

bout de papier

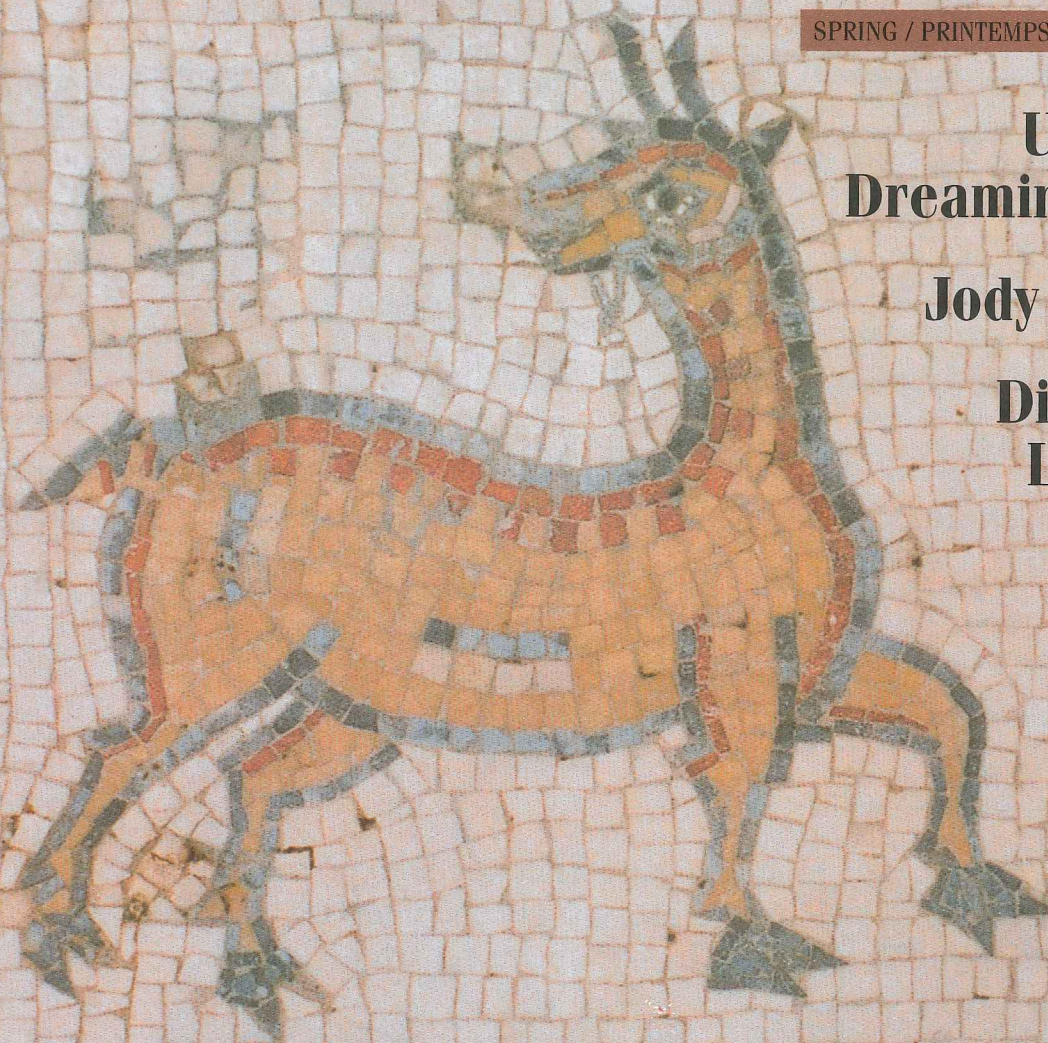
\$4.50

SPRING / PRINTEMPS 1998 Vol. 15 No. 1

**Under the
Dreaming Spires**

Jody Williams

**Diplomatic
Language**

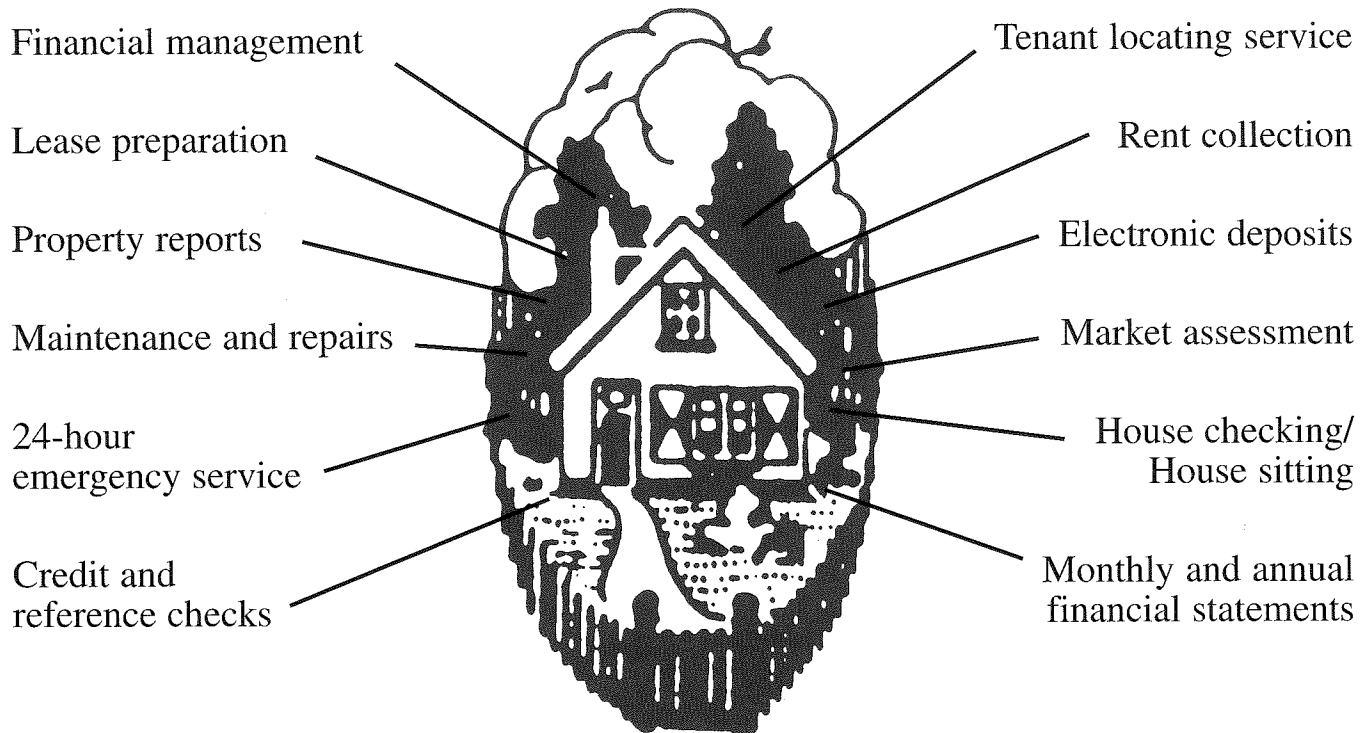


TMS Associates

Residential Property Management

GUARANTEED RENTS

COMPETITIVE RATES



The founding partners continue to provide the high level of professionalism and integrity of service appreciated by our clients for over a decade.

TMS
ASSOCIATES

RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY
MANAGEMENT

Est. 1985

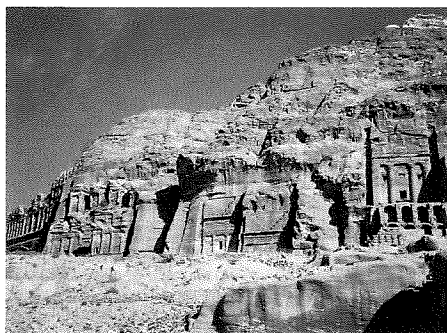
TMS Associates (EAST) Ltd.
Phone: (613) 834-7213
Fax: (613) 834-6838
E-Mail: martinvp@magi.com

TMS Associates (WEST) Ltd.
Phone: (613) 728-7000
Fax: (613) 728-0071
E-Mail: tmswest@istar.ca

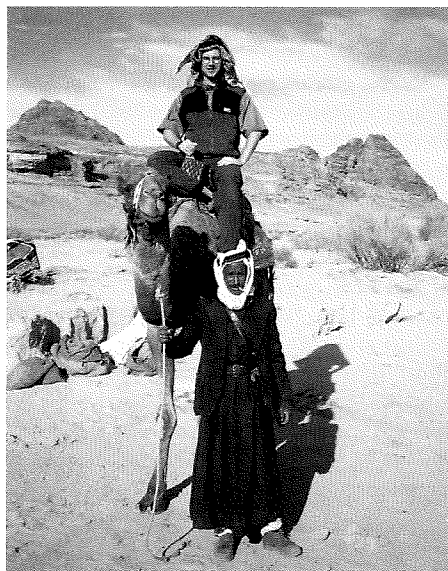
bout de papier

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

SPRING / PRINTEMPS 1998 Vol. 15 No. 1



Petra's ancient condos: low mortgage rates available



Ready for another day's journey: Vaughn Lantz and Sheik Saad

Features / Reportages

The Travels of Devotion in Haiti

Bill Bottomley's experience with religion, raging rivers and "roches noires"

7

Diplomatic Language

John Kneale explores the future of diplomatic communications

12

Golden Memories

Gerry Stoner recalls life as an FS recruit in 1947

14

Under the Dreaming Spires...

David Malone rediscovers university life at Oxford

18

Jody Williams

The Nobel Peace Prize winner talks about land mines at the Professional Committee Breakfast Seminar

22

Excerpts from *Ice in Dark Water* and *The Older Graces*

Sampling the poetry and prose of David Manicom

27

Departments / Chroniques

Editor's Notebook /
Carnet du rédacteur2

Commentary / Opinion libre3

The Canadian Women's International
Business Initiative
by Marie Stamp

Remembering a Friend, Charles Taylor
by Peter Roberts

In Memoriam / En mémoire de30

Richard Marcus Tait
Roman Lishchynski

Travel to Far and Wide /
Voyages à tous vents35

Camel Trekking in Arabia
photos and story by Vaughn Lantz

Some Very Foreign Affairs /
Des affaires si étrangères41

The Top Hat
by J.C. Gordon Brown

Books in Review /
Critiques de livres42

Entertainment /
Divertissement46



Our cover photo by Vaughn Lantz is of a Byzantine Mosaic from a Monastery around Madaba.

Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

The winter issue of **bout** went to press just as the Land Mines Conference was moving into fulfilment at the beginning of December. PAFSO members had a glimpse of what went on behind the scenes leading up to this historic event when Jody Williams, Nobel Laureate and Co-ordinator of the International Campaign to Ban Land Mines, addressed a PAFSO Professional Committee Breakfast Seminar during her earlier visit in November. Ms. Williams graciously agreed to **bout**'s request to publish her comments and those of Steve Goose for the reading pleasure of all. They were equally generous in acknowledging the overall support of the Canadian government as well as the contributions of some of our colleagues in assisting the International Campaign to achieve its goal. Indeed, one is tempted to say that not since the days of Mike Pearson and the creation of the UNEF have Canadian diplomats played such a public role in such a worthy mission. Whether or not you agree — and debate is welcome — Ms. Williams' commentary provides us with a picture of how they pulled the first phase together, and what remains to be done.

The International Campaign amply illustrates the theory of the future of diplomacy as developed by John Kneale in "Diplomatic Language", which we would all do well to note for our prospective careers. Whether they be the Rio or Kyoto Conferences on the environment, the Land Mines Conference, GATT or even working with domestic NGO organisations in the identification or resettlement of refugees from abroad, as some have suggested, times and practices are changing and we should also if we wish to remain players and not merely bystanders.

Our commentaries this issue also reflect, in a different way, the changing role of diplomacy during the last quarter of this century. Peter Roberts' thoughtful tribute to Charles Taylor takes the reader back to the "us versus them" days of the Cold War, when international correspondents and diplomats worked together to get the story out either in the press or in classified messages. Reading this, I was reminded of Saturday afternoons in a certain restaurant in a certain East European capital... Marie Stamp's description of the Canadian Women's International Business Initiative, with its tongue-in-cheek subtitle, challenges other missions to organise similar ventures and capitalise on this under-developed opportunity for trade promotion. Scarves rather than ties, brooches rather than cuff-links, colours other than grey, black and navy and impressive stats to top it off. Think about it.

The literary talent of Canada's foreign service, usually hidden away until retirement provides time and freedom to write, appears in this issue from the pen of CIC's David Manicom via excerpts from his collection of short stories, *Ice in Dark Water*, and poetry anthology, *The Older Graces*. Last year David received the Prix Parizeau, Mordecai Richler's literary prize for non-francophone writers in Quebec. **bout** is honoured to share David's poetry and prose with our audience, and wish him continued inspiration.

We cover no less than three continents in our vignettes of foreign service life this issue. Bill Bottomley's *Travels of Devotion in Haiti*, with its tale of potholes, black rocks and raging river all in name of religious experience contrast sharply with the studious atmosphere of David Malone's *Under the Dreaming Spires...* a baby boomer's return to academia in the English world's historical centre of learning, Oxford. Both of which are offset by Vaughn Lantz's *Camel Trekking in Arabia* where a couple of young Canadian foreign service types embark on a breath-takingly scenic journey through the mountains and deserts of Jordan. That too, is something of a bumpy ride...with no seat belts to fasten.

Gerry Stoner's *Golden Memories* takes us back to the life of a young recruit fifty years ago — what was, and wasn't, expected upon entry to the foreign service. Softball skills and cramped office and living quarters aside it appears that new recruits were vested with more responsibility then than now, and rose to the challenges accordingly.

Before signing off for this issue, I would like to take this opportunity to solicit member input into a future article for **bout**. Some two years ago a gay member of the foreign service challenged the Department's refusal to provide allowances for his same sex spouse at the Canadian Human Rights Commission, and won. This was heralded as a landmark ruling at the time. We would like to know what is happening with our gay and lesbian members, and their partners. Is life in the foreign service easier now, or not? Please tell us about your experiences before May 31, 1998. **bout** Board Member Liza Linklater is the author — she may be contacted via e-mail at DFAIT or through the PAFSO office. Confidentiality, if requested, will be provided.



Editorial Board / Équipe de rédaction :

Carol Turner-Trusca
Editor / Rédacteur
Debra Hulley
Managing Editor / Advertising
David Anido
Alan Bones
Susan Courville
Liza Linklater
Hector Mackenzie
David Manicom
Carol Markham
Tim Martin
Robert McRae
Randy Orr
Neil Reeder
Colin Robertson
Louis Simard
Michael Small

Senior Editorial Board / Conseil de rédaction sénior :

Bill Barton
Yvon Beaulne
Arthur Blanchette
Georges Blouin
Ross Campbell
Randolph Gherson
George Grande
John Hadwen
Jim Langley
Arthur Menzies
Geoffrey Murray
Jim S. Nutt
Alfred Pick
Pauline Sabourin
Douglas Small
John Starnes
Si Taylor
Elmo Thibault

Technical Consultants / Conseillers techniques :

Acart Communications Inc.

All contents © PAFSO, 1998 **bout de papier** is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 412, 47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 (613) 241-1391, FAX (613) 241-5911. E-mail: boutdepapier@pafso.com. Opinions expressed in **bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

Tout contenu © APASE, 1998. **bout de papier** est une publication trimestrielle de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur, pièce 412, 47 rue Clarence, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 (613) 241-1391, Téléc (613) 241-5911.

Courriel électronique : boutdepapier@pafso.com. Les opinions exprimées dans **bout de papier** ne sont pas nécessairement celles de l'APASE.

Articles

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

Subscriptions / Abonnements :

One year \$16; two years, \$30; Overseas add \$6 per year; USA add \$4 per year. Please advise of change of address. Un an, 16 \$; deux ans, 30 \$; outre-mer, ajouter 6 \$ par année; É.-U., ajouter 4 \$ par année. Prière d'avertir de tout changement d'adresse. ISBN/ISSN 305500

The Canadian Women's International Business Initiative:

A Cynic's Guide ... or... How We Foiled Fotheringham

by Marie Stamp

From November 12-14, 1997, the Canadian Embassy in Washington DC played host to the first-ever Canadian Businesswomen's International Trade Mission. With Minister Marchi at the helm, over 120 participants, and no less than the Royal Bank as main corporate sponsor, the mission generated valuable business development for Canadian women in the United States. Every major newspaper — every national broadcaster in Canada — carried positive, extensive news coverage of these scores of businesswomen conducting their own successful trade mission. And there they were, in print and in person, saying what a great job the Embassy was doing for them, and how valuable Canada's Trade Commissioners are to them!

The Minister, the Ambassador, the Deputy Head of Mission, the Royal Bank representative (all members of the necktie set) beamed with satisfaction. Businesswomen from all over Canada dealt and parleyed, bought and sold, and thanked the Minister for the very existence of a Trade Commissioner Service.

But you're already thinking, "Yeah, yeah. And visions of performance appraisals danced in their heads!" Oh dear. "Where was Fotheringham, when we needed him? Where was Limbaugh, or Stern, or Amiel?" you ask. "How did such a marginal idea become so mainstream?"

Hmmm. A cynic, are you?

"But I needn't worry," you say to yourself, "this is too big an act to follow for a small post like ours." All this uppity women stuff's not for you, you think. You're not a feminist, and if women don't bother to try exporting, why should it matter to you? And besides, as an egalitarian and fair-minded person, you are adamant that the Government of Canada should not discriminate along gender lines in providing service to the Canadian public.

Except the reason it might matter to you, gentle reader, has less to do with your degree of feminist sympathies — and a lot more to do with your marketing skills — than you might think!

Case in point... Let's say you're an ambitious, experienced Trade Commissioner.

You've developed market intelligence reports, updated websites, submitted items to CanadExport, but you're looking for something new. A new idea, a creative outreach program to tap into the entrepreneurial energy out there, a way to draw in some really spirited businesspeople who would really appreciate your talents, not just your book of harmonized codes!

Or let's say you're a policy analyst in the economic development field, and you're convinced that export development is an important component of a "jobs and growth" strategy. You know small business is the real greenhouse for new job creation, and you wonder what it would take to help these firms learn about exporting.

Or let's just say you're a Foreign Service Officer or Executive pondering the new rhetoric about what it would take to make our Department more relevant to Canadians in their communities. 'Listening to your clients' is all the rage these days... heck, it might be even good for your career, so you nobly decide it's time to start listening to small businesses, and this is what you hear...

- 30.3% of all Canadian firms are owned or operated by women, and the

700,000 women-led businesses in Canada provide 1.7 million jobs. That's more than the Top 100 companies combined!

- Studies show that women's firms are creating jobs at four times the average rate.
- In Saskatchewan, where 1 in 20 active companies actually disappeared in 1996, the number of companies led by women grew by 10%.
- In Québec, where the number of companies grew by 3%, the number of firms led by women entrepreneurs grew at eight times that rate.
- Businesses owned by women in non-traditional sectors (for women) like manufacturing, mining and construction have grown by a rate of 116%.
- A survey shows that for one third of these women, developing new export markets is a top priority.

So? Good for them, you think. Everyone knows women can make it in business. But hang on a minute. When was the last time you counted women business owners as one third of your trade show or trade mission participants? Is this the proportion of women calling *your* trade desk for information? Is this the proportion of women among *your*

Minister of Trade, Sergio Marchi, with participants in the CWIBI



visitors, or *your* correspondence? Eureka, Archimedes. There's your untapped potential, there's your marketer's dream.

But you're still thinking, "Washington is flush, Washington can pull it off and we can't." Well, I haven't finished with you yet. You see, even for a big mission like this one, reaching out to women entrepreneurs is not exactly an obvious tack to take. It took quite a few coincidences before anybody said, "Aha!" And believe it or not, Americans were saying it first.

One year earlier, in the fall of 1996, the Embassy received a call from an American, the former president of the National Association of Women Business Owners. She wanted to know if Canada could host a day-long policy conference among representatives from NAFTA countries, to prepare for the OECD Conference on Women Entrepreneurs slated for April '97 in Paris. We agreed. Astrid Pregel and Judy Bradt represented the Embassy, which brought them in contact with the Canadian business delegate, Andrina Lever, past president of the Women Entrepreneurs of Canada (WEC). The conference was well-attended — the US Small Business Administration, the White House, the Department of Commerce, and several Mexican women were among the subscribers. Impressed by reports like those above and with the energy and

enthusiasm of the conference, the Canadian Trade Commissioners began to wonder what our Embassy could do to address this dynamic segment of the Canadian business population.

The result was an outreach program, simply called the Canadian Women's International Business Initiative (CWIBI). It was a simple concept that involved targeted marketing to women entrepreneurs, who seemed to be "plugged" into parallel networks and associations and not our usual sources of contacts. With so many new exporters out there already who don't know what we do, it was surprising to find that here was a new opportunity to reach out to a whole new group.

So CWIBI became a road show for the Embassy. Astrid Pregel went to Central Canada, Judy Bradt went west, and Kathy Aleong went east. When Trade Minister Eggleton came to Washington with the Prime Minister in April, he heard the statistics on the success rate of women entrepreneurs and what the Embassy was doing to reach out to them. It wasn't a huge leap between taking Washington to the entrepreneurs and taking the entrepreneurs to Washington, and when Astrid Pregel and her Embassy team suggested a trade mission, Eggleton's Communications Director Nicole Bourget sensed an opportunity. Nicole was able to

secure Eggleton's support for a full-fledged, Minister-led trade mission to Washington in the fall, and even wrote it into the speech he was to deliver to the WEC-hosted meeting of "Les Femmes-chefs d'entreprise mondiales" a few weeks later in Toronto.

The rest is history — Eggleton's speech, the OECD conference, half a dozen private sector sponsors lining up, nearly 500 expressions of interest from companies, a mission size that grew from 25 to well over 100, lipstick smiles on TV with the US Capitol in the background, a whole network of enthusiastic business partners among the women entrepreneurs in the Washington area, business deals signed with Minister Marchi looking on proudly, an armload of policy and program recommendations to the Minister, a private meeting of businesswomen with the Finance Minister, a new business coalition for national unity, and promises of many more good things to come.

And what is coming? A women's mission to the World Bank (March 98), a Canadian ministerial research coalition on women in business, a Canada-US women's trade summit in May of 99, and another OECD conference in 2000. Moreover, with the creation of the new "Export Services — SMEs" (TSME) under the direction of JoAnna Townsend in TCD (whose mandate includes serving the export needs of women,

LECOURS + LEMIRE + MORIN

Comptables agréés
Chartered Accountants

Jacques Morin, c.a.
Associé / Partner

174, rue Isabelle
Hull (Québec) J8X 5H8

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

The only way to invest in all
these companies is to know
the right people...

ACCELERIX

Consultronics

CROSSKEYS

Seprotech



IS Research Inc.

WEST END

OMEGA

FORMAL SYSTEMS INC.

CADABRA

INTERNATIONAL
DATACASTING

KAVAL

TUNDRA

MILKWAY
NETWORKS

ME
Med-Eng Systems Inc.

Comgate

Chrysalis-TTS

Fred

Like us.

Capital Alliance Ventures Inc. provides investors with an opportunity to diversify their portfolio with a mutual fund consisting of early-stage high-tech companies. Last year alone, our investee companies generated 61% revenue growth. And our investors enjoyed RRSP eligibility and a 30%* tax credit. So get to know us. Call your broker. Insist on our fund.

(613) 567-3225 or contact us on-line
at info@cavi.com or www.cavi.com

*On the first \$3,500 for Ontario residents. This fund is available to Ontario and Quebec residents only. Important information is contained in the prospectus, which should be read carefully before investing. Share value and investment return will fluctuate.



CAPITAL ALLIANCE
VENTURES INC.

aboriginal, youth and multicultural entrepreneurs), the mission has left a sizeable database of Canadian businesswomen and their representative organizations as its lasting legacy to Trade Commissioners.

Coming soon to an Embassy near you? Well, that still depends on you. Maybe the business culture in Teheran is *not* ready for women entrepreneurs, and maybe a trade mission far beyond the North American continent is *not* for every small business that wants to export. But you already knew that there are other networks of entrepreneurs in Canada who still haven't heard of us, and that you don't have to run a trade mission to "get your message out". What you should know now that you didn't know before, is that this mission has created a database of several hundred new names with JoAnna Townsend in TSME, and it's there for you to use. And what you might consider that you hadn't considered before, is that women entrepreneurs are making their mark on the domestic economy, are coming of age as exporters, and want to learn more about us and how we can help. So what are you waiting for? ☺

Marie Stamp is currently posted to WSHDC, where she also worked as Communications Director for the women's trade mission.

Bennet Household Management

Residential Property Management

Maintenance and Renovations

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

David Bennet
49 Ivy Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario
K1M 1Y1

(613) 746-1248

Summer Camp for the Mind.

**August 6-9, 1998
Geneva Park, Orillia, Ontario**

What could you have in common with Lester Pearson, June Callwood, Michael Ignatieff, Denys Arcand, Pierre Trudeau, Conrad Black, Northrop Frye, Ann Medina, John Kenneth Galbraith and Henry Kissinger?

The Couchiching Institute on Public Affairs Summer Conference.

These are just a few of the fascinating people who've participated in the Couchiching Conferences, held every summer on the shores of Lake Couchiching in Orillia.

Why not you too? Come join us this year – listen to an impressive array of speakers, and engage in good, old-fashioned interaction (the face-to-face kind) with other people interested in the issues facing us all today.

This year, our topic is:

Rethinking Canada for the 21st Century

Among the speakers: Paul Martin, Minister of Finance; James Blanchard, former U.S. Ambassador to Canada; Grand Chief Phil Fontaine; author Carol Shields... Among the delegates: you!

Stimulating discussions, innumerable chances for meeting people... during Couchiching's question-and-answer sessions, at breakfast, or by the lake with delegates and speakers alike.

Participants include educators, professionals, government officials and journalists. The self-employed, the CEO, the assistant, the consultant, the student, the retiree – anyone can attend and anyone can participate. All you need is an interest in public affairs, and in Canada and its place in the world.

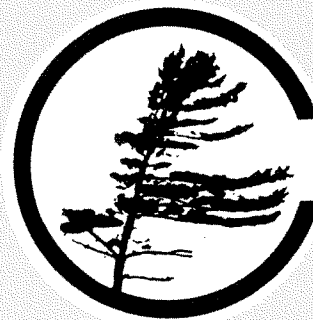
Youth participation is encouraged – reduced student rates are available and those under age 25 can apply for a subsidy.

The Couchiching Conference.
Four days of interactive, exhilarating talk. More fun than tipping a canoe.

Jump in. You won't regret it.

The Couchiching Institute
on Public Affairs
250 Consumers Road, Suite 301
Willowdale, Ontario M2J 4V6

**For more
information call the
Couchiching Institute
Tel: (416) 494-1440
E-mail: base@onramp.ca**



Design courtesy of Fauveshaus Advertising

Remembering a Friend Charles Taylor

by Peter Roberts

Charles Taylor died on July 8, years too young. He was my close friend.

He and I worked in Hong Kong and China. He was the far east correspondent for the *Globe and Mail*. His assignment was to get a *Globe* bureau open in Peking, as it was then called. But the Chinese did not want him or his bureau. They left him, for a long time, dangling in Hong Kong.

I was in Hong Kong, disguised as a trade commissioner. In fact, I was a political and economic officer of the (then) Department of External Affairs. Canada then had no diplomatic relations with China. But as trade commissioner I could, and did, travel in China, with my boss, the real trade commissioner, Bob Thompson, a distinguished foreign service officer, dead many years ago.

The Chinese knew exactly who and what I was. "Canadian spy", they said, with a twinkle. But they let me come and go,

observing and reporting on the political and economic scene. But also helping them to sell to Eatons, back home, their gorgeous Tiensing carpets, made with child labour, which I observed.

Meanwhile, as I made my trips to Peking, Shanghai, Wuhan, Canton and other exotic places, Charles Taylor sat in Hong Kong, fuming in his gentle way. No visa, no Peking bureau for the *Globe*. His Toronto bosses were patient, but not pleased.

Charles was then a single man. I had a wife and two little kids. He came often to our house. We went for dinner to his simple bachelor pad. He and I lunched together in a restaurant called, I think, Jimmy's Kitchen.

Gradually I fed him stuff. What I had seen and heard in China. After consulting me, he began to file this material to the *Globe*. He was totally discreet. My name appeared nowhere, nor any trace of me.

I had other information. The Americans in Hong Kong, with whom I was close, had

no direct information about China. They were very interested in talking to me when I came back from my trips. In exchange, they gave me what they knew — not secret agent stuff but high-tech intelligence about the state of the harvest in Kwangtung province and tractor production in Shanghai. All of this I of course reported to Ottawa. But, recognizing that Charles was an absolutely reliable colleague, I began giving him this stuff too. He filed. The stories appeared in the *Globe and Mail*.

If he had given so much as a hint of where he'd got his news, I'd have been out of a job next day.

Then our little world stood on its head. Charles got his visa, and the *Globe* its bureau, with Charles as chief. He got on the train for Canton, the one that I had so often taken but that he could not, and went to Peking. Gone out of our lives.

Not quite. Peking in those days was not an easy place. There was a lot of news, and a lot of interest in it in the west. Charles was alone. He wrote and filed furiously. When he could take no more, he got on the train for Hong Kong.

But before he came he always sent me a carefully encoded telegram. During his years in Hong Kong he had a beautiful relationship with a beautiful young Hong Kong woman. In those days writing letters from Peking to Hong Kong was out of the question. So he lost touch with her. Hong Kong people move house constantly. My task was to find her, and tell her Charles was coming. Her name was Angie.

Then the shoe was on the other foot. Charles came to our house and was delightful with our little children. He and I lunched, as before, at Jimmy's Kitchen. But now it was he, not I, who had the dope about China. I listened intently, made notes afterwards, and then sent my telegram to Ottawa.

Before, External Affairs had fed the *Globe and Mail*. Now the *Globe and Mail* was feeding us.

A useful relationship, one that all the foreign service knows. Charles Ritchie built his career on it: poker, whisky, and the top journalists in Washington. But watch your back.

I miss Charles Taylor.

Peter Roberts was Canadian Ambassador to Romania from 1979 to 1983 and Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1983 to 1985. After retiring as Director of the Canada Council in 1989, he published George Costakis: A Russian Life in Art, Carleton University Press (see article in bout Vol. 7 No. 4).



INTERART EVALUATION
1981 - 1996



**PROTECT THE INVESTMENT
IN YOUR VALUABLES**

NOW !

PIERRE ET VANIA COLESTIN 254 DES SABLES STREET OTTAWA, ONTARIO	
# 1 PAGE 1 DESCRIPTION GÉNÉRALE GENERAL DESCRIPTION	
HANDS OF THE ARTIST (DATE AND SIGNATURE)	
DATE	
TITRE (TITLE)	
MATÉRIEL (MATERIAL)	
HAUTEUR (HEIGHT)	
PÈS (WEIGHT)	
DÈTAILS (DETAILS)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION)	
REMARQUES (REMARKS)	
SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE)	
DATE (DATE)	
LIEU (LOCATION) </	

The Travels of Devotion in Haiti

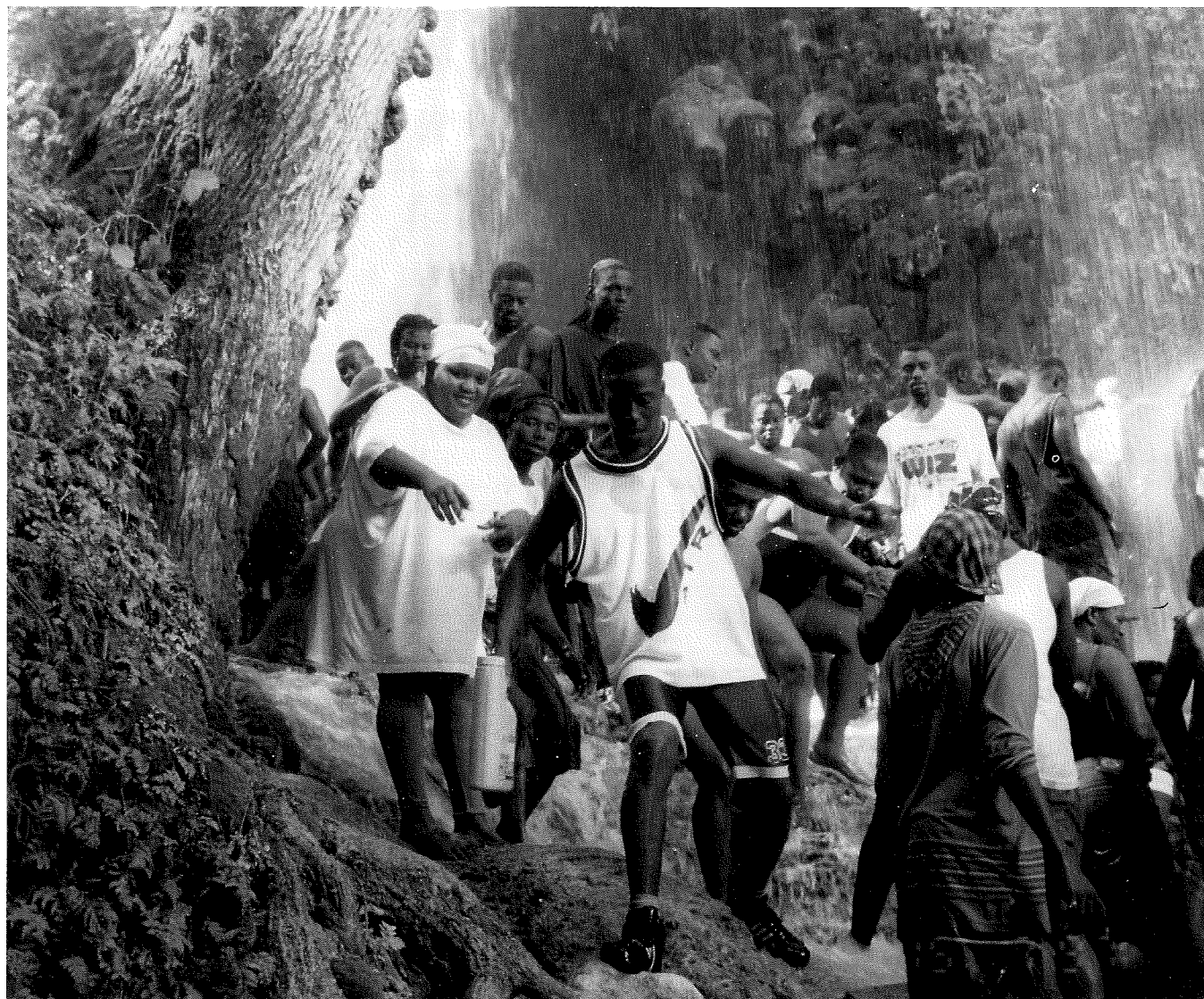


photo and story by Bill Bottomley

Attending the festival in Sceau d'Eau was an experience which will never be forgotten. It is one of three or four festivals (*fèt champèt*) which take place during the year. These are interesting in that they show the dichotomy in religious beliefs of Haitians — *vaudou* and Christian — which are often held in parallel. The journey, itself, was equally unforgettable.

While, officially, it takes place 16 July, it in fact lasts the better part of a week. On Tuesday the 15th, four of us piled into my Jeep Cherokee to make the trip which,

though it is not far, takes four or five hours. It was relatively easy for the first half hour, until we reached Croix-des-Bouquets, just outside of Port-au-Prince. After that, Route Nationale #3 becomes little more than a bone-jarring dirt road which goes up and over Morne Cabrit. All along the route were people yelling at the passing cars, begging for money (their one big chance for the year).

By the time we made the turnoff just before Mirebalais, I had been lulled into a sense of relative complacency (the road wasn't as bad as I had been led to believe — the potholes were no deeper than six inches). I had a rude awakening when

we arrived at a river which was about thirty feet across, with no bridge. In the water on the other side were three stalled trucks, with only a narrow passage between them. The pick-up ahead of us had some difficulty getting up onto the bank on the other side, but eventually made it with its waterlogged passengers in the back. We decided to go ahead, despite the fact that the water was almost to the window sills of the Cherokee. We made it and were even complimented on our achievement by other passing motorists ("*Blan te condui dous*").

Once we had forded the river, the road was bad for the rest of the trip to our destination.

IAN H. WARREN
Barrister & Solicitor

•
Personal Service
at a Fair Price
•

Real Estate
Wills & Estates
Business Law
•

Suite 2000-150 Metcalfe St.
Ottawa, Ontario
K2P 1P1

(613) 565-3813

As it was all black rocks, we could not gauge the bumps and we hit bottom several times. Then, I looked in the rearview mirror to discover that the back windshield had popped out because of the jarring and was being held by the rear wiper and the defroster wires. We stopped to fix it (successfully), but the rocks hitting the trailer hitch had moved the rear floor and bumper up a touch so that the hatch door would no longer close. We managed to get it over the rubber bumper guards, which then held it mostly shut (there was only a two-inch gap).

On our arrival at Sceau d'Eau, our first sight was a couple of burned out hulks of vehicles. We later learned that two people had died in them. It seems that a lad from Sceau d'Eau, who lived in Port-au-Prince, had returned to his home town to get money to pay for his exams. While he was at a dance, standing next to a girl he didn't know, two guys from Croix-des-Bouquets asked her to dance. She didn't want to, grabbed the hand of the local lad (an innocent bystander) and asked him to tell the two others that she was with him. Not taking rejection well, they took him and killed him. The two were arrested but a crowd of locals stormed the jail and took them out, chopped them up with machetes and burned them in their vehicles. No-one else was arrested. However,

the incident did not end there. The people of Croix-des-Bouquets were so insensed that they blocked the highway there so that pilgrims going to or from Sceau d'Eau could not pass. It lasted only a day.

*The population had
grown from a handful
of people to tens
of thousands.*

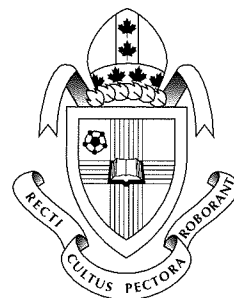
We had accommodations at the Sceau d'Eau home of some people from Port-au-Prince (one of whom turned out to be a major *macoute*). As a friend had made the arrangements, we had no idea where it was located. In a small town such as this, there would normally not be a problem finding a particular house — all you have to do is ask. For the festival, though, the population had grown from a handful of people to tens of thousands. After several tries, we were lucky enough to find a young fellow who lived at the house in question. Into the car he came and we eventually arrived at our destination (despite several blocked streets).

Je me sens très positif depuis que je vais à l'école à BCS. J'aime la vie ici et j'aime mes professeurs. C'est le choix que j'ai fait et c'était le bon j'en suis certain.

—Frédéric D., Grade 7

BCS is a school where the teachers and coaches really understand the students. The individual attention is great!

—Caroline C., Grade 8



Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, QC J1M 1Z8

An independent co-educational
boarding and day school for Grades 7-12.

Tel.: (819) 566-0227 • Fax: (819) 822-8917
E-mail: admissions@bcschool.qc.ca • Internet: www.bcschool.qc.ca

Then, it was time to go to the waterfall, scene of the festival and of an apparition of the Virgin in 1848. As it was a few kilometers away (uphill), we decided to take horses. As I was climbing onto one of the poor beasts, I slipped and bruised a rib on the saddle. I got on anyway, only to have the horse start bucking after going a few yards up the hill. We ended up walking after all, along with thousands of others, dodging the horses galloping up and down.

*We believed it would
be difficult to have
a coup until after the
1300 UN troops left.*

When we finally arrived at the waterfall, it was difficult to move because of the press of people. What a scene! Everybody (including us) pushing to get under the falls in order to receive their grace. The vaudou aspect having taken over this part of the venue, some pilgrims were possessed by one *loa* (spirit) or another. We stayed for about an hour, then made the long trek back down to the village.

For the rest of the evening and all night, the streets were filled with pilgrims and *bandes* (groups roving the streets playing some strange musical instruments and dancing). As well, there were troubadours going from house to house, entertaining the people in them and hoping to make a little money. One group played in front of our house until about three o'clock in the morning.

The next morning (Wednesday — the official day of the feast of Notre Dame du Mont Carmel), pilgrims gathered at the local church for the Christian part of the festival. Unfortunately, my rib was very sore, and I found it difficult to move. I also started to feel somewhat ill, so I did not go with the others. There was an up side to this — I did not end up trudging through the mud-filled streets (thanks to the heavy rain overnight) and didn't end up with three inches of the stuff caked to my shoes. My friends assured me they said a prayer and lit candles for me (a comfort, I was feeling more and more like I needed it). I did get the flavour of the occasion though, as throughout the day the people in the house spent much of their time singing religious songs. As well, a lady next door was possessed by the spirit of *Cousin*, a *loa*.

At about 2:30, we packed up the car to head home. By this time, I was feeling

worse than ever and the heat didn't help. The air conditioning couldn't be used because of the rear door that would not shut. The temperature outside was in the 40° Celsius range. We needed to use a different route to leave than the one via which we arrived, because with the rear door open, we could not cross the river without swimming — inside the car. Of course, several roads were blocked (not the same ones as before) and we stopped frequently for directions to the road to Mirebalais. Suddenly, things started to look familiar: we were back on the road with the *roches noires*, the one which had damaged the car and with the river we had crossed on the way in. This, combined with my increasing illness, brought us to the conclusion that I was in no condition to drive the four to five hours back to the Capital and no one else in the car could drive (one did have a Haitian driver's permit but had never driven anything — confirming suspicions I had about some motorists). We returned to the house we had just left (almost as difficult to find this time as it was the first), unpacked the Jeep, and settled in for a second night.

We also had to advise people in the Capital that we would not be back that night as planned. We didn't want them worrying that we had been kidnapped or killed.

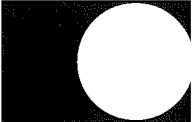
J&H MARSH & MCLENNAN

PERSONAL INSURANCE COVERAGE WHILE ABROAD

We at J&H Marsh & McLennan, in partnership with Chubb Insurance Company of Canada, have a range of programs specifically designed to meet your overseas personal insurance needs.

At J&H Marsh & McLennan, we think you're special.

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



Insure your world with CHUBB
CHUBB INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

One lady stopped by to tell us about the blockade in Croix-des-Bouquets (the aftermath of the dance-killings in Sceau d'Eau), saying that she had been told that a coup d'état had taken place. We calmed her by telling her that we had just spoken to the Capital and everything was in order. Besides, we believed it would be difficult to have a coup until after the 1300 UN troops left.

It was also becoming more evident that I wouldn't be up to the drive the next morning either. In one of our calls a friend was asked to come up the next day, hitching a ride with someone coming to pick up our hosts. I was put to bed with a fever. Late in the evening I awoke to the strains of songs sung by the troubadours from the night before. This time they were only there until about 2.

Our new driver arrived from Port-au-Prince at about 11:00 the following morning. After he had paid his respects at the church (no time for the waterfall), we again loaded up the Cherokee and headed out. This time we found the other road. While it was smoother than the first, we still managed to hit bottom several times. As well, my fears were confirmed: you cannot go to or from Sceau d'Eau without having to cross a river. I had visions of all our possessions being waterlogged because of the open door.

We were lucky, though, the water only came to just below the rear bumper. Besides, the wake behind the moving vehicle was even lower, so that we escaped unscathed.

The rest of the trip was slow (it took five hours to get back) but relatively uneventful, other than having the rear window pop out a couple more times and having the rear door open on us once or twice (we only lost a few straw hats that one of our companions had purchased to resell in Canada). The damage to the Jeep turned out to be minor, and was easily repaired on return to Port-au-Prince.

All in all, an adventure. I'm just sorry I never got the chance to attend the events in Souvenance (at Easter) and Soukri (in mid-August). These are even bigger festivals, sometimes with attendance by royalty such as the King of Dahomey. Maybe next time. ☺

Bill Bottomley joined the Social Affairs Stream in 1992, after many years in Personnel including two years as Director of the Development Assistance Stream. Following two years at Headquarters, he was Immigration Program Manager in Port-au-Prince for three years. He is currently in Information Management and Technologies Branch at Citizenship and Immigration Canada.

BDO

BDO Dunwoody
Chartered Accountants/
Financial Planners

Financial Planning for Your Future

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

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

For further information please contact:

Mary Ellen Morris, FCA, RFP
Nancy Graham, CA, RFP

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

Ottawa appointments available.

CAR RENTALS AT

MYERS

DAILY • WEEKLY • MONTHLY & LONG TERM

*We have . . . Gov't Approved Rates
FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE*

(refer to Car Rental Directory for Gov't Employees)

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

1200 Baseline at Merivale
Ottawa, Ontario K2C 0A6

Fax # (613) 225-6005 or 225 2231
Direct Line Phone (613) 225-8006

(613) 225-1260

TELEX CABLE ADDRESS:
MEYERSOTT, OTTAWA

**SALLY BRADLEY
MANAGER**



FIEZ-VOUS À L'EXPÉRIENCE

Nous fournissons des services de déménagement professionnels aux employés des Affaires étrangères depuis 1947. BOYD MOVING & STORAGE est la plus grande entreprise de déménagement à Ottawa. Notre entrepôt est le plus vaste et le plus moderne et notre installation d'entreposage de véhicules, la mieux équipée au Canada.

LES CHIFFRES SONT ÉLOQUENTS !

Nous avons assuré le déménagement de 11 500 familles, entreposé 61,9 millions de livres de marchandises et emballé 56,8 millions de livres d'effets personnels pour expédition dans le monde entier (par la route, par bateau ou par avion) et, depuis 1981, nous avons entreposé plus de 3 065 véhicules pour le personnel du ministère des Affaires étrangères. Pourquoi chercher ailleurs ?

Pour visiter nos remarquables installations, appelez

Sandra Cybulski
244-4444

DÉMÉNAGEMENT & ENTREPOSAGE

BOYD
LTÉE

Diplomatic Language

Enhancing international communication into the 21st century.

by John Kneale

The powerful involvement of non-governmental organizations in the lead-up to the Ottawa Landmines Treaty carries an important lesson for our department. As the more people-centred issues of the "new diplomacy" occupy the international agenda, many non-governmental interest groups are entering the fray. National governments will increasingly have to modify their policy positions to take into account a plurality of conflicting but legitimate viewpoints within their own countries, and diplomats will have to work constructively with non-traditional partners.

For instance, when Canada sends its official delegation to an international conference on the environment like Kyoto, the Canadian position on the agenda items is a compromise. The strongly expressed views of individual provinces, and of affected industries, and of NGOs with broad support in Canada like Greenpeace, must all be factored into the Canadian position. In this situation, what is the role of the foreign ministry, the traditional agent of the national government in international relations? As our colleagues who worked on these files demonstrated, we must be as adept at building consensus domestically as we are at interpreting the ebb and flow of issues internationally.

There is much that we need to learn about the new issues; but there are also some specialized skills and knowledge that we have that the special interest groups need. This essay argues that foreign ministries should be taking urgent steps to enhance the ability of their diplomats to deal with the new international agenda, and should at the same time be freely offering their diplomatic expertise to the new participants in international decision-making.

Terminology

It is difficult to discuss this subject without making assumptions that may well turn out to be inaccurate. For instance we still use the term "international" relations even though in ten years' time the national actors on the world stage, while still very influential, may be greatly outnumbered by the non-national

players. These could include NGOs, sub-national governments, multilateral agencies, huge corporations, financial power centres, ethnic or religious alliances, and other invisible interest networks.

We also use the term "diplomats". That word connotes foreign affairs professionals who work for governments and whose expertise is in the management of international relations. Obviously, if governments are playing a relatively smaller role a decade from now, so will diplomats. Who then will be the "diplomats" for the non-national players?

Most diplomats will need some degree of training in the same technical fields.

Quite likely they will be the people whom we think of today as the delegates or representatives or spokespersons for non-national organizations. They are already dealing with issues in international (there's that word again) or multilateral fora, often with little regard for what we and our colleagues in other foreign ministries think. But they are acting on the global stage without the benefit of the diplomatic traditions and techniques, or the immense fund of pertinent information, that we in government have.

This is not to say that these other, non-national, actors are all poorly equipped. On the contrary. Some of them — large corporations for example — have the information, the access to decision-makers and the negotiating skills to attain their objectives. The point is that as the international conversation grows and begins to include many new voices, there may not be a shared diplomatic "language" that all can understand.

This would not bode well for the ability of the world community to define issues of conflict and develop mechanisms to contain or resolve them. At its worst, this scenario

would see a multitude of warring interests, unable to communicate through a common diplomatic medium and unable to draw from the wealth of shared diplomatic convention the necessary instruments to resolve their differences.

A New Vocabulary for Diplomats

At a seminar I attended not long after the Rio Conference on the Environment, a senior Brazilian diplomat spoke of the difficulty of communication between government representatives and scientists on environmental issues. He noted that the specialists who demand attention at environmental conferences are often narrowly dogmatic and wedded to unproven theories. Diplomats need to be able to challenge them (gracefully, he suggested), but in order to do so most diplomats will need some degree of training in the same technical fields. They will also need enhanced public relations skills, better understanding of international legal concepts, and an ability to translate complex issues into simpler terms for policy-makers.

In another presentation at the same seminar, the Dean of the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service described how his school has already begun to blaze this trail. At the time of the Rio Conference, they restructured their first year training program so that it now begins with an examination of earth sciences and their relation to political and economic affairs.

In our foreign service, we are going in the other direction. Our training is essentially generalist, on the ground that in future our missions will have fewer and fewer Canada-based officers and so those officers will need to have a basic command of political, economic, trade, consular, administrative and public affairs program objectives and techniques in order to supervise the locals. We do countenance, it is true, and even encourage, the maintenance of cadres of specialists in trade policy, international law and public affairs, but up till now have not seen the need for further specialization. Amazingly, many of our colleagues argue that if we need specialists we can bring them in temporarily (What will we be doing, chairing the meeting?), or alternatively that Canadian diplomats are made of such

brilliant stuff that they can easily pick up the basics of any of these new-fangled subjects in a fortnight.

We are not developing sufficient in-house expertise in environmental impact, arctic affairs, election management.

The fact is we are not developing sufficient in-house expertise in areas such as environmental impact, peacekeeping, arctic affairs, population movements, democratic development, women's rights, election management, et al. Certainly we have people working in these areas, and working very capably, but how long did it take for them, starting cold, to learn the subtleties of their issues, and what are we doing to ensure that their skills and experience will be transmitted to others?

I think it would be possible to move the corpus of the department some distance along the line between pure generalists and pure specialists without sacrificing operational and assignment flexibility (i.e. round pegs in round holes) and with a significant gain in the mastery of complex issues. The key is to group skills; that is, to develop in each officer, through training and work experience, a bundle of related knowledge and skill areas, for instance, economic reporting and business promotion in an Asian context, with advanced level ability in Chinese; or political reporting and democratic development in a Middle Eastern context with advanced level ability in Arabic. We will still need some more specialized specialists, such as lawyers, but the majority of our officers would be semi-specialists, with a major/minor profile à la university curricula.

Beyond Sign Language

With our own diplomats prepared for the twenty-first century, we should also be considering the needs of the non-national "diplomats" we will have to confront across the conference table.

Diplomats are the facilitators of the international system. Just as the legal system could not function efficiently without a trained body of specialists to guide and counsel individuals confronting the intricacies of

procedure, so the international system requires a professional corps to manage and facilitate its interaction. To work harmoniously and effectively within the international system, the new non-national "diplomats" will need to acquire competence in the traditional areas of diplomatic expertise: reporting and analysis, policy formulation, negotiation and advocacy.

The question will certainly be asked, "Why should we provide training to those whose interests may be in conflict with our own? Surely we are only giving ammunition to the enemy." I think the answer has several parts.

First, many of those to whom we ought to be providing training are the representatives of sub-national governments in Canada (provinces, municipalities, regions) or Canadian NGOs. While some of them may be promoting policies with which federal policy-makers are in disagreement, it is also true that they represent important segments of public opinion. Working with them would foster better understanding and better communication.

In fact, we should not stop at training. In some European governments, domestic departments have a diplomatic advisor, provided by the Foreign Ministry, who advises on the foreign relations impact of planned policy changes and acts as a liaison with the MFA and missions abroad. This would be worthwhile work for some of our supernumerary EXs or for promising FS-2s who need to broaden their experience. And why stop with OGDs? Why not provide diplomatic advisors (interpreters, to carry on the language metaphor) to provincial governments and non-governmental organisations?

The international system requires a professional corps to manage and facilitate its interaction.

Providing training to the new diplomats from other countries, a second major target group, would likewise foster dialogue. Developing a common vocabulary and a common philosophy of dispute resolution would benefit all parties the next time agreement or consensus is being sought. Just prior to the opening of the Uruguay Round of trade talks, a team of Canadian trade policy

specialists conducted a series of briefings/seminars in ASEAN countries on Canadian objectives for the Round. In some of these countries diplomats had little expertise in trade policy and were extremely grateful for this orientation. It goes without saying that in the negotiations during the Round, they had a basic understanding of the principles underlying Canadian positions and a positive attitude toward our proposals.

Providing diplomatic training even to potentially antagonistic groups, such as liberation movements or the (legal) political wings of groups with armed and violent components, could be fruitful if it shows them the limits of armed insurrection and teaches them a vocabulary through which we can communicate with them in moments of crisis.

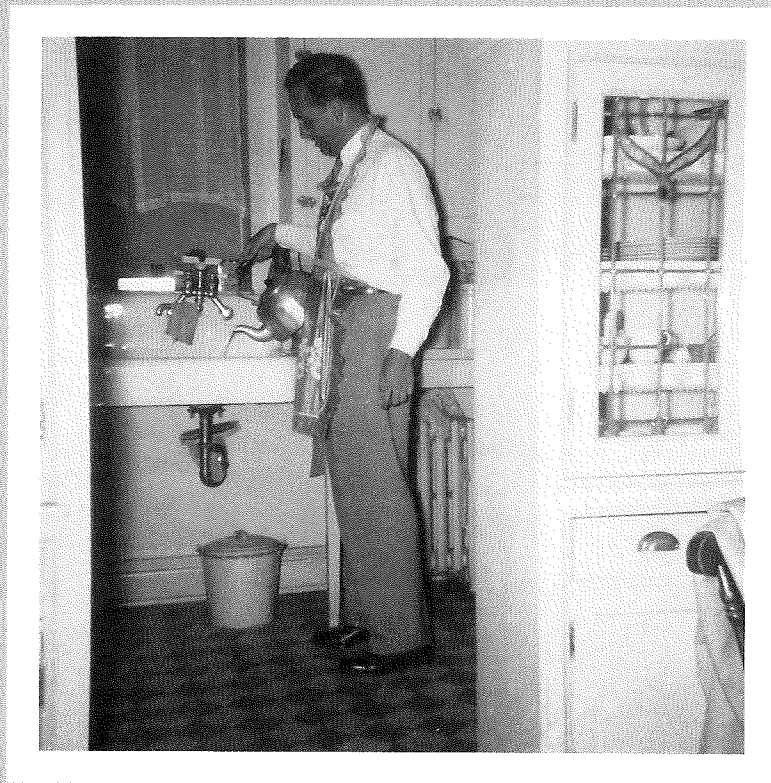
In 1994, the US State Department's Foreign Service Institute moved into new, modern quarters, now officially known as The National Foreign Affairs Training Center. It offers training to NGOs, the private sector and the media. The first Director of the Centre, Lawrence Taylor, described his task as "developing literacy", literacy in specialized fields like the environment for foreign service officers and literacy in the traditional diplomatic techniques for NGO representatives. (Or, as one of his assistants put it, "humanizing the scientists and simonizing the humanists".) Taylor says younger officers are enthusiastic about this broader conception of diplomatic work, believing that the influence of government representatives at the negotiating table in the future will be enhanced if they bring with them a degree of knowledge of the technical issues.

Conclusion

National governments have no monopoly on weapons or information, nor complete control of the economic levers. The role of NGOs and other non-national interests is bound to grow. We should work to ensure that the diplomatic function evolves in ways that guarantee open and effective discourse between state and non-state actors. By reaching out to the new diplomats, we would be acting from enlightened self-interest; we would be ensuring that the skills of the peacemaker, developed over thousands of years, are transmitted intact to those who will confront with us the very different world of the next millennium. ☺

John Kneale is currently Minister Counsellor in the Canadian Embassy in Madrid. He is a former Director of the Professional School of the Canadian Foreign Service Institute and the author of "Foreign Service", published in 1993. He is working on a new book about the department.

Golden Memories



A glimpse of life in Ottawa fifty years ago

by Gerry Stoner

When I reported for duty to the Department in June 1947 I went as directed to a ground floor office, in the same East Block where a month before I had felt intimidated by an oral board, and reported to Terry MacDermot, the Chief of Personnel, the chairman of the board. If he had earlier misgivings about my potential, it was not obvious on this occasion. The warmth of his greeting was as genuine as it was unexpected. After a brief chat he took me up one flight of stairs to another office where I met my first boss, the late R.G. (Gerry) Riddell, head of the United Nations Division, then the hub of much of the activity in the Department.

Gerry Riddell was an imposing, charismatic man. His fine mind had been honed in teaching at the University of Toronto, but it was his energy, drive, warmth and sensible approach to people that made a remarkable impression. His premature death robbed Ottawa of a splendid talent and the nation lost a great Canadian.

I was to share an office with the late Gordon Cox and Jake Warren outside Riddell's office where the division's secretaries were located. Gerry Riddell, who was clearly swamped with work, spent several precious minutes with me to outline my duties. He then suggested Cox and Warren, with a couple of years under their belts, would help me through the first few days.

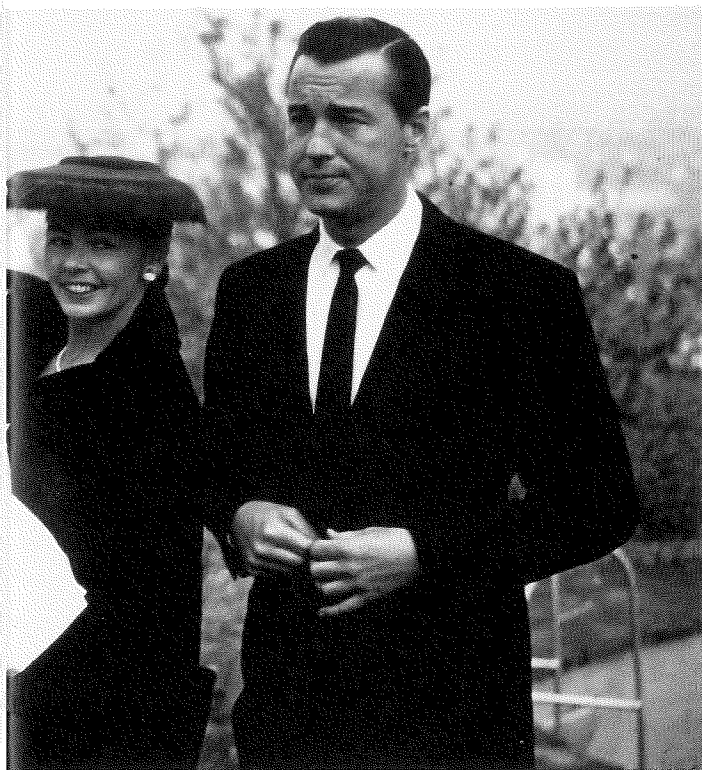
Later that day I was to meet the Under-Secretary, but under somewhat unusual circumstances. Warren and Cox invited me to join them at lunch. When we finished Jake said, "Now let's go along to the Mailroom and pick up the bats and balls and gloves." He then explained that after work, about 6:30 p.m., a softball game was to be played by "Pearson's Pen Pushers" from the East Block, against "Pierce's Postmen" from the "New" Post Office Building across the street where other parts of the Department were housed. Jake asked if I knew anything about softball. I told him I had played the game a bit, but hardball, real baseball, was more my game. As a teenager in London, I had played for a Junior team sponsored by the



London Winery in the so called "Inter-County League," in which I played first base and was a left-handed hitter. Jake then said, "You should get along fine with the Under-Secretary, he played semi-pro baseball when he was young." For the first of many times in years to come I wished my reply had been brief and non-committal.

As we made our way to the local ball park that evening, Jake, who was our team captain (naturally, I was to learn later) told me I would hit fourth, in the clean up spot behind Mr. Pearson, who according to Jake "always got a hit". He added a semi-serious follow up, "You better move him around the bases if you expect to go anywhere here!" My first day jitters then really came on. I had neglected to tell Captain Warren that my skill with the Winery team had been my left-handed fielding and glove dexterity and that I was a lousy hitter. Mr. Pearson appeared with his characteristic brisk and athletic gait and said hello to those he knew, and then I was introduced as "the guy who will move you around the bases."

The first time at bat was a nightmare. Pearson hit a clean single into the outfield. I was shaking as I approached the plate; then some divine inspiration settled me down. I recalled I had learned as a youngster to hug the plate and maneuver the pitcher into a walk to compensate for my poor hitting. It worked! Three times Pearson hit clearly and each time I moved him around with a walk. At least on one score I had not failed



*Left: Ottawa, 1947 — Trying to boil water at "the apartment"
Above: Bonn, 1956 — Carol Towe, Gerry Stoner, Ballen Stoner and
Peter Towe at christening of Towe's firstborn*

too miserably in my first encounter with Mike Pearson. Later baseball would be the subject of brief chats when I served him first while he was a Minister, and then in a closer role during his period as Prime Minister when I had the good luck to serve as his last Secretary of the Cabinet.

That evening also introduced me to the warmth, wit, and eclectic camaraderie of many of my future colleagues. Catching behind the plate for our team and calling signals in Latin and Greek to the pitcher, was Archie Day, an urbane, entertaining and very literate former professor and soldier. Jake Warren, Gordon Cox, Ken Wardroper, Jim Nutt and other newly arrived young foreign service officers were part of the fun; as was Sydney Pierce, a natural athlete and former Olympic runner, the captain of the "Postmen", and Herb Moran, from my Oral Board, who did just about everything on his team. Jake Warren, early in the game, was to discover that his enthusiasm was not quite matched by his skill or experience, when failing to steal a base, dusty and bruised, he was informed by the wise and amusing Syd Pierce, "Jake when you steal, go into the base feet first not head first."

After the game's end many of us, led by Herb Moran, headed off to the old Bytown Inn for a couple of beers. The group included

officers, young and old, and many of the better players who were clerks and messengers. The latter group, also largely veterans, were as friendly and as interesting as one could have hoped to find. Many became friends over the years, as cheerfully and unselfishly they helped young officers go about their jobs.

For most of us the workday began at eight in the morning and ended at seven or eight in the evening. Saturday morning was always a work period, but again most of us worked on that day just as late and long as during the rest of the week. No such thing as "overtime" existed or was ever in the thoughts of Departmental officers. There were other thoughts, however, of what pleasures one might just be missing.

By the time Peter Towe arrived in the autumn of 1947, I had found a so-called two bedroom apart-

ment on MacLaren Street. It was, in reality, one downstairs room in an old drafty house, carved up by curtains to meet rent control requirements. There was an almost invisible kitchen with a toilet and shower tucked away in one corner. Entertaining friends of either sex was an embarrassment. The rent was exorbitant. The post-war housing crisis had allowed owners, in our case a mighty tough landlady whose husband was, in her words, "a very important person in Parliament" (in fact, he was a shorthand note taker in the House of Commons), to exact inordinate rent and servitude from tenants.

Peter and I were both assigned by the autumn of 1947 to the Economic Division, headed by Herb Moran. Peter worked with Bud Drury (a former Brigadier with a distinguished record, both in action and after the war in the special United Nations Relief mission to Poland) on matters related to Canadian involvement in the post-war reconstruction of Europe. I succeeded George Kidd (a Vancouver soldier with a fine combat record who went off to open a mission in Poland) in dealing with post-war international civil aviation. Both our assignments were fascinating and demanding, and we were given our heads by our seniors, particularly Herb Moran who had a great

deal to do with our assignment to Economic Division. He rightly felt the Department was undermanned to handle international economic issues. We were green but enjoyed the challenge.

The Economic Division in that autumn of 1947, included in addition to Moran and Drury, Marshall Crowe, Tony Griffin (who left the Department after assignment to the Royal Commission on Prices to become one of Canada's top businessmen), Norman Berlis, Peter and myself. The only non-veteran was Dorothy Burwash, a talented woman, recruited during the war.

The Economic Division shared a floor in the "New Post Office Building" on the corner of Elgin and Sparks Street with the Consular Division headed by a wonderful character, Leslie Chance, a wounded veteran of World War I with experience in the British Civil Service. Leslie was by habit an early starter, arriving between 7:30 a.m. and 8:00 a.m., about the same time as Peter and I turned up. Our arrival was dictated by the workload as well as Peter's lifelong habit of rising very early in the morning. In our cramped little shelter on MacLaren when one got up, both did. My right ear was usually up against a wet curtain which separated my bed space from the shower room. Peter's bed was

KENNY & ASSOCIATES



FINANCIAL
SERVICES

■
ASSET
MANAGEMENT
& ANALYSIS

- Relocation Advisory Service
- Property Sales & Management
- Tax Preparation & Financial Planning

Contact... J. Gregory Kenny

56 Dunvegan Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 3G3

E-Mail: kennygre@cyberus.ca

Tel/Fax: (613) 749-1013

Webpage www.cyberus.ca/~kennygre

about a foot and another curtain away from the same facility.

Since Leslie Chance's officers did not usually turn up until about 8:00 a.m., he frequently dropped in to chat, blessing us with his wit and his wisdom. Peter and I shared a tiny office, overlooking a courtyard where garbage was stored, facing each other across desks laden with untidy papers. This disorderly array once prompted Leslie to comment with a twinkle in his eye, "Gerry, the only person who has a bigger mess on his desk in Ottawa than you is Peter, and the difference is that he puts his size 13 feet in it!"

Life in the Department then was exciting and purposeful. Our work brought us into contact with senior people in Trade and Commerce, Finance, Transport, Reconstruction and Supply and other economic centres of activity, and on occasion the Privy Council Office. We made many personal contacts that were to be invaluable throughout our early careers, but more importantly some became lifelong friends and colleagues. Most began their careers at External, but Finance, Trade and Commerce, and the Bank of Canada were also attracting veterans who were to make their mark and become influential by the 1960s.

In the late 1940s External Affairs was undergoing rapid and much needed surgical

restructuring to the happy but disorganized Department that had nonetheless functioned so well in war years.

*In our cramped little
shelter on MacLaren
when one got up,
both did.*

In 1947 the Department consisted of nine Divisions reporting to the Under Secretary and his Associate: Diplomatic (really Protocol), Economic, Information, Legal, Consular, two Political Divisions that carved up the globe in terms of responsibilities, the relatively new but busy United Nations Division, and a fledgling Personnel Division. In addition there was a list of other Administrative appendages under a Chief Administrative Officer. Located symbolically close to him sat the Chief Clerk of the Department, Mr. Boyce, in a small office on the second floor to which all incoming communications from abroad were directed. After perusal (a lengthy and rather Victorian process), he directed them to the appropriate Division for action.

His Bob Cratchett role, along with many other anachronisms, changed very rapidly and for the better after 1948, when Herb Moran became assistant Under-Secretary with responsibility for administration under Pearson. Then a year later working in splendid cooperation with the tidy mind and organizational wisdom of Arnold Heeney, Pearson's successor, the Department became reasonably well administered and structured. This was not easy. Reorganizing a foreign service was likened by Pearson to carrying out an appendectomy on a man carrying a piano upstairs.

I should also pay tribute to that amazing group of women who supported, sometimes even led, External through the war and post-war period. By any standard, let alone today's, it is hard to imagine that women were not permitted to write the Foreign Service Exams until several years after the end of World War II. Yet throughout the trying times of that conflict the "Ottawa Men" were supported by women with great intellects and academic credentials. Only the passage of time brought on Elizabeth MacCallum, Margaret Meagher, Dorothy Burwash and others who had to luck it through the ranks to rise to the top of the Foreign Service as key advisors and ambassadors.

Lakefield

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

LAKEFIELD, ONTARIO CANADA K0L 2H0

Co-ed boarding program (gr. 9 - OAC) Co-ed day program (gr. 7 - OAC)

- 1 ½ hours north east of Toronto,
3 ½ hours west of Ottawa
- High academic standards with small classes with personal attention
- 100% university placement for graduates
- 7 day-a-week residential program
- Small residences with a family-like atmosphere
- Outstanding music, drama, art, debating programs
- Unique outdoor and athletic experiences
- Over 700 connections to the Internet and Intranet
- On-line Learning Centre offers courses year round, from home and school, via computer

Internet: admissions@lakefieldcs.on.ca
Visit our campus at: www.lakefieldcs.on.ca

Contact the Admissions Office
for more information:
phone: (705) 652-3324
fax: (705) 652-6320

David Tennant
Japan

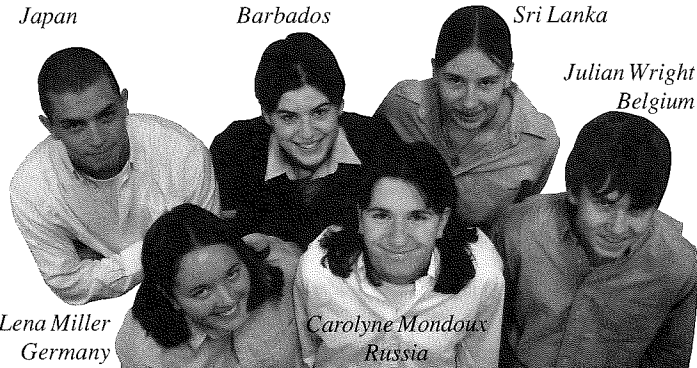
Virginia Thorpe
Barbados

Erika Zikmanis
Sri Lanka

Julian Wright
Belgium

Lena Miller
Germany

Carolyne Mondoux
Russia



The Department had survived World War II because the brilliant Ottawa men had been able to leave administration in the able hands of women like Agnes McCloskey, Mary Dench, Marjorie McKenzie, Bessy McGregor and Peg McIlwraith. Carve their names with appreciation along with many others I have missed!

After the war the young veterans were to be given help and understanding by another younger group of women. In Mr. Pearson's office was the legendary Mary Macdonald, a Red Cross volunteer from World War II, Lois McIntosh (who became my right hand lady later as head of Economic Division), Annette Peron, who might have been the glue in holding together the three volumes of Mike Pearson's memoirs, two largely written after his death, and Pauline Sabourin who served with distinction and affection a series of Under-Secretaries including Norman Robertson, Marcel Cadieux, Ed Ritchie and Basil Robinson. These are the stuff of Order of Canada awards, but I write in some sadness that this recognition was denied to most of them and many other deserving women, without whom Canada's public service would never have won accolades for its achievements in the post-war period. They were the real "soldiers" of that period.

Ottawa remained basically as it had been before 1939 — a fairly simple old town, but with a temporary overlay, rather like a genteel old lady who had applied some quick but garish makeup so that she could face the world.

The East Block, housing the Prime Minister with his staff, most of External, and some of Finance was, with the adjacent Parliament Buildings, the hub of the process of governance. A short walk would take one to almost every other Government department in less than 15 minutes.

Farther west, on Wellington Street, was the old Rideau Club and the relatively new American Embassy. On the other side of the street beyond Parliament were the Confederation Building, housing Finance (with Treasury Board as a small wing) as well as some other Department, and the Justice Building, where other civil servants in addition to the lawyers' enclave were also located. Continuing west one came upon the dignified Supreme Court building before passing into a shanty town of huge wooden temporary buildings housing much of the operational side of the Government — Transport, Trade and Commerce, Reconstruction and Supply, Veterans Affairs, Health Services, etc.

Another complex of "temporary" wooden structures several blocks down Elgin Street housed National Defence. Even more were to be found along Sussex Drive, a few hundred yards north of Rideau Street. One of

the more memorable of these provided low cost housing for single female government employees.

Today the ground where these grand old wooden buildings stood is covered by a park and a grandiose museum and gallery, for which the architect's fees alone greatly exceed the total cost of the "temporaries" that housed, and in some cases aged in wood, half of Ottawa's civil servants. If the Parliamentary stones were gothic, and the Langevin Block "baroque", the wooden buildings were "barrack".

Perhaps that period in Ottawa was not "La Belle Époque" but, nostalgia apart, those were the good days, especially when compared with what people were facing after World War II in most other countries and capitals. ☺

Gerry Stoner joined External in 1947 and had postings to Paris and Brussels after his stint in the Cabinet Office. He served as Deputy Minister of Transport from 1969 to 1975 and Deputy Minister of Industry and Trade from 1975 to 1977. He was a member of the Lambert Royal Commission on Financial Management and Accountability from 1977 to 1979 and Chairman of the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission from 1979 to 1987. He currently resides in Ottawa.



**GREENTREE
& COMPANY**

Rental
Management
for the
Foreign Service
Community

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

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

We've been there...we care!

Mary Ellen Boomgaardt
Representative
390 Rideau Street E.P.O.
P.O. Box 20118
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9N5

Tel: 1-613-746-2367

Fax: 1-613-746-3050

E-mail: boomgaardt@synapse.net

bout de papier

Published/Tiré Quarterly

To subscribe simply fill in
the coupon below and
mail to us with your
cheque or money order
payable to **bout de papier**.

Veuillez compléter
le coupon ci-dessous et
le retourner avec votre
paiement au **bout de papier**
si vous désirez vous abonner.

☐ 1 year \$16.00/ ☐ 2 years \$30.00/
1 an, 16 \$* 2 ans, 30 \$*

☐ New/ ☐ Renewal/
Nouveau Renouvellement

☐ Mr./Monsieur ☐ Mrs./Madame

☐ Ms ☐ Miss

*International + \$6.00/yr/année *USA + \$4.00/yr/année

Name/Nom: _____

Address/Adresse: _____

City/Ville: _____

Prov.: _____

Code: _____

Mail to: **bout de papier**
412-47 Clarence Street
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9K1

Adressez à : **bout de papier**
412-47 rue Clarence
Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1

Under the Dreaming Spires

by David Malone

In 1995, at age 41, I returned to university to write about decision-making in the UN Security Council and, I hoped, to earn a doctorate. I had been teaching international relations in North American universities, in parallel with my diplomatic day job, and was keenly aware of missing that indispensable *carte d'entrée* into serious academic circles in North America, a PhD. Potential host universities were narrowed down, given their strength in my field, to Princeton and Oxford. Princeton is in a position to be considerably more generous to its graduate research students than Oxford, but a variety of sources of funding mitigated financial pressures and, having studied earlier in the US, I was eager to try student life in the UK. Family connections and a long-standing friendship with its splendid President, Anthony Smith, led me to Magdalen College as my base at Oxford.

In-college housing was by far the cheapest option for me, as a single student, in the overheated housing market of Oxford. Communal life proved highly congenial at Magdalen. I sought out other students, rather than my contemporaries (mostly dons), partly because our shared academic preoccupations gave us more in common but also because I thought it would be more fun to interact with a younger generation. I did not realize, early on, how few "mature" students are enrolled at Oxford and how much my years would mark me out initially.

The structure of college life helped greatly. A frantic and highly enjoyable fresher week of familiarization and socializing immediately prior to the start of courses left me knowing (however

glancingly) many of the college graduate students. For those "living in", college meals in hall or in the bar provided regular opportunities to expand my circle of acquaintances, and soon I was making inroads into the undergraduate community also. More difficult to penetrate than the student community would have been the Senior Common Room (SCR), redoubt of the dons, many of whom seemed insurmountably remote. (Some of the younger tutors engaged more with the student body, but as a rule the SCR was remarkably forbidding.)

Oxford is expanding fast, very fast, and colleges are struggling to keep up. New university residential construction is at a peak, but always seems behind the curve of demand. The demographics of Oxford surprise in several ways: roughly a quarter of

the 16,800 students are foreign (more at the graduate, less at the undergraduate, levels), with the largest contingents from the US, Germany and Canada. The EU Erasmus programme, which encourages foreign study within the EU for EU nationals, contributes powerfully to the growth of the foreign student body. Far from the insular institution nostalgic for its past glory I half-feared to find, Oxford proved highly cosmopolitan. The regard for tradition among its British members, a unifying factor at Oxford (albeit one not to every student's taste), masked the co-existence of many sub-cultures at the university, a reflection of the UK's vibrant multicultural and increasingly multi-ethnic mix, into which foreigners integrated easily. A few Americans were irritated by what they saw as the complacency of a declining institution, but most appreciated what the Oxbridge system has to offer, not least a window, albeit a singular one, onto the UK.

The Centre of International Studies, within which graduates work on international relations, is absolutely first-rate by any standards. I applied to Oxford principally for the opportunity to study under its Montague Burton Professor, Adam Roberts, probably the foremost international authority on the UN's peace and security functions. An unexpected bonus proved to be his knowledgeable and helpful colleagues, several of whom devoted considerable time and effort to improving my work. The Oxford research student is very much dependent on the quality of supervision, and horror stories about



disinterested tutors circulated, but most of my classmates were happy with theirs. I was very lucky indeed with Roberts, an incisive but sympathetic critic of my drafts.

The whirl of seminars offered by the Centre on a broad range of topics proved highly stimulating. However, the "dreaming spires" of Oxford conceal some very real problems in the university, from the perspective of a North-American student. The Bodleian Library seems more a museum of books rather than a service-oriented institution engaged in the active promotion of knowledge. The hours are deplorable for students: on weekends, the central library buildings are only open on Saturday mornings when most self-respecting students are, or wish to be, still in bed. (College counterparts often have more liberal hours, Magdalen's hospitable library providing 24-hour access during most of my time there.) Equally troubling are the uneven holdings. The "Bod" prides itself on being a copyright library for the UK, and appears to assume that this automatically attracts to it most books worth reading. Alas, this faintly provincial outlook leaves it bereft of many important works published elsewhere in the English-speaking world. Many students are not aware that the library is willing to acquire work from elsewhere when asked to do so: this service is poorly advertised.

*They are eager to
prepare for the best
entry-level jobs...
a much harder-
working generation
than my own.*

Computerization is even more problematic. While the science laboratories are well-equipped, service to the humanities is in its infancy. Many dons seem to view computers as luxuries or toys, others see them as distinctly *déclassé*. A number of undergraduate friends still could not type, relying exclusively on longhand. My departmental computer room did not feature a printer for

use by students. The embarrassed explanation was that a printer would get so much use it would be bound to break down regularly!

often *violons d'Ingres* in the performing arts. Many of my favourite memories of Oxford life will be concerts and plays, sometimes



(Certainly, this was the pattern in my College until I gave up and acquired my own equipment.) Also, money would have to be charged and this would be complicated. Sigh...

These two short-comings point to the risks facing Oxford in years ahead. Its establishment does not like to think of the university operating within a global market-place of similar institutions, judging its charms, achievements and innate superiority as self-evident and conclusive. Nevertheless, the facilities for students are often meagre compared to those offered in top American universities, and Oxford will have to focus much harder on building up its tools for learning, possibly at the expense of further work on its much-loved buildings, old and new, and its beguiling institutional life-style.

I enjoyed returning to academic life at a time when students no longer pose as violently anti-intellectual. Their new self-confidence is refreshing. Their openness to a wide range of scholastic pursuits is accompanied at Magdalen, by a flowering of the amateur ethic for which England is so well known abroad: most of my College friends pursued several extra-curricular interests,

disastrously conceived and executed, sometimes startlingly good, which displayed commendable fearlessness. I missed the political engagement of my generation of students, but not the intolerance and rigid conformism it frequently spawned.

Returning to residential university life after a gap of many years, I noticed many differences with my earlier experience deriving from the varying student lifestyle preferences in the UK and North America and also the attitudinal chasm between my laid-back generation and that of students preparing today for professional challenges in a hyper-competitive environment.

While at Magdalen, among many others, I got to know a group of third-year engineering undergraduates, mostly 21. Andrew Marsh, quintessentially English (pale, blond), shyly engaging and unfailingly polite, I knew to be very popular: we shared a mailbox in the college, flooded at all times with notes for him. Oliver Bower (Oli to his friends), a former football player of imposing build and preoccupied mien, gave away his kinder, gentler side by his frequent, broad and infectious smile. A considerate neighbour, he lived opposite me for a year in the college's spectacular if controversially *retro* new Grove Building, where I lodged in sumptuous rooms with breathtaking views of the main college buildings dating from the XVth to the XIVth centuries and famous college deer park. Alok Shriestha,

Left: Magdalen College President Anthony Smith surveys his domain: recent graduates include Yves Fortier, Michael Kergin and the author's brother Tony.

Above: Happily, visitors abound: Jacques Bilodeau, Canada's Deputy High Commissioner in London, on his way to address Oxford's Canadian Society

a quiet, reflective, much admired Nepalese had never travelled beyond his region until he came to Oxford. He spoke of the deep

and Andy's father was a college member. They all mentioned Magdalen's beauty and the friendly atmosphere as a major draw: it had been the first choice, with New and Worcester Colleges also mentioned as high on their lists. (The academically stellar Balliol, University and Merton Colleges were not.) They liked the college's eclectic mix of people, its strong and varied artistic and sports interests. Magdalen is sometimes viewed elsewhere in Oxford as deeply traditional, with many pointing to its high numbers of private school graduates and, in my experience, its overrated reputation for decadence, associated in part with its favourite alumnus, Oscar Wilde. Andy, the product of a top grammar school, did express impatience with some private-school types, noting that many of them stick with each other and that

class distinctions are often stark within the university. (They were mostly invisible to me, being tone-deaf to many of the subtleties of British social intercourse.)

The biggest change in attitudes relative to my generation concerns the job market. Andrew and his classmates worked very hard towards their third-year exams. Although they accept that their grades may make little difference to their lives in the long run (getting into Oxford having been more important than anything they would actually do there), they are eager to prepare for the best entry-level jobs. In the mid-1970s, none of us worried much about employment; it was simply a question of what job we would wind up in, with many options available. Today, students at all levels worry intensely about their professional futures, with cradle-to-grave careers disappearing and globalization fast eroding comparative advantage and once-valued skills. Most Oxford undergraduates I knew moved on to well-paid positions of real responsibility in such institutions as the Bank of England, the BBC and major corporations, but anxiety over jobs, and preoccupation over the rigours of upward professional mobility marked many of them. They are a much harder-working generation than

my own, with less time and inclination for escapism.

The seriousness of their approach to professional development was underscored by their summer jobs. Andrew was off to his fourth internship with Shell (including one in Singapore). His commitment to Shell, and Shell's to him, reflect the importance attached by many students to preparing for their futures and the often very interesting challenges they are offered by summer employers. Oli opted for Procter & Gamble, while Claire returned to Dublin to work in advertising, preparing herself for a career in marketing and brand management. Alok returned home for field work on a project to enhance water use in Nepal. Andy remained in Oxford to teach English to foreigners.

Relations between the sexes within the college struck me, first a student at the tail-end of the sexual revolution, as very different. In the mid-1970s, in Montreal, most students seemed surgically attached to a significant other with whom virtually all aspects of life were shared. At Magdalen, there were very few identifiable couples, perhaps due to the fact that many students come up to Oxford from single-sex schools and, as Andrew pointed out, to some degree carry forward their patterns of social life at school. At the College, where men outnumbered women roughly 2 to 1, guys mostly congregated together and women likewise. While interest in one-night stands was high, given the impressive number of brief liaisons rumoured on the gossip mill,

culture shock he experienced at first, but also of the many kindnesses, which had allowed him to settle down happily, in spite of the sudden death of one of his new college mates. He had wanted to study Greek, but would not have received financial support for this, so chose engineering as being of more potential use to his country. Claire Murakami, a Japanese-American who grew up in Ireland, the only woman in the group, was captain of the college women's first eight rowing team. A strikingly vital and attractive force within the college, she praised the Oxbridge system of tutoring in small groups as keeping pressure on students to perform at their best, but noted that it restricted their circle of acquaintances and could lead to excessive competition (although not in her peer group, she hastened to add). Andy Cox, a lively scion of English and Indian ancestry, represented a less typical streak in the student body: rejecting any idea of a desk job, he planned to take off for Belize to work on coral reefs as soon as he graduated and thereafter might try teaching conservation in Brazil.

They all identified strongly with their college, rather than with the university more broadly. Dynastic habits form easily: Andrew's younger brother recently joined him at Magdalen (also in engineering), Olie's older brother Nick had read law there

Above: Andrew Marsh returns to Magdalen for his final terms.

Right: Oliver Bower celebrates the end of exams.



Claire volunteered that the truly hitched got kidded a lot about their settled status. She and others argued that they were at univer-

sity not to tie themselves down, but rather to open up their horizons and expand their range of experience. Remembering how tiresome it had been in Montreal to have to factor into any proposed plans the bedmate of friends, this all seemed refreshing and essentially wiser. Sexual politics on campus have also matured on another front: gay relationships are more likely to bore than to shock. A number of my classmates were "out", mostly without fanfare. A recent survey by the university's gay, bi-sexual and lesbian community found few instances of harassment and reflected a tolerant atmosphere. In my day, the sexual revolution provided liberation for straights only.

Elsewhere, on the college social front, drinking, sometimes heavy among undergraduates, was pretty much on a par with my generation's. However, drugs were much less of an overt presence than they were twenty years ago. Individuals and small groups were reliably reported to enjoy sampling recreational substances in private, public consumption was distinctly un-cool. One constant in university life is the tyranny of fashion. The cringe-inducing tie-dies, bell-bottoms, platform shoes, over-sized collars and long, often repulsively unkempt, hair of my day have been replaced, particularly for men, by the rarely flattering close-cropped cut and a uniform drawing on the grunge look.

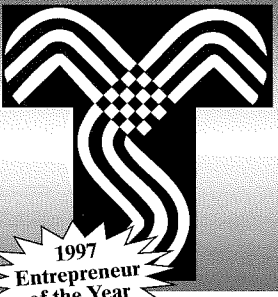
*Oxford will have to
focus much harder on
building up its tools
for learning, possibly
at the expense of
further work on its
much-loved buildings.*

University life overcomes that greatest of contemporary social taboos, discussion of religious convictions (as opposed to religion in the abstract). While attendance at the College's chapel was moderate, and motivated at least in part by the magnificent exertions of its celebrated choir, students flocked in large numbers to a church elsewhere in town more in tune with their values and relaxed style. One of my engineering friends, it turned out, was deeply religious, and very much guided in his life by religious principles. His friends, mostly atheist or agnostic, were intrigued by the depth of his faith, admired him for living out his convictions, and some of them enjoyed the discussion group on religious themes he got going. I enjoyed being back in an

environment where issues of faith could be addressed openly.

Returning to my career and old friends in Canada felt like entering a time warp backwards. On the strength of my two years at Oxford, I am confident the world will be in steadier, more responsible hands as the current university crop comes of age. I just wish the rising generation could enjoy itself as much as we did. Even though I left the university some months ago, my memories of it are vivid and fond. I miss my friends there, and look back on my experience there with sadness born of the realization that it will not come again, although my new friendships will, I hope, develop and flourish in years ahead. I sometimes think of my engineering friends, wondering how their summer projects worked out and how they are finding their final year: I will return to the college in May to graduate and look forward to seeing them there. What a splendid way to have spent two years of my life, with a D.Phil. as a bonus! ☺

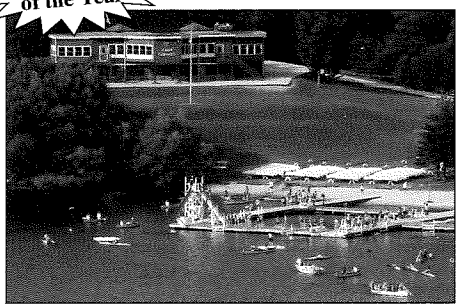
David Malone is Director General of DFAIT's International Organizations Bureau. His volume on decision-making in the UN Security Council is due out from Oxford University Press in late 1998.



Camp Tawingo

Boys and Girls
7 to 16 years

**1997
Entrepreneur
of the Year**



*International Students may inquire about
Tawingo College for Gr. 7/8 with Homestays*

- **Camper-centred fun and youthful activity**
- **Caring leaders; well trained and motivated**
- **Quality programs for individual & group growth**
- **Safe adventure with constant supervision**
- **Beautiful setting in Muskoka, Ontario, Canada**
- **Strong traditions & values for over 37 years**
- **Campers world wide meet new friends here**
- **Free brochure and information available**

"New and Old Friends Share Experiences to Last a Lifetime"

Directors: Jack Pearse, Jane McCutcheon, John Jorgenson - RR#1 Huntsville Ontario P1H 2J2 CANADA
Phone: (705) 789-5612 Fax: (705) 789-6624 E-mail: tawingo@tawingo.net Website: www.tawingo.net

Jody Williams

Professional Committee Breakfast Seminar

November 4, 1997

Donald Campbell, Deputy Minister: It really is a very great honour for me to introduce Jody Williams, who recently has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for the extraordinary work that she has done in the campaign to ban land mines and to mobilize global opinion. I am also delighted that we have Steve Goose from Human Rights Watch, who has been one of the other key player in the International Campaign.

You came from a very long and honourable history in the NGO movement, having done a great deal of work in Central America. Moving from one or two organizations to mobilizing the work of over a thousand organizations in over 60 countries was an extraordinary effort. It also brought what Lloyd Axworthy is now calling "the new diplomacy", which is the working together of governments and civil society in a way that has been rarely been done before.

When the Ottawa Process began Jody Williams and the campaign were among the first to endorse, applaud and push forward this movement. I would also like to pay tribute to the groups in Canada, in the Canadian Government and in this Department who have worked endlessly for this achievement. It is one of the most remarkable achievements in international foreign policy in the 20th century.

Jody Williams: I have been asked to focus on what is so different about the Ottawa process. I think you have an understanding overall of what is different about it but I will give my view from the NGO perspective.

In the first years, it was traditional NGO knocking at the doors of governments for them to look at the issue through the Convention on Conventional Weapons (CCW), a treaty formulated in 1980. It was the one treaty which then attempted to control the use of this indiscriminate killer. The expert sessions went on for a few years before the review conference itself. We were grudgingly admitted into the UN halls but not allowed inside the meeting rooms. We spent these first years outside the doors,

waiting for delegates to come out; being there full of information, providing them with the expertise that most of them then did not have.

The strength of this campaign was the coalition, made up of people in the field working on the land mine issue from Human Rights Watch, which had done the first systematic documentation of the impact of the weapon. We would come with those reports which showing the impact of the weapon on the ground.

*"The government
can't possibly want
to do this right".*

In much interaction between governments and non-governmental organizations, non-governmental organizations are seen as the adversary — the clambering masses trying to get government to do the right thing when they don't really understand the complexity of government and how many issues really have to be looked at in making a decision. We acknowledged the issues for governments. We didn't pretend that it wasn't difficult. We did not say that the land mine did not have utility. We recognized that but we said under law it was irrelevant. It doesn't matter that it is useful. Poison gas is useful. Probably nuclear weapons are useful. That was not the issue. But it was fairly traditional interaction until the Ottawa process.

This campaign has always had a strategy of concrete objectives that our NGOs could accomplish. If you are not really clear what you are doing next it's very easy for energy and enthusiasm to dissipate. In our opinion, although the CCW process itself was a failure in terms of the review, throughout that time the pressure generated made governments take steps. During the CCW process all they would talk about were minimal changes.

The whole point of having governments come and review the treaty was because

mines needed to be banned but none of them would say "ban". We had only Belgium, the first country to legislate a total ban in 1995. Finally, others started to say "ban".

Mr. Goose thought we needed to get the pro-ban governments to come together and self-identify. Strength in numbers. We decided that it would be useful, in the waning days of the CCW, to bring together pro-ban governments. We invited them and they came. By the time we had the third meeting there were 17 governments sitting down with this campaign and strategizing. It was the Canadian government in those meetings that said, "OK, we need to keep this momentum up. We agree with you. We need an objective. We need something we can keep working toward and our government is willing to host the strategy session in the fall." This was after the failure of the CCW in May, 1996.

In all honesty I thought, "they're going to want to ruin this movement. I know it, the government can't possibly want to do this right". Well that turned out not be the case.

We spent the summer working very closely with this government to plan what should happen in Ottawa in October. That was unique. Even before the amazing challenge by Minister Axworthy to the world. Your government had the courage to sit down with us and plan a government strategy session. It has really changed the way diplomacy, at least in this case, was done. We fought many times but we agreed with the essentials and we respected each others' work. In Ottawa, 50 governments participated, with 24 observers and we were full members in the process. When the conference ended the world was stunned when Foreign Affairs Minister Axworthy stood up in the final five minutes and said, "We challenge the world to return to Canada in one year with a ban treaty negotiated to sign it here. We will sign it even if it is only a handful of governments."

I still remember the faces of the US delegation. They rolled their eyes and looked at each other. Even pro-ban governments that were friends said this was not normal process. To make it even more horrifying to the diplomatic community, Minister Axworthy said, "and we are doing it with

the NGOs. We are going to work in close partnership with the international campaign which has been the engine of this movement. We are going to negotiate a ban treaty." And the rest is history.

*This is the first time
in history that a
weapon that has been
in widespread use
will be banned.*

The challenge was really tremendous leadership and you should be proud of your government. The risks that members of your government took in working so closely with us, even if it made governments uncomfortable, took a lot of courage.

The process could have collapsed in those first few months after the challenge.

Many governments were angry that it was happening in a new way.

Canada had to spend a lot of time reassuring them that it really would work.

That also is leadership.

They were going to put their political

prestige, their time, their energy behind

this process and make it work.

There is much that happened in

achieving this ban treaty. It was

the participation with Canadian

government officials thinking

through the strategy. It was the

Axworthy challenge.

It was the whole force of the Canadian gov-

ernment to ensure that the challenge had teeth; that the

government was going to stand by it; and it was going to give

its allies the spine to participate in the process.

One of my favourite comments were the words of the French Ambassador who said that, "this is truly a historic moment. It was one of the few times in history when the action of state actually responded to the demands of civil society" and it is really

true. If people take risks — and when I say people, I mean non-governmental organizations, individuals, governments — you can change the world. I think it is harder for governments to take risks than individuals because there is a whole bureaucracy, a whole way of doing things.

Steven Goose: There is widespread belief within the campaign that if it had not been for Canada and the efforts put forward by the Canadian government we would not have a treaty today. We also have a strong belief that if Canada doesn't continue to show its leadership, and continue to spend its political capital making this issue a high priority, we won't have true success. It is essential to have Ottawa continue to devote the energy in cooperation with governments if we are going to have this treaty entered into force rapidly.

We do think that this process could be a model for future activities. There are many

working cooperatively, of civil society making demands, of governments being willing to react to those demands and then working together to make things happen can be carried over to other areas.

I would like to just try to emphasize to you the importance of the treaty. This is the first time in history that a weapon that has been in widespread use will be banned. There are hundreds of millions of anti-personnel land mines out there and we are going to ban them.

In the treaty process itself, rather than the Ottawa process overall, we managed to avoid the tyranny of consensus rules. There was never a vote, but knowing that you had to get two-thirds of those present to change what was then a very, very good draft ban treaty held people at bay and made it possible to move the thing forward.

For this audience I would like to emphasize that we worked more closely with the government of Canada than any other government. There were many others that we worked closely with: Austria; South Africa; Norway; Mexico and a few others. Certainly

no one more closely than with Bob

Lawson and Jill Sinclair, Mark

Gwozdecky, Deborah Chatsis

and Ralph Lysyshyn. To us

these people are the heroes

of the movement and we

are proud to have been

associated with them.

Q: Why you? Why this issue? Why now?

J.W.: The post-Cold War period

gave people a chance to look at

other issues. The surrogate wars

of the superpowers were negoti-

ated down through the UN and peace-

keeping missions; NGOs and UN agencies

went into Afghanistan, Cambodia, Mozambique,

Angola. They found the legacy of the Cold War.

Millions and millions of land

mines and sub-munitions left contaminating 70 countries of the world that are going to be blowing up civilians for a hundred years.

The land mine was a very graphic, easy way to get people to look at wars that are being fought today. The blazing tracers and all that on TV in the Gulf War is not



things that are unique about the land mines ban movement that will not translate into other issues or other weapons. The core principal of governments and NGOs

how most wars are fought. It's hand-to-hand ugly, on the ground, the whole society gets involved. We were able to mobilize a large coalition because so many NGOs were affected — arms control, development, refugee, children, UNICEF — it was easy to pull them together.

Q: Canada is quite open and has been for a long time to working with Canadian NGO delegations as part of our political culture. What was your interaction like with developing country delegates and what lessons might you be able to draw from to broaden the base?

S.G.: In the early days we didn't have the opportunity to have all that much interaction with delegates from the developing world because the CCW and its land mines protocol had almost no developing countries on board — I think there were only three African countries at these expert sessions. Some were observers but there were very few. Those who did come tended to gravitate to us because we were the people with information. Also, they came to us because they were the countries most affected by anti-personnel land mines. This is largely a developing world issue — certainly Bosnia, Croatia, others have some

problems — they welcomed interactions with people who were pressing to get rid of a weapon which was causing such devastation in their country.

***It has helped NGOs
in the developing
world become more
active members
of civil society.***

Our interactions with those governments developed more in-country. This ban campaign became a means of helping to empower NGOs in countries like Mozambique and Angola. It gave them the means to learn how to lobby their governments. When the campaign started in Mozambique we had people who were afraid to walk a petition around, to have it signed, people who were afraid to sign a petition, and now the land mines campaign in Mozambique is one of the most vibrant around. One of the hidden benefits of this campaign is the degree to

which it has helped NGOs in the developing world become more active members of civil society.

Q: Did you face much opposition from corporations and industry?

S.G.: The fact is that we received almost no opposition from arms manufacturers. I think this is one of the reasons why this campaign has been successful. This weapon really has very limited military utility and it is not a big business for companies. In most countries there simply hasn't been a land mine manufacturers' lobby to hold on to the weapon.

In the past year the campaign has tried to focus not just on lobbying governments but also on lobbying individual companies. In the US for example, we launched the Stigmatization Campaign against the manufacturers of anti-personnel land mines. Human Rights Watch issued a report which identified 48 companies manufacturing components for anti-personnel land mines. We entered into a dialogue with 17 which agreed to get out of the business before we published our report just because we talked to them. The public relations disaster of being named a producer was more powerful than the very small

ROYAL LePAGE

**Margaret
Forward**

Award-winning sales representative



***Experienced, professional
real estate service in the
National Capital area***

**Please write or fax me for
up-to-date information
on market trends**

Royal LePage Real Estate Services
200-1335 Carling Avenue
Ottawa, Ontario K1Z 8N8
Business (613) 725-1171
Residence (613) 761-9955
Fax (613) 725-3323

A change to "GESTION P&W MANAGEMENT INC." un changement

Now/Maintenant

**PAGIC PROPERTY MANAGEMENT INC.
GESTION IMMOBILIÈRE PAGIC INC.**

BILINGUAL SERVICES/SERVICES BILINGUES

WE OFFER/NOUS OFFRONS

**PROPERTY MANAGEMENT
(ONTARIO/QUÉBEC)**

rental/lease
maintenance/renovation
regular inspections
pre-departure counselling
resident/non-resident
monthly & annual
financial statements

**GESTION COMPLÈTE
(QUÉBEC/ONTARIO)**

location/bail
entretien/rénovation
visites régulières
conseils avant départ
résident/non-résident
états financiers
mensuels & annuels

Paulette Rainville & Réal Parent

C.P. Minto Place P.O. 56015
355 Slater Street
Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7Z1
Tel & fax: (613) 860-0959
Pagic@sympatico.ca

amount of profit made from anti-personnel land mines. Motorola was the first company to say that it would get out of the business. Having a high profile company like that brought a lot of others along as well.

Q: What about the financing of this initiative, particularly in the early stages when the possibility of success was perhaps not as tangible as it is now?

J.W.: In the very early days I did the fund raising as well as trying to get NGOs on board. In the US there are a number of foundations which fund progressive issues and I received a not insignificant amount of money to start the campaign. Our costs have been minimal as well. When we have had our conferences; for example, the first one in London in May 1993, we had 70 people representing 40 NGOs. The next one was in Geneva and was backed by UNICEF. By the time we got to Cambodia we had 400 NGOs from 40 countries. Then we had a lot of support from government, from missions in the country. The pro-ban states were helping to fund those conferences. Had we not been successful it would have been like any fund raising, which is not that easy.

Q: Do you think that the Korean peninsula is a special case?

J.W.: I'm just going to say no, I don't think it is a special case. Mr. Goose is a Korea expert, so I will let him answer the special case question.

*We are going to have
a huge number
of the key users of
this weapon.*

S.G.: Korea may be a special case in a geopolitical, geostrategic sense, but it certainly is not a special case in terms of the importance of land mines or the way land mines will be used. If Korea were to be given a special exception within the treaty you would have to be able to make the case that, in Korea and only in Korea, does the military utility of the weapon outweigh the humanitarian costs.

Our real belief for the US is that Korea is something of an excuse. They know that's how they get an emotional response, they can sell Korea to Congress. If you have an exception for Korea you're going to have exceptions in all other kinds of places. I identified 36 countries which have had to worry, have either had a neighboring country invade or regular incursions. The idea of having an aggressive neighbor is not uncommon in the world.

Q: What is the significance of remaining hold-outs to the process after the treaty is signed? What are the prospects of ever persuading them in the end to sign on?

S.G.: No treaty is signed or enters into force with true universality. It is not unusual to have countries of concern staying outside of a treaty. This treaty is going to have a majority of the major producers and exporters of anti-personnel land mines on board. If you look at the dozen or so countries which have produced and exported mines over the past 25 years — the mines that are in the ground now — most of them will sign this treaty. The major NATO and the major former Warsaw Pact producers and exporters. More important, we are going to have a huge number of the key users of this weapon. The

Discover why PAFSO considers MKI to be the experts for postings, family reunions and all other FSD travel from Canada or abroad

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

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

Découvrez pourquoi l'APASE nous considère comme les experts en affectations, réunions de famille et tous autres voyages d'ASE au Canada ou à l'étranger



PATRICK O'ROURKE

Lawyer • Avocat

**Family Law,
Real Estate**

Wills & Estates

Suite 700
200 Elgin Street
Ottawa, Ontario K2P 1L5
Tel: (613) 233-4420
Fax: (613) 237-9450
E-mail: porourke@istar.ca

real success of the treaty is that Cambodia, Mozambique, Angola, Sudan, Ethiopia, Eritria, Bosnia, Croatia are signing this treaty. They are agreeing never again to use and to destroy their stockpiles within four years. Russia has said that it will sign. That will put tremendous pressure on the US, which said that it will ban this weapon by the year 2006. We'll press them to do it sooner, by signing this treaty and not by trying to dilute the ban treaty. We're going to have as much success with universalizing this treaty as any other major arms control or humanitarian law treaty, only get it done in a very much shorter period of time.

Q: Could you comment on the concept that Canada has actually modeled the new diplomacy — Canada's role in having done this in relation to the Americans?

J.W.: It was the courage of the Canadian Government to step outside of normal diplomatic channels. The US wanted the ban treaty negotiated in the Conference on Disarmament in Geneva so it could control the process. The CD operates on consensus. Russia and China were there. These are the same Governments which blocked any movement in the CCW — to negotiate a ban treaty with them would take twenty or thirty years.

When we were in the final days in Oslo and the US was really trying to push its cold war diplomacy, Clinton making calls; Madeleine Albright making calls; Berger, from the National Security Council really pressing the world to accommodate the US. It would have been governments responding the way they always do to the superpower and it was awesome to watch governments say no. They took a huge amount of pressure and we were very concerned. Foreign Ministers from small nations that had never heard from the United States were suddenly getting calls from Madeleine Albright. They would often call us and say, "Madeleine Albright called my Foreign Minister and she wants us to help, what should we do?" We said, "Do the right thing. Say no." It was very, very tense. I am still stunned that Clinton, given the opposition, would put his personal prestige on the line and make those calls. In our view, the US Government never understood the Ottawa process — never accepted that it was really going to work, that governments would hang together and say no to the United States. They miscalculated it right from the beginning. Miscalculated when they made the decision to go to Oslo. They went because of public pressure. They did not understand that they were not going to win. I was very proud to be part of that history. ☺

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



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

Since 1916, Shawnigan Lake School has pro-

vided generations of young people with the necessary tools for self-realization as well as professional and business success.

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

For further information, please call Judith Detchon, Director of Admissions.



SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL

Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia V0R 2W0

Telephone: 250-743-6207

Excerpts from *Ice in Dark Water* and *The Older Graces*

Ice in Dark Water

Véhicule Press, 1997, p. 148, \$14.95

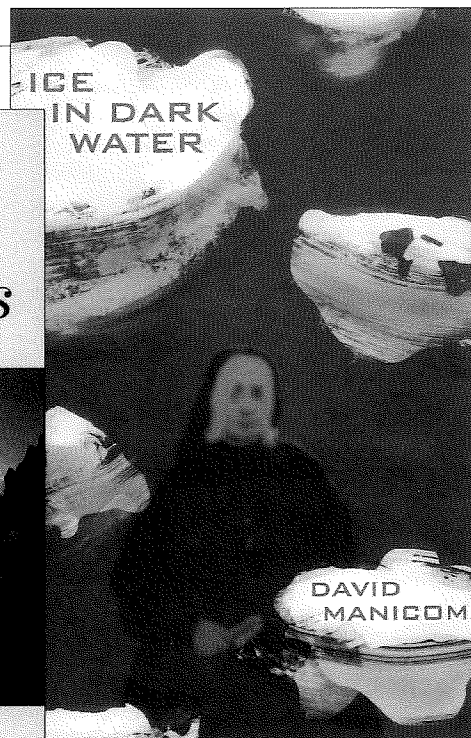
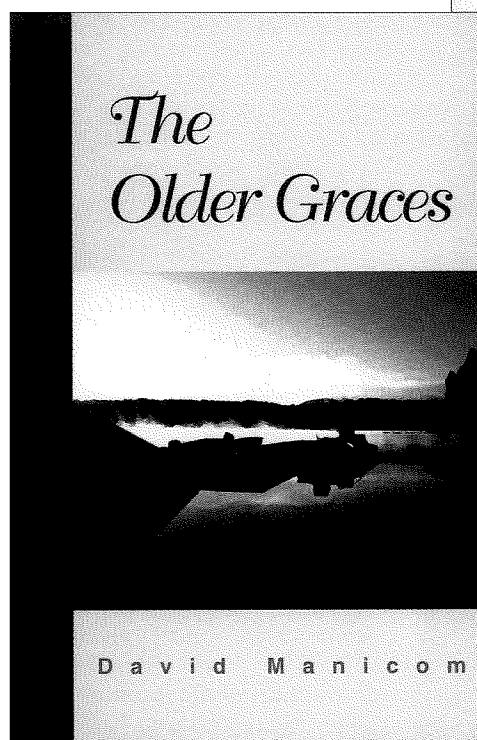
IN THE HEART of Montréal, wedge in the swift river, hedged by rapids, Julie Charbonneau awoke into the darkness before dawn amid the shrouded clutter of her small room thinking, with such intensity that the thought itself seemed to have lifted her from sleep, *Gloire à toi, Marie,*

fille d'Israel! The night smelled blue. She sat up rigidly — to this day she slept tidily on her back with arms tight to her sides and

After more than two decades of inspiration and endeavour, David Manicom's powers of expression and persuasion have been honoured by his peers. Not, we hasten to add, by a ministerial bauble or by a certificate of excellence for his work as a member of the foreign service. Instead, we celebrate David's recognition in the literary world, most recently with his receipt of the impishly-named but seriously-intended Prix Parizeau — devised by Mordecai Richler as a reminder of the contribution of non-francophone writers to the cultural tapestry of Québec. For the boy from rural Ontario and the resident of Aylmer — among many locales and circumstances which have shaped his writings — this achievement is richly deserved.

David won the Prix Parizeau for his first collection of short stories, *Ice in Dark Water*, which was published last year by Véhicule Press of Montréal. Last year also saw the publication of his third collection of poetry, *The Older Graces*, by Oolichon Press. Both include material which has appeared in recent years in major literary magazines and reviews in Canada and abroad. These works, and more to come, place him within a fine creative tradition within Canada's foreign service — not an oxymoron, as we all know (despite occasional efforts by the public service commission and others to stifle wayward tendencies). This not uncritical coexistence of profession and vocation finds delightfully wicked expression in the second of a septet of poems on Romania, entitled "Diplomats" which should be required reading for new entrants to the foreign service.

With his prose and poetry, including poetic translations, David Manicom paints a wonderfully evocative world of memory, experience and dreams in which the pauses link rather than separate dialogue and the images somehow are both familiar and remote. To hint at the power of his writing, we have extracted below two poems from *The Older Graces* and the introductory passage from the short story which lends its title to *Ice in Dark Water*.



heels together: at one time the Rule of the order had governed even the configuration of rest — and heard a lone violin, straining upward. Her eyes were too weak to focus the time, but she knew as the all-night classical program on RadioCanada reached her ears that the clock radio read 4:45. All strings. Schubert perhaps, she guessed, trying to pretend that nothing remarkable was occurring, before she abruptly recited to herself with great vigour *Gloire à toi, Marie fleur épanouie dans la joie du Ciel!* The air was dense with incense. She had left her window open; it had been raining. The effusions of the overgrown bank of lilacs that crowded this wall of the building were overwhelming. *Now?* she thought. Seventy years of silence had made her forget for months at a time that she was still waiting. The third praise settled into her mind like a leaf onto a still pool. *Gloire à toi, Marie, rose merveilleuse dans le clair matin!* There was no clarity, no joy. She was trembling and felt nauseous; her mind gaped, faced four directions, found blind alleys. *Now, Holy Mother?* Routine bustled into her body, stirred her limbs. As she stood, one knee flinched and then buckled, forcing her to grasp a chair back with both hands, like an invalid with a walker. Shuffling forward, she found her trifocals and switched on the lamp.

The thin down of her white hair glowed. In her vision, 1990s Montréal was abandoned in sleep, a dark, hunchbacked mass in the midst of a cobalt St. Lawrence, her auto-routes were silent and methodical, her trees were heavy with hoarded leaves that absorbed more and more light, her houses were lifeless stumps. Here and there, scattered across

the island, stood dim outlines of the vast greystone monasteries and convents; moored and absurd, she saw, ships from the other side of the world, helpless beached leviathans; she could see their long wings, their epic corridors and embalmed chapels, their decaying and rickety networks of balconies where no one now lingered for evening air or strolled to recite the Office, their receding legions of dusty, unlit, rock-violated windows. Grey Nuns and the Sisters of Saint Anne, Redemptorist Fathers and Dominicans, Sulpicians, Augustinians, Benedictines and Ursulines, Oblates of Mary Immaculate and the Congregations of the Holy Cross, Sisters of Providence and Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary: each order starved by epidemics of doubt until its final frail members returned to the hospitals they had founded and staffed, or were sent to more sensibly-sized cottages recently purchased in the Laurentians, leaving windows dusty, unlit, breached. She could see, from a dizzying precipice, only a single light in the entire city.

She turned off the light, gasping. In the humid night she sought a point of reference. Groping, she touched the soothing leather of her breviary on the desk and lifted it carefully in her arthritic hands, flipping it open

with one of the dangling ribbons. Two eggs, soft boiled, not too runny, she thought, to reassure herself. Cautious still, she slowly reached down, turned the lamp back on, and waited. Nothing. Today was — May 29th? Monday. Of course. Yesterday had been the feast of the Body and Blood of Christ. It seemed a week ago; such a long, restless night! Father Patrice had been good enough to come up from St. Viateur's to give mass to the four final stubborn Sisters, who lived in their over-endowed and under-populated convent like plague survivors in a mountain town. No feast or solemnity was listed for today, but on the 31st came the Visitation. for a moment, amusement eased the tension.

"You're two days early," she said to the window. "Or are you still using one of the older calendars?"

The sixteen panes were ice in dark water, showed no sign of light. She should know there were sixteen, shouldn't she, each with the same rectangular proportions as the window itself? She had lived in this room, after all, for most of the last thirty years, and in one like it for thirty before that. Outside, below the lilac, the municipal tennis courts lay under slight mist bounded by ghostly lines, their geometry more forceful at night; beyond them were the somnolent

oak-and-maple canopied streets of the Outremont district and the brick or stone houses of its formidably well-to-do inhabitants. Then, gripped at the core of her muddled inclinations, she thought *Gloire à toi, Marie, perle précieuse dans le champ divin!*, coughed and then gagged for air, jolted. Her pulse hesitated. Unable to straighten her index finger enough to turn the onion-skin page, she pushed it over with the side of a knuckle. A draft prickled the skin on the undersides of her arms and around her back. Tinged with dread, she remained motionless for a time, then decided: *Go.* ☺

The Older Graces

Published by Oolichan Books, 1997, p. 84, \$12.95

Why I Need You

All the hotels in the world
Are the hotels of Minsk.
From their windows the statues
Are poets and slaughtermen
Put up in the parks
In identical poses, in the playing

Elizabeth Antiques Appraisal Service

FINE ARTS & ANTIQUES



Elizabeth Mayhew

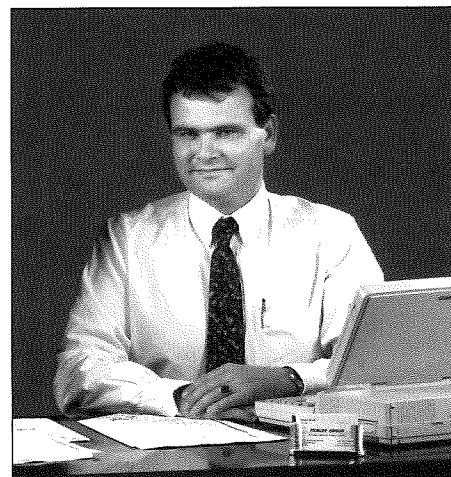
68 Pine Glen Crescent
Nepean, Ontario
K2G 0G8

(613) 226-5915

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

WE OFFER...

- PROPERTY MANAGEMENT
- REAL ESTATE PURCHASE & SALES
- RELOCATION PLANNING



ALL OF OUR SERVICES ARE INDIVIDUALLY TAILORED TO YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

Andre de Loë

5509 Canotek Rd., Unit 12
Gloucester, Ontario K1J 9J9
(613) 742-0221 Fax: (613) 742-7855

KENLOE REALTY CORPORATION

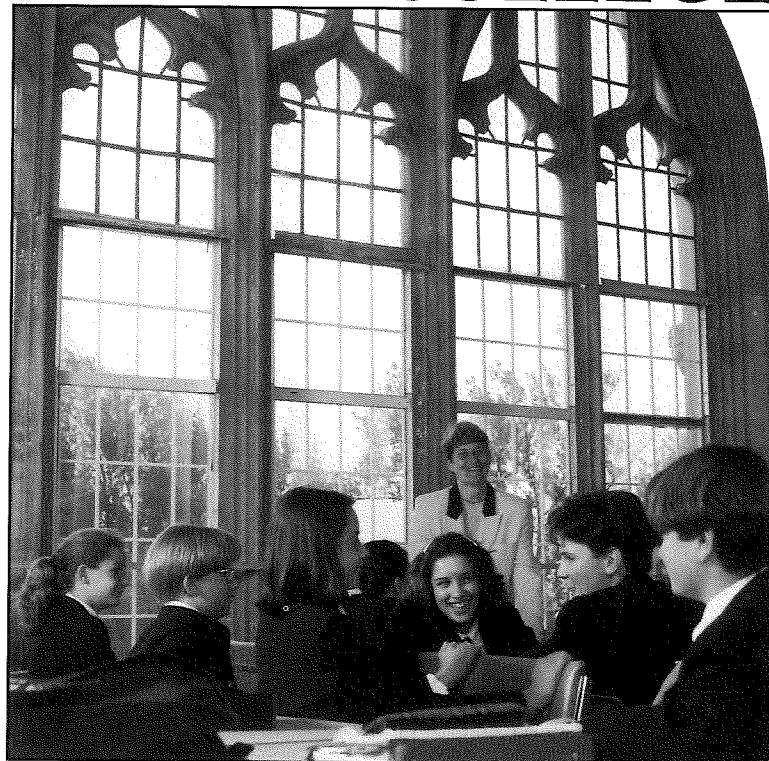
Of children. There's no heat.
 The radio plays one station
 Called the voices of strangers.
 It's always the middle of March.
 The floorlady watches my door.
 The restaurant closes
 Before I am hungry.
 All the women I do not love
 Call to be exploited
 For U.S. dollars only.
 The mountains are flat.
 The colours are slush.
 There's no way to get warm.
 My kids don't wake me
 For glasses of water
 In the middle of dreams.
 The band in the bar plays *Feelings*.
 The long distance line
 Puts your voice in the room
 And it seems almost real.
 The shop in the lobby has cartons
 Of Snickers, but no soap.
 The hot water is cold.
 Forget about breakfast.
 This is how people live
 After the divorce.
 After all the wrong words,
 After a hand cupping water
 Goes gradually dry
 There are the hotels of Minsk,
 All the hotels in the world.

Flyways

I loved you most the first cold day
 in September.
 Toward dusk the rabbits ascended
 to nibble the weather.
 The swings kicked the wind in
 the emptying park
 As if invisible children pumping up
 Through this earlier dark of fall had
 dangled free
 Climbing an arc, rising, all that
 is easily lost.
 The delicate slides stood prehistorically
 still.

Above us a river of starlings surged
 and blossomed,
 Spanning the sky with a body of
 infinite parts,
 Tracking the Ottawa south, riding and
 cutting the gusts;
 Yet within, a turmoil of individual flight,
 And, when it passed, a chaff of
 stray birds
 Blown in the heavens. I linked small
 fists to each hand
 And headed for home, as well
 as I could. ☺

ALBERT COLLEGE



Where Young People Love to Learn...

Albert College offers an excellent co-educational academic program for boarding and day students from grade 1 to university entrance.

Class sizes average 14 students.

Individualized attention means more of our students go on to the university or college of their choice (over 95%).

Albert College recognizes the importance of friendships, fun and personal growth by providing students with a wide choice of sports and extra-curricular activities.

Located on 25 acres on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, Albert College offers a safe, friendly and structured learning environment.

References from families abroad, currently with children at Albert, are available upon request.

To learn more, call for our information package: (613) 968-5726
 or (800) 952-5237 or visit us on the Worldwide Web
www.albertc.on.ca

ALBERT COLLEGE

160 Dundas St. West, Belleville, Ontario, K8P 1A6



ALBERT COLLEGE
 SINCE 1857

Richard Marcus Tait

Richard Tait died at Limoux, France on October 25, 1997. Richard joined the Department of External Affairs in 1955 and served in posts abroad in Athens, Geneva, Saigon (as Commissioner with the International Commission for Supervision and Control) and London. In 1973 he was seconded to the then Department of Manpower and Immigration where he was Chair of the Task Force that produced the Green Paper on Immigration and Population. Subsequently, he was Assistant Deputy Minister (Immigration) and later Executive Director for Immigration and Demographic Policy. From 1978 to 1982, he was Ambassador to the European Communities in Brussels. Returning to Headquarters he served as Director General of the Cultural, Public and Information Programmes Bureau. Richard retired from the Department and the Public Service in July 1985.

A memorial service for Richard was held in Ottawa at St. Barnabas Anglican Church on December 20, 1997. Tom d'Aquino, a close friend, gave the following eulogy:

Requiem for Richard Marcus Tait

To lose a devoted husband, to lose a loving father, to lose a caring grandfather, to lose a dear friend, is a deeply wounding experience.

And so it is, at this Requiem for Richard Tait, that we feel a profound sadness. We also share together a sense of privilege, satisfaction and joy in having been part of the life of this extraordinary man.

I came to know Richard some twenty-five years ago when he was posted to the Canadian High Commission in London. My wife Susan, who had met him earlier at a philosophy seminar in Ottawa, had spoken of "an eclectic and gentle man with an unabounding intellectual curiosity". Her description could not have been more apt.

In the years that have since passed, we shared a deep friendship that endured unshaken until his death in Carcassonne, France, in late October of this year.

He was a cultured man blessed with a fine intellect. I did not know his father, a professor of classics at the University of Toronto, but I always felt that Richard somehow bore a strong imprint of his father's influence. Richard's mother, who died not so long ago at a very ripe age, was a formidable character with a scintillating mind. It is not surprising therefore that Richard in many ways saw himself as a scholar throughout his life.

As a young man, Richard had already caused others to take notice. A boyhood friend writes: "Distinctive looking new boy enters Oakwood. Said to be from Upper Canada. Exotic. Red hair, brown eyes, freckles. Says his name is Marcus. Great poise... Girls thought he was cute. Called him Ricky." Later the friend notes: "In our graduating class, Richard was clearly one of the best students... He loved poetry and this influenced me mightily".

Following his graduation from the University of Toronto, he served for a brief period with a firm of stockbrokers, but decided that Canada's foreign service was where he should make his mark. And make his mark he did. He served in Athens, in Geneva, in Vietnam, and in London. In the late seventies, he was appointed Canada's Ambassador to the European Community and took up with relish his post in Brussels.

Richard's contribution to the public life of Canada was not confined to diplomacy. For a period of time, he worked outside the Department of External Affairs helping in an important way to shape Canadian immigration policy and legislation.

Richard's concept of public service was a noble one. He believed without reservation in the virtue of a professional, independent, non-partisan public service. He spoke with passion about the need for integrity, honour and accountability in his chosen vocation. Indeed, his beliefs were so strong and his expectations so high that he was not prepared to stay on to normal retirement in a foreign service that he believed had changed in a way not to his liking.

Colleagues in the foreign service remember him fondly. One veteran says: "He was part of that gilded group in the Department of External Affairs that brought consummate skills to whatever they put their hand". Another notes: "Richard was one of the finest pens in the department and supremely eloquent". Yet another says: "He had enormous integrity and understood better than most the meaning of loyalty".

Richard's many accomplishments while serving in Canada's foreign service are only

Rules for Investing

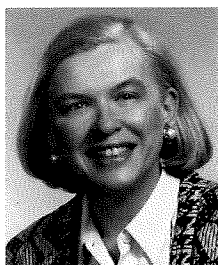
In Today's Stock Market

During periods of uncertainty in the stock market, it's more important than ever to remember...

The Basic Rules of Successful Investing

- Buy Quality**
- Diversify**
- Invest for the long term**

Whether your investments are with Edward Jones or elsewhere, I'd be happy to discuss how well your investment portfolio may stand the test of time.



<http://www.edwardjones.com>

Call or stop by today to arrange a free, face-to-face portfolio review.

Elizabeth McLean

266 Beechwood Avenue, Suite A
Ottawa, Ontario K1L 8A7
613-742-6811

Edward Jones

Serving Individual Investors

Member CIPF

one dimension of this complex and compelling man. His love of poetry, developed in his childhood, remained with him all of his life. He came to love music. He embraced his beloved cello with intensity and tenacity. Few string musicians that I know would speak so rapturously about the subtle qualities of their horsehair bow. He had a good eye for fine paintings and prints and he loved to draw.

He read prodigiously and was undaunted by complex texts in both French and German. Brave soul that he was, on one occasion he asked my advice about Dante and wandered how difficult it might be to master sufficient Italian to navigate the passages of the *Divine Comedy*!

A diplomat, a man of letters, a lover of the arts — Richard Tait was these things, and more. At an early age he learned the techniques of wilderness survival, of how to make a canoe respond to the twist and turn of a paddle. As a sailor, he knew the waters of the English Channel, the Mediterranean, the Aegean, the St. Lawrence, Georgian Bay and the Brador Lakes. He knew about fly rods and the pleasures of fishing for trout in mountain streams and lakes. And perhaps best of all, he passed on his love of the outdoors, and the skills one needs to feel confident there, to each of his children in turn.

With characteristic aplomb, Richard even took up carpentry and for those of you who visited the Tait family farm north of Buckingham, you saw first hand evidence of how a small, dilapidated log house was transformed into an attractive and comfortable dwelling.

The family defined Richard's life. Husband to Janice and Veronika; father to Ruth, Alison, Catherine, Zöe and Godfrey; Grandfather to Jesse, Sean, Max, Eric, Nicola and Beatrice, brother to Michael — Richard gave much of himself, and in the case of his children in particular, he offered instruction, moral guidance and most importantly, unconditional love. Last November when I visited him in France and we were hiking in the hills above Limoux, he turned to me at one point and said: "as I grow older, I have derived extraordinary satisfaction in rediscovering the great love I have for my elder daughters; and young Zöe and Godfrey daily give me reason to feel blessed".

At that time, Richard also spoke to me of his dear Veronika — almost as if sensing that death was not far off. He said "I long for nothing more than to find good health and to live out the rest of my days happily with Veronika here in this wonderful place, but I am not sure that is to be".

On October 25, Richard died in Carcassonne, his family at his side. In those painful days as Richard's life ebbed away, his two families became one as never before.

Veronika, Ruth, Zöe, Alison, Godfrey and Catherine were united by the powerful, lingering spirit that emanated from this man that they all loved.

Two days later, the family climbed to the remains of the once great Cathar fortress atop Mont Segur — a place that had captured Richard's imagination, a place he once told me, where he had felt closer to God. There they mourned their loss. There they erected a cairn. There they placed a small cross. There, they prayed together.

Today, thousands of miles away from the bleak and haunting precincts on Mont Segur, we — family and friends — join together in honouring the memory of Richard Tait. We shall not forget his humanity, his decency, his loyalty. We shall not forget that he could be an impractical romantic, a man of great urbanity and studied eccentricity. He richly enjoyed the pleasures of this life and he pondered thoughtfully of the next.

A man of learning and intelligence, of charm and challenge, he was good company, a fine colleague, a loved friend. I feel privileged to stand before you today to say goodbye to Richard Marcus Tait. He has marked us all. ☺

Douglas Small

Roman Lishchynski

All of us were shocked to hear of the tragic accident which took a colleague and friend from us. For my spouse Lena and I, the news was particularly sad. We had worked with Roman in Kyiv and became very good friends. In particular, Roman was the "best man" at our wedding in April 1996. While other colleagues in the Foreign Service knew Roman longer and many knew him better, those of us who worked with him in Kyiv will always remember him as one of those unique personalities whose knowledge, support and humour made the posting a singular one. He was a special person who made a strong impression on all who met him.

I first met Roman in Moscow in the late winter of 1985 when he was sent on temporary duty from Vienna to help organize the Kyiv portion of a visit to the then-Soviet Union by the Right Honourable Joe Clark, Secretary of State for External Affairs. Despite the usual business of a ministerial

CANADIAN COLLEGE ITALY



CANADA'S FIRST HIGH SCHOOL IN ITALY (Bursaries Available)

- High Academic Standard
- Co-ed semestered boarding school
- University preparation: advanced courses for entrance in North America's finest universities; taught in English: grades 10 to high school graduation
- Medieval Lanciano on the Adriatic coast in central Italy is safe, quiet, utterly charming
- Exquisite college residences
- Expert qualified teaching staff
- State-of-the-art science facilities
- Century-old art studios
- Supervised excursions to cities throughout Italy and Europe
- Study with the best of Europe and Canada in a culturally rich environment
- A unique educational experience that lasts a lifetime!



Tel: (905) 508-7108 1-800-422-0548 Fax: (905) 508-5480
 e-mail: marisa.cci@sympatico.ca <http://web.idirect.com/~cci/>
 Headmistress: Mrs. Janette Doupe
 (former headmistress of Trafalgar School, Havergal College and St. Clement's School)

visit, there was always time to share a joke or a story, mostly about the bizzare aspects of the late Soviet Union.

Our paths crossed again in the summer of 1992 when we found we were being posted to Kyiv. For both of us, this was to be a special posting. We were of Ukrainian background, had a strong interest in the country's history and culture and a familiarity — in the case of Roman, fluency — with the language. Also, there was the challenge of helping set up a new mission in a new country. We both arrived in Kyiv on the same flight on September 21, 1992 and began three good years together as colleagues.

Kyiv in those early days was not for everyone. Unlike Moscow, which had always been host to a substantial foreign community with an infrastructure to service it, nothing of the kind existed in Kyiv. Accommodations were primitive or indifferent — no UPDK (Diplomatic Corps Service Bureau) or post "admin". The mission operated from two separate and inadequate locations in the National Hotel and the semi-derelict former East German Consulate-General. Shopping could be best described as "foraging" — no diplomatic "gastronome". Basic items such as gasoline were only sporadically available. The economy and local currency

were in free fall. On the other hand, these difficulties were more than overcome by the atmosphere of Kyiv and the chance to travel freely and meet local people who were now more than willing to give a frank opinion about anything. All was a marked contrast from the old Moscow experience.

Our three years working together were good ones. At work, Roman was a helpful and supportive colleague. Outside the office, we spent a lot of time exploring the ancient Ukrainian capital. Particularly memorable were weekend expeditions into the countryside with Roman and other friends from the embassy — Lviv, Ivano-Frankivsk, Ternopil, Chernivtsi, the Carpathians, boat trips on the Dniro River, Kaniv, etc. Often, these were real adventures and I am certain that we were the first "foreigners" in fifty years to have visited some of the places in which we ended up. Always and wherever, Roman had an interesting story, an acute observation, or a joke.

All of us from the original Kyiv "team" have our memories of Roman. All of us will agree that Roman was one of those unique individuals whose presence made the posting what it was. ☺

Robert Shalka



Rental
Management
for the
Foreign Service
Community

Our services include:

- market analysis
- preparation of documents
- reporting
- maintenance
- regular inspections
- simplified & competitive fees

We've been there...we care!

Mary Ellen Boomgaardt
Representative
Tel: 1-613-746-2367
Fax: 1-613-746-3050
E-mail: boomgaardt@synapse.net

390 Rideau Street E.P.O.
P.O. Box 20118
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9N5

INTERESTED IN JOINING THE FOREIGN SERVICE?

**Enrol in this proven
program to prepare yourself
for the Foreign Service/CIDA
exams and interview**

2-DAY SEMINAR

Saves study time and provides coaching
on every aspect of the entry process:

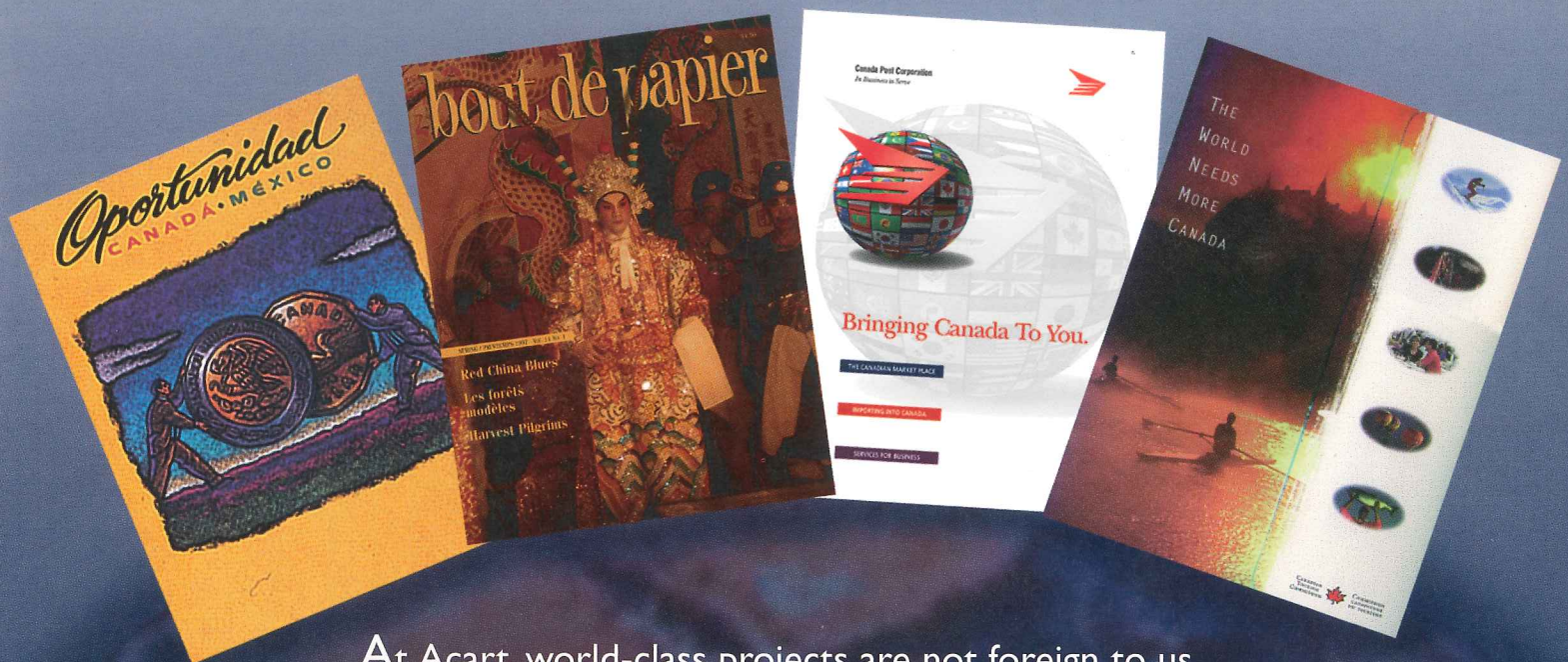
- Sample **Foreign Service Test** questions with in-class drill and analysis on essential issues
- Instruction and techniques to score better on the **Written Communication Test**
- Practice, reference sources and advice to excel on the **General Competency Test**
- Strategies for the **Foreign Service Interview and Group Simulation exercise**
- Self-assessment guidance with tips on completing the Foreign Service/CIDA **Application** to your advantage
- Comprehensive, time-saving **Study Kit** on key geopolitical, economic, trade, immigration, development, and cultural topics, plus sample tests

Seminars annually at selected universities across Canada. Study Kit available for shipment throughout Canada and abroad.

**OUTSTANDING SUCCESS RATE
SINCE 1984**

Foreign Service Exam
Counselling Inc.
104-404 Laurier Avenue East
Ottawa K1N 6R2
Telephone: (613) 567-9229
Facsimile: (613) 567-9098

A World of Ideas

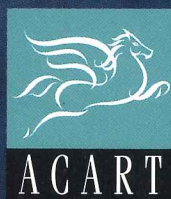


At Acart, world-class projects are not foreign to us.

Our creative services have been providing solutions
to many public and private sector clients for over 20 years.

We welcome the opportunity to assist you with your communications,
from creative concepts, writing and design to the finished product.

We bring you a world of ideas.



Suite 600, 171 Nepean Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 0B4
Tel: (613) 230-7944 Fax: (613) 232-5980 E-mail: results@acart.com Web: www.acart.com

Check Here... Cochez ici...

For Improved Coverage and Better Rates.

pour une meilleure couverture et de meilleurs taux.

Our Basic Term Life Insurance plan has been designed to provide a level of coverage which meets the varying needs of our members. The plan provides for high amounts of low cost coverage.

- The Term Life Insurance Plans provide improved levels of coverage combined with competitive rates.
- The Group Auto and Home Insurance plan provides an excellent product with the convenience of monthly payments.

To receive more information about the plans available to you, please complete the coupon below or call us directly.

Notre Régime d'assurance-vie de base a été conçu de manière à offrir un degré de couverture adapté aux besoins propres à nos membres. Il prévoit une couverture étendue avec primes très modiques.

- Les Régimes d'assurance-vie offrent une couverture plus étendue avec primes concurrentielles.
- Le Régime d'assurance-automobile et domiciliaire collective assure une excellente couverture et vous permet de pratiques versements mensuels des primes.

Pour obtenir des renseignements complémentaires au sujet des régimes qui vous sont offerts, il suffit de remplir le bon ci-dessous ou de nous appeler directement.

TO/À: PAFSO Group Insurance Plan/Programme d'assurance collective de l'APASE
412-47 rue Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 (613) 241-1391

Please send application forms for/prière de me faire parvenir les formulaires suivants:

☐ Term Life/Assurance-vie

☐ Auto and Home Insurance/Assurance automobile et propriété

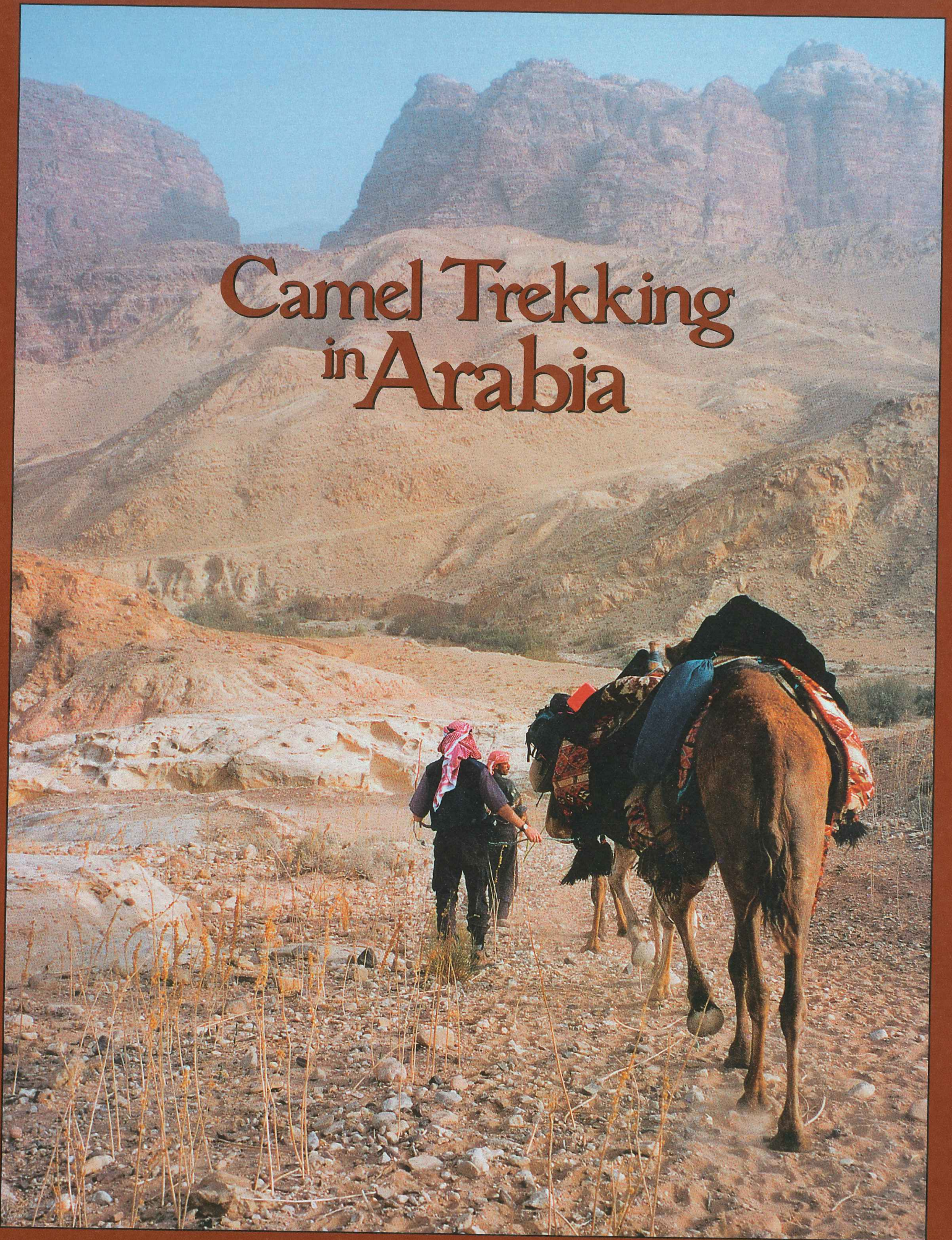
Toll Free Hot Line/Ligne directe sans frais d'interurbain: 1-800-268-3336

Name/Nom:

Address/Adresse:

Code/Code postal:

Camel Trekking in Arabia



photos and story by Vaughn Lantz

It's 5:30 am when the bray of a donkey greets the new day. As the sun peeks above the horizon, other donkeys, roosters and dogs join the chorus. Unable to sleep, I open the tent and watch the morning light unveil the rose coloured cliffs and ancient temples of Petra in the valley below. Once the capital of the Nabatean people, it is now a tourist destination and source of income for the local population. The family of our host, Duklahlah, has prepared a fine breakfast of oranges, hummus, bread and tea. We eat this meal slowly hoping to delay our departure. However, impatient sounds from our camels remind us that it is time to begin

packing our gear. These camels are to be our transportation for the next week as we travel from Petra to Wadi Rum through the mountains and deserts of Jordan.

I had been thinking about undertaking such a journey ever since I had seen the movie "Lawrence of Arabia". Filmed on location in Jordan, the movie contains some magnificent scenes of the desert landscape of the region. Jordan has still not developed its tourism industry, meaning that it is possible to experience the culture and see the country without the large crowds or trappings associated with many destinations. Unfortunately, this lack of a tourism infrastructure also makes it difficult to plan trips outside the major centres. Having a friend

with a similar sense of adventure is useful when setting off into unfamiliar territory. So Al Sutherland and I agreed to meet in Jordan and see what we could arrange.

The capital of Jordan, Amman, has a bustling city centre filled with a multitude of shops selling spices, jewellery, clothing, and household goods. Mosques are located throughout the city and use loudspeakers to call the residents to prayer five times a day. In Roman times, the city was an important commercial and political centre known as Philadelphia. Evidence of its historical roots can still be seen in its 6,000 seat amphitheatre and the palace grounds of the citadel located close to the downtown area. It was in this amphitheatre that Al and I met



Mohammed, a PhD. student in archeology who offered to take us on a tour of some of the sights outside of Amman. Given our interest in seeing the country and learning about its people, we quickly took him up on his offer.

Early the next morning from a windy hillside northwest of Amman, we caught our first glimpse of the Jordan Valley. An important agricultural area, the valley is actually the northern end of the Great Rift Valley of Africa. High above the valley is Ajlun, a 13th century Arab fortress built to protect the region against the Crusaders. Walking through the rooms of this castle is like finding hidden treasures as each apparent dead end gives way to a whole new

series of chambers and corridors. Further to the east is Jerash, one of the most extensive sets of Roman ruins in the region. Amphitheatres for dramas and animal fights, impressive temples to Roman gods, and stately boulevards lined with columns can all be found here. Looking closely at the boulevards, it is possible to see grooves left in the paving stones by Roman chariots.

As a guide, Mohammed was interesting and informative; as a contact, he was invaluable. Learning that we were planning to take a camel trek in the south, he called his friend Duklahlah in Petra and arranged for a car to take us there the next day. Along the way, we stopped for a swim in the Dead Sea, the lowest point on the surface of the earth.

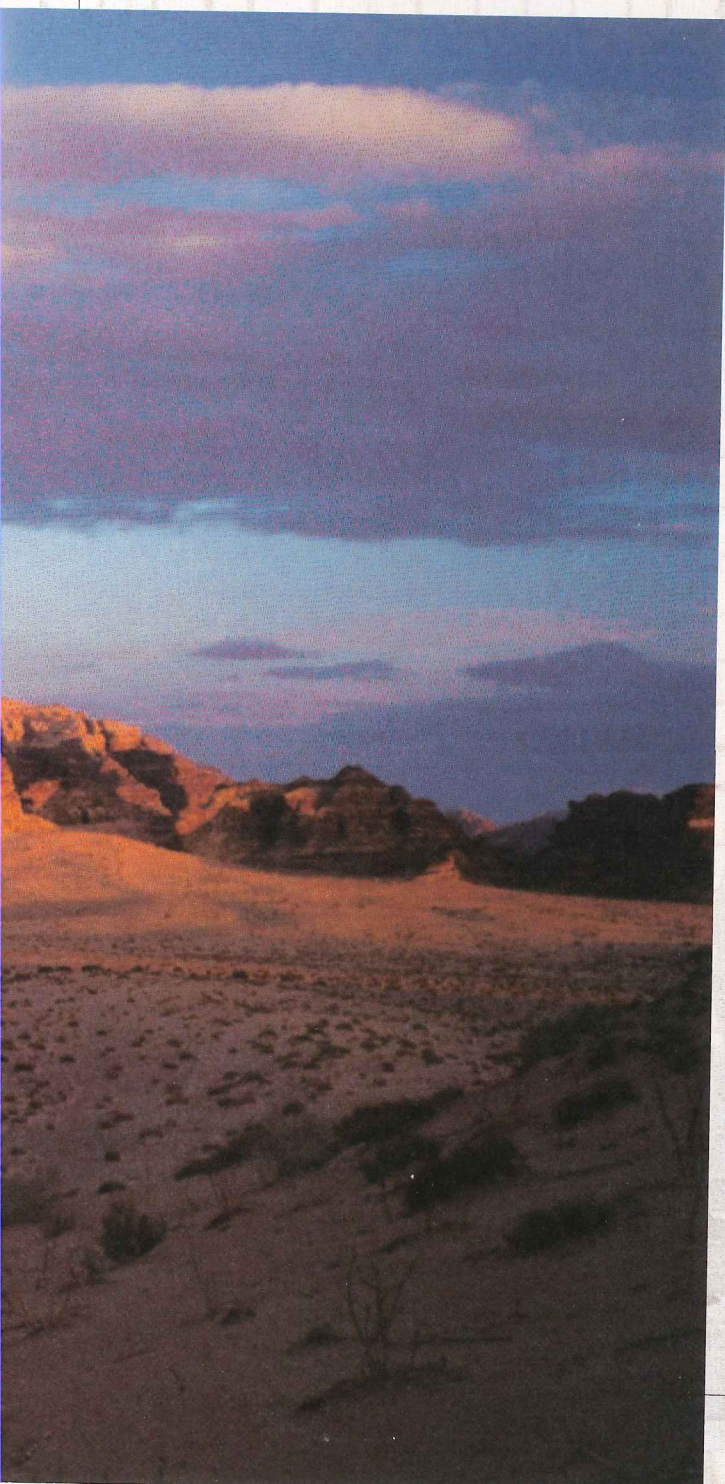
The water of this sea contains so much salt that one actually floats on top of it. As we awkwardly attempted to swim, we were reminded of our proximity to the border by the sound of Israeli jets taking practice bomb runs on the other side. Along the King's Highway to the south of Amman, there are a large number of Byzantine churches and monasteries. The stone mosaics of these churches are a wonder to see in terms of their detail and colour. One of these monasteries, Mt. Nebo, is said to be the burial place of Moses and is portrayed in the movie "The Ten Commandments". Later in the afternoon, we made a final stop along the road to see Kerak, an enormous 12th century Crusader castle that was captured by Saladin in 1188.

Arriving in Petra, we were warmly greeted by Duklahlah and his family. A descendent of the Nabeteans, Duklahlah is an expert stone carver and has been working on the restoration of many of Petra's temples and tombs. His large house has a spectacular view of Petra and is often used as a base by visiting archeologists. On this occasion, a large

group of Dutch archeologists were present, and we shared with them a traditional "mensaf" dinner. This meal consists of lamb, rice, yoghurt and pine nuts and is eaten by hand from a large communal dish. Following the meal, we watched some of the celebrations of the King's birthday on television and began to discuss our plans for the coming week. Despite the offbeat nature of our request, Duklahlah agreed to organize camels and provisions for our journey and asked Auda, one of his eleven children, to be our guide. To our great surprise, he also arranged for Saad, the Sheik of the local tribe, to accompany us.

With these arrangements in place, we were able to spend a few days exploring Petra. At various times, this valley has been home to Edomites, Nabeteans, Romans, Byzantines, Islamic Arabs, Crusaders, and Bedouin. The primary entrance to Petra consists of a very narrow gorge known as the "Siq" which winds through the mountains for a few kilometres before opening in dramatic style to reveal the 40 metre high facade of the Treasury. This monument provided the backdrop for some of the final scenes of "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade". There are similarly impressive temples and tombs carved in the sides of cliffs throughout the valley along with smaller openings that were once used as dwellings. The many levels of these dwellings resemble a kind of ancient condominium complex. Climbing to the top of the cliffs, it is possible to see Nabatean burial sites carved in the stone as well as the high mountains of Wadi Arabi which border the valley. Two days is barely enough time to see the main features of this spectacular valley.

As we loaded our gear onto the camels, I found that I was feeling a little bit apprehensive. Never having ridden a camel before, the thought of spending a full week travelling on one of these "ships of the desert" was somewhat intimidating. Camels have a well-earned reputation for being ill-tempered and, unlike tour buses, they are not designed for comfort and safety. The name



*Title page: A long day ahead — Jordan's desert mountains
This page: Wadi rum — The warm glow of a desert sunset*



of my camel was Reeman which means "gazelle in the mountains", and, according to Auda, he could run like the wind. Al's camel was Shurhan which stands for "strong in the desert". Shurhan had a bit of an attitude and tried to eat everything in sight including plastic bags, rags, and his own saddle blankets. Noting this peculiar habit, Al expressed a strong desire not to find himself on Shurhan's rather varied menu. The name of Saad's camel was Aliann which refers to his village of birth in Egypt. He was the largest of the three camels and carried most of our supplies as well as our two guides.

Despite our apprehension, travel by camel turned out to be most enjoyable. On the way out of Petra, we stopped at the snake monument to have tea with Auda's grandmother. In the 1980s, Jordan moved most of the Bedouin out of Petra to the village where Auda and his family now live. However, his grandmother refused to leave and still lives in one of the ancient stone caves. After tea, we carried on through some rolling hills and by some beautiful mountains including one with a white mosque high above on the summit, Jebel Haroun. Some hours later, we stopped at Wadi Sabra, a pleasant place close to a Bedouin camp

with an oasis. As we set up camp, we noticed that there were pieces of pottery, stones from walls, parts of columns, and other artifacts in the sand all around us. Saad explained that this was one of many old Nabatean and Roman cities in the region that has yet to be excavated. In the meantime, Auda cooked a wonderful meal for all of us consisting of chicken, onions, peppers, tomatoes, potatoes, salt and cumin. As a light rain began, it was time to turn in for the night.

Proceeding through the mountains the next day, we were thankful for the presence of Auda and his knowledge of the region. There are many trails through this area but no markers. On occasion, we came across some incredibly lush areas of vegetation. However, the land was mainly barren rock and sand. Auda began teaching us some of the words he uses to communicate with the camels. A hissing sound directs the camel to kneel, a clicking sound tells him to move forward, and a sharp "shakrun" orders him to stop. That evening while Saad fed the camels, Auda showed us how to bake flat bread in the coals of the fire. Flour, salt and water are kneaded and then buried directly in the coals. After 20 minutes on each side, branches are used to remove the ashes, and

you have fresh bread. After dinner, Auda also demonstrated the use of reeds from the oasis to make flutes. The sound of his music echoed in the valley of our campsite.

There was some light rain again the next morning as we began a long climb up a relatively steep path. Part way up the mountain, we came across a road construction crew using bulldozers to build a new road into the area. There was some interesting symbolism as the crew shut down their equipment to make way for our camels to pass. It was a tough day to be a camel as the climb continued for more than three hours. We finally reached the top of the pass and gave them a well-earned rest. This break also allowed us to stop and admire the incredible view we had in all directions. As we slowly made our way down the path on the other side of the pass, the soil gradually become more sandy, and we began to see large sand dunes in the distance. A cool wind was blowing, and the land in this area appeared particularly stark. Nevertheless, that evening, we had clear skies as we set up camp overlooking what Auda called a "million star hotel", the desert.

After dinner, Saad began to tell us about his people and the role of the Sheik. He is a Sheik of the Howeitat who were previously lead by Auda Abu Tayi of "Lawrence of Arabia" fame. Today, the Sherif of the Howeitat is Nasser, the nephew of King Hussein. There are over three hundred tribes of the Howeitat living in Jordan, Egypt, Tunisia and Saudi Arabia. Each tribe has a Sheik, a hereditary position of considerable

Below: Home cooking in the desert

Right: Petra's Treasury — From a time before budget deficits



importance in their society. If a crime has been committed, the Sheik determines the punishment. For example, a murder could be punishable by death, payment of a fine to the family of the deceased, or exile of the perpetrator's entire tribe for many years. In such matters, the decision of the Sheik is final, but he can choose to ask the government to decide an alternative punishment such as imprisonment. This interesting mix of traditional and modern legal systems apparently functions well as crime does not seem to be a significant problem in the country.

There was a strong wind most of the night, and I awoke to find Aliann curled up next to the tent seeking shelter. His toothy grin was there to greet me as I opened up the tent. Based on this experience, I can confirm that camel breath is not one of the most pleasant smells in the morning. As we made our way down from the hills to the desert, we stopped at a busy oasis. While we were there, it was visited by 15 camels and about 200 goats and sheep. The mood of our camels changed dramatically when we reached the desert. Rather than plodding along at a slow pace, they suddenly wanted to run at high speed, and it took considerable strength to keep them in check. The desert in this area was relatively flat, and it was possible to see for many kilometres in all directions. An interesting aspect of this flat landscape was that it allowed the setting sun to cast incredibly long shadows. However, a significant downside was that it provided little in the way of shelter to protect against wind storms.

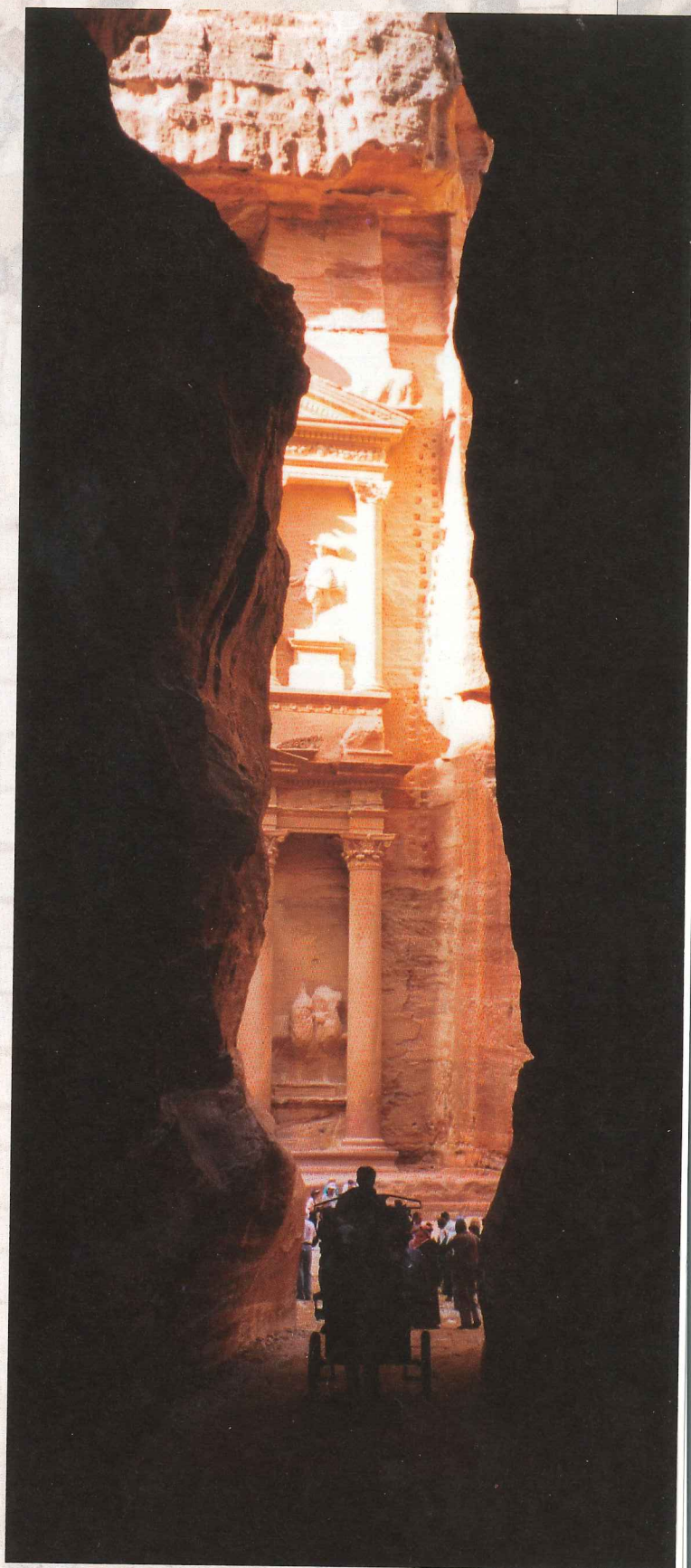
During breaks over the next few days, Auda and Saad talked about some of the many Nabatean and Bedouin myths of the area. In one story, they spoke about treasures of gold in Petra that are guarded by a tall red horse, a black snake and a man dressed in black. In other conversations, they referred to the "symtar", a large tiger-like animal that carries people off in the night and the "nissar", an enormous bird that has a life span of more than 1000 years. In addition to these mythical beasts, they spoke of foxes, wolves and hyenas. I was surprised to hear that hyenas could be found this far north, but Auda confirmed that there had been numerous sightings around Tafila, a town north of Petra. This town is also known for the oddness of its residents, and there were numerous "Tafila jokes" told throughout the trip. These stories and jokes made for enjoyable evenings around the campfire.

As we approached Wadi Rum, we had to cross the Desert Highway which connects Amman with Aqaba. Dressed as we were with some traditional clothing to protect against the sun and sand, we must have looked like Bedouin coming out of the

desert to a busload of tourists who stopped to take photos. We were pleased to leave behind the noise of the highway as we ventured into the desert once again. We set up our last campsite on a sand dune with a wonderful view of Wadi Rum in the distance. That evening, the setting sun turned the sand and high cliffs around us a brilliant orange. The next morning we proceeded towards Wadi Rum and rode beneath the 5,000 foot cliffs of this spectacular valley. I was reminded of Lawrence's first impressions of this valley when he wrote, "our little caravan grew self-conscious, and fell dead quiet, afraid and ashamed to flaunt its smallness in the presence of the stupendous hills".

Having arrived at the end of our journey, we said our farewells to Auda and Saad and made our way to Aqaba for some much needed rest and relaxation of a more modern kind. In Aqaba, there was time for scuba diving in the Red Sea and some souvenir shopping. As Al and I made our way into one store, we noticed something familiar about the shopkeeper. It turns out that he had been Omar Sharif's stunt double in "Lawrence of Arabia". Despite its apparent size, it seems that the desert is a small world after all. ☺

Vaughn Lantz is currently on posting in Singapore. He has served in the Central and Eastern Europe Branch of CIDA and is a former Policy Advisor to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.



A man in a dark suit and tie is smiling and holding a check in front of him with both hands. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

Si, l' assegno é stato inviato per posta.

Translation... The check is in the mail!

Are you hearing an old cliché from your insurance company? By purchasing insurance from local companies you probably think that your claims will be settled faster or your premiums will cost less. The reality is that these companies often find any excuse to delay a claim — and we've heard them all!

Clements is a North American company with 50 years experience insuring the American and Canadian Foreign Service at home and abroad. Our reputation was built on providing outstanding insurance programs with unexcelled service at very competitive prices. So one thing you'll never hear from us is "L' assegno é stato inviato per posta."

Translation... Clements covers you!



CLEMENTS & COMPANY
Insurance Worldwide.

1660 L Street, NW, 9th Floor
Washington, DC 20036

TELEPHONE 202-872-0060 or
800-872-0067

FACSIMILE 202-466-9064

E-MAIL info@clements.com

WEBSITE <http://www.clements.com>

The Top Hat

by J.C. Gordon Brown

In the early 1950s, when I was a third secretary in Berne on my first post, formal dealings with the Swiss were infrequent at my junior level. But, every New Year's Day, I had to accompany the head of post — in those ancient days only a Minister — when he paid his respects to the President of the Swiss Confederation. The ceremony took place in the Federal Palace, the building that housed the cabinet and the legislature.

On the first day of every year, the Swiss changed their president by rotation among the six members of the federal council, and the new president gave an audience of about ten minutes to each foreign head of mission. The calls began at nine in the morning. The bleary-eyed diplomats of Berne entered at fifteen minute intervals, the schedule determined by the place of each ambassador or minister in the diplomatic pecking order based on when they had presented their credentials. The right dress for the occasion was national diplomatic uniform; those from countries like Canada which had no official uniform had to appear in formal evening dress of white tie and tails — and arrive at the Palace wearing a top hat.

Had my wife not discovered the Brockenhaus soon after our arrival in Berne, the need for a top hat would have placed another severe strain on our budget. Situated in the old town and run by a charitable organization, the Brockenhaus was a respectable second-hand store crammed with treasures of generations long gone. Hats of every description, civil and military, lay in a jumble on one shelf and the price of the best top hat was right: fifty centimes — one Canadian dime. My presidential levee dress problem was solved.

The hat was below stovepipe height, representing the style of a few decades after Abraham Lincoln. The label of a London maker gave it status and the beaver slickness was there, beneath the dust and ruffled inattention, to be restored by the gentle stroking of kid gloves. Before the first of January that followed, the hat had been pampered into an appearance that belied it three score years.

I held the hat carefully as I went with my Minister to the Federal Palace. When we left his car, I attempted to place the hat on my head but desisted when I realized that its height would be increased because its head size was too small for me. We entered the building where an usher waited to take our headgear into safekeeping while we

made our call on the president. Less than fifteen minutes later we were back at the cloakroom to give the customary gratuity of five francs each as we retrieved our hats from the usher. Nothing in his demeanour, as he handed my hat back to me, hinted that he knew that it was worth only one-tenth of the tip.

A year later, the hat repeated its appearance at the Federal Palace. It also played a new role when it was worn by an American friend at a fancy dress ball which he attended as the Mad Hatter. Thus it was that, among my junior and equally impecunious diplomatic colleagues, it became known that I possessed a top hat. The setting was laid for its last New Year's Day in Berne when it scored a hat trick.

On that day, the respective seniority of three heads of mission — my chief, the Irish and the Australian — made possible three wearings to the Federal Palace and three deposits in the cloakroom. After I had carried the hat to and from the ceremony, I met the Irish Second Secretary by arrangement at a nearby corner and transferred the hat

to him. When he had used it, he passed it on to the Australian. My friends failed to detect any sign of recognition of the hat by the usher when he received his second and third five-franc gratuities for its keeping that morning.

After Switzerland, the top hat lead a domestic existence in Ottawa, contributing now and then to the amusement of our daughters and their playmates. More battered as time went by, it continued to be a family fixture when we were posted to South Africa. In 1960, the hat came close to extinction when a burglar, ransacking our house by candlelight, used it as a stand for the candles.

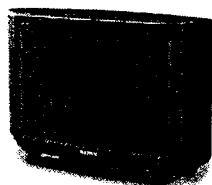
Grease now matted the beaver pelt. The hat's glory days were over.

One cold evening in Ottawa in the early 1960s, I gave the top hat a decent cremation in the fire place. A few years later, when I had to dress up to present credentials in my own first post as ambassador, a new top hat was needed. En route to the post, I bought one in London. It cost six hundred times its antique and illustrious predecessor.

J.C. Gordon Brown was a member of the foreign service from 1947 to 1979, stationed abroad in Switzerland, South Africa, Soviet Union, Congo, Cyprus and Seattle.

OVERSEAS ELECTRONICS WORLD WIDE COMPATIBILITY

✿ PAL~SECAM~NTSC Television Systems ✿ PAL System Camcorder ✿



✿ 110~220 Volts 50/60Hz ✿



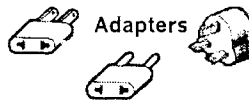
Multisystem VCR's



✿ 220 Volt 50 Hz Appliances ✿ 110~220 Volt Transformers ✿



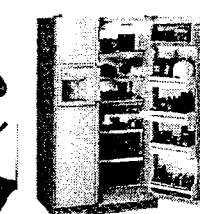
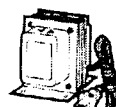
Tools



Adapters



Transformers



Telephones

✿ Mini Hi Fi Stereos ✿ We Do Video Conversions & Copies ✿

Tel: (613) 235-4414 Fax: (613) 235-2485
584 Gladstone Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 5P3

Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Direct Intervention: Canada-France Relations 1967-1974
reviewed by John J. Noble

As Far As Ever the Puffin Flew
reviewed by John Treleaven

DIRECT INTERVENTION: CANADA-FRANCE RELATIONS 1967-1974 by Eldon Black, Carleton University Press, p. 203, \$27.95

Reviewed by John J. Noble

John Noble, Minister in Paris, has served in Dakar, Ankara, London, Geneva and as Ambassador to Greece; as DG in three Bureaux in Ottawa and as Departmental and Ministerial Spokesman.

It is not every day that one of your predecessors publishes a book about his professional activities in the post you currently occupy. Eldon (Pat) Black's book *Direct Intervention: Canada-France Relations 1967-1974* is a fascinating read. It brings back a lot of memories, a lot of old battles, together with a realization of how similar some things still are; and yet how much they have changed for the better. Black chronicles the darkest period of Canada-France relations from De Gaulle's infamous cry from the City Hall balcony in Montreal to the first visit to France in ten years by a Canadian Prime Minister in 1974.

Black outlines the direct intervention by Presidents De Gaulle and Pompidou and their Ministers and officials in Canadian affairs and the constant efforts by the Canadian Government and its Embassy staff in Paris to combat and/or clarify French interventions in this regard. Black covers the battles waged over the birth of la Francophonie and the various attempts by France to give Quebec an international presence. He covers the contentious issue of visits by French Ministers to Quebec without going to Ottawa, including that of Minister De Lipkowski, which both infuriated PM Trudeau and finished De Lipkowski's political career in France. Trudeau's comments about that visit were used by the French as an excuse to delay inviting him to France. Black recalls how former BC Premier W.A.C. Bennett, highly sceptical of warnings from Ottawa bureaucrats, became convinced after listening to De Lipkowski in Paris that there was a plot in official French circles to destroy Canadian unity.

In analyzing the fallout from the General's balcony statement, Black recalls that during the Cabinet discussion of how the Canadian Government should react,

two junior ministers and future PMs, Pierre Trudeau and Jean Chrétien, urged a strong reaction, otherwise people in France would think the Canadian government was weak. Minister Chrétien informed his colleagues of how the provincial government had bussed people from his riding to Trois Rivières for organized demonstrations during the General's passage.

Black recalls the nature of the immediate responses by Mayor Jean Drapeau and Prime Minister Pearson, including Pearson's fury at De Gaulle's comparison of his reception in Quebec to that which he had received after the liberation of Paris. He reports the conclusions of External Affairs officials that "Ottawa should stick to its policy of a balance between rejection of outside interference and reaffirmation of the importance it attaches to relations with France". However difficult, it should be "business as usual" with France unless further provoked. The other conclusion of the team was that the fate of Canada lay in Canada and that Ottawa and Quebec City must have a continuing dialogue.

As part of his prologue, Black outlines some serious policy differences between his first Ambassador, Jules Léger and the then Under-Secretary, Marcel Cadieux, about the conduct of France/Canada relations. Léger thought that Cadieux and the Canadian Government were too legalistic in their approach. However, Black outlines that the approach got even tougher with the arrival of the Trudeau Government. He mentions (without providing details) that President De Gaulle had taken exception to a phrase in Ambassador Léger's presentation of Letters of Credentials in 1964, which had limited the Ambassador's further access to the President. (Cadieux apparently was furious and demanded to know why Léger had not cleared his remarks with Ottawa. A lesson for all would-be Ambassadors!) This incident, which occurred before Black's arrival in Paris, may have tempered relations between Léger and Cadieux throughout Léger's time in Paris. It also shows the hollowness of Lucien Bouchard's claim that Léger was undercut by anglophone colleagues in External.

Black arrived in Paris just before President De Gaulle's November 27, 1967 press conference in which he openly espoused Quebec sovereignty. He attended that press conference as his baptism under fire. During the Cabinet discussion which followed concerning how Canada should react, Justice Minister Trudeau told his colleagues "that the Government's whole approach to the present constitutional difficulty is pragmatic and incoherent. The Government is forever reacting to isolated incidents and has no overall strategy... It is not giving leadership to the country". Foreign Minister Paul Martin advised against rash actions and urged a business as usual attitude because, in effect, there was no alternative. That did not mean doing nothing to contain De Gaulle, but rather that one had to go to the source of the problem, which was Quebec and not Paris.

Black recalls Prime Minister Trudeau's first encounter with PM Couve de Murville (at Premier Daniel Johnson's funeral), where Trudeau questioned the logic of France's policy towards Canada. Couve told Trudeau that France was against separatism and had no interest in seeing Canada split up, for the French Fact in North America could only survive in a larger political context. Couve believed that if Quebec was to separate it would be assimilated, as were the Franco-Americans of New England. Trudeau told Couve that French policy did not square with that assessment. Black notes that Pierre Trudeau was Prime Minister for six and a half years and had won three elections before he was invited to Paris in 1974.

Black recalls that when Jean Guy Cardinal, Deputy Premier and fill-in for an ill Premier Bertrand, came to Paris in January 1969, he was received at the Élysée Palace four times in five days. However "when it came to substance, there appeared to be a certain caution on both sides that contrasted with the warmth of the reception". Regarding the same visit Black noted that the Canadian press concentrated on appearances and that the French press generally did not report on the visit at all. (Little has changed in this respect.)

Black has an interesting chapter on what "business as usual" meant for the running of the Embassy: diplomatic reporting; trade

relations (too small); nuclear policy and satellite communications; visits from other provinces; commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of WW I; visits by Canadian parliamentarians; deficiencies in the Department's attitude towards the importance of cultural and press relations in foreign policy; problems of renovating the building bought for the Cultural Centre using a unilingual architect who could not work in French.

The opening of the Cultural Centre in 1972 provided an occasion for a marked improvement in France/Canada relations and the visit to Paris of Foreign Minister Mitchell Sharp. In his discussions with French Foreign Minister Schumann, Sharp said he could not accept the French position that the nature of its relations with Canada "depended on the policy of the Quebec Government in power at the time". While true, it was ironic that the arrival in power of Robert Bourassa's government in Quebec, with a commitment to a federal system, was a further impetus to normalisation. During Bourassa's visit to Paris there were no protocol incidents. Bourassa told President Pompidou that De Gaulle's 1967 visit to Canada had done more harm than good because De Gaulle had used the slogan of a separatist party

and then taken an intransigent attitude toward the rest of Canada.

Black attributes part of the return to normalisation in France/Canada relations to the arrival of a "political Ambassador" with clout, Léo Cadieux, who had been a member of the Trudeau cabinet. When Black left Paris in 1971, he returned to Ottawa to become Director General for European Affairs. He continues his chronicle for several years following the arrival of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing as President and the negotiation of the Canada/European Community Contractual Link, which was a direct result of the "Third Option" policy introduced by Mitchell Sharp.

Trudeau's first official visit to Paris as Prime Minister came in the fall of 1974. During the visit, Trudeau met both President Giscard and French Prime Minister Jacques Chirac, who made clear that his government wanted to see tangible results from cooperation with all of Canada.

Black concludes by noting that from 1974 on, in general, France kept to its policy of non-indifference and non-interference, even when the Parti Québécois was in power. As a post-script Black suggests that if French-speaking Canadians are to identify with Canada's foreign policy, they must have a window on the world. That means a close and special relationship with France, which

is in Canada's national interest. Black cautions that the reverse is not true for France. The French are highly suspicious of North America. Their "cousins in Canada" are not high on the French agenda except in emotional terms; history and a bad conscience over leaving French Canada in a lurch over two hundred years ago are compelling forces. But when it comes to economic matters, "the cousins" live in North America and are part of NAFTA. "As far as the French are concerned, Quebec will have to face the consequences of its geography and neighbouring economies essentially alone".

Black acknowledges that in this complex relationship, disputes will arise and it will be important for successive Canadian Governments to differentiate between issues which are absolutely essential to Canadian interests and those which are not. Black suggests the distinction is not always evident because some Canadians are still inclined to replay the Battle of the Plains of Abraham and consider every dispute with France a major confrontation, or alternatively, to refuse to recognize that in key cases French policy directly affects Canadian national interests.

Gazing into the future, Black admits there is a possibility that Quebec will leave Canada. He concludes that, notwithstanding the fact that the vast majority of French politicians, including Gaullists, have insisted that separation would mean the eventual disappearance of the French Fact in North America, France's policy towards Canada retains enough duality that if Quebec, after a sovereignist win in a referendum, asked for recognition from France, the latter would "likely oblige". If that were to happen Black suggests "it would be one of the rare occasions in French history when sentiment prevailed over raison d'état".



AS FAR AS EVER THE PUFFIN FLEW, by Frank Petrie, Vantage Press, Inc., 1996, 353 pp. \$21.95

Reviewed by John Treleaven

John Treleaven joined the Trade Commissioner Service of the Department of Trade and Commerce in 1968. He has served abroad in Sao Paulo, San Juan, London, San José, Hong Kong and Tokyo. He is currently Ambassador to the Philippines.

Puffins are interesting birds. They are the provincial birds of Newfoundland and Labrador. Their beauty attracts tourists from Europe and Japan every summer. Their impact on the tourism industry exceeds that

Pour vos besoins financiers

SI VOUS DÉSIREZ

- ♦ Améliorer vos rendements ♦
- ♦ Diversifier votre portefeuille ♦
- ♦ Des taux garantis supérieurs aux dépôts à terme ♦
- ♦ Des stratégies profitables pour les marchés actuels ♦
- ♦ Planifier votre retraite ♦



LÉVESQUE BEAUBIEN GEOFFRION INC.

Votre partenaire financier

Jacques Filion

(Ex-délégué commercial 1968-86)

50 O'Connor, Bureau 1602, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 6L2

Bur.: (613) 236-0103 / Téléc.: (613) 236-5916

**REÉR autogérés * Fonds d'investissement * Placements garantis
Actions * Abris fiscaux * Gestion de portefeuilles**

of whale watching. Every outpost is home to puffins who each winter migrate, but just over the horizon to the Grand Banks. There is rich Newfoundland humour in the title which came from a discussion the author had with Don Jamieson, then Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce, many years ago in Kuala Lumpur — "Frank, you and I have come a long way; I am talking geographically. If we were any farther from Newfoundland, we would be on our way home again. Frank, we have gone as far as the puffin ever flew."

This is a celebration of the life and career of a well-traveled public servant who clearly enjoyed coming to the office every day of his professional life. I think Frank enjoyed the writing as it once again took him through an era of momentous historical change, his friendships and travels. The author in his own words has written "a relatively minor player's recollections and thoughts on people and events that played a role in developing the global economy that is encompassing us today."

why public servants stay in the public service

This is an important book. It represents one insider's view of an era which transformed this country from dependence on trade protectionism to embracing the philosophy and promise of free trade. Frank played a part in this transformation from the vantage point of the GATT Secretariat and later our Mission to the GATT. In Ottawa, a series of trade policy related assignments was followed by positions from which he worked in support of the export development objectives of Canadian companies. He offers incisive comments on many of the Ministers he served from George (You Can't Do Business Sitting On your Ass) Hees, Mitchell Sharp, Jean Luc Pepin, Donald MacDonald, Alistair Gillespie, Michael Wilson, Don Jamieson, Jack Horner, Ed Lumley, Herb Gray and Gerry Regan to name a few. In tracing his route through a 35-year career it is entirely true to character that Frank Petrie should wish to join the school of autobiographers who write to share rather than to take credit for accomplishments in his time.

From his early days in Newfoundland the book describes how he left "the rock" to join the Canadian government. Prior to joining the federal government Frank

worked for two years in Australia for the Department of External Territories, where he met his wife, and for a short while with Canada Packers in St. John's. Joining DND, he moved to National Revenue and then after winning a competition moved to the International Trade Relations Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce.

There followed two postings in Geneva, once to the GATT Secretariat and once to our Mission, a secondment to the PCO, and a variety of policy related jobs in the Department. As Director of the Pacific, Asia, and Africa Branch, Frank began in earnest his travels with Ministers, with increasing focus on the trade development objectives of Canadian industry. After a posting to Sydney as Consul General, he moved into the private sector to become President of the Canadian Exporters' Association (now the Alliance of Canadian Exporters and Manufacturers) where he played an equally important role advocating for the private sector.

Throughout his journey Frank provides evidence of the impact that one "public servant" can have on the great and not so great issues of the day, the success of Canadian companies in the international marketplace, and the enormous amount of work yet to be done for this country to reach its full potential.

With the publication of this book, Frank Petrie joins a small but an important list of our colleagues who have taken time to record their experiences for a wider world — Arthur Andrew, Charles Ritchie, Escott Reid, Arnold Heeney, James Manion, Mike Pearson, George Ignatieff, John Kneale, Hugh Keenleyside and David Reece, to name a few. Each has added to the understanding, both within the government and with the public, of the complex world in which Canada must work to achieve its national objectives, and the contribution of government to this achievement.

As Far As Ever the Puffin Flew helps answer the question, posed so often by business people, as to why public servants stay in the public service. The substantive challenges offered by the work are unequalled. The foreign service in particular offers the opportunity to work with some of the best and brightest not just in Canada but around the world.

In the early pages, I was put off by what I thought was an underlying theme of the book "the world and I". I was wrong. As I read on, I found I could not put it down. While many biographers write to take credit for shaping events, the author has written this book to give credit to people with whom he had worked to achieve success. In this book, Frank has taken the time to remember the hundreds of people who have helped him.

Many of the people and the incidents which form the texture of the author's story are from the professional life I know well. This will be the case with all readers of **bout de papier**.

But this book deserves study by a far wider audience than just you and I. "Puffin" should be mandatory reading for our Ministers and perhaps particularly for our colleagues in Treasury Board for whom understanding the demands of the Foreign Service life has always been a challenge. As the sociologists say, we in the foreign service are engaged in very "high context" work. Our ability to succeed depends directly on our success in generating support for Canadian interests and positions from people abroad both from our natural allies and from those who have no inherent reason to support us.

Frank Petrie brings his story to a close with a series of observations of the future world Canada and Canadians are constructing for themselves. "It will be a major task in the twenty-first century for the world community to develop common outlooks and views about this shrinking world of ours." Frank spent his career doing this — one relationship at a time. He encourages us to do the same.



ATTENTION MAGAZINE ADDICTS

No, this isn't about 12-step meetings for magazine junkies. Instead, we're announcing the arrival of **Great Canadian Magazines 1998!** — a subscription catalogue with over 200 Canadian titles, covering just about every topic you could ever imagine.

To receive your copy, send in your completed coupon along with \$5 (includes GST, shipping and handling). We also accept VISA or MasterCard orders by fax or phone.

Yes! Send me **Great Canadian Magazines 1998!** I enclose my cheque or credit card information for \$5 (GST, postage and handling are included).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov _____
Postal Code _____
Telephone _____
☐ Cheque Enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard
_____ Expiry Date _____
Signature _____

Thank you for subscribing!



Canadian Magazine Publishers Association
130 Spadina Ave., #202 Toronto, ON M5V 2L4
Tel: (416) 504-0274 Fax: (416) 504-0437

GREAT GIFT IDEA! 10% OFF
on two or more subscriptions!

NEW GOOD REASONS **3** FOR INVESTING IN Tradex mutual funds

1 Lower annual management expense ratios

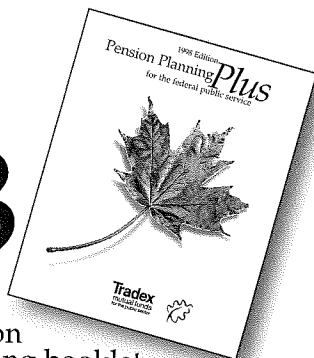
Tradex Bond Fund	Tradex Canadian Growth Fund	Tradex Emerging Markets Country Fund
1.0%	1.5%	2.5%

2 Professional financial planning assistance at no charge



Brien Marshall
B.Comm, CFP

3



Free
pension
planning booklet
for the federal public service

**Contact Tradex for a free information kit
on all three Tradex no-load mutual funds**

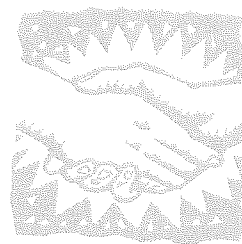
Tradex
mutual funds
for the public sector

Tradex Management Inc.
World Exchange Plaza
45 O'Connor St., Suite 1610
Ottawa K1P 1A4
Tel.: 233-3394



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

**Support
our advertisers**



**Appuyez
nos annonceurs**

List of Advertisers

Acart.....	p. 33
Albert College.....	p. 29
Alpha-Beta Group	p. 47
AMJ Campbell.....	p. 46
BDO Dunwoody	p. 10
Bennet Household Management	p. 5
Bentons Fashions	p. 47
Bishop's College School	p. 8
bout de papier subscription ..	p. 17
Boyd Moving & Storage Ltd. ...	OBC
Camp Tawingo.....	p. 21
Canadian College Italy	p. 31
Capital Alliance Ventures	p. 4
Clements & Company	p. 40
CPMA	p. 44
Couchiching Conference.....	p. 5
Déménagement & Entreposage	
Boyd Ltée.	p. 11
Edward Jones	p. 30
Elizabeth Antiques	
Appraisal Service	p. 28
Foreign Service Exam	p. 32
Greentree & Company	p. 17
Greentree & Company	p. 32
Interart Evaluation	p. 6
J&H Marsh & McLennan	p. 9
Kenloe Group	p. 28
Kenny and Associates.....	p. 15
Lakefield College.....	p. 16
Lecours + Lemire + Morin	p. 4
Lévesque Beaubien	
Geoffrion Inc.	p. 43
MKI Travel & Conference	
Management	p. 25
Myers Chev-Olds	p. 10
Pagic Property Management..	p. 24
Patrick O'Rourke, lawyer	p. 25
Overseas Electronics	p. 41
PAFSO Insurance Plan	p. 34
Reed Mather Insurance Group	IBC
Royal Lepage	p. 24
Shawnigan Lake School.....	p. 26
TMS Associates	IFC
Tradex	p. 45
Trinity College	p. 48
United Fuels	p. 48
Ian Warren, Barr. & Sol.	p. 8

Buenas tardes, Señor Liebnitz

*A puzzle con salsa
by A Aalto*

It was a beautiful evening in Boca Grande, capital of the small yet unimportant state of Escorial. Warm breezes ruffled the palms in the Embassy gardens as the reception got underway. The orchestra played a gentle medley by Stomping Tom Connors and PDQ Bach, while cod and maple syrup hors d'oeuvres circulated among the country's elite.

The visiting Prime Minister chatted calmly with Escorial's leader, Generalissimo Don Gordo Ballena de Puerco y Frejoles. "I almost had to cancel this visit because of the weather," said the PM. "We thought it was another ice storm, but it was just my Finance Minister's reaction to the bank merger." Don Gordo's bodyguard frowned in puzzlement.

Political Officer Attila McGee was in the gazebo behind the swimming pool, playing strip poker with a charming young lady named Esmeralda he had just met at the reception. He was of course cheating. Esmeralda, who had a PhD in combinatorial mathematics, knew it, but thought he was cute. He was unaware that she was Don Gordo's daughter.

Commercial Counsellor Morton Orillia was working hard to nail down another contract to add to the visiting delegation's total: a thousand gross of electric neckties that flashed "Kiss me in the dark, baby". Unfortunately, the man to whom he was talking was not (as Morton believed) the owner of the Cardinal Sin boutique, but rather a lisping local Cardinal named Thin. Fortunately, the tie was in any event refusing to light up.

Behind the bar, Office Manager Douleur des Ormeaux desperately tried to move 25 cases of screech before the auditors arrived to check up on the departmentally-mandated "Use Our Booze" program. The last three guests who tried it had just been taken away.

And from a window overlooking the garden came that most familiar of diplomatic sounds, an Ambassador going ballistic. "You find those f***ing beavers before the alligator ceremony, Africa, or I'll have you peacekeeping in Moose Jaw by Monday!"

An ashen-faced Felix Africa, First Secretary (Consular) and head of the Centre's office, stumbled out of the Ambassador's office and stared in anguished appeal at his friend, who had arrived earlier that day with the delegation. "You've got to help me, Liebnitz," he pleaded. "The PMO sent down

a pair of beaver ahead of the PM, to be presented to Don Gordo tonight in exchange for a pair of alligators. Jimmy the Turk, who I replaced only yesterday, was put in charge. But he was browned off at the Ambassador for making him draft the Embassy's contribution to the Business Plan when Jimmy wanted the time off for the local saturnalia. So Jimmy hid the beavers, submitted the Business Plan in code and took off without telling anyone."

Liebnitz blanched. "The Business Plan? The one that drove an ADM nuts last year, and ate three interns? The one that had E Branch setting up a factory for whoopie cushions to keep Senators awake, until someone told them that "business line" was only a figure of speech? The one that made it necessary to delete 'Knowledge' from the appraisal criteria for EX promotions, as no-one who had read a copy could remember their name?"

Africa replied, "That's the one. The Ambassador wants me to decipher the Plan tonight, so he can get it into the bag leaving first thing tomorrow. AND he insists I find the beavers before the end of the reception. The only break I've got is that Jimmy wrote down the location of the beavers — HSMDEVSDBEONBZDLG — in the same cipher he used for the Plan here." So saying,

he handed the ace logician a table with the row and column headings of a planning document but the other entries unreadable.

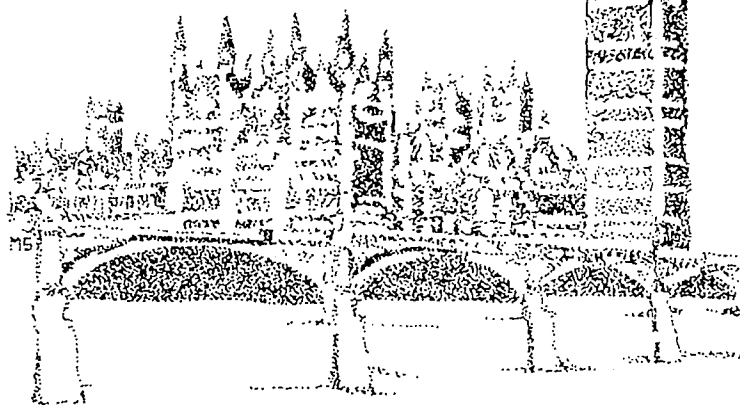
Liebnitz pondered the document. "Well, this isn't too tough. The cipher he used seems to be a simple alphabetical substitution, with one letter in the cipher-text always replacing the same letter in the plain-text of the original message. You can generally solve these puzzles by doing a letter-count and working things out from there. E is usually the most common letter, with A/I/N/O/R/S/T next in some order. Since Jimmy was obviously feeling generous, did he leave us any other clues?"

Africa said, "Yes he did. He told our secretary that if you wrote out the cipher-text letters in a column in alphabetical order from A to Z and then wrote down the plain-text equivalent letter beside each cipher-text letter, the first half of the plain-text letters would include out a word that contained all five vowels."

With that clue, Liebnitz and Africa quickly solved the cipher and restored the Business Plan to readable form (unfortunately). They also quickly figured out where Jimmy had put the beavers. Just as they were dashing from Africa's office, however, they were stopped by a prolonged bull-like roar and a loud crash from the garden.

LONDON

*We cater to the diplomatic
community whether your next
posting is in London or, anywhere
else in the world.*



AMJ CAMPBELL

INTERNATIONAL MOVERS

(613) 737-0000

OTTAWA, ONTARIO



While they were working, the reception had deteriorated. Strolling through the birch grove at the back of the garden, Don Gordo had come across Attila and Esmeralda in the final stages of their card game. Picking up a nearby alligator and brandishing it by the tail, he lumbered with surprising speed after the rapidly departing political officer, shouting Spanish imprecations of such inventiveness and vigour that other guests started

taking notes. Don Gordo's bodyguard joined the chase but was tripped by Esmeralda just as he passed the orchestra pavilion, winding up wedged head-first into a tuba.

As Attila rounded the corner between the grove and the gym, Don Gordo was catching up. Suddenly, the Embassy officer slipped on a fallen canape and went to his knees by the edge of the pool. Just as the enraged father raised an equally enraged

alligator to brain him, however, one of the large birch trees behind them toppled majestically down and knocked Don Gordo into the water. Attila dashed quickly over to a laughing Esmeralda, a pair of beavers waddled out from the grove to inspect their work with a professional air, and the startled alligator scampered off to the adjacent jacuzzi, where he interrupted a close theological discussion between the Ambassador's wife and Cardinal Thin.

Don Gordo was meanwhile floundering in the water and bellowing for help. Ever the cool manager, the Ambassador delegated the rescue to Morton Orillia. The Commercial Counsellor threw himself wildly into the pool just as Don Gordo realized he was in the shallow end, stood up and stomped up the ladder. As others gathered to rescue Orillia, who in fact couldn't swim, Douleur des Ormeaux handed the generalissimo the first glass of strong spirits that came to hand. As the screech hit Don Gordo's palate, his face adopted a rainbow coloration and paisley pattern that would have overjoyed Timothy Leary, his mustache started revolving like a propeller and all the gold braid on his uniform melted. Many commented on the improvement in his appearance. Staggering back, he grabbed the sopping Morton Orillia for support just as a short circuit from the pool water finally lit

Bungle in the Jungle: Answers

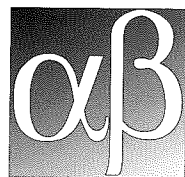
The square that saved Tweedie's life was the one where TANDOORI and 1643 intersect.
EXPLANATION

The plaque with the name "DI Mendeleyev" under the table refers to Mendeleyev's Periodic Table of the Elements, which he first drew up in 1869. The rest of the clues all refer to specific elements.

The first six clues refer to SILVER (the Lone Ranger's horse), RADIUM (discovered in 1898 by Marie and Pierre Curie, the only married couple to win a Nobel), COPPER (a policeman), IODINE (from the first aid kit), SILICON (a major component of sand and the basis of microchips) and NEON (the signs illuminating Times Square). The sign at the front reads ONE SYMBOL AFTER ANOTHER: if you string together the chemical symbols for these elements in order, you get Ag-Ra-Cu-I-Si-Ne or "Agra Cuisine". Of the words on the board, only TANDOORI fits that description.

The second set of six clues refers to TIN (Grass's "Tin Drum", a tin can, Haley as the Tin Man), ARSENIC (as in "Arsenic and Old Lace" with Grant and Horton), GOLD (the Golden Fleece, Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech and the fairy-tale gold-spinner), IRON (Chancellor, Lady and Cross), KRYPTON (where Superman came from) and MERCURY (the space program and Freddy Mercury of Queen). The sign at the front reads NUMBERS followed by a formula. If you take the atomic numbers of each of the elements and plug them into the formula in order, the result is 1643.

protect your home and investment with the



Alpha - Beta Group

945 Pinewood Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario K2B 5Y3

Residential Property Management

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

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

For more information call 596-5880 or 596-4116

BENTONS FASHIONS

Quality Men's Clothing

Affordable Prices

Expert Tailoring

Simon R. Smith - Prop.
240 Sparks
Ottawa, Ontario
K1P 6C9
(613) 235-6155

up the Commercial Officer's electric neckwear. "Kiss me in the dark, baby?" wondered the confused *Presidente*. So Morton thought of his country and did.

A considerable time later, having rounded up the beavers for the ceremonial exchange, Liebnitz and Africa watched while Don Gordo congratulated a bemused Prime Minister for the best party he'd attended in years, personally signed the contract for Morton's thousand gross of ties and took delivery of the entire consignment of Newfoundland firewater. As the Ambassador said while the other guests departed, "This reception has been a classic of its kind. We shall never see its like again. With luck. Now what about that business plan, Africa?"

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's and Africa's feat by deciphering the Business Plan table and working out where Jimmy the Turk put the beavers? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by June 15, 1998. The winner will receive a book prize autographed by A Aalto.

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto is recovering from Canada's Year of Asia Pacific with a swing through other parts of the world. Any resemblance between this story and (say) a Team Canada mission is of course entirely coincidental. Right.



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

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

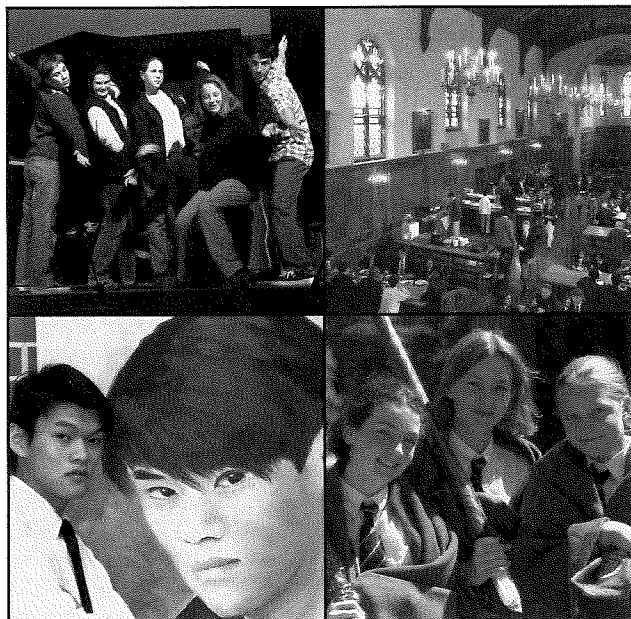
HomEnergy



36 Bentley Avenue, Nepean, Ont.
727-5200 Fax: 225-6350

PREPARE FOR THE GLOBAL MARKET

Trinity is a community that provides a nurturing environment for young men and women to thrive, both personally and academically.



Trinity is international in scope with 25% of the community originating from 32 countries.

Students are exposed to a balanced culture filled with academics, arts, athletics and access to the latest information technology.

The entrepreneurial spirit fostered at Trinity prepares its students for the competitive life of university and the exciting challenges of the global marketplace.

For more information, please contact our Admissions Office:

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

Phone: (905) 885-3209 Fax: (905) 885-9690

E-mail: klavery@tcs.on.ca



Look us up on the internet at <http://www.tcs.on.ca>

Trinity is a co-ed day and residential school (Grade 7 - OAC).

Let's get together...

We'll show you the benefits of your group plan



PAFSO Group Home & Auto Insurance Program



Group insurance plans give you more.

- ☞ Preferred Group Rates
- ☞ Easy No-Interest Monthly Payments
- ☞ Comprehensive Group Benefits
- ☞ Coverage on Rented Dwellings
- ☞ Automobile, Homeowners, Boats
- ☞ Cottages, Condominiums, Apartments
- ☞ 24 Hour Claims Hotline

Find out how easy it is. Call today and speak with Gord Young,
your licensed PAFSO Home & Auto representative.

1-800-268-3336

Canada Wide

It's that simple!



Reed Mather Insurance Group



Traders General Insurance Company



YOU CAN TRUST EXPERIENCE

Since 1947, we have been providing professional relocation services to Foreign Affairs employees. BOYD MOVING & STORAGE is Ottawa's largest moving company with the largest, most modern storage facility for warehousing goods and the largest and best equipped car storage facility in all of Canada.

THE NUMBERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!

We have moved over 11,500 families, stored 61.9 million pounds of goods in long term storage, prepared and crated 56.8 million pounds of personal goods for shipping worldwide - by land, sea or air and, since 1981, stored over 3,065 cars, all for members of the Department of Foreign Affairs. *Why bother with anyone else!*

For a personal tour of our outstanding facilities, call:

Sandra Cybulski
244-4444

BOYD
MOVING & STORAGE LTD.