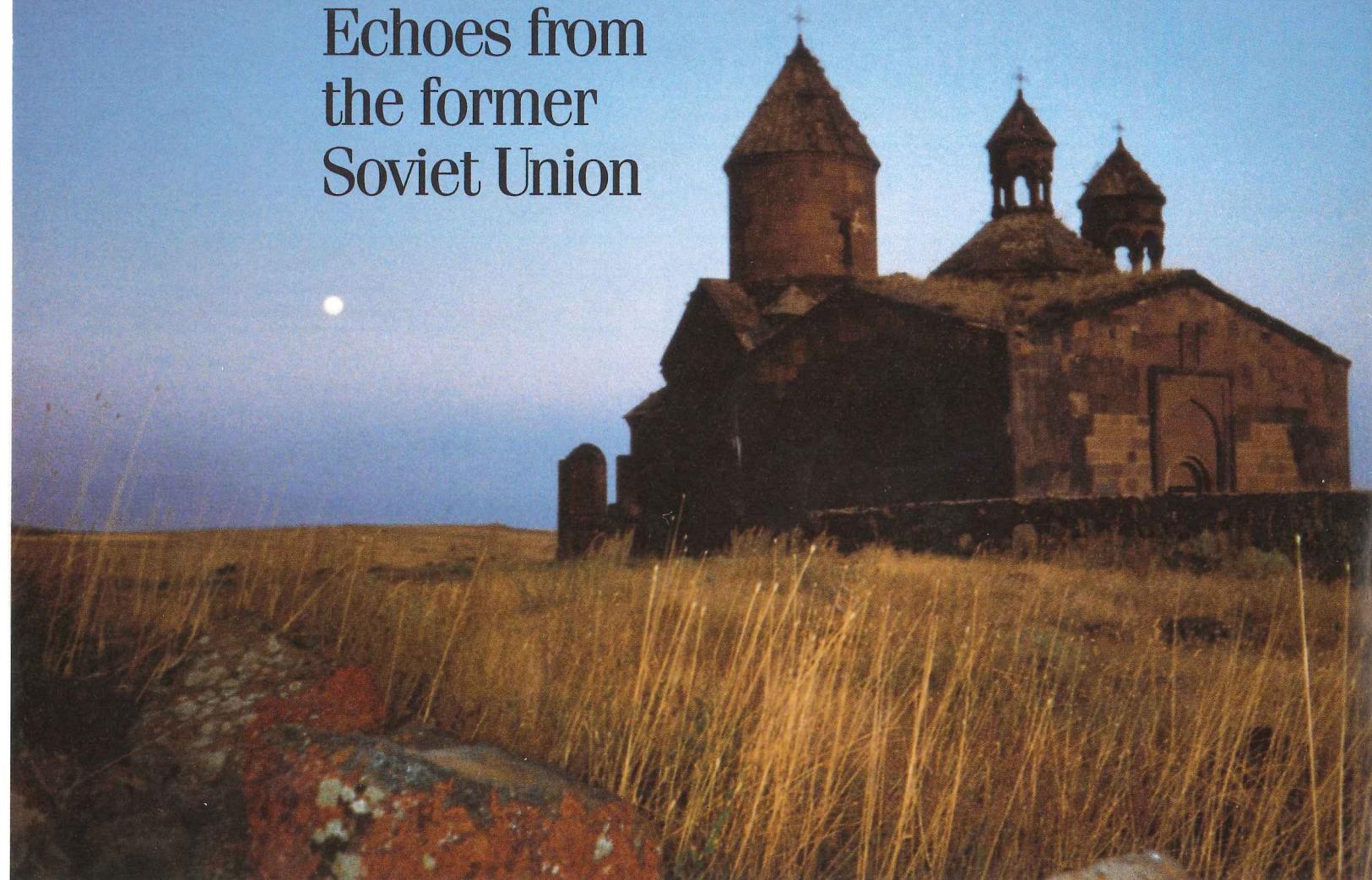
CLEMENTS & COMPANY

Specialists in Insurance for the Foreign Service at Home and Abroad

1730 K Street, NW, Suite 701, Washington D.C. 20006

Phone (202) 872-0060 (800) 872-0067 Fax (202) 466-9064 Telex 64514 Cable Clements/Washington

Witness to a Collapsing Empire: Echoes from the former Soviet Union



Story and photos by Anne Collins and
Chris Shapardanov

As diplomats, perhaps one last pilgrimage to the Kremlin or the Ministry of Foreign Affairs would have been more appropriate. But we chose to say good-bye to Russia in St. Petersburg at the *Piscariovskaya* Memorial to the victims of the 900-day siege and the "Great Patriotic War". The glorious Soviet fatherland is no more, war veterans accept humanitarian assistance from a benevolent Germany and the city's Lenin Museum now houses the American Commercial Office.

Our Russian friends reminded us as we stood at the foot of the monument that some things remain sacred. The heroism of those Leningraders who survived the blockade, and those who did not, is one of them. The hardship endured in those years entitled the survivors to a privileged status in Soviet society and defined their identity as well as that of their children and their grandchildren. If you have come to know us, we were told on the eve of

our departure, you will understand these things.

We arrived in Russia in August 1990 eager to get to know these people whom we had discussed and pondered for ten months in our Russian language class. At the time it was not Russia, but the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic, one of the fifteen republics which made up the Soviet Union. It was five years into Gorbachev's *glasnost*, and we felt fortunate to be posted to Moscow at a time when the Soviet peoples were rediscovering their voices. We would spend the next three years listening and trying to understand those voices as we witnessed such events as the crackdown in the Baltics, the August 1991 failed coup, Ukraine's referendum on independence, the dissolution of the USSR, and the wars in the Caucasus.

We could not see these historic developments on the horizon in the fall of 1990 as we settled into our work at the Embassy. What we could see was the rain. For three weeks in September, it rained every single day. Moscow, with its overabundance of grey Stalinist buildings, poorly lit streets and

sparse greenery can be onerous under the best conditions. The unrelenting cloud cover threatened very early in the posting to deplete our reserves of enthusiasm which we had brought with us from Canada along with the ninety boxes of food products and toiletries. Three years later, veteran expatriates were still dredging up memories of the 1990 downpour as they chided newcomers who dared to complain about the difficult living conditions in today's Moscow.

The city was very different then; safer, but also less colourful and vibrant. Whereas today's foreign community has access to a wide variety of food stores, shops and Western style restaurants and hotels, the choices in 1990 were very limited. It required you to be imaginative and enterprising while in Moscow, and well organized on your trips outside the USSR. Forget sightseeing in Helsinki, or a leisurely stroll down the *Champs Élysées*, every "out" (four-month intervals were recommended) became a power shopping trip planned like a ministerial visit. Laden with suitcases of drycleaning, and armed with your wish list and those of

several colleagues, we would drop our bags at the hotel and dash to the nearest well-stocked department store. When finally confronted with the best of what capitalism had to offer, we were surprised to find the whole experience a little overwhelming. The contrast with Moscow's empty shops and the poor quality of Soviet consumer goods was unavoidable. This was an early indication that boarding a flight to the West did not mean that we were leaving Moscow behind.

Our first trip home to Canada for Christmas provided a further taste of the Soviet Union's magnetism which had developed in us after only four months. As we left our suburban Moscow apartment in the early morning darkness for the airport, we felt we were abandoning Russia in its hour of need. Perhaps it was the talk, oft repeated in the coming years, of possible famine, or the thickening air of political uncertainty.

Once in Canada, we found ourselves riveted to the TV and devouring newspaper accounts of events in the USSR. Shevardnadze resigned the day after we got home, warning that conservative forces were threatening President Gorbachev's policies of *glasnost* and *perestroika*.

The Baltic Events

We returned in January 1991 to news of the crackdown in the Baltics. Little did we know that this would be a harbinger of the tumultuous events which would follow that year, shaking the Soviet Union to its core.

Thirteen people were killed by Soviet troops outside the television tower and the parliament buildings in Vilnius, Lithuania. Merv Meadows, our colleague at the Embassy, was in Vilnius that night and for several days was the Lithuanian Government's only link to the outside world. He was honoured with the Lithuanian Medal of Honour #86. The Lithuanians recognized Boris Yeltsin with Medal #87 for his public support of the Lithuanian Government during the storming of the parliament by Soviet troops.

Minister Clark instructed the Embassy in Moscow to maintain a presence in the Baltic states for an indefinite period. These were still the days when solo travel by NATO country representatives was prohibited. Throughout the next three months, we worked together with other diplomatic colleagues to create a solid network of contacts in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania.

We were impressed by the determination and resolve of the many young Canadians of Baltic descent who were working as advisors to these fledgling governments. A Latvian-Canadian woman who had been in the park across from the Ministry of Internal

Affairs in Riga on the worst night of violence, showed us the tree which had saved her from a stray bullet. Flowers and poems lay at the foot of other trees in honour of those less fortunate than her.

A special bond was formed between diplomats, journalists and other foreigners who witnessed first hand the events leading up to the breakup of the Soviet Union. On February 7, 1991, Lithuania was where the story was. Or at least that's how the late Jeannette Matthey would have put it. Jeannette, CBC Radio's Moscow correspondent, was in Vilnius along with other members of the Canadian press corps to cover the non-binding "poll" on Lithuanian independence. Chris and Roman Waschuk, an Embassy colleague, were there to monitor the referendum as informal observers. Their presence almost became the story.

For the Lithuanians, the international observers offered reassurance that the world would not forget them again in their hour of darkness. But the Soviet Foreign Ministry took a dim view of international interest, and took particular exception to the "interference in the domestic affairs of a state" allegedly perpetrated by Norwegian, Australian and Canadian diplomats while observing the Lithuanian vote. This struck us as particularly odd given the presence of diplomats from several other Western countries.

The vote was conducted in an almost festive atmosphere with children accompanying their parents to the polling booths. The ballot boxes, more often than not, were covered in the Lithuanian tricolour which was still banned under Soviet law. Chris and Roman dragged themselves to the 2 a.m. press conference to hear the preliminary results. They were met by an ebullient Jeannette. Having gone for her usual 10k run a few hours earlier, she was, as always, in eager pursuit of the latest chapter in the unfolding Soviet saga.

This was but one of the many stories which we diplomats would "file" alongside Jeannette. We reported through our telexes to External Affairs in Ottawa, and she through her unforgettable voice to Canadians across the country. Prior to leaving Canada, we had listened for Jeannette's reports each day as we travelled to and from Russian class. Those of us who worked and played alongside Jeannette during her time in the Soviet Union were greatly saddened by the news of her death from breast cancer in October of last year. She knew what a privilege it was to be in Moscow at that point in history. And she didn't let any of us forget.

The August Coup and its Aftermath

It was mid-summer, and while Gorbachev was making his first appearance on the G-7

stage in London, negotiations on the Union Treaty were reaching a successful conclusion in Moscow. The proposed treaty spelled the end of the USSR as it was known; it would be replaced by a Union of Sovereign States. These and other changes were too much for conservatives in the Ministry of Defence, the KGB, Ministry of Internal Affairs and elsewhere.

At that time we were living on *Kutuzovsky Prospekt* just up the street from the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, commonly known as the Russian White House. On Monday morning, August 19, several army and KGB divisions moved into Moscow. We heard rumblings outside but dismissed it as heavy trucks. Wrong.

For the next four days, those Embassy personnel who were not assisting the consular section in contacting Canadians across the USSR, were out in the streets assessing the military presence and speaking to the Russians on the barricades. We had never seen tanks in other than static displays. The first T-72 and T-80 tanks seen protecting the bridge over the Moscow River on *Dorogomilovskaya* Street were an unforgettable sight. Some of us tried to get a better look at the tank crews. Were they Central Asians as had been the case during some of the worst bloodshed in the Baltics? They were not. Peter Bates, a colleague at the Embassy, suggested that such close observation in a Volkswagen Jetta (even with diplomatic plates) was not likely to win the approval of any T-80 tank crew.

It became quickly apparent that this was a coup against Gorbachev, but one that lacked the decisive will or momentum to achieve its goal. When asked why they had parked themselves on the bridge near the White House, the soldiers replied they were told to move their armoured vehicles to Moscow and await further orders on arrival. The soldiers were calm, relaxed and open to the pleas of passers-by, including mothers and grandmothers, who begged them not to use their weapons in anger against the Russian people. Soon we saw flowers sticking out of tank turrets and soldiers posing for pictures with civilians on armoured vehicles. It would not always be this friendly.

On Tuesday, August 20 around 5:00 p.m., a telephone call to the Embassy from an official in the Russian government warned that the White House would come under attack within the hour. Several Embassy staff raced over to the White House, video cameras at the ready. The attack never came. Efforts to get into the Parliament that night proved unsuccessful; the White House was sealed off, in case of attack. It was later revealed that KGB helicopter gunships

were to attack the building but General Shaposhnikov, Commander of the Soviet Air Force, threatened to use air force interceptors to shoot down the helicopters, sealing the fate of the coup plotters.

In anticipation of the attack, we settled in for a vigil. The rain began in the evening, and it continued into the early hours of the next day. The Muscovites, who were busy fortifying the barricades around the White House in scenes which came to resemble those from *Les Misérables*, were defenceless against the incessant downpour. But their spirit and determination to take a stand against the coup was undiminished. News broadcasts from underground radio *Mayak* crackled at the centre of huddled groups. Word that some of the plotters were found in a drunken stupor electrified the defenders of the White House. The news spread through the crowd followed by waves of cheers which echoed around the building. "How long are you prepared to stay here?", we asked them. "Until our President is returned to Moscow." This would be the night of greatest uncertainty, when three young men were killed as the tanks made one final attempt to reach the White House. We went to bed with the feeling that, one way or another, it would be over by morning.

Had the plotters found their heretofore lack of nerve to take decisive action? Would they order a full-scale attack on the White House? These were the questions being asked by journalists and diplomats inside the White House on Wednesday. However, by late morning, the coup had fizzled. Gorbachev returned to Moscow in the early hours of Thursday morning. Politics in the Soviet Union would never be the same.

Soon the Baltic States would achieve independence and Ukraine would embark on the same path. We travelled to Kiev in early December for the Ukrainian referendum on independence. Gorbachev's entreaties to salvage the Union were increasingly falling on deaf ears. Seeing the polling stations decorated with Ukrainian national symbols, we were reminded of the scenes in Lithuania earlier that year. Canada was the first Western country to recognize an independent Ukraine. In the streets of the capital we saw people waving both the Canadian and Ukrainian flags. It was a good day to be a Canadian in Kiev.

We ushered in the New Year in Red Square. This marked not only the end of the Soviet Union, which had officially ceased to exist on Christmas Day, but the mid-way

point in our posting. As we watched the spectacular fireworks display, and the Russian flag flying atop the Kremlin, it struck us that we were among the last diplomats accredited to the Soviet Union.

Newly Independent States

For us, the breakup of the Soviet Union translated into more travel to establish contacts with the governments, commercial organizations and people of the newly independent states. Canada opened offices in Alma Ata, Kazakhstan and Yerevan, Armenia and these were staffed out of Moscow. Working out of hotel rooms equipped with a laptop computer and a satellite communications unit brought with it the feeling of being on the front lines of Canadian diplomacy.

We learned through trial and error. It took only one sojourn at the Hotel Kazakhstan to know that on all subsequent trips, the small suitcase would be for clothes, and the large one of food. Diplomats and journalists traded packages of instant noodles along with their theories about the future course for Kazakhstan. The metal cover of the satellite fax unit, when leaned against the hotel room door, doubled as an early warning device when the 3 a.m. shouting in the hallway became all too disconcerting.

With the changed political landscape came the possibility of travel to areas previously off limits to foreigners. Nizhny Novgorod (formerly Gorky), the site chosen for Sakharov's internal exile, was known to us as a symbol of Soviet repression. Now in the forefront of Russia's privatization campaign, the city was actively promoting itself to potential foreign investors. Following a tour of a local factory, we could now raise vodka glasses (yet again) and toast the fact that former enemies could now sit at the same table and drink to good health and mutual prosperity.

But the erosion of Soviet totalitarianism also took the lid off centuries-old ethnic strife. Increased travel took Embassy personnel into the war zones of the Caucasus.

On arrival in the Georgian capital of Tbilisi, Chris and an Embassy colleague noticed that almost everyone was carrying a Kalashnikov or packing a sidearm. There was no welcoming party, as promised; a bad sign. Phone calls to the Ministry from the airport barber shop, the only place with a working phone, went unanswered. As obvious foreigners, the gauntlet of persistent cab drivers determined to test out their broken English or Russian on us, was unavoidable. The haggling was the usual routine and even somewhat informative: the high price of gas, difficulties with getting spare parts, poor road conditions, etc.



We checked into the Metechi Palace, an oasis of first world comfort in a city which was suffering more and more deprivation. The sign at the door asked guests to check their weapons. If this was not enough to persuade someone to part with their gun, all guests had to pass through a metal detector before entering. Our Georgian military hosts were quite relieved to find us at the hotel but spoke sternly about taking an unknown cab in Tbilisi.

Wearing black berets and combat fatigues our two military escorts picked us up at 11:00 a.m. the next day. They looked in their thirties but were actually quite younger. After some delay due to fuel shortages, we boarded an Aeroflot Tupolev-134 (DC-9 equivalent) for our 40 minute flight to Sukhumi. As foreigners, we were allowed to board the aircraft first. What followed was a descent into chaos.

When it became known that fuel was found for our aircraft, a crowd of soldiers and civilians gathered around the stairs to the aircraft, appropriately called the "trap" in Russian. There were 120 seats on the plane and perhaps 300 who wanted to go to Sukhumi.

Pandemonium erupted when an attempt was made to end the boarding process. One soldier drew a knife on those who suggested that he consider taking the next plane. He was forcibly dragged down the aircraft aisle to the doorway when we heard him click off the safety on his rifle. The aircraft had just been refuelled. Another round of shouting and gesticulation. Finally, a woman dressed in black and wearing a small portrait of a fallen son, was able to calm this weary soldier. And the flight proceeded well as we flew over the verdant forests and fields of Georgia, a major food exporter during the Soviet years.

As the plane approached the war zone, a wide turn was made over the Black Sea to avoid possible Abkhazian heatseeking missiles. The aircraft was decelerating and coming around to its final approach when the pilot started yelling in Russian, "*Na zad! Na zad!*" or "to the rear!" All of a sudden, the forward compartments usually occupied by attendants were quickly vacated. The battle for Sukhumi intensified. In the weeks that followed, two Georgian aircraft were shot out of the sky killing all onboard.

Stifling heat and the distant rumble of shelling welcomed us to Sukhumi, a former idyllic city on the Georgian Black Sea

coast. The Abkhazians were now shelling the Soviet-era equivalent of the Riviera in retaliation for Georgian attacks earlier that day. The next morning, we were given a tour of the damaged city. Georgian forces were firing shells back at Abkhazian positions visible just across the Gumista river.



One Georgian family, a middle-aged couple living with the husband's parents, showed us the damage to their two-storey house caused by an Abkhazian shell. Despite the damage and rebel advances on their city, they refused to leave their home. We were led past their still which remained in operation, up to the second storey. The shell pierced the upper wall and destroyed the contents of the bedroom. Fortunately, the family learned when to expect Abkhazian shelling and escaped injury by gathering in the safety of their basement.

We wanted to continue our tour, but our new friends had other ideas. The women disappeared and the men proceeded to speak of their plight. The elderly man thought he had seen enough violence for one lifetime during the "Great Patriotic War". He joined the Soviet army of the Caucasus, and chased the fascists across Ukraine and Eastern Europe to Berlin. And then he walked back to his home in Sukhumi.

In a matter of minutes, the women had prepared a tasty dish of eggs, shallots and chopped meat and served it with cucumbers on the side. The vodka, distilled a few feet away, began to flow. Vodka toasts well before noon could be considered above and beyond the call of duty, but refusal would

have been misinterpreted. In the Caucasus, a guest could be feted for days before being asked the purpose of the visit. We left it to our Georgian military escorts to extricate our group. Just as we were leaving, the elderly man brought us over to the front of the house to show us something which he revered. It was a bust of Josef Stalin, a

Georgian by birth. "He was a great man. We could use a leader like him today," he said.

Epilogue

Knowing what the history books had taught us about the pain and suffering which Stalin wrought on his own people, statements like these were difficult to comprehend even after three years in what was the Soviet Union. Maybe we had not come to know these people after all.

We continue to watch the story unfold with interest from Canada. It was difficult to sit through the televised reports of the October raid on the Russian White House, the building which we had passed every day on our way to work. Since returning to Canada, we can't help but wonder what has become of the children in Lithuania, the younger defenders of the White House, the factory director, the family in Sukhumi. They are many miles away, but their voices still resonate.

Anne Collins has been posted to Moscow. She is currently with the Policy Staff, Economic Summit Coordination. Chris Shapardanov has served in Washington and Moscow. He is currently with the Central and Eastern Europe Relations Division.

DON'T MAKE A MOVE- WITHOUT US!

We are the experts for National and International Moves.

Whether you are taking your household goods with you or storing them until your return, we are the professionals to call.

Our team of fully trained, highly professional, bonded and insured packers, craters and movers will treat your property as if it was their own. And with 600,000 square feet of temperature controlled warehouse and storage space, including

Canada's largest and best equipped vehicle storage facility, we

will take good care of your personal effects.

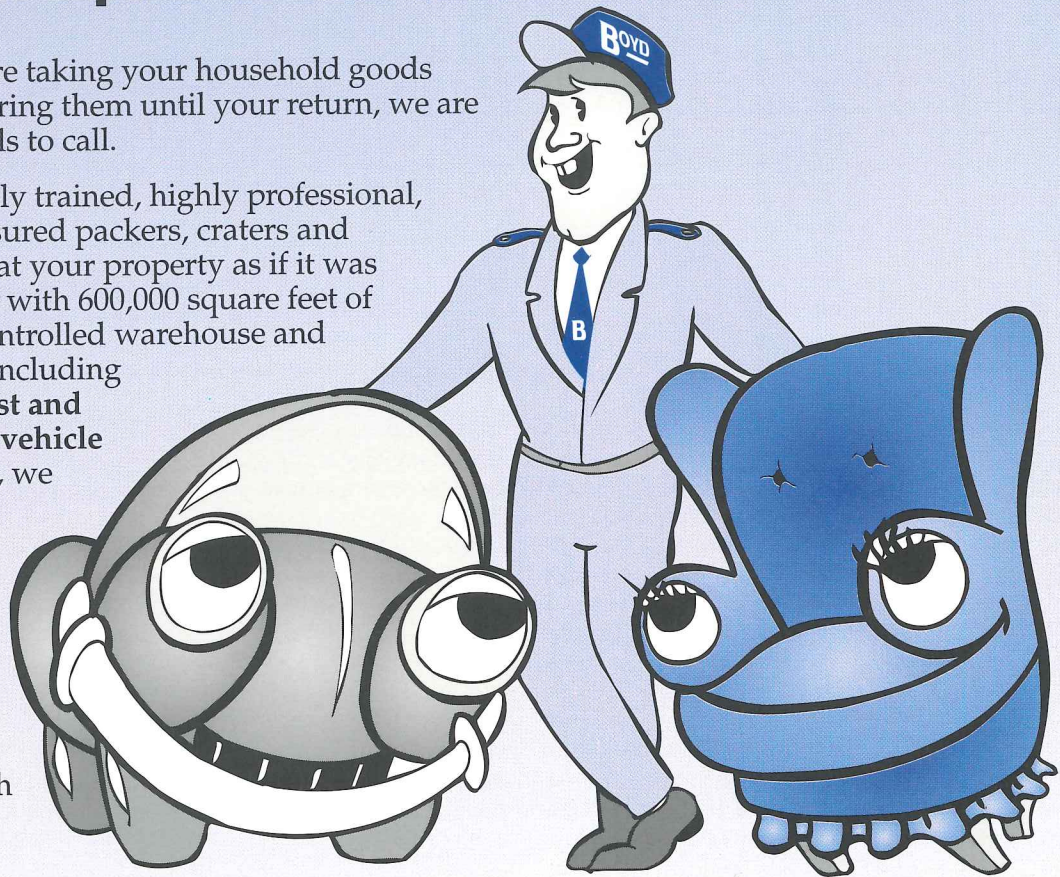
Wherever you are going, our company will handle everything with tender loving care, ship by land, sea or air to

your next destination and/or store your valuable possessions until you come home.

We will even make all your travel arrangements and have your tickets delivered to your door!

Make your first move a call to us to arrange a tour of our outstanding facilities.

Call 613•244-4444 or Fax 613•244-6774



BOYD

MOVING & STORAGE LTD.

Third Culture Kids

by Robin Pascoe

Nothing adds veracity to writing like first-hand experience. Robin Pascoe's second book on family life in the foreign service proves that she is writing about a subject she knows intimately.

Culture Shock — Successful Living Abroad: A Parent's Guide (Times Editions Pte Ltd., 1993, 271 pp., \$15.00) is an in-depth, step-by-step look at the trite and the traumatic situations parents face when they and their children move from a familiar culture to a foreign one. Full of astute observations and practical advice, the book is written in ordinary language but delivers a professional punch. Although aimed at parents, the author's insight into the impact of culture shock applies to everyone.

This excerpt from the chapter "Third Culture Kids" (TCKs), looks at the long-term influence of rotationality on foreign service children and explores some of the characteristics these children share.

My daughter finds it almost bewildering when our conversations turn to comparisons between my own childhood and hers as a foreign service child. One particular point never ceases to amaze her: the fact that I actually grew up living in only one house, in one neighborhood, in one country — indeed in one culture — until I was 16 years old.

"You never moved, not even once?" she always asks, even though she knows the answer.

"No, not even once."

"And you actually could play on the street in front of your house? With the same neighborhood kids, year after year?"

"That's right."

"And you really went to the same school all those years?"

"I did switch after eighth grade to a high school."

"And grandpa's job truly never forced him to move?"

"Honey, when you're a dentist, like your grandfather, the drills don't move around too well. And if you think I haven't budged,"

I couldn't resist adding, "Grandpa has been drilling people's teeth on the same Toronto street for almost 50 years!"

Too mind-boggling — and if she could express it politely, too provincial — for her to absorb. After all, she is the product of an international upbringing. Born in one foreign country, she experienced four different cultures before the age of 9. My daughter is a classic example of a Third Culture Kid (TCK).

Sociologists, psychologists, educators, and experts from other related disciplines have been investigating the common experience of internationally mobile children. That research, into the lives of children labeled Third Culture Kids, is gaining recognition and popularity through workshops and conferences held by the authorities on this subject. Chances are you have heard the phrase but have never known exactly what it meant.

What is a TCK?

A Third Culture Kid — or a 'trans-cultural kid' as the term is now also being defined — is a child who spends a significant part of his life in a country or countries which are not the same as the one stamped on his passport. The child is not, as the term might lead you to believe, the product of parents of mixed cultures.

TCKs are the children of parents who often share the same cultural background and are now mobile professionals such as diplomats, military types, businessmen, teachers, or missionaries among others, who move in and out of other cultures for several years at a time. TCKs are also the prototype, according to some experts, for the world citizen of the next century. Generally speaking, they are adaptable, globally oriented, multicultural in outlook, and in many cases, multilingual. They are also good observers, less judgmental and less prejudicial than their non-mobile counterparts.

What is the 'third culture'? I'll use my own daughter Lilly as an example to explain the concept. Her first culture is Canadian. Her parents are Canadian and she carries a Canadian passport. That's her 'home' or 'birth' culture — even though she was born in Bangkok.

The second culture, in Lilly's case, is a blend of the cultures of Thailand, Taiwan, and China, where we have lived. From these places, she has gained things which have contributed to the development of her values. These may be intangibles, even just

cultural images, but she will nonetheless carry them with her for the rest of her life.

It is from the combination of these first two cultures that the third culture — the universal, global identity — surfaces. It is a unique third culture which she shares only with children who have also international, mobile experiences as she does. I often think of it as the jumbo-jet culture, where pint-sized travelers flash their passports in exotic airports, or smoothly exit in chauffeur-driven airport limousines or embassy cars. It is overnight or week-long stays at five-star hotels or international resorts while on vacation from international schools and diplomatic housing compounds. It is life in a rustic village, with one well for water and no indoor plumbing, or a South American mining village where natives and foreigners share local produce and customs. It might even be some Arabian oil outpost.

Regardless, it is a 'global nomadic' existence which even at my daughter's relatively young age, has already affected her learning experiences, her friendships, her ability to understand and relate to other cultures and the world at large, and of course, her interest in travel. Eventually, say the experts, it will even affect her choice of career, her relationships, and probably her choice of a spouse.

The Third 'Expat' Culture

With its isolated foreign communities, jet-set travel to exotic places for Christmas vacation, duty-free shopping, international schools, expatriate health clubs and so on, the expatriate style of life provides not only the reference points for everyday life overseas which many TCKs share, but also greatly affects the child's system of values, in good and bad ways. A child whose parents treat local people, and especially servants, badly, for instance, will also likely grow up not respecting indigenous cultures. By the same token, a child who watches his parents enjoy and respect a foreign culture will be influenced in a positive way. An expatriate lifestyle which provides overseas benefits in the form of money, cars, or lavish housing, will likewise lead a child to believe his family is rich. That may be true compared to the host culture, but the true family fiscal reality may be quite different.

Moreover, I can't help but think by our isolation in foreign ghettos and an expatriate lifestyle abroad, my daughter has in some ways been cheated out of a greater appreciation for the cultures we have lived in.

(I take full responsibility; my husband at least speaks local languages.) While it is certainly true that living in China or Thailand has heightened her sense of the poverty and despair in parts of the developing world, it is equally true that living an expatriate lifestyle in those same countries has exposed her to the Westerner's code of values and style of living in developing countries.

Often, unfortunately, chances to learn about the local culture are missed because of the parents' reluctance to investigate and participate. Festivals are an easy way for children to jump in and enjoy their new culture. Older children may participate on their own, but younger ones will need their parents to take them or to explain the significance of the celebrations. When parents can't get into the swing of things, they often spoil what could be a lot of fun for their children.

Where is Home?

What is 'home' for the parents is not home for the children. This means that when the adults are excited about home leave, the children may not have the same enthusiasm for a home they don't know. Just as your childhood was different from your child's, so too is your concept of home.

I have talked with many parents who get themselves all twisted up in knots trying to provide a home for their children like the one they had, even though they are living overseas. There's a contradiction at work here. Parents can't have it both ways. But with a little insight and a lot of communicating, not all is lost.

For TCKs, home is where they feel at home, according to Dr. Pollock of Interaction Inc., a retreat in upstate New York where families go for briefings before and after their experiences abroad. Other experts agree. Home is less a geographical location, and more an emotional one based on important relationships. For that reason, home is more often than not where the parents are posted, even if the child has never lived there herself because TCKs tend to be a lot closer to their mother and father. Home can also be a grandmother's house enjoyed every summer during home leave; still others have claimed Holiday Inns as homes because during extended home leaves that's where they stayed.

Home vs. Nationality

From personal experience, I have come up with a workable solution which I can share. For my children, I have separated the notion of 'home' from the idea of 'nationality'. In other words, to my daughter and son, home is where we are living together as a family at the moment; our nationality is Canadian.

We have taken important steps to ensure a strong sense of nationality by buying a Canadian home for our children. When the time came to buy a house near the Canadian capital of Ottawa, where we live between foreign assignments, my husband and I chose to select a house not on the basis of future market value, but for our children. We bought a home that could be rented out while we were away and to which we can return after each assignment. It is our permanent Canadian home. The children — while away for years at a time — return to the same peer group who live near this home.

As our home is in the countryside, during home leave we are able to rent a cottage less than a kilometer from our own house, so that during the summers the children can rejoin that peer group. Friendships can be renewed over the summers as well as some sense of permanence established. We can also enjoy the fullest potential of a Canadian summer in the country. It was the smartest thing we ever did. That, and renting our dog along with the house so that he too could be there for the children's return to Canada. If there is one thing all TCKs I've interviewed are agreed on, it's the absence of real pets overseas that makes them long for 'home'.

What Are the Characteristics of a TCK?

TCKs share a number of common characteristics which distinguish them from what Dr. Pollock facetiously calls the OKs (one-culture kids). These characteristics spring from their unique childhood experiences and the many cultural influences at work.

1. Used to Change

With a move to a different country every few years, an ever-changing landscape cannot help but become ingrained into the TCKs' subconscious. They don't necessarily like all the change, but they become used to it because it is their way of life and possibly the only way they know. Uprootedness is the norm.

As a result of all the moving around, these children and young adults become extraordinarily flexible and adaptable which can be seen as positive. In fact, the experts believe that TCKs are a lot more flexible than their parents whose ideas and ways of doing things are much more ingrained.

A mobile child develops coping mechanisms to handle the constant moving so that when he arrives at a new location, an unconscious process of coping takes place. It is not unlike an adult who travels a lot on business and in each hotel room puts a framed picture on the bedside table to make himself feel more at home and the unfamiliar surroundings more comfortable. Strangely

enough, to the TCK, the unfamiliar is entirely predictable, for change is part of his identity. But he too will develop certain routines or rituals to 'familiarize' a new place. I have watched my own daughter set up her bedroom — and especially her desk — in exactly the same style wherever we go.

Some of these rituals will be emotional rather than physical, for even a young child will set up barriers to protect himself from being hurt too early on in the game. That may be one reason why, contrary to what one might believe, TCKs are not overly friendly to new children at school from day one. Everyone plays a bit of a waiting game before taking any plunges into new friendships.

Some researchers have also made the distinction between the adult who 'adjusts to' his new environment and the child who 'adopts' his new environment. The term 'adjusts' implies that you are still an outsider. Adults, with their strong sense of national identity, prefer to remain outsiders even if they finally cope with a new environment. TCKs, on the other hand, 'adopt' — yet remain both 'part of' and 'apart from' — their new environment. TCKs, raised in other cultures, feel 'ownership in none.'

As a group, they complain less than their parents about their environment and 'bad' living conditions, like traffic, lack of hot water, or dirty streets. They can deal with the bad, because it may have been bad before.

2. Highly Motivated and High Academic Achievers

As a group, TCKs spring from a subculture. Their parents are high academic achievers — typically from the same higher socio-economic strata of society. As a result, TCKs collectively score well on any testing of general knowledge and intelligence. All the travel doesn't hurt their scores either. They are more articulate and well-read than their counterparts at home. They usually speak or have a working knowledge of several languages.

TCKs will probably not do well at games like Trivial Pursuit, for according to the experts, they don't accumulate much trivial knowledge, especially information that might relate to popular culture like television or movies, which tend to be limited in overseas communities. So while they gather up special knowledge as a result of their international lives, their store of useless knowledge will be small.

TCKs are more self-sufficient and independent. Researchers have found them to have a high degree of self-awareness — they know exactly who they are and where they are going. While their parents challenge their own values later in life, TCKs challenge them at a much earlier age.

Along with self-motivation comes a higher degree of discipline and better control of themselves. That's one reason why international school teachers seldom complain about discipline problems.

3. Greater View and Understanding of the World

Having seen large chunks of it, TCKs have a much broader world view, with a much sharper perspective on international issues, which are likely discussed more in their international classrooms than they might be back home. With classmates from the four corners of the globe, TCKs also often have more racial tolerance and cultural awareness than their parents. They are certainly less judgmental than their elders.

Experts like Dr. Pollock also believe that TCKs have a three-dimensional view of the world, along with good cross-cultural skills. For that reason, he believes they hold great potential for building 'cultural bridges' in a society that is becoming increasingly international.

TCKs easily become world-weary. Upon re-entry to their own cultures their vast view of the world can alienate them from the 'kids next door' whom they are now trying to befriend. Those new friends have not been out in the world and many could care less about it since it is not part of their experience. Researchers studying the re-entry process of TCKs say the ethnocentricity of 'home' cultures bothers even a child of 10 or 11 who has a global view not shared at home.

Unfortunately this can lead to a feeling of detachment from their peer group. Being multicultural can be lonely, and feelings of alienation are not uncommon among TCKs, especially teenagers.

4. Little Ambassadors

TCKs are generally better-behaved and certainly far more comfortable around adults with whom they spend proportionately more time than their counterparts back home. They also get along better with their siblings, whom they may rely on in the early days of a new assignment before friends have been found.

Also fueling their best behavior are the limits which most TCKs know are out there: they will be shipped home or shipped out of a school if their behavior does not measure up, especially if they do something illegal or questionable in a country whose government won't stand for it.

5. Extensive Relationship Bank

Depending on how much their parents move around and how good they are about keeping in touch, TCKs may end up having

friends in every world capital. Friendships are numerous and briefly intense for TCKs. There will be some loneliness until a new network of friends and companions has been established.

Along with this loneliness will come the sense of rootlessness and of belonging everywhere yet nowhere. There has been no stable peer group for the TCK because it has changed every few years. Peer groups — and measuring yourself against them — are very important for children, especially teenagers. When that measuring stick keeps moving, the child's emotions may be equally unstable. Some of these issues will be particularly exaggerated when the time comes for re-entry into their own home culture. The many issues of re-entry — and how parents can help their children through that often difficult process — will be examined in Chapter Ten.

6. Delayed Adolescence and Rebellion

Work opportunities for teenagers overseas may be limited if not impossible to find. The lack of jobs, plus the narrow social network (which may be limited to a small international school) means there is a sharp reduction in the number of chances a teenager has to break away from his family. In fact, in some overseas settings, there is an over-dependence on family from the beginning to the end of the posting cycle.

The lack of work drastically curtails the chance for teenagers to start that process of becoming responsible, independent adults, handling responsibilities or a bank account. It also delays — and often prolongs — their adolescence.

Likewise, with parents around too much of the time, there are no opportunities to get into trouble during the teen years. But when these same TCKs go to college, there suddenly appears the chance of a lifetime to finally rebel and get into trouble.

7. Migratory Instinct

It has been said that children raised on *Sesame Street* and then MTV have short attention spans. Magnify that one step further for the TCK, who likely moved every two to three years during childhood, and you have created a child with a distinct migratory instinct which carries over into adulthood.

This instinct is usually felt first in college. According to the experts, TCKs are apt to go to at least two colleges to obtain their degree. Later they may change jobs a lot. TCKs turned adult tend to feel — because of their experiences — that things will change anyway so why deal with problems if you can simply leave them behind? It

takes them a while to settle down. Once supposedly settled, they then feel the urge to get up and move again.

8. TCKs Are Told They Are Special

When re-entering their home culture TCKs tend to feel they are weird since they can't relate to their own culture. Parents must work hard at convincing their children that they are not necessarily weird, perhaps just different.

A problem can arise when these children are continually being told they are 'special'. Problems arise when they re-enter, feeling they are special, and discover that perhaps they are not. One grown-up TCK, the daughter of a Canadian ambassador, told me the greatest disillusionment she had as an adult was the discovery that she was not special, after a lifetime of hearing from her mother that she was.

Other Important TCK Issues

1. Unresolved Grief

Of all the issues related to the study of TCKs, the subject of their unresolved grief is always highlighted by experts on the subject. It stands out as a major issue because it is a level of grief which in quantity and quality is higher than that which others may ever experience, even in a lifetime.

There is so much grief for the TCK because someone is always leaving his life. Such leave-takings may be multiple and simultaneous. There is even grief which is experienced after leaving a place a child may have hated because he is nonetheless leaving a place or people that had become comfortable and familiar.

In most cases, the grief is denied or delayed. TCKs and their parents can be very cavalier about leaving yet another posting and in the process deny themselves the right to grieve because that doesn't measure up to the image of courage everyone is supposed to put forward. There is great pressure for everyone to 'adjust' and the sooner the better. Worse still for the child or teenager is the feeling that nobody else really understands what they are going through. They feel isolated, alone. This unresolved grief, says Dr. Pollock, can be particularly destructive for the younger child because it can have life-long results.

In the olden days, when families would move around by ship rather than by 747, the long sea voyage provided a suitable grief period between one post and another. Now, too short a time elapses before a grandmother or sibling waits at an airport terminal on the other side of the world, representing the new life that lies ahead.

When that grief stays inside long enough — enough postings go by without

expressing grief — resentment and anger can grow, especially a child's resentment and anger towards the parents who have created the situation. There will be a delayed expression when the dam eventually bursts, as it must.

2. Friendships and Relationships

Deep, long-lasting friendships can be problematic for TCKs given their time restraints and the traditional waiting period of evaluating potential friends at the start of a new school year. It may be a few months before a newly arrived TCK feels confident enough to even start making friends and then the school year is ending — and possibly the person they have targeted for friendship is leaving for another post. In some cases, knowing their time is short, some children prefer not to make any friends at all, if it means leaving them too soon. Parents need to help out with their TCK's efforts at friendships by facilitating visits, sleepovers, picnics, play dates, or whatever works.

With the moving cycle associated with life as a TCK, some children also never learn some of the life skills necessary for satisfying interpersonal relationships. In so many instances, they can leave a post without dealing with or settling a problem they may have had with a friend. They can just

leave, which is hardly a good method of dealing with a bad situation. Once again, parents need to help out and force their children to deal with problems in friendship head-on rather than just fleeing the scene.

Long-term relationships will also be problematic for TCKs, especially if they cross over into what Dr. Pollock calls a 'mixed marriage', that is, a TCK marries an OK (one-culture kid) who plans to never move around. The partner can't understand many of the ingrained instincts and feelings of the TCK and this can cause problems in the marriage.

TCKs, say the experts, tend to seek out one another, especially on university campuses where they may also befriend the local population of foreign students, with whom they feel a lot more comfortable. It has been said, in fact, that TCKs are really foreign students in disguise.

3. Career Issues and Role Models

I have already noted that TCKs tend to delay decisions about careers and likely switch jobs a lot. It should be plain how some of these feelings arise; after viewing the world, the career choices for the TCK may seem unlimited. Also, with a closer attachment to parents, who may still be living somewhere overseas, the TCK may further delay

career decisions and choose to stay for a while with their parents in still another foreign country.

Another important issue which influences career decisions, indeed influences the road to adult career issues, is the absence of role models from their own culture in the TCKs' life. Educators and medical people alike have noted this unique situation which exists for TCKs. Growing up in international communities, TCKs are exposed to very few types of people outside of middle-class professionals who are likely above average in both education and intelligence.

It Can't Be Too Bad a Life

The experts say that 10 percent of TCKs, when adults, look for some small town and choose to hug a tree — in other words, put down roots. The other 90 percent of TCKs choose to return to international life.

So parents of TCKs agonizing over the childhood they are providing should stop to consider: international life must be a great life if so many children choose it for themselves when they grow up.

Copies of Robin Pascoe's book are available by writing to Robin c/o PAFSO, Suite 600, 45 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 5W8.

INTERESTED IN INTERNATIONAL CAREERS?

Learn about and prepare for international opportunities through these timely presentations available to groups, schools and universities

- **Paths to the International Career Track** - 1/2 day lecture on overseas volunteer/experiential, academic and work opportunities for young (16-35) Canadians
- **Targeting Careers in International Business** - 1/2 day lecture on strategies, actions, sources and contacts to pursue a career in international business
- **Introduction to Foreign Service Careers** - 1/2 day lecture on the Foreign Service entry competition, work in Canada and abroad, and academic advice for this career

Individual counselling also available by appointment

• • • • •

- All presentations by Barry Yeates, an international marketing and training consultant, and former Foreign Service Officer
- Sponsored since 1984 at secondary schools/boards and universities across Canada, and at national and international counselling conferences

For information, references and fees:

FOREIGN SERVICE EXAMINATION & CAREER COUNSELLING INC.
104-404 LAURIER AVENUE EAST
OTTAWA - K1N 6R2

Telephone: (613) 567-9229

Facsimile: (613) 567-9098

PETER F. BURNET

Barrister and Solicitor
(formerly of External Affairs)

Family Law

Wills and Estates

Real Estate

Suite 400
200 Elgin St.
Ottawa, Canada
K1L 8K5

Tel: (613) 594-8000
Fax: (613) 235-7578
Home: (613) 744-8729

The Foreign Policy Review of 1968

by Mitchell Sharp

*This is an excerpt from Mitchell Sharp's memoirs, **Which Reminds Me...** (University of Toronto Press, 1993, 228 pp., \$35.00). The memoirs trace Mr. Sharp's career from Ottawa mandarin in the 1940s and the 1950s to Cabinet Minister through most of the 1960s and 1970s, an astonishing career at the forefront of Canadian public policy for over four decades. He has now returned to the spotlight as a One-Dollar-a-Year Advisor on Ethics to the Liberal Government.*

As Secretary of State for External Affairs from 1968-1974, Mr. Sharp has some observations on our Department and on foreign policy making which have particular relevance today. This excerpt offers Mr. Sharp's view on integration, the Foreign Policy Review and our relations with the USA.

The Attack by Trudeau on Diplomats

Prime Minister Trudeau's double-edged attack on External Affairs, his questioning of the conventional wisdom with respect to foreign policy and his questioning of the value of ambassadors in the modern world of telecommunications and air travel, came as a great shock. It is a tribute to the resilience and intelligence of the department under Ritchie's firm guidance that it emerged from these initial attacks as well as it did. It wasn't until several years later, when misguided (in my view) efforts were made to turn External Affairs from a policy-making department into a central agency, with three ministers and three deputy ministers, that real damage was done to the prestige of the department and the morale of its officials.

Those who served abroad as ambassadors, high commissioners, and in other senior positions were as aware as Prime Minister Trudeau of the changes that had

taken place as a result of the communications revolution. By the time I became secretary of state for external affairs in 1968, the long, detailed despatches over which the ambassador and his or her aides once laboured mightily were no longer in vogue. Instead, ambassadors spent a great deal of time not on dispatches but in advising visiting Canadian ministers, helping visiting Canadian businessmen, and attending a proliferation of international gatherings, which were also the result of the communications revolution. I therefore regarded the Prime Minister's comments about learning as much from newspapers as from diplomatic dispatches as superficial and unfair, and I was pleased when, after he had been in office for some time, he did not repeat them. His early comments may have served, however, to remind senior officials in External Affairs that they were not exempt from the public scrutiny and criticism that was accepted as normal by officials of other departments.

Two other developments affected the organization of External Affairs in those early years of my incumbency. One was the appointment by the Prime Minister in 1969 and 1970 of several senior officials of External Affairs as deputy ministers to other departments. This in itself was a tribute to the competence of External officials and, although it deprived the department of talent, it also opened the way for promotion of younger officers. When it happened, I recalled an off-hand comment made to me many years before by Norman Robertson, that it was a pity the government had devoted so much talent to foreign affairs and so little, relatively speaking, to federal-provincial affairs. Some of those who left later returned after seasoning, including three deputy ministers, Basil Robinson, Allan Gottlieb, and Derek Burney.

It also became necessary for the department, because of budgetary restraints at the beginning of the Trudeau regime, to reduce the number of personnel. This was done by eliminating a few smaller posts abroad and by reducing the number of personnel at most embassies and high commissions. It was a painful process, particularly for the under-secretary, who was responsible for the imple-

mentation of the cutbacks. My impression was that the department emerged leaner and trimmer and without impairment of any essential programs except, regrettably, its promotion abroad of Canada's cultural image. Cultural activity, at home and abroad, is always the first victim of such economy drives.

Before becoming secretary of state for external affairs, my experience both as official and minister had been in economic affairs — trade, foreign investment, international finance, and so forth. This proved to be useful in my new job, since Canada is far more important in economic than in political terms. I also recognized that our posts abroad should be headed by ambassadors, high commissioners, and consuls general who understood the importance of promoting Canada's economic as well as its political interests. I did not, however, believe that the Trade Commissioner Service should be absorbed into the Department of External Affairs. It was my opinion then — and still is — that trade commissioners should come under the discipline of the head of post while serving abroad, but should continue to report to the department that can provide the necessary back-up and support at home and direct contact with exporters, namely a department concerned with industry, trade, and commerce.

The Foreign Policy Review

Prime Minister Pearson and Paul Martin, his secretary of state for external affairs, had authorized a review of foreign policy before they left office and, when Trudeau and I succeeded them, the Department of External Affairs produced the resulting report, prepared by Norman Robertson, a former under-secretary of state for external affairs who was widely regarded as the foremost mandarin of his day. Trudeau rejected it as inadequate. He wanted a fundamental review that examined even such far-out alternatives for Canada as neutrality and non-alignment.

The review proceeded along two lines: one, which took precedence, centring on the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO); the other consisting of a series of papers, prepared by officials of External Affairs in

consultation with officials in other interested departments. These papers were eventually approved by the government and published under the general title *Foreign Policy for Canadians*.

Although officials were involved, the debate within cabinet about NATO centred on the differing views of ministers, some of whom — especially Marchand, Pelletier, Macdonald, and Kierans — wanted Canada to withdraw from NATO or, if that was not acceptable, at least to bring back our troops from Europe. The Prime Minister presided over the debate, which took place at the outset in the Priorities and Planning Committee and, at the end, in the full cabinet. Trudeau cross-examined, raised questions, and challenged officials and officers of the Armed Forces to defend their opinions, but kept his counsel. I am uncertain to this day what policy Trudeau would personally have preferred at that point in time. All he made clear was his determination not to be satisfied with the conventional wisdom and to shake up the establishment.

The debate in cabinet committee went on for weeks. We examined and rejected all the alternatives to membership in NATO, such as neutrality, non-alignment, and a defence arrangement with the United States alone. These alternatives being rejected, a continuation of membership in NATO seemed to be accepted and the debate shifted to the extent of our participation. Should we have troops in Europe and, if so, how many?

'Foreign Policy for Canadians'

Never before 1968 had any Canadian government tried to express Canadian foreign policy in a single set of public documents. Until then, the content of Canadian foreign policy was to be found in ministerial speeches, in occasional documents, in the annual reports of the Department of External Affairs, and in papers and books written by academics. Nor, until then, had any Canadian government tried to place foreign policy within a consistent framework of Canadian interests and objectives. Foreign offices in other countries were astonished at our rashness.

At the time, I had some doubts about the value of publishing *Foreign Policy for Canadians*. Of necessity, it was full of generalities and was bound to raise controversy. Mr. Pearson looked upon these papers as an attack on his record. Yet, many years later, when the Mulroney government undertook the same initiative, I came to realize how thorough our review had been in the early 1970s and how relatively clear and precise had been the descriptions of our policy, both the overall policy and the policies in relation to Europe, Latin America, foreign aid, the

United Nations, and the Pacific, the subjects of the subsidiary pamphlets. So quickly did the world change that it wasn't long, however, before these papers became outdated and largely irrelevant.

Never before 1968 had any Canadian government tried to express Canadian foreign policy in a single set of public documents.

The main criticism of *Foreign Policy for Canadians* was that it did not include a separate pamphlet on relations with the United States — rather like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. This was not an oversight. We had concluded, perhaps wrongly, that so pervasive were Canadian relations with the United States that the main paper was to a very large extent a discussion of Canada's relations with our southern neighbour.

The Third Option

Curiously, the biggest change in our approach to foreign policy came about not as a result of the Foreign Policy Review or *Foreign Policy for Canadians*. It occurred, instead, when the U.S. government decided to bring its continuing foreign-exchange crisis under control.

As I mentioned earlier, the decision in 1971 of John Connally, U.S. secretary of the Treasury, to apply a surcharge on imports from Canada effectively ended the special relationship between our two countries. I was directed by cabinet, as secretary of state for external affairs, to undertake a special study of Canada-U.S. relations. My department prepared an inventory of outstanding economic issues between our two countries that was kept up to date and circulated among the ministers. Concurrently, arising out of a suggestion that I made, Klaus Goldschlag, a senior official in External Affairs, drafted a paper discussing three options for Canada's economic policy in relation to the United States.

- Canada can seek to maintain more or less its present relationship with the United States with a minimum of policy adjustments;

- Canada can move deliberately toward closer integration with the United States;
- Canada can pursue a comprehensive, long-term strategy to develop and strengthen the Canadian economy and other aspects of its national life and in the process to reduce the present Canadian vulnerability.

This paper in its final form became known as the Third Option. It was discussed at length and over several months, in both the Priorities and Planning Committee and in cabinet, between February and its publication in the fall of 1972. Although I favoured the Third Option, I made it clear to my colleagues that its adoption as government policy would involve difficult decisions, greater Canadian control over Canadian economic activity, and improved industrial efficiency and competitiveness.

The ministers concerned with economic matters, at Finance and at Industry, Trade and Commerce — and, in particular, their deputy ministers, Simon Reisman and J.F. Grandy — didn't favour showing our hand to our opponent while negotiating with the Americans. In general, they favoured a reactive, pragmatic approach; in other words, a continuation of the first option. Prime Minister Trudeau participated actively in the debate and strongly favoured publication of the Third Option paper as evidence of the determination of the government to maintain Canadian independence.

No minister or official favoured the second option, closer integration with the United States or the negotiation of a free-trade agreement with our great neighbour. Some who participated in the 1971 discussions — notably Donald Macdonald and Simon Reisman — changed their view on that issue in the late 1980s. I didn't.

I continued to be opposed to free trade with the United States and, many years later — in the late 1980s, when the Mulroney government negotiated an agreement — I spoke out against it.

My opposition to the FTA was not based on economics. I am an advocate of freer trade. I strongly supported various rounds of multilateral tariff reductions in the GATT, which played a central role in the expansion of world trade and in lowering trade barriers between Canada and the United States, thereby contributing to rising living standards in Canada. I spent a large part of my political life fighting the economic nationalists and protectionists within and outside the Liberal Party.

What I considered a deplorable error in terms of national policy was to shift from a multilateral or international approach to a continental approach, to accord better

treatment to trade with the United States than to trade with Europe and Japan. Until then, we had done what we could to resist the overwhelming influence of the United States in our economy, our culture, and our politics. By entering into an exclusive free-trade agreement designed to integrate the economies of our two countries, we were not only abandoning our resistance, we were deliberately inviting ourselves to be overwhelmed.

To the proponents of the FTA who put economics first and down played the threat to Canadian independence, identity, and freedom of action, I responded by pointing out that if the primary goal of national policy is, as they contend, to ensure more and better jobs for the people who live north of the forty-ninth parallel, there is a better and more effective way than free trade to go: why did they not advocate joining the United States!

I digress. Let me return to 1971. The cabinet, after long and detailed discussion, approved the Third Option strategy.

I favoured and was authorized, as secretary of state for external affairs, to publish the paper on Canada-U.S. relations over my own signature, but not as part of *Foreign Policy for Canadians*. I did so in the publication *International Perspectives* in the fall of 1972. Whatever the purpose of this subtle

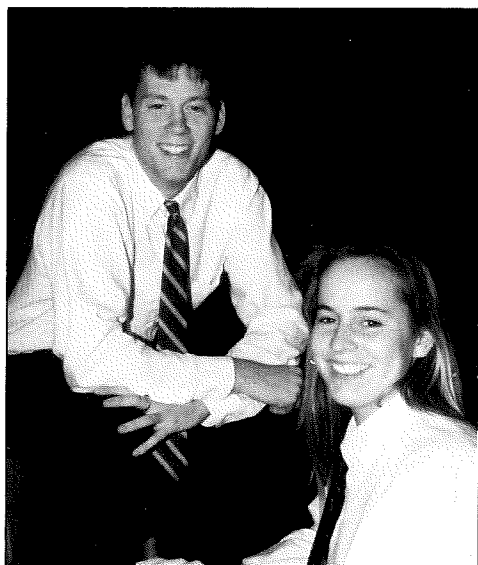
differentiation may have been, the Third Option came to be accepted as government policy. Moreover, the Third Option came to be invoked enthusiastically by the government and by others to support policies that were far more nationalistic than my paper had proposed, a consequence that I deplored.

*Did the Third Option
succeed? It did
succeed, I think,
in prompting the
government to give
stronger support to
national institutions
like the CBC and
the Canada Council,
and to bilingualism.*

I intended the Third Option not only as an alternative to pragmatism on the one hand and integration with the United States

on the other, but also as a preferred alternative to the more extreme kinds of nationalistic measures that were being advocated in some quarters at the time.

Did the Third Option succeed? For years after the publication of the options paper in October 1972, I was asked this question by journalists and university students writing essays or theses. It did succeed, I think, in prompting the government to give stronger support to national institutions like the CBC and the Canada Council, and to bilingualism, all of which helped to define and support Canadian culture and identity. On the economic side, the government did devote a good deal of effort to the promotion of overseas trade during the 1970s and 1980s. Nevertheless, the proportion of our total trade — exports and imports — that we did with the United States continued to increase. The Third Option had contemplated the adoption of policies to alter the industrial structure of Canada so as to diversify and strengthen our industries and thereby reduce our independence upon the United States as an export market and as a source of imports. This was never really seriously attempted and, in retrospect, was probably far too difficult an undertaking for any federal government of Canada, given the crucial role of the provinces with respect both to resources and industry. 



For immediate attention contact:

Admissions, Albert College
160 Dundas St. West
Belleville, Ontario
K8P 1A6
Tel: (613) 968-5726
Fax: (613) 968-9651



ALBERT COLLEGE
SINCE 1857

**When posted overseas,
7 Reasons Why Albert College is the
best choice for your son or daughter.**

- With a teacher-pupil ratio of 1:9 Albert College offers small classes averaging 14 students from grades 7 – OAC.
- With over 125 years of co-educational experience, Albert College offers a warm and friendly atmosphere.
- Because 20% of Albert's students are from families posted overseas, parents are well informed as to their child's progress. **References available.**
- Albert College is located on a scenic 25-acre campus along the beautiful Bay of Quinte 2 1/2 hours from Ottawa, less than two hours from Toronto.
- College and University Preparatory, in fact 100% of 1993 graduates were accepted at the school of their choice.
- A \$3 million endowment means that one student in six receives bursary or scholarship assistance.
- Albert College is a member of the Canadian Association of Independent Schools, the Conference of Independent Schools (Ontario) and a founding member of the Canadian Educational Standards Institute.

AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION

by J.E. Thibault

It happened quite some time ago: during the summer of 1958. The Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia was still very much a going concern under the inspired and undisputed leadership of Marshal Tito. The fifteenth anniversary celebrations of the dismal failure of the German Army to destroy the Partisan Movement through a series of battles on or about the Sutjeska River valley in Montenegro, known locally as the Fifth Offensive, had come and gone. If, as a result of Tito's unrepentant challenge of the Kremlin's authority as to what ought to be the right Road to Socialism, the country had forfeited a not inconsiderable amount of aid and assistance from the Soviet Bloc and was hurting from its cancellation, it was putting a bold face to it all.

I had only recently arrived in Belgrade with my wife, to take up my new assignment as First Secretary and Consul at the Embassy. Our number one priority had been to familiarize ourselves as rapidly as possible with our new surroundings which, needless to say, differed greatly from those we had left behind. Doggedly stumbling through both the local language and the cyrillic alphabet, we went about discovering, and coping with, strange and oftentimes disconcerting ways of managing affairs and doing business. We thought the French National Day reception would provide a welcomed respite from our current exertions.

Even so, I could not help but be concerned as to the import of a telephone message which the Embassy had received earlier that morning from the Foreign Ministry. The caller had pointed out that a Canadian citizen, whom he identified as a Major William Jones of the Canadian Army, would be arriving in Belgrade in the course of the afternoon. Major Jones, so went the message, was most anxious to meet with the First Secretary at the earliest opportunity. As it happened, I was also acting as Chargé d'Affaires in the Ambassador's absence from the country.

By closing time, I had not yet heard from Major Jones or his whereabouts. I therefore left for home, not without having informed the guard on duty beforehand of my forthcoming engagement and instructed him as

to where I might be reached in between times and after, should anything of moment develop.

I had barely reached home when the guard called to say that Major Jones, who had by now arrived in town and was installed in the Hotel Metropol, had asked that I see him immediately following my return from the French National Day to discuss, or so he intimated to the guard, what was a most pressing matter.

*Wearing an
eye patch and the
tam-o'-shanter of the
Black Watch [Jones]
was dropped
by parachute behind
enemy lines in
Croatia.*

The reception over, I therefore saw my wife home and called on Major Jones at his hotel. Jones, who received me in his room, was a man in his mid-sixties, of somewhat less than average height, slight of build, and wearing a crumpled pearl grey suit. All in all, a most unprepossessing man, whatever the nature of his business might be. The introductions over, I was told by Jones, in what struck me at the time to be in a most casual way, that the First Vice-President of the Republic, His Excellency Edvard Kardelj, whom he kept referring to as Edo, was awaiting him with friends for dinner at his official residence in that select portion of *Topcider*, a residential Belgrade suburb, known as *Dedinje*. It was to be a very informal affair and both my wife and I were expected to accompany him.

At that time, ranking Yugoslav Communists were not known to open their homes to foreigners, least of all, to diplomats. Theirs, like those of the Soviet Union or of

the Satellite States, was very much a closed society. This, to a newcomer like me, made the situation all the more intriguing. When I pointed out that I would have to inform my wife of this quite unexpected development, Jones replied that this had already been done, presumably by Protocol at the Foreign Ministry. And so, preceded by a chauffeured black Mercedes limousine in the back of which our Major Jones sat happily ensconced, and with the customary outriders racing ahead, I sped home in our Opel sedan to pick up my wife, no less bewildered than I at this unprecedented turn of events, and thereupon made for the Vice-Presidential residence on Tolstoyeva.

A word now about Major Jones. At the time of his visit to Yugoslavia, he operated in Wellandport, Ontario, what was then known as Belgrade Farms. A native of Digby, Nova Scotia, he had fought overseas with the Black Watch of Canada during the First World War, been wounded five times and lost an eye in action in 1917. For his distinguished conduct in the face of the enemy, he had been twice awarded the DCM and promoted through the ranks from private to captain. Following the outbreak of war in 1939, Jones, notwithstanding that he had but one good eye, would try to enlist as a fighter pilot in the RCAF by memorizing the eye-chart. Found out and rejected from the service, he made for England as a seaman aboard a merchant ship where he was commissioned in the RAF and employed for a while as a drill instructor. Posted in the course of time to the Middle East, he would be transferred to the Special Operations Executive (SOE) (the ultra secret British organization that parachuted volunteers into occupied Europe to liaise with resistance groups), with the rank of major in the British Army. It was in this capacity that, wearing an eye patch and the tam-o'-shanter of the Black Watch, he was dropped by parachute behind enemy lines in Croatia, near what was then Partisan headquarters in Yugoslavia, on the night of May 18/19, 1943. The first of a series of military liaison officers to be sent by the British to Tito during the war, he was also by all accounts the oldest of them all.

I referred earlier to *Topcider*. *Topcider* still retained something of its pre-war attraction

if only because of its choice location within the City limits. A number of Ambassadors and sundry members of the Diplomatic Corps had been housed in the area. *Dedinje* in particular had the distinction of housing the leaders of the Yugoslav establishment of the day. Especially favoured by them were the two avenues, *Tolstoyeva* and *Uzicka*, which ran parallel to each other and topped the brow of the hill. Together, they formed a heavily guarded and patrolled enclave where none but the privileged few ever gained admittance.

Before the war, its stately homes, each of them sheltered by high walls from prying eyes, had housed the rich and the mighty of the day. Once Tito had firmly installed himself as Head of what would come to be known as the Federal Socialist Republic of Yugoslavia, the properties in question were rapidly commandeered and their occupants unceremoniously turned out to make way for the new *gratin*. Rumour had it that the place was honeycombed with interconnecting tunnels and studded with concealed pill-boxes and machine gun nests which could transform it within minutes into a formidably defended perimeter.

The residence which Vice-President Kardelj then occupied on *Tolstoyeva* was of polished grey stone, reminiscent in style of a well-to-do French residence, with a glass-canopied entrance at the end of a well-tended driveway. A guard stood at the door where all three of us were met by the ubiquitous UDBA factotum, attired in the usual blue serge suit. We were then taken through a marble hall, up two flights of red carpeted stairs flanked on both sides by potted rubber plants, and on to a small hallway leading to what appeared to be a massive oak door. When opened, the door revealed the private apartments of the Vice-President and his wife, Pepica.

There to greet us in shirt sleeves stood our host. A man of average height, rather on the portly side, he reminded me with his bespectacled round face of a character out of Dickens. Surrounding him, besides his wife, were Marietta Kidric, Marijan Brecelj, Ales Bebler, Vladko Velebit and Joze Vilfan, all of them quite relaxed and in an unexpectedly open and friendly mood. While my wife and I were understandably greeted with a certain amount of formality, the welcome afforded Jones by them all was most effusive.

Just who were these assembled comrades? As I would subsequently find out, they came from the highest echelons of the Party. They had been with Tito through thick and thin from the start, and now savoured in power the results of their past endeavours. Kardelj, of course, besides being Tito's right hand man, was as well the leading theoretician of the League of

Communists of Yugoslavia. Kardelj's wife, Pepica, like him, a dedicated Communist, had joined the Party's youth wing in the Thirties. Answering Tito's call of July 1941, she had fought gallantly alongside the Partisans to liberate her country of its German and Italian occupants.

Marijan Brecelj, a former Partisan who hailed from Slovenia and had most likely known Jones when he was attached to Tito's headquarters, was currently serving as Yugoslavia's Minister of Foreign Trade. Ales Bebler, was a Communist of long standing. After having served as Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs during the early years of Tito's regime (1946), and subsequently, as Foreign Minister, he was, when we met, presiding over the Skuptina (Federal Parliament)'s Committee for Foreign Affairs. As for Joze Vilfan, we would learn, shortly after our evening at the Kardeljs, that he had been called upon to chair Slovenia's National Assembly.

By far the most interesting character of the lot was Vladimir (Vladko) Velebit. The scion of a distinguished Croat military family, he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-general in the Army of Socialist Yugoslavia, ostensibly for services rendered to the Communist cause in the course of its fight against the German and Italian occupants. Velebit was, by profession, a lawyer. His polished manners as well as his gift for languages (he spoke English like an Oxford don) had led Tito to appoint him as his first Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He had also served a term as Deputy Foreign Minister.

And then, of course, there was Marietta Kidric. Her presence among the Kardeljs' guests was not a mere coincidence. She had been the wife and devoted partner of the late Boris Kidric. Kidric had been one of Tito's most trusted advisors. Jones had known him when he was chief political commissar of the Slovenian partisans. When he died in 1953, the Party, we are told, "honoured his

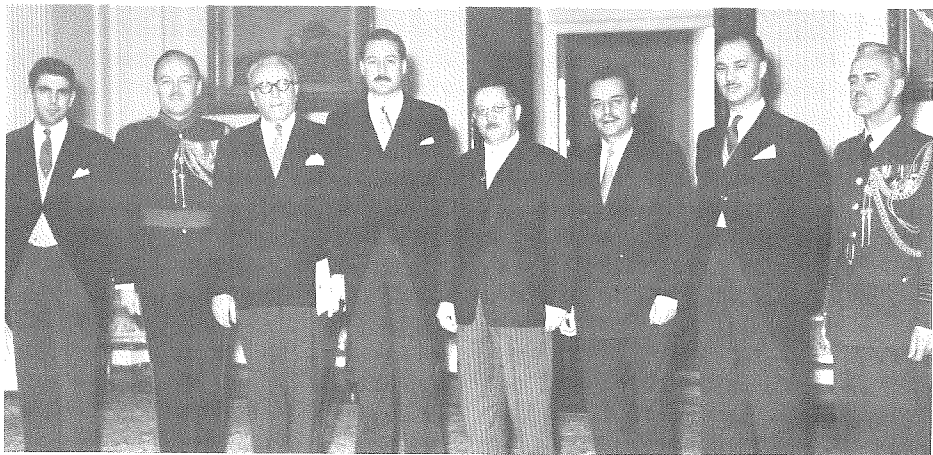
merits in the cause of Titoism by a funeral of almost Byzantine splendour".

At the time of his death, Boris Kidric was Chairman of the Economic Council. As such, he had been responsible for the application of Yugoslavia's ill-starred Five Year Plan. Announced with great fanfare on the first anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic (November 26, 1946), the Plan aimed at the rapid industrialization of the country, with special emphasis on heavy industry. It outdid in conception anything ever conceived in Russia during the stormy 'twenties' and 'thirties'. What it had regrettably overlooked however was the fact that Yugoslavia possessed neither the resources nor the trained industrial specialists and technicians to see it through to fruition. Added to which, Belgrade assumed that the Hungarians, the Czechs and the East Germans might be counted upon to assist both materially and financially in the venture. Nothing could have been farther from Moscow's intentions. This, as much as any other factor, would eventually result in Yugoslavia's isolation from the Communist world.

Inasmuch as Tito favoured the Plan, it would go ahead, come what may. Not unexpectedly, it turned out to be, at a time when the country could least afford it, inordinately costly and especially wasteful in resources, material and manpower. Help had of course to come from the outside, and when it did, it came not from the East but from the West. In the meantime, criticism of the Plan, however well informed, was stifled when it was not purely and simply equated with treason.

So much for history.

The presentations and greetings over, Jones, my wife and I were ushered into what was in effect a living cum dining room. A large green tiled ceramic stove, located in the center of it, served as room divider. In style, decoration and furniture, the apartment was meant to reproduce the interior of



At presentation of credentials: l. to r. D. Stevenson, D. Dailley, Mr. Markovich, R.A.D. Ford, E. Kardelj, Lt. Gen. Popovic, J.E. Thibault, B. Richer

a Slovenian peasant home. Scattered about were mementos of the Kardeljs' travels and acquisitions. On the walls were several framed sketches. One was of our host, the Vice-President, done while he was serving as chief political commissar with the Partisans. Yet another depicted an area most likely reminiscent of some event with which our host or his wife had, at one moment in their life, been intimately connected. That which readily caught everyone's eye, however, and was the source of much merriment, was one of the VP, drawn by a cartoonist friend of his and which purported to show him addressing the faithful from a podium and assuring them that "I will be brief", while his script coiled like a serpent from his hands to his legs and on to the floor. Finally, in a corner of what served as the sitting room stood the very latest in Telefunken radio and phonograph equipment. All in all, a very respectable bourgeois interior, not altogether different from that which one might find in the decadent West.

Round after round of *slivovitz* (plum brandy) and *sladko* (maraschino cherry liqueur) now became the order of the day and endless healths drunk: to friendship, the Partisans, the Canadian and Yugoslav peoples and, of course, to the country's great leader and mentor, Marshal Tito.

Having already been served a variety of local appetizers, we were invited to feast on venison, shot by the VP some kilometres out of Belgrade and prepared by his wife. Local wines flowed freely. So did the conversation.

The invitation to Jones, to whom we had been associated so fortuitously, was but a thinly veiled cover for old wartime comrades to get together; comrades whose association went back to those fateful days when, in the mountain of Yugoslavia, a rag-tag band of insurgents under Communist command and led by Tito, had taken it upon itself to wage unrelenting guerilla warfare against the country's occupiers and their local sympathizers.

What did impress my wife and me was the relaxed atmosphere in which we found ourselves and the genuine spirit of camaraderie which prevailed. With the record-player droning on endlessly in the background, perhaps as a measure of security against prying ears, everyone reminisced as to how well they had carried out, against tremendous odds and with little more than captured weapons and equipment, the good fight from one end of the country to the other, always with kith, kin and wounded following, and never more than a step ahead of the enemy.

The evening reminded us of like meetings where veterans, the world over, reminisce of battles and encounters shared in a distant

past. The difference in this case, however, was that it referred to happenings which, barring what Churchill had had to say in his memoirs as to what had seemingly gone on between friend and foe in this remote European theatre of operations, were virtually unknown to us in the West. I was then of course quite unaware, as I suspect everyone at the Embassy was, that Jones had been interviewed by *Maclean's* or that he had recounted his wartime experiences in a booklet entitled *Twelve Months with Tito's Partisans* and published in England by Bedford Press in 1946.

*His determination,
courage and
selflessness in
so doing had won
him the undying
admiration and
gratitude of the
Yugoslav leadership
and peoples, and yet
his deeds remained,
for all intents
and purposes,
unknown to his
fellow citizens.*

For the twelve months or so during which Jones was attached to the Partisans, he so endeared himself to Tito and other leaders of the Movement that he had been singled out for special attention and treatment at the time of the Sutjeska celebrations. He travelled from Wellandport to Yugoslavia as a privileged guest of the country's establishment.

Wherever Jones went in Slovenia, Croatia or Bosnia, he was reportedly showered with gifts of all kinds by the local branches of the Yugoslav war veterans' association and, I suspect, awarded as well the country's highest honours for his signal contribution to the Partisans' final victory over its occupants and their local collaborators. Time and again in the course of the evening at the Kardeljs, my wife and I were reminded, not the least by the Vice-President himself, what a

selfless individual and an exceptional source of strength and comfort Jones had proven to be to the Partisans' leadership in its hour of need. The feeling of Jones for the Partisans was mutual. The years had not in any way dimmed his admiration or enthusiasm for Tito and his fighters.

Velebit for his own part would tell me that even though Jones had been clearly outranked by several of his former British colleagues who had also been invited to attend the Sutjeska celebrations, Tito had nevertheless had him sought out and brought to him for everyone to see. In doing so, he had wished to demonstrate to those present the abiding nature of his friendship for this Canadian who, notwithstanding his age, handicap and the hazards involved in coming as and when he did to help him and his embattled fighters, had done this from the highest of motives and to the limit of his capabilities.

On this high note, the old comrades' reunion came to a close. Yugoslavs, at such times, can become quite emotional, especially when having to take leave of old and trusted friends. There were accordingly more than one tearful embrace reserved for Jones, not least from the male members present, when we finally left.

On reflection, I thought at the time that there was somehow a touch of irony in all of this. Here indeed was a man — Jones — who, in wartime, had done his utmost to assist Tito and his embattled Partisans in their hour of need. His determination, courage and selflessness in so doing had won him the undying admiration and gratitude of the Yugoslav leadership and peoples, and yet his deeds remained, for all intents and purposes, unknown to his fellow citizens.

I did not see Jones again. I learned much later that he had passed away in August of 1969, presumably at his farm in Wellandport. In his declining years, he had expressed concern over the pension rights of the handful of Canadians of Yugoslav ancestry who, for quite obvious reasons and at London's request and on its behalf, had been recruited, trained and, like him, parachuted in Croatia and Bosnia as part of the British Liaison Mission to the Partisans in April of 1943. It was a measure of the man that he continued, even at that late date, to be concerned with the welfare of those who, at one time or another, would in all likelihood have come under his command. 

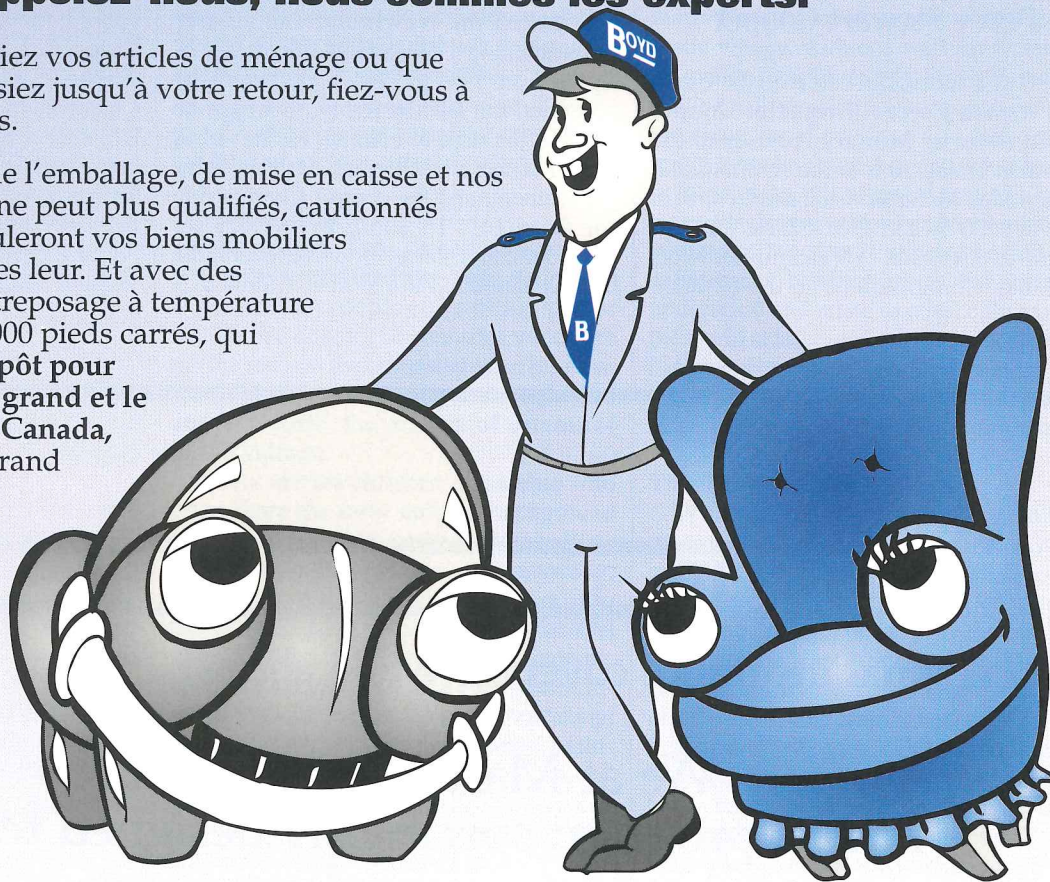
Mr. Thibault is a retired Ambassador currently living in Aylmer, Quebec. He has had postings in South Africa, the UN in New York, Norway, Yugoslavia, Argentina, and as Ambassador to Cameroon and Romania.

NE PARTEZ PAS SANS NOUS !

**Vous déménagez ailleurs au pays ou à l'étranger ?
Appelez-nous, nous sommes les experts.**

Que vous emportiez vos articles de ménage ou que vous les entreposiez jusqu'à votre retour, fiez-vous à des professionnels.

Nos spécialistes de l'emballage, de mise en caisse et nos déménageurs on ne peut plus qualifiés, cautionnés et assurés manipuleront vos biens mobiliers comme si c'était les leur. Et avec des installations d'entreposage à température contrôlée de 600 000 pieds carrés, qui comprend l'entrepôt pour véhicules le plus grand et le mieux équipé au Canada, nous prendrons grand soin de vos effets personnels. Peu importe votre destination, notre compagnie expédiera par camion, par bateau ou par avion, ou entreposera vos précieux effets.



Nous prendrons même toutes les dispositions nécessaires pour votre voyage, et vous remettons votre billet en main propre !

N'allez pas plus loin, appelez-nous et nous vous ferons visiter nos superbes installations.

Téléphone 613•244-4444 ou Fax 613•244-6774

BOYD
MOVING & STORAGE LTD.

Elsie M. Falls (Morris)

Elsie Falls died suddenly in hospital in Ottawa on Thursday, January 6, 1994. Elsie was the Accountant and Benefits Administrator of PAFSO's life insurance program from 1972 to 1985. Upon her retirement in 1985, Elsie moved to Carp, Ontario and married her long-time friend, Lorne Falls. Never one to slow down, she continued working with tireless energy as a volunteer with the Canadian Cancer Society and the Friendship Club. During her many years of loyal and dedicated service to PAFSO, Elsie built a large circle of friends among her office colleagues and PAFSO members. She will be sadly missed by her family and by all the good friends she has left behind.

Percy Stewart Cooper

As part of a successful career in the Canadian Armed Forces, Brigadier Cooper served twice as Military Adviser to the Canadian Delegation to the International Commission for Supervision and Control in Laos in 1956-57 and 1961-62. He was seconded to External Affairs to serve as Canadian Commissioner to the ICSC in

Laos from 1966-69. In 1969 he joined External Affairs and served in London, first as Canadian Secretary to the Queen for Royal Visits and then as Minister Counsellor (Admin). From 1976 to 1979 he was High Commissioner in Sri Lanka. He died at his home in England on November 27, 1993.

George Bernard Summers, Q.C., LL.D. 1906-1993

Bernard Summers, the first Newfoundlander to enter the Canadian Foreign Service, died in Spain, after a long illness, on November 29, 1993. He will be remembered with respect and affection by many former colleagues.

George Bernard Summers was born in 1906. After practising law for several years he entered the Newfoundland Justice Department in 1934, and was Secretary of Justice from 1939 to 1944. In the latter year he joined the British Army, in which he attained the rank of colonel. He served as a legal officer in the British Army military government, and the control Commission for Germany. In 1950, the year after Newfoundland's entry into Confederation, he was appointed to External Affairs as a

Foreign Service Officer. He was Chargé d'affaires a.i. in Prague, 1954-57; Head of United Nations Division, 1957-59; Ambassador to Iran, 1959-62; and Ambassador to Chile, 1963-71. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Memorial University.

Following his retirement, Bernard and his wife, née Margherita von Wittenburg, resided in Spain. He is survived by his wife, a son and a daughter.

Benjamin Rogers is a former Canadian Ambassador to Peru, Turkey, Spain and Italy.

Orville Ault

Dr. Orville Ault died in Ottawa October 14, 1993 in his 94th year. He was a member of the faculty of Ottawa Teachers' College, served from 1942-46 overseas in the Canadian Army, then became Director of Personnel Selection in the Civil Service Commission from 1946-52. He served as a UN Advisor in Israel and Ghana before being appointed Director of Economic and Technical Assistance (the forerunner of CIDA) from 1958-60. Transferred to External Affairs, his final appointment was as Consul General in San Francisco from 1961-65.

Marsh & McLennan

Personal insurance coverage while abroad.

We at Marsh & McLennan
have a program specifically designed to meet
your overseas personal insurance needs.

**At Marsh & McLennan,
we think you're special**

Marsh & McLennan Limited
600-1565 Carling Avenue
Ottawa, Ontario
K1Z 8R1
Tel.: (613) 725-5050
Fax: (613) 725-1108

The Place of the Rainbow

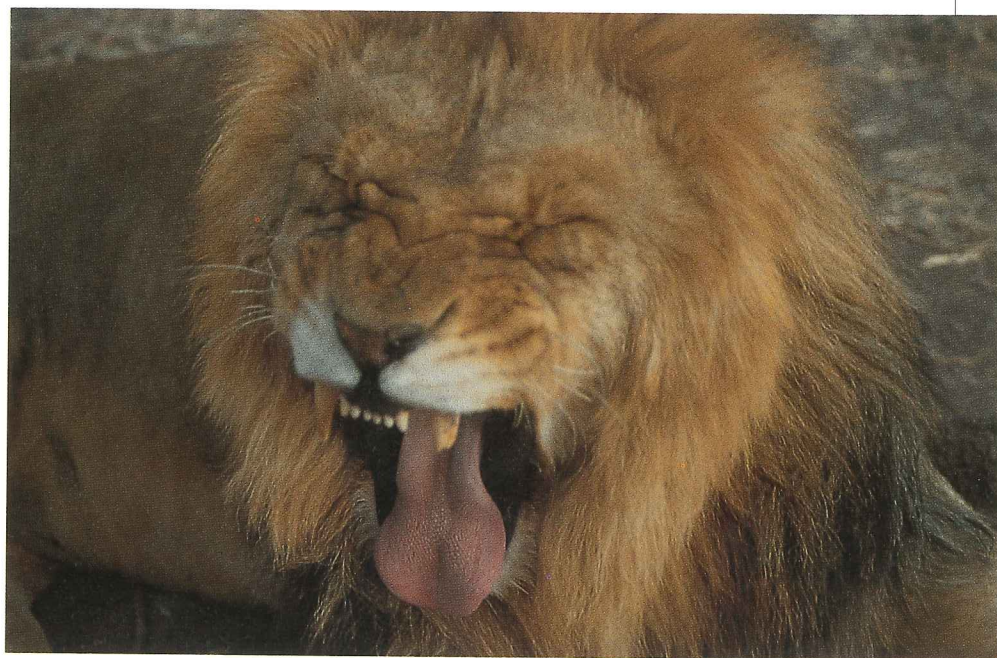
Story and photos by Kurt F. Jensen

A deep and malevolent rumbling, heard long before the source is seen, accompanied the earth's steady trembling. Several columns of vapour, occasionally rising 500 metres into the air, hovered over the area and were visible from a distance of many kilometres. Approaching by air, one saw only a long, low-hanging cloud obscuring much of the promethean view which was visible from the ground.

The ancient inhabitants of the area had called it *Chongwe*, the Place of the Rainbow. The Makololo, who came later, used the name, *Mosi oa Tunya*, the Smoke that Thunders. To honour a foreign queen, it was renamed Victoria Falls in 1855 by Dr. David Livingstone, the first white man to reach this point on the Zambezi River, some 1200 kilometres from its source. Livingstone's statue stands today by the edge of the Zambezi near the cataracts just above the falls. Magnificent by any name, Victoria Falls is one of nature's matchless marvels.

The Zambezi River straddles the frontier between Zambia and Zimbabwe as it thunders towards Victoria Falls. The river drops as much as ninety meters in places, spilling up to 545 million litres of water per minute at the height of the flood season. Shifting winds deposit mist from the Falls to keep the lush tropical foliage perpetually green. Approaching the falls, one enters a magical place unrivaled elsewhere on earth. Double rainbows, created by billowing vapour thrown up by the thundering water, competes with the sheer grandeur of the five separate falls which make up the 1700 metre-wide chasm. Twice as high as Niagara and nearly double the width, Victoria Falls tumbles over the lip of a natural fault which has retreated in a zig-zag fashion through geologic time. Above the gorge, the Zambezi races through turbulent cataracts before tumbling over the long fissure in the earth to begin winding circuitously along a path carved by the Falls millions of years before. Up close, the noise is deafening. The basalt rock beneath my feet trembled from the sheer power of the falls.

Coming from the Victoria Falls Hotel, very close to where the Zambezi tumbles over the abyss, I had approached the Falls overland on the Zimbabwean side. The more direct bush route had been recommended over an easier stroll along a tarmacked road running through the small town of Victoria Falls so that I could avoid two lions which had taken up residence for the past week a short distance from town in the tall, burnt



yellow grass along the verges of the well-travelled highway.

Well-maintained paths around Victoria Falls provide several excellent viewing points. But the best sights are reserved for more intrepid visitors. Leaving the path, I crossed the slippery wet grass towards the gorge. As I approached the fissure, the fine mist from the Falls became constant and the wet grassy knoll on which I stood began to slope downward. I had wanted to take a photograph of the Falls through the spectacular multiple rainbows. Having been well briefed by a guest at my hotel, I knew what to expect. Shortly before being engulfed by the mist and with camera in hand, I had pulled a large plastic laundry bag over my head, pushed the camera lens through a small pre-cut opening which I had prepared, and began to photograph the Falls. One wonders which was the more amazing sight that day: the magnificent Falls or the absurd tourist, plastic bag covering the upper part of his body and seemingly on the verge of toppling over the rim of the cliff.

Water-logged, but with camera equipment dry and safe — and with the photographs I had wanted — I sopped back to the Victoria Falls Hotel. The hotel, splendid and majestic, conveyed the gracious elegance of another age. Built in 1915 to replace an earlier and simpler structure, the refined white tropical building had been developed to service excursion trains from Cape Province in South Africa. The rail line, with a bridge of engineering accomplishment spanning the Victoria Falls gorge, was part of an ambitious

Cape-to-Cairo railway begun at the close of the imperial era but never completed.

The grounds of the hotel abound with beautiful jacaranda trees and flowering bushes, and bore witness to a daily stream of wildlife including colourful birds, mongoose and ever-present guenons monkeys. Great tree climbers, these are Africa's most common monkey family. They weigh about five kilograms each and are distinguished by the way they walk with their tails held out behind them — often with a youngster clinging on. The noisy and rambunctious monkeys were a delight until suppertime when they viewed the feast laid out for guests in the open-air dining area as an opportunity for sampling the fare. Darting between the tables, the monkeys would snatch items in passing. An attempt at decorum was maintained by a waiter patrolling the dining area with a slingshot firing beans at the uninvited guests. His aim was sure and worthy of Olympian recognition. His skill was acknowledged by the monkeys which moved in a noisy wave before him — while diners ducked, hands clutching their heads in protection against ricocheting beans.

The hotel lies a short distance from the town of Victoria Falls and only minutes from the border with Zambia. Flying to Livingstone on the Zambian side of the Falls, I had taken a taxi to the border. With luggage in tow, I had marched up to the customs office where a queuing mass of local people, waiting to cross the frontier, had parted before me — perhaps in surprise at seeing a European crossing the border on

foot. The cheerful crowd, patting my back and laughing, had passed me to the front of the line where passport formalities had been completed. One border guard had agreeably set off on his bike to find a taxi on the Zimbabwean side to carry me the short distance to the hotel from the frontier.

The small town of Victoria Falls is a short distance from the Zambezi River. Although possessed of all modern conveniences, it retains a small-town frontier feeling. A few minutes walk from the town centre is Falls Craft Village, an open-air museum introducing the visitor to the way of life of the indigenous groups which have inhabited the region. The collection runs from the

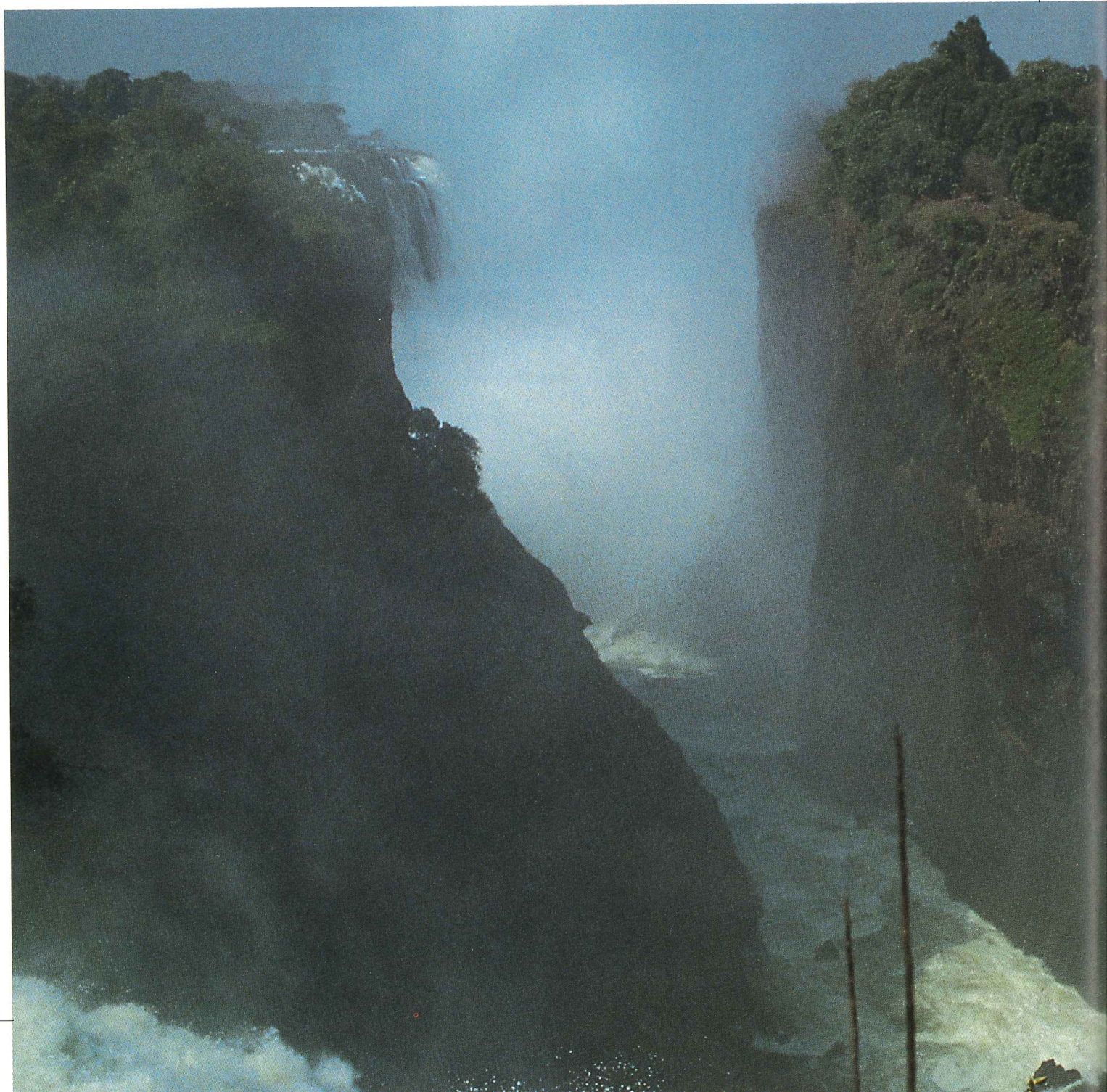
simple stick and grass huts of the Bushman to the elaborately decorated huts of the Venda and Ndebele people. Shops close to the village display beautiful (and inexpensive) locally-made carvings in stone, as well as more mundane tourist fare.

Not far from Victoria Falls is Hwange National Park, one of Zimbabwe's best locations for watching lions and elephants in their natural element. Closer to the town are other lowveld areas for the day-tripper wanting to sample Zimbabwean wildlife.

A half-dozen of us went by truck to one nearby area shortly after daybreak in search of game in the upriver Zambezi bushland towards the Caprivi Strip in Namibia.

Although the sun shone golden orange on the horizon, the air was colder than any of us had expected and we huddled low against the cab of the truck. Only several hours later did the sun warm the air to the point where we were comfortable in our shorts and light shirts.

The passing landscape changed constantly. Our truck rushed by lush green shrubs and bush along the Zambezi before we reached the tall grasses of the savannas. Driving the high-axeled truck through the metre-high grass was not so much difficult as clumsy. Progress was slow. After moving through grasslands for only a short time, we catch a movement in the grass twenty metres in front of us. Quickly halting, we glimpsed



a pride of lions perfectly camouflaged in the burnt yellow grass except for several pointed dark ears raised in caution above the thick undergrowth. In an instant they bolted, their passage identified by a wave moving through the grass and the occasional flash of a black-tipped tail.

Our luck was better later in the day when we came across several lions resting in the afternoon sun. Bored and impervious to our presence, the lions allowed us to maneuver the truck very close, yawning at times to show their disdain for less exalted creatures.

Game was abundant everywhere. Moving through the bushland or the tall grasses, a moment rarely passed without sightings of

zebra, gnus, gazelles, elands, ostrich or large kudus. Buffaloes, closer to the wetlands, were plentiful. One herd raced before us along a rough track for a while before bearing off to the left and turning into a defensive circle with the calves in the center. Although harmless-looking, and with the seeming docility of dairy cows, buffaloes are ferocious and unpredictable. We paused to photograph the buffaloes even though their lowering horns told us our presence was not wanted, but as they started menacingly towards us, pride fell before valour and our clumsy truck beat a retreat.

Huge baobab trees filled the horizon on our return to the hotel. Silhouetted against

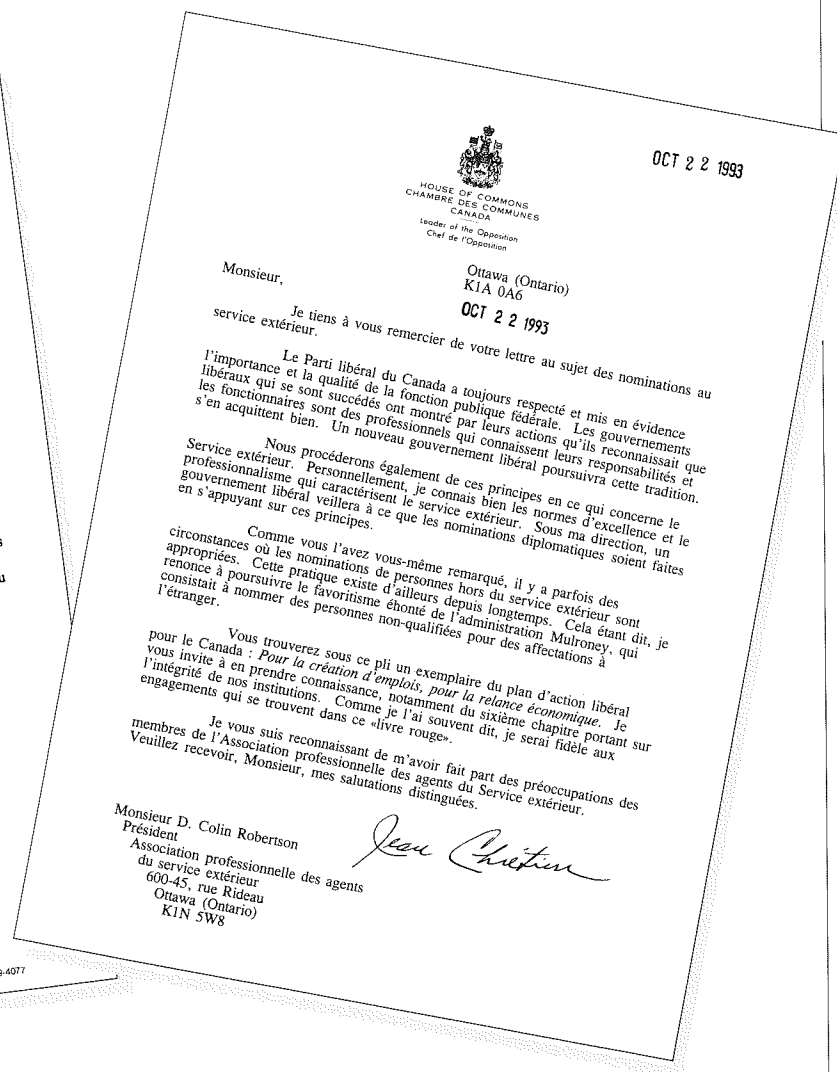
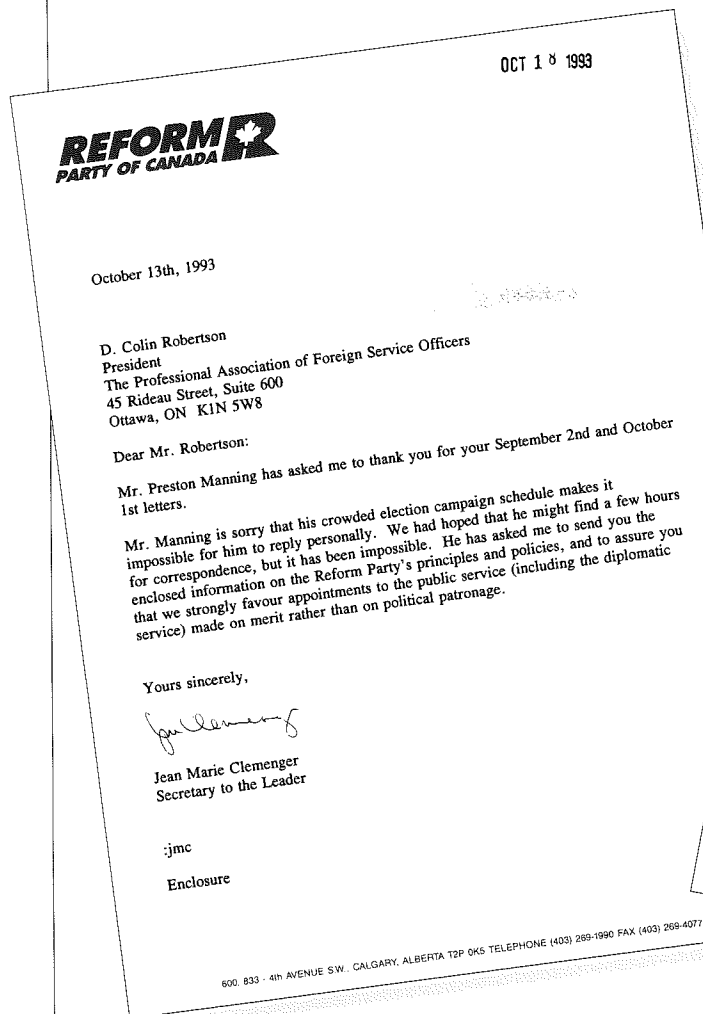
a bright blue sky, the stocky-trunked baobabs looked like uprooted trees replanted with their spreading roots reaching skyward. With every kilometre closer to the hotel, the landscape changed from dry burnt-yellow grasses and dusty-looking trees and bushes to the dark and rich greens credited to the mist thrown up by Victoria Falls. And with our return to the hotel came the low thunderous roar of the Falls attesting to the power and ferocity of one of nature's unique sights. 

Kurt F. Jensen is presently posted to the Consulate General in Boston. He has previously served at missions in Stockholm, Bonn and Port of Spain.



Last issue, **bout de papier** published the letter that the President of PAFSO, Colin Robertson, sent to all political parties before the October federal election. The letter stated the Association's views on a professional foreign service and its concerns over the increasing number of political appointments to the service. The letter asked for the views of all Canadian political parties on the issue of patronage and the foreign service.

Here are the responses from the Liberal and Reform parties. We are pleased to note that they support a professional foreign service and the need to move away from some of the practices of the previous government. The Bloc Québécois acknowledged the PAFSO letter. The Progressive Conservatives did not reply.



PAFSO Executive Committee and the Hon. Perrin Beatty.



PAFSO Executive Members and the Hon. André Ouellet.

TRANSITION

by Kevin O'Shea

Outsiders often wonder how government bureaucracies manage the transition to serving a new government, particularly after having served faithfully another political party for over nine years as was the case with the Ottawa bureaucracy and the Conservative government. The election of a new Liberal government in October 1993 has provided an opportunity to examine this process.

*Thanks to the whole-hearted support and collaboration of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade (most particularly Commissionaire Louie Daigle, recently laid off; the Under-Secretary's student co-op, Francine O'Hara, recently deprived of her security clearance; and the entire Domestic Communications and Cultural Branch, recently transferred from the Department), **bout de papier** was able to patch together a case study of a Department coping with transition.*

Preparing for the Transition

It is three weeks before election day. The Executive Committee of the Department is holding a special retreat to discuss the arrival of a new government, either a Campbell, Manning or Chrétien government, and the implications on Canadian foreign policy.

Reflecting a renewed emphasis on frugality and austerity, the retreat is not at the usual bucolic Quebec sites of Willson House at Lac Meech or at Chateau Montebello. Yet the plain wooden chairs and tables in the corner alcove of the *Brasserie Les Raftsmen* somehow lends itself to a back-to-basic review of Canadian foreign policy.

Like the setting, the agenda is sparse: (1) Challenges and Opportunities for Canadian Foreign Policy in the Nineties and (2) Briefing the New Minister. The discussion is lively. Pitchers of draft beer circulate amongst the Deputies and the Assistant Deputy Ministers.

Bikers at neighbouring tables are momentarily taken back by the perspicacity and incisiveness of the discussions and they themselves are inevitably drawn into the debate. "Vos guêles, têtes carrés! Retourne-toé a Ottawa, gang d'ecoeurants, et nous laisse la paix. 'tit Mo, où sont les strippers?"

Invigorated by the public consultation, the Deputies and ADMs continue their

discussions. One states, "Yes, I recognize the real constraints and limitations on our policy flexibility raised by the geographic branches, but come on guys, let's get real about the issue. We need three briefing books, black, of course. This concept of red briefing books certainly is innovative and different, and breaks with the past."

He continues, "But have we thought out all the downsides? Will we be accused of being a partisan bureaucracy? Suppose the Tories or Reform win? Does this mean we prepare blue and green binders too? In an era of austerity? What would the Auditor General say? Howard, pass me a pickled egg."

Another ADM intervenes, "Just to say that I have been enthralled by the quality of the debate. It's been a long time since we've had such a policy free-for-all at Executive Committee. Some excellent points have been raised over the last hour on the colour of the binders."

"I want to move on to something more substantive. I see a polarity of two policy extremes facing this Department. There is 'the Mother of All Briefing Books' option, pushed very ably by the Policy Unit which argues for one all-encompassing book, which would be pithy, brief, readable, action-oriented, comprehensive, historical and encyclopedic at the same time. Then there is what I would call the 'Fifteen Empire' option. Many ADMS are arguing that fifteen separate branch policy binders would better reflect the functioning of the Department and the uniqueness, complexity and equal priority of all issues. I prefer what I would call 'the Third Option' — three books."

Known for his iconoclastic approach to foreign policy, another ADM jumps into the fray. "Why three? The distinction between 'Main Issue' book and 'Issues: Background' book is artificial. Aren't we splitting proverbial policy hairs." He stops for effect. Someone pours beer into his empty glass and throws him a pepperoni. "Let's do an integrated 'Issues' book and a separate 'Management Issues' book. We can focus exclusively on the first book, because most of us around this table haven't given much thought to the latter. M Branch can do that. They're the bean counters after all."

The discussion rages through the afternoon. The wide range of policy options are considered and thrashed out. The quality of debate is high and the interventions are well-thought out. A sampler:

Organization of briefing book: "I just get sick and tired of people who automatically

dismiss the thought of organizing the book by alphabetical order. Besides I really don't understand how we can organize the 'Issues' book into sections called Immediate Action Issues; Upcoming Policy Challenges; Old Standbys; The Rest."

Style of the briefing note: "I agree with David that we need to write more like the *New York Times* and the *Economist*. But I disagree with him that we should just cut and paste some of their best lines. The Haynal idea is interesting. But I'm just wondering how practical hologramistic 3-D interactive briefs on CD ROM disks would be?"

Font of the briefing note: "OK, Scalable 10 point, I admit, portrays determination, boldness, policy bullishness. But Italics 12 point is aesthetically more pleasing. I say let's put down markers to the new government: aesthetics before policy."

Length of the briefing note: "What is so sacred about one page? What is so sacred about using 8" by 11" paper? The Europeans use longer pieces of paper. I frankly don't have the answers but we need to challenge all conventional ideas".

Format of the briefing notes: "We've just gotta change directions, Reid. The one page Briefing note starting with Issue, Talking Points and Background with no paragraph more than two lines was a Mulroney invention. I say go back to our traditional model—three pages of Background and some meaningless Talking Points which force the Minister to think up his own."

The afternoon session draws to an end as on cue. Indeed, the management of *Les Raftsmen* has thoughtfully provided a cue. Sophie "La Blonde de Beauce" puts money in the jukebox and heads to the stage to strip. The crowd whistles and the retreat retreats.

Briefings for the New Ministers

The swearing-in of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of International Trade as well as the two new Secretaries of State takes place one week after the election victory of the new Liberal Government. The Department prepares for the briefing of the new Ministers.

Three briefing books, the fruit of the careful preparation for the transition laid out at the retreat, are forwarded to Ministers. The Department is ahead of the curve.

Reflecting the vitality of the policy retreat, the format of each of the briefing books changed daily in the three weeks between

the retreat and election day. Each individual briefing note prepared by each division on a particular policy issue has been redrafted by the central Policy Unit to fit the new format and style. No-one is sure what's in the final briefing books.

This is only a slight problem. Each ADM will now individually brief the Ministers on his issues. There is great relief. The integrated briefing books are not that important after all. The Department mobilizes for the last minute preparations of the ADM oral briefing of the Ministers. The Department is behind the curve but the transition moves forward.

The Department in Transition

With the two new Ministers and two new Secretaries of State in place, the Department is now in full transition, quickly changing habits and behaviour acquired during the Conservative government and moving to the patterns and policies of the new Liberal government. A new way of thinking and acting permeates the Pearson Building. Here are a couple of vignettes which illustrate this.

Executive Committee Every Morning at 08h30: The Under-Secretary takes his place at the middle of the table in the executive boardroom. He is surrounded by his Assistant Deputy Ministers. As usual there is a crispness in the air, an atmosphere of action,

no-nonsense and urgency. The agenda is brief. The Under-Secretary turns to one of his ADMs. "Stan, before we start today's meeting, perhaps you could open the meeting with a reading from the good book."

An ADM rises and goes to the new ultra-modern podium at the end of the boardroom. He clears his throat and begins to read, "Today's reading is from the Red Book, *Creating Opportunities*, Chapter 5, "Strengthening Our Society", Sub-Section 8, Paragraph 1. "Canadian culture embraces our shared perceptions and beliefs..."

Desk Officer Level: Janet Shields-Cossette-Brassard-Halstead, FS-2, stares at the revised memorandum to the Minister on her desk. She has just received the comments she has been waiting for the last three days on her urgent memorandum from her Deputy Director, Director, and Director General.

Looking at the metallic grey walls of her office, she thinks to herself. "Yes, how stupid of me not to put into the Recommendation section the prefacing words "As stated in Chapter 8 of the Red Book *Creating Opportunities*, we recommend that..." How dumb of me not to put into Background section the paragraph on "This initiative is the cumulation of the Department's efforts to respond to the thrust of Chapter 5 of the Liberal Party Foreign Policy Handbook,

capturing comprehensively all the themes which are..."

She ponders further, "And how politically naive of me not to think about including in the Considerations section a paragraph on "Before any action can be taken on this issue, there needs to be a full scale consultation with a forum of concerned Canadians, ethnic and professional groups and a revolving group of parliamentarians and members of the foreign policy academic community."

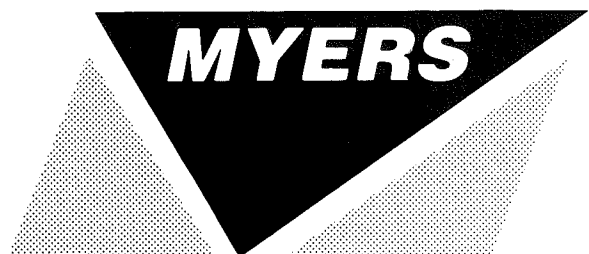
"But then again," she thinks, "who would have thought this was necessary on a Ministerial Memorandum asking for \$80,000 to fix the stone gate surrounding our Ambassador's residence in Rome."

Epilogue

Perhaps more than anything, the Pearson Building itself reflects the most substantive change in foreign policy direction and diplomacy prepared by the Departmental transition team. And you gotta admit — those new metallic grey elevators in A Tower are pretty spiffy. 

Kevin O'Shea has served in Accra and Paris (OECD). He is currently assigned to the Bureau of Assistance to Eastern and Central Europe at FAITC.

CAR RENTALS AT



MYERS

DAILY • WEEKLY • MONTHLY & LONG TERM

We have . . . Special Gov't Rates
FOR BUSINESS or PLEASURE

- All sizes of Cars, Vans, Minibuses
- **FREE** Airport and City Pick-Up
- Courtesy Baby Seats Available
- **VISA • MASTERCARD • AMERICAN EXPRESS • enROUTE**

1200 Baseline at Merivale
Ottawa, Ontario K2C 0A6

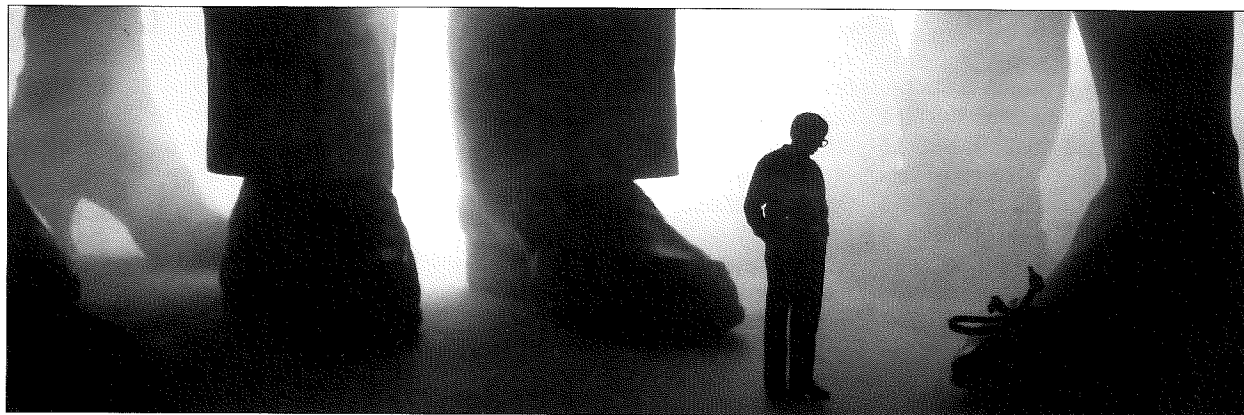
(613) 225-1260

Fax # (613) 225-2231
Direct Line Phone (613) 225-8006

TELEX CABLE ADDRESS:
MEYERSOTT, OTTAWA

**SALLY BRADLEY
MANAGER**

WHEN IS IT NO LONGER PRUDENT FOR YOU TO MANAGE YOUR OWN INVESTMENT PORTFOLIO?



Now that you finally have upwards of \$200,000 to invest, you may find the task a little overwhelming.

The demands on your time are more intense. And extensive research has now become an absolute necessity.

In short, you may need a little help.

At Connor, Clark, our sole activity is managing the investment portfolios of a select group of affluent individuals.

We possess the management expertise and sophisticated research capability that is essential to high-level financial planning.

"It's easy to find yourself dwarfed in the big leagues. The exhaustive research and constant attention demanded by high-level investing often leaves the average investor standing in the shadows."

And we strictly adhere to a risk-averse philosophy that favours maximum wealth appreciation at minimal risk.

Ultimately, our consistent approach to the market results in superior investment performance over the long-term.

That's why our clients have entrusted us with \$1-billion of their capital.

And that's why you might seriously consider giving us a call. We can help put you on an equal footing with the big boys.

Connor, Clark

Discretionary Investment Management

Books in Review / Critiques de Livres

Foreign Service reviewed by J.H. Taylor

Persiste et Signe critiqué par Gabriel-M. Lessard

Documents on Canadian External Relations, Vol. 19, 1953

reviewed by Robert Spencer

Seize the Day: Lester B. Pearson and Crisis Diplomacy

reviewed by Hector Mackenzie

Les hommes d'influence ou Verbatim critiqué par F.X. Ernest Loignon

FOREIGN SERVICE by John G. Kneale, Captus Press, 1993, 223 pages \$14.95

Reviewed by J.H. Taylor

J.H. Taylor is a retired foreign service officer who served in Vietnam, India, France, Russia, Belgium and Japan. He was Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs from 1985 to 1989.

As we plan to celebrate the centenary of the Trade Commissioner Service, John Kneale, a Fellow of the Foreign Service Institute, has published this excellent account of the life and work of an experienced trade officer, based on his postings in Algiers, Mexico City, Tehran, Quito and New York, as well as on assignments in headquarters. His book is part memoir, part travelogue, part instruction manual on how the foreign service actually works, and part critique of its operations. The writing is good. Much of the material might well have lent itself to other kinds of development. The author is one of those fortunate foreigners who manage to get under the surface of the countries in which they have lived. He succeeds in conveying a lively sense of what it was like to live, for example, in Algeria soon after independence or in Iran during the hostage crisis. He might, had he taken a different tack, have produced a travel book reminiscent of Jan Morris or Paul Theroux, or — who knows? — perhaps even a novel.

Instead, John Kneale has opted for a more didactic purpose, preferring to combine material about his life in the countries in which he served with material about his work and the organization for which he was working. This may have sharpened his focus by narrowing it. The stitching together of the different themes has none the less been carefully done. The result will be recognized by the author's foreign service readers as an accurate description of the work they do and how they go about doing it. The chapter on Mexico, for example, includes sections on such aspects of foreign service life

as medicals, culture shock, housing and entertaining; as well as passages that describe the organization of a representative embassy and the classic work of a trade officer — in this instance, illustrated by an illuminating story of the competition between French and Canadian bidders to supply the Mexico City subway. Each chapter dealing with a particular post contains something about the nature of the trade officer's work there, but the author has taken the trouble to go beyond his own work in order to familiarize himself with the work of others, so that there are useful descriptions of, for example, consular work and public diplomacy as well. These various passages give a good sense of how the different facets of representing Canada abroad relate to each other, and of the responsibility of the head of post to ensure that the entire embassy works together coherently.

The book conveys as well a sense of why — depending on one's tastes and inclinations — the foreign service life can be deeply satisfying and at times exhilarating, albeit at a price in risks, personal difficulties and disadvantages Canadians at home do not face. Kneale's picture is balanced. He punctures some of the myths about foreign service that the laziest among the Press continue to circulate as a substitute for troubling themselves to get the facts. Sometimes he paints the darker side of the life with dramatic immediacy. The chapter on Tehran during the revolution is particularly memorable from this point of view. Along with portraits of the city in autumn and winter almost lyrical in tone, the author reports instances of blood-chilling menace and violence. These gain in impact from the fact that they are transcribed from Kneale's diary with a minimum of editing. This is the only chapter of the book presented as a diary. It was a sound editorial decision: the tensions of that unique experience are tellingly communicated by this form of presentation.

The dark side is not overdone, however. Plainly, John Kneale is not a man for whom

"abroad is Hell and all foreigners are bloody". It would be easy enough for any reader to understand why he and others have found foreign service life well worth its disadvantages. He does not spare the foreign service its faults. Those who know it will not be surprised by much of his criticism. Whether they agree with John Kneale or not, they will recognize, familiar as a Pearson cafeteria sandwich, that large, complex and rather unusual organization, eternally at odds with its own imperfections. But even at his most acerbic, the author emerges as a happy warrior who has done justice to his subject.



PERSISTE ET SIGNE par Edgar Pisani, Éditions Odile Jacob, Paris, 1992, 479 pp., \$45.00 CAN.

Reviewed by Gabriel-M. Lessard

Gabriel-M. Lessard a servi au Vietnam, au Sénégal, en Côte d'Ivoire et en Suisse. De 1977 à 1980, il était en congé sans solde et travaillait à Aix-en-Provence pour Alcan d'Afrique et du Moyen-Orient. Il est présentement directeur des Relations avec l'Afrique occidentale et centrale et avec le Maghreb.

Introduction

Edgar Pisani est un personnage hors du commun qu'il m'a été donné de rencontrer dans des fonctions officielles. Il a prononcé, à pied levé (sans doute s'y préparait-il depuis 73 ans) un discours que je n'hésite pas à qualifier de chef-d'oeuvre. Devant un aéropage de personnalités arabes, arguant de l'excuse et de la sagesse de l'âge, il a élaboré le thème de la civilisation arabe qui avait un grand passé, peut-être un brillant avenir mais pas de présent. Ce discours difficile, prononcé par un homme sûr de lui sans être hautain, dans un français élégant, donnait à tous à réfléchir sans réellement mettre les convives arabes sur la défensive.

Cet « exploit » m'a incité à en apprendre davantage sur un personnage dont la carrière fulgurante me fascinait, dont je pensais beaucoup de bien mais dont on me disait parfois du mal. C'est ainsi que je me suis attaqué à son dernier ouvrage, *Persiste et signe*, une autobiographie de 479 pages (une brique!), que j'ai lue avec passion et dont je retire beaucoup du point de vue de la réflexion sur la vie, sur l'action et sur les motivations humaines. J'en recommande la lecture à tous ceux qui jouent, qui ont la prétention de jouer, ou qui joueront un rôle dans la vie publique. Cette recommandation s'adresse en particulier à tous mes collègues des Affaires étrangères.

Mais qui donc?

Edgar Pisani n'a certes pas été président de la France mais laisse tout de même entendre que l'idée en serait venue à d'autres. Fait-il partie de ces esprits distingués qui ont des avis sur tout? Je ne le crois pas même s'il réclame ce titre d'intellectuel qui, dans la tradition française, prend position sur tout et n'importe quoi. Cela explique certes les nombreux déchirements idéologiques de la société française que Pisani, tout en se réclamant du socialisme, a transgressé dans son action politique puisqu'il a été ministre tant sous De Gaulle que sous Mitterrand. La classe à laquelle je l'attacherais personnellement est celle des grands humanistes et des libres penseurs.

Un humaniste et gestionnaire

Edgar Pisani a émergé avec la fin de la deuxième grande guerre, a côtoyé de nombreux grands personnages et n'est plus réellement tombé dans l'ombre depuis bien qu'il se plaigne de quelques moments tranquilles dans une vie par ailleurs bien remplie. Mais comme il l'écrit en page 162, ces moments tournés vers une plus grande vie intérieure sont indispensables : « Pour des raisons intellectuelles, parce que l'intelligence se renouvelle peu lorsqu'elle est l'instrument d'une action de commandement ». Peut-être nos grands gestionnaires auraient-ils intérêt à méditer cet aphorisme.

Quant au commandement lui-même, il faut plutôt : « entraîner, donner à son équipe des raisons collectives et individuelles de travailler individuellement et en équipe » (p. 130). La décision devient alors le constat d'un accord où chacun a participé et fait sien. Qualifiant l'administration française, Pisani opine : « Notre premier travers est de croire qu'une chose est faite lorsque la décision qui l'engage a été prise et d'imaginer qu'une organisation fonctionne dès lors que l'organigramme en a été dessiné sur quelque savant tableau. Nous sommes des mécanistes, nous n'avons aucun sens de la biologie des

organisations. » Voilà certes une autre réflexion sur laquelle notre propre administration des Affaires étrangères aurait avantage à se pencher.

D'autres aphorismes ont aussi retenu mon attention. Pêle-mêle, je mentionne : « le marché n'est pas une loi mais un outil »; « le mouvement des biens a pris le pas sur la quête des hommes »; « éduquer c'est renoncer à la possession »; « à ne pas prendre compte de ce qui est, nous favorisons ce que nous voulons combattre »; « une lettre appartient à son destinataire »; « on ne peut être grand politique que si l'on a été un grand professionnel ». Dans un autre style littéraire, il dira encore : « c'est un privilège que d'être né et avoir grandi dans une ville où les appartenances qualifient sans opposer »; ou encore lors de son affectation comme haut commissaire en Nouvelle Calédonie : « je fuyais l'information fugace qui énerve et n'enrichit pas. Dans ma situation, la vérité devrait être en moi ». (p. 315).

Conseils à la classe politique

Pour Pisani, le domaine politique a la noble tâche d'assurer une juste répartition des biens rares : la forêt; l'eau; l'air pur; le pain qui nourrit; le savoir; le pouvoir; la santé; la liberté; le travail. Après notre récente élection fédérale, il m'importe de rapporter

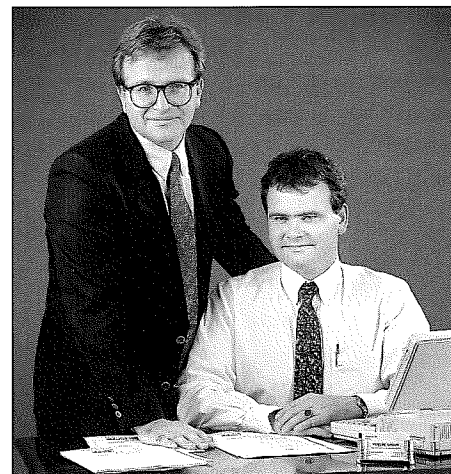
comme j'ai trouvé rafraîchissant de lire quelqu'un qui avait de la considération pour les fonctionnaires. Il attribue une partie de son propre succès à « ses collaborateurs » : « C'est parmi eux que j'ai le mieux mesuré l'extraordinaire qualité, l'extraordinaire vertu de la fonction publique française. Mais au moment où j'écris ces mots, ma plume hésite parce que je ressens subtilement que, notre système politique aidant, ces qualités et ces vertus s'affaiblissent et j'ai peur pour demain car les temps sont durs et l'État n'est plus servi comme il l'était » (p. 316). Cela ne s'appliquerait-il qu'à la France?

Je n'ai pas pu être indifférent à ses conseils sur le choix des collaborateurs à un moment où la fonction publique canadienne a été plus que jamais assaillie par des nominations qui relevaient davantage de la partannerie politique que du professionnalisme. Ainsi, Pisani écrit : « Je crois, plus que jamais, qu'il faut en ces matières se méfier de l'amitié : elle n'assure pas plus de dévouement, elle procure moins de compétence. Elle est une commodité parfois coûteuse. Au demeurant, l'amitié naît vite dans le travail, au sein d'une équipe dont les membres ont été choisis pour des raisons objectives. Je regrette seulement de n'avoir ni su ni pu recruter des collaborateurs dans

WHO IS LOOKING AFTER YOUR CONCERNS WHEN YOU'RE ABROAD?

WE OFFER...

- PROPERTY MANAGEMENT
- FINANCIAL & TAX PLANNING
- RELOCATION ADVISORY SERVICES



ALL OF OUR SERVICES ARE INDIVIDUALLY TAILORED TO YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

CALL EITHER

Andre de Loe
Suite 302, 141 Somerset St. W.
Ottawa, Ontario
K2P 2H1
(613) 237-2504

Gregory Kenny
1 Seminar Strasse, Suite 1
7630 Lahr / Schwarzwald
Germany
011.49.7821.1751

KENLOE GROUP INC.

Recent titles in the series

Canada and International Relations

Relocating Middle Powers

Australia and Canada in a Changing World Order

Andrew F. Cooper, Richard A. Higgott, and Kim R. Nossal

An innovative analysis of how Canada and Australia have dealt with recent changes in the international arena, *Relocating Middle Powers* focuses on the entrepreneurial and technological capacities of these countries and redefines the concept of "middle power" as a distinctive category in international relations.

ISBN 0-7748-0447-5, hc \$65.00, -0450-5, pb \$29.95

Asia-Pacific Diplomacy

Nongovernmental Organizations and International Relations

Lawrence T. Woods

This book traces the evolution of the Pacific economic cooperation movement by examining the diplomatic contributions of international nongovernmental organizations (INGOs), in particular the Pacific Trade and Development Conference (PAFTAD), Pacific Basin Economic Council (PBEC), and Pacific Economic Cooperation Council (PECC).

ISBN 0-7748-0440-8, \$65.00

Discovering the Americas

The Evolution of Canadian Foreign Policy Towards Latin America

James Rochlin

Discovering the Americas is the first book to examine Canada's relations with Latin America. Divided into three distinctive parts, it traces Canada's minimal relations from the beginning of this century to the present, including this country's involvement in the NAFTA negotiations. "There is no doubt about the high quality and comprehensiveness ... the basic reference text on the history of Canadian-Latin American relations for some time to come." *Liisa L. North, York University*

ISBN 0-7748-0476-9, hc \$45.95, -0477-7, pb \$26.95

UBC PRESS ON INTERNET

You can now access our complete catalogue, including Books in Print, through Internet and find detailed information on most books published since 1980. Look for the UBC Press gopher on the University of British Columbia (Canada) gopher — gopher.gopher.ubc.ca — under (6) Libraries and Information Sources, (8) UBC Press.

Order by phone: (604) 822-5959, fax: (604) 822-6083 or 1-800-668-0821
or E-mail: orders@ubcpres.ubc.ca

VISA and MasterCard accepted. Shipping \$4.00



UBC Press • University of British Columbia
6344 Memorial Road, Vancouver, BC Canada V6T 1Z2

KNOW SOMEONE INTERESTED IN JOINING THE FOREIGN SERVICE?

Find out about the only program to prepare for the FS entry competition.

2-Day Seminar

- Covers all aspects of the complex application, exam and interview process
- Provides sample questions with in-class practice and tips, instruction on the writing exercise, and crucial guidance on the interview and group simulation
- Includes a comprehensive study kit on aid, trade, immigration, and political/economic issues and statistics
- Offered at universities across Canada by former Foreign Service Officer Barry Yeates
- Outstanding client placement record

**Foreign Service Examination
& Career Counselling Inc. ©1983**
104-404 Laurier Ave. East
Ottawa K1N 6R2
(613) 567-9229

**BDO
DUNWOODY
WARD MALLETT**

Financial Planners

Financial Planning for Your Future

- sell or rent your home?
- RRSP or pay down mortgage?
- debt or equity investments?
- borrow or save to invest?

For unbiased advice and guidance on a fee only basis, talk to us before you make your next important financial decision.

For further information please contact:

**M.A. (Peggy) Cameron, CFP, RFP
Manager**

Financial Planning Services

1136 Church Street, Box 291
Manotick, Ontario K4M 1A3
Telephone: 613-692-2553
Fax: 613-692-2995

Ottawa appointments available.
Services aussi disponible en français.

le secteur privé. Ils m'auraient éclairé de leur regard différent » (p. 137).

Nos « maîtres » politiques pourraient tirer partie d'autres conseils d'un homme qui fut davantage un homme politique, sinon d'État, qu'un politicien. Concernant l'art de gouverner, il dira : « C'est l'administration qui doit faire, le ministre doit orienter, décider, choisir les hommes, parler à l'opinion. Le cabinet doit être entre les deux un organe discret » (p. 136).

Un peu d'histoire

Edgar Pisani a été de la discussion de tous les grands dossiers français. La question de l'armement nucléaire français n'a pas échappé à ses préoccupations. Voici comment il en résume la problématique : « Il demeure que la volonté de détenir la bombe répondait à trois préoccupations de nature bien différentes : redécouvrir, à des fins civiles et militaires, les techniques qui permettraient sa fabrication; reconstruire un système de défense significatif alors que sans arme atomique l'armée française ne retrouverait jamais l'orgueil de sa mission, tant elle avait été déchirée; mais troisièmement, sans prétendre nous hisser à la hauteur des deux grands, nous permettre de les mettre en mouvement par la seule menace de notre intervention : engager notre allié américain dans un processus atomique sans prétendre être nous-mêmes capables de menacer sérieusement notre ennemi désigné » (p. 106).

Pisani a joué un rôle personnel important dans la période précédant la guerre du Golfe. Il a servi de messager de l'administration française auprès de l'équipe de Saddam Hussein. Sa version est intéressante mais son appréciation n'est pas toujours juste (je m'arroge le droit de le dire...). Quoi qu'il en soit, je souhaite plutôt attirer l'attention sur sa perception des conséquences de la guerre du Canal de Suez. À son avis, les deux Grands d'alors, Moscou et Washington, ont discrédité par leur action politique les 2 anciennes puissances coloniales dont le retrait a donné naissance au mythe nassérien créateur du concept de la nation arabe. Trente ou 40 ans plus tard, ce concept de la nation arabe rejaillit sur Saddam. « Ainsi, la machine arabe à fabriquer des rêves collectifs avait été mise en route (p. 117) ».

Quelques travers de la diplomatie française

Pisani est beaucoup plus intéressant dans ses hésitations, dans ses réflexions et ses explications que dans la description de l'action. Il est tout à fait fascinant lorsqu'il s'adonne à réfléchir à certains travers de la diplomatie française. Voici comment il dépeint quelques-unes de ses faiblesses aux pages 206 et 207. « Je dois dire ici le mal que nous fait et fait

à la négociation le droit que nous nous arrogeons de juger les autres sur ce qu'ils sont et non sur ce qu'ils font; la prétention que nous avons d'être les seuls à incarner la logique universelle; notre goût maladif d'avoir le dernier mot. Nous sommes dans les couloirs internationaux parmi les plus impopulaires en dépit du fait que notre position se révèle souvent sage (*sic! il est tout de même très français...*). Nous manifestons plus le goût de triompher de nos partenaires que celui de faire triompher les idées auxquelles nous tenons. Ce qui, l'habileté de nos adversaires aidant, nous conduit souvent à triompher à nos dépens. Nos réticences à l'égard des grands ne nous rendent pas sympathiques aux « petits » qui pourtant cherchent un ... porte-parole. Nous sommes en fait des partenaires prétentieux, dont les ambitions dépassent souvent les capacités, et, de surcroît incommodes ».

Et encore ... « J'ai aussi participé à des rencontres à Rome puis, plus tard, à Madrid, et cette gêne que m'inspirait le comportement des délégations françaises à l'étranger est devenu franche irritation. Il y a chez nous un mépris profond pour les Italiens et les Espagnols. Quels que soient leur civilisation et leurs performances, leur savoir-faire aussi, nous les regardons du haut de nos illusions de grande puissance. Tout nous invitait (et

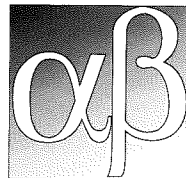
nous invite) à pratiquer avec eux une amitié ouverte. Tout nous poussait, puisque nous avions le privilège de siéger parmi les grands, à être le porte-parole sans mandat mais sans ambiguïté d'une région, d'une civilisation, d'une sensibilité qui nous sont communes. Mais non, c'est plus fort que nous! Nous avons besoin de mépriser et de le faire savoir! Nous payons cher ce travers détestable, parce qu'il porte atteinte à notre crédit et entrave notre diplomatie ».

Voilà sans doute ce que je méditerai lorsque je me retrouverai à nouveau avec des collègues français à la table des négociations. La superbe ne remplace pas l'efficacité. La diplomatie canadienne, qui n'est certes pas sans défaut (elle ne fait pas l'objet de ces notes...), a davantage à coeur l'objectif à atteindre que le panache avec lequel les positions sont présentées.

Un petit coup pour la coopération

Sa description des discussions internationales tombe à pic. Au cours du printemps 1986, Edgar Pisani se retrouvait à la tête de la délégation française lors de la session spéciale des Nations Unies sur l'Afrique. Voici ce qu'il retient de cette expérience et de « ...l'abominable fadeur de la rhétorique onusienne »; « La première journée, chacun lit son discours, par ailleurs assez

protect your home and investment with the



Alpha - Beta Group

945 Pinewood Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario K2B 5Y3

Residential Property Management

- lease\rent your property
- vacation control & house sitting
- pet & plant care
- property maintenance
- security checks

An active, professional approach to property management. We know residential construction, landlord & tenant law and municipal zoning regulations. We can draw up an agreement to meet your specific needs.

For more information call 596-5880 or 596-4116

bien construit. La deuxième journée devient plus ennuyante et la densité des notes a tendance à diminuer. Bientôt, la présence des experts et des praticiens gâte la sauce. Ils imposent les règles et les subtilités. Bientôt, on ne parle plus du problème mais des mérites des différentes agences ». Le travers existe certes; il importe donc de rappeler que seule l'histoire dira la permanence des actions des différentes agences.

Conclusion

Je l'ai écrit au début de ces notes : j'ai lu avec passion cette somme d'une vie et des leçons qu'Edgar Pisani tire des nombreuses expériences administratives et politiques qu'il a vécues. Il est particulièrement éloquent et percutant lorsqu'il tire les enseignements de son action, moins lorsqu'il décrit l'action elle-même. Chacun trouvera son compte dans les réflexions que la lecture de cette brique ne manquera pas de susciter.

Je pourrais certes m'arrêter sur de nombreux autres aspects des leçons de Pisani. Ses considérations sur l'art oratoire sont tout à fait judicieuses et susceptibles d'apporter beaucoup à ceux qui sont amenés à prendre la parole en public; je ne m'y arrêterai pas (p. 105 et 106). Je terminerai plutôt sur une note qui s'adresse aux nostalgiques du stylo-plume, certes nombreux dans un ministère

dont la vocation est à consonance analytique : « ... et je me prends à regretter que tant d'hommes et de femmes de qualité ne sachent plus que taper à la machine ou dicter. J'aime l'aspect artisanal, presque besogneux, de l'écriture manuscrite : la pensée y est l'aboutissement d'un processus biologique » (p. 314). Tous ceux et celles qui auront eu le courage de me suivre jusque là devraient aussi savoir que ces éléments de réflexions n'auraient pas vu le jour si je n'étais un lettré de l'informatique ... M. Pisani est là-dessus en retard d'une révolution!



DOCUMENTS ON CANADIAN EXTERNAL RELATIONS, VOL. 19, 1953 edited by Donald Barry, External Affairs and International Trade Canada, Canada Communications Group — Publishing, Ottawa, 1991. xxxix, 1665 pp., illus. \$75.00.

Reviewed by Robert Spencer

Robert Spencer is Emeritus Professor of History at the University of Toronto and President of the Atlantic Council of Canada.

This hefty volume (it weighs two kilograms) covers a single year. It was a year of startling

events on the world stage: the inauguration of a new Republican Presidency in the United States which ended twenty years of Democratic dominance; the death of the leader who had dominated the Soviet Union for three decades; in Canada the election which ushered in the final four years of Liberal Party government which had begun in 1935; the ending in Korea of the first major military confrontation since the defeat of Germany and Japan; the inauguration of a new Elizabethan era with the coronation of a twenty-nine year old Queen; the election of a new Secretary-General for the United Nations which brought to an end three years in which East-West confrontation had largely paralyzed the institution.

The 1115 meticulously edited documents here reproduced provide a fascinating glimpse of the foreign policy and international relations of the Government of Canada. They have been selected in accordance with the guidelines set out in Volume 7 nearly twenty years ago: 'Within the confines of manageable space and size, to provide a comprehensive self-contained record of the major foreign policy decisions taken by the Government of Canada, and of the reasons for taking them.' Most of the documents are drawn from the files of the Department of External Affairs. But Professor Barry was also able to draw on the files of other departments, including those of the Privy Council Office (but not the Department of National Defence), and his selection is enriched by documents from the private papers of Lester B. Pearson, Louis St. Laurent, Brooke Claxton, and C.D. Howe. There is a useful index, and the 'List of Persons' provides a convenient guide to those Canadians and some foreigners whose names are often mentioned. The tasteful selection of illustrations provides a visual impression of some of these in action.

In his selection, the editor was obviously constrained by the limitation of space. But it would be hard to quarrel with the process of selection, and the volume provides an authoritative picture of the events which crowded into the year. Hardly bedside reading, it will nonetheless reward the general reader who perseveres through its pages. For scholars and others it will provide a halfway house between the secondary works on the period (such as the Keirstead and Masters volumes in the *Canada in World Affairs* series) and the extensive archives from which the documents printed have been selected.

In 1953, the Department of External Affairs was still relatively small. There were fifty-three diplomatic and consular posts abroad, and a headquarters staff of only 120. This was still the 'golden age' of Canadian

ELMWOOD

An Independent Day School for Girls

YOUR CHILD'S FUTURE STARTS WITH CAREFUL CHOICES

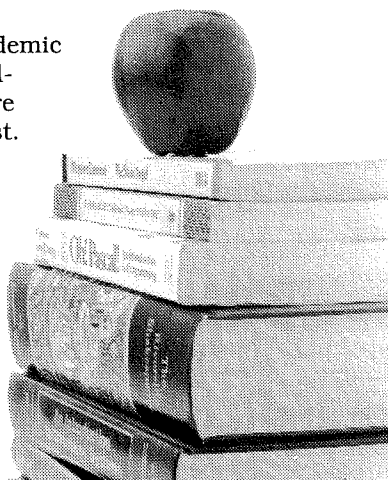
We know parents like you -- parents who have taken the time to make careful choices for their children. When it comes time to make one of the most important choices concerning elementary and secondary education, they investigate all the options and then choose Elmwood.

At Elmwood your child will be offered academic challenge balanced with fun -- a truly well-rounded education. Elmwood students are encouraged to strive for their personal best.

Join parents who have chosen a modern approach to education in a traditional environment -- Elmwood. It is the decision parents make after they have explored all their options.



Elmwood School
261 Buena Vista Road
OTTAWA, Ontario
K1M 0V9
613 749 6761



GIRLS ~ Grades 1 - OAC

BOYS ~ Grades 1 - 4

diplomacy, in which Lester Pearson as Secretary of State worked in harmony with the Prime Minister, while policy was shaped and executed by a group of distinguished public servants: Robert Ford, Arnold Heeney, John Holmes, Jules Léger, Charles Ritchie, Norman Robertson, Dana Wilgress and Hume Wrong among them. The documents, whether reports from abroad, instructions from Ottawa, or 'think pieces' to guide policy, are often of very high intellectual quality. One cannot help but admire the cogency of the arguments adduced and the literacy with which they were advanced.

The range of subjects covered is encyclopaedic. The volume opens appropriately enough with the *Proclamation of Royal Styles and Titles* on the occasion of the Coronation. It deals extensively with the final stage of the Korean conflict and with the Armistice which brought the fighting to an end. Nearly four hundred pages deal with the second part of the Seventh Session of the UN General Assembly (of which Lester Pearson was President), with the first part of the Eighth Session, with the Specialized Agencies, and with the election of a new Secretary-General following the Soviet veto of Pearson's election. There are extensive sections on NATO and on relations with Western Europe and with the Soviet Union. The attention paid to the Commonwealth, the Middle East, the Far East, and Latin America suggest the range of Canada's global interests prior to the decolonization which brought Africa onto the world stage.

A collection of documents resembles an anthology of verse; inevitably a reviewer is drawn to comment on and to quote from the items which reflect a particular interest, even bias, on his part. One is struck at once by the continuities. The decision to establish representation in the Dominican Republic in the interests of expanding trade required the establishing of a mission to French-speaking Haiti. The agreement to the posting to Ottawa of a Minister from the State of Israel necessitated the establishment of post in Tel Aviv and in some Arab capital. The Middle East thus began to assume the more central position in Canadian diplomacy which it has occupied ever since.

Echoes of present themes are found elsewhere. 'One of the most desirable developments in NATO,' ran a memorandum of 4 February, '(at least to Canada) has been the opportunity it gives for frank general discussions on political subjects of common concern.' 'No one connected with NATO,' a later passage reads, '... is satisfied with the publicity arrangements.' If this has a contemporary ring, so does the thoughtful memorandum composed by Ed Ritchie (at the time



Rental
Management
for the
Foreign Service
Community

Use the benefits under the FSD's to have your home managed professionally.

We can't make owning a home worry free...but we can help.

How can professional management help?

Finding a tenant

- advertising
- tips on showing your home
- advising on rent
- credit checks
- leasing after departure

Closing the deal

- lease preparation
- recording your home's condition

Maintaining your property

- paying expenses
- collecting rent
- reporting
- repairs and maintenance
- regular inspections
- handling emergencies
- problems with tenants

Coming home

- diplomatic clause
- notice to tenants
- repairs

We've been there...we care!

390 Rideau St. E.P.O., P.O. Box 20118
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9N5
Telephone 1-613-746-2367

Head of the Economic Division) in which he argued the futility of debating topics such as 'What's Wrong with NATO?' Ritchie saw the Alliance in a stage of 'shaking down' in preparation for the longer and steadier cruise ... of indefinite duration' rather than the more clamorous and feverish activity of confronting unforeseen crises. 'The importance of the inclusion of Article II in the Treaty,' he wrote in a passage which was extensively quoted in Volume 2 of John Holmes's *The Shaping of Peace*, 'lies in the obligation it places on member countries to pursue harmonious national policies and to encourage international economic and social collaboration,' rather than to try to solve problems through NATO which were best dealt with elsewhere.

Documents dealing with relations with the United States occupy more than 300 pages. With the advent of the Eisenhower administration, it was mid-February before Pearson had an informal meeting with the new Secretary of State, Foster Dulles, and it was not until early May that Prime Minister St. Laurent journeyed to Washington for talks with President Eisenhower. It is hardly surprising that defence and economic issues were of primary concern.

A brief section dealing with Western Europe (with which, rather incongruously,

the Middle East is coupled) also focuses on economic questions — the ill-fated European Defence Community (EDC) is dealt with under NATO. There is a brief section on relations with France and with the Federal Republic of Germany. In 1952, memories of the 1939-45 war had still been live enough to sustain doubts that Canadian public opinion was 'quite ready' to welcome a visit from the German Chancellor, despite a successful visit by Economics Minister Ludwig Ehrhard. By early 1953, however, with the 'increasingly important role' which Adenauer was playing on the international scene and his support for a German contribution to Western defence which Canada and its NATO allies viewed as essential, it was agreed to extend an invitation for the Chancellor to visit Ottawa following a visit to Washington. In the course of less than twenty-four hours, the seventy-seven year old Chancellor had talks with Prime Minister St. Laurent on such subjects as war criminals and with other ministers (Pearson was unfortunately away from Ottawa). It may be noted that he also attended a formal dinner given by the Prime Minister and a luncheon by the Governor General, held a press conference, and received an honorary degree from the University of Ottawa.

The 100-odd pages dealing with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe include interesting documents on the vexed question of the Polish art treasures stored in Quebec City. But understandably the centrepiece is the consequences of the death of Stalin. Two despatches from the chargé, Robert Ford, which analyze the domestic and foreign policy implications of the change at the Soviet helm (a subject which is largely absent from Ford's memoirs) underline the difficulties faced by foreign representatives in penetrating the fog which surrounded the leaders in the Kremlin. A later despatch attempts to assess the internal developments of the months following the change in leadership. While the documents in the NATO section clearly reflected the cautious Alliance view that Stalin's successors were not embarking on any major change in established Soviet foreign policy, evidence of a modest post-Stalin thaw is found in the mutual easing of travel restrictions for diplomats, the appointment of a Soviet ambassador to Ottawa, and, towards the end of the year, the naming of John Watkins as ambassador to Moscow, the post which had been vacant since the withdrawal of Dana Wilgress over six years earlier.

The publication of this volume of documents reflects great credit on the Government of Canada for sustaining the series, on the Department of External Affairs for the full access to the documents provided to the editor, and especially on the editor himself, who, with his team, has performed a distinguished service to the Canadian public and scholarly community.

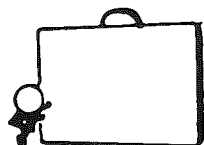


SEIZE THE DAY: LESTER B. PEARSON AND CRISIS DIPLOMACY by Geoffrey A.H. Pearson, Ottawa, Carleton University Press, 1993, \$17.95.

Reviewed by Hector Mackenzie

*Hector Mackenzie is the Senior Departmental Historian of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade and a member of the Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

Students of Canadian foreign policy, members of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, Citizenship and Immigration Canada, and former colleagues of Lester Pearson already owe a considerable debt to Geoffrey Pearson for their appreciation of his father's life and his role in Canada's international relations. Since Lester Pearson's death in 1972, his papers have been made available for research in a



ATTACHE MANAGEMENT SERVICES INC.

PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

OVER 12 YEARS

OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO CANADA'S DIPLOMATS AT HOME AND ABROAD

P.O. Box 26127, Suite 204, 3754 Richmond Road,
Nepean, ONT K2H 5Y8

TEL. (613) 721-9547

FAX. (613) 726-7181

manner that is consistent with his attitude and spirit. His heirs authorized and facilitated an award-winning biography by John English that is worthy of its subject and a model for such works. Last year, the family generously donated the medal and scroll for the Nobel Peace Prize of 1957 to the Department for display in the building which so appropriately bears his name. Now, Geoffrey Pearson has contributed his unique perspective to our understanding with a fine account of his father's diplomatic record as Secretary of State for External Affairs from 1948 to 1957.

For this analysis, Geoffrey Pearson has examined a series of topics or episodes that confronted his father during this period: the negotiation of the North Atlantic Treaty, the initiation of the Colombo Plan (and the Canadian contribution thereto), the Korean War, American nuclear policy, Indo-China, relations with the People's Republic of China and, of course, the Suez Crisis. Though the title and sub-title convey a dramatic sense of preoccupation with immediate crises, most of the chapters are devoted to more persistent problems resolved, or not, through deliberation, negotiation and compromise. These accounts are framed by two preliminary chapters on the setting in 1948, when Lester Pearson moved from

being the official head of the Department of External Affairs to being its minister, and a concluding commentary on the notion of a "Pearsonian consensus." Throughout this remarkable book, the tone is understandably sympathetic and familiar, yet analytical. To the departmental files, some of which he returned to the Department from the Pearson Papers, the author has added insights from his own recollections as well as from his father's letters. What results is a well-written assessment that sheds additional light on the attitudes and approaches of Lester Pearson and his associates to a variety of issues.

The introductory sketch of Pearson conveys ably and succinctly his relations with his colleagues in the Department and, after 10 September 1948, in the Cabinet. Foremost among these, of course, was his partnership with Louis St. Laurent, who respected and trusted the advice of the Secretary of State for External Affairs (and former Under-Secretary) on questions of foreign policy, though he was less likely to defer on the political consequences of commitments. There had been no such understanding with Mackenzie King — as Geoffrey Pearson puts it, "Pearson would not have wished to serve in a Mackenzie King Cabinet." Given that Pearson had few friends in the Cabinet, with the exception of Brooke Claxton and

Paul Martin, the relationship with the Prime Minister was critical for political support of any diplomatic initiatives. Understandably, Norman Robertson and Hume Wrong feature prominently among senior members of the Department but Geoffrey Pearson also reminds readers of the personal and professional qualities that made Arnold Heeney and Escott Reid so important.

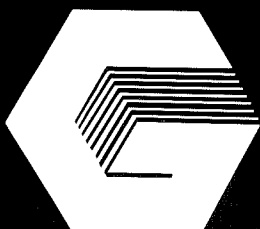
The author effectively evokes the mood of the "Canadian crusade" for what became the North Atlantic Treaty, as well as the lingering, sometimes forlorn, hope for the United Nations. The context of the Cold War, he argues persuasively, contributed to a consensus in favour of internationalism in Canada. Opposition to Communism as an ideological force was an important factor in Canadian attitudes.

The "Canadian crusade" anticipated a British initiative. Though it may be true that, after the breakdown of the Council of Foreign Ministers in December 1947, the British Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, did not believe that war was imminent (p. 31), Bevin's articulation of his fears to Mackenzie King one month earlier influenced Canadian acceptance of a peacetime alliance, whether or not it was cloaked in the mantle of "community." Naturally enough, in discussing the negotiations leading to NATO, Geoffrey Pearson focuses on the part played by his father, whose participation was more direct when he was Under-Secretary, with less attention to political approval for the pact. Lester Pearson's frequent reminders to Mackenzie King in the spring of 1948 that the talks were not binding provided an example of the finely honed political skills that served him well in his later political incarnation. When negotiations resumed in early December 1948, Pearson was away, but the flow of cables testified eloquently to his personal role in decision-making. That trans-Atlantic traffic also indicated that his advisers felt more comfortable with him than with the acting minister, Claxton. What emerges from these pages is a reasonable presentation of the views of Pearson and his associates as well as a balanced assessment of the Canadian contribution to the North Atlantic Treaty. However, the crises that played important parts in stimulating the process and carrying it forward — the coup in Czechoslovakia and the attempt to blockade Berlin — receive only passing mention (p. 46), though Pearson's response to these events was quite revealing.

Pearson's tactics in seeking approval from the Cabinet for the Colombo Plan, particularly his private letter to St. Laurent on the eve of the crucial meeting, contrasted to an earlier misjudgement (pp. 56-58). Similarly,

REED MATHER INSURANCE GROUP

Underwritten by
Traders General Insurance Co.
(available only in Canada)



PAFSO Personal Insurance Programme

- Competitive Premiums
- Convenient Payment Plans
- Excellent & Expedient Claims Services
- Coverage on Rental Dwelling
- Automobile, Homeowners, Boats
- Cottages, Condominiums, Apartments

*Call today for your personalized
insurance overview. Speak with
Reed Mather PAFSO Specialist,
Elise Hallewick, B.A.*

Tel.: (416) 441-7000
Fax: (416) 441-7010

Toll Free: 1-800-268-3336 Canada wide

the narrative on the Canadian response to the Korean War demonstrates how Pearson applied his political and diplomatic skills to the development of support in Cabinet and at the United Nations for a less bellicose position than the Americans seemed disposed to adopt. In the latter instance, there is still a tendency, as in other Canadian accounts, to presume that our diplomats and politicians spoke for the best interests of the United Nations, even when a majority of its members disagreed. Perhaps we will always have a tendency to see ourselves as keepers of the Covenant.

Though bilateral issues with the United States (and economic questions generally) do not figure prominently in this study, the interplay of Canadian with American policy was a consistent concern of Pearsonian diplomacy. Especially given the part that the issue of nuclear weapons would play later in his career, Pearson's response to American nuclear policy provides some fascinating glimpses of anxiety about American use of the "ultimate weapon" as well as ambivalence about its value as a deterrent. As Geoffrey Pearson notes, this book pays greater attention to Asia than a modern reader would expect, though there was always an American dimension to the Canadian interest. The peculiar story of Canada's participation in

the control commissions for Indo-China certainly illustrates that theme. Similarly, the various issues associated with China, from recognition to the off-shore islands, loomed greater on the Canadian horizon because of the Far Eastern policy of the United States.

The chapter on the Suez Crisis most closely conforms to the model implied in the title and the story is inextricably linked with Pearson's reputation. However, Geoffrey Pearson still manages to explain it in a way which helps readers understand his father's actions and responses in their contemporary context. As he illustrates, the Middle East was low on his father's agenda and that of the Department before 1956, more likely to attract attention for prospective arms sales than diplomatic opportunities. The intervention of Canada and its foreign minister at the United Nations was late and sudden, with a predictable preoccupation with the implications of conflict for the North Atlantic alliance. As this account makes clear, authorship of the specific wording of the resolution, which has sometimes distracted historians, was less important than the diplomatic efforts to secure its acceptance, for which Lester Pearson was justifiably honoured the following year. It also provides a salutary reminder that the best foreign policy or triumphant diplomacy may not be the most

popular or politically successful course of action. When he received the Nobel Prize, Pearson was already sitting on the Opposition benches in Ottawa and the diplomatic period covered by this volume had come to an end.

As Geoffrey Pearson states, the political consensus which was so vital to his father's diplomacy was a by-product of the Cold War, not simply a gathering around an internationalist ideal. Before the Suez Crisis, Canada's participation in international affairs was sustained by national political support. In contrast to the Mackenzie King era, foreign policy under St. Laurent and Pearson was a unifying factor in Canada. Both national unity and a "Pearsonian consensus" in international affairs would be elusive when Pearson returned to power in 1963, but that is another story.

In his preface, Geoffrey Pearson acknowledges "the risk of filial piety" in embarking on such a project. There is no evidence of such a fault in this excellent examination of Lester Pearson's performance on the world stage. With clarity and conviction, this book adds to our understanding of Lester Pearson's outlook and his effectiveness as Canada's principal representative in a decade of challenge and opportunity.



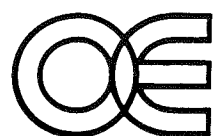
LES HOMMES D'INFLUENCE OU
VERBATIM par Jacques Attali, Fayard,
1993, 958 pp., 8,95 \$.

Reviewed by F.X. Ernest Loignon

Au nombre de ses affectations, F.X. Loignon compte New York, Manille, Dakar et Hong-Kong. Il est actuellement en poste à l'ambassade du Canada à Lisbonne (Portugal).

J'ai toujours prisé la lecture des journaux des conseillers des dirigeants politiques surtout depuis la parution aux États-Unis, il y a plusieurs années, des chroniques de Kissinger sous Nixon et Ford — *The White House* — *The Years of Upheaval*, suivies de celles de Brezinsky sous Carter — *Power and Principle* — depuis ceux de Haig sous Reagan — *Caveat*. Ils ont la capacité de rappeler, surtout aux témoins privilégiés que nous sommes de la scène internationale, l'écart entre la grandeur et la misère qui entoure bon nombre de prise des décisions que l'on voudrait bien croire mûries, décisives et exemptes des tergiversations toutes politiciennes.

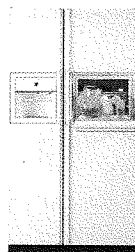
Dans ce genre littéraire, les européens ont toujours semblé préférer le regard professionnel bien que tardif des historiens ou des biographes peut-être par pudeur à



OVERSEAS ELECTRONICS

110-220 Volts 50-60 Hz

WORLD WIDE COMPATIBILITY
STEREO • TV • VCR • PORTABLES • APPLIANCES



PAL • SECAM • NTSC

We do Foreign Digital Video Transfers

584 GLADSTONE AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO K1R 5P3
FAX (613) 235-2485 TEL (613) 235-4414

l'égard de l'Histoire ou par simple réticence académique ou scientifique. Nos voisins du Sud ne semblent pas obsédés par tant de modestie. Les acteurs eux-mêmes n'hésitent pas, leurs premières loges encore toutes chaudes, à dévoiler les petits secrets des coulisses, tout ce va-et-vient entre les enjeux du monde et les mesquineries, souvent sous le couvert de la politique, colportés par des egos encore écorchés ou meurtris par une longue lutte pour l'accès à une place au soleil.

Je dois avouer que le récent livre de Jacques Attali, *VERBATIM*, sur les six premières années de la présidence de François Mitterrand, est une agréable exception. Comme on pouvait s'y attendre, Attali a été contesté avec acharnement pour avoir divulgué dans ce livre, en tant que proche conseiller du Président, des secrets d'État mais aussi pour avoir puisé dans des propos du Président qui auraient été destinés à un autre écrivain, Elie Wiesel.

On a fait aussi beaucoup de cas du fait qu'au moment de la parution, Attali subissait des critiques et des attaques au sujet de sa gestion, en tant que Président de la Banque européenne de reconstruction et de développement (BERD). Mais la réussite de ce journal va au delà de ces controverses et tient au fait qu'il rappelle justement l'idée que nous nous faisons de ces importantes décisions, de ces contacts à haut niveau, des conférences, des sommets où se confrontent des idéologies, des personnalités et des ambitions fort différentes.

Le document de Jacques Attali pourrait paraître un livre polémique pour certains, mais pour d'autres motifs, surtout, par exemple, quand l'ancien conseiller décrit le comportement de l'ancien Premier ministre Beregovoy, qui devait se suicider quelque temps après, comme un homme ambitieux et sans principe. Il a suscité une vive réaction et une certaine désillusion de la part de certains dirigeants socialistes comme Badinter, Fabius, Mauroy et Lang qui vont jusqu'à mettre en doute la validité historique de ce travail. Ici au Portugal, le journal en a attristé certains par le traitement peu obligeant (cinq mentions en tout) qu'il a donné aux relations de Soares et de « son ami » Mitterrand, les décrivant comme étant un peu trop protocolaires ou mondaines. Que faudra-t-il penser du passage au sujet de l'un des anciens Sous-secrétaires d'État aux Affaires extérieures du Canada, alors qu'il était sherpa du Premier ministre Trudeau, dont la mention retient uniquement « son prénom étrange ».

Manipulation de l'Histoire ou pas, Jacques Attali a présenté *VERBATIM* en mai dernier comme un document rigoureux sur la période de 1981 à 1986.

CALDWELL & ASSOCIATES REALTY LIMITED

Contemplating a real estate purchase?

Ask for a package to start the process.

First time buy?

We'll guide you through — start to finish.

Selling or renting your property?

We offer a range of options with commensurate commission rates.

Is property management a concern?

Choose from a number of available services.

After sales service?

Ours is the difference that counts.

With more than fifty years of combined real estate experience, we know our business. As former members of the foreign service community, we're familiar with yours.

Dionne Caldwell (Broker) or Christopher Brand (Associate)
can be reached at anytime
Telephone: (613) 744-5525 Facsimile: (613) 744-8284
119 Beechwood Ave, Ottawa, ON, K1M 1L5

DISCOVER WHY PAFSO CONSIDERS MKI
TO BE THE EXPERTS FOR POSTINGS, FAMILY REUNIONS
AND ALL OTHER FSD TRAVEL FROM CANADA OR ABROAD

Manager: Erika Keller
234 Laurier Avenue W., Ottawa, Ontario
Fax: (613) 233-7813 Tel: (613) 234-1225



Directrice : Erika Keller
234 av. Laurier Ouest, Ottawa (Ontario)
Télécopie : (613) 233-7813 Tél: (613) 234-1225

DÉCOUVREZ POURQUOI L'APASE NOUS
CONSIDÈRE COMME LES EXPERTS EN AFFECTATIONS,
RÉUNIONS DE FAMILLE ET TOUS AUTRES VOYAGES D'ASE
AU CANADA OU À L'ÉTRANGER

« ... j'ai consigné quotidiennement, écrit-il, aussi honnêtement mais aussi crûment que possible, les faits, les impressions, les dialogues ... J'ai aussi utilisé ici mille et une notes — manuscrites pour la plupart — rédigées à l'intention du seul président, en particulier les très nombreux verbatim rendant compte des tête-à-tête entre les chefs d'État. Enfin j'ai puisé dans ma mémoire qui, comme toute faculté humaine, est imparfaite ».

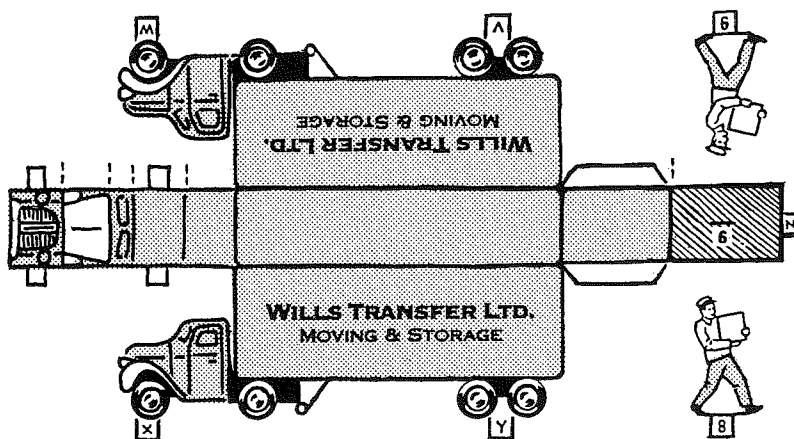
Attali évoque à plusieurs occasions dans le livre les relations entre les chefs d'État canadiens et le président Mitterrand ou entre leurs représentants. Qu'il s'agisse de la période de Trudeau ou de Mulroney, les comptes rendus des personnalités comme des enjeux sont plutôt flatteurs et témoignent encore une fois de la nature toute privilégiée de la présence canadienne dans les hautes instances internationales et de son rôle inestimable de courtier : celui dont on peut se méfier mais en qui on a assez confiance pour demander son avis et en faire un témoin et un confident parce qu'on le sait attentif et respectueux de l'autre. On y traite ainsi tout aussi bien de la Francophonie que de la défense stratégique ou du terrorisme que du GATT.

Monsieur Attali, malgré tout son bagage intellectuel et sa capacité d'adaptation de la culture outre-atlantique, laisse bien percevoir dans ses notes sur les relations avec les américains et les rencontres avec Reagan en particulier, que les relations franco-américaines, serait-ce depuis le pied-de-nez de De Gaulle à l'Alliance Atlantique ou faut-il remonter jusqu'à la Révolution et LaFayette?, évoluent comme en porte-à-faux et accumulent les malentendus. Personne n'aime danser sur la musique de l'autre et chacun fait son bruit. Faut dire que l'image qu'Attali nous laisse de Reagan et ses proches a de quoi laisser songeur même ses fans les plus déterminés.

Quoi qu'il en soit, *VERBATIM* est un livre heureux, comme une aventure. C'est le témoignage « d'un observateur de la comédie humaine » qui devrait ramener certains d'entre nous plus près des hommes même s'ils ont de l'influence. « On y trouvera le récit de réussites et d'erreurs, de mesquineries et de grandeurs ». Un livre d'histoires et de l'Histoire. Un livre de 958 pages, publié chez Fayard en 1993, à lire.



WILLS TRANSFER LTD. MOVING & STORAGE



Wills Transfer has been helping families and businesses move for over 47 years. We offer a full range of domestic and international moving services as well as excellent storage facilities. For a free, no obligation estimate, please give us a call.

Telephone: (613) 839-2096

Fax: (613) 839-3096



Jewellery Specialists

- ♦ Appraisals For Insurance Purposes
- ♦ Custom Jewellery Design
- ♦ Jewellery Repairs

We are privileged to serve Government and Security agencies in the National Capital Region

Member of The Canadian Jewellers Association
Member of The Canadian Gemological Appraisers Association

celebrating our 12th anniversary



CONGER'S GEMOLOGICAL SERVICES LTD.

Please contact: David Conger, Olivia Chang or Debra Hillary
Hampton Park Plaza (corner of Carling and Kirkwood) Second Floor
Suite 205, 1419 Carling Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1Z 7L6
(613) 722-4547

NEW GOOD REASONS **3** FOR INVESTING IN

Tradex mutual funds for the public service

1 No RRSP nor RRIF fees

Annual RRSP and RRIF fees have disappeared from Tradex funds, enabling you to have *all* your RRSP and RRIF contributions earning tax-deferred income.

2 Tradex Investment Savings account

Those with short-term investment objectives can use the Investment Savings option at Canada Trust's prime interest rate less 2.375 percentage points. No minimum balance required.

3 Canadian Guide to Personal Financial Management

New Tradex investors will be provided with a copy of the latest version of this \$16.95 book by the tax professionals at Deloitte & Touche, but only before April 30, 1994.

Tradex Equity Fund Limited

The performance objective is to outperform the TSE 300 Index over a five year period.



Tradex Bond Fund

The performance objective is to outperform five year GIC's.

Contact Tradex for a free information kit.

Tradex Management Inc.
124 O'Connor Street, Suite 504
Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5M9
Tel.: 233-3394

Important information about these mutual funds is contained in a simplified prospectus. Read it carefully before investing. Share and unit value and investment return will fluctuate.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Have you tried to explain what you do to your family and friends? Have you tried to explain what it is like to live abroad? Have you tried to explain how what you do is significant for Canada?

Why not let **bout de papier** do some of the explaining for you?

A subscription for your parents, your sister, your brother, your friends could help them feel closer to you when you are so far away.

Fill in and mail the subscription form today!

List of Advertisers

Albert College	p. 29
Alpha-Beta Group	p. 45
AMJ Campbell International Movers	p. 16
Attaché Home Management	p. 48
BDO Dunwoody Ward Mallette .	p. 44
Bennet Property Management .	p. 16
Boyd Group of Companies	p. 22
Boyd Group of Companies	p. 33
Peter Burnet, Barr. & Sol.	p. 26
Caldwell & Associates Realty ...	p. 51
Clements & Company	p. 17
Conger's Gemological	p. 52
Connor Clark	p. 41
Elizabeth Antiques Appraisal Service	p. 16
Elmwood School	p. 46
Fairlawn Travel	p. 54
Foreign Service Examination ...	p. 44
Foreign Service Examination ...	p. 26
Greentree & Co.	p. 47
Interart Evaluation	p. 5
Interart Evaluation	p. 6
Kenloe Group	p. 43
Lakefield College	p. 6
Lecours + Lemire + Morin	p. 3
Librairie Papyrus Booksellers ...	p. 6
Lycée canadien en France	OBC
Marsh & McLennan	p. 34
MKI Travel & Conference Management	p. 51
Myers Chev-Olds	p. 40
National Capital Management .	p. 56
North Front Motors	p. 56
Overseas Electronics	p. 50
PAFSO Insurance Plan	IBC
Reed Mather Insurance Group .	p. 49
Royal LePage	p. 4
Shawnigan Lake School	p. 54
TMS Associates	IFC
Tradex	p. 53
UBC Press	p. 44
United Fuels	p. 54
Ian Warren, Barr. & Sol.	p. 7
Wills Transfer	p. 52

FAIRLAWN TRAVEL

is now established in its
new location in
Centrepointhe Commerce Court,
117 Centrepointhe Drive in Nepean

Our experienced staff will
assist you worldwide in FSD,
Trade Off, Family Reunion's
and Vacation Travels.

**For further information
please contact:**

Steve Buck, Corporate Director,
117 Centrepointhe Drive
Centrepointhe Commerce Court
Nepean, Ontario K2G 5X3
Telephone (613) 723-9223
Telex 053-3623
Fax (613) 723-9285



Call your **HomEnergy Centre**
for personalized service.

We sell and install:
High Efficiency Oil Furnaces
Air Conditioning Equipment
Electronic Air Cleaners
Humidifiers

HomEnergy



67 Jamie Avenue, Nepean, Ont.
727-5200 Fax: 225-6350

Open up a new world of opportunity for your son or daughter



The world is not
what it used to be and
today, more than ever, a
well-rounded education
is essential.

Since 1916, Shawn-
igan Lake School has
provided generations of young people with the necessary tools for
self-realization as well as professional and business success.

Located 40 km north of Victoria on Vancouver Island, the School
offers an idyllic environment in which boys and girls in Grades 8-12
can discover and develop their self-confidence through our wide-
ranging academic, athletic and fine arts programs.

For further information, please call Mr. Phil Jarvis, Director
of Admissions.



SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL

Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia V0R 2W0

Telephone: 743-6207