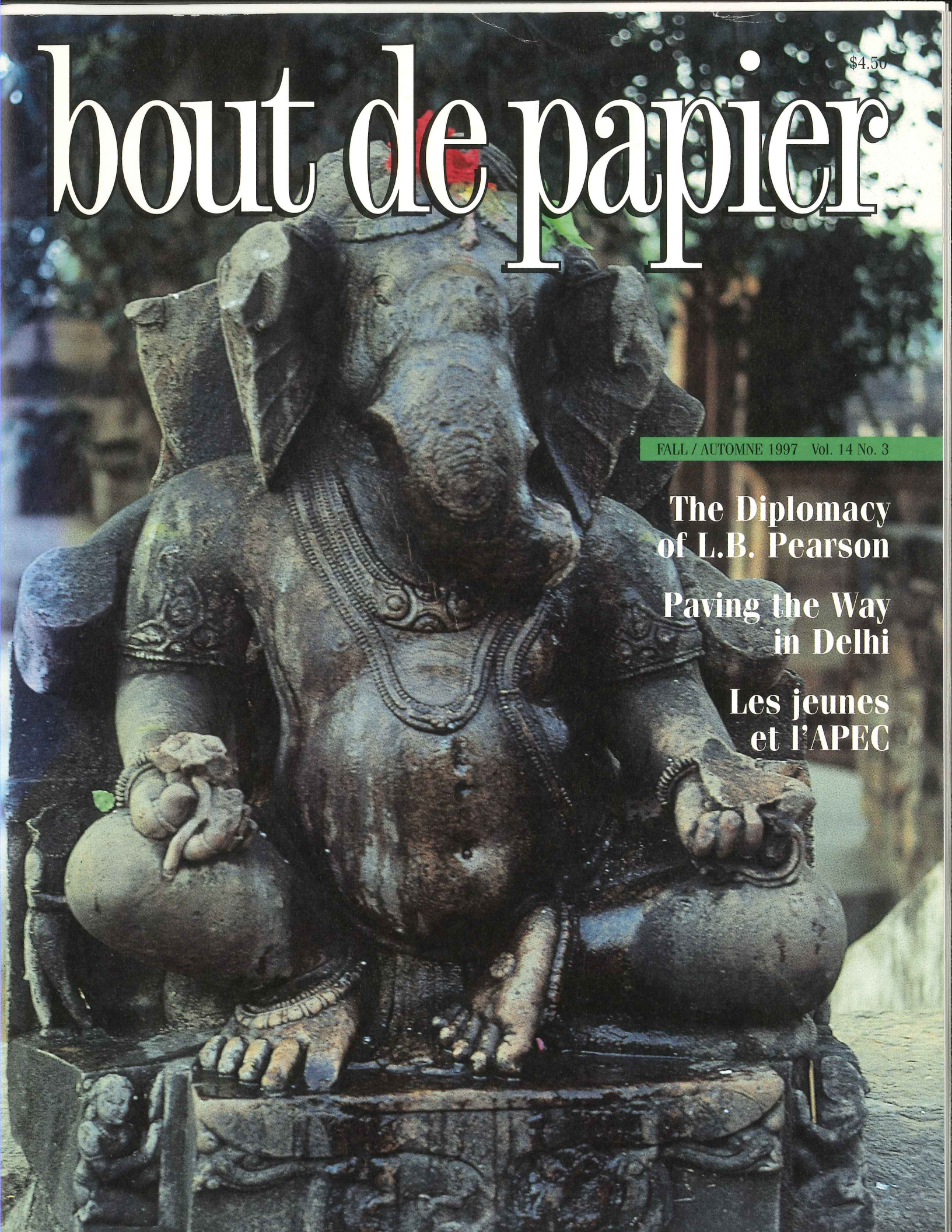




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**Paving the Way
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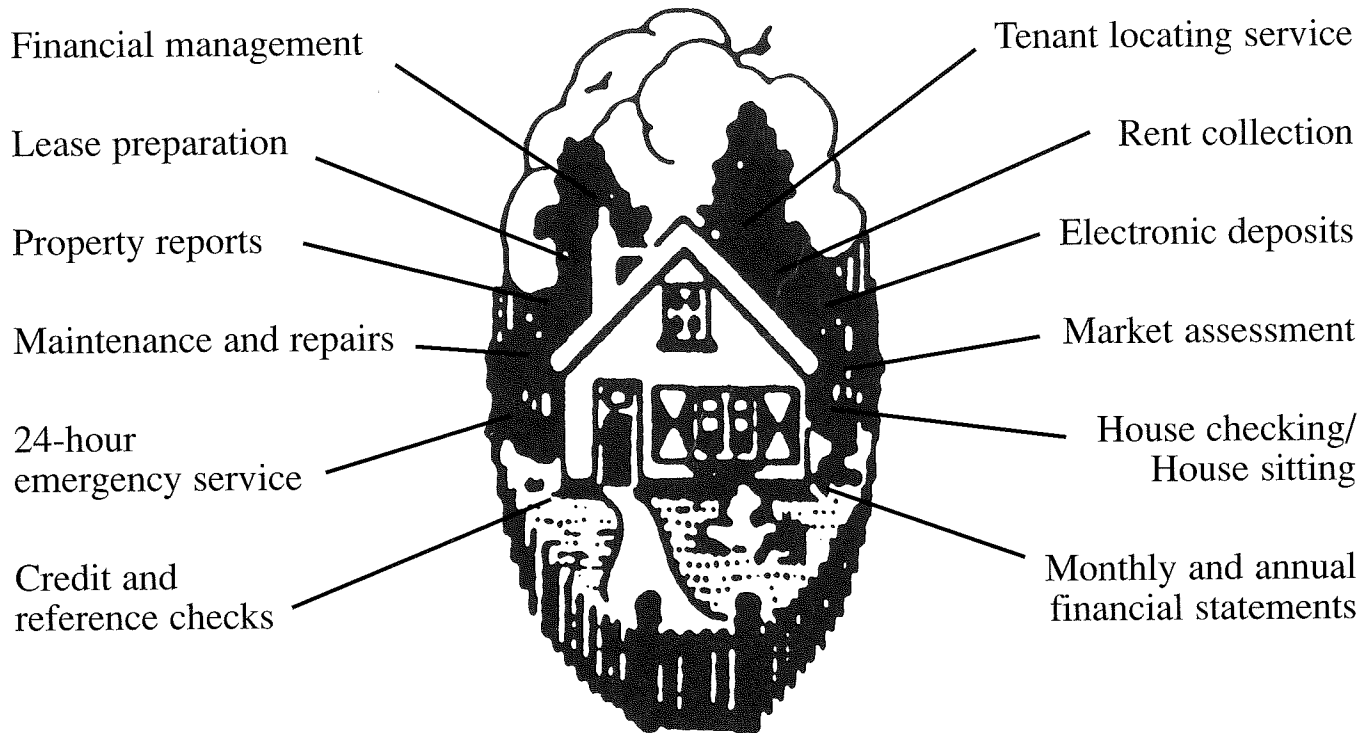
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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

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Vol. 14 No. 3



Photo: Daryl Copeland

East vs. West by Daryl Copeland, page 12

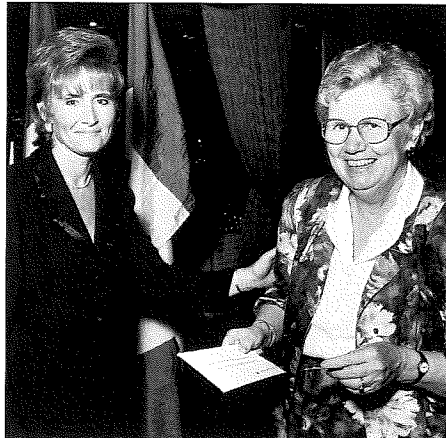


Photo: Gordon King

Judy Maus (Air Canada) and Senator Landon Pearson... page 26

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Daryl Copeland explores and explodes some common east-west myths.

Micro-Missions: Canada's Office in Guadalajara

Jennifer Daubeny comments on her experiences at a micro-consulate.

The Diplomacy of L.B. Pearson

Geoffrey Pearson reflects on L.B.P.'s international and domestic diplomacy.

An Interview with Gordon Smith

Parting thoughts on Smith's DFAIT career

L'APEC et les jeunes

Les générations de demain contribuent aujourd'hui.

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An evening to remember

Will the Real Roman Emperor Please Stand Up

Roger Lucy evaluates diplomacy in the previous millennium.

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Ganish is one of the gods in the Hindu pantheon — potbellied and elephant-headed. Photo by David Edwards

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Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

Wondering where the map was when I took this turn...

I think virtually all members of the foreign service — by definition current and former members of PAFSO — will admit, when asked why they joined the service, that they desired the experience of new and different things, perhaps to march to the beat of a different drummer and certainly to travel down different roads.

Some roads are so different from initial expectations that it leaves one wondering where the map was when that last turn was taken. Becoming Editor of **bout de papier** is one of those turns I think regular readers are well familiar with — every couple of years a new signature appears at the bottom of the "Editor's Notebook", expressing cautious pleasure at this honour while concealing the trepidation at taking over the reins from the oh-so-successful predecessor who won yet another international award for the magazine of its category. And now, it's my turn. Let me tell you that moving from being the last name on the masthead to the first was the furthest thing on my mind when I was asked to co-ordinate the contributions from Citizenship and Immigration for the Fall 1995 special edition devoted to the Immigration Foreign Service. I joined the **bout** Board in January 1995, not too long after my return to Ottawa after 10 years overseas — about the same time as Nick did — and thought that once we'd seen the Immigration Special Issue put to bed that would be it. But, the PAFSO staff involved in **bout** are pretty clever — having sensed some creative blood, however anaemic, in my veins they just kept calling me for every Board meeting, knowing that I would keep coming. And the rest, as they say, is history.

It has been a long time since the Editor was a Social Affairs/ Citizenship and Immigration PAFSO member — not since Nesta Scott in the mid-1980s. One of the motivating factors in taking on this position is that I hope, by doing so, the participation rate for contributions by CIC PAFSO members will increase. I know it is avidly read throughout our Department — including by our Senior Managers courtesy of a corporate subscription by the International Region — as much as it is read in the corridors and cubicles of DFAIT. But the other thing I have noticed since 1995 is that CIC members don't often contribute articles, be they features or regular departments or even photographic essays. We don't hear from the few remaining CIDA FS officers either — if

you are out there and still reading **bout** we'd appreciate your views too.

In this issue we continue our exposé of mini-missions with Jennifer Daubney's thoughts on life in Guadalajara. Our focus on the year of Asia-Pacific is well represented in this issue — throughout the features as well as in our commentary section.

The British are very good about rewarding their foreign service (FCO) types with a variety of orders — MBEs, OBEs, etc., "for services to Her Majesty's Foreign and Commonwealth Office", up to and including Knighthoods of various styles for the most senior members, usually Head of Mission rank. What, I know you are asking, has this got to do with **bout**? Well, the Canadian equivalent is to be awarded the Order of Canada, any one of three ranks (Member, Officer, Companion). They're announced a couple of times a year from Rideau Hall but precious few fall the way of foreign service officers regardless of rank. So, when an issue of **bout** contains contributions by not one but two recipients of the Order of Canada they deserve our applause. Roger Lucy, outlining diplomatic manoeuvring a millennium ago ("Will the Real Roman Emperor Please Stand Up"), received his O.C. for participating in the "Canadian Caper". James H. (Si) Taylor has recently been awarded his O.C. for contributions throughout his public service career and has provided a warm picture of the late Gérard Pelletier as a diplomat ("In Memoriam").

Finally, on the 40th Anniversary of Lester Pearson receiving his Nobel Award (and the Centenary year of his birth), we are privileged to present some thoughts on Lester Pearson's legacy to the Canadian foreign service by one of the people who knew him best — both in front of and behind the scenes — his son, Geoffrey. Mr. Pearson writes a dispassionate, balanced account about a man who is a legend to the intended audience. Never an easy task for anyone but especially not when he's one's father.

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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 at double space, 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).

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Editor:

I very much appreciated Marie Stamp's article in the Summer edition of BP regarding the issue of whether serving abroad will be worth it for those officers just proceeding abroad on their first assignments. Hopefully it will be, if people like myself can offer some inspiration and challenges to the new charges. It may be a fact that being a member of the Foreign Service is no longer its own reward, if it ever was, but there are still some 'rewarding' experiences to be had for those with energy, patience, and talent. You just cannot expect too many material rewards. This is truly public service.

Marie referred to long-serving FS-2's in her article, and speculated on how we must feel if the new crew feels ignored, unchallenged and underpaid. Indeed, after 25 years in the Foreign Service, I must admit to frustration with the lack of promotion, the seeming disregard for the contributions which experienced FS-2's provide to the Department, and the increased penchant of the Department to treat its senior employees as criminals or administrative nuisances. Then there is anger (a very undiplomatic emotion) at the cheap

labour the Department benefits from as we are ever asked to do more, including managing major issues and at times Missions, for a salary which doesn't match that of some garbage collectors. Of course, we are expected to grin and bear it. After all, we do have a job and spend most of our time relaxing in sunny climes!!

*We recognize
the importance
of what we do,
the value of
diplomatic talents
honed through trial
and tribulation*

Yes, Marie, we mature (as opposed to ageing) FS-2's have enormous grounds to complain about our status in this Foreign Service of the 1990's. But we did emerge in a different era. We recognize the importance of what we do, the value of diplomatic

talents honed through trial and tribulation over the years, the need to work with new officers to keep the tradition alive. A lot of griping doesn't aid this process, so we usually proceed in silence, aiming to achieve personal if not professional satisfaction.

The Foreign Service is a very different animal than it was 25 years ago. The 50 hour work weeks have become 70 hour work weeks. Those below you anxiously await your demise, while those above help to expedite this process. The FS-2 "squeeze" is an amazing phenomenon, perhaps worthy of review by AGH. Does our spirit wane under this squeeze? Never! Having brought intellectual masochism to new heights, we will stay in the race until the end...or our children graduate from university. And we will clutch that 25 year service plaque (unless they have been discontinued) close to our chests, a sign of our survival in this vagabond life. Ah! I am envious of those who have the option of choosing another career path should the one they are on prove unrewarding.

Bryan Burton
Harare, Zimbabwe

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Nathalie: A "Minor" Problem

by Robert E. Lapointe

She was shaking as she stood outside the Embassy door, not knowing whether someone might recognize her; yet she knew she had to do it. In a country where law, culture and tradition favoured the rights of males she was about to do the most terrifying thing she could imagine ... challenge the rights of her father. Determinedly, she opened the door and asked to speak with the Consul. She was 18 years of age.

Nathalie had been born in Canada of a Canadian mother and non-Canadian father but, for almost as long as she could remember, had lived with her father in his home country. She had grown up with privilege; her father was a well-connected and respected businessman. He was genuinely fond of her, and she loved him. The problem for Nathalie was that although he could be very indulgent in providing her with luxuries he was also a very close guardian, which for her had become intolerably

stifling. Further, she had never understood the reasons for the breakup of her parents' marriage nor why her father had refused to allow her to visit or communicate with her natural mother. She yearned to see her again, something to which her father was adamantly opposed. Under the local laws a daughter, up to the age of 21, required her father's written permission before she could travel abroad. Secretly, she had found her mother's address in Canada and written to her. When she received a welcoming reply she was determined to find a way of getting to Canada. She decided to turn to the Canadian Embassy for help.

Protecting the Vulnerable

The Consular mandate, providing protection and assistance to Canadians abroad, must always be viewed in the perspective of the prevailing circumstances: what are the constraints? In the case of minors, for example, two major considerations obtain: one of definition, and one of category.

In many countries there is a clearly defined legal age of majority. In other countries, certain rights taken for granted in Canada may be granted to female citizens later than to others (as for example in the case of Nathalie). In Canada there is a range of "legal" ages depending on the activity involved. A qualified person may obtain a Canadian Passport at the age of 16 without parental or other consent. In five Provinces the legal age to contract is 18, in the other five it is 19. How old does one have to be to quit school, consume alcoholic beverages, enter certain premises, be called to serve in the armed forces or on a jury, engage in consensual sexual relations, marry, obtain a driver's (or pilot's) permit, be protected under the Privacy Act? Some ages are set by Federal Statute, others provincial, municipal, or not at all. The UN Convention on The Rights of The Child (acceded to by Canada) defines in Article 1 every human being below the age of 18 as a child "unless, under the law applicable to the child, majority is attained earlier." Such an array of responses can bewilder foreign authorities, not to mention, on occasion, ourselves.

A most dramatic, and growing, category of problems for consular officials is that of international child abductions.

DFAIT and its successive Ministers have over time become very actively involved in

assisting the parent(s) in such cases both in Canada and at missions abroad. The recently published "International Child Abduction: A Manual for Parents" is an invaluable guide to action for those who are or might be affected. The Consul's job is to see that, where applicable, the relevant treaties and laws are effectively applied, that the legitimate interests of the Canadian parent are advanced, and that the well-being of the child is assured.

Networking

It took several meetings with the Consul, in Nathalie's case, to piece together the facts of her story. Clearly this case had some very sensitive elements: family connections, local laws, Canadian laws, the need for privacy, the potential risk of physical danger. One issue was not in dispute: she was a Canadian citizen and asking for help. The facts were discussed with officials at Headquarters. Finally, it was decided to proceed along strictly practical lines. Nathalie applied for and received a Canadian Passport as her right under Canadian law. At her request, the passport was held for her at the Embassy. A valid host country passport had already been issued in her name (it was later found to contain incorrect information as to her place of birth ... given as the host country instead of Canada). Nathalie knew that her father and uncle would shortly make a business trip to Western Europe, and felt she could prevail upon them to let her make the trip as well. She did.

She didn't think her father would ever forgive her or take her back into his life.

When the time neared for their departure, Nathalie again visited the Embassy and collected her Canadian passport. By now, a plan had been worked out to assist. With Nathalie out of her country of second citizenship (she would travel on that country's passport) there could be no constraint on the Embassy in Western Europe assisting her in travelling to Canada. When Nathalie was ready to come to the Embassy

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she was to call first. There she would be met and helped to effect her departure. It was on a Saturday evening that she finally managed to evade the watchfulness of her relatives long enough to take a taxi with what few belongings she could gather and get to the Embassy. The relief when she entered the building was shared by all present. Nathalie had been told repeatedly before undertaking her trip that, although the Embassy would help, it was strictly on the basis of her wishes. She was at all times free to change her mind; she would remain so until the aircraft would take off.

The following morning, with the cooperation of Embassy colleagues and a major Canadian airline, Nathalie was assisted in getting to the airport, checking in, and boarding. She was reunited with her mother later that day. The only regret she voiced before leaving was that she didn't think her father would ever forgive her or take her back into his life.

Nathalie's fears proved groundless; the father was reconciled with his daughter shortly afterward and their relationship was reported to be greatly improved. Nathalie wrote to thank all involved for their help and kindness.

Shortly before leaving for Canada, she shared several poems she had recently written. This is one:

LA POÉSIE

La poésie, qu'est-ce que la poésie?

Une fleur qui fait rêver,
qui s'ouvre à la première lueur du jour et
qui se referme à la tombée de la nuit?

La poésie, qu'est-ce que la poésie?

Un monde fait de nuages, de beauté et qui
renferme notre bonheur, un monde qui preserve
notre secret, nos rêves, nos ambitions, un monde
qui nous protège et qu'on protège.

Il peut être petit ou grand.

La poésie, qu'est-ce que la poésie?

Elle peut être tout sauf un monde sans Amour!

(Signée) Votre petite poète... ☺

Robert Lapointe is a retired Foreign Service Officer living in Montreal. He served in Dakar, London, Nairobi, Rome, Mexico and Paris, mostly as Consular Program Manager and, at HQ, as Consular Policy Officer. He is active as a Facilitator/Consultant in DFAIT's Consular Training Program.

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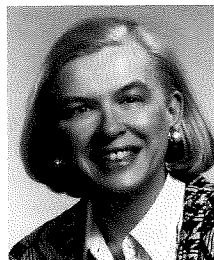
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Cockroaches and Caviar

by Mary Taylor

I reached around the door and switched on the light, then waited for thirty seconds before entering my kitchen. That would give the cockroaches time to scuttle off the counter. I knew they were there. I just didn't want to see them. The refrigerator was by the window, so once I had found my little pot I stood savouring its contents, while contemplating the dreary scene outside. In the dim light before dawn I could make out the broken packing cases strewn across the snow and the hunched figure of the guard half asleep in his sentry box. With my other pregnancies I had not experienced any particular cravings but with this, my fourth, I lusted for caviar. Luckily I was in Moscow, in Kutuzovsky Prospect to be exact, at a time when this was still an affordable commodity. And so I stood one December morning in what by any normal standards would have been called a slum, staring at the snow and supping caviar.

*Even quite
humble officers,
quite frequently
found themselves
mingling with the
beautiful people.*

In the bad old days, known by some as "the golden age", life in the Canadian Foreign Service was tougher but often more glamorous. Accommodation was at a premium, not only in European cities recovering from the devastation of war but also in new Asian capitals which had suddenly had greatness thrust upon them. Hospitals and medical services were sometimes reminiscent of Dickens and Foreign Service Directives had not yet been designed to mitigate such problems. So daily life was often very rough indeed. To compensate, however, there were some splendid moments, even for those who were relatively junior. In a service with fewer and smaller missions operating in a world where those with money rarely had inhibitions about spending

it, even quite humble officers, whether in their own right or representing their ambassadors, quite frequently found themselves mingling with the beautiful people. But it was the cockroaches with whom one lived day by day.

We had them in Paris, supposedly because we lived in a ground floor apartment near a grocery store; but I don't remember them in Delhi. Perhaps that was because I rarely entered the small, hot kitchen where our food was cooked over a charcoal burner. What our house there did enjoy was plenty of flies in addition to the architectural distinction of having three rooms, only one of which had an outside window. Space was often limited, especially if one had several children. Two of our babies spent part of their infancy in cupboards — with window in Paris, without in Moscow. Ironically by the time most of us acquired more palatial accommodation our children had grown up and fled the coop.

Having children increased the complications of foreign service life and in my case this started from day one. I had planned to have my first baby in a charming little clinic near our home in New Delhi. But when I called to say labour was well advanced the answer came loud and clear "no room at the inn". We were, as it happened, in the midst of floods and on the brink of a cholera epidemic. So I was despatched to what could be charitably described as an indifferent nursing home, one in fact from which my husband had been rescued earlier by his High Commissioner's wife, Mrs. Reid, on the grounds that it was no fit place for a Canadian patient.

Andrew was born naturally, partly because there was no qualified anaesthetist, and spent the first days of his life cradled by an adoring ayah, who only stopped rocking him to spit betel juice on the stone floor. No doubt because of this he grew up with a remarkably happy disposition, and a good thing too. Later with a rusty nail sticking out of his foot I took him to the British doctor whose services we shared in Moscow. Known for this wry humour which was not always appreciated by the more nervous members of our little community, the good Dr. Sheehan took one look. "I suppose we'll have to amputate," he said. It was greatly

to the credit of my nine year old that he instantly perceived this to be a joke.

Home leave at that time only applied to those in very demanding circumstances, such as my husband and Bill Bauer, who shared an hotel room in Hanoi. Elsewhere one had to fend as best one could. I remember my first trip to Brittany before we had saved up enough money to buy a car. My husband had to stay in town for a meeting — how well these matters were always arranged — so I set forth with a three year old and a one year old helped by a rather incompetent teen-aged au pair. The train had barely left the suburbs of Paris before the man opposite opened his first bottle of red wine. But it was not the behaviour of the passengers in this crowded second class compartment which made the journey so difficult but the refusal of my older child to use the toilet facilities. One look at the ground flying beneath and he refused to have anything to do with it. To my amazed admiration he held out without accident to the bitter end but virtue was not rewarded. No sooner had we reached the long awaited villa than he fell into a bed of nettles, a hazard he had not encountered in Canada.

*The French embassy
concentrated on
essentials and
arranged for Air
France to fly in
cheese every week.*

Food — or at least the lack of those types to which we were accustomed — could also be a source of hardship. Most of the year in Moscow bananas were unobtainable, not to mention lettuce, avocados and celery, none of which could survive being transported in the unheated wagon cars which brought us goodies from Helsinki. Those returning from holiday usually had their hand baggage stuffed with delicacies. Since the cheese in Gastronom was almost inedible it was worth maintaining the French connection. In admirable Gallic style the French embassy concentrated on essentials and arranged for Air France to fly in cheese

every week. But on the other hand one enjoyed fruit in tropical posts, mangoes straight from the tree or little pink bananas, which made their counterparts sold in the West seem like poor relations. In the Europe of the 60s a strong Canadian dollar meant that even the great restaurants were affordable. For the first meal — alas only one of two — that I ate in the Grand Vefour, the prices were comparable to those of the old La Touraine in Ottawa. I didn't initially realise that I was eating in one of France's greatest restaurants.

One Canadian ambassador was only willing to attend a concert if assured that royalty would be present.

The golden moments of diplomatic life often came with state visits such as that which Lester Pearson made to Paris in 1964. Despite my husband's lowly position as a first secretary — and in the NATO delegation at that — we were invited to the reception given by De Gaulle in Pearson's honour. It is not an evening I will forget. Although I had not splurged on a new dress I had engaged the services of a talented hairdresser, soon to float right out of my price range, to give me an extraordinary hairdo. The General greeted everyone with a few appropriate words, and as I bent my elaborately coiffed head to shake his hand I really did feel that I was in the presence of greatness. Then we wandered through the rooms of the Elysée, sipping champagne while the band played and admiring not so much the elegantly gowned ladies as the members of the academy in their green coats adorned with laurels.

On that splendid evening the music, as I remember, was no more than pleasant. But music can loom large in diplomatic life. A sufficient number of senior diplomats appear to be uninterested in it — one Canadian ambassador was reputedly only willing to attend a concert if assured that royalty would be present — that junior officers who express enthusiasm often reap rich rewards. One lovely summer night in Moscow we listened to a concert given by the British ambassador's daughter who was then a student of Rostropovitch. At the intermission we sipped drinks on the balcony and admired the golden domes of the Kremlin

glimmering in the dusk just across the river. Years later after a diplomatic dinner we heard Rostropovitch perform with his hostess, a semi-professional pianist who happened to be the wife of the local American ambassador. Once out of the clutches of their agents and as a token of gratitude to their hosts a surprising number of great performers were beguiled into providing after dinner entertainment, rather like talented Victorians. Maureen Forrester was particularly generous in this respect.

But not all musical evenings were so happy. When the Winnipeg Ballet performed its prize-winning spoof of a ballet lesson in Leningrad, this was met with total incomprehension. In an effort to show that it was intended to be funny we three or four Canadians sitting in the stalls laughed out loud. But this attempt, not easy in a large theatre, was ill-received by the woman behind us for whom ballet was obviously sacred. "That's very rude," she scolded tapping my neighbour briskly on the shoulder. "The poor things are doing their best." Cultural differences can make some concerts hard to enjoy unless one is a dedicated musicologist. Few diplomats attended more than once the performance of 8th century court music, to which they were regularly invited by the Japanese Imperial Household.

In the 60s embassies were still small enough and official visits rare enough, particularly in a post like Moscow, that quite junior officers were present on many grand occasions. Nowadays one has to be a good deal higher up the totem pole to have such experiences. Life, if easier, is also duller. For ambassadors, however, the great moments still occur. Nothing will erase my memory of Jessye Norman, draped in the tricolor, belting out the Marseillaise in the Place de la Concorde to celebrate the bicentennial of the French Revolution. It may have looked corny on TV, as some of my possibly jealous friends assured me, but if you were actually there it was extraordinarily moving. As on the stage, timing is everything in diplomacy. Quite often I felt that ours was poor and we arrived just after or left just before some memorable event. But once at least we hit the jackpot. What perfect timing to be in Tokyo for the enthronement of the Emperor, the first such ceremony in 62 years. That too was an experience I shall not forget. ☺

Mary Taylor met her husband Si in India and spent the next 35 years in the foreign service life. Her book on her experiences in Japan is forthcoming with Oberon Press.



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Fifty years ago I was on temporary duty in South Africa, after three years in Australia, when a telegram came from Ottawa ordering me to go to Delhi to "pave the way for a new mission". Those were the days when one could travel at leisure by ship on government time and expense. My wife and I took a freighter from Durban to Bombay, with calls at many ports including aromatic Zanzibar, the remote Seychelles and decaying Goa.

We arrived in Bombay at the beginning of April 1947 to face the realities of India. The Canadian trade commissioner's office, which had been there for some years, was helpful. They readily persuaded me to

order some standard filing cabinets from a factory, to be delivered in, say, four months.

The government had agreed to ship my precious Ford car with us. It was one of the very first post-war cars out of the Port Elizabeth plant (Ford of South Africa being a subsidiary to Ford of Canada). In Bombay, Ford of India (also a subsidiary) arranged to ship it under guard to Delhi. There it was not only personally useful, but also for a time was the only vehicle for the mission after the team arrived from Ottawa, when it was given a lot of mileage.

The political situation in India was intensely significant, I arrived with Lord Mountbatten, to be the last Viceroy, appointed by the Atlee Government which clearly wished to speed

up the process for full independence. The two outstanding issues were to determine whether there would be one country or two, and to fix a date for independence. The first time I heard the cry "Pakistan Zinzabad", in the middle of the night, I thought the crowd was saying "Pakistan is in the Bag".

While history was being made I was buried in administrative tasks and coping with the local bureaucracy. My wife did provide a good clipping service, and I even managed to write a couple of letters to Ottawa, pecked out on a hired typewriter that was wartime junk. Perhaps inevitably one of these began with a Durham paraphrase about finding two nations warring in the bosom of a single state.

Paving the Way in Delhi

by Alfred Pick

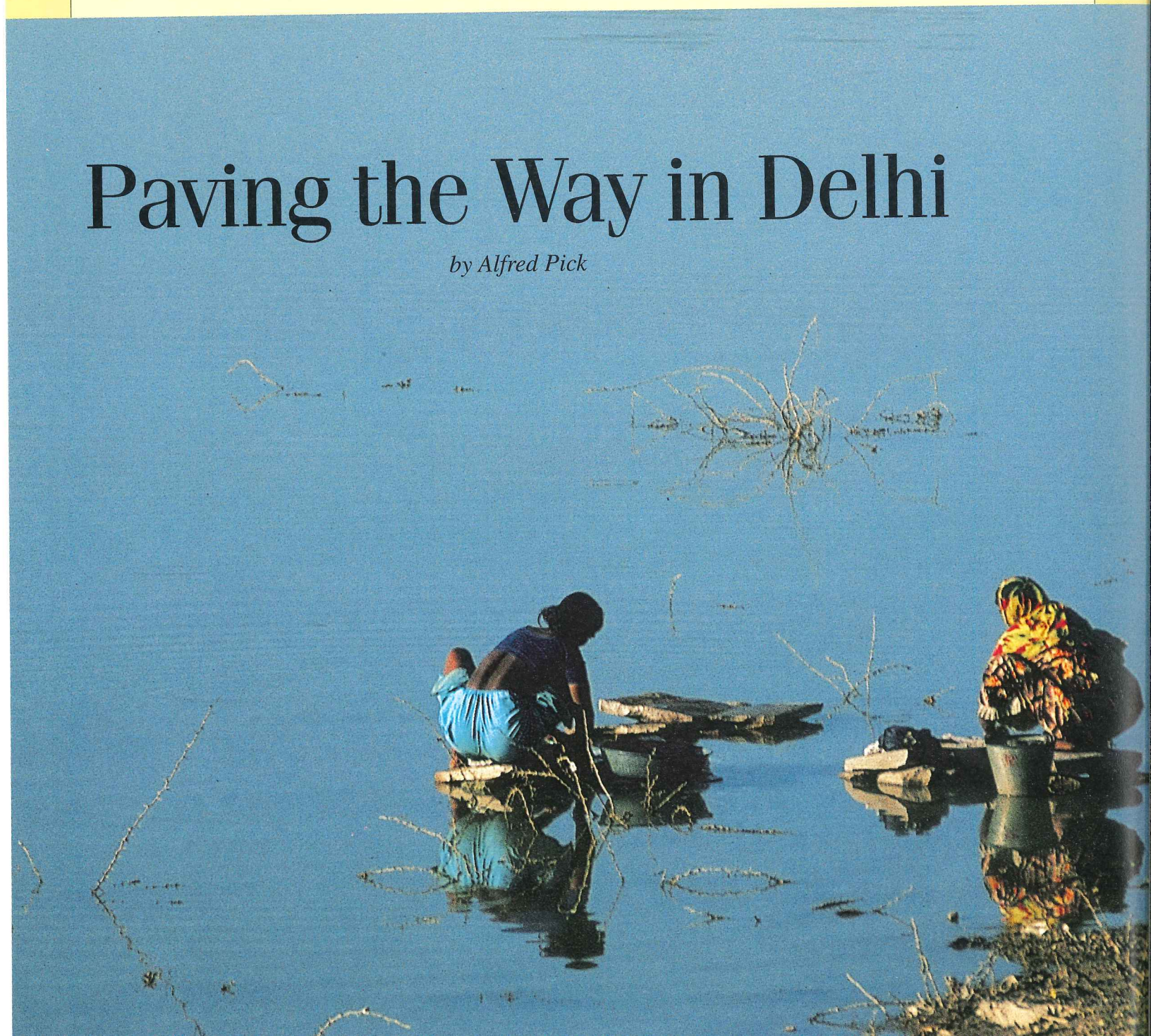




Photo: Liza Linklater

The wartime shortages had persisted in Delhi and the essentials for an office were not available. We worked out of rooms in the hotel, the old Imperial, where we also lived. Local female office staff was difficult to find. Good typewriters, could not be obtained, whether to buy or hire.

The heat in May and June, before the rains came, was unbelievable and almost unbearable. We did have high ceilings and electric fans (still called punkahs from the manually-operated fans of earlier colonial times). We learned to live and work in the downdraft of the fans. Modern air conditioning units were becoming available, but very slowly.

The nights could be very uncomfortable, especially if the fan failed. Delhi became the City of Dreadful Nights, though not actually the one so vividly described by Kipling. Apart from the heat, I was sometimes restless listening for the morning newspaper at the door. What would be the reaction to the latest move? What would the Brits say, or Jinnah or Gandhi or Nehru? One country or two? Peace or war?

Shortly after arriving, I saw the handsome property at 4 Aurangzeb Road, which was under wartime requisition and had been converted to officer accommodation, with the main rooms divided into cubicles and the garden filled with "hutments". It would make a good residence in a good area, with space for offices in two wings nearer the street. I sent a brief description to Ottawa but could not provide the two Treasury essentials: the rent and the term of a lease. Amazingly, I was given the go-ahead by the Department.

Photo: David Edwards

I became concerned that newly arrived Ambassadors from countries such as the Netherlands and Belgium, who had looked at the house, might pull rank on me and get it. I was a lowly Second Secretary with no proper accreditation or status. So I decided to approach Nehru, who was Commonwealth Secretary in the then Indian Government. He received me with his well-known grace and charm. We did not discuss the state of negotiations with the British and the Moslem League. I got an assurance that the property was earmarked for Canada.

We did not get possession for some months, while I preoccupied myself with the problems of telephones and electricity for air conditioners (still problems of the greater Delhi of today, I understand). Several years later the rent was fixed and paid; more years again the property was bought from a large Hindu family. Also, the office moved out to the Canadian compound in the new diplomatic ghetto.



Nehru received me with his well-known grace and charm.

The team arrived from Ottawa at the end of June: the High Commissioner John Kearney, Counsellor Morley Scott, a male clerk and three stenographers. They brought much-needed office supplies, new typewriters, but no cars. At first they were a burden but later became a very good team. They were not, at the beginning, impressed with the little I had accomplished as a solo advance party, but they soon learned how difficult it is to try to hustle the East, especially India in the immediate post-war period and at a time of political upheaval.

Soon enough the great occasion of Freedom at Midnight arrived on August 15. India got its full independence after a long period of substantial self-government; and the Moslem State of Pakistan was created, in two widely separated parts. The celebrations were accompanied by political and social turmoil, and especially afterwards by bloody communal strife in Delhi itself. ☺

Alfred Pick joined the Foreign Service in 1940 and retired in 1975. He was Head of Mission in Peru, Tunis, The Netherlands and, finally, observer to the Organization to the American States.

East vs. West?

Bridging the Values Gap



photos and story by Daryl Copeland

It has become the conventional wisdom that the world's economic centre of gravity is tilting towards the Orient, which is emerging as the dynamic centre of the new global economy of the 21st century. It stands to reason that if Canada is to enlarge its sovereignty, diversify its dependence, and share in that region's prosperity,

then we must do everything possible to realize the full extent of our potential as a player in the Asia Pacific.

The past few years have certainly seen a significant expansion of activity and exchange, and Canada's profile on the other side of the Pacific has risen accordingly. There has been a commensurate increase in the appreciation of the importance of that region in this country: 1997 has been

designated as Canada's Year of Asia Pacific. Canada is chairing APEC, a broad international consortium working to build trade and investment ties, and will host the APEC leaders' meeting in November. Three Team Canada missions — to North, South and Southeast Asia — a series of ministerial visits, cooperative security and development assistance initiatives, burgeoning tourism and immigration flows, and, especially, a



sensitive handling of divergent approaches to a number of highly charged issues which not all parties regard as universal in nature.



Western societies, for example, have a very strong commitment to the International Bill of Human Rights, and a cluster of human rights related issues are on the forefront of the East-West divide. In the West, the Bill is seen as the foundation stone of a set of immutable and indivisible values which apply equally to all, regardless of location or background. Not all societies, however, and certainly not all governments, accept the absolute place of the provisions of the Bill as a benchmark against which standards should be set and performance measured. In Asia, in particular, the point is made that "Asian values" sometimes differ from "Western values," which, some maintain, are at the core of the International instrument. Without denouncing explicitly the internationally agreed principles, leaders from China, Malaysia, Singapore and elsewhere in the region have questioned their strict applicability to Asian states which, they declare, are constituted and governed on the basis of shared social, rather than individual values.

The seeming preoccupation of Western governments and NGOs with human rights issues has frequently been branded by Asians as an attempt to impose culturally biased standards and norms which are not only alien to the region, but prejudicial to local economic development. The more ardent exponents of this argument go so far as to accuse human rights advocates of participation in a conspiracy intended to keep Asian developing countries "down". At international fora and in the popular media on both sides of the Pacific, acrimonious exchanges and claims of superiority have not infrequently drowned out genuine dialogue and exchange.

With the strength of Asia's power in world affairs growing at least in parallel with its impressive economic strength, the possibility of Asian states derogating from accepted global instruments as a result of "different value systems" is a prospect which must be taken seriously. At least equally worthy of protracted contemplation is the possibility that "Asian values" could one day emerge ascendant and thus contribute to new norms which the West might then have to accommodate. If that were the case, what would be the implications for the current set of global human rights set out in various international agreements?

At the centre of this debate is the question of the extent to which a clear distinction

surge in two-way trade and investment have all contributed to the advance of Canada's long term strategic position in the Asia Pacific region.

In business and government circles across Canada, there has been an increased emphasis on mobilization, coordination and policy coherence. These signs of a more integrated and sophisticated approach are welcome, especially in terms of the

successful management of political and economic relations with key bilateral partners and the major regional groupings. Even in the best of circumstances, however, the intensification of Canada's trans-Pacific embrace could produce some vexing challenges. In particular, getting closer to the countries and institutions across the Pacific would appear to require some bridging of the alleged *values gap*, and the

between core Asian and Western values can be sustained. Proponents of the divergent values argument suggest that over the course of history a set of fundamentally divergent precepts and assumptions has evolved and led to the development of irreconcilably different, even conflicting standards of cultural, religious, political and social behaviour and belief.

What are some of these values, how are they expressed, and just how different are they? A preliminary survey is annexed.

At a superficial, and in many cases at a visceral level as well, the sorts of distinctions set out in the chart seem to ring true. Analyzed against the circumstances of particular countries, however, such sweeping generalizations are much more difficult to defend. Indeed, many are reduced to stereotypes and caricatures. By way of illustration, let's review some commonly adduced examples.

In North Asia, for instance, the Confucian heritage stresses the dignity of learning, obedience to authority, and respect for elders. This constellation of values is often



held as distinctively Asian. But is it? These priorities, even if expressed in somewhat different language, are commonly held in many parts of the world associated with Judeo-Christian convictions, and are hardly rare among Canadians. The short of it is that some central elements of major Eastern religions find wide resonance elsewhere.

Veneration of "the family" is another trait frequently described as somehow especially Asian. To be sure, in many North American

cities, the old model of the nuclear family does seem to have been overtaken by events. But wait. In Japan marriage and fertility rates are the lowest in the world; traditional families there are becoming an endangered species. In China, female infants are frequently abandoned or killed. Meanwhile, the sanctity of the family remains deeply ingrained in southern Europe, is worshipped by the religious right in the United States, prized by the Reform Party in Canada, and defended staunchly by the Catholic church. Again, serious reflection suggests that any real East-West distinction is unclear.

Decadence, degradation, decay?

Hmmm.... assessed according to what?

Explicit sex may be off the movie screens in strait-laced Singapore, but it is on tap in hotel videos most everywhere else in the region. Meanwhile, ten years of unconstrained double digit growth have given rise to environmental pressures which are near, at or in excess of tolerable limits in many Asian locales. The crucial harmony between man and nature, which is at the very centre of many eastern religions, is being stretched beyond





West-East Values Gap

West

East

Political

democratic	authoritarian
liberal	repressive
representative	hierarchic
rule of law	discretionary or arbitrary rule
dissent	unanimity
free expression	censorship
free association	control

Social

individual	family
personal	collective
self	community
flexibility	rigidity
divergence	consensus
fracture	cohesion
license	discipline
decadence	moderation
indulgence	fealty

Cultural

reality	appearance
substance	form
confrontation	accommodation
competition	cooperation
freedom	obedience
originality	conformism
innovation	tradition
possibility	predestination
questioning	certainty
spontaneity	planning
direct enunciation	oblique gesture
in your face	face saving
chaos	order

recognition. Spent any time in the capital of an "Asian tiger" lately? Bring your gas mask.

Asian societies are often portrayed, on both sides of the Pacific, as rigid, authoritarian and deterministic. Over the past several decades, however, capitalism and free enterprise have introduced an unheard-of degree of upward social mobility into both revolutionary China and traditional Thailand. But in North America, especially for those employed in sunset industries, the public sector, and middle management, stagnation has been the rule and much of the movement has been downwards. Burgeoning middle classes all over Asia are clamoring for political power and modern services from the state, even as many in the West want government reduced. No easy generalizations here, either.

What of the oft-cited observation that the putatively values-based quality of life in the East is morally superior to that of the West? Well, that is difficult to square with the epidemics of prostitution, drug abuse and the exploitation of children which flourish in Thailand, the Philippines, and southern China. And violence? The crime rates in Korea and Pakistan rank with leading US cities. Nepotism and patronage are landmarks of the political landscape in Malaysia and Indonesia, yet political integrity and social cohesion epitomize the Nordic model. So again, the evidence is mixed.

I am struck by the fact that much of the debate on values seems to spring from a set of circumstances which no longer obtain. Public finances are improving and the work ethic is enjoying a resurgence in the West, even as the newly wealthy in Asia are spending more time on golf courses, at swank clubs and aboard yachts. Can the pot call the

kettle black? And the economy of the United States, written off in the late 80s by declinists on both sides of the Pacific, has perhaps never looked more robust and promising.

It may be that many of the characteristics of Western society, and particularly the more dissolute aspects so trumpeted in some Oriental capitals, have more to do with longer periods of urban-industrial gestation than much of Asia has yet to experience. Inner city decay, single parenthood, an aging population and special-interest politics may be delayed in Asia, but they will not be denied. When they arrive, so too will demands for welfare and expanded government spending, enlightened public policy and progressive programmes. This is one of the less explored aspects of globalization.

All of which is to say that while it is possible to identify some values which are more prominent in some parts of Asia than in some parts of the West, and vice versa, it is difficult in the extreme to generalize. All countries are particular, and, at the end of the day, are best understood according to the dynamics of their own discreet histories.

However obvious this may seem, the problem remains that in international fora and in the popular media on both sides of the Pacific, acrimonious exchanges and claims of superiority have too often been substituted for genuine dialogue and exchange. In many cases, moralizing has been substituted for morality, and propaganda for principles. None of that achieves anything very helpful, or advances anyone's brief.

Perhaps there is a role for Canada in helping to move the discussion beyond this sterile and counterproductive impasse over the — non-existent? — values gap. It is

surely time to identify the means by which the parameters of the debate might be shifted from the divisive issue of divergence to a more wide-ranging and systematic search for those values which are shared. Once identified, these pillars could be built upon as the basis for a more harmonious trans-Pacific relationship in the next century.

At minimum, a more thoughtful consideration of these vital issues would be particularly timely in the midst of Canada's Year of Asia Pacific. Given the stakes, the least we can do is try. ☺

Daryl Copeland has had postings to Kuala Lumpur, Addis Ababa, and Bangkok. He is currently the Director of National Programmes at the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in Toronto.

Micro-Missions: Canada's Office in Guadalajara

by Jennifer Daubeny

The last two years have seen an increased number of Canadian diplomatic missions comprising a single Canada Based Officer. In 1995, seven of these satellite offices or mini missions were opened in Latin America alone, adding to long-established single-officer posts throughout Africa and in the US, and more recently established offices in such locations as Vietnam, Japan and Croatia.

Unlike the experience chronicled by "Our Man in Zagreb", Sam Hanson, in the Summer 1996 edition of *bout*, the majority of these missions do not involve lone officers camped out in a hotel room with a laptop and a modem, in place to deal with a supposedly temporary crisis. In Guadalajara, the Canadian Consulate is an attractive and modern office of a permanent nature, or as permanent as anything is in these days of perpetual change in DFAIT... There are three LES positions assigned to the office, including a Commercial Officer, a Commercial Assistant and an Administrative/ Consular Assistant, as well as a part-time contract receptionist. Moreover, we don't operate under crisis conditions (most days at least), but rather try to deliver services to our commercial and consular clientele in a rational and strategic manner.

So why does Canada have an office in Guadalajara, what exactly do we do, and how do we do it differently from bigger, multi-program posts?

The roots of our current presence in Guadalajara stem from dramatically increased interest in the Mexican market on the part of Canadian exporters and investors, following the negotiation and implementation of the NAFTA agreement. The tremendous opportunities of Mexico City and the surrounding states provided challenge enough for the Commercial Section of the Embassy, leaving them with little time to focus on the regions of Mexico.

Like Canada, however, Mexico is very much a country of regions, with states such as Nuevo Leon and Jalisco, and the respective capital cities Monterrey and Guadalajara, representing significant export and investment opportunities for Canadian companies. Consequently, a satellite trade office was opened in Monterrey (Mexico's third largest city) in 1993, and in the summer of



Left to right: Fernando Baños (Commercial Officer), Juan Carlos Muñoz (Commercial Assistant), Ana Lilia Bara (Consular and Administrative Assistant), Jennifer Daubeny (Consul and Trade Commissioner), Susana Valdez (Receptionist)

1995, Treasury Board approved funds to open a similar office in Mexico's second city, Guadalajara. I arrived in Guadalajara in late November, and spent December making initial calls (at least until the local paralysis caused by the Christmas season set in), and assembling the basic tools needed to perform the trade promotion function (eg. a CD-ROM copy of the WIN database). By January of 1996, ready or not, we were faced with our first trade mission, first information booth at a local exhibition and first high-profile visitors.

Unlike such satellite trade offices as Rio or Hamburg, which have specific sectoral responsibilities, the Guadalajara Consulate handles all commercial matters relating to a specified geographic area, in our case five states in Western Mexico. At the same time, we offer consular services to a not-insignificant community of Canadians. Although no definitive statistics exist, an extremely pleasant year-round climate has attracted 5,000 or more, primarily retired, Canadians to Guadalajara and the surrounding Lake Chapala-Ajijic region. Fortunately, Canada's Honorary Consulate in Ajijic, approximately 50 kilometres from Guadalajara, absorbs some of the volume. Nonetheless, the Guadalajara office handles a steady stream of consular issues, be these renewals of lost or expired passports, citizenship applications for Mexican-born children and, in light of the average age of

members of the Canadian community, a significant number of deaths.

Prior to arrival in Mexico, I was told that my work in Guadalajara would be primarily commercial. I treated this assurance with some scepticism, and hence have been surprised to find that the first year of my assignment has indeed focused predominantly on commercial matters. Part of this focus has resulted from a very selective approach to the requests and invitations which cross my desk. This focus may also be facilitated by what some might consider the "provincialism" of Guadalajara, a provincialism which — given Mexico's highly centralized political system — is essentially shared by all of the country outside of Mexico City. In any event, the number of "must attend" events of debatable professional payback (national days spring to mind) are limited in a city of relatively modest political egos, and in which only the United States and Canada have full (as opposed to honorary) consulates.

Despite the Guadalajara Consulate's concentration on commercial matters, single CBS missions are unlikely to suit someone who is interested solely in one area, be that commercial or general relations. For example, duties related to promoting Canada-Mexico relations in a general sense will continue to occupy at least some of my time. Moreover, my stated job responsibilities include contributing to the delivery of

other Embassy programs in our territory. In addition to consular duties, this has included such activities as organizing press conferences to announce Canada Fund projects, opening the "Pacific Currents" photography exhibit in Guadalajara (**bout** of Autumn 1996), and hosting lunch for 200 plus Canadian academics (and a Minister) in town for a conference.

Administrative duties are another aspect of a mini-mission which differ considerably from the situation in a larger mission. In some limited aspects the administrative function may be less onerous. For example, in our case the commercial section of the Embassy in Mexico City takes a first cut at drafting country input for the trade planning exercise, which is then provided to both Guadalajara and Monterrey for comments. For the most part, however, my experience suggests that officers in mini-missions are likely to spend significantly more time on administrative functions than their counterparts supervising a similar number of staff within an Embassy environment.

As with most mini-missions, a "mother mission" (in our case the Embassy in Mexico City) has overall responsibility for administrative matters related to the Consulate in Guadalajara. Our annual operating budget is established by the Commercial and Administrative sections in Mexico City and we share Mexico City's allocation for items such as language training or capital expenditures. At the beginning of each month the Consulate receives an accountable petty cash advance. Upon request, additional funds are provided to cover major purchases or expenditures.

Given the apparent simplicity of the above, and the fact that the Consulate has received generally good support from the Administrative section in Mexico City, particularly with relation to our start-up, I am unsure why administrative matters seem so onerous at times. Perhaps it is the fact that Admin is not just down the hall in the event of questions, or the lack of a layman's guide to administrative issues within DFAIT, or that I lack even basic training on dealing with financial/administrative issues in the DFAIT context. The training issue is one which I believe DFAIT should be examining more closely in light of the proliferation of mini-missions. For the sake of both of the individuals involved, and that of the Department, any officer going to a single-CBS post should be provided with a basic grounding in administrative and financial management, perhaps drawing on some of the modules presented in the existing Heads of Mission course.

An underlying principle of mini-missions is that they should be low-overhead offices.

For example, most of the mini-missions staffed at the Ambassadorial level do not have an Official Residence and accompanying staff. In our case, low overhead means no LES driver, or car for that matter. As a result, I seem to have become well-known to Guadalajara taxi drivers — so much for anonymity in a city of four million people! Taking taxis in a country where the economically or politically significant almost invariably have drivers has led to some interesting reactions among Mexicans. Then again, maybe it sends a message of some sort.

The Consulate also lacks a handyman or a messenger, resulting in an informal contracting out of these functions. Over the past year one of the hotel maintenance staff (the Consulate being located in the commercial annex of a local hotel) has received 65 pesos (about 12 dollars) a week (plus any necessary busfare) to deliver papers to the bank, go to the post office, pay bills, etc. in his "spare time". This has proved a very satisfactory arrangement for us, (if perhaps less so for the hotel).

In line with Guadalajara's status as a low-overhead mission, we also lack the latest in "standard" DFAIT technology. Our acronym-free zone means no SIGNET (although this is rumoured to be on the way), no MITNET, no CAPEX, and no FINEX, among who knows how many NETs and EXes. To date I have rarely bemoaned our lack of the latest "toys", probably because we have alternatives. For example, while we cannot receive incoming calls on MITNET, a 20 digit code (or two buttons on the auto dial) patches us into the Mexico City MITNET line for phone and fax calls, eliminating at least some of the cost and much of the problems of Mexican telephone lines. As for e-mail, all direct messages are received by the receptionist, whose computer has the Consulate's sole Internet connection, (thereby eliminating the pleasure of receiving desktop notification that the lines in the parking lot of the Lester B. Pearson Building are being painted yet again).

Currently all SIGNET messages are transmitted through a departmental faxlink connection. This is less than ideal, since our fax machine seems forever tied up with 60 page missives on a Canadian bid to host the headquarters of an international organization, the latest in geo-political developments, or a list of the statutory holidays being observed by Harare or Islamabad. While these are not particularly relevant to our day-to-day operations, the frequent need to replace fax toner cartridges, at over \$100 a shot, seems very relevant to our efforts to keep costs down. According to the S-Branch these all-mission messages cannot be received through e-mail because this could

compromise security, an explanation which confuses me given that Guadalajara (and I thought SIGNET) deals only in unclassified material.

It is not only the Department's electronic tools that occasionally have difficulties dealing appropriately with mini-missions. It seems that the human side of DFAIT does not always recognize the special circumstances of mini-missions either. As a result some instructions from headquarters can only be ignored, including those indicating that communication equipment such as our computer modem should be placed in a locked and "secure" room, to which only the CBS have access. In our office, the supplies cupboard and the bathroom emerge as the only possible options ...

Not recognizing our special circumstances is one thing. Not recognizing our very existence is another. At least initially, it seems the acronym GJARA did not mean much in the mailroom, and hence Christmas mail my first year trickled in until mid-May, arriving via such diverse locations as JKRTA, GTMLA and Tegucigalpa, Honduras (you figure out the last one). A more serious issue is publicizing the new Consulate's existence not just within DFAIT, but ensuring that the Canadian business community is aware both of our existence and of the commercial opportunities available in the Guadalajara region.

Small offices are certainly not for everyone. For example, those who thrive on the Canadian community aspects of Embassy life, such as regular Friday after work get-togethers or organized Embassy excursions, may find this lacking in a mini-mission. Although we certainly do socialize as an office, our get-togethers follow a somewhat irregular schedule, and for obvious reasons there is no Community Coordinator on site to organize events.

Personally, however, I am enjoying my small mission experience and, after a year in Guadalajara, highly recommend the challenges and rewards of running a satellite office, and particularly the opportunity to start-up such an office. I will note, though, that despite being the only Canadian in the Consulate, I still have a windowless office. Then again, living in the world's second best climate (as selected by no less an authority that *National Geographic*), maybe it is a good thing I cannot see what I am missing outside! ☺

Jennifer Daubeney continues to serve as Consul and Trade Commissioner in Guadalajara. She was previously posted to Prague, and in Ottawa she has worked in the Economic Policy and Trade Policy Bureaus.

The Diplomacy of L.B. Pearson

by Geoffrey Pearson

I have been asked by the editors to reflect on the diplomacy of my father, L.B. Pearson, on the occasion of the centenary of his birth and the fortieth anniversary of his being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. While I have written at greater length on this subject (*Seize the Day: Lester B. Pearson and Crisis Diplomacy*, Carleton University Press, 1993), the readers of *bout*, and especially the inhabitants of the Pearson building, may be glad to have a shorter and less "academic" version of the subject. Success in diplomacy, like success in other fields of public policy, may often depend on a combination of three main factors — timing, experience, and personality. If the times offer no challenge, or, on the contrary,

overwhelm the efforts of statesmen to control events, the diplomatic record is likely to escape notice. Without experience, as in any profession, one starts at a disadvantage, and if one leaves a poor impression on friends or foes experience may not help much.

L.B. Pearson enjoyed success on all three counts. He joined the Department of External Affairs, and remained there for 20 years, when the script of Canadian foreign policy was being written. As SSEA for nine years thereafter he was in a position to play the main role, and was therefore well prepared to bring down the curtain in 1956 on a note of triumph. Suez was only the last challenge in a diplomatic career full of opportunities, both for Canada and its government. There truly was a "new world order" to be created in the years after the war, and it was in Washington, where he served from 1942 to 1946, that the creation began. So, while time and chance were fortunate omens for LBP, it remained his challenge to exploit them. This he did, both by taking advantage of Canada's new weight in world affairs as a result of the war effort, and by cultivating strong and enduring relations with the statesmen of the time. Here, for example, is an extract from a letter to Norman Robertson, U-SSEA, reporting on his first meeting as Ambassador to the US in January 1945 with the Secretary of State:

I said that we recognized that the main aspect of the problem of post-war security and organization was co-operation between the Big Three and that we certainly did not wish to do anything that would hinder that co-operation in any way or complicate any plans designed to bring it about. However, I pointed out that our approach to the Dumbarton Oaks Charter was naturally not quite the same as that of a Great Power. We were most anxious that its provisions should recognize the place of the Middle Powers and make it possible for public opinion in those Powers wholeheartedly to support the United Nations Organization. For that purpose, we thought that possibly some alterations might be made to the Charter which would recognize more fully the position of the Middle Powers without doing anything to make co-operation between Great Powers more difficult. That, I said, was our general approach to the matter. The Secretary seemed just a little worried that we might be

interesting ourselves too much in the details of these matters, through he naturally said that he would be interested to learn later more of what we had in mind. His reaction was, to use his own words, "You people in Canada really have nothing to worry about in these things; you are in a sense part of us and you are also part of the British Empire. You are really very fortunate because you have such good and strong friends." I neglected to reply that our preoccupation with these matters was not as part of the United States or as part of the British Empire, but as Canada. It seems to me that this is a point that will have to be made clear more than once to the Secretary of State, who, while always amiable and friendly, does not, I feel, really wholly understand our independent interest in international affairs.

Pearson's time in Washington, and before that in London, served him well. After his appointment as SSEA in 1948 he was able to deal with his American, British, and other colleagues on the basis of equality and respect. Most of these men were professional civil servants; Eden and Acheson, for example, and later, Krishna Menon of India (although not the much beloved Ernie Bevin). Gromyko too had been a colleague in Washington. The negotiations that led to the NATO Treaty in 1949, in which LBP took part, forged a new circle of old and new friends with a common purpose — e.g. Lange of Norway, Stikker or the Netherlands, Spaak of Belgium, Schuman of France, and, of course, Acheson. Of the NATO allies only the UK and Canada belonged to a second new galaxy of stars now forming during the "creation" — the Commonwealth. Just three weeks after the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty Pearson was in London to help welcome India into the Commonwealth as a republic, an event which he did much to facilitate and which led to a warm relationship with Nehru that was to last a decade. A year later he was in Colombo, Ceylon, to launch the Colombo Plan of aid to the Asian members.

These ties gave to Canada and to Pearson a pivotal position at the UN, where the Korea crisis was to break in the summer of 1950. Striking a familiar note, he described the decision of the Security Council to resist aggression as "collective action through the UN for peace". His emphasis later on



Photo: Mike Pindar Photography

The Lester B. Pearson Nobel Peace Prize display unveiled at DFAIT on June 26, 1992, includes the medal received by Mr. Pearson in 1957, a copy of the original citation and a bronze casting of an artist's maquette of Mr. Pearson's statue on Parliament Hill in Ottawa.



Photo: Mike Pindar Photography

The Honourable Barbara McDougall and Geoffrey Pearson unveil the display at D'FAIT. Peacekeepers are Master Corporal Ben Laberge (left) and Sergeant Marc Girard.

limiting the conflict to Korea, after the Chinese intervened, led to his membership on the cease-fire committee. It was hardly a surprise, then, that he should be elected as President of General Assembly in 1952, and that he should press strongly, if in vain, for permanent UN forces, made up of contributions from member states, to deal with the next emergency. This was to come at Suez in 1956. No such forces existed, and, in this case, the US was not in a position to take the lead, as Truman had in 1950. All had to be improvised, but it was Pearson's long-held vision of the UN as an organization for collective security that led him to "seize the day" and, drawing on his friendship with Eden and with Lange of Norway, as well as his close working relationship with Dag Hammarskjöld and the respect he enjoyed in Washington, to propose the first UN emergency force.

In these various ways — Pearson's experience and Canada's newly found independence as a middle power — the conditions were laid down for the policies of internationalism that Canada has followed ever since, despite lapsing from time to time into periods of introverted musing about the meaning of the national interest. Yet the factor of "personality" remains to be considered as part of the equation of successful diplomacy. Students of the subject often overlook the personalities of leaders. Sometimes they are sick or depressed, as Eden came to be, or dour and demanding, like Foster Dulles, or, more often, so enamoured of their own talents that they cease to listen to others — Krishna Menon was a prime example. LBP was usually in good spirits (when I was Ambassador to the USSR in the early eighties my relations with Gromyko benefited greatly from his memories of my father at the UN), and a companion of all those who played tennis or who enjoyed baseball. Above all, his was a resilient personality, rarely depressed by failure or daunted by obstacles, and unimpressed by

tradition and formality. At a later stage, as Party leader, he was perhaps too prone to listen and to sympathize rather than to instruct and to command, but as a diplomat the qualities associated with the smile and the handshake served to gather support for the policies he advocated and pursued. They also endeared him to his staff and departmental colleagues, a fact that contributed significantly to his performance.

Finally, it must be said that none of the above factors would have mattered as much if LBP had not had strong convictions about the future shape of international security. Possibly, others of his generation of Canadian leaders, such as Brooke Claxton or Paul Martin, would have steered policy in the same direction, but none had his direct experience of the failure to build peace after 1918, and therefore the emotional attachment of the goal of collective security after 1945. Two of his senior officials — Hume Wong and Escott Reid — shared this vision, although they differed about the means of reaching the goal, but most were sceptical, doubting that the ghost of Mackenzie King could be easily laid to rest, or that *realpolitik* as a guide to the national interest would lose its force. Indeed, the first lesson of the Cold War was that a new balance of power, not collective security, would best keep the peace. Pearson did not demur. Instead, he interpreted the NATO alliance as a step on the road to the goal of collective security. He said at the signing of the Treaty in April 1949: "The North Atlantic community is part of the world community, and as we grow stronger to preserve the peace, all free men grow stronger with us. The world today is too small, too interdependent, for even regional isolation."

The role of the NATO alliance in helping to deter conflict and stabilise the peace in the former Yugoslavia, under UN auspices, is one that LBP would have defended as compatible with the above views. So too would he have applauded the cooperation of

the OAS and the UN in Central America. He was well aware, after 1950, that the machinery of collective security described in the UN Charter would not work as originally intended. But he did not see this as a reason to abandon the purposes of the Charter — these would have to be pursued by other means. Now that conflict is as much domestic as international, he would have sought these means in new forms of UN intervention, perhaps on the basis of one of his favourite concepts — a UN police force. In any event, the goal of preventing organised violence and, if necessary, stopping it by international action, remains unchanged. "The game's the thing" he entitled an early contribution to his college paper, meaning that the rules of play and not the spectacle are what matters. Canada would be both player and (sometimes) referee in the years ahead. ☺

Geoffrey Pearson joined the Department of External Affairs in 1952 and retired in 1984. During his career in the Foreign Service he was Ambassador in Moscow, 1980 to 1983, and had postings to Paris, NATO, Mexico and India. Mr. Pearson was the first Director of the Canadian Institute for International Peace and Security, 1984 to 1989.

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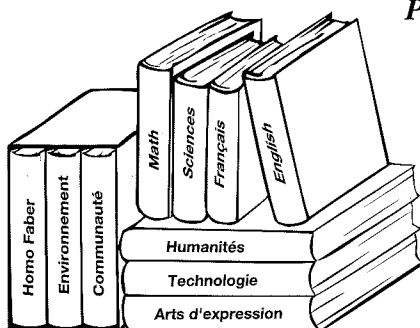
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An Interview with Gordon Smith

As many readers will know, Gordon Smith, then Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, announced early this summer that he would be leaving the Department and moving to Western Canada. Rob McRae of our editorial board caught up with him in this eighth floor office one sunny afternoon in late June.

bdp: You are retiring at a youthful age. What are your plans for the future?

G. Smith: I don't see myself as retiring, although formally I am leaving the Public Service. The reason why I'm changing careers now is that family reasons prevented us from going abroad again and there was no other job that I wanted in Ottawa. Since I wanted a second career, I sought a base in a university from which I could work on policy-relevant issues and at the same time have some flexibility so that I could do some consulting on issues I thought were worthwhile. The focus of what I intend to do is to work on global integration and what it means for Canada and for the world. The challenges to security now, compared to before the end of the cold war, are much broader and of a different character. The responses are likewise. So global security is one thrust of what I will be doing.

A second thrust will be the topic of global governance. I have been struck by the fact that this is what G-8 summits are increasingly about. In future, heads of government will still be talking about macro-economic issues and also the big political issues of the day. They'll also be talking about problems of governance: both the kind of leadership they should be providing on global governance issues and the challenges they have in their own societies. I am struck by the fact that at the Denver Summit one of the major issues was infectious diseases. Leaders are now talking about these diseases in terms of what needs to be done at the WHO, what needs to be done in terms of better cooperation amongst the Eight, the development of networks and so on.

The third area that interests me is Canadian business, which has to operate globally to benefit from the opportunities and respond to the challenges. I will make myself available to Canadian companies that I might be able to help, both in terms of doing political risk assessments as well as trying

to facilitate deals that they are trying to make in countries around the world.

The Universities of British Columbia and Victoria want to establish centres to deal with global integration, which they will do in a collaborative way, and that's where I'll be working. To be perfectly honest, I would have preferred that the opportunity arise in a year or two, but it didn't.

bdp: You came into the job three years ago with global issues very much in mind but were there other personal goals that you brought to your job and how would you rate your success?

G. Smith: I wanted to deal with the criticism that this department was irrelevant to the central agenda of government; on that score we have done very well. The contribution we made to the 2005 exercise is recognized as being of very high order.

I wanted as well to make some changes on the management side. The greatest asset this department has is its people. They are very good at developing policy. Our problem is sometimes a lack of coherence, in other words differing views which we can't resolve. We can't adequately take the kind of position we have to in the departmental framework. And even more importantly, we have enormous difficulties in setting priorities. If you ask me the area in which I'm least satisfied with my performance, without a doubt it is that we have still not found a way to set priorities which affect how we utilize people, people's time and how we allocate money. We do far too much on the margin.

Part of the problem is that what we do is valued outside. When we stop doing things, there's somebody often in a very important position who does not want us to stop. Even when we set priorities, people don't stop what they're doing because they think what they're doing is important. This stems partly from the lack of a culture of management in the department. The next generation coming along will be better managers than those of my age group but it's an area in which we have to continue to do more work. We have money and good people and in the end we are not going to get a lot more; we'll have to cope by managing better and shedding some of the things we do.

bdp: We have heard a lot about virtual diplomacy and you have devoted a certain amount of your time to this issue. Is it going

to change the way we do business or is it a passing fad?

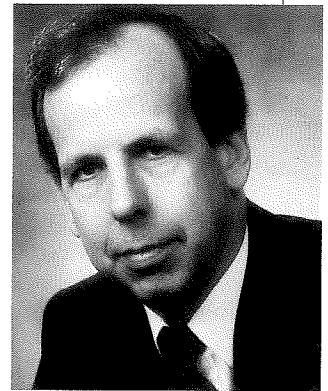
G. Smith: Adapting our foreign ministry to the realities of the information revolution was one of my important priorities. We have made more progress in this area than any other foreign ministry. A very significant part of this department is all about moving information around. We do provide some important services — passports, consular services, helping Canadian exporters — but even this involves moving information around. The technology has changed dramatically. I was worried when I arrived that there was a real gulf between the "techies" and the senior manager. We have made real progress in bridging that.

There still isn't quite the sense of opportunity that I would like to see on the part of senior management: thinking about new and different ways in which the technology can be used. For example, what is the role of video conferencing? We spend a lot of money and energy on travel in this department. I'm not sure that there aren't occasions where we could avoid travel. Let me use an example in my own work as a Sherpa. We could very easily have had a number of video conference meetings.

Video conferencing is also a good example because it points to deciding how important security is. We have to ask ourselves where security is really needed. Wherever it is, we've got to provide it. But for the rest, sometimes we may set ourselves so high a bar that it becomes impossible to jump and we don't fully benefit from the technology. These are issues that I really hope will have a number of champions after I go.

bdp: On the "third pillar", those of us who are in the field dealing with culture feel let down by the government's commitment in this area over the last couple of years. Where do we go from here?

G. Smith: The government was serious about the third pillar, when foreign policies and priorities were approved. And now Mr. Axworthy has added a virtual third pillar: the information strategy. The two are linked and in my judgement we are at a point where either we put some more resources to make them real or we should



alter our rhetoric. We are creating expectations and we are not delivering. I don't think that we have the capacity to reallocate money from within the department. What we are talking about here will have to involve some limited amounts of new money, in the tens of millions of dollars. I hope that money will be there because I am convinced that soft power is a reality and that we have a comparative advantage. We have an opportunity not only to use but to showcase Canadian technology and Canadian content producers.

We don't now have adequate resources to be really serious in this area. This is not to be critical of the people who have been involved in it, who have done a great job, but we've either got to put our money where our policy statements have been or we should be scaling back a little bit what we are saying.

bdp: The way in which resources have been allocated across government hasn't really changed much in the last 10 years, and yet the world is changing rapidly. When will our bureaucracy catch up with reality?

G. Smith: I agree with your premise and I don't honestly know the answer to the question. The most recent election has shown a focus on domestic issues, employment, health and youth. This is certainly where the Canadian people are at, but there is no doubt that the people of Canada also expect the government to be actively involved internationally and to sort out its own priorities. A decision needs to be taken on the global security challenges that I mentioned. Are we doing enough to respond to these?

I would hope that there would be opportunities during the next mandate of the government to find ways to see whether the allocation of resources that now exists meets the changed reality.

bdp: To come back to our Department, we have a not insignificant turnover of junior officers who are coming in and leaving again for other careers, including other international careers. What have you to say to junior officers at this time?

G. Smith: The Foreign Service now, as it did when I joined 31 years ago, provides enormous opportunities and offers fascinating career prospects. We're suffering the attrition you mentioned in part because compensation levels have fallen, whether in comparison to government or outside government. The gap is now sufficiently great to tempt some people to jump ship. I also think there is a degree of frustration about our inability to set priorities.

Another factor is the opportunities that exist or do not exist for promotion within the system. Here I might add that while promotions have obviously been slowed down in the last few years, if you look at the demographics there are real opportunities coming up, and I would urge that younger officers think this through.

A complicating further factor is the issue of the careers of spouses of foreign service officers which is very difficult to resolve. Finally, there is societal change: the youth of today contemplate career changes with a much greater degree of equanimity than was the case with my cohorts.

Having said all this, from a management point of view, there's a problem which we have to address. We make a big investment in these young officers and it's very much in our interest not only that they stay on, but that they be happy, enjoy what they are doing and feel that they are being well managed and rewarded.

bdp: Would you recommend a Foreign Service career to a young person today?

G. Smith: Yes, unequivocally.

bdp: Some employees are looking at issues such as FSDs, spousal employment, the coming impact of the universal classification system and so on. They are finding it difficult to plan their careers and, in particular, are wondering about the wisdom of going on posting.

G. Smith: There have been other periods when significant numbers of people have left the Foreign Service. There was one point when one-third of the deputy ministers in this town, I believe, had come from this department. So those existential questions have been asked before. There's little certainty in life, maybe even less certainty now than there used to be. You can spend too much time calculating your long-term advantage to the point where you end up doing everything for the long-term and nothing for the short-term. If you do that, there's still no assurance what you're planning will ever happen.

In my own case, I had 31 great years in the public service, about half in this department and half out, and when there was an opportunity I followed my instincts. I just think there's too much uncertainty in the world to try to plan in a highly calculated way.

bdp: Over your career in the Foreign Service, including your stint as Deputy, are there some moments that really stand out in your mind?

G. Smith: The first episode I would recall is within the first year of coming into the department. I had to write a memorandum to the Prime Minister, then Mr. Pearson, on the implications for Canada if the US deployed an ABM (anti-ballistic missile) defence system. That was an extraordinary opportunity for a junior officer.

The second occasion I will never forget is preparing a memorandum to cabinet for the NATO ministerial meeting which dealt with France's departure from the integrated military structure. This also involved the adoption by NATO of the strategy of flexible response. This, for somebody who wasn't 30 years old, was heady stuff. Thirdly, being at NATO, which was my first posting, and being a member of the nuclear planning group which was working on the elaboration of how NATO, if attacked, would use nuclear weapons, was an extraordinary opportunity. Later, as ambassador to NATO (1985 to 1990), I was present when people were trying to interpret what Gorbachev meant, whether Perestroika and Glasnost were, as certain countries stated, just attempts to divert us, to bring our guard down, or whether they were significant changes. History has spoken on that subject. On a number of occasions, not only did I represent Canada in the Council day-in and day-out but, when ministers were unavailable, I sat at ministerial meetings and was able to express Canada's point of view.

I had to deal with some of the consequences of the failure of Meech Lake when I was appointed Secretary to the Cabinet for Federal/Provincial Relations. As Ambassador to the European Union, I was in Brussels throughout an interesting period after the Maastricht meeting. The construction of Europe was (and is) just fascinating, and one could not help making comparisons between the problems we were having in Canada and the progress in Europe at the time.

As Deputy Minister, there are two issues which stand out most in my mind over the last three years. First of all, the great turbot war: we ended up coming out of the whole process quite well but it had the potential of going very wrong. The final episode, and in some ways is the most extraordinary of all, was when the Prime Minister decided we should lead an international political and military coalition to deploy a force into the Great Lakes region of Africa. It really tested to the outer limits the capacity in this department, and the capacity of our military friends, to put together a force.

Those are just a few occasions that come to my mind. But you add all that together, and I come back to my unequivocal answer

to you as to whether somebody should today join the Foreign Service. These were opportunities I never dreamt of when I entered. If one is really interested in public policy in the international domain, then this department is the place to be.

bdp: What are the top three priorities which you would recommend to your successor?

G. Smith: The first would be to find a better way to allocate resources, human and financial, in response to enunciated priorities. This means stopping doing some things and not spending money in some areas so more can be spent in others. The second would be to keep alive the process of not just adapting this department to the information revolution, but trying to be on the leading edge. This requires a champion at the top. The third priority would be to ensure that we have a human resources strategy to deal with difficult issues such as spousal employment, compensation for lost opportunities, performance appraisals and the promotion system, changes in the classification system and so on.

bdp: Speaking of appraisals, is it time that we moved to a 360 appraisal process?

G. Smith: I don't know. I have not pushed that idea in the time I have been here. A few other departments have gone much farther. It might be worth trying in certain areas to see what it would produce. Even though we don't have a formalized 360 evaluation process, I have tried to be on top of how people who work for me, perceive me and my performance. They let you know. Whether you need to make that into a highly formalized process, I don't know.

bdp: You met a lot of people in the last 31 years. Have a few stood out?

G. Smith: Unquestionably one is Lord Carrington, whom I first met when he was the Minister of Defence in the United Kingdom in the early 1970s: truly an extraordinary man, with great breadth of intelligence, judgement and experience. And a warm human being. Another would be Jacques Delors, with his belief in «la construction européenne» and the way in which, with enormous energy, he was able to drive the process of European integration forward. Paul Nitze, whom I met during the period when I was ambassador to NATO, when he would come to consult the allies on nuclear arms control questions, was another man of extraordinary

intelligence and experience, open minded, who gave one the feeling that he really wanted to know your views on how to deal with the great issues of war and peace.

bdp: In closing, are there any particularly amusing moments that come to mind from your time in the Department?

G. Smith: Yes. One I treasure was at a NATO Ministerial meeting in Venice. The Italians had arranged to take the Defence Ministers around in beautiful wood varnished boats with snappy Italian naval officers driving them. As they were taking the then US Secretary of Defence to the Airport, they chose to go inside one buoy next to a garbage scow. The Lieutenant decided to take a short cut, steered the boat on the inside of the buoy, hit a rock and sunk the boat within thirty seconds. The American Minister and Ambassador had to transfer to the garbage scow to get to the Airport. The Americans had on board documents that were classified Top Secret which went down with the boat to the bottom of the lagoon. A couple of marines were left treading water overseeing the security of the documents until help arrived. I trust they took off their boots! ☺

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L'APEC et les jeunes



par Caroline Boivin

Le vieux cliché le dit bien : les jeunes sont la relève de demain. En désignant 1997 comme l'Année canadienne de l'Asie-Pacifique, le premier ministre Chrétien a choisi les jeunes comme groupe cible de participation aux activités de l'APEC 1997. Ainsi les générations de demain contribuent aujourd'hui aux politiques et aux programmes du Canada à l'égard de cette région. L'engagement du PM envers la jeunesse fut suivi d'une décision concrète : chacune des cinq réunions ministérielles de l'APEC qui se dérouleront durant l'année, de même que la réunion du Groupe de travail sur le développement des ressources humaines, allait comporter une composante jeunesse. Le point culminant de ces événements sera la réunion des dirigeants économiques de l'APEC, dont le premier ministre sera l'hôte les 24 et 25 novembre à Vancouver.

Un bureau de coordination jeunesse de l'Asie-Pacifique a été mis sur pied pour organiser et coordonner ces activités. Fondé par «Développement des ressources humaines Canada» et dirigé par le Magazine TG (dont les activités d'édition et de programmation éducative sont réalisées par des jeunes et pour des jeunes), le Bureau de coordination jeunesse travaille aussi sur la conférence jeunesse «Cherchons l'Asie», qui aura lieu du 28 septembre au 5 octobre 1997. «Cherchons l'Asie» reliera de nombreuses conférences simultanées sur l'Asie-Pacifique à travers le Canada grâce à la technologie de l'apprentissage à distance.

La réunion ministérielle du commerce, tenue à Montréal les 9 et 10 mai 1997, a donné l'occasion à six étudiants canadiens

de participer directement dans les activités de l'APEC. Cette équipe «jeunesse», constituée à partir d'une conférence électronique (où une vingtaine d'étudiants du niveau universitaire à travers le pays discutaient de leurs préoccupations concernant le commerce et l'économie dans la région de l'APEC), s'est rencontrée à Montréal pour produire un rapport de recommandations élaboré à partir des discussions électroniques. L'équipe a présenté ce rapport au ministre du Commerce international, l'honorable Art Eggleton. Le rapport, devenu un document officiel de l'APEC, fait état de recommandations spécifiques dont la formation d'un «Conseil canadien de la jeunesse pour l'Asie-Pacifique» et de quelques programmes d'échanges éducationnels. Pour les intéressés, le rapport des Jeunes est disponible sur la page web de l'APEC du ministère.

L'équipe jeunesse a aussi assisté à la réunion des ministres du Commerce ainsi qu'à d'autres activités organisées dans le cadre de la réunion ministérielle de l'APEC pour le Commerce. Il est à noter que certains ministres de l'économie de pays membres de l'APEC ont démontré un grand intérêt face à la participation des jeunes dans l'APEC et considèrent suivre les pas du Canada dans ce domaine pour de futures réunions ministérielles.

Certains membres de l'équipe «jeunesse» témoignent de leur expérience à Montréal et expliquent l'importance d'inclure les jeunes dans l'APEC :

Julie Salgado, York University, Ontario : Participating in the first Canadian Youth APEC Delegation was an exciting and tremendously enriching experience. It

enabled me to learn first hand about the organizational structure and proceedings of an international conference, improved my teamwork skills, and enabled me to meet many exciting influential individuals. Also, it gave me the opportunity to meet other Canadian youth with similar interests, from throughout the country.

I felt quite honoured when Minister Art Eggleton demonstrated his interest and support for our recommendations. It feels tremendously

rewarding to know that he believed in us enough to turn our report into an official document, and distribute it to the other Ministers. I believe that this is an excellent opportunity to enhance Canada's profile, by leading through example. It is commendable for Canada to demonstrate that we believe in our young population, and are making efforts towards increasing their knowledge and experience.

Xavier Furtado, University of British Columbia, British Columbia :

In order to ensure that Canada is able to secure its economic interests in the Asia Pacific region, it is essential that Canadian policy makers take a comprehensive approach to raising Canada's profile in the region and, in doing so, build the long-term relationships necessary for successful business. It is reassuring to see the Canadian government attempting to find ways to involve more young people in the APEC process.

As someone who has been studying/monitoring APEC and the international political economy of the Asia Pacific region for approximately three years, for me the opportunity to see the internal workings of the Trade Ministerial Meeting was an invaluable experience. Over the last few years, APEC has become the region's principal international organization. As the region's integration continues to evolve, APEC will continue to be of tremendous importance. Therefore, the need to continually involve young Canadians in APEC-related activities cannot be overstated. I can only hope that Canada will continue to engage young Canadians in this way and that our APEC partners will consider establishing similar arrangements in their own economies.

Marcus Pistor, Queen's University, Ontario :

APEC is primarily a forum for government and business leaders to foster economic integration and development. But Canada's involvement in APEC has also to be seen as the main mechanism for broadening Canada's economic, political, and cultural focus and identity so as to reflect the growing importance of Asia-Pacific cultures and economies to Canada... it is necessary to involve Canadian youth (and youth abroad) in APEC, to provide opportunities for their participation in the decision-making processes at home and to develop ties with youth across the region. Greater

L'APEC et l'équipe jeunesse



involvement of youth in APEC will also inject a different and refreshing kind of energy into its organization and decision-making processes.

Darryll Stratton, Memorial University, Newfoundland :

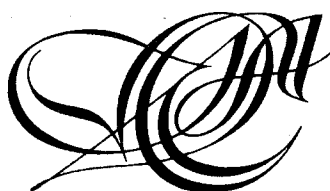
There is a need for students to become familiar with the Asia-Pacific region. Since youth are tomorrow's leaders, I feel it is crucial to begin the training process now to prepare Canada to be able to become increasingly more competitive in the region. By having youth exposed and aware of the Asia-Pacific region, we will begin to build the relationships and awareness that are crucial when doing business in the Asia-Pacific region.

Young people also have many skills and qualities that make them different and often more marketable; I am thinking particularly of their relative open mindedness and their skills in the use of new technologies, which may qualify them especially well to work in businesses that focus on this region.

Youth has a lot to gain from initiatives of this kind, but we have a lot to contribute as well! ☺

Caroline Boivin est Agent de communications dans la Direction de l'APEC au ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international.

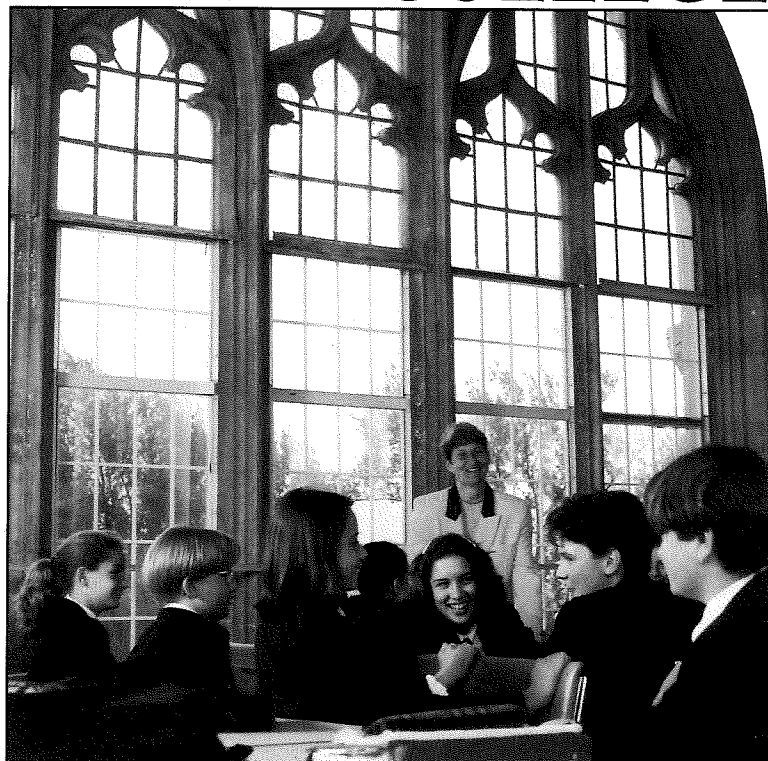
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1997 FS Awards

One enthusiast called it "a magical night" — repeatedly

photos by Gordon King

PAFSO Dinner

Last June 10 saw 240 people — the biggest turn-out ever — gather for a banquet at the National Arts Centre to honour the four winners of the 1997 PAFSO Foreign Service Officer Awards. Under the urbane guidance of master-of-ceremonies Alan Kessel, the evening became a joyous celebration of excellence in the Canadian foreign service setting a new standard for conviviality and as an expression of professional pride.

David Bickford, Cousellor at the Canadian Embassy in Peru received an Award for his exceptional leadership role during the hostage-taking crisis in Lima from December 1996 to its violent ending on April 10, 1997. The presentation was made by **Michael Kergin**, Assistant Deputy Minister, Americas and Security/Intelligence.

Louise Léger, Ambassador, Canadian Embassy in Panama, received an Award for her outstanding performance in opening a micro-embassy as our first resident Ambassador to Panama and in dramatically increasing Canada's profile in every aspect of our relations with the country. **Kathryn McCallion**, Assistant Deputy Minister,

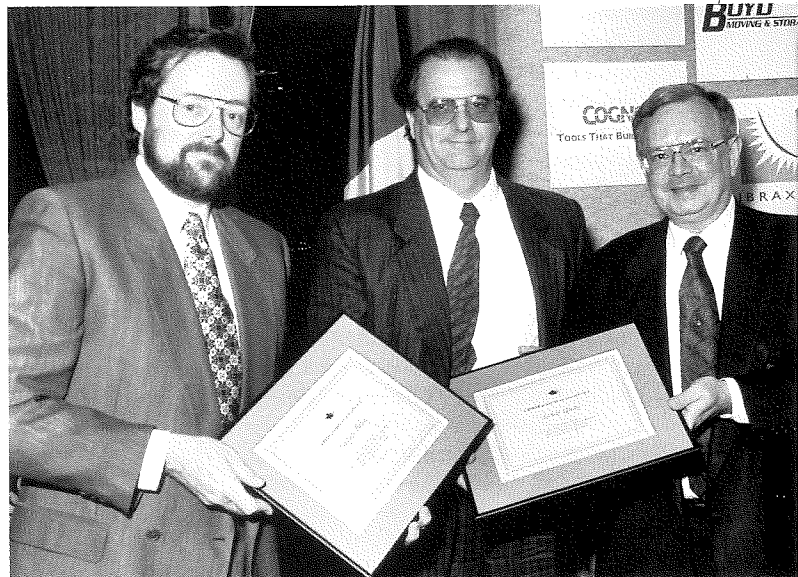
International Business and Communications made the presentation.

Guy Salesse, Deputy Director of Mexico Division, responsible for trade promotion was honoured for his exemplary work in conceiving, planning, and implementing a series of innovative programmes to enhance Canada's exports to Mexico. He was presented with his Award by **Rob Wright**, Deputy Minister of International Trade.

Ninon Valade while Immigration Officer, Citizenship and Immigration, at the Canadian Embassy in China, was recognized for her outstanding work in developing effective immigration procedures to help Canadian parents in the process of adopting Chinese children in China. She was given

her Award by **Joe Bissett**.

The distinguished panel of judges who selected the winners was composed of: **James (Joe) Bissett**, formerly a Canadian Ambassador and High Commissioner and more recently, Chief of Mission for the International Organization for Migration in Moscow; **Meriel V.M. Bradford**, Vice President of Government and Regulatory Affairs, Teleglobe Inc.; **Mark Drake**, Senior Vice-President of the Alliance of Manufacturers and Exporters Canada; **Leonard Legault**, Chairman of the Canadian Section of the International Joint Commission — and formerly Canadian



1997 PAFSO FS Awards — Special award presented to Jacques Bélec and Louis Guay by Claude Laverdure. (left to right)



1997 FS Award Winners: (left to right) Louise Léger, Ninon Valade, Guy Salesse, and David Bickford.



RHOMA 2nd PRIZE – Nick Coghlan (left) presented prize to Roger Lucy.

Ambassador to the Holy See; and **Jason Moscovitz**, Chief Political Correspondent for CBC television news.

One of the highlights of the evening was a special presentation by PAFSO to **Jacques Bélec** and **Louis Guay** for their untiring defence of equity in the provision of French language education for children of foreign service personnel. **Claude Laverdure**, Assistant Deputy Minister for Europe, the Middle East and North Africa, presented certificates to the two officers as a mark of appreciation for their accomplishment.

PAFSO would like to acknowledge and offer its warm thanks to the Corporate Communications Division, DFAIT, the Public Affairs Branch, CIC and the following sponsors whose participation helped to make the event an outstanding success:

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PAFSO wishes to thank Air Canada and Albert at Bay Suites Hotel for their splendid door prizes.

Special thanks also to Boyd Moving & Storage, Inniskillin Wines and Tradex for the promotional items that graced the tables.

RHOMA Prizes

Also presented on June 10 were the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) prizes. RHOMA merits special recognition for its generosity and the creation of these prizes to encourage excellence in writing.

Nicholas Coghlan, Editor of *bout de papier*, presented 1st prize to **Sam Hanson** for his article "Solitaire" (Volume 13, Number 2) and the 2nd prize to **Roger Lucy** for his article "Mission to Attila" (Volume 13, Number 3). Each winner received a framed copy of their story along with a cash prize. The RHOMA selection committee was composed of

Michael Shenstone, Gerry Hughes and Paul Lapointe.

The Editor presented a special award to **A Aalto**, the mystery person whose intriguing puzzles have appeared regularly in the magazine for the past fifteen years. As **Aalto's** identity is hidden, the award was accepted by **Michael Small**, a member of the editorial board and a contributor to *bout de papier*. The Award, a puzzle created using characters from past A Aalto puzzles appears in this issue of the magazine.

In his acceptance, Sam Hanson gives *bout* readers the following advice on writing:

The RHOMA Prize is for good writing, and I would like to share a few thoughts about that. When I first joined External



RHOMA 1st PRIZE awarded to Sam Hanson



1997 PAFSO Awards Dinner, National Arts Centre, June 10, 1997, Panorama Room.

Affairs (as it then was), I was even younger than I am now; and, having just earned an MA in literature, I was under the illusion that I knew what good writing was.

Then I had the privilege of reading despatches by people like Marcel Cadieux, Robert Ford, Jerry Hardy, and I realized that, in addition to everything else it did, the Canadian Foreign Service was writing the best prose in Canada — in either official language. Those despatches represented a far higher standard than I had thought existed. That is as it should be: diplomats are people who deal in documents. Our writing should be the best. It has to be.

I mentioned despatches. If you are much younger than I am, you have probably never seen a live one: a first-person numbered letter addressed by a head of mission to the Secretary of State for External Affairs (as s/he then was), or vice-versa. As a form of correspondence, it has ceased to exist. Numbered letters in general seem to be disappearing — along with the blue-grey airmail paper they were typed on, the typewriters they were typed with, the secretaries who typed them, and the couriers who carried them. And the fountain pen ink that was once supplied so we could draft them.

*It is worth taking
some time to find
le mot juste —
it will help the
reader to remember
the message.*

This may perhaps be cause for nostalgia, perhaps, but certainly not regret. COSICS and its SIGNET successors have provided us with a far superior medium for our messages. The challenge today is to maintain the quality of our writing in a medium in which it is not only easier to write quickly, but to write badly, lazily, sloppily.

We fancy ourselves as a corps d'élite. So we should. That's what we are. But élites have to set their own standards, set them at a high level, and maintain those standards themselves, if they are to be worthy of the status they claim.

We should therefore continue to do what we had to do when the medium was

Le banquet de l'APASE, version 1997

C'est avec grand plaisir que j'ai décidé d'assister au banquet de l'APASE en juin. On n'a pas eu à me tordre le bras, car j'étais en fort bonne compagnie parmi quelques-uns de mes collègues de CIC les mieux connus (Gerry Campbell, Rod Fields, Carol Turner-Trusca, Bill Sheppitt, Jim Versteegh, Scott Heatherington et Janet Siddall, ça vous dit quelque chose?). Autant vous dire au départ que je ne suis pas une FS et que je ne travaille dans ce milieu (que j'aime beaucoup, soit dit en passant) que depuis un an. J'en suis donc encore à découvrir le monde du service extérieur, ses défis et ses héros (et ses acronymes qui n'en finissent plus!).

Ces derniers mois, au cours de voyages en Afrique et au Moyen-Orient, j'ai pu faire la connaissance de gens de tous les programmes dont la compétence, le dévouement et, oserais-je le dire, la passion pour leur métier m'ont impressionnée. Et les conditions d'exercice de ce métier sont parfois moins qu'enviables. Qu'il faille en choisir quelques-uns de par le monde pour leur remettre un prix est chose difficile, nul doute. Je n'envie pas le jury, qui a par ailleurs fait un excellent travail.

Le banquet m'a permis de constater à quel point l'esprit de corps est présent parmi nos agents. Bien sûr, il est difficile pour quelqu'un de l'extérieur comme moi de vraiment comprendre quelles expériences ont pu, au fil des ans, partager ses collègues dans différentes missions du monde (et croyez-mois, j'en entends, des histoires en tous genres!). Mais j'ai vu avec quelle attention les participants au banquet ont écouté les récipiendaires des Prix de l'APASE parler en toute simplicité de leur travail et de leurs efforts. J'ai senti l'admiration et le respect dans leurs applaudissements. Et ça m'a fait penser que malgré les compressions budgétaires et les difficultés opérationnelles auxquelles nous devons faire face, l'élément humain reste, à l'étranger comme au Canada, celui qui fait le plus de différence au jour le jour. C'est, à mon sens, ce qu'ont si bien illustré les témoignages de David Bickford, de Louise Léger, de Ninon Valade et de Guy Salesse.

Ce que j'ai vu et entendu au banquet de l'APASE m'a certainement inspiré beaucoup de fierté envers mes collègues du MAECI et de la Région internationale de Citoyenneté et Immigration. Je prendrai donc mon billet l'an prochain encore, certaine de passer une magnifique soirée, encore une fois en excellente compagnie et d'une ambiance joyeuse et chaleureuse.

Claire Lavoie
Directrice
Afrique et Moyen-Orient
Région internationale
Citoyenneté et Immigration

more cumbersome: think before you write. (Our remote predecessors must have thought well and hard before setting quill pen to parchment.) La mauvaise rédaction ne signifie pas forcément la mauvaise pensée — il s'agit plus souvent d'une simple absence de pensée!

The main criteria when we set pen to paper — or finger to keyboard — are clarity, brevity and precision. For the message to succeed, however, the reader must be kept engaged — must want to go on reading your message in preference to some other piece of business. So the text has to be well and interestingly written.

It is worth taking some time to find *le mot juste* — it will help the reader to remember the message. When Cadieux wrote "le visage de l'Europe sourit de nouveau, mais il a un pli amer au coin de la bouche", he encapsulated several

pages of closely reasoned analysis in such a striking way that it has stayed in my mind for over twenty years.

So — before you double-click on the "send" icon, read the thing through one more time. Find the time. Make the time. Get someone else to read it as well. Keep it as short as possible. Keep it as simple as possible. Above all, keep it clear: that is why we still need to write the best prose in Canada — or the world.

I recently saw the following slogan posted on a wall in the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade:

"Think like Kissinger — write like Gump."

That is partly correct, but why go so far afield for examples?

"Pense comme Pearson — write like Ritchie"! ☺

Will the Real Roman Emperor Please Stand Up

by Roger Lucy

In July 968 the Holy Roman Emperor, Otto I sent his emissary, Liudprand, Bishop of Cremona, to the East Roman ("Byzantine") Emperor in Constantinople, to arrange an imperial marriage for his son and to define the two empires' respective spheres of influence. Liudprand's mission was not a success, but his report so brilliantly trashed the Byzantines' reputation that many of today's popular impressions of their duplicity are based, as much as on anything else, on Liudprand's skilful spin-doctoring.

Late tenth century Europe was dominated by two expansionist rulers, one a unilingual Greek, the other a unilingual German. Both claimed to be "Emperor of the Romans". *Basileios* Nikephorous Phocas based his claim on an unbroken continuity with the old Roman Empire of Augustus and Constantine. *Kaiser* Otto's claim stemmed from his coronation by the Pope in 962 after liberating Rome from a local dynasty of robber barons. Otto, however, was not just content with Rome, he wanted all of Italy and the south of the peninsula was controlled by the Byzantines or by local Lombard dynasts, whose allegiance shifted with the balance of power. Otto, seeking to tidy up the situation, proposed that his son and co-Kaiser Otto II marry a *Porphyrogenita* (an imperial princess "born in the purple", i.e., her father had been a reigning emperor) and receive as a dowry the Byzantine holdings in Italy. The ambassador, sent to Constantinople to propose this, was out-negotiated. He came away, not only *sans* princess, but committing Otto to respect Byzantine holdings and vassals in Italy.

Otto did not accept this agreement, and taking advantage of a revolt by Pandolf, "Ironhead" Duke of Capua (a nominal Byzantine vassal), invaded southern Italy laying siege to the chief Byzantine stronghold, Bari. The siege made little progress and in the spring of 968 Otto decided it was time to return to diplomacy. This time he entrusted the mission to his principle foreign policy advisor, Liudprand, the son and the stepson of a diplomat. Liudprand had led two earlier diplomatic missions (in 949 and 960) to Constantinople. He was witty, articulate and, unusually for a westerner, spoke Greek (and was inordinately proud of the fact). Choice of a bishop as a diplomat may seem odd today, but in the dark ages holy orders was synonymous with

higher education. Liudprand's bishopric came as a reward for such services to "king and empire" as betraying his earlier master Berengar, *soi disant* "King" of Italy and engineering Otto's coronation in Rome.

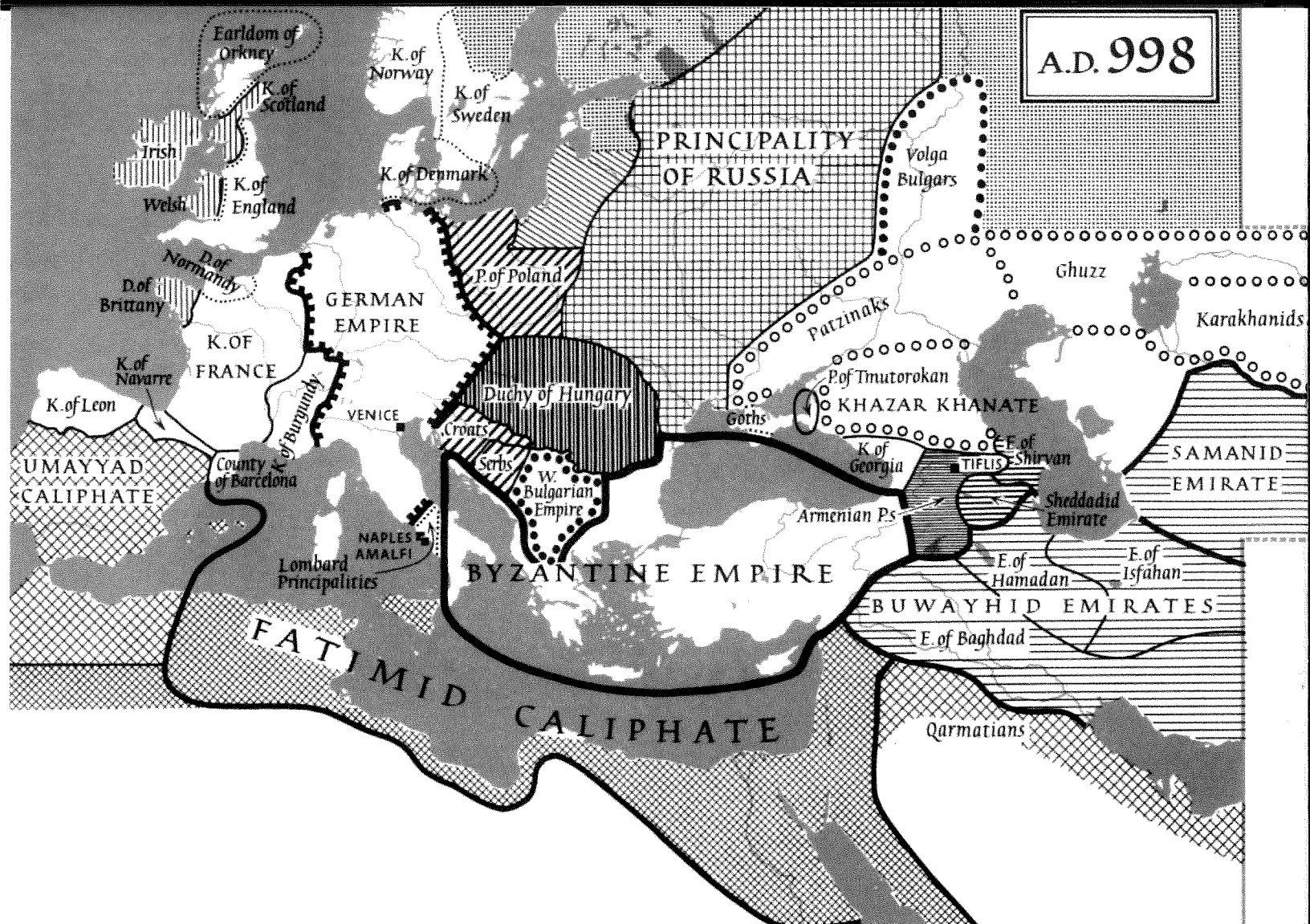
Under the rule of Nikephorous Phocas the Byzantine empire, after centuries of "down-sizing" and restructuring, was on a roll. Nikephorous was leading his armies deep into Armenia and Syria, retaking cities lost to the Moslems three centuries before. Suddenly it seemed possible that the Empire could be restored to its ancient glory and extent. There was little room in Nikephorous' *Weltanschauung* for Saxon princes with imperial pretensions. Nikephorous was himself a usurper, a professional soldier from the landed aristocracy of eastern Anatolia. In 963 fresh from crushing victories over the Saracens he overthrew with the connivance of the dowager empress Theophano (whom he married) the regency governing for the child emperors Basil and Constantine. Nikephorous was a rough-cut soldier, not terribly comfortable with imperial pomp and trappings, deeply religious and ascetic (hairshirt and all) — he was a stark contrast to the refined and courtly bishop from the "barbarian" west.

Liudprand and his delegation arrived in Constantinople late in the afternoon of June 4, and after a wait in the rain were admitted and conducted to a house set aside for them. Liudprand complains (his report reads like an extended justification for a level 4 post differential allowance) that the Byzantines forbade them to ride their horses in the city, that their quarters (which seem to have been elegant and spacious with a good view of the harbour) were drafty and waterless, the staff assigned to look after them insolent and extortionate and that armed guards kept visitors away and watched their every move. Worse still, he had taken a dislike to Greek cuisine, in particular to retsina.

Liudprand came to present his credentials, two days later, to the Emperor's chancellor (and brother) Leo. This did not go terribly well. Leo insisted on referring to Otto as King (Rex), not Emperor (*Basileios*). He did not buy Liudprand's philological argument that *basileios* meant both, and in the end refused to accept Liudprand's credentials directly insisting he hand them to the interpreter — a major insult. Liudprand was received by the Emperor the following day. Liudprand paints a very unflattering (and

lengthy) portrait of Emperor Nikephorous — he was fat, ugly, swarthy, and ill-dressed, in sum: nasty, brutish and short. Their conversation (if faithfully recorded) was a free and frank exchange of views. Nikephorous accused Otto of overthrowing the legitimate government of Rome and committing numerous human rights abuses there. Liudprand rebutted that it had been done in the interests of protecting the church and restoring good governance, freeing Rome from the rule of tyrants, debauchers and harlots. Otto had assumed an imperial duty that the Byzantines had abdicated. Nikephorous (reportedly) accepted there was some justice in this and moved on to reproach Otto's invasion of Byzantine Italy. Liudprand, on instructions, indicated that in return for the wanted princess, Otto would in future respect Nikephorous' holdings there. Discussion broke off so the Emperor could participate in a religious procession (the tawdriness of which is mockingly described by Liudprand) and host a banquet (which Liudprand clearly found far inferior to those he had attended almost twenty years earlier) where he resumed his slanging match with Liudprand (fifteen places away!). This ended with Liudprand ordered back to his quarters, where he languished several days suffering the local equivalent of Montezuma's Revenge.

Historians have long noted the great difference in tone between Liudprand's reports on his missions of 949 and 968. The first time round he was a novice, going largely (at his step-father's expense) to polish his Greek. Essentially it was a courtesy call, there were no major issues of contention between then Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus and Liudprand's then master, Hugo of Arles. Constantine was a courtly and intellectual soul, who spent much of his time writing protocol manuals. He prided himself in pulling out all stops to impress visiting delegations, borrowing art works from churches to embellish the audience chamber, itself dominated by gilded mechanical lions and peacocks and an elevating throne which whisked the Emperor high over the astonished heads of prostrating envoys. This was all very much to Liudprand's taste and Constantine's kind attention appealed to his snobbish temperament. Two decades later, this had all gone: the empire was on a war footing, the mechanical toys scrapped for their gold, the ceremonial robes recycled until threadbare, and, one suspects, army



cooks running the palace kitchen. This was all to Nikephorous' taste, certainly not to Liudprand's.

A week later, after threatening to leave Constantinople (on grounds of ill-health) if the question of the imperial marriage was not resolved, Liudprand was granted another audience with Chancellor Leo Phocas and his advisors. The Byzantines took the position that it was unheard for a foreigner to marry a *porphygenita*. So huge a concession would demand a corresponding *quid pro quo* — the cessation of all of Otto's Italian holdings, including Rome and Ravenna, and the surrender of the rebel Pandolf Ironhead. In counter-argument, Liudprand cited the (spurious) *Donation of Constantine*, claiming that in 337 the first Christian emperor had willed Italy and other western domains to the then Pope, Sylvester. By virtue of this the present Pope, John, had re-endowed these lands to Otto. This cut no ice, the Byzantines knew perfectly well that Constantine had made no such concession. Likewise, Leo rebutted Liudprand's argument that the Tsar of Bulgaria had just married a Byzantine princess, the Tsar's bride

was no *porphygenita*. He dismissed Liudprand back to his drafty quarters.

There he cooled his heels for the next few weeks, being allowed out only for other official banquets. There he found, to his fury, that the Bulgarian envoy had been granted precedence over him. Liudprand professed his dismay somewhat too tactlessly. Chancellor Leo took him aside to point out that Bulgaria enjoyed a special relationship with Constantinople and no matter how deplorable the Bulgarian envoy's dress and table manners, he out-ranked a mere Frankish bishop. If Liudprand did not like it he could dine at an inn with the servants. To mollify Liudprand's wounded pride the Emperor sent him his favourite dish — a fat goat, richly stuffed

*In the end Otto II
married his princess
and no territory was
lost by either side.*

with garlic, onion, leeks and swimming in fermented fish sauce. The goat cannot have reeked any less than does the sarcasm of Liudprand's description of this morsel. Despite his behaviour, Liudprand continued to receive dinner invitations from the Emperor, who seemed to delight in their vituperative exchanges, be it on the relative merits of western and Byzantine soldiery or on whether Greeks or Saxons were the more orthodox Christians. Nikephorous tried to bribe Liudprand, promising a rich reward if he confirmed the arrangement agreed to by Otto's previous envoy. Liudprand replied he could not agree to this as it would exceed his instructions (on his first mission he had been far less scrupulous, openly soliciting a pound of gold from Constantine). Nikephorous threatened to escalate the war in Italy if Pandolf Ironhead and other rebels were not handed over to him; openly treated with Adalbert (the deposed Berengar's son) and ostentatiously despatched an expeditionary force to Italy in mid-July. At the same time he hinted that if Otto departed southern Italy, Adalbert would be delivered up to him, along with a liberal donative.

By now, it was clear that Liudprand's mission was going nowhere. Now, his main concern was to get back to Italy as soon as possible. He was still feeling ill, and was less and less enchanted with the food when he could get it. A food shortage in Constantinople doubled the price of grain. The Emperor ceased providing rations for Liudprand and his 25-man delegation. The Byzantine guards prevented both the local Latin community from sending supplies in for Liudprand, or allowing out any member of the delegation to buy provisions except its unilingual Italian cook, who was roundly cheated by the market vendors. Finally, Liudprand managed to secure the emperor's permission to depart and the promise of an imperial war galley to take them to Ancona. This, despite Liudprand's refusal to make an undertaking on Otto's behalf not to provide further help to Pandolf Ironhead and his fellow rebels. Nikephorous then departed for the east to beat up the Saracens again, but not before showing Liudprand his game park and treating him to another meal of *chevreau à l'ail*.

Unfortunately for Liudprand, it was another two months before he could take his leave. The sea route was rendered unsafe by Arab pirates and the overland route by Hungarian raiders. While he was waiting, emissaries arrived from the Pope, with a letter asking Nikephorous "emperor of the Greeks" to conclude an alliance with the Pope's "dear son, Otto, August emperor of the Romans". Someone in the Vatican chancery had blundered, and very badly indeed. Liudprand's dismay was palpable and the Byzantine reaction ballistic. The Papal envoys were immediately incarcerated and messengers sent to Syria to find out what fate Nikephorous wished to mete out to them. There was talk of sewing them in a sack and dropping them in the sea. The Byzantines were convinced that Otto was behind this horrendous slight. Liudprand was called in and asked for an explanation and a disavowal. Liudprand insisted that it was an innocent mistake. The Pope could not know that a people who spoke no Latin and differed in every way from the people of

Rome, still insisted on being called Romans. He undertook to ensure that this lapse would be brought to the Pope's attention, and would not happen again.

*While some may fault
Liudprand for lack
of tact one gets
the impression that
Nikephorous enjoyed
their wrangles.*

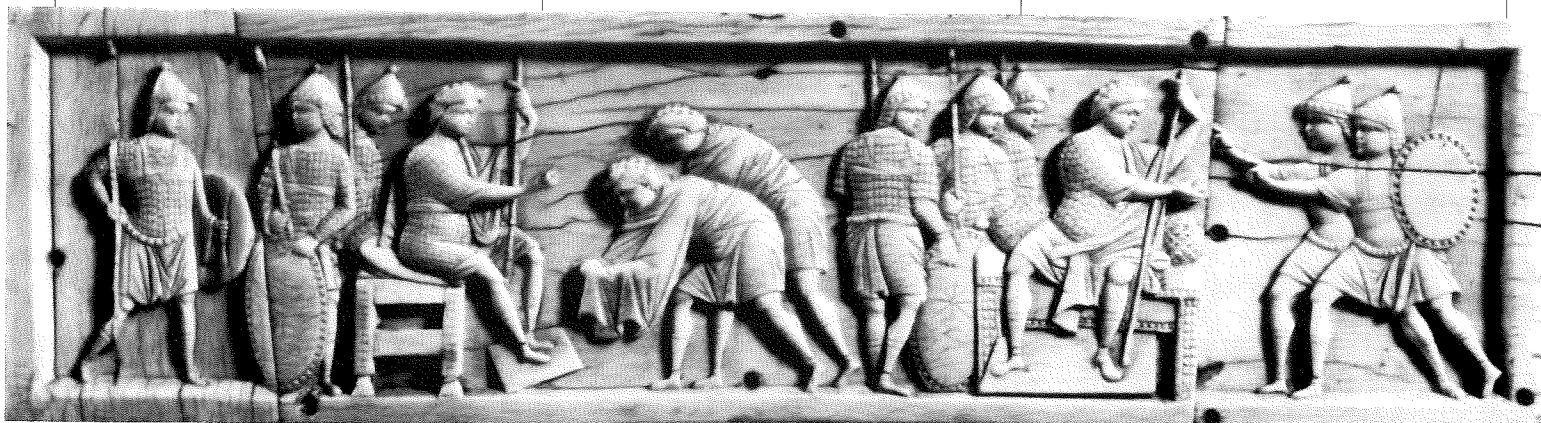
Finally on October 2, Liudprand and his delegation were able to depart with letters (sealed in gold) from Nikephorous to Otto, and (sealed in silver) from Chancellor Leo to the Pope (who had rendered himself unfit to receive direct correspondence from Nikephorous). Even now, Liudprand's troubles were not over. While he claimed Imperial permission to purchase and export them, a store of purple vestments he had acquired in Constantinople was confiscated. The delegation had to go overland to the Adriatic (a two month trip). The Byzantines had provided horses for Liudprand and his entourage, but he had to shell out another 50 gold pieces for baggage animals. All along their journey through the Balkans, the Latins were subject to slights and extortions from local officials and clergy (the latter Liudprand admitted were dirt poor). When they finally reached the Adriatic, the master of the ship which took them to Italy shook Liudprand down for one of the few purple cloaks which he had managed to smuggle out.

The war between Otto and Nikephorous dragged on till 970, only being resolved after Empress Theophano arranged Nikephorous' murder and replacement by another general, John Zimices (who, promptly and prudently, got her to a nunnery). In the end Otto II married his princess and no territory was lost by either side. Liudprand, despite

his professed distaste for all things Byzantine, was part of the embassy which brought this to fruition, but as he died *en mission* or soon thereafter he left us, alas, no account of it. It would have been interesting to see if success would have moderated the tone of his reporting. Also, was it the Byzantine cooking that finally did him in?

Liudprand's mission of 968 was not a success, but the odds were not in its favour. Byzantine treatment of visiting envoys may seem very Soviet (one should never forget the formative influence Byzantium had on the Russians, then on the verge of conversion to Byzantine orthodoxy), but this was an empire that had been surviving by its wits for four hundred years and had every reason to distrust foreigners. Besides, a state of war provoked by Otto existed between the two empires. In his dealings with Liudprand, Nikephorous comes out as a tough and skilful negotiator, but by his austere standards, he was very hospitable to this prickly Latin envoy. Liudprand may not win marks for adaptability, flexibility, or cross cultural sensitivity and he is by no means the first, or last, diplomat to fill his despatches with whingeing complaints. In his favour, however, his advocacy skills were strong and he defended Otto's position forcefully. Unlike his predecessor, Liudprand made no concessions. While some may fault Liudprand for lack of tact (or perhaps for reporting what he wished he'd said, not what he actually said) one gets the impression that Nikephorous enjoyed their wrangles. In any event, he kept inviting him back for more. The Byzantine treatment of the unhappy papal envoys shows that diplomatic immunity was far more tenuous a thing 1,000 years ago than it is even today. Liudprand, at least highly sensitive to Byzantine pretensions to *Romanitas*, deserves top marks for saving them from an exceedingly unpleasant fate. ☸

Roger Lucy is a Political/Economic officer who has served in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain. He is currently Deputy Director, Export Controls Division at DFAIT.



Gérard Pelletier 1919-1997

It was noteworthy that, at the time of Gérard Pelletier's death in June, the extensive press comment concentrated on his work as a journalist and politician. Little beyond the bare facts was said about his work as a diplomat. Considering that in his day Gérard Pelletier had been, among other things, a widely-respected and popular television interviewer, a co-founder of *Cité Libre* and editor of *La Presse*; and that his later career as a politician is indelibly linked with his memorable entry into the Pearson government as one of the Three Wise Men, along with Jean Marchand and Pierre Trudeau, and with the defence of the *Official Languages Act*, the concentration on journalism and politics is not surprising.

Yet Gérard Pelletier's diplomatic career was far from negligible. He served successively as ambassador to France from 1975 to 1980 and as ambassador to the United Nations from 1981 to 1984 — nearly a decade in two of the most sensitive and important of Canadian diplomatic appointments.

At the time he was named to the embassy in Paris, the atmosphere of relations with France was much improved from the low point of "Vive le Québec libre!". (Those interested in knowing just how difficult it was to work in Paris in those years should read Pat Black's *Direct Intervention*). By Gérard Pelletier's day, however, de Gaulle was long gone, as was his political heir, Georges Pompidou. President Giscard d'Estaing, Pompidou's successor, owed no allegiance to the Gaullist inheritance and drew his support from the Centre more than from the Gaullist Right of French politics. Giscard came to office as an innovator; in this more favourable context it was possible to arrange an official visit to France by Prime Minister Trudeau in 1974, the first such visit by a Canadian Prime Minister in more than ten years.

Thus Gérard Pelletier came to his appointment with a new base in which he could build. He was in a position to undertake the work of consolidating and improving relations, relying on his knowledge of France and the depth of his French culture, and his extensive network of friendships in French political and intellectual circles. In all this, his friendship with Prime Minister Trudeau was an important asset. Everyone, French

or Canadian, who worked with him was sensitive to the connection. But it was an asset Gérard Pelletier used with discretion and discrimination. The advantage to Canada of having a representative of such personal distinction, emotionally and intellectually committed to Québec, yet intellectually committed to federalism, and known to be a close friend and colleague of the Prime Minister, was evident throughout his appointment.

In the same way, during his years in New York, Gérard Pelletier's remarkable background and personal qualities spoke for themselves before another sensitive audience, this time at the United Nations. These were years when, for example, the Middle East was again in turmoil. With his journalist's instincts, Gérard Pelletier early undertook a visit to the region to gain additional background for his mission at first hand. Both on occasions like this, and in the corridors of the United Nations, his political connections in Canada served to strengthen the personal impression he made through his dignity and courtesy, his formidable intellectual capacity, and the precision of his expression in French and English.

Gérard Pelletier was a reserved man. He had little or no flamboyance about him. He was good at quiet listening, reflection, analysis and thoughtful advice. This disqualified him for the posturing aspects of the House of Commons when he was in politics and similarly, when he became a diplomat, from striking attitudes before the General Assembly. Yet he was perfectly at home in the era of public diplomacy; he had taken the measure of the television age early in his career. He endured with unflinching courtesy the drearier side of diplomatic entertaining, but came to life when, in private conversations, an intellectual challenge presented itself. His diplomatic colleagues remember him as a charming and intelligent man, and his Canadian staffs as someone who was absolutely without pretension and capable of great personal kindness. The foreign service was fortunate to have shared for a decade in the life of this remarkable man. ☺

J.H. (Si) Taylor

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Mr. Heeney Goes to Washington — Eventually

"In some respects," Jack Granatstein has written, "Arnold Heeney fitted the concept of a perfect civil-service mandarin." Heeney had been recruited personally by W.L. Mackenzie King in 1938 to serve as Principal Secretary to the Prime Minister. Steering adroitly around King's more political intentions, Heeney added the title of Clerk of the Privy Council less than two years later and with it responsibility for the creation of a cabinet secretariat. Heeney's well-earned reputation as a capable administrator prompted Lester Pearson to consider Heeney as a possible successor when Pearson transmigrated into politics in the fall of 1948. As the first document reproduced below demonstrates, however, Pearson had had in mind nominating a senior francophone as the next Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. When the prospective nominees preferred to stay abroad, Pearson decided that Heeney would give the Department of External Affairs the administrative direction it required, to complement his own leadership on foreign policy questions. For his part, Heeney would have preferred an appointment as Ambassador to the United States, a post then inconveniently occupied by Hume Wrong.

Heeney had learned about political manoeuvring from a master, so that he secured a commitment to a senior posting abroad to follow the prolongation of his purgatory in the East Block. When Canada decided to establish a permanent mission to NATO, then headquartered in Paris, Heeney was named as the first Ambassador, but not before he had reminded Pearson about Washington. The second document provides ample proof of Heeney's deft hand at senior bureaucratic politics. That carefully orchestrated shuffle of appointments satisfied both Heeney and Dana Wilgress, his co-conspirator, who was never happy as a deputy minister. As for Wrong, he became ill after only two weeks as Under-Secretary and died in Ottawa in January 1954.

*These developments are described in Canada's Department of External Affairs, Volume II, Coming of Age 1946-1968 [en français: Le ministère des Affaires extérieures du Canada, Volume II, L'essor 1946-1968] by John Hilliker and Don Barry, who provided **bout de papier** with a copy of the memorandum. The context and additional documentation associated with Heeney's appointment as Under-Secretary can be found in volumes 14 and 15 of the series Documents on Canadian External Relations.*

Hector Mackenzie
Senior Departmental Historian

[National Archives of Canada, L.B. Pearson Papers, Volume 32, file: External Affairs Department — Personnel 1946-8]

Personal and Confidential
Ottawa, Nov[ember] 19, [19]48

Dear Mike [Pearson],

For some time I have intended writing you, but you know how it is!

Your department is getting along well on the whole, so far as I am able to judge, but the combination of your acting-Minister [Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence] and acting-Under-Secretary [Escott Reid] is pretty exhausting as you can imagine. The production of papers and the volume thereof has struck an all time

high I should think and the North Atlantic crusade which you started is in danger of being checked by memoranda. I've to comment this afternoon on the umpteenth edition of Escott's opus which by now you will have seen — a tour de force but not a document to put before your colleagues, at least till a later stage. I have so far played my usual role of dampener on these activities for I'm frankly afraid of a reaction among the Ministers or at least a revulsion against the officials if we try to go too far too fast. It would be more than a pity if having gone along the right path the government were to stop short and grow frightened by looking over the principles which surround it. It's a shame you can't be here and in Cabinet these next few meetings.

I still have the Under Secretaryship in my mind though I am not at all sure whether I want it or not. In many ways I do, partly no doubt because it would be flattering to my ego to be asked to take a place in such a distinguished succession — partly too because, as I've told you, I feel that I've grown stale where I am. On the other hand I suppose that I should be content with my present lot particularly under the new conditions [Louis St. Laurent succeeded W.L. Mackenzie King as Prime Minister on 15 November 1948] and, indeed, I've told St. L[aurant] that I will stay until the election if that seems to him and to you to be best in the general interest. Of course, quite frankly, I would have been happy had it worked out that I should go to Washington — or London — but it didn't, and I shall hope that, before too long, it may yet, for I make no bones of my aspirations in that quarter.

There is nothing new to you in this but I repeat it because I should like to know just as soon as possible whether there is any likelihood now of my being asked to take the Under-Secretary's chair on your return. Has the position changed with respect to [Jean] Déry? So far as we know it has not and Jack P[ickersgill] has the impression that St. L[aurant] has grown pretty cold to the idea. It may be that a Fr[ench]-Can[adian] appointment to the new D[eputy]/M[inister] to [Robert] Winters [Minister of Reconstruction and Supply] might relieve the pressure. I do not know.

Meantime, [C.D.] Howe and [Lionel] Chevrin are pressing for John Baldwin and I shall have to let him go probably no later than Dec[ember] 15th. As yet I have no satisfactory successor in sight. I have spoken to Gordon Robertson on the basis of coming in at [the] P[rivy] C[ouncil] O[ffice] but not, at first anyway, as Assistant Secretary. I think that might do. He is however undecided — has had other attractive offers and is not sure that he should not go back to External (I told him that I was sure coming to PCO would not prejudice his eventual career in your department).

So much for my troubles — I should apologize for reminding you of them — but do not since they affect us both. If you tell me to put your department out of my own calculations altogether I shall do so — in some ways I shall be relieved.

The changing of the guard last Monday was a strange, in some curious way an unreal experience. Mr. King came through it all very well really but I'm afraid I found his role somewhat pathetic. Jack [Pickersgill] and I called in at Laurier House [King's residence] to see him when it was all over, however, round 1³⁰ and found him in bed. He said he'd had 1½ h[ou]rs sleep since returning from Government House! It'll be difficult to regard him (or for him to regard himself, I suspect) as merely the Man from Glengarry.

St. Laurent is bearing up well. His first press conference was very successful and he shows every sign of being able to take it all in his stride. His O'Donnell daughter [Madeleine St. Laurent; married to Hugh O'Donnell] told me that she found M^{me} St. L[aurant] the morning of the big day peeling potatoes in their apartment.

Spoke with Poter Gordon [former public servant and partner, Clarkson, Gordon & Co. of Toronto] on the telephone earlier this week. He reports you & Maryon [Pearson] as in fine fettle. Stick to it but for Heaven's sake not for too much longer.

Our best to Maryon — no doubt her French is now quite elegant.

Y[ou]rs,
Arnold [Heeney]

[Postscript] We were relieved to hear that you had accepted office in the new government.

[National Archives of Canada, Arnold Heeney Papers]

Personal & confidential
Paris, April 29, 1953

Memo re my future posting in the Service

1. When the Minister [Pearson] was in Paris for the NATO Ministerial meetings last week I had a number of opportunities for private talks with him. He told me early in the week that he would discuss "postings" with me Friday or Saturday and we arranged to lunch together at my house on the former day April 24.

2. During the April 24 morning meeting, [Dana] Wilgress drew me aside and told me that that morning, walking down to the Palais de Chaillot, Mr. Pearson had opened the subject with him. He had indicated that it was settled that Wrong would leave Washington, sometime in June, and that he would have to make recommendations for a successor. I, he said, was "dead set" on Washington "for some reason." There were, however, other possibilities that he had been considering along with me — Graham Towers [Governor of the Bank

of Canada], himself (Wilgress), [Jean] Désy [Ambassador to Italy] & [Georges] Vanier [Ambassador to France]. He agreed with Wilgress that Towers could hardly be spared from Ottawa in the next year or so because of the critical Canadian interest in developments concerning the "Collective approach." Wilgress reaffirmed his own interest in the NATO appointment. Désy & Vanier were not seriously discussed.

Wilgress received the impression that the Minister intended to propose my appointment, Wrong going to Ottawa & he to the NATO Mission.

3. Mr. Pearson and I lunched alone on Friday April 24. After lunch he raised the question of Washington and the whole range of senior appointments in the Service. He said that he knew that Washington was the one I was most interested to hear about.

4. With respect to Wrong's succession, he had had a chat with the P.M. before leaving Ottawa. It was understood that W[rong] would leave. A number of names including mine were mentioned as possible successors. The P.M. was aware (from my conversation with him last year) that I was anxious to be appointed. The possibility of an "outside" nomination was considered, briefly I gather, but no particularly suitable names were mentioned. The question was left open and Mr. P[earson] would take it up again with Mr. St. L[aurant] on his return to Ottawa.

5. I reaffirmed my unwavering desire to be appointed to Washington. As Mr. P. knew, this had been my fixed ambition for a number of years. I had written him frankly about it when it seemed likely that he would be leaving the Ministry (to become S[ecretary] G[eneral] of the U[nited] N[ations]). There was no other post in the Service which I would be willing to accept as an alternative; nor indeed would I want to remain another winter in my present post. If the government decided upon someone else for Washington, I would have to consider seriously leaving the Public Service for law or business. In addition to my 'professional' desire for the Washington post, there were family reasons why I should return to North America before long.

After Washington, if I were appointed, I would be interested in returning to Ottawa — perhaps to the head of a revamped Civil Service Commission.

6. Mr. Pearson said that he had been glad that I had written him as I had. He understood my position. He would have complete confidence in me fulfilling the duties satisfactorily as Ambassador to the United States. He would have no qualms in putting my name forward to the P.M.

Other names had been mentioned — Towers in many ways would be admirable but he did

not think, apart from other considerations, that he could be spared; Vanier would not be suitable; Désy wanted Paris. He would have full confidence in Wilgress but he seemed to want to come to NATO.

7. Mr. Pearson mentioned the possibility of the Prime Minister suggesting the appointment in succession to Wrong of some "outstanding Canadian" from outside the Service. This had been referred to in his talk with Mr. St. L[aurant]. He did not think the P.M. had any particular person in mind; if he did and the candidate was genuinely outstanding — C.D. Howe, J.W. McConnell ten years ago [then a prominent industrialist and proprietor of the *Montreal Star*] — Mr. P[earson] would not oppose. But he felt sure that C.D. would not be interested and he knew of no other of that category; he would resist strongly any lesser person.

8. Mr. Pearson referred to the possible risk of accepting appointment to W[ashington] before the election. If the Conservatives formed the next government, they might impose their own appointee; there was this risk. I said I was quite prepared to take it.

9. It was important, Mr. P[earson] thought, that the W[ashington] appointment should be made as far ahead of the election as possible. This would mean a decision in Ottawa within the next two weeks or even sooner; in any event by the end of May — because the P.M. would be leaving for the Coronation May 15 and the election campaign would get underway at once on his return. The time-table for taking up this and related appointments was flexible & could be worked out between those concerned.

10. It was finally left that Mr. Pearson would take the matter up with Mr. St. Laurent immediately on his return to Ottawa and let me know the result. I could count on hearing from him within two weeks.

He would put my name, Wilgress (If after speaking to him W[ilgress] wished it) and perhaps Désy's — in that order. I would be his first choice. He gave me the impression (justified I think) that, barring the production by the P.M. of some outstanding and unexpected cat from the bag, my name was very likely to be accepted. I agreed with his suggestion that he should mention the position to Mr. [Brooke] Claxton [Minister of National Defence] and Mr. [Douglas] Abbott [Minister of Finance] on his way home [Claxton and Abbott were also in Paris for the NATO Ministerial Meeting].

11. We also discussed a great many other senior appointments at home & abroad. That same afternoon I was able to indicate to Wilgress how the land lay. On Saturday Wilgress gave me the attached proposed schedule of changes which I said would be wholly agreeable to me.

12. On saying good-bye to me at the airport Apr. 27, Mr. P[earson] again said that I w[oul]d be hearing from him soon. He had already spoken to Mr. Abbott who seemed favourable (Mr. A[bbott] had given the same impression the previous day).

[A.D.P. Heeney].

[Attachment:]

Suggested Programme

Week of May 4th

appointments to be taken up in Cabinet agreement to be sought from Washington

Week of May 11th

appointments to be announced

June 15th

Mr. W[rong] to leave Washington

Mr. H[eeney] to leave Paris

July 1st

Mr. H[eeney] to assume charge in Washington

August 1st

Effective date of transfers

Mr. W[ilgress] to leave Ottawa

September 15th

Mr. W[rong] to assume charge in Ottawa ☺



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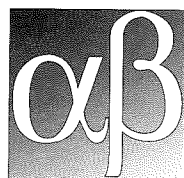


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A Aalto — The Final Challenge

In which Leibnitz faces an existential problem of a pressing nature

A special tribute to a long-time contributor

In the murky world of espionage and intrigue that A Aalto and his/her (their?) creations inhabit, it is often difficult to tell between reality and falsehood, virtue and vice, the genuine and the fake. There is however little doubt in our minds that the understandably anonymous piece we reproduce herewith is as Baywatch is to Lear, as Judith Krantz to Borges, or — if your prefer an analogy closer to home — as the 'Background' section of a GMR Q and A is to a lofty think-piece produced by CPP. This is an inferior product, a pale, cheap and facile rendition that was evidently put together in a hurry, enlightens no-one and is frustrating to read. In a word, it is not the real thing. However, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and we reproduce "A Aalto — The Final Challenge" as a modest tribute to The Master (or is it The Mistress?).

It was a sultry August afternoon in Ottawa. At Fort Pearson, zombie-like foreign service officers sat slumped over their 386s, sporadically blurting out Points to Register. The loudest noise was an occasional buzzing fly.

Downtown, at the world headquarters of the **bout de papier** publishing empire, the scene was altogether different. In the plush 29th-floor boardroom suite, lined in purple velvet and featuring an entire wall of flickering TV consoles, it was pandemonium. The plate glass tinted windows that overlook the Byward Market pulsed in time with the latest miss from Edible Granite, blasting out from a huge boom-box over which Dryan Tweedie, the wan and lovelorn paramour of Granite's lead singer, had draped himself protectively. Chief Inspector De Toombs, meerschaum pipe in one hand, a tattered copy of the Spring 1952 edition of **bout de papier** in another, was standing by the table, arguing heatedly with ace logician Ludwig Leibnitz, who merely shrugged and assented grimly every time De Toombs stabbed him with the pipe. A florid, brow-knit and kilt-clad Hector MacBannoch sat at the other end of the table, poring through a Thesaurus, muttering the odd Scottish profanity and scribbling

in a tiny notebook. Large ear plugs could not conceal the brushes of white hair growing out of each ear.

Sitting cross-legged on the plaid carpet under the wall of TVs — on every one of which the distinguished features of Canadian Ambassador Tony Vincent were now looming like some vision from Orwell — MacBannoch's assistant, the lovely and leggy Lydia Krantz, pulled nervously at her long black tresses and blinked convulsively. Miles Mercator, Deputy Cartographer-general to the Queen, was crouched uncomfortably beneath a large globe, one finger apparently tracing the outline of Tierra del Fuego. Uncharacteristically quiet, but still dominating the room from the black leather chair in which he revolved slowly and inexorably was Rialto Sleazewagon, dressed conservatively in an orangepolyester safari suit, a tasteful turquoise silk cravate at his neck, shiny winklepickers kicking idly at the carpet as he spun round.

Suddenly, the double doors swung open. In strode the towering figure of Deborah Harry in a scarlet but low-key Christian Dior power suit, shoulder pads flashing aggressively, black briefcase in one hand, cell-phone in the other. Tweedie abruptly straightened up and, with an apologetic grin, stabbed at the "Power" button on the boom-box. The silence was palpable.

All business, Harry, Executive Director of **bout** and the genius behind the ADM-of-the-month foldout spread that had taken the magazine into the bestseller charts worldwide, took her place at the head of the table and called the meeting to order.

"I think you all know why we're here", she began while efficiently powering-up her Mac laptop. "A Aalto, to whom every one of you owes your existence, has vanished off the face of the earth. We don't even know where to start looking for him — or her."

"But Debbie old girl", drawled Sleazewagon while summoning the sullen but luscious Lydia Krantz to fetch him a gin-and-tonic refill, "surely the editor — Collins, Callaghan, whatever his name is — surely he knows how to reach Aalto..."

"Sleazewagon, you fool!", interrupted Leibnitz in an uncharacteristically aggressive tone of voice, "that's the whole problem. The secret of how to contact Aalto is a treasure that is passed on from editor to editor, a

kind of Holy Grail. But if you'd been reading your Ottawa Citizen Sunday Magazine, you'd know that Coolin — who, I might add, is incapable of recognising a good pun when he sees one — was posted a month ago to Costaguano and was promptly kidnapped by the Che Guevara Front for National Liberation. They're asking for a ransom of 8 million colons. DFAIT won't play..."

"Can't we get a message to him?" interrupted Mercator.

"We've tried that", Harry answered, containing her impatience behind an icy glare. "We smuggled in a message, written in invisible ink on the latest copy of PANORAMA. He sent back a completed overtime claim form, with a note asking whether he would still have to pay his rent share now that he had been kidnapped".

Only the frantic scribbling of MacBannoch, whose ear plugs were still in place, broke the silence. Mercator nudged him and he fell off his chair with a crash, arms flailing. It sank in on all those present — with the exception of Harry, who had a standing job offer at Cosmo should the novelty of the ADM pinups fade or the flow of A Aalto puzzles dry up and **bout** sales collapse — that their very existence was at stake. If A Aalto could not be found, they would slowly fade away and disappear into magazine limbo, populated by long-forgotten characters from Beano and Seventeen.

"What about the editors that came before Coolin?", Tweedie finally suggested.

Harry began counting on her fingers. For a moment Sleazewagon, who had once foolishly imagined that Harry could be his, recalled the heady days when she had strutted the stage at the Olympia, Paris, belting out "Picture this..." to an adoring crowd of 50,000....

"One's at PMO. It's well known that regardless of the amount of information that pours into PMO, not a scrap ever comes out. Another's working for one of the security divisions and only talks in inaudible whispers, with her head bowed. Then there's Robertson — left the service and now does media relations for the PM. Answers every question with the fact that the UN ranks Canada as the best place in the world to live. Oh, and there's O'Shea in New York. I e-mailed him last week.

He wrote back in blank verse, saying he no longer knows anybody; the Big Apple has got to him".

Leibnitz pursed his lips and wrinkled his brows. The entire cast of "Entertainment" was transfixed. Finally, he opened his mouth. Nothing came out.

"Well, what is it, Leibnitz?" barked MacBannoch, still irritable from his fall.

"Pass me Coolin's overtime form," he said thoughtfully.

For several minutes the ace logician pored attentively over the rows of numbers, every so often turning the pink form over to check the leave codes.

"Hmm..." he muttered. "Double pay on the second day of rest..."

Minute by minute, the tension rose. Tweedie began absent-mindedly to pick his nose until Krantz transfixed him with the icy stare that had been known to drop Mongol ice-hockey goaltenders dead in their tracks.

"It's really laughably simple," Leibnitz finally announced, smoothing the blood-stained form out on the boardroom table. "What he's tried to do is imitate an Aalto puzzle. You'll notice that he's never claimed more than eight hours overtime on any one day. Each of the numbers in the x1 column corresponds to one of the first eight letters of the alphabet, in the x1.5 to the second eight

and in the x2 — in otherwords the hours worked on a second day of rest — to the last eight. We can assume that he's discarded Y and Z..."

There was an expectant pause.

"Well?", Sleazewagon finally drawled, several gins the worse for wear.

"Here it is!", cried Leibnitz.

Letter by letter, chewing anxiously on his pencil between letters, Leibnitz spelled out what he had deduced. Slowly, it sank in on the others.

In his broad Scots burr, MacBannoch heavily repeated the letters, one by one.

"V-I-V-A-L-A-R-E-V-O-L-U-C-I-O-N".

"Dammit!", De Toombs finally said, banging the table in frustration. "I always thought Coolin was unsound. Now he's damn well gone over the top..."

The shadows lengthened as the sun sank slowly behind the Corel Centre. CNN had somehow been replaced by The World's Funniest Home Videos, but with no sound. From underneath Sleazewagon's empty glass, a wet stain spread slowly over the polished oak boardroom table. Harry's expensive Mac beeped disconsolately every few minutes.

Can you succeed where Leibnitz failed? Can you reach Coolin's jungle hideout, outwit his neo-Maoist captors, extort the identity of Aalto and return with the answer,

unscathed, to **bout** HQ within twelve hours? The first correct entry to be opened will receive a vinyl LP of "Barry White: The Golden Years" and a copy of the best-selling "Drama at Midnight: the 1997 FSD debacle".

.....

CanReps Abroad, the Kama Sutra and Taking Manhattan: Answers.

A) MYANMAR; B) FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD; C) SUBCOMANDANTE MARCOS; D) DES MOINES; E) PAULA JONES; F) NORMA MAJOR; G) NO, IT WAS FORMER PM JOHN TURNER; G) TIMOTHY LEARY.

Able was I ere I saw Elba is a palindrome, Not Now Josephine is Not. ☺

Freelance prestidigitator A Aalto has really gone missing this time as he did once before, in Autumn 1994. In late May, he was sighted — in turn — in Ushuaia (Tierra del Fuego), Wapping and Almaty. Swarthy and short, he typically sports a handlebar moustache and wears a scarlet leotard with blue tights. If you see him, please call PAFSO HQ immediately.



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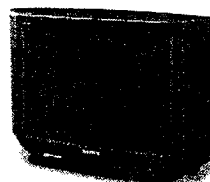


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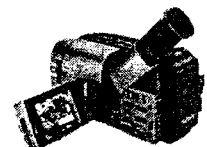
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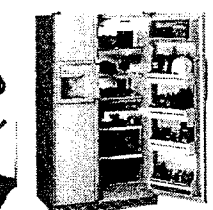
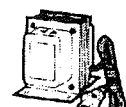
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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Rare Ambition: The Crosbies of Newfoundland
reviewed by Peter Neary

Special Trust and Confidence: Envoy Essays in Canadian Diplomacy
reviewed by Allen Brown

All the Fine Young Eagles
reviewed by Louis A. Delvoie

RARE AMBITION: THE CROSBIES OF NEWFOUNDLAND by Michael Harris, Viking, 1992, 407 pp., \$29.99

Reviewed by Peter Neary

Peter Neary is a Professor of History at the University of Western Ontario and the author of several books, including Newfoundland in the North Atlantic World 1923-1949.

Michael Harris's purpose in writing this book was to produce "a history of the entire Crosbie family," a work "that would not only tell readers where John Crosbie had come from, but make a permanent contribution to the history of the country as well." His approach "was neither assassination nor glorification, but faithfulness to the facts." What he sought was "a composite that would transform the stark pronouncements of the record into the story of a father's smile or a mother's tears, a son's resolve or a daughter's dreams." He describes his work as history with "a human face." There is much to be said for this genre and Harris certainly has a flair for it, but in other respects his book is only a qualified success.

Rare Ambition opens with a detailed account of the funeral of Joey Smallwood in 1991. This serves to introduce some of the *dramatis personae* of recent Newfoundland political history but offers only scraps of information about the Crosbies. A strange start. The book then moves on to a very general and somewhat anecdotal account of the history of Newfoundland. This is followed by a description (overly long for this reader) of the Scottish origins and heroics of the Crosbie family. George Crosbie, the progenitor of the Newfoundland clan, who came to the island from New Brunswick in 1858, does not appear until page 30. With his arrival, however, the book becomes more tightly focussed.

The narrative of the family history is built around six principal characters: Sir John Crosbie (1876-1922), son of the founding

father; his wife Mitchie Anne (Manuel) Crosbie (1876-1953); their son Chesley A. Crosbie (1905-62); and his children, Joan (1927-81), John (1932-), and Andrew (1933-91). Sir John was a buccaneering businessman and politician who moved the family to the top rungs of local society. Mitchie Anne Crosbie was a Newfoundland Mother Courage with a good head for business and public affairs. Chesley Crosbie was a highly successful entrepreneur known for his public service and with a good reputation for fairness to his workers. He brought the family's fortune to new heights but fought a losing political battle in the late 1940s when he led a party in favour of economic

union with the United States. This party defied what the United Kingdom and Canada wanted for Newfoundland: the absorption of the small country into the Canadian confederation. The constitutional issue was decided in the 22 July 1948 referendum, when Confederation with Canada was approved by the Newfoundland electorate in a very close vote.

Joey Smallwood, the Confederate leader, and Ches Crosbie were both members of the delegation that subsequently negotiated the final terms of union between Newfoundland and Canada, but Crosbie refused to sign the document. Wisely, however, he made political peace with Smallwood, who

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was premier of Newfoundland from 1949 to 1972. The Crosbie business empire flourished in the first decades of union, fed by heady provincial and federal government spending.

Following Ches Crosbie's death, his son Andrew (aided by his shrewd Uncle Percy Crosbie (1913-75), about whom we do not learn enough) carried on the family tradition of business leadership. Andrew went from success to success until, like the Province of Newfoundland itself, he encountered gale-force winds in the early 1980s. He then lost one business after another and died while embroiled in a legal tangle over a failed offshore venture. His sister Joan had died in tragic circumstances a decade before. Her life was one of great adversity and misfortune, all of which is recounted by Michael Harris in hard detail.

Inevitably, the general Canadian reading public will be mainly interested in what the author has to say about the John Crosbie who was Minister of Finance in the short-lived government of Joe Clark and then held several big portfolios under Brian Mulroney including Minister of International Trade. A lawyer by profession, he entered politics in 1965 at the municipal level. Having served as deputy mayor of St. John's, he joined the Smallwood government in 1966. In 1968 he broke with Smallwood and in

1969 challenged him for the leadership of the provincial Liberal Party. Crosbie lost out at a tumultuous and divisive convention. He then moved over to the Progressive Conservative party and served in the government of Frank Moores. After winning a federal by-election in 1976, he was the member of parliament for St. John's West until 1993.

*Harris is at his
best in his
exploration of the
intergenerational
patterns in the
history of the
Crosbies.*

In 1983 John Crosbie contested the leadership of the national Progressive Conservative party. He was the first Newfoundlander to seek to lead a major national party, and Michael Harris gives a vivid and original account of his campaign. His account is especially revealing about

how the Crosbie campaign was funded. Harris also give details (p. 356) of a choice exchange between Premier Brian Peckford of Newfoundland and Maureen McTeer, which came at the height of the televised leadership convention proceedings.

The book is less satisfactory on John Crosbie's subsequent career in the Mulroney government. The author has access to John Crosbie's papers, which are at the Centre for Newfoundland Studies Archives, Memorial University, St. John's, but he devotes only part of one chapter and part of the epilogue to Crosbie's ministerial career and his account does not break much new ground. The full exploration of the life-giving role of the Newfoundland minister in Ottawa still awaits its historian.

In sum, Harris is at his best in his exploration of the intergenerational patterns to be found in the history of the Crosbies. When he ventures into Newfoundland history more generally, he tends to fall back on convention and stereotypes. Resettlement, for example, a complex historical phenomenon with roots in the 1930, is harshly criticized. *Comme d'habitude*, Joey Smallwood takes all the blame for it. The resettlement program, Harris writes, persuaded "rural Newfoundlanders to 'burn their boats' and abandon a way of life they had known for centuries." No source is given for what has become a stock quotation. Yet there is much to learn in this book, which surveys a broad field and is attractively produced. There is a bibliography and an index, and the dust jacket features a fine photograph (c. 1928) of Sir John and Lady Crosbie and their sons and daughters. The photograph was apparently taken by Rolloway Studios in St. John's but this fact is not noted in the credits.



SPECIAL TRUST AND CONFIDENCE:
ENVOY ESSAYS IN CANADIAN DIPLOMACY,
edited by David Reece, Carleton University
Press, Ottawa, 1996, 291 pp., \$26.95

Reviewed by Allen Brown

Allen Brown, currently responsible for relations with Egypt in DFAIT's Middle East Division, has served in South Africa, the Southern Africa Task Force, US Trans-boundary, US General Relations, and Trade and Economic Policy Divisions.

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commissioner's assignment. The first few words also form the highly appropriate title of this engaging new book of essays by 17 former Canadian diplomats.

From "Breaking Ground in Budapest" by the sole woman contributor, Dorothy Armstrong, to "Les Otages de Stanleyville" as related by Michel Gauvin, this collection of essays vividly depicts the world of Canadian postwar diplomacy.

Firsthand accounts portray the work of Canadian envoys in various European, Asian, African, Caribbean and Middle Eastern countries, as well as at NATO and the UN (curiously, no essays on US or Latin American postings are included). Amid the anecdotes are reflections on the nature of foreign policy, intriguing insights into the role of the idiosyncratic in the exercise of diplomacy, cogent case study analyses, and stirring eyewitness accounts of late 20th century history.

Sometimes nostalgic but seldom dull, these stories express the emotional highs and lows, triumphs and frustrations of the job. And what a varied job it turns out to be, with duties ranging from promoting bull semen to rescuing Canadian hostages. Graciously, several ambassadors even share credit for their successes with the "highly competent and dedicated staffs" at Canadian missions!

*It is important
to play by
the rules, but
a good player
has to use
guile and bluff
while keeping
one's word.*

In his introduction, editor and former ambassador David Reece observes that "the envoy is not a dog on a chain" and sometimes must disobey orders on account of "urgent local exigencies." More alarmingly, these stories also show that sometimes the envoy is left twisting in the wind by bureaucratic dithering at headquarters or domestic political considerations. One example is Gordon Brown's sad tale about his on-again off-again closure of the Cyprus mission. Another is Michel Gauvin's story that Lester Pearson ignored his entreaty for guidance at a critical moment in his mission to rescue Canadian hostages in the Congo. If things went

wrong, Pearson could then say, "On n'a jamais fait cela; c'est Gauvin qui l'a fait de sa propre initiative."

Problematic relations between heads of missions and headquarters often appear as an undercurrent in these essays. Harry Carter, ambassador to South Africa from 1969-72, writes in his essay "Playing for Time": "In those days I thought there was a very real lack of communication. Reading my letters of late 1969 and early 1970 vividly recalls my bitter feelings of frustration and futility."

What is more remarkable is that this lack of communication could be deliberate. As former ambassador John Hadwen attests: "I have known situations in Ottawa when it has been decided not to tell the Canadian head of mission of some major developments because that individual could be expected to make an unhelpful contribution by return telegram."

Apparently not all heads of mission enjoy the same degree of trust and confidence!

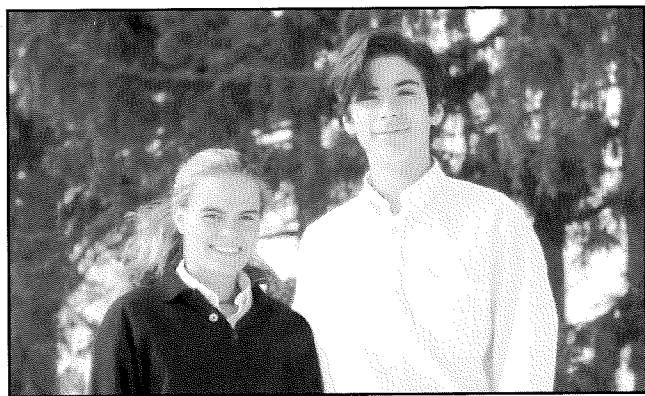
One highlight, Bill Barton's essay on "Making Things Happen at the UN," will interest foreign service officers engaged in multilateral diplomacy. Few are better informed about the byzantine workings of the UN than the distinguished former ambassador. At the UN he personified "alertness and aggressiveness," qualities he claims are

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requisite for inserting oneself into the unceasing wheeling and dealing between groups of delegations. Working life in any UN institution, he says, is like a poker game: "It is important to play by the rules, but a good player has to use guile and bluff while still maintaining a reputation for fairness and keeping one's word."

Though modestly written, Mr. Barton's essay reveals him as a master player – working closely with his mission team and knowing just how to handle "the problem of quids for pros" as he puts it. His accounts of the 1975 review of the Non-Proliferation Treaty, and 1977-78 Namibian independence negotiations make a fascinating read.

In other circumstances, it seems that sometimes the right word by the right person in the right ear makes all the difference. For example, an unexpected meeting in Lebanon in 1974 of ambassador Jacques Gignac and Jean Chrétien, then Minister of Indian and Northern Affairs, finally provided the political "coup de pouce qui mena enfin le gouvernement à poursuivre une diplomatie beaucoup plus ouverte et active" in the Middle East. And perhaps a word in the ear of Chinese premier Chou En-lai by Chester Ronning led to "the single biggest administrative and personnel problem that the Department had to face during the next 20 years" — Canada's participation in the International Commissions for Supervision and Control in Indochina in the mid-1950s.

The role, for better or worse, of former prime minister Trudeau in Canadian foreign policy also figures fascinatingly in many of the book's essays. Unfortunately, Geoffrey Pearson's piece, "The Second Cold War," offers only a disappointing sentence or two on his work as Trudeau's special representative in his 1983 peace initiative. A frank behind-the-scenes assessment of this unusual exercise could have added much to his chapter and the book.

In the end, what is particularly interesting about these essays are the views on foreign policy expressed from the perspective of the envoy abroad. To John Hadwen, it can be argued that foreign policy does not exist; what exists are continuing general national interests that require Canadian envoys "to take whatever action is possible."

D'Iberville Fortier puts it slightly differently: "... Qu'est-ce que la politique étrangère? Un fleuve qui s'alimente à cent affluents et infléchit son cours selon la volonté populaire, ou un ruisseau qui canalise les idées et les intérêts de quelques-uns? Cela dépend beaucoup il me semble des caprices de l'histoire, de ceux du ministre ... du patron du ministre."

Whatever the viewpoint, the collective wisdom and experience offered in this

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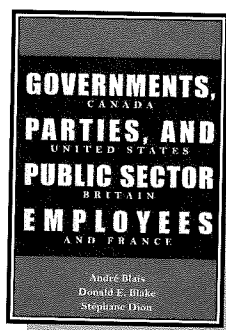
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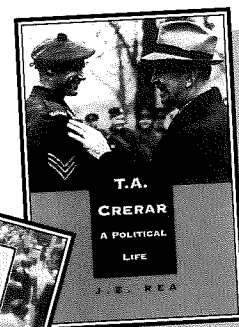
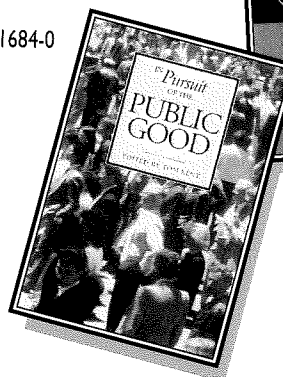
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collection of essays by some of Canada's most distinguished former ambassadors and high commissioners makes this book well worth reading for those interested in the practice of Canadian diplomacy.

David Reece, editor of *Special Trust and Confidence*, is also the author of *A Rich Broth: Memoirs of a Canadian Diplomat* recently published by Carleton University Press.



ALL THE FINE YOUNG EAGLES by David L. Bashow, Stoddart Publishing Company, Toronto, 1996, 384 pp., \$32.00

Reviewed by Louis A. Delvoie

Louis Delvoie is a former Foreign Service officer (1965-1995) who now teaches international relations at Queen's University and Royal Military College.

A quiet stroll through any book shop in Canada will reveal a super abundance of works about the Second World War. Indeed, the sheer volume of writings about that War suggests a mini-industry rather than a literary or historical endeavour. Much of this literature extols the exploits or castigates the failures of the Americans, the British, the Germans and the Japanese, and much of it falls into the category of second rate potboilers. Still relatively rare, however, are good books illuminating Canada's involvement in the war. Colonel David Bashow's *All the Fine Young Eagles* falls into this latter category.

The subject matter of the book is well captured in its subtitle: "In the cockpit with Canada's Second World War fighter pilots." Based largely on interviews and correspondence with those who made the history it recounts, the book conveys a sense of immediacy and action as it moves with the Canadian pilots from one theatre of operations to another: from Britain and France to the Middle East and North Africa, from Malta and Italy to India and Burma. While the author focusses on the lives and activities of the fighter pilots, he always provides just enough general history of the war to put them in context. And he explains some of the finer points of air combat tactics in a manner thoroughly comprehensible to the layman. This in itself is no mean feat.

Whether serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) or with Britain's Royal Air Force (RAF), Canadian fighter pilots made an outstanding contribution to the Allied war effort from the earliest months of the war until the final victory. Given

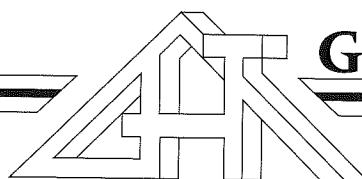
their numbers, the toll they took of German fighters and bombers was quite extraordinary, and a testimonial to their professional skills. But there was more to it than that. The aircraft they flew (Kittyhawks, Hurricanes, Spitfires etc.) were admirable machines, but were technologically unsophisticated when compared to their modern counterparts, and relied more heavily for their effective use on the basic human qualities of the pilots: sheer physical endurance, mental alertness and raw courage. The fact that the Canadian pilots possessed these qualities in generous measure comes across in page after page of this fine account.

The nature of the challenges faced, the odds overcome and the successes achieved can be cleaned from this terse account of one tour of duty served by Henry Wallace McLeod of Regina: "During his short stay in the Mediterranean, Wally was shot down twice, shot up and damaged five times, managed to shoot down a German bomber when he had only one cannon still firing and shot down six Huns in five days. Over the same period, he also lost twenty-five pounds in weight!". McLeod went on to become the most successful RCAF fighter pilot of the war, with a confirmed record of twenty-one enemy aircraft destroyed.

But the young men who people these pages are not solemn cardboard heroes. They are also fun-loving youngsters who often tend to spend a bit too long at the bar and are ever in search of female companionship, in the pursuit of which they display considerable ingenuity. And their language in the air was apparently quite colourful, to the point that one British woman officer responsible for recording radio conversations between aircraft was prompted to ask a Canadian pilot, "When you Canadians are in the air in your bloody Spitfires, do you know any words that **don't** start with the letter F?"

The darker side of the story is, of course, that the successes achieved by the Canadian pilots were bought at the cost of many lives. Several hundred fighter pilots were numbered among the more than 14,500 members of the RCAF killed in the Second World War. For Canada, it represented the sacrifice of many of the best and brightest of its youth.

This book represents popular history at its best. Well documented and balanced in its judgements, it nevertheless manages to convey a sense of action and adventure. It is a good read.



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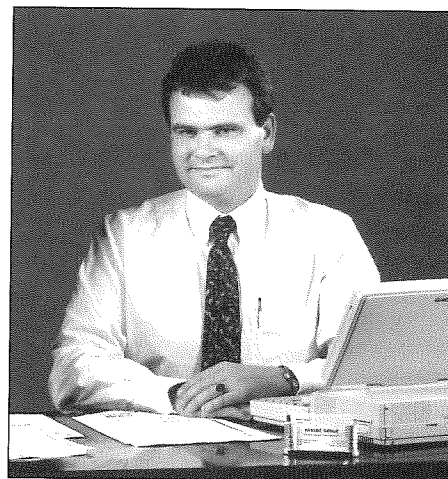
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A Tale of Two More Cities (Part I)

A further Asia-Pacific Puzzle by A Aalto

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, to coin a phrase. The head of the Centre, Hamish MacBannoch, came out of the closet. (He wasn't gay, he just got lost there one day while looking for his hat. After a week surviving on a forgotten cache of single-malt Scotch and oatcakes, he was found by the janitor.) Mabel Stanley and her grunge band, Edible Granite, continued their Asian odyssey with a Japanese tour, starting at the Hashimoto Home for the Grateful Deaf. And in York, a provincial capital (none more so), Premier Sleazewagon returned to his office from a happy morning squeezing blood from a stone (Melvin Stone, impoverished welfare parent) to take a call from his new Agent-General in Tokyo, "Papa Jack" Paridy (fresh from his own tour of the Tuvan prison system). Papa Jack reported in guarded tones that the Premier's secret project was ready to roll. Sleazewagon gave him the go-ahead and fell back into his leech-leather swivel-chair, gazing with hope and adoration (in his case, an expression not easily distinguished from gas pains) at the candle-lit shrine to Mabel in the corner of the room.

Two weeks later, LDC Liebnitz was startled, on entering the men's washroom nearest his office, to find a long-haired, stiletto-heeled vision in a sarong slit to the waist, crying copious mascara-enriched tears into the sink. The ace logician was even more surprised to find that the vision in question was Dryan Tweedie, the Centre's conservative (male) archivist. "What's the matter, old fellow," Liebnitz asked, "and why the Mata Hari get-up?"

"Oh Liebnitz, it's awful," Tweedie replied. "Mabel, my true love, has been kidnapped in Japan by the *yakuza*. A friend at our Tokyo Station says the Japanese mob was hired by some depraved wretch to smuggle her to another APEC capital and hold her until he could come and have his way with her. My only chance to find her is to sign up as a sing-song girl with the same *yakuza* outfit until I can worm my way into their confidence. I thought I'd done a good job with this dress and the wig and make-up, but every time I get close enough to a man to test the disguise, he falls asleep. My plane leaves in a few hours. What can I do? Liebnitz? Liebnitz?" The logician shook himself awake and quickly worked out the source of Tweedie's problem: the volumes of *Hansard* he had torn up and used to pad

his pectorals. Replacing this soporific prose with shredded Mickey Spillane gave the archivist a much racier image as he dashed out to the airport limo.

Another week had passed when Mabel burst into Liebnitz's office, seeking Tweedie's whereabouts. She had easily freed herself from the *yakuza*, by playing Edible Granite's latest video to her captors until they rushed from the building gibbering in abject terror and affronted aesthetics. She had also found out that the man behind the scam was none other than (gasp!) Rialto Sleazewagon. But by that time, Tweedie had started work at an Osaka teahouse, been betrayed to the *yakuza* by Sleazewagon's unknown mole in the Centre's Tokyo operations, and disappeared. "That lovable dipstick!" she exclaimed with a warmth that surprised Liebnitz. "All that effort, and now we need to rescue *him*."

"Easier said than done," replied the ace logician. "Our only source of information is Tweedie's unknown friend at our Tokyo Station. But we can't just show up in Tokyo and start asking questions, or we might tip off Sleazewagon's mole. All we know about the two is that both are on the Station's Executive Committee. We'll need to do a lot of digging before we act." Replied Mabel, "Not so! Tweedie managed to smuggle a report to the Centre from the place he is being held. I found it in the cafeteria, disguised as a *sushi maki* wrapping, and managed to retrieve it by claiming the

filling was poisonous blowfish. Tweedie provides enough information on the Station for us to work out who to contact, but unfortunately he seems to have been taking Jimmy the Turk's Lessons in Unnecessary Complication." She handed Liebnitz the following *wasabi*-stained report.

GENERAL CONDITIONS

- (1) The Head of Station (HS) has four Directors General (DGs) reporting to him, one each for Administration (DG/ADMIN), Signal Intelligence (DG/SIGINT), Human Intelligence (DG/HUMINT) and Operations (DG/OPS). Each DG supervises three Directors (Ds), except for one DG, who supervises four. The HS, four DGs and thirteen Ds make up the Station's Executive Committee (ExCo).
- (2) The organization of the Station is reflected in the attached organization chart, with each name replaced by a chart-box number (CB#). The total number of people working for the HS (CB#1) is a cubic number, ie the result of multiplying a number by itself twice (eg $1000 = 10 \times 10 \times 10$). No two divisions have the same number of people except D/Analysis(I) and D/Analysis(II), which as the result of an ancient compromise each have 6 plus the respective Directors.
- (3) The building housing the Station has four floors. The fourth floor, which

Title	First Name	Last Name	Code Name	From	Age	Room #	Staff #*	CB#
								1
								2
								3
								4
								5
								6
								7
								8
								9
								10
								11
								12
								13
								14
								15
								16
								17
								18

*That person's number of subordinates (direct or indirect).

houses the SIGINT bureau, has rooms 400-450. The third floor, which houses the ADMIN bureau and the HS, has rooms 300-350. The second floor, which houses the HUMINT bureau and a small part of the OPS bureau, has rooms 200-250. The first floor, which houses the rest of the OPS bureau, has rooms 100-150. Each staff member has his/her own office; some are also set aside for meeting rooms (eg room 350), store-rooms etc.

- (4) The room number of the HS is evenly divisible by 7 and by 11; the only other room number with this trait is that of the D/Penetration (CB#13). The DGs' room numbers (one per floor) are all evenly divisible by 11 and are the lowest such numbers available on their floor (not counting the HS's room number). The Directors' room numbers are all evenly divisible by 7; of these, leaving aside the room of the D/Penetration, six are each an exact multiple of their occupant's age and the other six are each evenly divisible by 5.
- (5) All members of the ExCo are over 21 and under 65. Their current ages are all prime numbers (ie numbers evenly divisible only by 1 and themselves, like 13 and 17). No more than two ExCo members are of the same age, and the oldest and youngest are the only ones of their respective ages. The HS is the only one ExCo member in his 60s; the DGs are all in their 50s; and the Directors are all under 50.
- (6) There is at least one ExCo member from each of the ten Canadian provinces (none from the territories). No bureau has more than one ExCo member from the same province, except one bureau that includes all three ExCo members from Ontario.

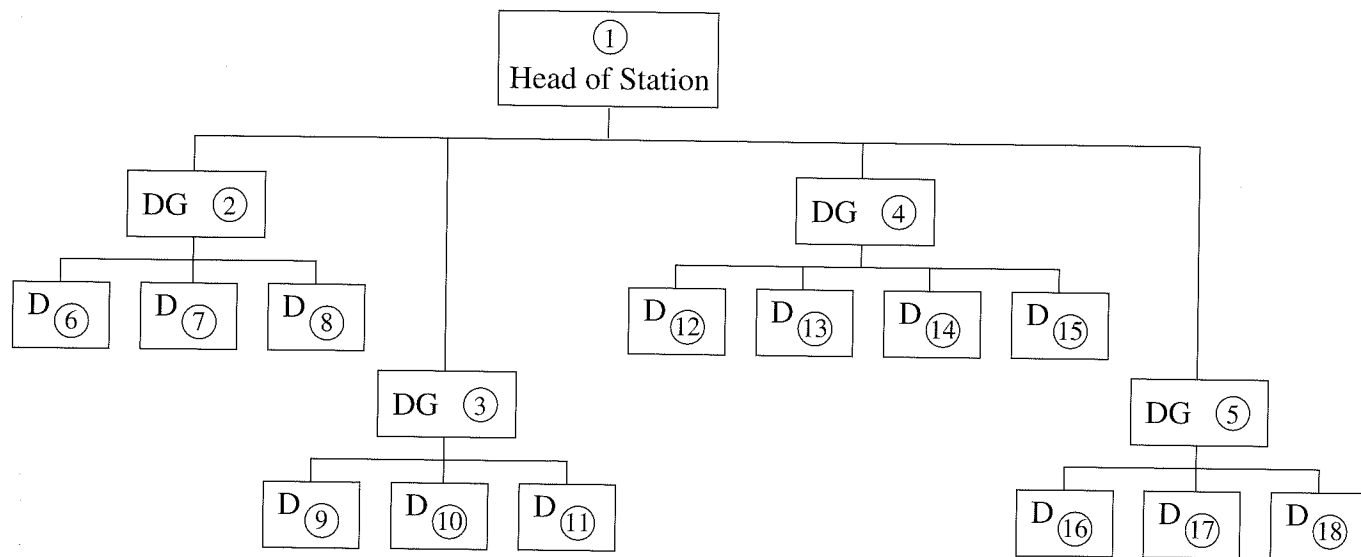
- (7) The APEC capital where Tweedie is held is an anagram of: (a) the first letter of the code name of each of the ExCo members in the SIGINT, HUMINT and ADMIN bureaus, plus (b) the first letter of the surname of each of the ExCo members from the three provinces that returned a majority of Liberal seats in the last federal election, but (c) not including any letter derived in either way from the mole's particulars.

SPECIFIC CLUES

In the following clues, first names are given in mixed upper and lower case (eg George); surnames are given in all upper case (eg JONES); and the codenames, which are all the names of vegetables, are given in quotation marks (eg "Spinach").

- (a) The mole is codenamed "Yam"; Mencius is Tweedie's contact.
- (b) "Endive" (D/Analysis (I) in room 406) and "Rhubarb" (D/Analysis (II) in the Humint Bureau) are the same age.
- (c) The CB# of the D/Housekeeping (McGEEK) is three times that of the D/Development ("Daikon"). The former supervises four more people than the latter.
- (d) Ms SYZGY (who reports to Elijah) and Hyperbole (who reports to Ms PURLIEU) are both 41.
- (e) The room number of D/Interception FLASHWORTHY (whose CB# is 1/60 of that room number) is twice the room number of the D/Maintenance ("Eggplant" at CB#10) and four times the room number of the D/Persuasion (ROSENKRANZ), who is 47.
- (f) Of the four DGs, the DG/SIGINT (CB#2) and the man from BC are older than the woman in room 319 and McCarthy NOSEWINKLE.

- (g) OLDESOTO ("Artichoke") has 30 people working for him, including D/Recruitment O'HAGEN and his 8 subordinates.
- (h) Felix ("Shallot") from PEI has the most subordinates (14); Ishmael has the least (3). Other than Felix, the five Maritime members of ExCo are "Watercress" in room 315 and Ulysses at CB#7 (both Nova Scotia); the D/Special Ops ("Leek") at CB#14 and Head of Station NOSHWELL (both Newfoundland); and "Squash" MACHINERY in room 301.
- (i) No-one has the same CB# as number of subordinates.
- (j) The D/Tech Support (ARROSES), Mr AFRICA (age 23) and the woman at CB#12 all report to "Cauliflower", the 53 year old man in room 110.
- (k) Aloysius MARIMBA from Quebec is in room 434; Moses ("Okra") in room 217 is at CB#15; and "Garbanzo" SOUFFLE, the D/Finance, is in room 329.
- (l) Zeitgeist ("Beans") in room 245 and IRRAWADDY in room 140 are the same age.
- (m) There are five women in ExCo: the DG at CB#5 plus four directors ("Chives", the D/Communications at CB#16, the Saskatchewan native and DeCADENCE). By rising order of room number, these are Ramona, Serafina, Hypatia, Pavlova and Desdemona.
- (n) Paco "Bok Choy" RALLENTANDO has 26 people under him, one less than the DG from Manitoba. Beauregard from Quebec has 9 subordinates, one less than "Asparagus".
- (o) The CB# of the DG from Ontario is double that of the DG from Alberta and three more than the CB# of Marcus



("Chicory"). The CB# of the BC woman is only one away from that of the director from Alberta.

(p) The woman at CB#8 is living with Mr TATTERSALL from Quebec.

"So where do we start?" Mabel said grimly when Liebnitz had finished reading. The ace logician replied by sketching out the attached table, saying "Actually, this is another of those puzzles that looks harder than it is. For example, there are only a few prime numbers between 21 and 65, and not many room numbers that fill all the listed qualifications." He and Mabel sorted out the puzzle in short order, and were soon on their way to Asia to pick up Tweedie's trail, stopping en route only to pick up some shredded *Hansard*. (Their story continues in the next puzzle.....)

Can you duplicate this feat by providing the surnames of Tweedie's contact and the mole, and by working out the APEC capital where the sarong-clad archivist is being held for Sleazewagon's arrival? Filling in the table will help you solve the puzzle but need not be submitted. The winner will be chosen by drawing from all correct entries received by [DATE], and will receive a CD of Tuvan throat singing plus a book on lost Japan.

Free-lance prestidigitator and Tuvan nationalist A Aalto remains on assignment with Edible Granite in Japan. Rumours that he is making a fortune on the black market for earplugs are greatly exaggerated. Rumours that he has spent a fortune there are not.

**Winner of Shanghaied Again!!:
MARGO SCHWARTZ, London, England**

SHANGHAIED AGAIN!! — ANSWERS

The Jester network:

- Member #1: LITVANOFF, actress, French, Route de Zikawei, can contact #2/5/6
- Member #2: JACQUINOT, policeman, Chinese, Nanking Road, can contact #3/5
- Member #3: UCHIYAMA, reporter, American, Guizhou Road, can contact #1/4
- Member #4: HAHN, fortune teller, Russian, Foochow Road, can contact #1/2/6
- Member #5: RUAN, bookseller, British, Kiangse Road, can contact #3
- Member #6: DUKE, priest, Japanese, North Szechuen Road, can contact #2/3/5

Circle call: #1 - #6 - #2 - #5 - #3 - #4 - #1

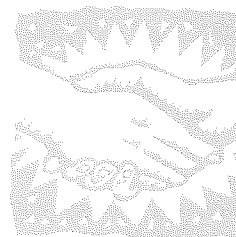
Green Gang message: THE PELLET WITH THE POISON'S IN THE VESSEL WITH THE PESTLE; THE CHALICE FROM THE PALACE HAS THE BREW THAT IS TRUE.
Ah Q's message: THE FLAGON WITH THE DRAGON'S IN THE PINE NEAR THE SHRINE.

Location of the Ricci flask: in a hollow pine tree near the shrine ("the forest shrine") by the Jesuit Cathedral on the Route de Zikawei. [Recall that Ah Q was a retired gardener.]

Additional questions: (a) The original Ah Q was the title character of a story by Lu Xun. (b) Barbara Undershaft — with a commission in the Salvation Army — is the title character of "Major Barbara" by GB Shaw, who visited Shanghai in 1933. (c) The "chalice from the palace" routine is a famous part of "The Court Jester", a 1955 movie with Danny Kaye.

Exegesis: the code-names of the six agents reflect those of real Shanghai characters in the 1920s and 1930s, but their characteristics are scrambled in the puzzle. Victoria Litvanoff was a White Russian fortune teller and madame who once shared an office with a Dr Liu on Nanking Road. Jacquinot de Besange, a one-armed Jesuit at the Cathedral of St Ignatius in Zikawei (itself founded by one of Matteo Ricci's converts), was a hero of the Japanese attack on Shanghai in 1937, when he convinced both sides to respect a neutral zone for the protection of refugees. Kanzo Uchiyama was a Japanese bookseller with a wide circle of left-wing contacts (including his close friend Lu Xun) who met in his shop on North Szechuen Road. Emily Hahn was an American reporter (inter alia for the *New Yorker*) and mistress of the Chinese poet Zao Xinmei; her apartment was on Kiangse Road near the Bund. Ruan Longyu was a star of the brilliant inter-war Shanghai cinema, getting her start at the Mingxing Studios on Guizhou Road. Basil Duke was an unconventional British policeman who later became an eccentric colonial administrator in Africa; 185 Foochow Road housed the headquarters of Shanghai's Special Branch. Further information on these and other memorable people of that time and place can be found in Harriet Sergeant's excellent *Shanghai* (Cape, 1991), from which I have taken the mixed transliterations of Chinese names (eg the traditional spellings of most 1920s Shanghai road names, compared to Pinyin for most historical figures).

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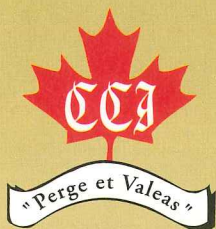
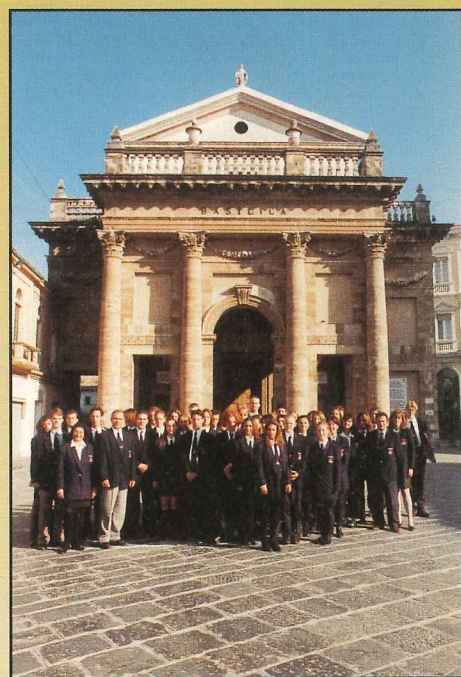
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