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

FALL / AUTOMNE 1998 Vol. 15 No. 3



Susan Shenstone

Lebanon Revisited... pg 22



Irene Hansen-Reeder

Un passage au Vietnam... pg 10

Features / Reportages

Some Little Time

James Gibson offers a retrospective on nearly a decade of service to Mackenzie King.

Un passage au Vietnam

Lan Hoang raconte son expérience dans un pays retrouvé.

From The Ambassador's Table

Excerpts from Margaret Dickenson's award-winning best-seller

The Cross Stream Assignment

Pearl Williams discusses the pros and cons of a cross stream assignment.

Lebanon Revisited — Past Idyll, Present Reality

Susan Shenstone shares her impression of Lebanon after a 22-year absence.

Impressions of a Short Visit to North Korea

David Collins offers a glimpse of life in the "Hermit Kingdom".

Departments / Chroniques

Editor's Notebook /
Carnet du rédacteur2

Letters / Correspondance3

Commentary / Opinion libre4
NATO Membership Enlargement —
A Moral Issue
by Ross Campbell

PAFSO Forum /
Forum de l'APASE6

In Memoriam / En mémoire de33
Robert Ford
J.T. Boehm

7 From the Archives /
Extrait des archives40
Halstead's Pennant

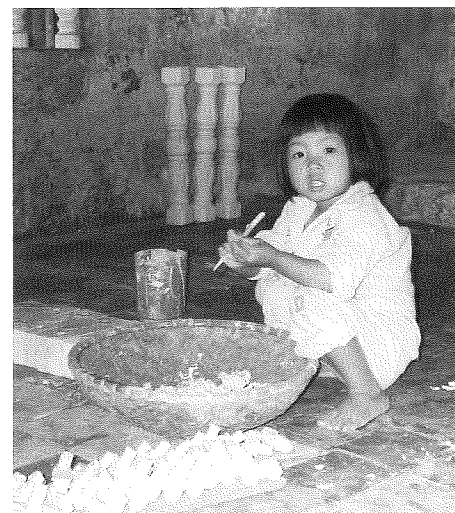
10 Books in Review /
Critiques de livres42

14 Entertainment /
Divertissement44

17

22

28



Our cover photo of a young girl in a pottery village near Hanoi is by Irene Hansen-Reeder

Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

As I put pen to paper for my first editorial as the new **bout** Editor, I first wish to recognize the stellar contribution of Carol Turner-Trusca as **bout** Editor over the past year. All of us at **bout**, and in the foreign service community, wish Carol all the very best in her new posting in Prague. For my part, having been involved in **bout** since 1981 (thus revealing my longevity in the halls of DFAIT) and having had the privilege of serving on the **bout** Editorial Board over the past year, I take on the **bout** editorship with particular relish, and with a strong sense of privilege and honour.

bout is clearly an outstanding publication, whose quality reflects the professionalism of past editors and Editorial Boards, the production team at Acart Graphics, and, of course, the continuing magic performed by Debra Hulley, **bout**'s Managing Editor. As Editor, I want to see **bout** take on a larger role as a forum for discussion and debate on the concerns of PAFSO members as they relate to issues such as FS job satisfaction, pay levels, career prospects, and the future of the FS group in a Universal Classification System world. It is important that the pages of **bout** reflect a balance in coverage of these kinds of concerns, and articles dealing with past achievements of foreign service officers, or of a more 'travelogue' nature. Hence, with this issue we introduce "PAFSO Forum/Forum de l'APASE" — a regular column where PAFSO members and others can raise concerns about major issues before the FS community. I count on ideas, and copy, from **bout** readers to ensure the success of this new undertaking.

This issue features an excellent piece by first-time contributor Pearl Williams on the merits of cross stream assignments — a subject of direct relevance to many FS facing assignment and posting choices.

We also offer our readers two features that explore the theme of 'return to roots'. Susan Shenstone's "Lebanon Revisited" describes her vivid impressions upon returning to Lebanon after a 22-year absence; Lan Hoang's "Un passage au Vietnam" is a wonderful essay written from the perspective of a Canadian of Vietnamese origin returning to Vietnam as an FS on temporary duty. David Collins offers **bout** readers a glimpse inside another less well-known part of Asia — the 'Hermit Kingdom' of North Korea — as one of the few FS ever to visit North Korea on official duty.

This issue of **bout** offers some wonderful vignettes from a historical vantage point. James Gibson's "Some Little Time" recounts memorable moments from his years of service as personal secretary to former Prime Minister Mackenzie King. Many of our readers may not be familiar with the role played by the late John Halstead in the early discussion of the design of the new Canadian flag. In this issue we reprint a Halstead memo from 1954 setting out his thoughts and a design proposal for the new flag. Our "Commentary" section carries a stimulating piece by Ross Campbell on the subject of NATO enlargement — an issue that is both current and not without controversy.

Self-congratulation has never been a strong point in the Foreign Service, where it seems our own achievements, and those of Foreign Service spouses, are sometimes overlooked. In this issue we are pleased to reprint excerpts and some wonderful photos from a Foreign Service 'best-seller' — Margaret Dickenson's "The Ambassador's Table: Blueprints for Creative Entertaining". On November 14th, Margaret was awarded the prestigious prize for "Best Cookbook on Entertaining" at the World Cookbook Fair held in Perigueux, France. In our next issue, we will also run photos and an article on the PAFSO Awards Ceremony that took place in Ottawa in June.

Our "In Memoriam" section this issue features pieces written in very different styles, but with equal measures of admiration, by Anne Leahy and David Stockwell, paying tribute to the late Robert Ford and the late Tom Boehm. Finally, no issue of **bout** is complete without copy from A Aalto who is back with us, in fine form, with another mind-twisting puzzle.

I hope you enjoy this issue of **bout** as much as we enjoyed putting it together. Feel free to call or E-Mail your comments and suggestions to the Editorial Board (boutdepapier@pafso.com).

Story ideas are great, but copy is even better!



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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).

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NATO Membership Enlargement — A Moral Issue

by Ross Campbell

The word "expansion", when applied to geo-political situations, connotes an element of calculated planning and irredentism which is wholly lacking in the current enlarged membership issue facing the NATO member states. In fact, in the intense planning for peace within the Alliance that began in 1967 and was only briefly interrupted in 1968 by the Czech crisis, there was at no stage any thought given to absorbing any members of the Warsaw Pact within the NATO membership.

*An uneasy conscience
has doubtless played
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Western reaction.*

The NATO study, which eventually emerged in 1968 as the Harmel Report (named for the then-Belgian Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel and President of the North Atlantic Council) covered every conceivable ingredient of a successful prescription for peaceful relations with the Soviet Bloc: the settlement of the status of Berlin; resolution of the borders of Czechoslovakia, Germany and Poland; creation of nuclear Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) and conventional Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions (MBFR) arms control and reduction agreements; and development of political "outreach" institutions such as the Conference on Security and Co-Operation in Europe (CSCE) which later became the Organization for Security and Co-operation in Europe (OSCE). It may surprise many readers that the blueprint for ending the Cold War was the product of intensive study within NATO, wrongly perceived by many as being primarily a military organization. The Harmel Report has provided the major Western road map for peace in Europe and has proven to be remarkably prescient in bringing to fruition plans devised thirty years ago.

It is simply not true that the decision to recommend the admission of Poland,

the Czech Republic and Hungary to membership in the Alliance is the result of American or any other Western "plot" to move NATO to the borders of Russia; and in reality it will not do so, as there is no intention to station outside forces in any of the three new candidates for membership. The enlargement of NATO, very simply put, is no more than a positive response to insistent pleas from the three states (and indeed from others in Central and Eastern Europe) not to be condemned once again to fall within the Russian orbit; and an uneasy conscience has doubtless played an unacknowledged role in shaping Western reaction.

Consider for a moment the rather shameful Western record vis-à-vis these states. Despite some treaty obligations, no help was forthcoming when they were overrun by Germany at the outset of World War II. Even more deplorable was the 1943 Yalta Agreement between the USA, Britain and the Soviet Union to divide post-war Europe into "spheres of influence", thereby condemning all the states of Central and Eastern Europe to half a century of virtual bondage within the Soviet Empire. Later, no concrete help was forthcoming when indigenous democratic movements attempted to overthrow the puppet regimes in Hungary in 1956, in Czechoslovakia in 1968 and in Poland in 1971. All three of them passed from six years of cruel Nazi occupation to 50 years of Soviet political and military oppression. Is it any wonder that following the collapse of the Soviet Union, these Warsaw Pact captive states have insistently demanded to be placed under the NATO umbrella precisely to prevent a repetition of the harsh fate they have known for much of this century?

Unconsciously, those who today judge political issues solely in terms of US-Russian relations are continuing to reflect a Cold War mentality and, in so doing, a disregard for the interests of peripheral states. Of course due regard has to be paid to the interests and sensitivity of still — powerful states such as Russia, but that is precisely why institutions such as the NATO-Russian Partnership for Peace and the G8 have been created; not to confront and provoke Russia but to embrace her within a new global framework for world peace.

Those who believe that this goal can be achieved by dissolving NATO are

disregarding the lessons of recent history. It was the absence of collective security arrangements among like-minded nations between the 1930s and 1940s, and the development of collective security in the form of NATO and the North Atlantic Alliance in 1949 that made it possible to preserve peace through a very difficult post-war period of Soviet Union hostility which generated such tense incidents as the 1949 Berlin blockade, the 1962 Cuba missile crisis and the 1968 Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia, brutally suppressing the "Dubcek Spring".

Europe is still in a disturbed state as witness recent events in Bosnia. There, NATO forces managed in a matter of weeks to bring about a cease-fire which had eluded Europeans and the UN for the four preceding years. In so doing, NATO was fulfilling its principal mandate to promote peace and prosperity amongst its member states; not just to contain Soviet ambitions in Europe and elsewhere. Indeed, NATO was created equally to prevent old rivalries between major West European states (Germany, France and Britain) from ever again engulfing the whole world in war, as they had repeatedly done in the past, and to prevent chronic internecine Balkan strife from endangering European peace.

*Europe is still in a
disturbed state as
witness recent
events in Bosnia.*

Today, NATO provides a disciplined, unified force of democratic member nations accustomed to working together politically and militarily to supplement the efforts of the United Nations so as to bring about and maintain international peace. This is a task which no institution comprising over 160 nations, led by a Security Council dominated by five Permanent Members who more often than not are at odds with each other, can easily discharge. Canada rightly supports the peace-making role of NATO, in the knowledge that the United Nations' ability to keep the peace presupposes that there is a "peace" to keep. That is the unique

function which NATO performs today under the political auspices of the UN. To suggest that Canada and the US should get out of NATO and out of Europe would be a disservice to peace and to the gradual movement towards an ordered world. It would also leave Canada alone in a very unequal bilateral relationship with the most powerful country on earth. We would be bereft of the support we derive from and the influence we wield through the 16-nation North Atlantic Council, which remains the central political and security consultative body for the Western world.

The transatlantic link between Western Europe and North America remains the best guarantee of international peace and security. ☺

Ross Campbell was Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs from 1962 to 1964 with responsibility for international security affairs, including NATO, NORAD and UN peacekeeping operations. He was Ambassador and Permanent Representative of Canada to the North Atlantic council from 1967 to 1972 and participated actively in the development by NATO of the blueprint for peace known as the Harmel Report.

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*PAFSO Forum/Forum de l'APASE will be a regular feature of **bout** where foreign service officers and others are encouraged to raise issues of current interest to the broad PAFSO membership. For the inaugural PAFSO Forum, we reproduce below a letter sent to the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen that was published on June 25, 1998, written by then-PAFSO President, Carol Turner-Trusca.*

The Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO) wishes to express its concern at the recent "opinion piece" by Patrick MacAdam (Citizen, 25 May 1998), which included a gratuitously distorted picture of the foreign service (FS) and the individuals who serve in it. MacAdam's diatribe perpetuates in outdated stereotype of the indolent and high-living diplomat — too frequently embraced by the Citizen — that is high time to discard.

First, a few specific observations on MacAdam's "reminiscences", which speak far louder of the values of this Mulroney patronage appointee than they do of the dedication and professionalism of our members. For example, his claim that the idea to donate millions of tree seeds and seedlings to the UK following the 1987 hurricane succeeded "at the cost of a few stamps" deliberately ignores the fact that the implementation of such programs requires hard work and, yes, costs. Can we only assume that Mr. MacAdam subscribes to the school of thought, so often embraced by the public service's political masters, that ideas are made flesh by the magic wand of their ingenuity?

Second, PAFSO takes exception to the offensive racial stereotyping evident in MacAdam's piece. Unlike Mr. MacAdam, FS officers in charge of showcasing Canadian culture abroad do not operate on the assumption that aboriginal artists will find themselves in the host nation's drunk tank on opening night.

Thirdly, MacAdam's "contempt" at the failure of consular offices ("bean counters", in his parlance) to provide a bridging loan for his friend deserves a closer look. In London, first-world facilities such as electronic and wire banking are available around the clock and travellers have a multitude of options. Moreover, London at any time hosts upward of 30,000 Canadians. Accordingly, High Commission personnel must be circumspect in rendering financial assistance, such as for the return to Canada

of mentally ill persons or runaways (the "bums" so compassionately described by MacAdam). While it is no surprise that this patronage appointee would seek special treatment for his friends, FS professionals have a duty to the Canadian taxpayers to ensure that their money is not spent abroad on services not rendered to ordinary Canadians at home — and that all Canadian citizens are accorded equal treatment. And yes, FS officers have been known to take fellow Canadians into their homes, from rape victims in Kenya to persons trapped by political unrest. In the first-world safety of London such "service" is hardly necessary.

A few words now on the current state of Canada's foreign service. Contrary to MacAdam's gratuitous slur, FS officers accept postings abroad expecting to work for a living. Unpaid overtime — against this bargaining agent's advice — is an accepted fact of life; estimates suggest that the Department of Foreign Affairs would have to increase its work force by some 10% if our member worked only the hours they are paid for. The much-ballyhooed cocktail parties diplomats must attend to promote Canada's interests abroad (not a form of entertainment one would voluntarily seek out) takes them away from their families two or three nights a week. Yes, such functions continue to be considered as "social occasions" and remain ineligible for overtime.

Moreover, our members can expect little in the way of the comforts taken for granted in Canada, such as decent medical care, basic hygiene, readily available foodstuffs, or the freedom to leave one's house without protection. Many of our colleagues return to Canada with permanent damage to their health rather than memories of meeting royalty at the theatre. Of course, MacAdam's connection brought him a posting to London; there are no patronage jobs in Algiers, Lagos or Hanoi...

Admittedly, as with any government department, abuses do occur on occasion. However, the most scandalous waste in the Foreign Service now occurs in the area of human resources. FS officers, especially in "junior" ranks that make up the bulk of the service, are among the lowest-paid public servants in Canada. Although minimum recruitment standards are now a post-graduate degree, a law degree with call to the Bar, or an undergraduate degree with a difficult language — Mandarin, Japanese, Arabic — skill, the starting salary is around \$36,000. Unlike elsewhere in Government, professional qualifications or experience are not taken into account at hiring.

Rotational FS officers regularly work alongside counterparts from other departments

— and non-rotational colleagues right at Foreign Affairs — earning twice their salary. The justification for the inequity has always been the possibility of foreign postings, yet the reality now is that most FS officers can expect to spend 2/3 of their career in Ottawa. Moreover, in the age of the dual income family, postings frequently themselves impose unbearable economic hardship. Given the demographic make-up of the foreign service, MacAdam's "lippy wives" — increasingly male spouses — are usually themselves professionals, who rarely find equivalent employment when following their partners abroad. Small wonder that, with family incomes reduced by some 50% and at the mercy of the Canadian dollar, compensation and allowances are a frequent topic of conversation — particularly in cities like London, where the cost of living is twice that of Ottawa.

The inadequacy of compensation compared to the value of the work performed and the qualifications expected of FS officers has caused a veritable "brain flight" in the junior ranks. Officers are leaving at a steady rate to take jobs in the private sector or other government departments; their qualifications and experience gained in the FS — including language training and contacts abroad — making them valuable and highly marketable commodities. Rather than acknowledging the value of its human resources and taking steps to retain the expertise it has paid to create, the Department increasingly plugs the gaps with non-rotational, less experienced staff at between \$20,000 and \$30,000 more a year, thereby exacerbating the frustration felt by the rank and file.

The resources wasted by the Government in training FS personnel without ensuring the longevity of the investment, and the loss to the Canadian public of the best and brightest diplomats, is the true scandal currently plaguing Canada's foreign service and one which the *Citizen* is invited to investigate.

Carol A. Turner-Trusca
President

Some Little Time

Recollections of a Prime Minister

by James A. Gibson

Canada's longest-serving Prime Minister, W.L. Mackenzie King, retired from that office on 15 November 1948. As we approach the fiftieth anniversary of that change in this country's political leadership, Dr. Gibson recalls that a favourite diversionary tactic for Mr. King in dealing with troublesome correspondence was a direction: "write this gentleman a letter that will ease his mind ... tell him it will take some little time to work this out...."

When I came to the Department of External Affairs in July 1938, I was unaware that it had been determined that the Third Secretary reporting nearest to that date was to spend six months in the Prime Minister's Office (Mr. Mackenzie King was also, until September 1946, Secretary of State for External Affairs). It was intended that the secondment should be on rotation; in the event I didn't rotate; the six months stretched into nine years. With the exception of occasional days, and of four weeks (when the Prime Minister was on vacation in 1947, after I had decided to return to academic pursuits), my departmental experience was formally on secondment in what was described in wartime parlance as a "reserved occupation."

In some jurisdictions I would have been rated as Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for External Affairs. But that designation was not employed then, partly because Mr. King didn't believe in titles that he didn't want to. Once, during the meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London in 1946, I served as Private Secretary and was so recognized in the directory for

the conference. The Prime Minister was certainly satisfied with my work, saying at the end of that mission that he had never been better served on any journey abroad. But his aversion to the specific title was unaffected. Later that year, at the Conference on Peace Treaties in Paris, I was identified as an Adviser to the Delegation. Meanwhile, Protocol listed me as External Affairs Liaison Officer, which was convenient and correct.

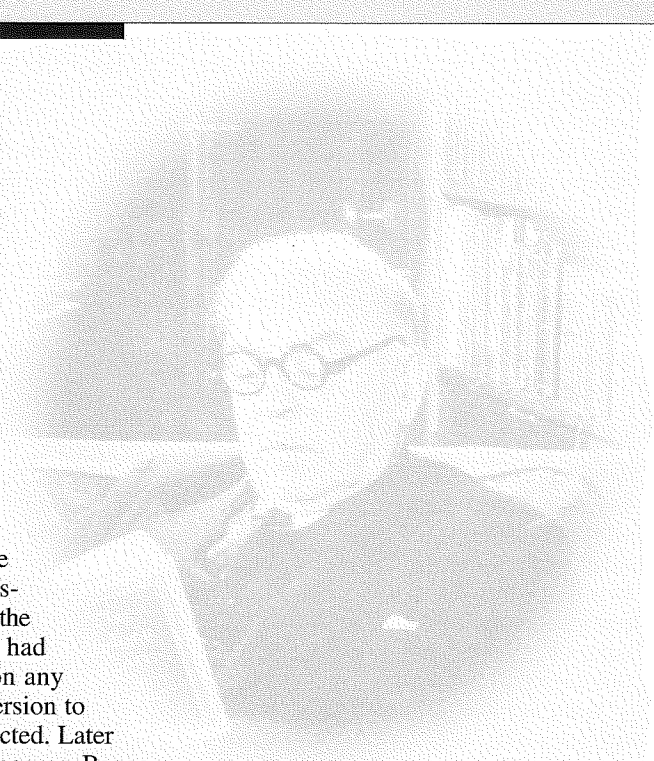
My duties were also shaped by the Prime Minister's needs and preferences. For the first 22 months at the East Block, I was a sort of knowledgeable generalist. I began with "short notes" — office jargon for preparation for nearly every public, and many private, occasions in which the Prime Minister was involved (whether the notes were used or not was a secondary consideration). I was excused from concern for functions organized by the National Liberal Federation. I dealt with non-routine correspondence; with "messages" of various kinds — anniversaries, tragedies, congratulations, condolences, and many occasions with some flavour of history. Until there was a full-time officer whose first language was French, I dealt with most of the correspondence sent in French; we could at need deal with German, Italian and Spanish; Polish and Syllabic Cree, to take two examples, were diverted to the Bureau of Translation. Because I began as the junior new boy, I was also for several months the first line of reception for delegations bearing myriad requests.

For five months in advance of the Royal Visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1939, much of my time was spent working on "detail" for the Prime Minister as official host and Minister in Attendance, a responsibility he took very seriously. In the lead-up to the Royal Visit, I got to know many Members of Parliament:

a common opening gambit was "young man, if the Royal Train doesn't stop in my constituency, I can't expect to be re-elected next time." From the outbreak of the war in September 1939 I was involved in night duty, usually to 11 p.m., and this continued throughout the remainder of my employment except when the Prime Minister was absent from the country. Between autumn 1940 and autumn 1944 I had no regular vacation; when I resigned in 1947, I had 14 weeks' leave entitlement for those Sundays and statutory holidays when I had been on duty.

In mid-May 1940, on a Thursday, I was instructed to rejoin the Department proper. This was cancelled Friday; on Monday following I was ordered to report to the Prime Minister at Laurier House, which had been his home and chief working-place since 1921. I was shortly installed in a small room (I fancy it had been a maid's bedroom — "backstairs" and only yards away from Mr. King's library). It was furnished with a desk, telephone, an aged Underwood not on any office inventory, a safe (so-called) and a floor-to-ceiling range of steel shelving.

When I reported there, my duties were not precisely specified, apart from the requirement to "be useful" to the Prime Minister. The uncertainty was perhaps owing to questions in Mr. King's own mind. Until I had worked into a position of some "everyday trust" — which took more than two years — Mr. King nourished a sense that I wasn't "measuring up," the worst, and lowest, verbal expression of that doubt being his comment that I did not know "how I was standing in my own

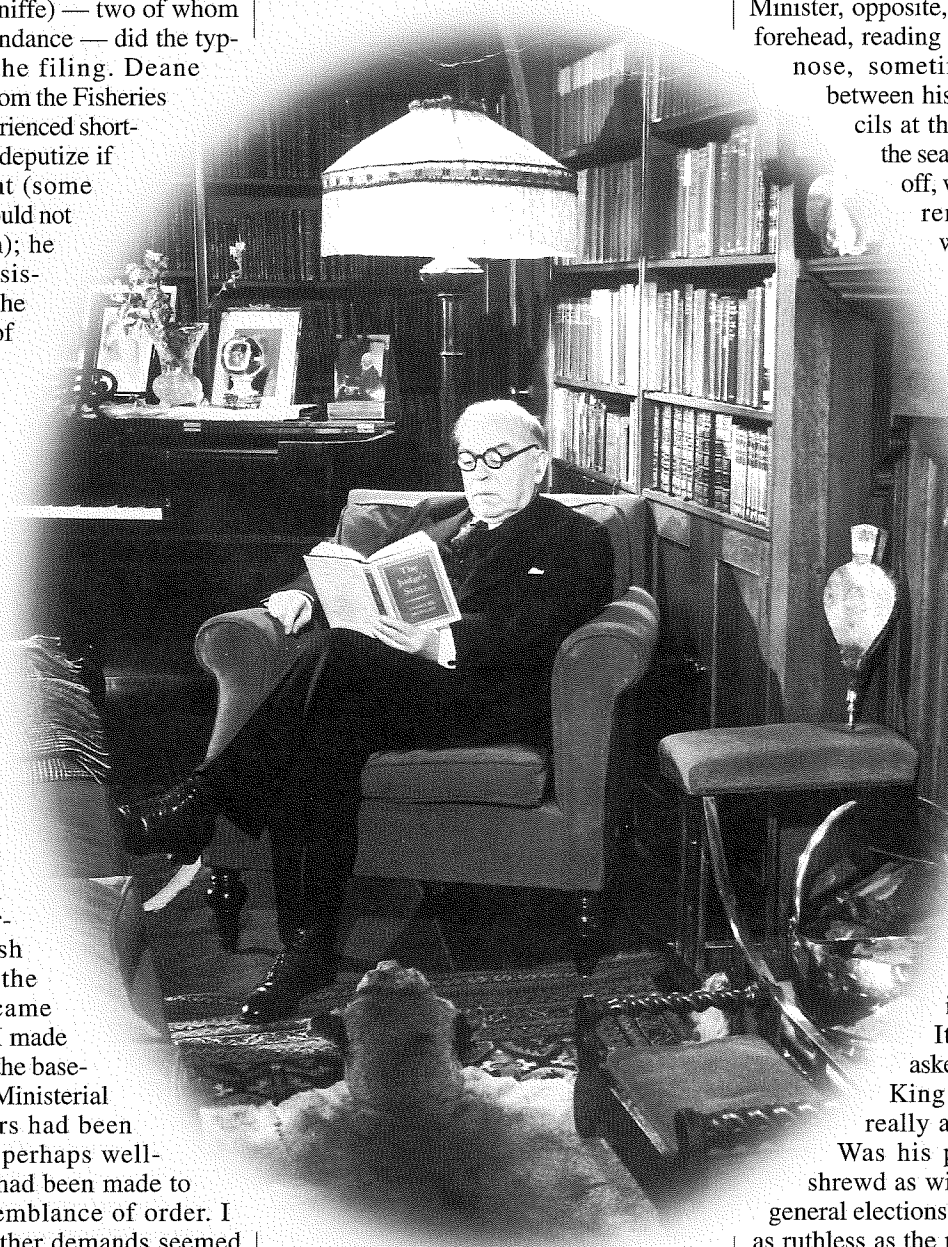


light". At Laurier House, Mr. King was assisted by Edouard Handy, confidential secretary, who took personal dictation from the Prime Minister (specifically his diary), travelled with him at home and abroad, accompanied him to the cinema and dealt with "non-policy" correspondence. Three long-serving secretary-stenographers (Miss L.F. Zavitske, Miss Florence Moore, Miss Margaret Conniffe) — two of whom were in regular attendance — did the typing and most of the filing. Deane Russell, seconded from the Fisheries Department, an experienced shorthand writer, would deputize if Handy were absent (some matters Mr. King would not dictate to a woman); he was mainly my assistant in classifying the mounting volume of "War Records".

With the uninspiring title of "Officer i/c War Records," it took me three weeks to wade through the documentation which had accumulated since September 1939; and the daily flow increased, particularly after France and the Netherlands were overrun by Nazi forces, and Winston Churchill's leadership of the British government and the Allied cause became more pronounced. I made one excursion into the basement where Prime Ministerial files of many years had been amassed. Several perhaps well-meaning attempts had been made to introduce some semblance of order. I frankly gave up; other demands seemed more important and I concluded that it was less and less likely that Mr. King ever would tackle the writing of memoirs to which, he said, he intended to devote his efforts after "retirement." I counted it a fortunate circumstance that, almost at the end of my Laurier House engagement, a senior office messenger (Roger Frankham, later Custodian), and Russell's replacement (M.J. Deacey) took advantage of Mr. King's absence from Ottawa to have green curtains fitted to the basement shelves — literally

as a cover, in the interests of tidiness — and they packed up the entire archive for delivery to the Public Archives.

In the East Block, I had become accustomed to the drafting of "short notes." I was now faced with the recurring, sometimes wearying tasks, of full texts, for national broadcasts and periodic statements about



the progress of hostilities and the mounting contributions to the total war effort. Even if drafts were supplied from sources outside the Prime Minister's Office, these texts were likely to be revised, sometimes as often as seven times. In this effort, Jack Pickersgill was sometimes engaged alone; occasionally, I was a solo reviser; most frequently both of us toiled side by side in the library of Laurier House opposite Mr. King.

Photo courtesy of National Archives of Canada

On a few occasions we worked in the spacious Centre Block Office, very rarely in the East Block itself. The dedicated working time increasingly became Saturday afternoon, from 2 to 7 p.m., with tea, toast and ginger snaps, at four o'clock.

One became accustomed to the Prime Minister, opposite, a wisp of hair over his forehead, reading glasses at the tip of his nose, sometimes whistling softly between his teeth, short blunt pencils at the ready. Depending on the season, jacket might be cast off, waistcoat unbuttoned (to remove it his pocket-watch/pen knife had to be set aside, and his grandfather's personal seal unthreaded through a vertical buttonhole); in extreme cases starched collar and tie removed. I spent one hot July working evening opposite the Prime Minister reduced to his undershirt, he vaguely resembling a put-upon teddy-bear. Mr. King had an unlisted telephone which would ring occasionally. Answering it himself, if it were a wrong number, he would say, with mock-courtesy, "why no, this is the county jail!"

It might reasonably be asked "what was Mackenzie King actually like? Was he really aloof from the people? Was his political judgment as shrewd as winning six out of seven general elections would suggest? Was he as ruthless as the mute testimony of cast-off figures along the political highway seems to prove? Was he an intensely lonely figure, with few genuine friends?"

The exacting canons of biography are not automatically applicable in attempting to answer these questions. By one standard Mackenzie King emerges with a curious luminosity: in Bruce Hutchison's description a rather maddening individual, with the "bouncing, cautious gate of one walking on invisible eggs," the worldling "who had built his own monument to be remembered

in this world, when all his hope lay in another." It was not as though Mackenzie King was the automatic, foreordained leader of what emerged as a steady progression towards the stature and, subsequently, the substance of nationhood, represented at home by social and economic planning for a post-war universe; and abroad partly by functional representation espoused, reasonably enough, by Canada the Middle Power and (within his lifetime) the Middle-Aged Power.

Personally, Mackenzie King added very little to the overarching idea of nationhood, and this despite a Canadian Citizenship Act and some tentative gestures towards a distinctive Canadian flag. He was capable of showing a certain contempt — both artful and refined — for the niceties of convention and protocol as well as constitutional propriety. He could, at need, be grossly ignorant of the essentials of the common law: the *people* were always *there* — people who might be hungry or frustrated or pushed about; and it was not an effective answer to open the floodgates of oratory, nor to quote from his tome, *Industry and Humanity*, whose mentality and language were the product of thinking done more than 40 years earlier. It may be doubted whether it was statesmanlike for King to make such a show of resorting to judicial supremacy removed altogether from Canada (the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London) in order to have the late-in-the-day social legislation of the previous government declared *ultra vires*. Something needed to be done for people, but until 1945 Mr. King was rarely in a hurry: there were some curious contradictions between King the social reformer and King the pale-eyed householder fretting over his annual coal bill.

Any assessment of a long-serving Prime Minister (and Secretary of State for External Affairs for all but his last 26 months in office) is almost inevitably subjective, recollecting and recreating the mood of many individual moments rather than cataloguing considered judgments. The years when I worked across the table were times of war and reconstruction. They were years in which Mr. King led his party to victory in two general elections; years in which he tried to keep the country united, and in some sense succeeded; years in which the stature of Canada as "a world power of major rank" was sensibly enhanced. But they were years also in which Mr. King grew old — passing from the 60s to the 70s — and with age the loneliness of the man did not decrease. One contrasts outward self-assurance, inward loneliness; mercurial here, pedestrian there; capable of calculated venom yet also rare generosity; very much at the

centre of politics, but well removed from any visceral awareness of Canada as a cultural entity.

There was, amid the grumbling that he was never well served by those working on his immediate staff, the curious blending of the reflective and the ruthless, of the intuitive and the rational, of the peaks of aspiration and achievement and the valleys of frustration and disappointment. He had to live with the ever-present loneliness; with the white heat of intensity from which decisions sometimes emerged, and, only infrequently, the compensations of ordinary livelihood.

And yet, considering, for example, the years 1937 to 1946, confronting all the problems of a major war in which Canada fought as an arsenal, aerodrome, shipyard and granary for Britain and other Allied powers, one may still ask if any man, or combination of men, could have dealt with these searching problems so well and in a way so generally acceptable to the majority of the people of Canada. If in the end the Prime Minister supposed that the overall direction of the war effort was what Canadians of that generation wanted, for the time being he may well have been right.

I recall my last two encounters with Mr. King, both of them after he had given up public office. On the first of these I went down to Laurier House to tea to report on a visit I had lately made to the Institut Pasteur in Paris. I had been the bearer of a letter, signed by Mr. King, announcing a gift of \$15,000 from the Canadian Council for Reconstruction through UNESCO to enable the Institute to replace some of its precision equipment which had been destroyed or stolen during the Nazi occupation. For tea that day Kingsmere honey was added, along with much (if rather one-sided) reminiscent talk about the mission of the conciliators who were, as he resolutely believed, the truly great men.

The second occasion was when I walked with him from Laurier House the few blocks to the Netherlands Embassy, where he was to receive the first of 5,000 copies of a booklet by school children in the Netherlands in recognition of gifts of school supplies from school children in Canada. This he did very graciously and made a graceful little speech. On the way back his chief concern was with the coal bill at Laurier House — did I think repointing the bricks would make any difference? On this somewhat technical matter I was unable to be of much assistance, but I thought there was something a trifle sad about the small, rather cramped figure with the mincing steps, disappearing through his own front door.

There are some surviving ironies. Mr. King had deep-rooted suspicions about concerted attempts at a centralization of Empire-Commonwealth initiatives and concerns in Downing Street. He was able to become socially amenable in London society, professing affection and support for the Royal family while cordially distrusting the "courtier" mentality and behaviour. He was in consequence never averse to trusting his own judgment in the face of advice from "professionals," however well-intended. He railed from time to time against honours or awards creating precedence. Along the way he "solicited and received His Majesty's permission to discontinue using the initials CMG after his name," but he could not decline the Order of Merit, conferred by the King in the Prime Minister's last full year in office. There seemed to be an ultimate irony when the insignia — he was at his death the only Canadian member of the Order — was placed on his casket in the lying-in-state in the Parliament Buildings. ☹

Dr. James A. Gibson served on secondment to the Office of the Prime Minister from 1938 until he resigned in 1947. Retired as President Emeritus of Brock University, he now lives in Welland, Ontario.

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UN PASSAGE AU VIETNAM



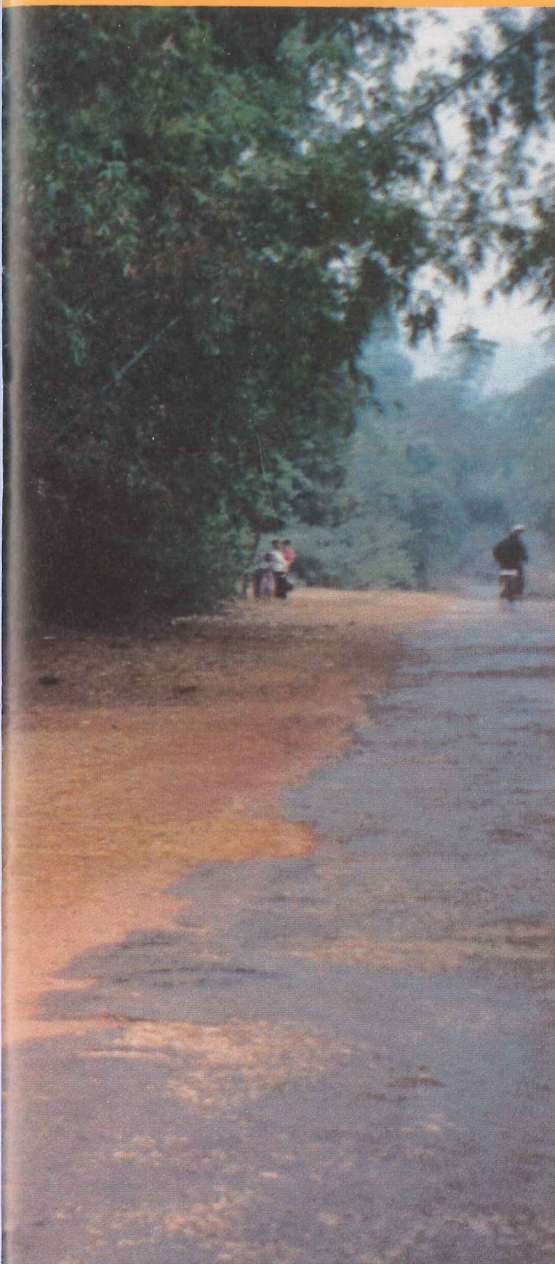
par Lan Hoang

En novembre 1997, je suis revenue à Hanoi dans le cadre du Sommet de la Francophonie, en devoir temporaire pour la troisième fois. La première fois fut en 1992 quand j'accompagnai le ministre Michael Wilson en tant qu'agent du Bureau du protocole. Le choc fut grand dès mon arrivée à l'aéroport Noi Bai. Hanoi, la nouvelle capitale du Vietnam réunifié, se montrait si pauvre, délabrée, arriérée et terne. Même 17 ans après la fin de la guerre (1975), je ne vis pas de signes d'un dynamisme

économique et social que je m'étais habituée de voir à Saigon pendant la guerre, avant mon départ pour le Canada en 1967. Je ne pus m'empêcher de sentir une certaine amertume et dépression car Hanoi fut ma troisième destination, après Taipei et Kuala Lumpur dans ce premier retour en Asie. Hanoi avait l'air d'une petite ville d'un temps reculé avec sa population pauvrement et tristement vêtue qui se déplaçait surtout à bicyclettes, en cyclos ou à pied. Les quelques voitures qui existaient appartenaient aux rares organisations ou ambassades présentes en ville. Pour circuler dans

cet océan de véhicules sans moteur, le klaxon était la norme. Le peu de marchandises qui se vendait dans les magasins d'État n'offrait pas d'intérêt pour les touristes. Par ailleurs, presque personne ne parlait anglais ou français. Beaucoup parlaient le russe.

En 1994, en devoir temporaire pour la deuxième fois pour préparer la visite du Premier ministre au Vietnam, j'ai eu un autre choc de voir combien la ville avait changé. Ça et là on voyait quelques maisons récemment rénovées ou édifices nouvellement construits. Beaucoup de motocyclettes



*Left: Water buffalo on a country road outside Hanoi
Below: Motorbikes in front of a coffee shop in Hanoi*

côtoyaient les bicyclettes. Ainsi le klaxon de ces nouveaux véhicules s'est ajouté à celui des voitures pour rendre Hanoi assez bruyante. Quelques feux de signalisation aux principales artères constituaient un des signes concrets de la nouvelle politique d'ouverture du Vietnam. Les femmes s'habillaient plus à l'occidentale comme pour démontrer leur nouvelle richesse et leur intégration au reste du monde. Les petits commerces privés faisaient leur apparition et concurrençaient les magasins d'État. Les fonctionnaires cherchaient des occasions pour glisser quelques mots anglais dans leur conversation avec moi. Leur comportement à mon égard, une Viêt kiêu (Vietnamienne vivant à l'étranger) dégageait aussi plus de chaleur et d'amitié. La barrière psychologique était tombée dès qu'ils apprenaient que j'avais quitté le Vietnam bien avant l'année fatidique 1975 pour mes études au Canada.

Cette fois-ci, je suis revenue à Hanoi avec beaucoup d'enthousiasme et d'espoir. J'étais sûre d'avance que les choses auraient encore beaucoup changé. J'ai souhaité qu'elles aient changé pour le mieux.

Dès l'atterrissage, j'ai remarqué les poteaux portant les drapeaux des pays membres de la Francophonie, ce qui donnait déjà un air de fête. L'aéroport, plus grande et plus propre qu'auparavant, est en voie d'expansion. À l'intérieur, presque la moitié des postes d'immigration était réservée aux délégués du Sommet. Les agents d'accueil étaient très nombreux. C'était très joli de voir toutes ces femmes en ao-dai (tunique

traditionnelle) de toutes les couleurs. Au bout de cinq minutes, l'agent d'immigration m'a remis mon passeport et, sourire aux lèvres, il m'a dit qu'il était né dans la même ville que moi! (Je suis originaire du nord, mais pas de Hanoi, et j'ai grandi à Saigon).

À la sortie de l'aéroport, les chauffeurs de taxi étaient encore là, mais ils offraient leur service avec moins d'agressivité. J'ignorais si c'était grâce à la présence de la police qui était évidemment beaucoup plus nombreuse que d'habitude. De toutes les façons, s'ils arrivaient à obtenir une course à 25 \$ US pour une distance de 50 km environ — tarif raisonnable selon nos normes — ils auraient fait une très bonne affaire, le salaire mensuel moyen du pays étant aux alentours de 45 \$-65 \$ US pour les citoyens. Dans les villages c'est beaucoup moins.

L'autoroute qui mène en ville fut construite au début par les Chinois. Cependant, suite à l'invasion du Cambodge, les Russes l'avaient terminée. Malgré son statut d'autoroute, on y trouvait de tout, sans aucun respect du code de la route et en dépit d'un nombre beaucoup plus grand de voitures.

La délégation canadienne restait à l'hôtel Daewoo, le plus moderne et un des plus chers, à l'extérieur du centre-ville. Apparemment son emplacement fut choisi exprès pour dégager le centre-ville déjà trop surpeuplé. À côté de l'hôtel se trouvait un grand stationnement public. La centaine de voitures Peugeot flambant neuves, cadeau de la France, était là. Ainsi nous avons eu droit au spectacle quotidien de répétition du cortège officiel avant l'ouverture du

Irene Hansen-Reeder



Lan Hoang

Sommet. Une fois, au cours d'un de ces exercices, une de ces Peugeot en a frappé une autre, ce qui a embarrassé pas mal les responsables devant la foule. Puis il y avait cet exercice d'incendie à l'hôtel Daewoo (18 étages) qui a attiré beaucoup de badauds devant l'hôtel. Jamais auparavant, les gens n'avaient vu quelque chose d'aussi sophistiqué. D'un autre côté, cela a été un signe

autorités ont créé un cortège officiel impressionnant certes, mais très encombrant. Chaque délégation officielle était guidée par une voiture de police avec sirène, sans compter d'autres voitures de sécurité dans le convoi, selon l'importance de la délégation. Beaucoup de rues avoisinantes étaient fermées à la circulation et au public. La population obéissait tout simplement.

Cependant, aujourd'hui, on peut déambuler dans la rue du Chanvre (Hang Gai) pour acheter tous les articles en soie, les nappes brodées à la main, les T-shirts ou les articles de laque. Les prix sont plus qu'abordables et la qualité satisfaisante. D'ailleurs Hang Gai est très populaire auprès des touristes. Un agent du Protocole vietnamien m'a raconté que les ventes du magasin Khai-

Silk (un des rares à Hanoi ayant l'air climatisé) ont atteint 8,000 \$ US par jour pendant le Sommet, de quoi faire rêver tous les magasins du pays!

Une de mes tâches officielles était d'accompagner le groupe d'invités spéciaux. Quelques-uns d'entre eux voulaient avoir une idée du nombre de mendiants à Hanoi en vue d'une comparaison avec d'autres capitales de pays en développement. Ils n'en ont pas trouvé. Je dois reconnaître que je n'en ai pas tellement vu au cours de mes deux dernières visites.

Les marchandes ambulantes se faisaient aussi moins nombreuses. Il s'agit de femmes pauvres des villages en banlieue de Hanoi. Elles se rendent tous les jours en ville pour vendre quelques produits maraîchers dans les deux paniers suspendus aux

extrémités d'un balancier sur leur épaule. Elles constituent une des images typiques du Vietnam.

De 1994 à 1997, les petites boutiques ont poussé comme des champignons. Elles vendent quasiment de tout. Comme le paiement des impôts est encore loin de faire partie des mœurs locales, beaucoup de magasins ne montrent pas tout. Il faut faire la demande spécifique, et, comme par magie, le produit en question apparaît de l'intérieur ou d'une maison tout près.

Certains jeunes Vietnamiens aiment bien fréquenter les cafés du centre-ville, "la place" quoi! Dès 9 h du matin, les salles sont déjà pleines. Les motocyclettes encombrant les trottoirs de devant. Apparemment c'est le passe-temps favori des jeunes des familles de nouveaux riches. Dans l'après-midi, ils se grouperont dans les endroits servant la bière à pression. L'instinct grégaire est bien notoire.

L'hospitalité était exemplaire. Ainsi quand notre petit groupe d'invités spéciaux visita le musée de l'oncle Hô, le comité d'accueil était aussi nombreux que les invités (quatre guides pour quatre invités). Le directeur du



Lan Hoang

Street scene in Hanoi

que les autorités ne voulaient rien laisser au hasard. La tenue de ce Sommet constituait tout simplement le premier événement international important au Vietnam, bref un vrai défi. Par conséquent, le gouvernement vietnamien tenait à bien le faire en investissant beaucoup dans l'embellissement de la ville. Il a aussi eu recours à un nombre important de gens qui connaissent plus ou moins le français de partout à travers le pays (professeurs et étudiants) pour servir comme interprètes ou guides.

Le Centre des congrès et le Grand théâtre, deux édifices complètement rénovés — un autre cadeau de la France — étaient parmi les endroits clef pour le déroulement du Sommet. Ils contribuent beaucoup au charme de Hanoi par leur architecture de l'époque coloniale. Le boulevard Hung Vuong (nom du premier ancêtre des Vietnamiens)-le plus beau de Hanoi où sont sis le Centre des congrès et le mausolée de Ho Chi Minh — était devenu, pendant le Sommet, le plus grand stationnement du pays. Très fort sur l'aspect protocolaire, les

La sécurité était très stricte avant et surtout pendant le Sommet. Pourtant, la ville est connue jusqu'ici, malgré la foule partout, comme une ville sécuritaire pour les touristes même la nuit. On voyait les policiers au centre-ville, dans les endroits clef, sur les rues du parcours des cortèges officiels, dans les hôtels. Au Daewoo, les agents en uniforme vert étaient omniprésents. Ceux qui desservaient les ascenseurs ont dû subir un petit cours ultra-intensif en français car j'en ai entendu quelques-uns adresser timidement un bonjour aux délégués qui utilisaient les ascenseurs. Ils m'ont dit que la durée de leur service était de 24 heures d'affilée, le déploiement des forces de l'ordre étant trop grand pour faire autrement. A force de voir les mêmes visages et après quelques échanges, courtois mais chaleureux, de banalités, quelques-uns sont devenus assez coopératifs et accommodants.

Le centre-ville de Hanoi se trouve dans le vieux quartier presque millénaire. Il est bien connu par ses 36 petites rues commerçantes très étroites. Ces rues portent encore le nom des produits qui se vendaient là autrefois.

musée, qui a une fille présentement boursoière à l'université de Montréal, était là pour accueillir le sénateur Molgat. Mais, malheureusement, ce dernier ne pouvait pas venir au Sommet. Personnellement, j'ai eu deux guides (qui se débrouillent un peu en français) à moi toute seule. Elles se relayaient pour me raconter la vie et les accomplissements de l'oncle Hô. Le guide principal, une femme détentrice d'une licence en français, s'occupait du reste du groupe.

Pour la journée du départ, en plus du comité officiel composé des représentants de la direction de l'hôtel Daewoo qui offrait les salutations près de la porte d'entrée principale, tous les groupes d'employés dans leur uniforme (cuisiniers, porteurs, hôtes, préposés à la réception) étaient présents le long de l'allée pour agiter leur main au passage des clients. Jusqu'ici je n'ai jamais vu d'hospitalité poussée jusqu'à ce point, mais c'était très joli et sympathique pour les spectateurs. En général les gens sont très chaleureux malgré leur pauvreté. Ils préfèrent rire à dire non, surtout aux étrangers. Ils sont très sociables et parlent volontiers aux étrangers. Le coût de la vie est très bon marché si nous fréquentons les établissements misant plus sur la clientèle locale qu'étrangère.

Avant l'atterrissage de l'avion d'Air Vietnam à Saigon (où j'ai fait une visite privée de 4 jours), en l'espace de 5 minutes, j'ai cru entendre que la température à l'extérieur a descendu de 30 degrés celsius en vietnamien à 25 en anglais et 20 en français! Les employés à bord n'ont pas encore tout-à-fait maîtrisé les langues étrangères, mais leurs sourires constants ont conquis le cœur de beaucoup de touristes.

Saigon de 1997 me donne l'impression qu'elle est deux fois plus grande que Saigon de 1967. Elle est sûrement deux fois plus peuplée, sinon plus. Que de voitures et de motocyclettes. Cependant, on dirait que les gens respectent plus les règles de circulation qu'à Hanoi. Les maisons à 3,4 étages poussent partout. Je ne retrouve quasiment plus les anciens quartiers résidentiels bordés de grands tamariniers.

Je suis revenue dans la vieille maison de mes parents où habite une de mes soeurs depuis une dizaine d'années. Je pouvais compter sur les doigts le nombre des familles que je connaissais et qui restent encore là. Ils ne font plus de commerce comme dans le temps. La plupart se contente de louer le devant de leur maison aux gens pour la vente de vêtements locaux et importés (jeans, T-shirts et accessoires). Les autres familles sont venues du nord après la chute de Saigon en 1975. La majorité ont occupé les maisons vides laissées derrière par les réfugiés grâce à leur statut auprès

du régime du nord. D'autres ont acheté leur maison auprès de ces derniers. Le sud représente pour eux quelque chose comme le "far west" américain où les opportunités et l'espace sont beaucoup plus grands. Il existe encore des réserves dans les relations entre les vaincus et vainqueurs malgré le temps. La position de chef appartient souvent aux nordistes ou aux sudistes convertis à l'idéologie communiste de longue date.

On m'a dit que les études en anglais (licence en anglais) sont les plus cotées maintenant, même avant les études en médecine ou études dentaires. Les professeurs d'anglais sont devenus les plus sollicités. La connaissance de la langue de Shakespeare conduirait sûrement à une amélioration de leur niveau de vie. On m'a aussi dit que les diplômés universitaires d'avant 1975 ont repris de la valeur, ils se placent seulement après les diplômés des universités occidentales. Les gens du sud, quand ils sont malades, consultent les médecins anciennement formés par le régime du sud. C'est plus sûr quoi! La musique sentimentale de ma jeunesse n'est plus considérée comme réactionnaire. Elle est qualifiée de "jaune" (couleur dominante du drapeau de l'ancien régime du sud) par opposition à la musique "rouge" (couleur dominante du drapeau du régime actuel)

exhortant la population au patriotisme. Partout les jeunes préfèrent écouter la musique jaune et ils n'ont plus besoin de le faire en cachette.

"L'économie de marché" — terminologie officielle qui sonne politiquement plus correct que système capitaliste — est là pour rester, malgré le changement de dirigeants. Autrement dit les Vietnamiens sont devenus des "bourgeois" par la force des choses et ils ne s'en plaignent pas. Mais ils pratiquent surtout le petit commerce. Leur souci primordial en général consiste à chercher tous les moyens possibles pour améliorer leurs conditions de vie matérielle. Les souvenirs de la guerre sont déjà très lointains pour la vieille génération vivant au pays. Quant aux jeunes qui grandissent dans la paix et dans un contexte plus libéral, ils pensent plutôt à acquérir une meilleure éducation pour mieux vivre. Pouvoir vivre en paix même dans les conditions actuelles semble être un progrès énorme, donc très acceptable, par rapport à ce qu'ils ont connu. En plus, dorénavant le pays est membre à part entière de la grande communauté internationale. La patience est toujours une vertu. ☺

Lan Hoang est née au Vietnam. Elle est membre du Service extérieur depuis 1985. Elle a servi à Tunis et à Canberra.

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"From The Ambassador's Table"

by Margaret Dickenson



We reproduce below two extracts from Margaret Dickenson's comprehensive guide to creative entertaining, published by Times Edition Pte. Ltd. Drawing upon her 28 years in the foreign service as a spouse, Mrs. Dickenson has put together a practical and imaginative guide to creative entertaining. The photographs are by Luca Invernizzi Terroni and are reproduced courtesy of Mrs. Dickenson.

In keeping with my family's Ukrainian tradition, we were given money instead of wedding gifts when we got married. We decided to set aside the money for a special purchase some day. While in Vienna, I accompanied Larry on one of his Canadian trade promotion trips to Hungary, and we were given a private tour of the Herend china factory outside of Budapest which produced the exquisitely hand painted china for the

Austro-Hungarian royal family. At the end of an impressive tour, I asked how an order could be placed. The question seemed to shock our guide, the factory manager, who assured us that such an order was impossible. The only outlets were commercial shops which were not well supplied and where customers would have to take what was available. He explained that the factory was a communist state owned factory which only produced the china. Sales were the responsibility of another company. Insisting that there must be some sort of formula for direct factory purchases, I had him record a rather extensive order for our favourite pattern, "Fleurs de l'Inde" ("Flowers of India"). He promised to pursue this unusual matter. Weeks passed, months went by. We moved temporarily to Belgrade for a few months, then were permanently transferred to Moscow, and still no Herend. By this time, Larry impatiently suggested ordering fine bone china from a Western European country. Ignoring all such suggestions, I continued to send letters of inquiry to the Herend factory in Hungary, always careful to include a copy of the original order. Two full years

later, two enormous wooden crates arrived at the embassy in Moscow. Larry was completely taken by surprise. Our Ambassador and his wife were filled with admiration as their own search over many years, in the most exclusive antique and china shops in Europe, only netted them a tea service and a few odd pieces. Indeed, each piece of Herend is a work of art. Happily, there is a sufficient number of place settings so that our two daughters can also enjoy using "Fleurs de l'Inde" in their homes. Perhaps they will recall some of the places and situations around the world where this beautiful china always added a special charm to our home.

DATE

Saturday, January 7

TIME

12:00

NUMBER OF GUESTS

6

THEME

A Czar's Light Lunch

DRESS CODE

Informal

TABLE

Rectangular

SEATING PLAN

(Three facing three)

F1———Host———F2

M2———Hostess———M1

PRINCIPAL TABLEWARE

Herend china

DRINK AREA

ARRANGEMENT

Palekh boxes, Herend
porcelain objects

TABLE CENTREPIECE

Large covered Herend
soup terrine, floral spray
in Herend candlestick

COFFEE/TEA AREA

ARRANGEMENT

Russian samovar and icons

ADDING TO THE TOTAL

LOOK

Bottle of ice-cold vodka on table

Salmon Snow Pea Boats

Salmon* Snow Pea Boats, besides being tasty, add colour and shape to an hors d'oeuvre tray. Another colour and flavour combination is created when the snow peas are topped with a few pearls of caviar, rather than the salmon.

Ingredients

40 small young snow peas,
with ends attached
(length about 7 cm or 3 inches)
½ cup cream cheese
¾ teaspoon onion, grated
½ cup smoked salmon*,
cut into small pieces
(Makes 40)

Place snow peas in baking dish, cover with boiling water, and let stand for 1 ½ minutes. Drain, dry, and allow snow peas to cool.

Blend cream cheese and onion together.

Carefully open curved edge of snow peas with tip of a small sharp knife. Place a little cream cheese mixture (¼ to ½ teaspoon) inside each pea, along spine

Top cream cheese filling with flaked salmon* (½ teaspoon per snow pea), allowing salmon to protrude out of shell. Arrange

Salmon Snow Pea Boats in a single layer, in an airtight container. Refrigerate until ready to serve.**

***Options** Canned red sockeye salmon may also be used. (Drain salmon, remove and discard bones and skin; break salmon into small flakes.)

Caviar Snow Pea Boats

Arrange a little caviar (¼ teaspoon) on each cream cheese filled snow pea.

Walnut Snow Pea Boats

Top cream cheese filling with chopped walnuts.

**Salmon (or Walnut) Snow Pea Boats may be prepared up to 10 hours before the event. However, if caviar is used, add the caviar to the cream cheese filled snow peas shortly before serving to avoid any discolouration of the cream cheese. ☺

Copies of "From the Ambassador's Table" (\$42.00) can be purchased directly from Mrs. Dickenson by writing to 2 Seneca Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 4W5.



A man in a dark suit and tie is smiling and holding a check in front of his chest. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

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The Cross Stream Assignment — Revisited

by Pearl Williams

The typical attitude of Foreign Service officers towards the prospect of a cross stream assignment is one of scepticism. There is the widely held viewpoint that such a move can be severely career limiting. Traditionally, assignment officers have been reluctant or downright unhelpful in facilitating such assignments, particularly at headquarters, and many Foreign Service officers have remained quite fearful of the process. Nonetheless, in recent years assignment officers have adopted a more flexible attitude and on paper such assignments are even encouraged.

There are many underlying causes/reasons for this change. At headquarters there is the recognition that a growing number of cross-cutting issues and initiatives are best addressed by looking at different approaches and not exclusively from a political, trade or development perspective and that this integration can be usefully accomplished at "lower levels" in the hierarchy. There is also the implementation of the "country desk" concept in some bureaux. Effective performance in this type of environment requires that an officer manages both trade and political issues. Abroad, there is the recognition that in micro-missions and mini-posts where human resources are thin on the ground there is need to be able to undertake a broad spectrum of tasks which cut across several programs. Further, in the overall hierarchy of the Department senior officials need the breadth and scope to handle multifaceted issues, which comes from seeing the broad picture. With the reduction in the number of positions at the Director General level, Directors of geographic divisions are now required to integrate and synthesize policies and activities from both the trade and political perspectives. Abroad, heads of missions have traditionally dealt with a multifaceted range of issues.

So, what are considered the "positives" and "negatives" of a cross stream assignment? Several officers who have "ventured out" are willing to share their experiences.

Fred Jacques, a senior Foreign Service officer in the political stream with current responsibilities at headquarters for Sri Lanka, Bangladesh and the Maldives, served as immigration officer in New Delhi from 1993-1996 where he and his wife were posted as an "employee couple". Fred, a lawyer by training with some private sector

immigration experience, was well placed to assume the responsibilities of this cross stream assignment (secondment) and he believes this was instrumental in allowing him to become fully operational very quickly after arrival. He observed that in the immigration stream there were many opportunities to exercise judgment earlier on in an officer's career and that the officer was held fully accountable for decisions taken. He found that the day-to-day operational challenge of making decisions which impacted on other peoples' lives honed the capacity to "think on one's feet", act decisively and go with the consequences.

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Fred concludes that what he took away from this assignment was a deeper understanding of regional issues and the linkage, for example, between immigration and trade, critical to Canada's overall foreign policy effectiveness in many parts of the world, particularly in light of the current trade agenda. That experience also brought special insights to the emerging and multi-faceted issue of "human security". Invariably, as well, there were certain transferable skills such as conflict resolution which can be applied in any assignment including his current one.

When asked whether there were any drawbacks to a cross stream assignment, Fred opined that he was "uncertain whether it has aided his promotional prospects". His advice to anyone considering a cross stream assignment is to ask yourself "why it is being done, what sacrifices may be involved, skills to be gained for personal growth or career enhancement" and after weighing these considerations, to make a

decision. Recognizing that the introduction of the "country desk" concept has to some extent blurred the lines between streams, Fred had a cautionary note: "to make it work care should be taken in the selection of countries". The concept is probably best suited to smaller countries without major human rights problems which might place the desk officer in the difficult position of having to execute or defend two opposing policies with respect to the same country. Sitting where he is and with the recent developments in India and Pakistan, he should know!

John Kneale, Canada's ambassador to Ecuador, is a strong advocate of cross stream assignments and simply of taking "the road less travelled". John, who came up through the ranks of the trade stream and who is on his third posting in Latin America, has done a variety of assignments at headquarters and abroad ranging from "traditional" trade development assignments to being Departmental Spokesperson(Trade) in the press office, Legislative Assistant and Senior Departmental Assistant to the Minister for International Trade, Fellow at the Canadian Foreign Service Institute and most recently, before going to Ecuador, Minister Counsellor (Political) in Madrid. John, a published author and regular contributor to *bout de papier*, recalls that it was never easy to negotiate a cross stream assignment. There was always a requirement to go out there and "market your skills". There were many naysayers whose philosophy ranged from "people should not stray from their stream" to others who would never accept that you could do any work in their area which could be of value. He found such attitudes frustrating but was convinced that they were wrong! It was this conviction that caused him to repeatedly seek out assignments which held his interests and where he was convinced he could make a worthwhile contribution.

Among the key areas of satisfaction which John cited was the feeling of being "a fully rounded Foreign Service officer" with a better sense of the "globality of Canadian interests abroad". Doing a variety of tasks also reinforced the feeling that "you could do a lot more than you were given credit for" and you could test yourself successfully by other peoples' standards. Sometimes, there was even more respect "among one's peers"! In particular, he found that working in a Minister's office was an

excellent experience because you were forced to think of the different aspects of Canada's bilateral and multilateral interests as well as how Ministers, other Government Departments and the Prime Minister's Office saw the rest of the world.

John insists that if you want a cross stream assignment you must go looking for it yourself. Except for the lucky few, it is unlikely to happen if you wait on the bureaucracy to offer you something. You might even be actively discouraged! Looking back, he recalls that when he expressed an interest in going to the Canadian Foreign Service Institute in 1992 there were many who counselled him against this move as they thought it would be career limiting at best and at worst, career destroying! He persisted because he had a vision of what he could accomplish and he wanted to make his contribution. He thinks that the Institute has made "a fundamental contribution to the way the Department sees itself, in spite of limited financial resources and working against deeply-held Departmental prejudices". He stayed for three years and was subsequently promoted. John is convinced that his experience there prepared him extremely well for his next assignment in Madrid. John noted that there were many successful senior officers who had spent their careers performing a range of non-traditional

"stream jobs" — legal, communications or corporate services, for example as well as assignments outside the Department. All these experiences in his view are career enhancing though they may not always be a "fast track" to promotion.

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My own experience as a member of the South Africa Task Force and subsequently the Eastern and Southern Africa General Relations Division(GAA) from 1991-1993 can be summarized in very positive terms. It contributed significantly to widening my knowledge of departmental processes and personalities outside my stream, and exposed

me to a broader range of considerations in the bilateral relationship by demonstrating the trade/aid/political interface and the linkage between political, trade and economic issues. It furnished a more complete view of Canadian Government and non-governmental interests and priorities.

Given the historic nature of events which were taking place at that time, it was perhaps inevitable that one would meet a diverse cross section of South Africans, admittedly outside the trade field since trade was not permitted at the time. Nonetheless, this did not lessen the impact or thrill of meeting personalities who had become familiar through the media such as the civil rights activist, Albie Sachs, who lost an arm in a letter bomb incident; Walter Sisulu, long-time anti-apartheid political activist; Helen Suzman, well respected human rights advocate and former member of South Africa's white parliament who was almost a lone voice in the wilderness in her time; and Thabo Mbeki, then Head of the African National Congress's Department of International Affairs, now Deputy President of South Africa. Others included Judge Richard Goldstone, head of the Goldstone Commission which led an enquiry on political violence and intimidation in South Africa and who later went on to head a UN tribunal investigating war crimes in Yugoslavia;

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Nelson Mandela; or Martin Seemungal, the CBC's Johannesburg-based correspondent who fed us the news almost nightly on CBC National television in those turbulent "pre-democracy" days — to name a few. Lastly, and not to be discounted lightly, was the camaraderie which developed among colleagues who worked on South Africa during that period, which has surprisingly outlasted our subsequent assignments.

On the other side of the coin anyone contemplating a cross stream assignment can anticipate some initial scepticism about "newcomers" and their capacity to adapt and make a relevant contribution. As well, the "newcomer" may be an unknown entity to colleagues and superiors and may therefore have a more pressing need to establish credibility. Finally, on completion of the assignment there may not be an obvious fit or "logical continuance" to the next assignment. This could be a disadvantage if the intent is to use one assignment as a direct stepping stone to another! Lastly, there is need to ensure that appraisals are crafted in such a way that they fully address those activities which the stream considers important.

In a nutshell, the cross stream assignment offers preparation for senior positions and ensures versatility overseas. It provides more varied assignment experience in an environment where officers may seek

change in the absence of upward mobility. Nonetheless, timing is key! It is generally recognized that experience in your own stream is most desirable prior to acquiring experience in another stream. Some consider the ideal time for a cross stream assignment to be after a recent promotion, bearing in mind that at least 3-4 full appraisals are required for a promotion. A number of officers are more comfortable with this latter scenario. If there is uncertainty as to how the assignment may be viewed by the stream's appraisal board then it is better to do this earlier on so that the last 3-4 appraisals can be in the officer's own stream. Of course, for some managers, thankfully a declining number, there is never a good reason for a cross stream assignment and this should be considered before crossing that "divide".

Those who have locked horns, so to speak, with their assignment officer while seeking approval for a cross stream assignment know how much of an uphill battle this can be. Is this still the case? I spoke with Chris Thornley, Deputy Director (Trade), Personnel Division on the current philosophies/practices concerning cross stream assignments. Chris thought that there were fewer cross stream assignments these days than say, several years ago. This is due in large part to a melding of many jobs

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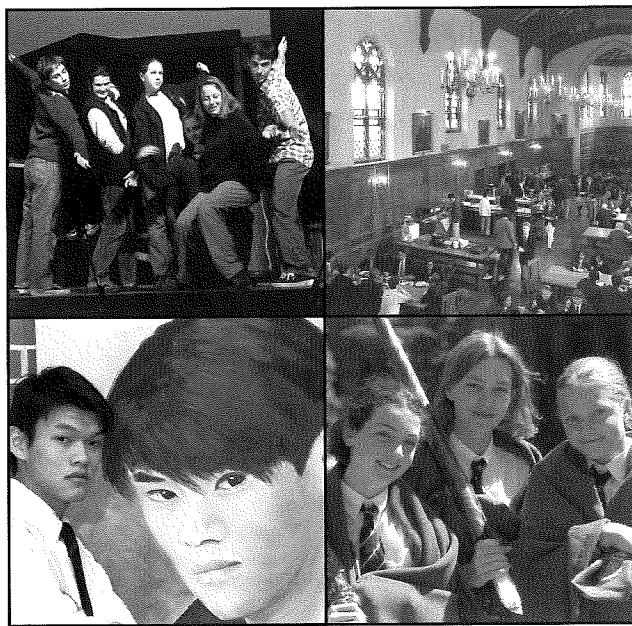
which used to be performed almost exclusively by one stream or another. The introduction of the country desk concept for example, has resulted in many officers being able to work on both the political and trade aspects of the bilateral relationship with a given country, without having "to cross the floor". Likewise, most positions in the General Trade Policy Bureau (E branch) can be filled by personnel from either stream. Chris contends that abroad, the majority of cross stream assignments are made to accommodate "specific personal circumstances" such as an employee couple going to a specific post or health concerns or family responsibility. With the departure of the immigration and development streams from the Department, there are even fewer requests for cross stream assignments and these, in the strict sense would be considered "secondments". In terms of emerging trends, Chris observed that there seems to be some interest by younger rotational officers in the Consular/Management stream to consider a cross stream assignment to the trade stream but mostly at headquarters. As well, some of the more recent Foreign Service recruits who have advanced degrees in specializations which bear no relation to their initial assignments, may after a couple of assignments seek to broaden their experience by requesting a cross stream assignment in an area more closely related to their original expertise. As far as the current "corporate" thinking is on cross stream assignments and whether the scope should be broadened to include some types of secondments, in Chris's view the bottom line is that "operational requirements almost always win out".

That said, I think it may still be worthwhile to include the immigration and development streams, at the very least, as part of an informal proactive "cross stream assignment network", even though they are no longer part of the Department. Their inclusion would provide more "training" options for the Foreign Service practitioner in an era which increasingly requires a multidisciplinary approach to most complex international issues and problems. Within the Department, people may also want to look at functional areas outside of geographic divisions for experiences which may also enrich their careers.

Pearl Williams is a Foreign Service officer in the trade stream who is currently on assignment at headquarters in the Corporate Policy and Planning Division. She has had postings in Berne, New York and Brasilia.

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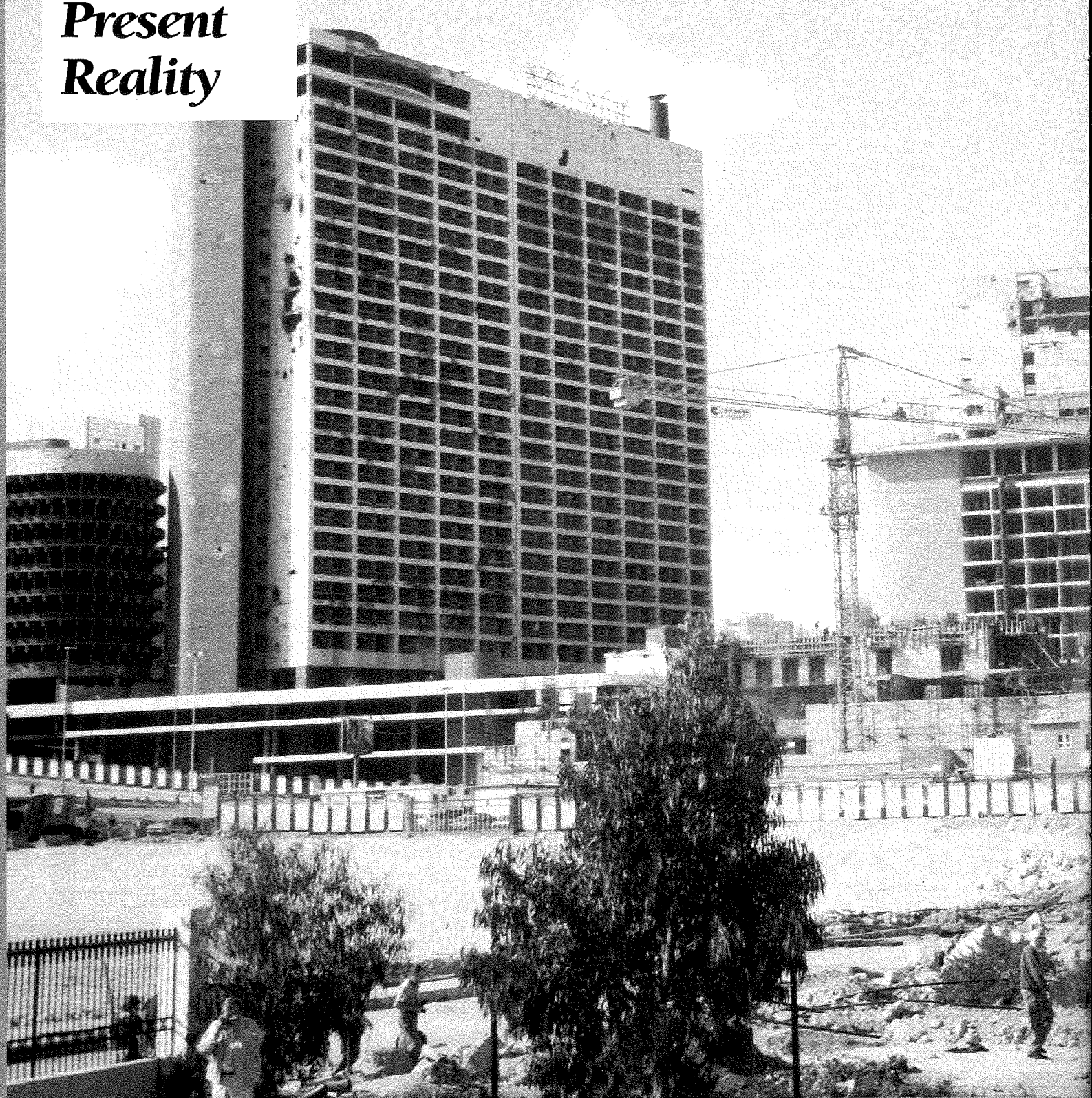
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Lebanon Revisited —

*Past Idyll,
Present
Reality*





story and photos by Susan Shenstone

This time we arrived in Beirut by air. Darkness was setting in. The plane turned sharply in the lee of the mountains, and I looked down at the lights on the spit of land where Beirut is built, and at the still glimmering Mediterranean in the early dusk. As we landed the old familiar Middle East heat rushed up from the tarmac. A shiver of excitement ran down my spine. Memories flooded back. It was twenty-two years since I had last been to Lebanon — nineteen of which had seen a bloody civil war and a devastating invasion — and nearly forty-four years since I first came here as a young married woman.

What would be left of the old Lebanon I knew? The country that had been so beautiful? The people who had been so welcoming to our very new and very green diplomatic family? What differences between them had caused their catastrophe? Had these been resolved?

These thoughts were swirling through my head as we drove in from the airport. We made our way along a highway under

heavy construction that passed through the sand dunes along the coast. It was here that we used to come out to archeological picnics: we and friends had discovered a little late-Roman pottery kiln and bits of mosaic floor from a summer villa of the same period. We had named our tiny pet turtle Shard to commemorate these excursions.

Then suddenly, still with the sand and the sea, we were on the old potted road I remembered. It was now lined on either side with miles of brightly-lit jerrybuilt shops, mostly empty of customers. There were electric generator wires strung every which way from building to building, uncollected bags of garbage and heaps of trash on the sides of the road. Outside clusters of dusty pedestrians dodged their way through old cars and carts, to the bawling of street vendors and the rhythmic insistent honking heard all over the Middle East. A giant tawdry souk had been created on the outskirts of the city.

"These are Shia villagers seeking safety from the bombing in the south," I was told. "There are thousands of them, and they live in unspeakable conditions."

Then just as suddenly we were out of it. Instead there was a traffic roundabout and a landscaped fountain and a traffic light that people actually stopped for, all new since the war. We were in Beirut proper, plunging into its narrow streets lit sporadically from the windows of designer boutiques and the

doorways of the occasional luxury hotel. "My goodness," I thought, over-hastily as it turned out, "Patek watches and Valentino suits. Trust the Lebanese."

Our hotel was one of these doorways, the Commodore, like a small Westin, pleasing and efficient, only moderately expensive, but half empty. It was here that the foreign correspondents had stayed during the civil war and the Israeli invasion, because of the hotel's good outside communications. Heavily damaged, it had now been restored, with cool marble floors, modern Turkish rugs, and subdued furniture, to catch the new peacetime business. Its shining lights in the dark street beckoned welcomingly, an oasis in the unknown landscape.

Just how much of an oasis was made clear the next morning. The street we were in was anything but luxurious, though the area — Ras Beirut, described in the war news as "mostly Muslim west Beirut" — had been famous before the war for its fashionable shops and apartments. Very cosmopolitan, with churches and mosques and a variety of religious communities, it was convenient to the older downtown. We had lived here and our Embassy here had suffered bomb damage during the Israeli invasion.

What we now saw when we stood on our hotel balcony was a sad urban landscape, a narrow five story apartment building pockmarked with bullet holes, and a lone painter who was replastering and repainting the inside rooms. Next door a lower building still had the vestige of what must have once been a rather lovely roof garden, and next door to that a bombed out corner was now occupied by a low tin-roofed shack housing "Oriental Souvenirs," cheap brass trays and silver bracelets. These were not the lovely Damascus tablecloths or glorious oriental rugs we used to buy.

As we walked up the street, several women's clothing shops, which had been shuttered the night before, revealed a tawdry stock of overpriced skirts and pants and tops, which belied the prosperous impression given by the lit boutique fronts of the night before. These last now seemed little more than brave beacons of hope amid the rubble.

And rubble there was, all over the city, not in heaps, but discreetly swept into corners between buildings, or piled into

Left: Rebuilding war-torn Beirut

Above: A typical Lebanese country house in Shemlan



Construction blight at neighbouring Souk el Gharb

dumpsters resting on the curb, smelling dry and dusty like an unused attic. Tangles of private wires still spread across an occasional sidewalk. In the residential areas many landlords and tenants fleeing the fighting had not yet returned. The horror of the snipers practicing on pedestrians and the militia gangs prowling the streets for a kidnap victim were gone. At night the empty unlit streets were as safe as one's own cottage.

But in the flattened financial district and port area things were quite different. Here was frenetic rebuilding. The sound of bulldozers, wrecking balls and street drills was deafening. The air was choked with dust. Thanks to the initiative of the billionaire

prime minister, Rafik Hariri, a building consortium, *Solidaire*, had devised a system of shares in damaged buildings to be exchanged for shares in restored replacements. The values of the old and new have been determined by an independent body. This venture has been wholly financed with Lebanese money, local and expatriate.

Old buildings of architectural merit are being restored, while unsalvageable ones are being crushed and rebuilt on modern models. We peered into a giant excavation, soon to be underground parking and shopping malls, with residential high rises above, and tried to find our bearings in the city we had known. The aim is to build a Mediterranean Hong Kong, I was told.

My first arrival in Beirut had been very different. It was noon, late January, 1954, and I had come by water. I had crossed the Atlantic and the Mediterranean in three weeks on a passenger ship. With me was our nine-month old son, our ten-year old terrier type dog, and an incipient sibling for our son. We were joining my husband at the British Middle East Centre for Arab Studies, situated in the little village of Shemlan, in the Shuf district, thirty kilometres above Beirut, where he had been sent by our Department of External Affairs to learn Arabic. After a three-month separation we were all terribly excited.

The city was much smaller then, and more treed. In the old city the shipping companies and large importers were housed in grand amber-coloured stone buildings dating from Turkish times. Along the sea front near the famous St. George Hotel, now standing gutted, the street was lined with tall palm trees; there was a tiny sward of green and the sea lashed the rocks just beyond. You could swim off the hotel terrace.

Shemlan was lovely and I thought I had come to Paradise. Typical of most villages in Lebanon, it consisted of low flat houses, built of the local buff-coloured stone, on the very steep terraced side of the mountain. These villas were set in gardens with grape vines, and chickens, and geraniums in pots, and the occasional rose. As I walked down our road to the bottom of the village, people sitting on their front stoops would call out in Arabic, "Welcome! Please come in. A cup of coffee?"

Our village was Maronite, the largest Christian sect in Lebanon. It has a Syriac-Aramaic liturgy, and a married priesthood, but is affiliated with Rome and recognizes the Pope as its head. Some historians believe that the Maronites may have been the last Christian tribe to emigrate from the Arabian peninsula before the birth of Islam.

Below us was a Druze village. Its people belonged to a secret offshoot of Shia Islam, dating from the eleventh century. They were recognizable by the white veil their women wore over their hair but seldom over their faces, and the white band wound around the fez that the men wore. These two communities had lived on the Shuf for three hundred years, sometimes at war, more often at peace.

To the north of us the main town was Greek Orthodox and to the west, down on the coast, the community was predominantly Sunni Muslim. Others throughout the country, particularly in the south, adhered to the Shiite Muslim sect that is the majority in Iran and Iraq. Among Christians there was also a great variety of sects, some upholding

earlier creeds in opposition to the Eastern church, and some merely Western versions of the Eastern: Greek Catholic, Syrian Orthodox and Syrian Catholic. A man's religious affiliation was his real identity, and each community looked after its own.

Shemlan was not a primitive village. It had electricity, and in our house enough to light bulbs and run one appliance at a time. We turned off the refrigerator to do the ironing. There was no piped water. Like everyone else, we collected ours during the winter rains — it rains there in three months as much as it does in Manchester in twelve — on our flat roof. From there the water drained into a cistern below the house, and was then pumped by hand to the roof again and came through our taps by gravity.

Drinking water was fetched from the village spring, in our case in a pot on the head of a Palestinian lad, named Suleyman. His widowed mother, Umm Suleyman, a refugee from the Huleh in present-day northern Israel, was a striking woman in her early thirties, tall and slim, her face blue with her tribal tattoo marks, still wearing her blue village dress. She did much of the village laundry, including ours, by hand of course.

And we loved it all. We were properly frightened when the gypsies rode into town

with their donkeys and their tents, and we followed the villagers' advice to bring in the baby and lock the doors and windows. We watched in awe as all the great from Beirut came up in huge cars to the funeral of the butcher's wife, a Hitti, sister of a brilliant doctor and a world-renowned historian.

We accepted with gratitude the suggestions of our neighbour to give our toddler a banana and an extra toy when he wailed piteously when put to bed, sensing that they were also reassuring themselves that we were not beating him to a pulp. We were touched beyond measure when our elderly landlady insisted on babysitting this same toddler in the middle of the night when our second baby decided to be born, and even more so when our neighbours overwhelmed us with special dishes and sweets for the occasion, "even though" the baby was "only" a girl.

The Arabic language school was housed in two large red roofed buildings originally built as a silk factory — a lucrative industry in this region in the nineteenth century — and then bought by a philanthropic lady as an orphanage after World War I. The teachers were Palestinians who had been part of the original Centre in Palestine before partition into Israel in 1948. The director was from the British Foreign Office

and the curriculum supervisor a distinguished British Arab scholar. The students, 13 bachelors and four married men, were mostly young Foreign Office officers, British army officers, one or two private individuals from oil companies, and one or two others like my husband from Commonwealth countries. Ten months later my husband was posted down to Beirut to help open a Canadian legation. From our Eden we were plunged into a Gomorrah of casinos, night clubs, and lavish parties.

We moved into a new apartment building near a minuscule public garden, where I naively thought I could bring my toddlers to play. But here the neighbourhood boys fantasized they were back in the mountains, and used to stalk with their .22 rifles, the little sparrows that sang in the trees. Older youths, accustomed to strict gender protocol in their own families, were delighted to engage our shy pretty nanny in distracting conversation, while the children raced about on their tricycles on the edge of an elegant treacherous pond, just deep enough to drown them should they capsize their vehicles. Nursery school at two and summers in our lovely Shemlan were the answer.

Beirut was a fascinating mixture of old and new. Like the other Phoenician cities of Biblical fame along this coast, its history dated from Neolithic times. Like them it

A black rusty tank lies among the weeds at the top of the village of Shemlan



had always been a port trading with the interior, becoming, in times of world peace, immensely prosperous as an entrepot for the exchange of goods and ideas between Europe and the Far East. Although the Byzantine emperor Justinian had founded a law school here, and the Crusaders in the eleventh century had built a Norman-style church, later converted to a mosque, most of the city's ruins lay buried under the floors of nineteenth century Turkish buildings.

As a place to do business Beirut was a conglomeration of different souks. Each area had its specialty and each its clientele, as fascinating and colourful as the goods offered for sale. I learned to bargain with brio.

Economically and socially Beirut was changing before our eyes. In 1954 the city was emerging from a small port serving the Syrian hinterland to an international emporium for the whole Middle East, and the country with it. Although independent from the French in 1943, Lebanon exploded commercially through the port of Beirut with the creation of Israel in 1948 and Nasser's take-over of power in Egypt in 1952. The port of Haifa in Palestine moved its Arab business to Beirut. Palestinian doctors, lawyers, teachers, merchants did the same. Nasser's socialist policies and his distrust of the Christian Levantine population of Italians, Greeks, and Lebanese who had lived in Alexandria for hundreds of years, made them also take flight.

*As a place to do
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a conglomeration
of different souks.*

Unlike many third world countries, Lebanon had a high literacy rate of close to 85% in its population, and this included the girls. The Maronite element had maintained ties with the west since the eleventh century through the Crusaders, its adhesion to Rome and its many French Catholic schools. French was the second language spoken throughout the country, even in the tiniest village. There was a French-speaking university, St. Joseph's, dating from 1875, which had evolved from a Jesuit seminary and boys' school.

There was also a host of English-language schools founded by English-speaking Protestant missionaries, from England and particularly the United States, in the nineteenth century. One of these, the Syrian Protestant College, had become in

1866 the American University of Beirut, still possibly the most influential American university outside the United States. Intellectuals, both Muslim and Christian, from all over the Middle East were attracted to the city. As a result, Beirut, since the end of the nineteenth century, was already the leading centre for western education and ideas, both liberal and revolutionary, in the Arab world.

For the educated Palestinians and Alexandrians, Beirut was the obvious refuge. With their arrival, Lebanon, almost overnight, was turned into what the Lebanese liked to call "the Switzerland of the Middle East."

The city was booming with modern, concrete construction. New offices, new shops, new companies, new schools, new clinics and new apartment blocks were opening daily.

Making money was a game, like bridge. Money was a commodity, to be enjoyed of course, but above all to be traded where the real fun of the challenge was. Fortunes were made, lost and remade. Parties were given to show off how successful your business affairs were. As a young diplomatic couple we were scooped up by Lebanese hostesses, not because anyone thought we were important, but "as garnish," it was explained, like the parsley on the fish. We had ringside seats to watch the human show.

Women were also caught up in the boom. There was suddenly a great demand for all sorts of female skills beyond baby sitting and house work. Not only girls who could sew, but also business assistants of every description, shop girls, office receptionists, stenographers, file clerks, office administrators, telephone operators, nurses, and teachers, were needed to support the influx of new activity. Lebanon had able bilingual and trilingual female high school graduates ready to fill the jobs, and only too delighted to earn their marriage dowry in this way. Women had leapt into the twentieth century.

When I last visited Beirut in 1975 there were even more buildings, even taller and packed more closely. Land values had risen so sharply that people were building shops on the sidewalks, while cars used them as a third lane. The oil boom was at its height and Beirut was the gateway from the west for the whole Arab world. The greed to make money had become ravenous.

There were also rumblings in those early months of 1975. An old friend warned, "The Maronites are making all the money, and the Shias, who are so poor in the south, are getting nothing but bigger families. No census has been permitted since the 1930s. The Muslims now heavily outnumber the Christians, yet the constitution still gives

the balance of power to the Christians, especially the Maronites. One of these days the Muslims are going to demand a better share of the goodies." A few months later the prophecy had come true.

The first fighting in the civil war broke out between a Christian coalition headed by the Phalangists (a group of extreme nationalist Maronites), and a Muslim coalition made up of PLO fighters (expelled from Jordan in 1970), left-wing Druze and various Shia militias, with some Sunni participation. In 1982 the Israelis invaded Lebanon to expel the PLO, bombed Beirut, encouraged the Phalangists in a bloody massacre of two Palestinian refugee camps, and caused further devastation and suffering in the country.

*Making money
was a game,
like bridge.*

International attempts were made to halt the fighting but as time went on, with outside support in arms, money and men, more and more groups were fighting each other, including different factions of Christians, and different factions of Muslims, encouraged by foreign interests that often had little bearing on Lebanon. Finally peace was restored by an accord brokered in the Saudi Arabian summer capital of Taif, and enforced by Syrian military occupation.

The damage has been profound. In the first seven years of fighting even before the Israeli invasion and subsequent militia battles, an estimated 10% of Lebanon's population of close to 3.5 million were killed or wounded. Civilians in the south, mostly Shias, are still being killed in clashes between the Hizbollah militia and Israeli forces.

In addition, the war has brought a flight of needed capital and the loss of traditional markets. Bankers, traders, tourists have found safer countries. Free trade with Syria — a price for stopping the fighting — has undercut Lebanese agriculture and labour. Sadly, Lebanon has been bypassed as an indispensable intermediary for Arabs further east.

In Shemlan the spectacle that met us was devastating. After a bloody battle the Druze had wrested it from the Maronites. In a crumbling terrace at the top of the village weeds were growing over a rusty tank. Our house like all the others was a stone shell, roof, doors and windows all blown out. Inside the walls were pitted with bullet

holes, the plaster blackened from fire, the floors littered with trash. Young men had crouched with their Kalashnikovs by the barred windows of what had been our babies' bedroom. Gone were the roses and vines that had lined the stone pathway to the front door and the pillars on the front terrace where we had breakfasted on melons in the warm weather. The village was a ghost community, with only a handful of people returned.

Outside the capital within easy commuting distance, some of the reconstruction is almost as devastating as the destruction. The once lovely coastal resort of Junieh is now so densely built up that only the large hotels with their feet in the sea actually have the benefit of the Mediterranean. Small mountain villages are suffering from the same construction blight. Shemlan was spared this fate. With the re-establishment of a central government, new high rises outside big cities are no longer permitted and the great historic sites are once again being protected.

On this visit we saw old friends and met new ones. The warm generosity of people remains. Their kindness, their welcoming, their humanity, has not faded. They still give you the sense that you, the person they are with at the moment, are their most important concern. Those who were not sucked into the fighting who shared the

wartime experience have become more open to other communities. Many inside and outside the country are also working together to rebuild the social fabric in a way that will be less partisan.

As for the position of women, it has, perhaps through necessity, continued to evolve. Educated women now routinely work at their professions as they do in Canada. We met one Shia Muslim family where the daughters and daughters-in-law included a pediatrician, a primary school teacher, and a store owner. A group of gifted women writers has emerged, able to recount the experiences of the civil war in Arabic in a way that goes beyond faction to the universal human tragedy they have suffered together. One of these, Emily Nasrallah, whose books have been translated into English, has extensive family in Prince Edward Island.

However, the fundamental political issues that would allow Lebanon to build a national, non-factional community, have not been resolved. The new constitution still allots the three most powerful posts to the Maronites. Parliamentary representation still fails to reflect the reality of the Muslim majority in the country.

Politicians, to secure their political power base, continue to play on factional differences. Lebanon is a modern state, with freedom

of speech and movement, and a highly educated citizenry, but it is still ruled in practice by a group of jealous feudal leaders, each with his own warriors battle ready — in fact the same factional leaders who fought the civil war.

An armed Syrian presence is everywhere. No one dares touch the ubiquitous pictures of Syria's super dictator Hafez el Assad, and his late son sporting his playboy dark glasses, that are to be seen at roadblocks and on lampposts and billboards. No important external decision is made without Syrian approval.

And if the hated Syrians were to leave, would fighting break out again?

"Yes," was the sad unanimous reply. The peace within the country is so fragile that without the Syrian army any incident might trigger a return to anarchy. As one old friend told us, and many others repeated, "the leaders have not learned anything by this war."

Let us pray that the benefits of peace will tempt them into lasting reconciliation. ☺

Susan Shenstone, wife of retired Canadian diplomat, Michael Shenstone, spent 8 ½ years with him on postings in the Middle East. Their first tour was 3 ½ years in Lebanon where she arrived along with 1 ½ babies and a dog in 1954. Her most recent visit was in November 1997.

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As a veteran of the Cold War and the realities of the division of the two Germanies, the parallel with the Korean situation has not gone unremarked. Unlike the German Democratic Republic, however, to which I was accredited from 1984-86, I have no similar access to the Democratic People's Republic of North Korea (DPRK), a country with which Canada does not maintain diplomatic relations. My chance to visit came when I was asked to represent Canada at the 19 August 1997 ground-breaking ceremony of the Sinpo nuclear project in the Kumho region of north-eastern North Korea. This project is the result of a 1994 USA/North Korean Agreed Framework whereby the DPRK gave up its research on nuclear weapons in return for the supply of two nuclear lightwater reactors and some 500,000 tonnes of heavy fuel oil annually until the nuclear stations come on stream. The main partners in this project, known as the Korean Peninsula Energy Development Corporation, or KEDO, are the USA, Japan and South Korea, soon to be joined by the European Union. Other member nations include Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Finland, Chile and Indonesia.

Entry to the DPRK cannot normally be made from South Korea — most visitors head to the north via the convenience of the Beijing to Pyongyang air link. For this ceremony, organized by KEDO in cooperation with the prime contractor, KEPCO, a South Korean merchant navy training ship, the HANNARA, was chartered to transport about 90 officials from KEDO, KEPCO, participating nations and journalists. Conditions aboard were what one would expect naval cadets to enjoy — communal showers and multi-bunk cabins, and cafeteria style messing. The ship's company had made this journey once before and were seasoned hands. As we left the South Korean port of Tong-Hae for our overnight passage, the master of the ship comforted me by saying that we would not have DPRK naval surveillance on the trip north, because they were short of fuel! That said, our track still followed an agreed route, via "Point Alpha", a *rendez-vous* off the DPRK coast from which we could be tracked easily.

After steaming at a comfortable twelve knots in calm waters we arrived off

the port of Yang-Hwa early in the morning to embark the pilot who arrived in a very dilapidated harbour tug, built to do ten knots but now could manage just five! We berthed without incident after coming into a pleasant enough port surrounded by very green hills. The harbour itself was clearly unused except for a few rusted fishing vessels which never left the port during the 24 hours we were there. The port probably hummed once

collapse while we were in the country, we were allowed to disembark. KEDO had provided all participants with identification certificates, pseudo passports in fact, and it was with this document that genial immigration officials stamped our way into the country. No port facility worth its salt would be without a "duty-free" shop and Yang-Hwa was no exception. Visitors were able to buy various North Korean products

including bottles of "Adder Liquor", a particularly noxious spirit with a dead snake in the bottle. Real aficionados, I am told, eat the snake after they have consumed the alcohol!

KEDO-supplied vehicles moved us from the port through town and on to the site, about nine kilometres away. The road infrastructure was primitive. A hard dirt road with vestiges of ancient hard-top led out of town. We connected with a side road into the Sinpo area, another dirt road but newly enlarged and very muddy and slippery on the rainy day we visited. Generally, one was struck at how little transportation there was in Kumho. We saw neither buses nor cars. One of the reasons people are as trim as they are is probably because they have to walk everywhere. The port facility itself is used by various people to transit the waterfront. We never really

got close to them and most averted their gaze away from the ship, almost as though they thought they would be ideologically violated by looking at such South Korean influence. Indeed, while we only went from the port to the site and back, and were not specifically accompanied or escorted, it seemed that people were kept at a distance while we were in town. This was borne out by workers at the site who said that their contact with the locals is minimal.

*The whole scene
could have been
a port anywhere, ...
but circa 1890.*

Passing through the harbour town itself, on largely dirt roads, there was a long building which reminded me of a Victorian tenement; one could not help but observe that there is not much money spent in a town like this. As we rose above the town

Impressions of a Short Visit to NORTH KOREA

story and photos by David Collins

but the jetty crane looked as though it hadn't moved in twenty years; the doors of the warehouses were shut tight. A lone guard box greeted us as we waited for North Korean officials to show up in two rather tired Volvo automobiles. The ghost-like aspect of the port was overseen by a benign portrait of the late "Great Leader", Kim Il Sung, with appropriate revolutionary sayings to inspire, in fading red paint. A lone ox-cart ambled through the port seemingly coming from nowhere, and going nowhere. Rat guards were placed on the ship's lines in the port, something we had not seen in the south. As someone joked, who could know if these were put on to prevent North Korean rats from boarding the ship, or put on by the North to ensure that no South Korean rats left the ship?

Arrival formalities went smoothly enough. While we were still on board the ship, two DPRK doctors came on board from the quarantine service to check the pulse of everyone disembarking and, in a few cases, to place a thermometer under arm-pits as an additional safeguard. Obviously reassured that none of us would



Left: The author at the ceremony

Below: A busy port at Yang-Hwa

over the hills, the whole scene could have been a port anywhere, on the Channel or the Black Sea perhaps, but circa 1890.

Access to the site location itself, about three kilometres off the "main road", was controlled which suggests that the locals are not encouraged to come too close either. That said, there is a village very close to the site with tile-covered houses with gardens filled with every vegetable imaginable. We were told that people can keep what they grow on their own patches. Indeed, as we passed by luscious rice paddies, corn fields that were healthy enough with slightly stunted crops, and a pear orchard with ripening fruit, it was hard to believe that we were in a country where drought and famine are reportedly rife. We also saw a small herd of rather plump cattle which could have been planted for our visit, but this seemed unlikely, given that the general fertility of the area was established. Even three or four gambolling



goats we saw seemed quite content with their lot!

Indeed, while our actual exposure to the local scene was rather carefully scripted, I never saw anyone who looked particularly deprived. North Korean faces are darker and more angular than those of the average South Korean, but much work is done in the fields in this region of North Korea and without public transportation, or even many

very sandy but KEDO workers have only limited access to them, and under supervision. There is certainly a barrier between the site and the sea which serves as a potential defence against sea-borne invasion. The whole state of infrastructure in this region is very undeveloped, with minimal roads and a rudimentary rural electricity service. In fact the new roads that have been put in for the project are very muddy in wet

can conclude that there had been a lack of water, but the pastures and the crops seemed only marginally affected.

The ceremony itself passed virtually flawlessly with about fifty North Korean officials in the audience who applauded politely, if uncertainly, after the speeches. Their representative was a little more pointed in a later press conference when he denounced those responsible for delays in



A South Korean merchant navy training ship was chartered to transport us to the ceremony.

bicycles, it is easy to keep trim by the extensive walking one has to do.

A steady drizzle continued through our eight-hour time ashore. The site itself is certainly green-field, and set amidst some very pleasant coastal scenery. The beaches were

weather and our bus almost slithered into the ditch several times, as indeed did a bus carrying some journalists later the same day! One lake close to the site looked a little depleted and an adjacent pumping station was now above the water line. One

the project to date! KEDO hosted a reception in the guest house provided for KEDO workers where we mingled and chatted among ourselves or with some of the DPRK officials. It was interesting watching the South Korean participants meeting with their kinsman in the North. As one said simply to me later: "It is easy to communicate



Lake close to the site

because we are the same people." The guest house itself, run by the North Koreans, was well stocked with beers from Japan, Britain and Belgium among others! Rooms went for a very cosmopolitan rate of over US\$100 a night.

*We were struck by
the essential poverty
and undeveloped
rural nature
of the area.*

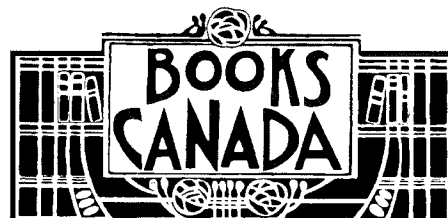
Later that evening as dusk fell, we returned through the fields of corn in a setting that to me was very reminiscent of rural Eastern Europe 15 years ago. The "Pyongyang Express" passed by, a train with six very dilapidated cars, one of three or four daily trains that service Kumho district, we were told. We received waves from passengers who crowded open platforms on the train. As we descended to the port of Yang-Hwa we were struck by the dimness of the lights in dwellings, as though each house was allowed to use only 20 watt bulbs. We saw televisions in several houses as we passed, where they would have seen a brief report of the ceremony we had just attended on the one DPRK station available

to them. Many of the local women going home at night by foot carried baskets on their heads, something one sees rarely in South Korea now.

As we repeated the same formalities to depart the DPRK as we had to enter earlier that day, we were strangely thrilled by what we had done and seen. I am not the only Canadian diplomat to have visited North Korea, but I am now part of a very select group that has. Those of us who participated cannot claim to have received a huge insight into either the country or the people of North Korea but we had the satisfaction of having been in one of the last frontiers in the world, where normal folk simply do not go. Nothing we saw jarred us unduly, but we were struck by the essential poverty and undeveloped rural nature of the area. Apart from a couple of armed sentries on the jetty in Yang-Hwa we saw no military personnel or installations during our short stay in the country, although as we left harbour we saw a small navy landing craft heading in to port. In an odd way, the pastoral nature of the area was serene and calming and one was reminded of what all the Korean peninsula must have been like sixty years ago. The hustle and bustle of the South today bears no resemblance to the rural, agrarian part of the North we saw. It was evident too that for many South Koreans visiting the North for the first time, where they were born or from where their parents had come, it was an emotional "homecoming" that leads one to believe that when unification does occur, it may not do so with the hard

"bump", at least at the personal level, that many anticipate. ☺

David Collins was Minister-Counsellor at the Canadian Embassy in Seoul. He is currently Canada's Ambassador to Romania.



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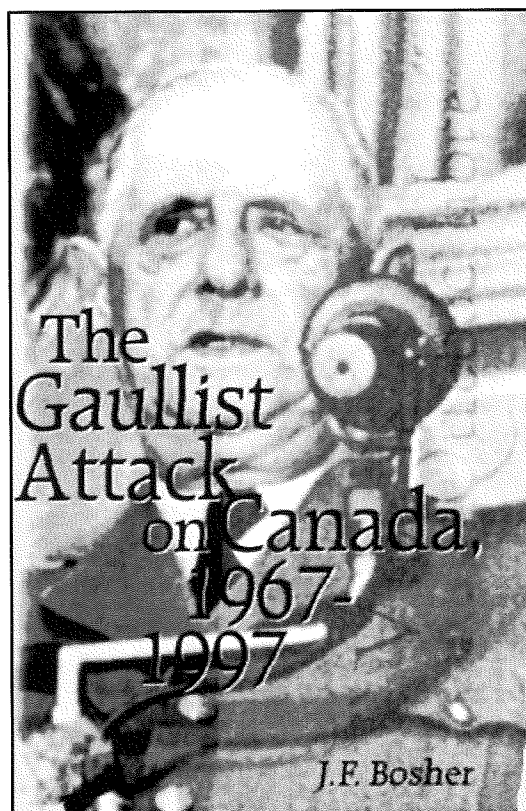
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ROBERT FORD: OUR MAN IN MOSCOW

"Are you very sure about the Methodists?"

This was in June 1980 in the office of the ambassador. In a dimly lit room framed by thick striped drapes and crowded with big red leather chairs, Robert Ford sat upright behind an imposing desk.

"Well, no, not absolutely sure. I will check."

From what I had heard about my new ambassador, this first encounter could have been a lot worse. Mr. Ford was surely mellowing in his seventeenth year at the helm but I soon discovered the "real" Mr. Ford. He was in fact quite tolerant with junior officers and intent on passing on to the youngest arrival, the internalist, his "feeling" for things Russian.

Of course, he was right. The Soviet authorities were cleaning out Moscow in preparation for the Olympics. That summer, Muscovites got their holiday vouchers without problems and all manner of unofficial groups and dissidents were sent beyond kilometre 101 to prevent any "chance encounter" with enterprising visitors. The pentecostals, baptists and lutherans were afforded special attention but not the methodists who were too few to present much of threat.

Robert Ford was already a legend by the time he left Moscow. His record of achievement is undeniable, as an interpreter of Soviet policy, dean of the diplomatic corps in Moscow and as a writer, recipient of a Governor-General's award for poetry. He had strongly-held moral values, a deep respect for Russian culture and definite views about the Soviet system. These earned him the respect of his Russian friends but they also shielded him to a certain extent from the new undercurrents already perceptible at the end of his last assignment in Moscow.

Robert Ford was born in Ottawa in 1915 and studied at the University of Western Ontario and Cornell University. He was one of few to join the Department of External Affairs during the war, in July 1940. His association with Moscow began with a two-year assignment in 1946 which coincided with the Gouzenko affair, a suitable baptism of fire. It is essential to mention, as any diplomat who served under Ford will attest, that Robert Ford had just married Thereza Maria Gomes in New York. Michèle Allard, the seven year-old daughter of Général Jean Allard, the military attaché who lived in the Domik behind the main Embassy building in 1946, remembers her bubbly, effervescent personality. She had jet black hair and would often dress in black. Robert and Thereza Ford were

one, fire and ice. He fed off her energy. She organized his life and asked the outrageous questions that the consummate diplomat could not.

Robert Ford returned to 23 Starokonyushenny Pereulok as Chargé d'affaires for the last years of the Stalinist era, from 1951 to 1953. After heading the European Division, he served in Colombia, Belgrade and Cairo before moving back to Moscow. He presented his credentials in the Kremlin on January 10, 1964.

After his departure from Moscow in October 1980, Ford kept a hand in Soviet affairs for a few more years as Special Adviser to the Canadian Government on East-West Relations and as member of the Independent Commission for Disarmament and Security Issues under the chairmanship of Olaf Palme (Palme Commission).

It would be fair to say that Robert Ford never ceased to follow Soviet affairs. It was sometimes a mixed blessing to read his telegrams on an issue that we at the Embassy would have just commented on. I am told that Ford had the same propensity to comment on Soviet affairs from Bolivia at the end of the fifties. It could not have been easy to follow in the footsteps of Robert Ford in Moscow!

How could it have been otherwise? Ford was at the center of Canadian-Soviet affairs for nearly twenty of the forty-nine years of Canado-Soviet relations — include his two other assignments and his tenure covered half of the existence of our bilateral relations. (Canada was rather late in establishing diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, on June 12, 1942, and did so only because of the war. It had appointed trade commissioners to Russia in 1917.) By virtue of the length of his experience and his *entrée* in the cultural establishment, Robert Ford was unique. Western diplomats were rarely assigned for more than three years and more dramatically, most were cordoned off in a well-defined space by the Soviet authorities. Very few gained a feeling for life beyond officialdom. Robert and Thereza Ford did, helped by his affinity for poetry and her flamboyant personality. At the same time, he abhorred the Soviet system. Ford put it this way in the introduction to his Personal Anthology: "My job in the many years I spent as a diplomat in Russia was political. But my interest in Russian poetry

and my efforts at translations were passports to understanding. My love of their poetry made my unmistakable distaste for the system somehow acceptable." This duality brought him close to Russians who put up with it daily.

Andrei Voznessensky is one of Russia's greatest living poets. He was the "enfant terrible" of the sixties — the shestideciatniki, remembered today with avid nostalgia. He could pack hockey arenas with thousands of fans who would hang on his every word. Ford and Voznessensky struck a friendship based on mutual respect as much as appreciation of each other's poetry. Ford translated several of his poems; many are found in his "Personal Anthology".

Voznessensky recalls that Robert and Thereza Ford were the centre of cultural life in Moscow. They visited the young poet and his wife, the writer Zoya Bogouslavskaya in Peredelkino. There they met Lily Brik, Nadezhda Mandelstam, Yevgueni Yevtushenko, Bella Akhmadulina and Maya Plisetskaya. These encounters at a Russian's dacha were practically unheard of for a western diplomat. Ford also had some contact with the artistic world through George Kostaki, an art collector, who happened to be on the Embassy's local staff until he emigrated at the end of the 1970s.

Voznessensky explains well why Russians were attracted to Ford. He was a handsome man, his deep blue eyes were striking. He had an aristocratic demeanour and lived his infirmity with dignity. Russians instinctively sympathize with an individual's suffering and this only reinforced their respect for him. In addition, Ford was an idealist, not a materialist — another trait Russians readily identified with. He loved Russian poetry and considered the Russian language as the "second language of poetry" after English.

Voznessensky recalled how Ford would discreetly help him and in his way "beat the system". Ford engineered an invitation from the Prime Minister to enable Voznessensky to visit Canada which, at the time, was what it took for the authorities to let him go abroad. He also called Voznessensky into his office one day to show him, without saying a word, an article that described how one of his acquaintances in the United States had helped the dancer Baryshnikov in his defection.

Georgi Arbatov is the founding director of the Institute of the USA and Canada; indeed he oversaw the creation of the department that added "Canada" to the Institute in 1972. He was considered the

Soviet Union's leading Americanist for close to a quarter century. Arbatov had been a top advisor to Leonid Brezhnev and remained a full member of the CPSU Central Committee until 1990 retaining his influence through to the advent of Mikhail Gorbachov and "New Thinking" in Soviet foreign policy.

His thoughts on Robert Ford reflect the duality described above (see box, message to the author, May 5 1998). One of his comments is particularly interesting, referring to their tenure on the Palme Commission in the early eighties: "We had many discussions, not always were we in agreement but our disagreements were not of a principal nature. We represented two different generations not only by age, but politically. I worked a lot to bring perestroika nearer, Ambassador Ford with all his knowledge of traditional soviet diplomacy was not easy to persuade that things really started to change. But soon this difference started to close."

In the closing chapter of his memoirs, entitled "Our Man in Moscow", Ford did not seem optimistic at all that the leaders of the system would deem it vital to shake

it out of its stagnation. The difference with Khrushchev's "thaw" which Ford well analyzed, is that, twenty-five years later, the rot had set in sufficiently for events to run their course out of the system's control. Poland since 1976, and the invasion of Afghanistan, both for its alienating impact on Soviet society and the leadership's misreading of the West's reaction, had a profound effect on the coming generation of leaders, including Mikhail Gorbachov. Their outlook was somewhat different from their predecessors', but this was not immediately apparent to Kremlinologists.

"Our Man in Moscow" describes the grind and the glory of pursuing Canada's interests in the Soviet Union. There is the daily tedium of getting through to a thick bureaucracy firmly wedded to the principle of reciprocity. Records of Ford's meetings at the Foreign Ministry (provided courtesy

of Mr. Lebedev) deal with some momentous issues such as ministerial visits, Expo 67, and negotiations for a Soviet consulate in Montreal. They reveal Ford's quixotic quest for a new Chancery (as early as 1965!) and deal with the perfectly mundane — such as Ford complaining about the laundress provided by UPDK (the state monopoly, sole provider of staff, services and accommodations to diplomats) who turned out to be more adept at paper work than ironing. The state of our bilateral relations tracked the overall pattern between the two superpowers. Canada used its position as a "bridge" between them in difficult moments and Ford was a conduit. The high point of his tenure was the exchange of visits of Prime Ministers Trudeau and Kosygin in 1971.

The low point unfortunately came at the end of his stay. The Soviet invasion of

Visit of the Prime Minister of Canada, Pierre Elliott Trudeau to the Soviet Union: Meeting with Leonid Illich Brezhnev, General Secretary of the CPUS, May 19, 1971
left to right: Ed Ritchie, Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs; Ambassador Ford, Suslov, Director of 2nd European Division of the MID, PM Trudeau, Viktor Sukhodriev, Head of Canada Dept, MID, L.I. Brezhnev, PM Andrei Kossyguine
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Afghanistan in December 1979 put our relations in deep freeze. In his last months, Ford had to cope with a drastic reduction in locally engaged staff, an embargo on wheat sales to Russia and a boycott of the Moscow Olympics. A change in government in Ottawa in early 1980 did not affect our policy. I recall that Ford was bitter at having to end his career in Moscow on such a note. The Soviets extended him the minimal

Ambassador Robert Ford was the first Canadian Ambassador to the Soviet Union I got to know just at the moment when we decided to undertake our own expansion to include Canada in our studies and to rename the institute — Institute of the USA and Canada. He impressed us not only by his keen understanding of foreign policy and international relations, but also by his great interest in Russia including Russian poetry. As a memento of this interest I keep a book containing Russian poetry translated by him into English. He was a fine gentleman and at the same time a man with strong views on which he never compromised which is why he had sometimes strained relations with some of our officials. But he was liked in Moscow, especially by people interested in cultural dialogue between our two countries.

The chance to work with Robert Ford was presented to me by the "Palme Commission" at the very beginning of the eighties. We were both invited to work as its members. We had many discussions not always in agreement. We represented two different generations not only by age, but politically. I worked to bring perestroika nearer. Ambassador Ford with all his knowledge of traditional soviet diplomacy was not too easy to persuade that things really had started to change. But soon this difference started to close.

As a human being, as a professional, as a man of high culture he deserved high respect. And he will remain as a significant positive figure in our relations and in the hearts of many Soviets who knew him. In mine for sure.

Georgi Arbatov

courtesies on his departure. He could have expected a farewell lunch hosted by Minister Gromyko; after all he was the dean of the corps. Instead, he was hosted by a vice-minister of the Foreign Ministry who thought it necessary at the lunch to remind us that Ford had been the second longest serving ambassador in Moscow. A Swedish ambassador after the war had served two months longer. Ford took subtle revenge in his toast by carefully choosing to quote some lines from his favourite poet, Serguei Essenine, not exactly a favourite of orthodox Soviets.

On an early October morning, the Fords said farewell to the staff assembled in the Red Room. Ed and Nina Stevens, old friends from the forties' who lived around the corner, joined us. Ed had come to Moscow as an American correspondent and married a Russian who collected and introduced unofficial artists. The Fords left in an old Lincoln Continental and a Lada for France where they settled just outside Vichy.

Ambassador Ford left an indelible mark in the history of Canadian-Soviet relations. Robert and Thereza Ford also left their imprint on generations of Canadian diplomats and their spouses. Robert Ford was

determined not to let his infirmity interfere with the pursuit of normal diplomatic activities. He would not stand for any sign of weakness and set exceedingly high standards for himself and his staff. In the eyes of members of our Russian staff who knew Ford, he represented an era that is fading away.

His legacy lives on. It is that of a man with strong views that were not always shared, such as on the pervasiveness of the communist system, but always respected. Several of my colleagues who have served earlier in Russia recalled how visiting ministers and officials would call on him as a matter of course. Robert Ford was a poet and he gained acceptance in Russia's literary world. When I first saw Andrei Voznessensky on my return to Moscow, his first question was about Ford's health. Robert Ford advised several Canadian Prime Ministers on East-West relations. Any analysis of our country's relations with the Soviet Union will include Robert Ford's significant contribution to their development. ☺

Anne Leahy is Canada's Ambassador to the Russian Federation.

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J.T. (Tom) Boehm 1941-1998

Tom was born in Toronto on June 22, 1941. After he received his BA at York University in 1963, he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris and then returned to the University of Toronto. He joined the Department of External Affairs in May 1965 and, following "basic" training in Ottawa, was sent on a series of postings (Islamabad, 1966-68; Kingston, 1970-73; Washington, 1976-80; Nairobi, 1980-83), interspersed with assignments to the Information, Security and Intelligence and Middle East Divisions in the Department in Ottawa.

After he returned from Nairobi, Tom was named Director, and later Director General, of the Personnel Administration Bureau in the Personnel Branch. From 1988 to 1992 he served as Minister at the Canadian High Commission in London and, following a brief stint in Personnel Branch as Acting Director General of the Personnel Administration Bureau and a short assignment in Cuba, he was appointed

Vice-Commandant of the National Defence College in Kingston, Ontario, serving there in 1993/94. From 1994 to 1996 he was National Coordinator for the Chemical Weapons Convention National Authority.

In September 1996, Tom was named Consul General for Canada to Seattle, where he served with enthusiasm and courage until his death.

As with many colleagues in the Department, paths traverse the same territory even when they don't cross. Our assignments in the Personnel Branch, and to Pakistan and London always gave us a benchmark for comparisons. We also shared a love of golf, fishing, good jokes and wine, subjects to which — with the exception of the latter — I could turn in latter-day conversations during Tom's long and courageous struggle with his cancer.

Golf, in many ways defined our friendship and gave insight into his character. Tom and I played golf together for over

20 years; we played in England, Ireland, Myrtle Beach in South Carolina, Washington, DC, Seattle and here in the Ottawa Valley. We played as partners and as opponents. But either way there was always camaraderie because Tom liked people, all sorts of people. And this was the way he was at work as well. He liked his staff and they liked him. He had a genuine open-door policy that extended beyond his office — to his staff parties, luncheons at home and to his softball team.

His style on the golf course was somewhat unorthodox — what I often described as "the caddy lunge." But as in all the things Tom did, orthodox or not, it got the job done. Tom also asked for advice and listened to people. When we had finished discussing an especially tricky shot on the golf course, the various options and their associated risks, Tom's final question was always "OK, now what's the RIGHT thing to do." And that's how he operated at work

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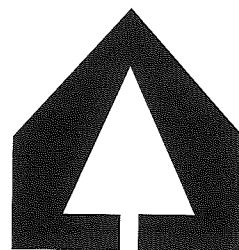
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too — not necessarily the easiest road or the politically correct one, but the RIGHT one. This wasn't always an easy path to follow but that's what he did and he was admired for his courage. Tom wasn't afraid to take a stand.

But what I remember Tom for most of all was his sense of humour — not only in our exchanges of jokes that spanned all the years (recently enhanced through MITNET and SIGNET), during all those lunches (he *loved* to eat and did so at incredible speed!!) or throughout all those golf games, but also in his ability to see humour in every situation. This was brought home to me after our golf trip to Ireland in the late 80s. Tom and an Australian journalist friend had come from London and I had come from Canada with another journalist who, at that time, was the editor of one of Canada's most influential newspapers. We played golf for a week on some of Ireland's finest courses, travelling around the countryside in a rented van, returning to a small village outside Galway each night where we greatly enhanced the local economy, especially that of the local pub. About a week after I got back to Ottawa, I got a phone call from the Canadian journalist who said that, although he had really enjoyed the golf, he had especially enjoyed the camaraderie and never *laughed* as much as he had during that week. Even during the last few years, when Tom was sometimes a bit down, I could always get him to refocus by starting handicap negotiations, telling him that chemotherapy was only worth one handicap shot whereas working in the Department gave anyone a minimum of three; he would immediately pick up the challenge and we would be off on discussions that left medical conditions behind.

He was also a fierce competitor on the golf course not giving up until the final shot was played. And that's the way he dealt with his cancer: fighting it all the way, never giving up. It meant that for an extra three years Mary Ellen, Christopher and Michael had the love of their husband/father, the Department kept one of its "finest" and I was lucky enough to have had his friendship and companionship. ☺

David Stockwell is Deputy Inspector General of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade.



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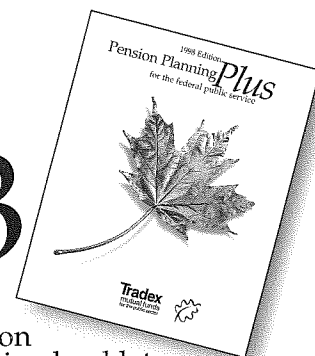
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Halstead's Pennant

As recalled in the Summer issue Vol. 15 No. 2 of **bout de papier**, John Halstead was a remarkable man of diverse talents and interests. Many associates of his on the editorial board of **bout**, as well as other readers, know that Halstead was actively involved in the search for a distinctive national flag for Canada. Christopher Cook, a freelance historian in Ottawa currently employed as an editorial assistant in DFAIT's Historical Section, found early evidence of Halstead's involvement in the Lester B. Pearson Papers at the National Archives of Canada.

Along with others who had served in the armed forces during the Second World War, Halstead believed that the use of the Red Ensign or the Union Jack to symbolize Canada internationally detracted from the country's independence in international affairs and implied an inappropriate subordination to the United Kingdom. When Halstead prepared the memorandum reprinted below, which was seen by Pearson, the question of a Canadian flag was once again before the House of Commons. Though Halstead's specific recommendation was not interjected by Pearson into that debate, it did resurface a decade later when Pearson, by then Prime Minister, proposed what was unfortunately but effectively mocked by John Diefenbaker and others as the "Pearson pennant." That proposal bore a remarkable resemblance to the sketch reproduced below, which accompanied the memorandum. But, as Halstead had anticipated, this was "a delicate and uncertain field charged with emotion and irrational association". Confronted by dissension and controversy over the particular design, Pearson substituted what is now our national flag for the "pennant" devised by Halstead.

The sentence which appears within square brackets took the form of a footnote in the original document.

Christopher Cook and Hector Mackenzie

Memorandum

To: Miss [Mary] Macdonald, Minister's Office

From: J.G.H. Halstead [Defence Liaison Division]

Security: PERSONAL

Date: February 10, 1954

Subject: Canadian National Flag

Following your suggestion the other day, I am outlining below, for what they are worth, some thoughts on the subject of a Canadian national flag which may be of interest to the Minister in connection with the forthcoming debate in the House.

What a Flag Should Do

National symbolism is a delicate and uncertain field charged with emotion and irrational association. I therefore enter the field with considerable trepidation and with the knowledge that I may be making too neat and logical a pattern where none exists.

A national flag should, I think, serve two main purposes. It should represent Canada abroad; and it should represent to Canadians the spirit which unites the country as a whole.

Increasing Demand for a Flag

There has in recent years been an increasing demand in Canada for a distinctive national flag. It is true, however, that in the

past there has been insufficient public interest or support for the proposal, or at least for any one of the many proposals put forward, to enable a generally acceptable design to be adopted. This is not a matter which can or should be artificially pushed. It has yet to be seen whether public sentiment is now strong enough to warrant definitive action. I do believe, however, that there has been in Canada since the last war a striking growth in national consciousness and national pride and an accompanying feeling that we should have a flag which will be a suitable symbol of these things.

As recently as the last war it was the experience of Canadian servicemen in Europe that they were generally regarded either as "Englishmen" or as "Americans". It was difficult, if not impossible, for the ordinary European to grasp the fact that Canada and Canadians were something apart from — though admittedly intimately associated with — our neighbours south of the border and our cousins across the Atlantic. Since then Canada's distinctive position in international affairs has become more widely recognized. Ambassadors and Ministers have been exchanged between Canada and an increasing number of other countries; Canadian delegations in the United Nations and at international conferences have played an active and often influential role; and there has developed a Canadian foreign policy based on an independent view of the world. Now for the first time in peacetime there are Canadians serving in many countries overseas and allies serving in Canada for the collective security of the free world. In these circumstances, the absence of an accepted symbol of Canadian nationality is a growing inconvenience.

We should perhaps ask whether the red ensign, used at present as a Canadian flag, or the Union Jack, which is also regarded by some as the only legitimate Canadian flag, is adequate. I think it is clear that neither is fully representative of the Canada of today. Even the red ensign (commonly known as the "Canadian Ensign"), although it contains the shield from the Canadian coat of arms, hardly meets this requirement. It might once have symbolized the political origins of our country and part of its evolution to nationhood, but to adopt it now would surely not agree with present-day facts. The Union Jack can hardly be regarded as the symbol of the Commonwealth since the epoch-making changes that have taken place in that association in the last few years. [The flags of the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa contain the Union Jack (though in the last case it is hardly

discernible) but those of India, Pakistan and Ceylon do not.] Moreover, the Commonwealth is only one of the associations to which Canada belongs today.

There are other objections to the "Canadian Ensign". From the visual point of view it is not very satisfactory because the shield which is the "Canadian" element in the design is so placed that when the flag is flying it is often invisible or difficult to make out. Even if it were easily visible, it is doubtful whether most foreigners would recognize the shield as Canadian, since the maple leaves which it contains occupy a relatively minute space.

What Characteristics Should a Canadian Flag Have?

The national flag of Canada should be distinctively Canadian and should be readily recognizable as such at home and abroad. The only symbol which meets this requirement, as far as I know, is the maple leaf. It is also the only symbol of Canadian origin in the Canadian coat of arms. The shield contains a sprig of three green maple leaves on a white or silver background.

The design of the flag should be heraldically acceptable, since a flag is by definition a heraldic device. Many of the designs put

forward recently have failed to meet this requirement.

The flag should be simple, easily learned and easily reproduced.

The flag should emphasise those things which unite us. It should therefore avoid as far as possible symbols which represent particular interests or particular associations which may be potentially divisive.

The flag should not be too closely tied to historical or geographical factors which might change. I think it would be a mistake, for example, to attempt to represent the ten provinces since changes in this number might necessitate awkward changes in design.

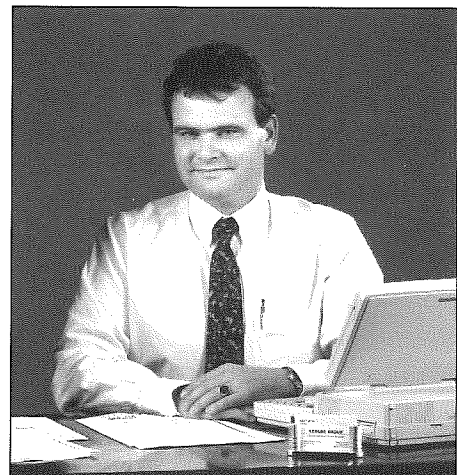
Finally, the flag should, by its general form and colour, suggest Canada's political affiliations and associations. For the reasons I have already given, I do not think it would be appropriate to do this by incorporating the Union Jack in the design. The same purpose might be served, however, by using red, white and blue as the dominant colours, colours which appear not only in the Union Jack but also in the flag of such allies as the United States, France, the Netherlands and Norway.

J[ohn]. H[alstead]. ☉

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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Reflections of a Siamese Twin
reviewed by David Anido

REFLECTIONS OF A SIAMESE TWIN by John Ralston Saul; Viking, 1997, 546 pp. \$36.99

Reviewed by David Anido

David Anido is President of Stayt International, a company engaged in global cultural enterprise.

To be Canadian means to be a citizen of the most culturally plural country on earth. It also means to be in constant debate over who we are culturally as a people. A comedian at the *Juste Pour Rire* festival in Montréal this year defined Canadians as "unarmed Americans with a health plan". Richard Gwyn wrote about "the unbearable lightness of being Canadian," and Chief of the Grand Cree, Matthew Coon Come, said that "we are not the ones threatening to leave, we are the ones threatening to stay". In the land of self-effacement and variety the articulate Merlin is king.

Into the ring jumps John Ralston Saul with *Reflections of a Siamese Twin*. Reading Saul is like flying through thick cloud into sudden clear air to see a huge landscape down below. As one of Canada's most committed cultural intellectuals, Saul transposes the tedious syndrome of the "two solitudes" into the stark gothic image of the "Siamese twin". The seedlings of Canada's congenital confederal agony seem like the harbingers of obscure history, but the effect is contemporary. The Siamese twin is the freak spawn of the anachronistic clash between Ultramontanist and Orangeism.

Images of papal zouaves "from the other side of the Alps," and top-hatted fascists on a Catholic-baiting march are hardly the current sense of the Canadian self, or of reality, in Canada's peaceable kingdom. Yet Saul asks us to reflect. We are on the right trail towards the grail of civilization, but we don't yet comprehend this as our national course.

Saul has concentrated in previous works on cultural insight. *Voltaire's Bastards* and *The Doubter's Companion* form his insightful investigation of western culture. His CBC Massey Lectures Series in 1995 saw him forceful in his criticisms of conformity and corporatism. He argued that our massive new reservoirs of information and knowledge, available at the end of a mouse, are in fact turning us into an unconscious civilization. Canada the unconscious? Love or hate him; Saul prods us to wake up to

the reality of crumbling institutions that now lie victim to a lack of vision and leadership on the cusp of the millennium.

In 1994, Saul wrote a foreign policy paper for the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade defending a clairvoyant initiative that the promotion of Canadian culture in the world, through engaged insight into that culture, would be a "third pillar of foreign policy". Canadian self-confidence would see Canadian values offered to the world as a contribution to problem-solving and conflict-resolution counterpointing the Ozymandian ruins of the Berlin Wall and the roots of the Cold War. But international cultural enterprise was relegated to a stillborn global issues branch, which, coupled with a stunning lack of understanding and commitment by the Department's senior managers from 1994 to 1996, rendered the third pillar a bright shining lie.

Reflections of a Siamese Twin is an admonition that our cultural ignorance is one of our national problems. Canada "is an idea of what a country could be, a place of imagination... it is very much its own invention. Our glory is the remarkable originality of the Canadian experiment."

The author judges that the Canadian "problem" stems from the "ever-thickening walls of a mythological prison... over the past decades we have seen wave after wave of high-quality, talented politicians and public servants severely handicapped in their ability to propose interesting policies..."

The problem is historic; so "... why not begin with what could be called the two great tragedies of Canada's first century? They began as political struggles and ended by infusing much of the mythological and real poison and bitterness into our society". Poison and bitterness? The first "tragedy" was "the victory of the Ultramontane movement in Quebec and the second the victory of the Orange movement in Ontario". These were "the spearheads of intolerance and manipulation of fear". The Ultramontanes caused French Canada the "loss of a century". The Orange movement "provoked the Métis persecution... and caused Ontario also to lose close to a century of balanced evolution". Separatism, the inheritance, is as racist as any ethnic cleanser available on the shelf of political ideas.

Saul makes the crucial distinction between culture and heritage. "Culture

may contain some heritage, but above all it is alive and heritage is tied to an uncontrollable continuity which is relevant to all aspects of society... The whole concept of heritage has grown over the last few years because it treats culture as something in the past — dead and boxable. Heritage is something which ideologies can use for appropriate purposes. It is controllable, non-threatening, and malleable for those interested in isolating one culture from another."

The ultimate absurdity, Saul notes, is when politicians and bureaucrats try to "protect" culture (from the Americans, of course). "Only a dead culture requires protection." No legislation in the world can stop the flow of ideas and intellectual resources — as *samizdat* proved during the downfall of the Soviet Union. The Internet, in turn, adds momentum to the pronouncement of ideas and creative products making protection of culture as ridiculous as it is impossible.

Another myth shattered in *Reflections* is that Canada is more "European" than the United States. "Canada is profoundly un-European. Its attitudes and policies are largely the product of local circumstances, in part because we have constructed a country on the margins of western civilization... The United States, on the other hand, is the natural prolongation of the European idea. It is the European state personified. It has become what France, Germany, England, and Spain dream they might become if only they had the space."

Canadians, argues Saul, have never dreamed of "conquering a frontier". Canada is the sum of many eclectic parts. "Canada either is an idea or does not exist. It is either an intellectual undertaking or it is little more than a resource-rich vacuum lying in the buffer zone just to the north of the great empire." This puts a high premium on understanding Canadian culture, and articulating and pronouncing it to ourselves, our children, new immigrants, and our friends and enemies around the world. The "idea" is brilliantly simple in its awesome complexity. Saul quotes Harold Innes, who, at the end of his life, "shifted his attention from the trade-routes of the external world to the trade routes of the mind".

No people in history has been more adept at communications systems than Canadians, and the challenge now is for recognition that "the communication of ideas means

the communication of how a society might construct itself". The Canadian "idea," based on very practical necessities such as surviving four distinct seasons, and trading competitively in the world, is a cultural gem worthy of international dissemination.

It is an idea, not an ideology or a hegemony — that is why it is so typically Canadian and exemplary. If we say so ourselves we can add that even the United Nations has given Canada top marks as an exemplary society. Canada's first century and a half, says Saul, was a series of eight strategic steps. "These eight strategic leaps — the reformer's alliance, the Maritime dash, the railroad, the National Policy, the immigration flood, the refusal of imperial engagement, the social revolution, the cultural engagement — actually fit one into the other like a preplanned campaign."

The cultural cringe of Canadian elites in recent years helped lead us to the brink in the 1995 referendum. Politicians and bureaucrats failed where busloads of ordinary Canadians rushed to embrace the humanity of Quebec beyond her politics. Today we face a similar challenge, polished by a Supreme Court ruling on Canadian fusion or fission. The virus of fission has no cure except for the concerted cultural effort to reinforce the fusion of common,

yet distinct, interests. Quebec is not distinct from other provinces, but Quebec is distinct in itself and therefore stands as the French cultural magnet of all the Americas. By looking outwards instead of inwards Quebec embraces "the Canadian idea" articulated by Saul for which it deserves so much credit as co-author.

It is sobering to read in this book of the relative decline of Canada's influence in the world because, it seems, of national insecurities and uncertainties. But it is energizing to see a laser-thin light beam on Canada's great challenge — the cultural imperative. "... culture does precede, not so much as the ultimate reality but as the pure expression of reality." Saul has added to the national unity debate by identifying the cultural issues and sensitivities that alienate where they could bond. The act of confronting separatist ideology as "poison and bitterness" cannot hide the fact that many francophone Canadians do feel alienated and surrounded. In fact, they are an essential dimension of the Canadian idea — from Quebec to all of Canada's French-speaking communities.

The Canadian idea is subsumed, in the author's mind, in the Inuit concept of *Isuma* — "intelligence that consists of the knowledge of our responsibilities towards our

society". Like the equivalent African concept of *Ubuntu*, the cultural imperative demands that we know ourselves well and care greatly for ourselves. Only then can we learn to know others and take care of others.

This book is important for Canadian students, professors, politicians, ambassadors, and bureaucrats. It will challenge, annoy, confuse, and convince various readers. John Ralston Saul is almost certainly, at this moment, writing the next critique of his beloved country. The book should be read by everyone else who cares about the future of Canada and who understands that the power of words can motivate constructive actions. Rarely does coherent argument about Canada's soul range from the intellectually deliberate (and often debatable) to the clear, provocative, confusing, and accessible. Readers will find much to argue with, and much to admire — that is what cultural insight is all about.




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A Tale Told By an Idiot

Another Bardgame from A Aalto

Having deciphered Jimmy the Turk's report on the terrorist danger to the First Ministers' conference, Liebnitz rushed with Chief MacBannock to board the Centre's ram-jet snowmobile for a quick trip to the meeting site at Stratford, confident that their combined brainpower would make quick work of the threat to the nation's very political fibre. After twenty minutes, correctly ascribing their utter lack of forward motion to the fact that it was mid summer and snow was scarce, they caught the "Leacock Special" express train and were met an hour later at Stratford station by the Centre's liaison officer, Inspector Wa.

Before they had even had time to brief the Inspector on their discovery, Wa began telling them about an assassination plot brewing at the conference. Intelligence had confirmed that someone had hired the latest new free-lance terrorist, known only as "the Crimson Kumquat", to murder one of the ten provincial Premiers. But no-one knew which one, or why, or how. Fortunately, the Kumquat was one of those villains who enjoyed challenging the

authorities to a game of wits* and had been dropping clues around the site.

These clues were in the form of a piece of paper found at daybreak in front of each of the twelve seats spaced equally around the main conference table — one each for the federal Prime Minister, the ten Premiers and the conference secretary. The one before the PM read "3B-4B-5C 4B-10C-1C-3C 3B-4B-5B-3B 10A-8B-11C-9C-3C 4A-5C 10B-5B-3B-5C-3C 4A-2C 3B-4B-5C 9C-10C-8C-1C 9B-11C-9A-3B 3C-10C-5C." The one before the Secretary on the other hand read: "4C-10C-7A-5C 9B-5C 3B-4B-5C 3C-5B-4C-4C-5C-2B-9A. 3B-4B-5C 9A-9C-5C-5C-3A-10C-1C-4C 5B-1C-3C 3B-4B-5C 3C-5C-5B-3C 5B-2B-5C 4A-11C-3B 5B-9A 3A-10C-1A-3B-11C-2B-5C-9A."

The ones in front of the Premiers were all quotations from different Shakespearean plays (as appropriate to Stratford) and related to death (as appropriate to the occasion). In three cases, the place where each had been found was recorded by seat number: (#1) "Cowards die many times before

their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once." (#8) "I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this — killing myself, to die upon a kiss." (#10) "Glamis hath murdered sleep and therefore Cawdor will sleep no more."

* Or to use the technical terminology, he had a high AFI (Apparent Fruitcake Index)

For the other seven quotations, however, no seat number was recorded:

- "He that dies pays all debts."
- "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport."
- "Murder most foul."
- "If you poison us, do we not die?"
- "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings."
- "I am dying, Egypt, dying. Only I here importune death awhile."
- "When he shall die, take him and cut him out in little stars."

MacBannock, who had once recommended Shakespearean drama (especially *Timon of Athens*) to the Centre's interrogators as an undetectable form of torture, stared blankly at the Inspector. "That's all very well, Wa," he said, "but how about the basics? For example, why would anyone want to kill

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any of these premiers?" As it turned out, every one of them was in fact under some kind of death threat, for a variety of reasons:

- (a) Leo Labouche had just launched an election campaign on the platform of nationalizing his province's wine industry (under the slogan "*raisin d'état*"). This was of course violently opposed by the industry and anyone who had ever endured the Premier's taste in wine.
- (b) Christian Narthex was the first Premier to be declared persona non grata by his own legislature, after he had locked up the entire opposition for three weeks in an abandoned cinema with 24-hour a day reruns of *The Wayne and Shuster Hour* "to teach them real Canadian values". He was under threat by the (few) survivors and human rights activists.
- (c) Mogens Eiswein had recently become notorious when he threatened to chop the federal Fisheries minister up for bait in the wake of salmon negotiations with the USA. The Minister's own constituents had welcomed the suggestion, but it had been violently opposed by environmental radicals and by salmon gourmets everywhere.
- (d) Glynda Kybosch wanted to solve the global nuclear testing problem by

volunteering her province as a test site for others. This pleased psychiatrists but alarmed disarmament activists, downwind provinces and those who realized that a nuclear permafrost meltdown would cause the northern half of the country to slide into the sea.

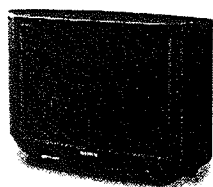
- (e) Clyde Umbridge was vocally promoting his plan under which the provinces would accept more money from the federal authorities for health, education and welfare and in exchange send the sick, the illiterate and the poor to Ottawa. This was opposed by almost everyone — not least the sick, the illiterate and the poor.
- (f) Jane Deere wanted to unite her province with adjacent Syzygy. Profound differences in language, society and economic structure (and the fact that the political culture of both provinces was based on their mutual hatred) made this highly unpopular but did not phase the premiers involved, who had long been lovers and were tired of commuting.
- (g) Herb Garnish had become the messiah of a new "Socialist Credit" drive proposing a total revision of the capitalist economy under the slogan, "From each according to his ability; to each according to his area code." He was under

constant attack by an odd coalition of Old Marxists, the provincial Reform Party and people with low area codes.

- (h) Yada Ohara had proposed a modified Tobin tax on financial transactions. Under his variation, first suggested by a certain Maritime premier, the tax would be paid in cod, raising tax revenues while supporting offshore fisheries by driving up fish prices. This was opposed by every bank in the country and by tax collectors en bloc.
- (i) Jens Yggdrasil had opened a new front on land claims by the country's first nations, urging that Toronto be returned immediately. His idea had firm support from nine out of ten premiers, but was strongly opposed by many aboriginal leaders (who had appealed to the UN Human Rights Commission) and by connoisseurs of ennui across the land.
- (j) Petronius Intaglio, after studying recent exchange rate movements, had proposed to solve the Y2K problem by devaluing the year, that is by turning the clock back to 1950. He had been ridiculed by those with any knowledge of computers and violently attacked by the Canadian Historical Association and everyone who remembered 1950s television.

OVERSEAS ELECTRONICS WORLD WIDE COMPATIBILITY

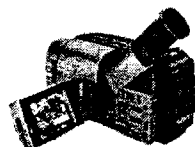
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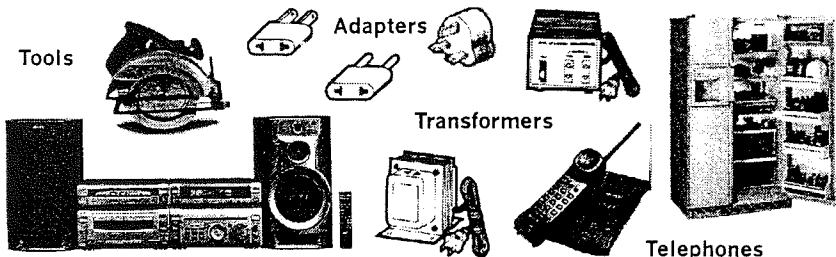
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"Well," said Liebnitz, "it's clear that the Kumquat is using a variation of the clock cypher. The twelve seats at the conference table are arranged like the numbers on a clock, with the PM at location 12, the secretary at 6 and the premiers in the remaining seats. You will notice that the numbers on the encrypted messages left with the PM and the secretary use only the seat numbers corresponding to the premiers — 1 to 5 and 7 to 11. Now there are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, so a cypher based on ten positions would need three rows under each position — call them A, B and C. That also corresponds to what you find in the cypher messages — 5B, 11C, 4A and so on. Let me draw something to make things clearer." So saying, the ace logician sketched the appended blank table.

"The letters that go into each blank box are the first letter of some word associated with the premier at that position," he added. "But how on earth are we going to find out what they are?" Just then, Jimmy the Turk strolled up with a large basket and a smug expression on his face. "I think I can help you there, old boy. This basket was just delivered to my suite. Since the only people legitimately aware that I am here know how much I hate tropical fruit, I can only assume it came from our assassin. Sure enough, the mangos and papayas tested

Zugzwang	Winnebago	Barcarole
	Vilayet	Cassowaria
	Quango	Xhosa Nova
Floribunda	Porpentine	Syzygy

positive for various poisons. But the kumquats — ah, the man's a gamesplayer to the end — each had a pencil-thin moustache and the following message drawn in invisible (and inedible) ink: A = Province; B = Play; C = Surname."

"Excellent, Jimmy," replied Liebnitz. "I almost forgive you for all those absurd puzzle reports you keep sending. Now all we have to do is work out the premier's name and province and the name of the Shakespearean (ignoring any "the" or "a" at the beginning) that was the source of the quote left at each place and we will have the cypher complete." Turning to Inspector Wa, he asked what information was available regarding the seating arrangements. The Inspector blushed and brought out a tattered notebook, explaining that it had been savaged in the hotel lobby by a

near-sighted Pekinese. As best could be worked out from the tatters:

- (a) No adjacent premiers are from adjoining provinces (see map), but every premier is sitting directly across the table from the premier of an adjoining province.
- (b) Narthex from Cassowaria got the quote from *Julius Caesar*.
- (c) Ohara is beside the Premier of Syzygy and across from the man who got the *Romeo and Juliet* quote.
- (d) Umbridge from Quango is beside the Premier who got the *Macbeth* quote.
- (e) The Premier of Floribunda got the *Othello* quote; Premier Kybosch beside him got the quote from *Richard II*.
- (f) Deere, the Premier of Zugzwang and the recipient of the *Hamlet* quote are all

on the same side of the table (seats 1-5 or 7-11).

- (g) The Premier of Barcarole's seat number is the square of Yggdrasil's, and the seat number of the Premier with the *Merchant of Venice* quote is the square of the seat number of the Premier with the *Tempest* quote.
- (h) Garnish is seated beside the Premier of Porpentine and across from Intaglio.
- (i) Eiswein has the quote from either *King Lear* (if his seat number is even) or *Antony and Cleopatra* (if his seat number is odd).
- (j) Labouche is seated next to the Premier of Winnebago
- (k) When both are in their proper seats, the Premier of Vilayet is the nearest leader to the Premier of Xhosa Nova's left.

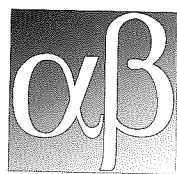
With that information, Liebnitz was able to construct the cypher table, read the two enciphered messages and work out the details of the intended crime. Although the Crimson Kumquat escaped capture, his plot was foiled and the First Ministers' meeting went off smoothly (or as smoothly as they ever do). As MacBannock concluded happily, "All's well that ends well".

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by providing three key pieces of information: the intended victim, the motive and the means? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by January 31, 1999. The winner will receive a book prize autographed by A Aalto.

A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT

SEAT #	A	B	C
1: PREMIER			
2: PREMIER			
3: PREMIER			
4: PREMIER			
5: PREMIER			
6: CONFERENCE SECRETARY			
7: PREMIER			
8: PREMIER			
9: PREMIER			
10: PREMIER			
11: PREMIER			
12: CONFERENCE CHAIR			

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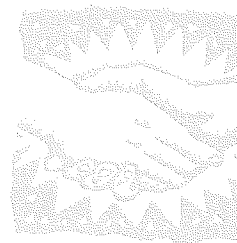
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Not necessary to enter the contest, but can you also link each of the twelve Shakespearean quotes (the ten in front of the Premiers plus the two encrypted ones) to the eleven plays from which they come?

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto has returned to headquarters and is currently fortifying himself against the onslaught of another Canadian winter. In his few sober moments, he is trying to work out why an international terrorist with any pretensions would take a small sour tropical fruit as a nom de guerre.

Winner of Uncharted Waters:
WAINE MCQUINN, Nepean, Ontario

Uncharted Waters: Answers

The Business Plan is deciphered as shown. The terrorists are staging at WOODSTOCK, Ontario; the threat is against a FIRST MINISTERS MEETING at STRATFORD.

The cipher is of the Playfair type: an alphabet substitution where the first letters of the cipher-key spell out a secret word. In this case, the key-word is FACETIOUSLY, which has the unique characteristic of being the only word in the English language that uses every vowel (including Y) exactly once and in alphabetic order.

The five clues decipher as: (a) between London and Paris, southwest of what used to be Berlin; (b) on the Avon here and in the UK, yet not in Connecticut; (c) Yasgur's farm in the summer of 69; (d) Peanuts bird friend; and (e) nearest town to Churchill's birthplace. Of these, all but the second refer to Woodstock (Kitchener was named Berlin until 1916). The second clue refers to Stratford.

The anagram decipheres TRIFS MISERTIN EMTIGEN, and unscrambles as FIRST MINISTERS MEETING.

Uncharted Waters: Answers

BUSINESS LINE	PRIORITY AREA	ACTIVITY	DESIRED OUTCOME	POTENTIAL PROBLEMS	ADDITIONAL RESOURCES
International Business Development	Agriculture	Ministerial visits	Increased sale of turkeys	Accidental sale of Ministers	Neon name-tags for visiting delegations
Trade & Economic Policy	Government procurement	Seminar on weapons export policy	Increased Canadian military sales	War in our time	Goodwill donation to <i>El Presidente's</i> retirement fund
International Security & Cooperation	Global warming	Parliamentary delegation	Enhanced awareness of greenhouse gases	Enhanced production of greenhouse gases	More air conditioning for Chancery and Residence
Public Diplomacy	Awareness of Canada	Ambassador's speaking program (second year)	Increased sale of Canadian earplugs	Threats of riot unless program halted	Bribes for Embassy staff not to riot
Assistance to Canadians	Jail visits	Supply Edible Granite tapes to prisoners	Increased exposure to Canadian culture	Complaints to Amnesty International	Hearing aids and psychiatric care for consular section
Other Government Departments	Development assistance (CIDA)	Support local activists, free press and labour groups	Enhanced free speech and other human rights	Overcrowding of prison system	Relocation of Embassy to neighbouring country
Corporate Services	Human resources strategy	Replace all F.S. officers with cardboard cutouts	Fewer complaints about pay	Higher pay (cutouts unionized by Teamsters)	Armoured cars for senior management

A World of Ideas

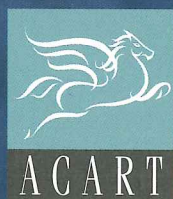


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