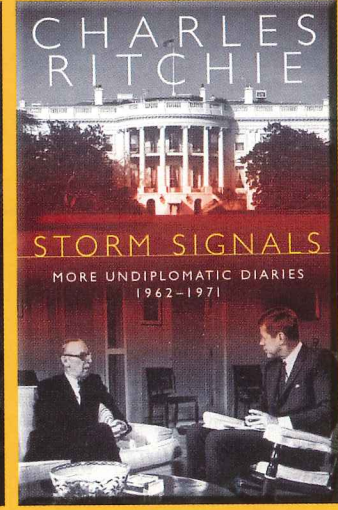
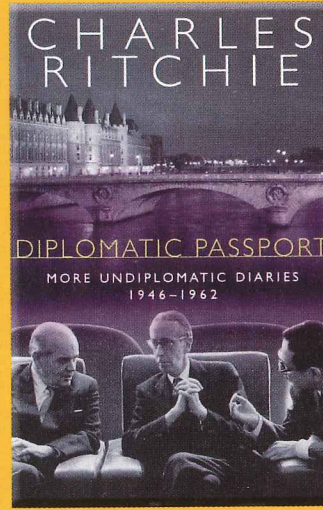
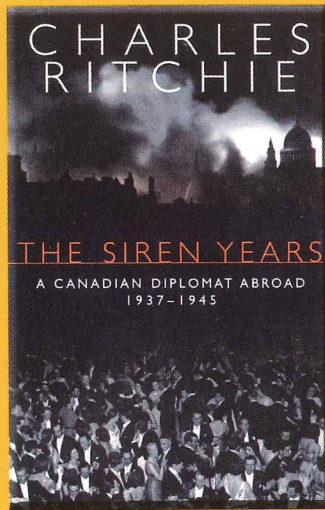
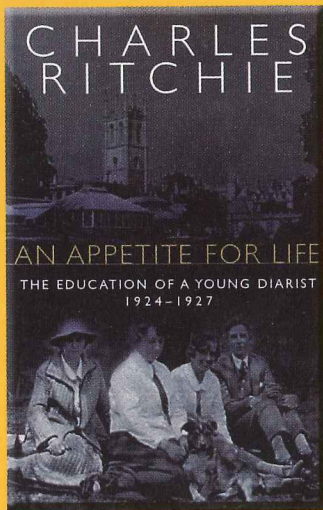


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Vol. 18 No. 3



Charles Ritchie

Diplomat, Diarist and Friend

Vol. 18 No. 3

Derek Burney — Managing Transition

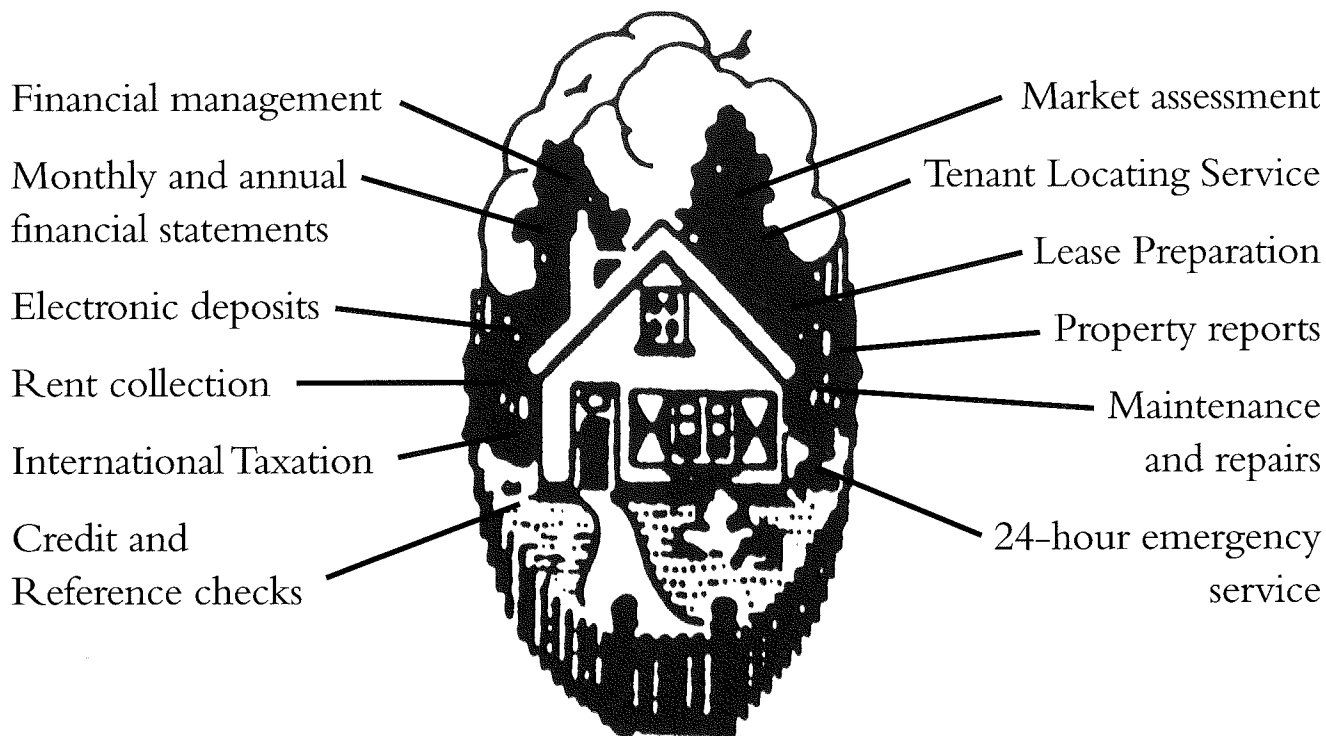
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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

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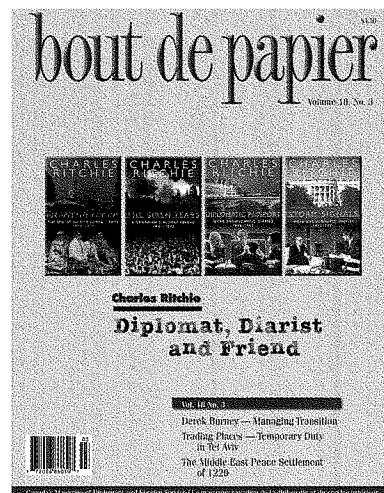
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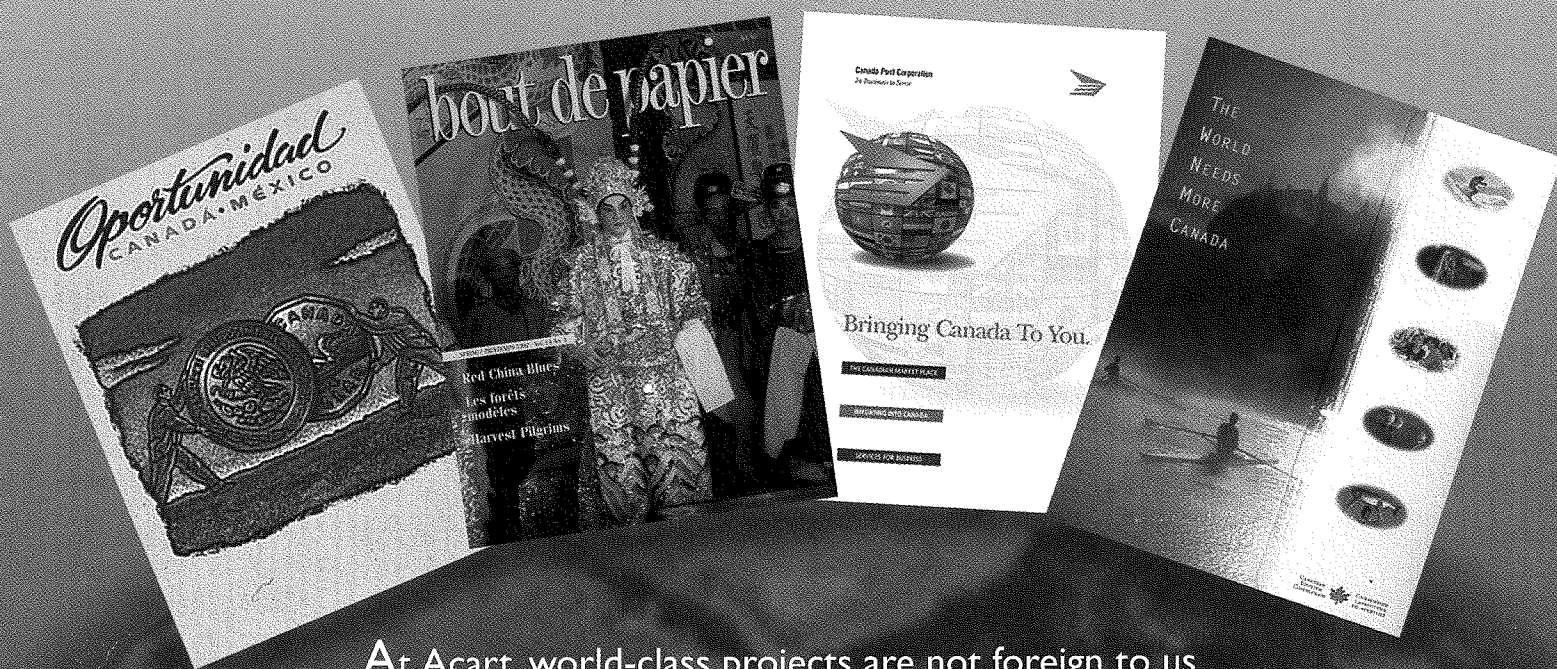
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Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably in WordPerfect, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,500 words. **bout de papier** publishes all articles in their original language. Send articles to **bout de papier**, c/o PAFSO (see address). Manuscripts accepted at double space, de préférence dans WordPerfect, accompagnés d'une brève notice biographique sur l'auteur. Les articles comptent habituellement environ 2 500 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).

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There's a line from an old Billy Joel song to the effect that life is a series of hellos and goodbyes. This is particularly true of the foreign service, and once again, it's time for both at **bout de papier**. Bernie Etzinger has departed for a posting in San José, California, and has turned over to me the keys to a well-oiled machine. We will miss his creativity and free-wheeling efforts to provoke innovative thought, and wish him well.

Too much praise cannot be heaped on Managing Editor Debra Hulley and the production team at Acart Communications. Their dedication allows **bout** to continue its award-winning service to the foreign service community. Perhaps the best illustration of their professional polish is the quantity of advertising that **bout** succeeds in attracting — which covers over half of our production costs.

Our magazine's masthead bills us as "Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service". This is a good opportunity to define the community to whom we are providing service, and by so doing, help define the "value added" that **bout** aims to provide.

The largest group in **bout de papier's** audience is the membership of the Professional Association of foreign service Officers, who receive this publication as one of the returns for their membership dues. To this group of readers, **bout** has a clear duty to provide a forum through which members can address issues of foreign service life — whether they be professional, policy or family related.

bout is also circulated to senior managers in several federal departments, as well as to the federal Cabinet and opposition leaders. This distribution is undertaken as part of **bout's** advocacy functions — as a means of communicating to those responsible for the management of government the trends and issues that shape the outlook of those at the rockface of Canada's foreign policy.

We are very fortunate in having a substantial roster of paying subscribers. These cover a broad range of individuals and institutions — former foreign service officers; diplomatic missions; individuals in other work groups of the foreign service; academic institutions and individuals, and those who simply have a keen interest in foreign affairs. This is supplemented by steady sales through specialty newsstands nationwide. To this group of readers, **bout** offers a sense of what Canada's foreign service actually does — not only in terms of current issues, but also in historical context. It also offers a glimpse into the everyday life of PAFSO

members abroad — outlining the challenges and hardships as well as the lighter side of life as a guest abroad.

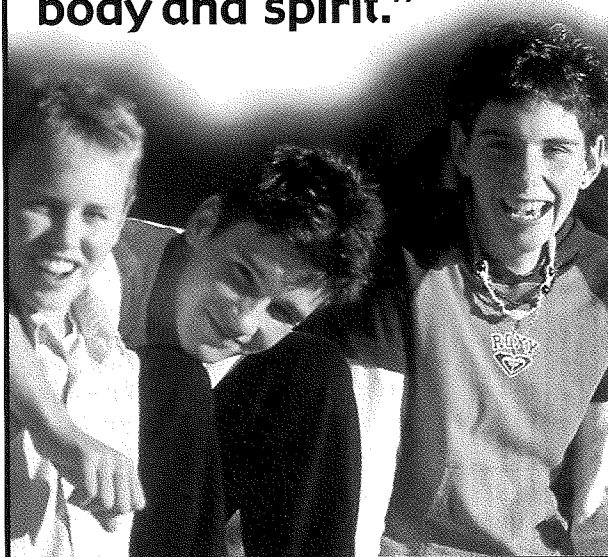
My immediate goal as editor is to consolidate what we have achieved so that we can provide the best possible service to our readers. **bout** will concentrate on three main areas (though not to the exclusion of others) — thoughtful analysis of current policy issues; frank treatment of concerns relating to real life in the foreign service, both at home and abroad; and the provision of a historical perspective of Canadian foreign policy. An academic colleague remarked on the value of **bout** as a research tool because many of the issues we discuss are not covered on the record elsewhere. To this end, I hope that **bout** will be able to develop an electronic presence in the form of an archive of past issues which will be available for public use.

Encore une fois, ce numéro de **bout de papier** aborde un très large éventail de sujets. Nous sommes ravis d'exposer un aspect du service extérieur depuis l'autre bout du télescope; l'analyse franche de l'ancien sous-ministre Derek Burney, de la manière dont la fonction publique a pu le préparer à son passage au secteur privé. Nous avons la chance de présenter les travaux de Charles Ritchie à une nouvelle génération d'agents du service extérieur. Tout récemment, l'élégant journal qu'il tenait s'est vu réédité par McClland et Stewart. Les lecteurs de **bout de papier** seront consternés d'apprendre qu'en décembre dernier, sa nièce, Elizabeth, est décédée; seulement quelques semaines après avoir organisé un dîner commémorant la vie et la carrière de son oncle. Dans ce numéro, nous rendons hommage à la vie et à la carrière de Russel McKinney et de Sandy Bryce, deux personnages ayant laissé une empreinte indélébile dans leur métier. Elaine Butcher délivre quelques dépêches de son affectation temporaire à Tel Aviv. Quant à A Aalto, il continue de nous tourmenter avec un autre puzzle des plus alambiqués.

bout de papier is always looking for input from all quarters — proposals for articles as well as articles themselves, photographs, comments and suggestions. It is our goal to offer substance leavened with humour — we do not propose to spend all of our time with furrowed brows. Please feel free to contact us at: boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com



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MANAGING TRANSITION

by Derek Burney



Derek Burney has been President and Chief Executive Officer of CAE Inc. since October 1999. From 1993 to 1999, Mr. Burney was Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Bell Canada International Inc. Prior to joining CAE, Mr. Burney served as Canada's Ambassador to the United States. This assignment culminated a distinguished thirty-year career in the Canadian Foreign Service. The following is an excerpt from Mr. Burney's address at a Navy Mess Dinner on April 26, 2001 in Ottawa.

... My tour of duty in Washington was from 1989 to 1993 — the first Bush presidency. Many in the current Bush Administration were also players back then — Cheney, Powell, Zoellick, Rice and Andy Card, to name a few. They know about Canada, and the importance of Canada. That is to the good, provided that their counterparts here in Ottawa attach significance to the relationship and work hard to cultivate a constructive dialogue whenever possible — and an honest compromise whenever necessary.

A lot happened during my four years in Washington — bilaterally and on the world stage: we implemented our Free Trade Agreement and negotiated the NAFTA; we concluded an accord on Acid Rain ... and we launched an Open Skies initiative which has more than quadrupled commercial air links between our two countries.

Meanwhile, on the world stage, the Berlin Wall came down. The former Soviet Union imploded. We waged a war together in the Gulf, and we concluded a major multilateral trade agreement — the Uruguay Round — establishing the World Trade Organization.

... I used to say that I had the best job in the Canadian Foreign Service. I really meant it.

So how does that sort of experience compare with what I am doing today?

Usually, when people ask me what it was like to move from the public to the private sector, the tone is one of mild surprise that such a transition is manageable. This usually reflects a lack of understanding or appreciation of what it takes to be a senior public servant, as well as a certain mystique about the private sector.

I know that there is no “bottom line” in government, and that is seen as the real

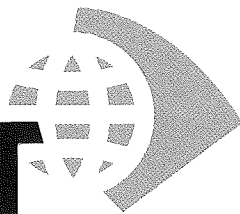
difference between the two. I know, too, that the absence of a “bottom line” approach is believed to give politicians and officials in the government license for mischief and irresponsible management. As the Auditor General regularly points out — and I am sure many of you can attest from experience — there are examples of waste and poor management in government. But they are the exception, not the rule. Nonetheless, despite bouts of fiscal belt-tightening and the fact that our federal government is now running a surplus, it is true that there is neither a profit motive nor a bottom line focus *per se* in government.

This usually reflects a lack of understanding or appreciation of what it takes to be a senior public servant, as well as a certain mystique about the private sector.

Departments do, however, have budgets. Officials are obliged to operate and manage within the constraints of budgets, and they are measured — at least, in part — by their ability to operate within their budgets. The magnitude of what is being managed by some departments compares with medium- to large-scale businesses.

Senior officials do not manage for profit, nor are they compensated by or for profit. They can reward and be rewarded for positive performance, even though the measure for performance can be somewhat arbitrary. Regrettably, they have very little power to deal with negative or unsatisfactory performance. It is, in my view, a

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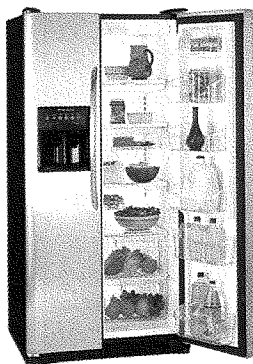
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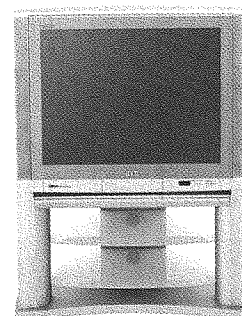
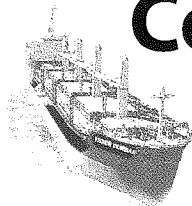
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serious handicap to the quality of policy advice to, and service from, the government.

It also restricts efforts to improve productivity in the public service. One of my biggest complaints while serving in government was the lack of incentive to streamline procedures and reduce costs. Too often, the size of one's staff and/or budget determined the rank of the person in charge. So, if you reduced either, you downgraded yourself. Not much of an incentive for doing better with less. On the contrary, you have a system which can help preserve inertia — and where, too often, too few are left to carry too much of the load.

Tenure in the public service far outweighs that in the private sector, especially when you examine the average shelf-life of CEOs these days. But the life of deputy ministers in recent years is not really much more secure. Because they tend to be closer to the political heat, they can succumb rather quickly to the rash, if not the wrath, of their political masters. But those below the level of Deputy have a degree of security not prevalent in the private sector, because it is virtually impossible to remove public servants on the basis of poor performance.

Since moving on to the private sector, I have observed that, at the most senior level, senior executives are not only compensated better, but occasionally they are compensated better for failure than for success. It is more than perverse to see payoffs in the millions of dollars for senior executives who have failed to deliver value for shareholders, and yet that is what can happen.

Tenure in the public service far outweighs that in the private sector, especially when you examine the average shelf-life of CEOs these days.

It is hard to say, on balance, which system is better or worse. What I do know is that there is a huge difference in compensation between the two sectors. The average pay for roughly comparable work in the private versus public sector is anything from 1½ to 10 times greater. If we believe that the quality of our senior public service is a value-added element for the Canadian franchise in today's world, we need to narrow the

gap. Recent decisions to increase pay for our most senior public servants in Ottawa are steps in the right direction. (I guess that is a commercial, of sorts.)

Politicians with a business background — and we don't have many these days — tend to confuse cabinet with a Board of Directors, and electors with shareholders.

Businessmen who enter government at the political level usually chafe at the differences in operating style. They complain about how difficult it is to "get things done" in government. But senior government officials share the complaint. I recall one colleague telling me that the basic difference between Department X and Foreign Affairs was that, in Department X, where he, as the Deputy Minister, asked for something to be done, his instruction was usually ignored. "At Foreign Affairs," he added, "they tell me they won't do it and also give me three or four reasons why!" It can be frustrating.

Politicians with a business background — and we don't have many these days — tend to confuse cabinet with a Board of Directors, and electors with shareholders. There may be some similarities. A Chairman who is also the CEO is almost as powerful vis-a-vis the Board as a Prime Minister is with Cabinet. Almost, but not quite. But the bear-pit action in Parliament, or in an election campaign, is very different from the deliberations and the procedures at a shareholders meeting. That may be a major reason why so many business people stay well away from political life.

So, are there common threads between the public and private sectors? I believe the basic ingredients for success are common to both.

You need to know what it is you are trying to do, and why. And you need to be fully committed to the task. You can call that "vision," or "strategy," or simply "focus," but under any label, it is the main ingredient for leadership in both sectors.

The public sector — namely, Foreign Affairs — did give me a good grounding for analysis. I also learned a lot about

communication. I worked for some Ministers who allowed about 30 seconds for briefings before Question Period, and others who would subject you literally to an intense oral exam on topics as diverse as the provisions of the Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty or the migrating habits of the Porcupine Caribou herd along the Alaska-Yukon border. We also learned to prepare coherent, if not necessarily convincing, memos to cabinet on anything from quotas on shoes to the key elements of a free trade agreement.

And, as an Ambassador, notably to Washington, I was obliged to communicate diplomatically, but often forcefully and persuasively, in defence of Canadian interests to the Administration, the Congress, the media and to various audiences in America's heartland, as well as here at home. It was a rich and varied experience which I believe prepared me well for Board meetings and meetings with shareholders, and helped me guide, as well as lead, the management of one of Canada's foremost high tech companies (whoops! another commercial ...).

You need to know what it is you are trying to do, and why. And you need to be fully committed to the task. You can call that "vision," or "strategy," or simply "focus," but under any label, it is the main ingredient for leadership in both sectors.

Foreign Affairs also gave me experience in adapting to different issues, different cultures and different people. I had many assignments during my thirty-year career, and learned to act and react in a wide variety of challenges and settings. They may not have constituted "bottom line" experiences, but as an Ambassador or as the Chief of Staff, there was definitely a front-line exposure that has proved advantageous when it comes to representing publicly the interests of my company.

I suppose the single most useful and relevant experience I gained from my public service was in crisis management. It is, in fact, the best way to describe the basic

challenge of my assignment as the Prime Minister's Chief of Staff. Almost every day brought a different crisis or conflict for resolution, and more often than not, under the intense glare of the media. It was an exercise in stamina as well as stress, with equal parts of frustration and exhilaration. The art of survival was paramount to the art of success. But, as a survivor in what I believe is one of the most demanding jobs in government, I was ready to take on just about any new challenge. So you might say it was a catalyst for my move to the private sector. It also helped put most of my new challenges in a healthy perspective.

The art of selecting good people is a crucial part of management in each sector. In government, the talent pool and the process for selection are restricted. In the private sector, the pool and the process are relatively wide open. The judgements are not dissimilar — and about all I can observe is that more latitude does not necessarily guarantee higher quality.

One big difference is that the private sector is more private, especially when compared with high exposure jobs in government. You have more scope for

offence and more control of events in the private sector — control of everything, of course, except for the stock market.

At the end of the day, what counts in terms of success and fulfilment in either sector is performance. The risks and rewards can be very different, but the challenge and the satisfaction of doing something well is common to both.

At the end of the day, what counts in terms of success and fulfilment in either sector is performance. The risks and rewards can be very different, but the challenge and the satisfaction of doing something well is common to both. That is why I believe many of the skills are transferable. That is also why I wish there were more opportunities for interchange between the two. There are several examples of senior public servants

who have moved successfully to the private sector, but very few moving the other way. Canada would benefit from more because I suspect that one of the weaknesses of our senior public service is its insularity — geographically and attitudinally — from the environment in which the private sector operates.

The Americans change their senior bureaucrats and get transfusions of new blood whenever there is a change in the White House. In Canada, we pride ourselves in the stability of a senior public service which remains in place even if the government changes, occasional as that may be. The problem in Washington is that the unique American system of checks and balances constrains severely the degree to which any new team can act. The Parliamentary system, on the other hand, can act decisively and quickly, particularly if there is a majority government. But the lack of new blood often means that there is a shortage of new thinking below the political level. I would not advocate that we change systems, but I think we would all benefit from some injections of new thinking at the top of the Canadian bureaucracy. And that is my last commercial. ☺

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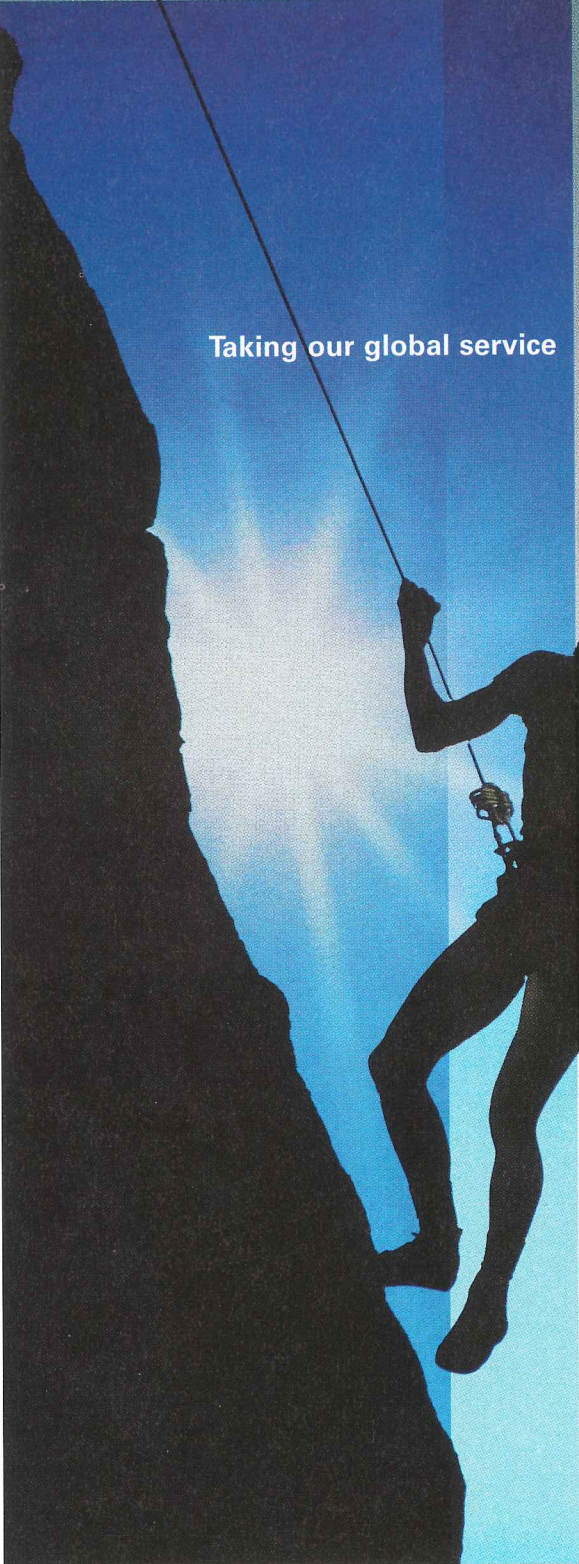
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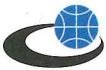


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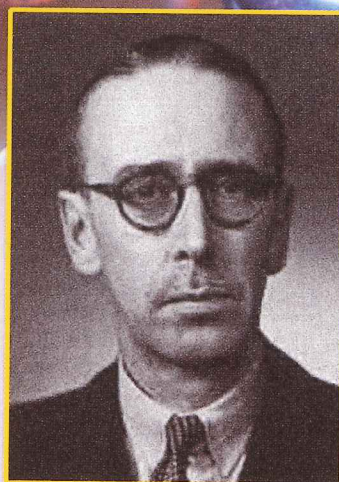
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Charles Ritchie

Diplomat, Diarist and Friend



The editorial board and readers of **bout de papier** are delighted that McClelland and Stewart Ltd., The Canadian Publishers, have reprinted the published diaries of our late colleague, Charles Ritchie, as well as his reminiscences (*My Grandfather's House*) in an attractive new edition. To mark the occasion, Charles Ritchie's niece, the late Elizabeth Ritchie, and members of the Retired Heads of Mission Association, notably Doug Small, Randolph Gherson and Michael Shenstone, organized *An Evening to Remember Charles Ritchie, 1906-1995* at the Rideau Club in Ottawa on October 25th, 2001. The participants included the publisher, Douglas Gibson, author Jane Urquhart and prime ministerial adviser Mitchell Sharp.

Two distinguished denizens of Ritchie's world were among those who paid tribute to him.

John Starnes made his first appearance in *Diplomatic Passport*, wherein Ritchie observed that Starnes "**would make a better Ambassador than I. He has an acute, questioning mind and a grasp of German affairs. He is also a companion and friend with whom one never has a dull moment. Helen, his wife, is a delight — lovely to look at, funny, and equal to any occasion.**"

This favourable impression evidently did not dim the prospects for the Counsellor in the Canadian Embassy in Bonn, as John Starnes went on to head that post as well as missions to Egypt and Sudan in a distinguished career of public service. Mr. Starnes is a member of the editorial board of **bout de papier** (on which Mr. Ritchie also served) and a frequent contributor to the magazine.

The other speaker whose remarks we have reprinted is **Basil Robinson**, who first appeared in *Storm Signals*. "**I am lucky to have Basil Robinson as No. 2 in this Mission,**" Ritchie recorded from the vantage point of Ambassador in Washington. "**He has a good tough mind and great sensitivity to the currents of politics, which he has**

learned in a hard school during his service in the Prime Minister's Office. And he has a passion for integrity and fairness. In addition, I feel him to be a friend and an enjoyable companion." Of course, Mr. Robinson went on to serve as Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, so that others obviously shared Ritchie's assessment. Thus, two diary entries have been given opportunities to comment on the diarist, surely an unusual situation. As these amusing and affectionate tributes indicate, however, the warmth and respect of the diarist for his subjects were reciprocated.

With the publisher's kind permission, we have also reproduced below a few entries from the personal diaries of a master of that literary form and extraordinary diplomat. While it is certainly an invidious task to do so, we have made a brief selection from four volumes which themselves consisted of extracts chosen for publication by the diarist himself. Our choice from the books is unrepresentative, as it pays considerably more attention to Charles Ritchie's work than he intended when he jotted down his impressions of the world (and especially its inhabitants) around him.

Hector Mackenzie



... on Charles Ritchie

... by H. Basil Robinson

It is a great privilege tonight to be asked to speak of Charles Ritchie to this audience. I realize that many of you knew him — as a member of the family, as a friend, as a colleague, or as a close reader of the diaries. Many of you could relate your own story about him.

At first I thought it would be a simple task to talk about Charles Ritchie for ten minutes. But it wasn't as easy as one might think. He was a man of so many dimensions. He lived a long life, had wide interests, a brilliant mind, hundreds of friends, a highly distinguished career.

And through his diaries he revealed his own inner self, and gave a picture of his life and his diplomatic career in a fashion no other Canadian public servant has done.

With all that, the dilemma is where to start and how to end?

When I first met him in October 1945, fifty six years ago almost to the day, he was a rising star in External Affairs, and I was a recruit in the Department, just discharged from the Army. **As I remember, he was known as the kind of man that things happened to. People gathered around to hear of his latest misfortune.**

So much so that if the internet had been invented fifty years sooner, I am sure someone (not Charles himself) would have produced a Charles Ritchie web site. And the whole system would have been choked with Charles Ritchie episodes, from week to week, recording his tussles with the world of household machinery, or, at another level, with heart-stopping social situations.

Of course, we couldn't have imagined, then, the time when the Queen and Prince Philip were coming to dinner with the Ritchies in London, and Charles found that the occasion had been too much for the butler. **"Your Majesty," Charles said, as he welcomed the Queen, "I am sorry to say that the butler is drunk."** Fortunately for Charles and Sylvia, the Queen rose to the occasion, smiled sympathetically and said, "Oh, can he cope?" I can't tell you the answer to the Queen's question, but the point I'm making is that Charles had survived another misfortune.

It wasn't only in social tangles that things happened to Charles. I plan to focus tonight on the first two years of his time as Canadian Ambassador in Washington — 1962 to 64. That was a time when so much was happening in the political world around him, so much that would exercise his genius for adapting to unexpected situations. I was fortunate to be there for those two years.

Today we are in the midst of unexpected and ominous happenings, with September 11th and its aftermath. But it does no harm to remind ourselves of the world, the unstable world, that confronted Charles Ritchie when he succeeded his friend, Arnold Heeney, as the Ambassador in Washington in April 1962.

Let me recall what that world was like.

For a start, the Diefenbaker-Kennedy relationship was beyond repair. There came the Cuban Missile Crisis, a close brush with nuclear disaster. There was a raging political dispute between Canada and the United States over nuclear weapons issues. Then, the tempestuous collapse of the Diefenbaker Government and the coming to office of a Liberal government under Mr. Pearson. And within a few months the shocking assassination of President Kennedy — and the succession of LBJ. All this — and the looming shadow of trouble in Southeast Asia.

Apart perhaps from the intensity of recent weeks, I wonder if there has been a time when the judgment and diplomatic skill of our ambassador in Washington would be more severely tested.

He was taking on a difficult assignment, perhaps the most demanding of his career. But you would hardly have known it. He so obviously enjoyed the job. With imaginative and practical support from Sylvia, he took the social part of an ambassador's life in his stride, and he used it to extend his contacts. He had been in Washington before the war and had learnt the trade under Hume Wrong, the wise counsellor of Embassy at that time, later himself the ambassador.

Charles had kept up with his friends from the thirties, who were either still important themselves or knew who was important now. Names like Acheson and Bundy turned out to be connections between the sixties and the thirties. And he could indulge his gift of finding new friends — from within the deep pool in Washington of influential American officials, foreign ambassadors, and his particular favourites, well-placed journalists (Walter Lippman, Scotty Reston, Max Freedman, to name a few) — so that he had endless sources of news about the powerful and their doings and their thinking.

There he was, absorbing it all, reacting, with good humour and without panic, to unexpected upsets, to periodic explosions of indignation from American officials exasperated by the latest utterance of their nemesis, John Diefenbaker. **For those who served with Charles it was an advanced lesson in the practice of our profession, and a constant source of enjoyment,** to see him in operation at the height of his own career.

Within the Embassy, he was easy-going. He expected the place to run smoothly. He preferred not to get caught up in the normal flow of reporting, but he was always available to consult if his name at the foot of an outgoing telegram would give it a better prospect of a fruitful life in Ottawa. He also did his own reporting, sometimes after a lunch at the Jockey Club, or a weekend in the country, passing on some fascinating revelation, alas not intended for the official archives, to the Under-Secretary, Norman Robertson in those years, who might give it further discreet circulation. And occasionally, he wrote directly to the Minister, Howard Green, whom he liked and respected. Never, as I recall, did he write a Dear Prime Minister letter, not, that is, until Mr. Diefenbaker had been succeeded by Mr. Pearson.

Charles worried about his capacity to keep track of everything that was going on under his wide-ranging command. With this in mind, he ran weekly meetings of the various heads of section. But he enjoyed sitting down individually with members of the staff, the experts in the various specialties. On such occasions, he gave perceptive advice, much treasured by his co-workers. He gave credit and congratulations with discrimination, not loosely. It had to be earned. And if people were in some personal trouble, he acted with the greatest sensitivity and understanding.

I spoke of the several unscheduled situations that Charles Ritchie had to confront as ambassador in Washington. I can't deal with more than one of these tonight. I'll spend a couple of minutes on the one that gave him the most trouble — the dispute over nuclear weapons.

For months, even years, before the Diefenbaker government fell in 1963, differences with the United States over nuclear weapons had been coming to the boil. Why would Canada, an ally in North American air defence, with the Cold War still on, why did Canada refuse to allow nuclear ammunition to cross its border for Canadian or United States defence forces? That was the basic question.

It went on for ages and ages, a source of political conflict and military frustration. Charles did his best to explain the government's policy. He put it in the context of nuclear disarmament and nuclear weapons testing, crusades that were the chosen avenues of Howard Green. He was careful never to lose touch with his Minister.

But as for the Prime Minister, 'the old rascal', as he called him privately, Charles simply played it by ear, as best he could. As he put it in his diary, he had been finding "the delays, ambiguities, and indecision of the government ... not easy to explain and defend." That was putting it mildly, diplomatically. It was in fact an inexplicable position, and Charles could do nothing to change it.

But with the future of Canadian American relations in mind, he could and did survive, with his credentials and his sense of humour intact. Despite the prevailing tension, he led the way in maintaining personal contacts with his American counterparts — from the two Bundys, through Dean Rusk, and George Ball, Willis Armstrong, and many more. Of course he expected his staff to do the same, at our various levels. It was important to keep the channels of communication open, despite the furious breezes in the upper political atmosphere. Charles' handling of an impossible case, through a most exacting time, was to my mind a remarkable, unsung diplomatic achievement in his Washington years.

Finally, the voters in Canada replaced John Diefenbaker with Mike Pearson. A huge sigh of relief was to be heard in official Washington. Soon, President Kennedy and Prime Minister Pearson met at Hyannisport. Charles, of course, was part of the Pearson team. Nuclear negotiations were resumed, and the Embassy's job changed from damage control to reconstruction. Charles was there to carry on the still challenging work in much happier circumstances.

But then came the tragic assassination of President Kennedy, completing the package of unexpected drama in Charles' first two years. Now Washington belonged to LBJ and a whole new team and some thorny new problems.

At the end of those two years, the Robinsons were posted back to Ottawa. We really didn't want to leave. In a letter to my parents, I said how very much I had enjoyed working with Charles. The letter ended: "He is a rare man, and a friend."

And that is how I feel tonight.

Thank you very much.

... on Charles Ritchie

... by John Starnes

I was about ten when our family thermometer smashed and I became the proud possessor of a lovely, small globe of mercury. In the 1920s the extremely toxic properties of the liquid metal must have been recognized but apparently not to the extent that children were prohibited from playing with it. No matter what I did, I found it impossible to control or to follow its lightening-quick movements. Charles Ritchie's mind and personality were like quicksilver. Appropriately, Mercury was the Roman god of eloquence.

Charles' lively wit and his extraordinary gift for story-telling were so entertaining that they tended to mask the quite unusual qualities of his mind and his beliefs, sometimes leading to the creation of an impression that he was a most amusing acquaintance but in effect a dilettante. I am sure he even fostered the impression, perhaps simply as a form of protection of his most private feelings. Certainly the impression was completely wrong if one applies the Oxford dictionary definition of dilettante

— one who toys with subjects or studies it without seriousness. Nor can he ever, ever be said to have been trifling, *lacking in thoroughness or an amateur.*

I found it difficult to decide whether his weaknesses or his strengths were the more appealing. For example, his fabled lack of manual dexterity. Some of these shortcomings are referred to in his diaries, concerning his difficulties in dealing with things mechanical or electronic, from an inability to drive a motor vehicle, operate an elevator or open the cellophane wrappers used to package soda crackers. Sometimes these were regarded as weaknesses when in reality they were strengths as inevitably they became part of his legend without in any way diminishing his undeniable and extraordinary skills as a diplomat and senior advisor to various Prime Ministers and Ministers. Many people went to him for advice which he gave unstintingly.

He possessed an uncanny ability to cause people to be indiscreet. On one occasion he was speaking to the wife

of a French-Canadian he liked and with whom he worked from time to time but did not regard as one of his most brilliant colleagues. Charles said something nice about her husband. To Charles' surprise and delight she replied: "*Ah, mon mari. Vous savez, il a les gaz qui échappent partout.*"

Charles had distinct likes and dislikes of people. For the most part he kept his dislikes to himself although I have no doubt they are to be found in some of the diaries which have not been published. He suffered fools, although not gladly. **On occasion he found it difficult to suppress his obvious irritation with those whose views he found overweening, tiresome and long-winded.**

Charles succeeded Tommy Davis as ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany, a posting which at first blush he did not enjoy. He would have preferred some place like Paris or Vienna. However, although he did not find Germans particularly *sympathique*, he gradually became intrigued by them and the job of finding out what made them tick. German is not an easy language to master but he set about trying to do so with determination and verve. He had a teacher, Aga Furstenburg, who decided that *Little Red Riding Hood* was an easy, suitable way of introducing him to the subtleties of the German language. Since my room was adjacent to his and the walls were paper-thin I learned more about Little Red Riding Hood than I ever wanted to know.

Following a meeting he had with the West German foreign minister, I recall his dictating a telegram reporting on the discussion which had centred on German rearmament and a possible future role for the Federal Republic in Europe — **a quite extraordinary display of his total recall and a very shrewd political analysis, couched in the lyrical literary style so clearly demonstrated in his diaries.** A thoroughly professional piece of work. The most amazing aspect, however, was the fact that he made no revisions to what he had dictated.

Many years later when he and Sylvia were living on Metcalfe Street and she had become ill, they were determined to make the trip to Chester, Nova Scotia, for the summer. Because she was dependent upon a constant supply of oxygen, the trip was quite an undertaking since, among other things, airline regulations required that the aircraft's oxygen must be used. We went with them to the airport. On our way there I checked to be sure Charles had the tickets. In the hurried search which ensued, it became apparent that he also was carrying all the money he reckoned he might need for the summer — about three or four thousand dollars, stuffed into his pockets. He simply did not place much faith in banking devices such as travellers' cheques, feeling that cash was more satisfying and reliable.

In the early 1940s, while I was with the Army in London, Charles, then posted at Canada House, was called back to Canada for brief consultations. He very kindly agreed to deliver to Helen a birthday present I had bought her. Serendipitously it transpired they both found themselves under the same roof in Montreal, staying with Helen's aunt and uncle.

Charles had some purchases to make. They agreed to *sortie* together. Charles wanted a jar of beluga caviar and a pair of pure silk pajamas. They eventually found both. The caviar was

astronomically expensive as were the orange-coloured pajamas. Charles suggested they have lunch at the bar of the nearby Café Martin.

On the rather steep, stone steps leading down to the bar, for whatever reason, Charles suddenly lost his footing and the parcels he was carrying shot out of his arms. The large jar of caviar smashed to smithereens. Within the twinkling of an eye and with obvious delight, cats of every shape, size and description converged on the caviar — coming from the countless alleys and door-wells around the café. Charles simply chose to ignore the incident and they washed down an excellent lunch at the bar. The pajamas survived, winning the admiration of Charles' various lady-friends around the world.

It is very fortunate that McClelland & Stewart has republished in a paperback edition with a new format, a better grade of paper and new, attractively designed covers, all five of the books. Several months ago, before Elizabeth Ritchie's kind invitation to participate in this evening's celebration, I had begun to re-read the books, for the sheer enjoyment of doing so. In *Appetite for Life* I came across a comment in an entry for 5 December 1926 which is so quintessentially Charles that I could not resist mentioning it tonight.

He had been to see a movie at the Super Cinema in Oxford — Adolph Menjou in *Surrender*. He described it as *a slight but charming film*. **He then referred to a rumour of having talking films at the Super to replace the silent ones. He wrote in his diary; "I intend to start a protest group. Talking films would absolutely ruin the movies".**

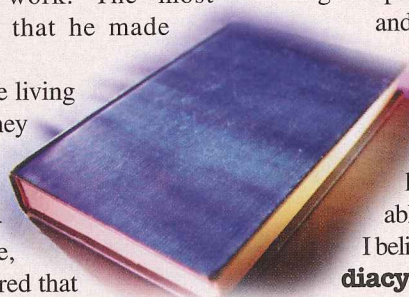
I find it very difficult to choose between the five books and to do so almost seems profane. Yet, I have a preference for *My Grandfather's House* since it was written by Charles not as a young man but when he was in his eighties, beginning to experience the frailties of advancing years and very upset and concerned about Sylvia's deteriorating health.

I recall he was worried about having spent every penny of the substantial advance he had received from the publisher without having been able to produce even a page of manuscript. That eventually he was able to do so and with such *éclat* is a remarkable achievement. Moreover, he did so in a style which I believe surpasses some of his earlier writing. **The immediacy of the stories he tells and the freshness of the language he uses is quite unusual.** Even more extraordinary is the fact that the material upon which he drew was in the memory banks of his brain not in diary entries or notes he had made seventy-odd years earlier.

From time to time we would discuss the possibility that he might try his hand at writing fiction but invariably he would shy away from the idea, saying that he simply did not have the imagination necessary to write a novel. Although he had a very lively imagination perhaps he was right and the singular skills required of an exceptional diarist such as Charles might not translate easily into the very different skills involved in writing fiction. However, I cannot rid myself of the wish that he had been willing and able to write fiction!

At this point I can just hear Charles saying, "Oh, come off it John. You've gone on far too long. Cut it short." He would have been absolutely right, as he so often was.

Thank you.



An Appetite for Life: The Education of a Young Diarist, 1924-1927

31 January 1927

Sir Robert Borden, our former Canadian Prime Minister, is coming to Oxford shortly to make some kind of speech and will be staying at All Souls. I intend to call on him — he and my father were law partners, and great friends.

When I was still at school he wrote to me about the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa, suggesting that it might be a career for me as he knew from my mother that I was interested in international affairs and he thought the Department would expand into a Canadian diplomatic service. I have this possibility in the back of my mind.

It is true that in the last year or two I have lost interest in international affairs, but as a boy I used to follow them in the newspaper and make copious notes on them. Of course, I would have to get a good degree to get into the Department and also to pass their exams.

I think I could do it. I have been working quite hard during the vacation and since this term began. But I do not write about work in this diary.

The Siren Years, A Canadian Diplomat Abroad, 1937-1945

15 December 1938

I am to be posted to London to the High Commissioner's Office, leaving next month. This means the end of this holiday in Washington, for no one could take too seriously my marginal responsibilities in the Legation. If I have learned anything here it is thanks to Hume Wrong, the Counsellor of the Legation. Each of my draft despatches has been returned to me with detailed emendations in his elegant script. He has applied acid to what he terms my "impressionistic" manner of expressing myself. He will not allow the word "feel" as in "there is a feeling that the United States Administration's attitude is hardening". "Members of the Canadian Foreign Service," he says, "do not feel — they think". The most gratifying moment of my time here has been seeing his report on my work which states that I have "an instinct for political realities".

23 October 1941

They were beginning to hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square for more aid to Russia. I thought of staying to see what it was like, but it was so cold. There were a lot of grubby men in dirty mackintoshes with packages of red leaflets. They looked like the sweepings of the Communist Party hoping to stir something up. Charlie Hébert (a Canadian officer friend of mine) was with

me — solid, military, well-fed. They seemed to look at him with envious, hating sidelong looks as if they longed to be strong enough to pull him down.

I should like to have seen the Masseys standing next to Maisky (the Soviet Ambassador) and singing the Internationale at the private viewing of the Soviet films. It is quite a long step from "dear Alba" (the Spanish Ambassador) "the last great gentleman in Europe" and Lord Halifax and "all of us". When I came here two and a half years ago there was no more devoted adherent of Chamberlain than Mr. Massey. Churchill, of course, in those days had "no judgement". I could never get Mr. Massey

to accept an invitation to Maisky's ("I feel uncomfortable with that little man") but the Masseys have followed the English ruling class in the most spectacular somersault in all recorded history and never have they felt consciously insincere except perhaps now they do feel their conversion to the USSR a little — shall we say — sudden. The more candid just go on hating communism as much as ever — "Anything to save our bacon." But they will not feel comfortable for long in this open cynicism. Already the Archbishop of Canterbury has found that communism contains the seeds of Christianity — even if the Russians wear their religion with a difference. A few really consistent Tories are in danger of being locked up in Brixton jail. They are guilty of the unpardonable sin of putting ideas before the interests of England. The English always said they were not interested in an ideological war.

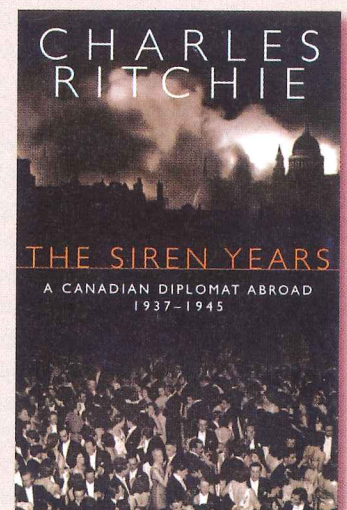
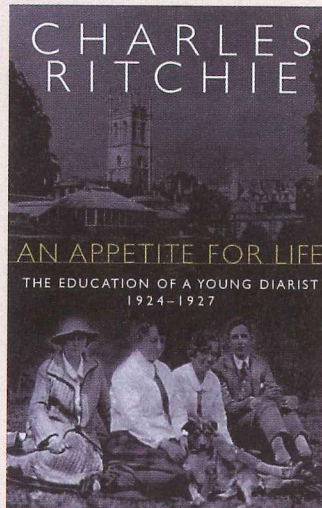
Mind you, I think they are quite right, but what does a little appal me is that when the storm is past they will bring back the old prejudices and what is much worse — the "old principles".

10 February 1942

Dined at the Conservative Club. Gossip about Stalin — they say he wishes [British Ambassador Sir Stafford] Cripps would not come and bore him by talking communism to him. Stalin hates bores but takes a great interest in the Windsor-Simpson story. He cannot understand why Mrs Simpson was not liquidated.

21 April 1945

On the train en route to San Francisco [for the founding of the United Nations]. Luncheon with [Prime Minister W.L.] Mackenzie King and was charmed by the fat little conjurer with his flickering, shifty eyes and appliqué smile. He has eyes that can look like grey stones or can shine with amusement or film with sentiment. He chats away incessantly — he seems very pleased with himself, delightfully so, pleased with his own cleverness and with his own survival. He talked of the "fun" of parliamentary tactics which cannot, he added regretfully, be so freely indulged in time of war. He talked



of the conscription crisis and said that when it was viewed from the historical point of view its most significant feature would seem to be that the French-Canadian Ministers remained in the Government. That is what saved Canada's unity. I irritated him by remarking that our troops must be thoroughly tired by now. He replied, "They have had two months' rest," (*when?* I should like to know) and said, "I knew during the recruitment crisis that they were due for that rest but this I could not reveal."

He described [US President Franklin D.] Roosevelt's funeral at Hyde Park naturally and effectively, the silence in the garden and the rightness of the ceremony. He spoke affectionately but not over-sentimentally of Roosevelt himself, adding, "When I last saw him I felt the end might come at any moment. When any subject came up about which he had a complex of worry he collapsed completely. When they called me from the White House to tell me of his death I did not even go to the telephone. I knew what had happened without being told."

Talking of Mussolini he said, "A remarkably fine-shaped head — the head of a Caesar — deep-set eyes full of intelligence. He did a lot of good — cleaned up a lot of corruption, but he had too much power for too long. They worship false gods in Europe — that is the trouble — Europe is too full of pictures of Napoleon and statues of the Caesars."

Diplomatic Passport, More Undiplomatic Diaries, 1946-1962

21 May 1951

It is not the work in the Department that I dislike; in fact, it absorbs me totally. It is the "surround" that goes with it. There is the underlying assumption that anyone who is not overworked, underpaid, eye-strained, joy-starved — in fact, not a senior civil servant — is frivolous or materialistic, that these are the hallmarks of a higher calling, the stigmata of the faithful. "Poor so-and-so, how tired he looks, how overworked," we murmur in tones in which respect mingles with compassion. Why respect? Why not contempt? That a man should so mismanage his life as to be totally immersed in office work is lamentable, unless he loves it. If he loves it, he is doing what he wants, like another who drinks himself to a

standstill, and he has no particular call on our sympathy. A civilized, curious, pleasure- and thought-loving man, reduced to a dreary, weary automaton. What is there to respect in that painful spectacle?

20 March 1952

This last week has flashed by in days of high-pressure work, absorbed in this absorbing little world where politics and diplomacy merge into personalities. **You spend the day working with this group of politicians, officials, and diplomats, then you dine with them and their wives, gossip with them, and drink with them. The dominant theme — the only theme in this place — is the pursuit of power. It obsesses the men and infects the women.** Other societies may be dominated by money, snobbery, or the search for pleasure. Here the game of political power is the only one that really counts. It creates an atmosphere very uncongenial to love, very unflattering to women — almost any man in official Ottawa would rather talk to a Cabinet Minister than to the most beautiful woman in the room. It is easy to understand this once you are inside the game. You are tuned in to the power waves and you can hardly hear any others, except as "interference". This is the game for middle-aged men — you can even play it into the sixties or seventies with growing expertise, when you would be at a sad disadvantage in the games of love.

23 June 1954

I am trying to learn German. The woman who is teaching me is making me learn the German version of Little Red Riding Hood by heart. This is the only German I so far know. Last night we went to a German dinner party. **I was seated between two wives of German high officials, stout bodies, little gold crosses on chains round their necks, reddish faces, not a word of English. Finally, unable to stand the silence any longer, I turned from one to the other and launched into Red Riding Hood.** "Red Riding Hood comes

into the wood. She is not frightened of the wolf. When she sees the grandmother she asks, "Why have you got such big eyes? Why have you got such big ears?" All this in quite fluent German. The two ladies stared at me in dumb amazement. One of them asked on a questioning note, "Bitte Exzellenz?" Otherwise, no reaction. However, the German official on the other side of the table, who could not hear what I was saying, came up to me afterwards and complimented me on my fluent German.

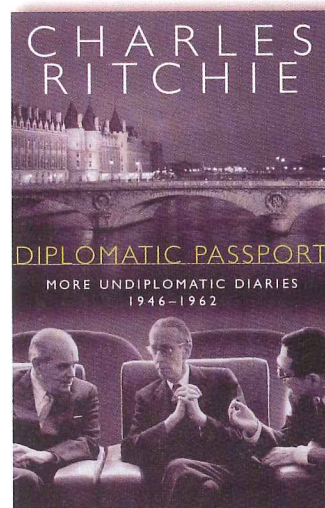
26 July 1954

Where are all the former Nazis in Germany? I mean, physically, where are they? They are certainly not to be

met in Bonn, or, if they are, they are well disguised. On the evidence of one's eyes and ears one would be led to believe that the entire German population was subjugated by Hitler and a small gang of his criminal associates. Another curious thing is that of the many ex-officers of the German army I have met, none mention serving on the Western Front. With Rommel in Africa — yes, but mostly they talk of their service on the Eastern Front against the Russians, and the theme of their story is that they recognized the communist menace, that they were fighting to defend Western civilization against a danger which we were too blind to recognize. As to their casualties in Russia, they are mentioned in a tone which suggests "these died not only for us but for you." If the Nazis have gone to ground, the Jews have vanished into the gas ovens. I have only met one Jew since I have been here. When the word "Jew" is mentioned among the Germans, a self-conscious silence sets in, as if a social gaffe has been made.

4 February 1956

Have been staying with Norman and Jetty Robertson in London, where he is now High Commissioner. Norman was at his most delightful, with his wonderful, wide-ranging curiosity and interest in everything and everybody, his pleasure in his own cleverness, his mixture of boldness in thought and of caution. **Isn't he in the long run profoundly on the side of constituted authority although he enjoys dissecting it? He is a**



non-believer of Presbyterian origin. How different in mentality is a Presbyterian from an Anglican agnostic, not to mention a Roman Catholic one. You can renounce your own faith but its particular imprint remains.

I measure myself against Norman and I know that he is a wiser and better man than I am. I come away even fonder of him than I was before and I tremble to think what he would make of this diary. "Burn it," he would say, and I have little doubt that he is right. I love Jetty too. Her receptiveness, responsiveness, and funniness charm me.

18 November 1956 —
Cologne

I am trying to go over and over in my mind this beastly Suez affair so that I can decide on the line to take in talking to my diplomatic colleagues and to the Germans. It is one thing to criticize the English to their faces or to my fellow Canadians. It is quite another thing to criticize them before foreigners and before those who hate them. My friend the Admiral came in this morning for a drink. We were both very careful in discussing Suez to keep unemotional for fear of another row between us over politics, and he kept on calling me "Charles" affectionately to show that there was "no offence" after our last argument. I would have reciprocated if I could have remembered his first name.

19 February 1957

I have excluded from these diaries almost any reference to office work or mention of members of the Embassy staff or descriptions of any official business or negotiations with the German government. I have absolutely no wish to write about such things, which anyway are covered by memoranda and dispatches in the office. Then there is another consideration — security. I have always been almost excessively "security-minded". In addition, this house is full of German servants of varied backgrounds. Then Bonn is, I think, riddled with spies of different persuasions. The result of all this is that the diaries have a very unbalanced look as though I were a man of leisure who did nothing but go to parties and never did a day's work. The truth is that I very much like office work and very much enjoy the transaction of business. Indeed, my main complaint about this post is that there is

not enough business to transact. As a result of leaving out any political or diplomatic record the diaries would be of less interest to readers, but this does not matter as I do not intend that there should be any readers. I have provided in my will that all my papers should be destroyed at my death. Why then do I write the diaries? It is a compulsion, like smoking.

3 June 1958

Our new Minister of External Affairs, Sidney Smith, has been here for a visit. He has been extremely kind and understanding in his dealings with me and I like him. He is shrewd enough too, but all the same I ask myself what can be the secret of his success. It is certainly not force of intelligence or grasp of issues. And he does talk such nonsense. Last night he began comparing Canada to his thirteen-year-old daughter, "both adolescents at the difficult age". He says, "We must not let ourselves be treated like Tunisians." What can he mean?

26 September
1960

I have just come in from my morning walk in Central Park and have paid a visit to the macaws and heard the lion giving its waking roar. The Prime Minister [John Diefenbaker] is in New York for the United Nations and has made no effort whatever to contact or consult me. So I sit in my room waiting for a telephone call. I am determined not to approach him. Of course, I should have known what Prime Ministers think of resident ambassadors (when they think of them at all). They simply think that they are "officials" and as such a mixture of flunkey and clerk.

Storm Signals, More Undiplomatic Diaries, 1962-1971

28 August 1962

The Department of External Affairs is becoming more and more a branch office of a huge expanding bureaucracy. Our Foreign Service is becoming more and

more like other Foreign Services. This is inevitable, but it does not suit me. I loved the old, small, ramshackle Department where eccentricity was tolerated and where everyone was a generalist who flew by the seat of his pants.

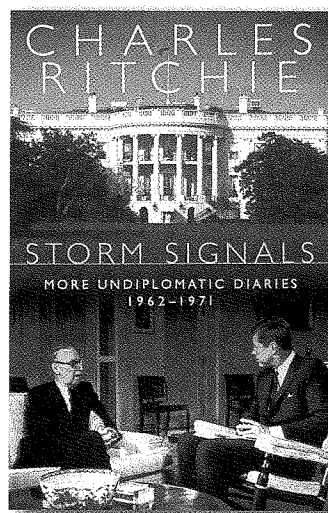
The Victorian Gothic of the East Block was the perfect setting for the Department as it was in those days. The building makes no concessions to efficiency and is a standing rebuke to progress. **How many of the waking hours of my life I have spent there; how well I know the dark attics with windows at floor level, one of which I shared as a junior with Temp Feaver and Alfred Rive, and later, on my progress upward in the Service, the spacious rooms with their monumental fireplaces, which were reserved for senior officials.**

How often have I trod those echoing stone-floored corridors and caught the dusty, musty smell that lingers there from the 1870s. How often have I paused, leaning on that iron-work balustrade that looks down on the pit of the entrance hall, trying to pull together my

thoughts before an interview with the Minister or the Prime Minister of the day in his office in the corridor beyond. And how often, too, have I paused there again on my way back after the interview, to curse myself for being talked out of the point of policy that I was trying to make.

14 April 1963

The government is out. Diefenbaker is gone and Mike [Pearson] is in. The wreckage is strewn all around — Ministers with whom I have been dealing in these past years now are relegated to powerlessness. I must at once write to Howard Green to express my respect for him and my gratitude for his steady support. I shall not be writing to Diefenbaker. I consider his disappearance a deliverance; there should be prayers of thanksgiving in the churches. And these sentiments do not come from a Liberal.



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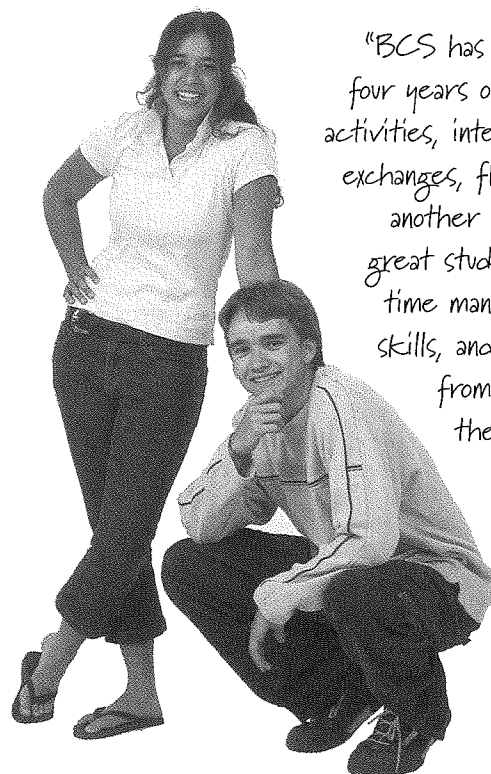
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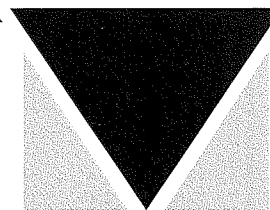
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27 August 1963

Back here [in Washington] I am switched abruptly into the present by the Prime Minister's voice on the telephone. Mike is in one of his querulous moods. He asks my advice, brushes it off as irrelevant, then circles back to it, picks up a point I have made, turns it inside out, and makes something of it. What emerges more clearly every day is that the Hyannisport honeymoon is already over. Things have never been the same between us and the Americans since Walter Gordon's Budget.

28 November 1963

"Less than a week ago," we all keep repeating to each other in bewilderment and horror. Yes it is "less than a week ago" since I was in Boston making a routine speech at some civic affair organized by the Mayor. When I sat down at the end of my speech the Mayor rose to his feet and, instead of the conventional thanks, he said, **"I fear that I have some extremely bad news to announce. The President of the United States has been assassinated."** Sylvia and I walked out

Bobby Kennedy remains untamed among the flood of public grief. His silence is significant of a deeper and different kind of grief.

30 August 1968 — Ottawa

The Prime Minister [Pierre Trudeau] began our interview by asking me whether I thought that the Department of External Affairs was really necessary and, if so, why? I said that I viewed the Department as an instrument for the protection and advancement of Canadian interests abroad and not as a seminar to discuss abstract policy considerations. **I think that Trudeau has got it into his head that the Department is divorced from the real interests of Canada and is embarking on international projects which have no firm basis in Canadian needs, and that this has been characteristic of the Pearson era.**

5 June 1969

Yet another Cabinet Minister — [Jean-Luc] Pépin, the Minister of Trade and Commerce. Went to the airport to meet him. I had never seen him before but guessed as he came off the plane that he would be carrying a spare suit on a hook under a cellophane cover, and I was right. He is big and jovial, and looks a cross between an Assyrian emperor and Groucho Marx. Very easy and open in manner. A group of us went back to the Dorchester to work on his speech. It is a long time since I have put in such a session, yet how many hundreds of times I have done it and with so many different Ministers—battles of wits, will, prestige, over the inclusion of one civil servant's draft or the substitution for it of another; attempts by civil servants, gently, firmly, persistently, to eliminate the Minister's wilder, bolder—or just more vote-getting—passages in the text. Block that metaphor! Drop that joke! A final exhausted tug-of-war over the elimination of the word "despite" in paragraph 4.

19 May 1971

A letter from the Department — "I regretfully must confirm that you should plan your retirement at the normal date, that is, September 23, 1971." **So that's that.** It will take some sharp hustling to get out of this house by that date, with two months of the London Season and continual entertaining coming in between, and then the dead month of August. **It is the end of thirty-seven years in the Foreign Service.** ☺



Then associate under secretary Raymond Chrétien and Charles Ritchie at a bout de papier presentation evening, June 6, 1991.

22 September 1963

When I was a young bachelor in Washington my mantel-piece was piled high with invitations to dinners, luncheon parties, and dances. I attributed this to my social and conversational charms. Now I realize that anyone in trousers serves the purpose in the desperate hunt for a spare man for dinner in this widow-populated city. When an apparently case-hardened bachelor takes it into his head to get married, there is lamentation among the hostesses as they cross his name off their lists: "How could he be so inconsiderate?" Death among the elderly single men is unavoidable, but marriage is unforgivable.

into the sunny Boston streets in a state of shock. People were standing at street corners or walking along the pavements weeping openly, a sight I have never seen before. Now the original shock seems buried under these shoals of tributes and eulogies pouring in from all over the world and the hundreds of shifting TV images of the assassination and its aftermath. What can one find to say? The adventure is over, "brightness falls from the air", that probing mind, that restlessness of spirit, are snapped off as if by a camera shutter. We shall no more see that style of his, varying from gay to grim and then to eloquent, but always with a cutting edge.

Now for the anticlimax — to L.B. Johnson. We have come from the hills to the plains.

Charles Ritchie

No Wonder We Thought Him Special

by R. Harry Jay

In another era, when, possibly, Foreign Service Officers remained starry-eyed and grateful for the opportunity to "serve" rather longer than they are said to do these days, our commitment was in no small measure due to the heady wine of being linked, however modestly, with the likes of the revered Ambassador Charles Ritchie; he of the incomparable diaries. Ruminating recently on highlights of that almost forgotten past, one indelible moment came to mind that seems worth sharing, since it speaks to why Charles was as widely admired for his diplomat skills as loved for being him.

It so happened that during the General Assembly one year while Canadian Permanent Representative, he was kind enough to invite me to sit with him for refreshment in the small bar at the far end of the long corridor in the UN building that leads past the elevators to the much more frenetic Delegates lounge. We had only just begun to relax, when up he jumped and took off down the corridor in his inimitable bird-like way, eager to intercept a fellow representative whose small Latin American country had not yet been enticed among the cosponsors we were working hard to recruit for a Canadian draft resolution on radioactive fall-out.

In those days, the respected Howard Green, Secretary of State for External Affairs, was determined to do something about the world-wide threat of radiation from nuclear tests, thought to loom particularly balefully over his beloved British Columbia because of prevailing winds. Charles was well aware of a rumour circulating in Ottawa that the future might be quite bleak for all involved in any failure to rustle up cosponsors of our draft in the numbers the usually kindly Minister had publicly promised to the Canadian people.

Not wishing to miss an opportunity to learn from a master at work, I fell in beside the two ambassadors. Within a step or two I realized that Charles, far from embarking on an irresistible pitch, was on the receiving end of a severer dressing-down than one Excellency should ever administer to another. Although Charles never for a second lost his cool, he must have been relieved when an elevator cut off further reprimand.

Subsequently, I discovered that the innocent origin of the outburst lay in Charles' abiding passion for the written word and his related habit of profiling for the Department anyone in his bailiwick with even a modicum of potential for or against the promotion of Canadian interests abroad. Thus, with customary elegance and incision, but certainly with no intention of causing embarrassment, he had commented on the special difficulty of estimating what to expect from this opposite number, since the gentleman so seldom attended a UN meeting of any kind. While Charles expected his assessment to be treated with due privacy, he appreciated that it might be copied to our mission in the country concerned. But he could not have imagined that some budding FSO

landed just before Charles chose that untimely moment to solicit a favour.

In my relatively inexperienced judgement, the rift was totally beyond repair, leaving no possibility that any assistance for our initiative could be forthcoming from such an angry man. Not so Charles. Unfazed by a most unpleasant passage, good humour and bounce intact, he gave no indication that the future was not under firm control. Sure enough, within a very few days, his apparently alienated colleague had been brought round, and his country's name made a precious addition to the breadth of international support for Mr. Green's position the list of cosponsors was meant to reflect. All of us on the delegation who shared responsibility for building an ever more imposing list, were awed by Charles' facility in working even



Lester B. Pearson (centre), is greeted on his arrival in Bonn for the first NATO ministerial meeting in West Germany by Canadian Ambassador Charles Ritchie (right), and Dr. Ernst-Guenther Mohr, West German chief of protocol. May 1, 1957.

there would hand a copy to a contact in the Foreign Ministry, unmindful of the mischief he was setting in train. Inevitable, the unsuspecting Ambassador's Minister had erupted with considerable heat when he became aware of what the Canadian Permanent Representative to the UN thought of his appointee's attention to business in New York. The ensuing rocket had

the most obscure corners of our chosen profession, and were grateful for this latest of his many contributions to our joint peace of mind. I am still wondering how in the world he managed to pull it off. ☺

A former ambassador now living in Ottawa, R. Harry Jay was immersed in UN affairs for a good deal of his career.

From: Butcher, Elaine - TAVIV-TD
Sent: June 15, 2001
To: Distribution
Subject: Trading Places (Part One)

Shalom!

Hello from Tel Aviv. I am here for the next 5 weeks and a bit, on temporary duty, filling the gap between the departure of the former trade program manager and the arrival of the new one. Having such exposure to the day-to-day work in the embassy is a new experience for me, since my previous trips have always been connected to a major project or visit. I hope to offer a highly personal and hopefully entertaining account of my stay in Israel. Some of those copied on this message who have had longer exposure to this place are respectfully requested to excuse my unavoidably superficial perspective. It is still a positive view and I hope to portray my affection for the place and the people, despite the contradictions and frustrations of recent months.

To set the scene: Israel is NOT a calm place. People are busy — they walk, talk, drive, argue, shop and generally live at top speed. This is lively but also wearing. Even simple tasks become

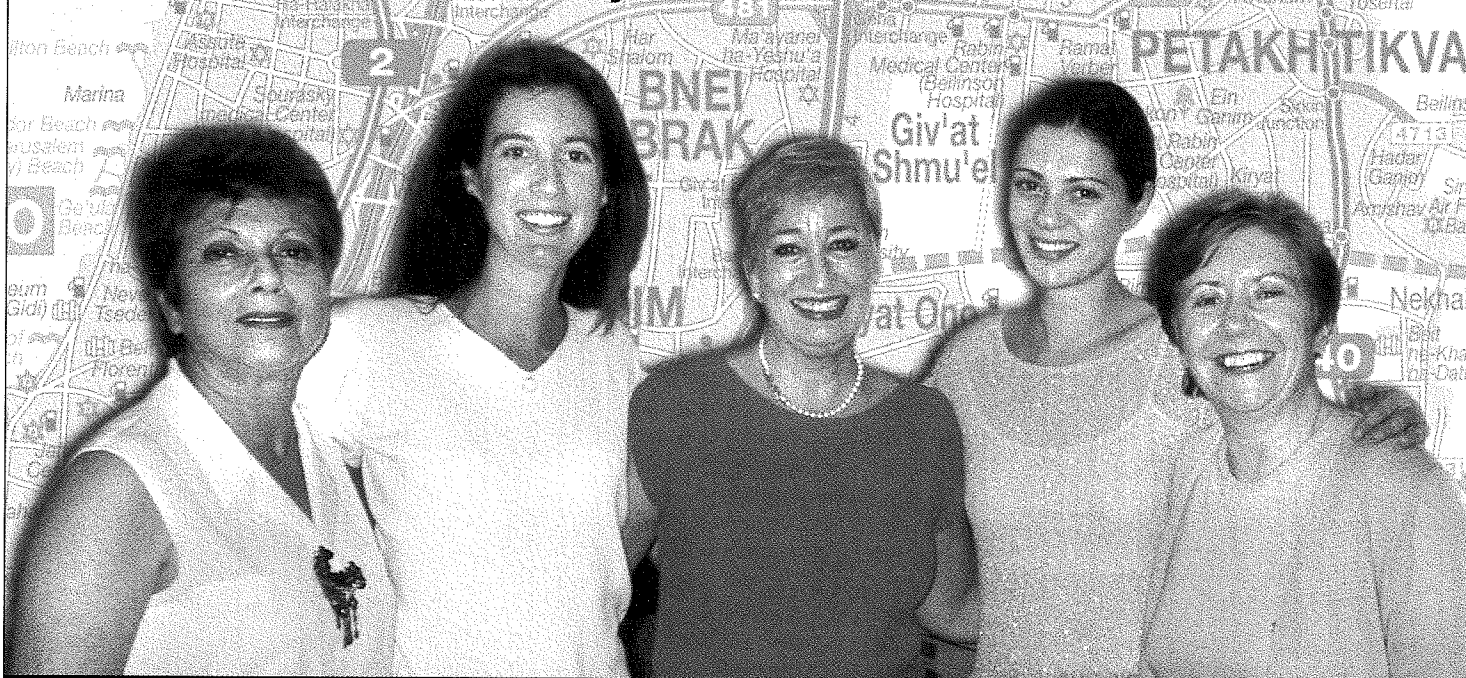
complicated as several people, most completely unrelated to the event, offer opinions on what should be done. However, the happy result is that although you are by yourself, you are never alone! Commuting is a particular challenge, with people juggling cell phones, coffee cups and having a general disregard for cross-walks. And these are just the pedestrians. Drivers treat lane markings on the road as mere suggestions, and the parking mentality is one of squatters' rights. Winner take all. This has two results: horns honk constantly and aggressive driving is essential in order to make any progress at all. While people have a free and refreshing disregard for traffic signs and even traffic laws, this auto-anarchy does contribute to (or may be caused by?) the pressures felt by the inhabitants

It is a land of contrasts. Tel Aviv is a large modern city. Tall buildings, endless traffic jams, constant construction and streets filled with hip young (mostly very slim) people in the latest fashions. It is also perched on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, a deceptively beautiful body of water that helps turn a busy cosmopolitan city into a vacationland. I say deceptively beautiful because as you look out from the beach at ships plying the waters, you know they are leaking fuel, sewage and other unmentionables. So a dip in the sea can have lingering effects — also unmentionable.

Trading Places

Temporary duty in Tel Aviv

by Elaine Butcher



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(left to right) Lilian Green, Catherine Gosselin, Atalia Kahan, Rebecca Shafir-Schitrit, Elaine Butcher.

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Tel Aviv is also situated on the edge of a desert. This cools the evenings, making the climate a bit more bearable in the hot months. Although we are at the start of the very hot period now — 31 yesterday and hotter today — it is still pleasant in the morning, so the short walk to my ride is not a trial. My garden is filled with unfamiliar trees, birds and cacti. Proximity to the desert also means a shortage of water, a well-known challenge in the Middle East. Although they are way ahead of North Americans in water conservation and recycling, the Israelis use a lot of water compared to their neighbours. However, water is still seen as a precious resource. This would explain the sight of a neighbour washing his car — the hubcaps really — using bottled water. Not surprisingly, it was a very nice car.

Security is extremely tight. We attended a Chamber of Commerce lunch aimed at the foreign and business community, where Prime Minister Ariel Sharon was the keynote speaker. Someone commented this was probably the safest place in Israel. The entrance to the room resembled an airport check-in, and alert officials checked bags, asked questions and operated the X-ray scanners for more than 600 guests. But just when you think that there's no place like this in the world, we were brought back to reality with a thud by being subjected to almost 3 hours of not very informative speeches, including that of the PM — all BEFORE the lunch was served. By 3:15 we had almost given up hope, our two small buns were long gone and people were almost tackling waiters to get more water. Even the simultaneous translation failed; we assumed she had fainted from hunger. All in all, eerily reminiscent of other lunches I have known.

That in essence is the most unusual, uncomfortable, disturbing and surprising part of being here. It LOOKS so normal. And in the end, it mostly is normal, but apprehension about a possible attack is real and caution has become a part of everyday life. However, it is still a great place, fun, interesting, exciting, lively. I was made to quickly feel very at home and with the advantage of having been here a few times, streets and places are familiar to me.

And it is a very small place. At the Sharon lunch I met my former counterpart from the Israeli mission in Toronto. We were both shocked to see each other but it was great to meet and she has a position where the connection with Canada will be most useful. I had fun teasing my Canadian embassy colleague that finally it was my turn to introduce her to someone. I hope this will continue to be a good experience.

From: Butcher, Elaine - TAVIV-TD
Sent: June 22, 2001
To: Distribution
Subject: Trading Places (Part Two)

Travels with my dictionary

It's always the follow up question that gets you.

To say that my Hebrew is rudimentary would be a wild exaggeration. I can make polite responses, give my telephone number, and say the right greeting at the right time of day. My grasp of numbers however remains elusive. Although I know the numbers from 1 to 10, I tend to mix up the order (1,3,6,2, etc.) sounding rather like I had a spotty attendance record at school.

I can accomplish the first part of a task — greet the cashier, even order a taxi by phone — but it's the question that follows my request which always defeats me. At the grocery store, is she asking will that be paper or plastic? Cash or charge? A yes or no answer just won't do. Is the taxi company asking where I want to go (good guess) or is he saying "Could you repeat that poorly-pronounced

address?" In that case a wrong answer could send the cab to another destination entirely. Not quite what I had planned.

So I regretfully revert to my visitor refrain "Ani lo medaber Ivrit", as if they hadn't already suspected I don't speak Hebrew (but at least I still had some fun pretending I could).

At home, grocery shopping is a favoured activity. I love and appreciate the selection, the abundance and new or seasonal products. In Israel — and there are many large Canadian-style grocery stores, including one beside the embassy — there are several challenges, some less obvious than others, when buying food.

My numerical failings often result in odd purchases — 2 olives? — which perplex the servers and slow the process considerably. Since I find myself determined to do this in Hebrew, I have decided to just order 4 of everything; I am confident that "arba" is 4 and I'll take my chances on what I select.

Shopping in another language when there are no familiar or even readable words is much more daunting than you might expect. Not only can I not read the signs, labels or prices, neither can I be certain of what the package contains just by the picture on the label. It seems that a cultural gap exists even in packaging. The photos are elaborate but confusing and at times have no obvious relation to the contents. So I have ended up with appliance cleaner instead of laundry detergent (a washing machine was on the label) and tomato paste instead of tomato sauce. Nothing fatal, but still a surprise when you open the jar (like Kinder eggs).

I experienced my first real Tel Aviv moment this week. I have been trying to keep up some semblance of an exercise programme. I have a drive to and from work and therefore walk much less than normal. So in the evening I try to take a brisk walk in the neighbourhood. There are good long stretches of sidewalk, and even an incline that seems Alpine-ish after I've been out for a while. I'm happy to be getting some exercise, but am surprised that I seem to be the only one doing it outside. People are very fit here. They are very body-conscious and their clothes are form-fitting to a degree we don't see at home. But I hardly ever see anyone exercise. It must be a more private endeavour than in Canada where we slog outdoors in questionable attire for uncertain reward.

At any rate, although solitary, the real joy of this effort is being able to end my walk at the beach. The beach runs for miles, with few interruptions, and is well-used by people of all ages. In the evening, the beach is full of people who have come to watch the sun set into the sea. Although beautiful, it sinks like a stone and is always over much too quickly. The colour of the sky and the sound of the sea is a great antidote to a busy city. It's also a better reward than my usual chocolate chip cookie.

If you walk north along the beach where I live in Herzliyya, you will come across a pile of old stones, originally part of an ancient dock or aqueduct. I had been encouraged by my director not to miss this casual historical site. Unremarked and unprotected, it is thought to date back to Roman times. I was told that one could still find bits of Roman glass among the rocks. I confess I didn't look too closely, fearing a fall that would result in a consular case, but the only glass I found was of the Molson variety. I'll keep looking.

My Tel Aviv experience came at the end of my walk, fortunately well after all the huffing and puffing was done. The cell phone in my fanny pack started to ring. (We carry the phones all the time so as to stay in touch in an emergency). Now I don't carry a cell at home and am not used to the sound of ringing on my person — it's always the others who are ringing — so I am usually slow to react. But this time, I found the phone, it was for me, and I had the multi-tasking experience of walking on the beach, watching the surf and talking on my phone, just like most of the people around me.

In a world of big events, it's often the small things that make life memorable.

From: Butcher, Elaine - TAVIV-TD
Sent: June 29, 2001
To: Distribution
Subject: Trading Places (Part Three)

Oh Canada

Every year on July 1, Canada Day, Canadians look forward to a wonderful celebration of country and family. In Ottawa, this festive occasion is marked by speeches, chicken barbeques, fireworks, concerts and, except for this year, Snowbirds. In other cities the day has a more local flavour — a boat being “rowed” with hockey sticks down the street in Cardigan, PEI, stands out as a more unusual Canada Day event. Sometimes it even results in a long weekend, in itself a reason to celebrate.

Canada Day abroad has a whole other meaning. It is a curious fact that Canadians’ patriotism and sense of Canadian-ness is inversely proportionate to their distance from Canada. Embassies maintain a consular list — the Registry of Canadians Abroad (ROCA) — in order to keep track of Canadians residing in the host country. This list facilitates contact in case of emergency and is a key element in assisting Canadian nationals living outside Canada. Updating this list can be tiresome and time-consuming — people often don’t want to be found. But we are discovering that Canada Day is an unparalleled tool to ferret out previously-unknown Canadians, far more effective than the threat of war or natural disaster.

More than 1200 people have been invited to the Ambassador’s Canada Day reception. Although, thankfully, we don’t have to be concerned about the weather, the logistics of putting on such an event are considerable.

Preparations have been in the works for months. Food, drinks, sponsors, professional party-goers have all caused much scratching of heads in the lead-up to the great day. The not-insignificant pitch of the lawn at the Official Residence has been a cause of some concern. Keeping the serving tables and conveniences level requires the technical skills of an engineer.

Will the port-a-potties be stable? There is a real fear of headlines screaming “Pisa-like portable washroom topples — guests scattered like nine-pins”.

Although memorable, and a sure-fire way to get people to come to next year’s event, this is hardly the image we want to promote. The reception is aimed at contacts who are important to the success of representing Canada to Israel. It is not meant to substitute for the Parliament Hill spectacle.

This comes as a huge surprise to most people. This past week we have been living in a beer commercial. Countless calls from people who cry “I am Canadian” when insisting they should be invited to the reception. “I am Canadian” so the embassy should provide flags and trinkets for a private Canada Day event. “I am Canadian” so we should arrange a Canada Day skating party for 25 people at the Canada Center (sic) rink in Metullah. This last request — and they are all true — is especially fun because the Canada Center didn’t know it was Canada Day. But now that they know, can they come to the reception?

I am Canadian. But I won’t be enjoying the holiday in the traditional way. It’s not even a holiday here. Because I’m abroad, I’ll be working, helping to host hundreds of close and personal contacts (and maybe even a few Canadians). But I’ll be thinking of you, and hoping that you have a safe and happy day.

And like most Canadians serving their country abroad, even temporarily, we’ll be looking forward to that great day that really reminds us of who we are and what we are working for.

Monday July 2nd. It can’t come soon enough. Happy Canada Day anyway.

From: Butcher, Elaine - TAVIV-TD
Sent: July 6, 2001
To: Distribution
Subject: Trading Places (Part Four)

Notes From Near and Far

This visit, I have not travelled nearly as much as I had hoped. Although I have seen a lot of Israel during previous trips, there is still an endless number of interesting places to explore. However, they will have to wait for another time and better days. Workload, weekend events, lack of a car and security concerns have led me to stay closer to home than I had expected.

This has allowed me more time to observe and participate in the daily travails faced by Israelis, and during a brief visit to Ramallah, by Palestinians. The contrasts between the two sides are both greater and fewer than would be expected. I hadn’t been to Ramallah in more than a year and due to the present security situation such a trip requires more effort and coordination. I was curious to see how things had changed.

First of all, going to Ramallah requires the use of the Embassy’s armoured car. This is far less dramatic than you might think. It doesn’t appear any different than most other large, ugly, beige vehicles slowing your drive to the cottage or office. A Chevy Suburban, it is remarkable for being so ordinary. But it is heavy. Really heavy. So heavy that I sound like Monica Seles, grunting as I try to open or close the door. You may laugh, but Monica and I know grunting helps. By the end of the day, even our driver Kamil was joining in the chorus.

Although dull outside, inside it is very cool with all kinds of special options such as the *OnStar feature — “How can I help you Batman?”, an unexplained button with a rotor-like design (could we have lift-off?) and what appeared to be a very sophisticated fire extinguishing system. We didn’t find the cone of silence. Our exploratory efforts (it was the first time in the armoured car for both of us) were constrained by fears of unintended results. We recalled the German Ambassador’s chemical-warfare resistant vehicle, which was far too sensitive and regularly battered down the hatches in Tel Aviv’s heavily polluted traffic jams.

On a more serious note, these armoured vehicles proved their worth and utility this year when an employee of our Ramallah office escaped injury after being fired upon in the West Bank. Happily, on a quiet day, our biggest challenge was manoeuvring at the gas station.

The former route to Ramallah is now closed to traffic, a load of earth denying access through a Palestinian village. A new stretch of road leads you by a settlement, after you navigate a number of checkpoints. Un-manned on this quiet day, these consist of a series of concrete barriers which force traffic into a single lane, “S”-shaped pattern. We passed without incident.

Ramallah itself is a large bustling Arab town (pop. 80,000), full of traffic, shoppers and at least one bakery on every street corner. These did not attract my usual interest due to a severe toothache which has plagued me all week. But there is little in Ramallah to indicate the fighting which has taken place, or the 10 months of closure which has virtually imprisoned most citizens. There are conflict points on the edge of town where TV reporters do their stand ups, but they do not reflect the daily existence.

The Canadian Representative Office (CRO) — it is not an Embassy since the Palestinian territory is not a sovereign state — is located in a lovely stone building shared with the South Africans. Doughnut-shaped (a recurring theme in Ramallah), the offices are on the second floor surrounding an open courtyard. It used to be a

residence, so all the office's washrooms contain a full bath and shower — plastic curtains, bidet and all.

Doughnuts loom large in any trip to Ramallah. The Canadian firm, "Bakers' Dozen", has a store, co-located with a US fast food chain, Checkers.

Everyone coming to Ramallah is inundated with doughnut orders from the Canada-based staff at the Embassy. Since the intifada began last September, trips to Ramallah have been few so the pent up doughnut demand is high. I had visited the store a few years ago and although it wasn't quite Tim Horton's (and therefore not the religious experience it is for me at home), it was very good and worth the trip. Unfortunately, we were not able to go this time.

Meetings at the CRO and at the Ministry of Industry underlined the impact of the conflict on the Palestinian people. A senior Ministry official spoke with an emotion and passion I had not heard before — his anger and sadness were palpable. Ironically, he sounded much like people I had spoken with on the Israeli side. Both sides feel aggrieved; there is no clear or easy way out of this impasse.

On the way home we made a stop at Mount Herzl, the cemetery where many of Israel's leaders are buried. I wanted to see the grave of Yitzhak Rabin, the Prime Minister who led the Oslo peace process and who was assassinated in 1995. His grave is a ritual stop for all official visitors (Ministers and such) and although over the years I have helped devise many programmes containing this element, I had never been there myself. Like the man, it is plain and unadorned, featuring two curved slabs of marble, one black and one white. Although it is a military cemetery, Rabin's wife Leah is also buried beside him. Her inscription reads "Carrier of the Torch", testimony to her enormous efforts to protect and promote her husband's legacy. I was struck by the sense of loss I felt. Where would the two sides be now if he had lived? Is the current situation an inevitable cost of his untimely death?

I fell asleep in the car on the way back — some things never change. That evening I went for my regular walk to the beach, and passed by the house of the Danish Ambassador. I had met him at a dinner shortly after my arrival; he is a very interesting and thoughtful individual. I also saw him at Canada Day — which was a big success by the way — and this night I happened upon him coming home from work. He seemed surprised to see me, probably wondering if I am a contact he should cultivate since we keep running into each other. It will be a mystery for him when I disappear next week.

Finally, July 3 was the occasion of the US Independence Day celebrations (presumably so they could have the next day off — we could learn from that).

The Ambassador invited 2500 people to his residence for what was also his farewell party. A huge event which I did not attend, it was topped off by fireworks at 10 pm. As I live only a few blocks away, through the trees I could see a burst of colour and light. You could almost hear the "Ooohhs" and "Aaahhs" of the guests. Since I had heard there were no fireworks in Ottawa on July 1, I was pleased to participate in this event if only by viewing the spectacle from my garden.

However, this is Israel and the start of the fireworks made for an uncomfortable first few seconds. These are explosions after all, and on the previous day two car bombs had gone off in a nearby city. In Tel Aviv, as in Ramallah, the effects of the violence are not always visible, but are never far from the surface.

From: Butcher, Elaine - TAVIV-TD
Sent: July 13, 2001
To: Distribution
Subject: Trading Places (Part Five)

Goodbye/Through the Looking Glass

The trouble is, I feel very strongly both ways. I'm looking forward to getting home, but I'm not ready to leave Israel. It's happened so subtly I hadn't realized how at home I felt here. After 5 weeks, I recognize many of my neighbours. We have brief conversations — well, very brief, but smiley. I know the neighbourhood stores and restaurants; the fruit sellers and the ice cream man recognize me. I no longer grip the dashboard as cars whiz by on the paved shoulder, flitting in and out of highway traffic. I think it's a good deal when dinner costs only \$60, without wine or dessert. I am not surprised to get three work-related calls after 9 pm.

Well, maybe it is time to go home.

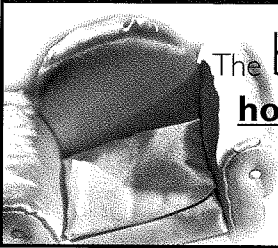
Patrick, the Embassy technician, was due to return to Canada this summer. There had been a farewell party for him, he was all packed up and his replacement was due to arrive next month. However, the replacement suddenly changed his mind and now Patrick will stay for another year. Although a bit discombobulated at the abrupt change in plans, he is very pleased and will have a party on Saturday to celebrate his non-departure. It's like "Alice in Wonderland", where they held an un-birthday party. This non-farewell dinner will be among my last events in Israel, and a fitting end to an unforgettable and thought-provoking experience.

Israel is a collision of opposite and often opposing forces, with little middle ground or moderation. It's either full speed ahead, or full stop — with the latter usually in a no parking zone. For example: people have an enormous and obvious love of children, yet there is worrying violence in schools and serious domestic abuse. There is a shortage of water, yet suburbs are a wasteful landscape of lawns and gardens which nature had not intended. The heavily-irrigated national forest is in disturbing proximity to a slum-like Bedouin camp lacking potable water. In a small country where the land is thought to be a sacred gift, the cities and countryside are littered and unkempt. The sidewalks in my wealthy neighbourhood are broken and covered in dog feces. Recycling is almost unknown. Driving is an unrelenting challenge, a series of accidents and frustrations where even the most elementary courtesy would have a positive impact (no pun intended — although enjoyed). Israeli Arabs are marginalized, and the renewed violence has exposed the

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hurtful exclusion they endure. It is also a place of warm, funny, outgoing and energetic people who have created a dynamic and successful society. A complete stranger will caution you to wear a hat in the desert sun. Waiters — at least the non-surly ones (sadly, these are a minority) — will tell you which dishes to avoid. The proprietor will offer a bottle of wine, on the house, for no apparent reason. The most unexpected people have the most interesting backgrounds, making even ordinary meetings or events a wonderful voyage of discovery.

That, I suppose, is the attraction of this place, it always surprises you, for good and for ill. But I am grateful to have had the opportunity to try and understand it better. Back at the beach last night I was thinking about picking up some shells for John — am I a big spender or what! While looking at shells I came upon a small round piece of pale blue glass. It was very small, children's Aspirin size, but it was indeed the elusive Roman glass. In short order, I found about 10 pieces in varying shades of blue and green, smoothed by two millennia of sand, salt and tides. I was thrilled to have found some. A few weeks before, I had met a woman combing the beach for glass who had a sandwich bag full of marble-sized pieces. I then spent five fruitless minutes searching for Roman glass. Having a short attention span and a need for immediate gratification, I quickly gave that up. The woman had said that searching for glass was addictive. Now that I had finally found some, I understood what she meant. I kept looking for more and larger stones until I suddenly realized that I had spent 20 minutes with my head down and the sun had almost set.

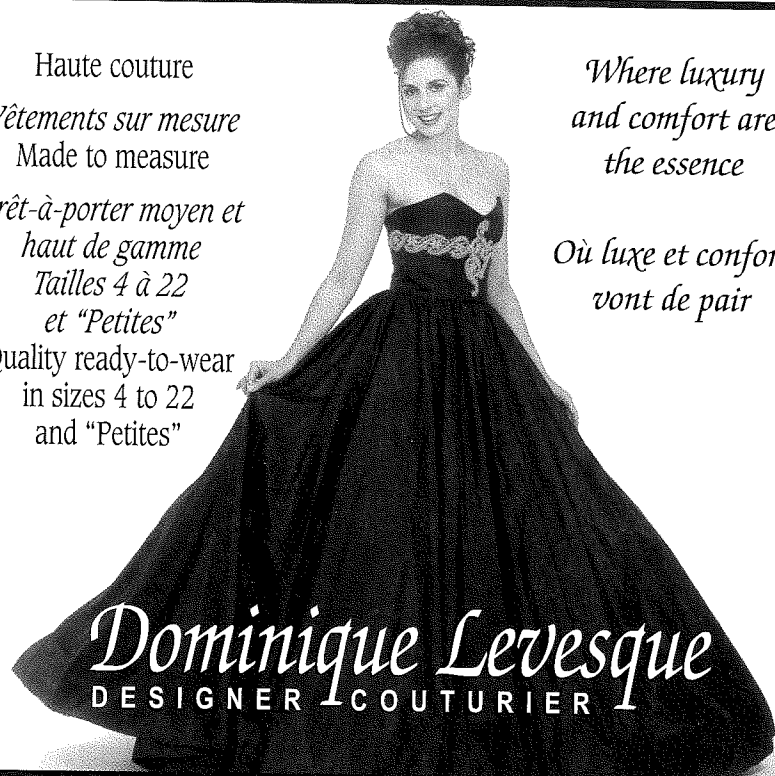
That was it. My dreams of custom jewellery evaporated and I resumed my walk, richer by a handful of small stones, one shell, and another sunset. Now I'll be returning home, also enriched by the exposure to this place and the experience of having lived here, albeit briefly. It is a topsy-turvy country, a complex mix of right and wrong, fear and hope, anger and joy. But to even begin to understand it, you need to keep your eyes open and stay alert to the bigger picture. Although I am not very optimistic for the immediate future, in the long run I can't see any other option than co-existence for two peoples who share a dream of a secure and independent homeland. I'm looking forward to coming back. ☺

Elaine Butcher joined the Department in 1979 and worked in a number of human-resource related areas before finding professional joy in the trade stream in 1994. She has been covering Israel/Palestinian trade issues in the middle East Division since 1997 and has visited the region six times. Elaine plans to be on Parliament Hill for Canada Day 2002.

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Alexander D. "Sandy" Bryce 1940–2001

Friday, 31st August, 2001, St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Ottawa

I knew Sandy as a colleague, as an amateur musician and as a family man, but above all, I knew him as a friend.

We first met nearly forty years ago at a party in New Edinburgh. I particularly remember my first exposure to his blazing intellect—strongly held opinions well-defended by rows of good arguments, and flashing eyes!

Sandy was, I am told, the sort of student who would lounge casually through his course work, and only at the last possible minute produce a brilliant term paper, and then with effortless ease, ace the final examination. This is how, I am told, he won the History Prize that year at Queen's. From these early days, it was evident that he was looking for a cause to which he could devote his life. He found it, as did many of us here today, in the Department of External Affairs, now Foreign Affairs and International Trade.

After his post-graduate studies in economics at Cambridge, he returned to Ottawa as a junior officer in the Department, where we resumed our friendship.

As a colleague, Sandy was admired for his willingness, indeed his eagerness, to tackle the tough issues and difficult challenges like the Russian language. He served on his first posting with great distinction in Moscow. This was during the deepest, most frozen part of the cold war. He had to contend with many powerful forces well beyond his control, including the visit to his post of a new and demanding Prime Minister.

Sandy's professional interests shifted gradually over the years — from socialist economics in the USSR, to resource economics in Australia, to trade policy in Geneva, to concerns in recent years about the environment. He felt passionately about environmental issues, worked on them assiduously and communicated the depth of his concern to others very effectively. He was always sending me e-mail on climate change, global warming, desertification and hazardous substances. He sent me some verses of his own composition on deforestation. He was driven by intuition as much as by reason on these questions. He sensed their importance well before they became matters of everyday concern to us all.

Sandy would not want us to underestimate the importance which he placed on the environment. Let me mention, therefore, the lead items on CBC TV and CBC radio on August 27, the day he died:

- winding up of the Walkerton Inquiry
- arsenic contamination and toxic soil in Cape Breton
- radioactive contamination leaking into Lake Ontario
- thallium poisoning in Trail, B.C.
- the West Nile virus, and
- the fisheries dispute at Burnt Church, New Brunswick.

Sandy would not have been surprised by any of this. He felt with his whole person that our exploitation of the natural environment was unsustainable. He felt that the successful resolution of this issue was the most important and the most urgent on the human agenda.

I never heard Sandy swear or say a mean word about anyone. He was the enemy of waste and extravagance in any form — in the Government of Canada, in his office, or in his home. He liked things to be correct, decent, properly in order, efficient. If, as some people think, efficiency is the great if

unrecognized Canadian virtue, then Sandy was a most virtuous Canadian.

He could be frustrating sometimes, in determined pursuit of his self-given goals, but he was a total stranger to guile. He was intolerant only of woolly thinking, and bad drafting.

He felt bound by the duties he had freely chosen and accepted as an officer in the Canadian diplomatic service, and by his obligations as a husband and father.

I will remember Sandy as he looked when we first met: dapper, independent, vigorous in the extreme, tremendously bright, brimming over with good humour, enthusiasm and intuition about the future. He was capable, loyal, musical, modest about his accomplishments, and friendly — to me and to those of us who were lucky to know him. ☺

Jon Scott is the Consul in Munich, and served as High Commissioner to Bangladesh, as Deputy High Commissioner to Australia and at missions in Jakarta, Bonn, Caracas and Tunis.



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J. Russell McKinney 1923–2001

Christian, husband, father, father-in-law, grandfather, sailor, air and marine navigator, cyclist, fisherman, skier, writer and commentator, epicure, political and economic analyst, foreign service officer emeritus, senior public servant, Ambassador of Canada, founding member of RHOMA and maker of truly memorable braised ribs. I leave to each of you which of his roles you wish to remember him by. I think Russ himself would have been equally pleased to be remembered by any one of them.

Russ McKinney was what an earlier generation described as 'the finest of fellows—*—he truest of the true.*' Anyone meeting Russ for the first time would immediately want him for a friend. He had a distinctive and compelling personality. He was someone you sensed had substance and strength as well as warmth and wit, often tinged with irony and almost always with a touch of good-natured mischief.

What a joy it was to talk to him about any issue. You knew he would test the limits of logic as well as the possibility of absurdity, since he saw the world for what it could be as well as for what it was. Yet there was no cynicism. As one of his pupils over the last

36 years, I have marvelled at how enthusiastically he addressed problems. He believed that if you got the question right, then you were well on your way to the answer. And what rigour he brought to analysis, what grace he brought to writing it up, and what clarity he brought to the remedy to get past any further roadblocks ahead.

Russ started out life in New Brunswick, where he was one of the youngest high school graduates ever. He then worked in a bank for a few years until he was old enough to join the Royal Canadian Air Force during WWII. After the war, he pursued his studies at Dalhousie University and then went on to join External Affairs. A brilliant career awaited him as he made his way around the world from Belgrade, Jakarta, Copenhagen and Washington to Port-of-Spain, Paris and Mexico City. He was a key player in the negotiation of the Auto Pact Agreement, one of the seminal events of 20th century Canadian history, and an indefatigable participant in the uniquely sensitive energy negotiations of the '80s.

I first met Russ in the Caribbean, where he took the High Commission in Port-of-Spain from a relatively calm mission of 22 on arrival to seventy-odd on departure. It was a voyage, and literally that, with nine West Indian islands to cover, filled with great affection for the region, much shared laughter and we hoped, most of the time anyway, one of creative contribution. The whole idea of a mission-administered aid fund, for instance, began with a recommendation from Russ, although he was less successful with his recommendation that Canada buy the Bluenose and give it to the High Commissioner in Trinidad to use in visiting his parish. The West Indies remained for both of us a region of the world that marked us forever and created a unique bond of shared knowledge and experience that most of the rest of the world just wasn't wise or alert enough to figure out and appreciate.

That's how I also got to know Chloe and Jane and Mark and Nicholas. They all welcomed me into their family life and there was a lot of visitation to each other's houses, which Chloe always described as 'church suppers'. The intellectual flair with which Chloe and Russ surrounded their family is reflected in the imagination and integrity their beloved children have brought to their own lives.

Throughout his diplomatic career Russ was always thought of as a professional's professional. He had the straight goods and negotiated how and when to dress them up. He has left us now and cannot be replaced,

though his acolytes abound, and hopefully they in turn have passed on some of what he taught them to those who followed.

Russ' retirement years were among his happiest. That's when he got into some serious bouts of sailing, which friends lived vicariously through his funny and oh so readable journals of the voyage. When on land he became the founder of the ROMPERS — the Rockcliffe/Manor Park Exercise Regime on Skis — an organization that had the singularly stark motto of 'Are you ready to ROMP?' As you can see, this organization was designed to deal with elements of aging other than those which might be associated with its ambiguous acronym.

Russ also found time to marshal his very considerable vocabulary to sharpen debate on the great issues of the day through the Internet and, more than once, brought a little sanity to the readers of our major newspapers with pithy, pointed letters that struck a chord of authority with those genuinely interested in the facts. It is a good thing he had all of those interests because otherwise he might have spent more time at the White Pines Fishing Club and left even fewer trout there for others to catch on his departure.

Russ' final days were not dominated by great pain, but he knew that he was going and must have lost some of the optimism that so characterized him. If he did, he certainly kept it hidden from me since he always seemed the same old Russ during my visits, just increasingly physically weaker. Chloe's monumental dedication and attention clearly bolstered his resolve to carry on until the end, without elaborate mourning, and be ready to meet his Maker. To Chloe and to Jane, Mark and Nicholas and their spouses and children, and to his brothers, we offer our deepest condolences on the passing of a truly remarkable man. Everyone is special at their death but Russ McKinney was special his whole life.

All of us can, I hope, take some comfort that God, in his mercy and justice, will ensure in the hereafter that Russ has a fishing rod and some bait handy, for the moments he's not at the helm of a 36 ft. sloop in the Trinidad-Grenada race, negotiating that tricky passage around *Kick'em Jenny* on the way to Carrioucou. ☺

Alan Sullivan was Ambassador to Dublin, Vienna and Rome and Consul General in New York. After retirement he served as President and CEO of the Canadian Institute for International Affairs.

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Professor Plumptre's Quiz: Economic Questions — and Answers?

Before, during and after the Second World War, economic issues were increasingly prominent on the international agenda as well as in the reckoning of Canada's interests in world affairs. Though there were some members of the foreign service with a sound grasp of questions of finance and trade, the Department of External Affairs did not have a stellar reputation in this realm as its officers tended to have a more lively appreciation of matters of foreign and defence policy. The significant problems of post-war reconstruction and external economic policy (including international financial and commercial institutions, bilateral loans, commodity deals, multi-lateral recovery programmes and national budgetary complications arising from overseas commitments) posed major challenges for the Canadian government and especially for its foreign ministry. One response to these demands was the exceptional recruitment of Arthur Fitzwalter Wynne Plumptre, who joined the department as an FSO 7 and as head of its Economic Division in January 1949.

*By then, Wynne Plumptre already enjoyed a significant reputation as an economist who understood public policy. He had been a lecturer and then an assistant professor of economics at the University of Toronto from 1930 to 1941 (with an interlude lecturing on finance at Cambridge University). In wartime, he had worked in Washington for the Office of Price Administration, as a financial attaché in the Canadian embassy and as Director of the Washington Division of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board (of which he was the secretary when he relocated to Ottawa after the war). In wartime, Plumptre had also published two books, *Central Banking in the British Dominions* and *Mobilizing Canada's Resources for War*. Plumptre had left the WPTB to work as an associate editor for *Saturday Night* magazine for two years before joining the Department of External Affairs. After over five years with DEA, Plumptre worked for more than a decade in the Department of Finance, where, as he put it, he was "in charge of most of the international work" until he returned to the University of Toronto in 1965. After his retirement in 1972, he came back to Ottawa, where he was a Visiting Professor at the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs at Carleton University. In 1975, he published *Three Decades of Decision: Canada and the World Monetary System, 1944-75*, which is still the definitive account of that topic.*

*Plumptre's writing — whether private or public — was characterized by clarity and conciseness. He was unafraid to grasp the nettle of a problem, even that which seemed intractable or, more commonly, that which was enmeshed in seemingly endless spools of the fine but strong twine of bureaucratic procedures and interdepartmental rivalries. As the memorandum reproduced below indicates, Plumptre also believed that it was impossible to obtain the right answers if one did not ask appropriate questions. As readers of *bout de papier* know, the problems that Plumptre identifies below have long since been solved.*

The document comes from file 6750-40 of DEA, now part of Record Group 25 at the National Archives of Canada.

Hector Mackenzie

A.F.W. Plumptre (Head, Economic Division)
to A.D.P. Heeney (Under-Secretary of State for
External Affairs), Confidential & Personal,
April 5, 1949.

Canada's External Economic Policies

View from the Stratosphere.

1. The Western world we live in is dominated by three historic movements:
 - i. The United Kingdom and Western Europe have been laid low by the war and will continue to be weak for many years to come;
 - ii. The United States now dominates most of the world economically and therefore politically;
 - iii. The only effective challenge comes from the USSR.
2. Canada's external economic policies must be gradually brought into line with these movements. The problems involved for Canada may be viewed **geographically**:
 - i. What can we now sell to the United Kingdom and other countries of Western Europe, and what can we buy from them?
 - ii. What trade should we carry on with the United States?
 - iii. What trade should we carry on with the USSR?
3. Exactly the same group of problems can be viewed as a series of choices about how we manage our **external trade and currency arrangements**:
 - i. Discrimination vs. non-discrimination. Can we go on treating all countries alike when our real post-war problem is how to import more from some and export more to others?
 - ii. Trade controls vs. uncontrolled trade. Should we advance along the wartime road of government export-contracts, supported by the necessary restrictions on private trading and

if necessary by extensions of credit, or should we try to scuttle all remaining trade controls?

- iii. Fixed exchange rates vs. "realistic" rates. Are we satisfied with present currency values or with present arrangements for changing them? Do we want to see other countries adjust their rates, or let their rates go free to "find their own level"? Are we willing to practise what we preach?
- iv. Economic warfare, hot or cold. How far will we go in restricting our exports or imports to achieve our political objectives abroad, and do we know what these objectives really are?

View from the Grass-Roots.

4. The general problems sketched above seldom emerge in these forms in day to day administration. Instead, particular problems have to be solved:

Shall we suspend dumping duty on Belgian glass?

Shall we refuse to sell a tire manufacturing plant to Hungary just because the USA has refused to do so?

Shall we enlarge the import quotas for textiles from the USA?

Shall we force the United Kingdom to use Canadian dollars, obtained from a special source, to buy surplus products in this country?

Shall we appoint a Canadian official to a Committee in London dealing with arms for Western Union supplied from the United States — and perhaps from Canada?

5. None of these questions is a "policy" question; yet each involves policy. The question comes up: Is policy being thought out in advance or is it just growing, perhaps in divergent directions in different departments?
6. To some extent policy is worked out in advance. This takes place (i) within the department most directly concerned, (ii) between two or three departments, and (iii) between several departments represented on interdepartmental committees. However, the view seems fairly general that policy is "just growing" to too great an extent — that there should be rather more discussion in advance of decisions.

What Sort of Discussion?

7. It is inevitable that most policy should grow out of individual decisions — common law rather than statute law. This means that, in order to get more discussion of policy, more individual cases must be thrown into the arena. Individual problems of a sort now settled within a department must be reviewed with other departments.

In addition, there is room for general discussions of policy from time to time. As an antidote to a continual grass-roots'

decisions, an occasional flight into the pure stratosphere may be useful.

Stratospheric discussion, on a rather abstract level, may exaggerate differences instead of eliminating them. It may be easier to get agreement on a practical issue (e.g. that dumping duties against Belgian glass should be suspended) than on a hypothetical issue (e.g. that Canada should draw "towards" Europe and "away from" the United States). However, it seems fairly widely agreed that more discussion and collaboration are needed, both on immediate problems and also on general policies.

Is the Machinery All Right?

8. Part of the present deficiency may lie in the existing machinery. There are already interdepartmental committees but they may need more care and attention: more careful chairmanship, more productive secretariats, more regular meetings. These things can and should be improved. Members of the committees may be able to suggest improvements.

Are the People All Right?

9. On the whole, the people seem worse than the machinery. Everybody seems ready to complain about somebody-else. The machinery — even the existing machinery which could be improved — would work well enough if all the people who are complaining would do something to improve the situation. And improvements begin at home and in one's own department not in someone else's department.
10. The following factors are always working against collaboration:
 - "Too little time!" — Consultation always takes time and energy and, above all, patience.
 - "It's not really their business!" — The department primarily concerned with a decision must bring it forward for discussion with others less directly concerned.
 - "It's a secret!" — If more people know about a problem it is more likely to appear in the *Financial Post*.
11. To make collaboration a success, heads of departments must be willing:
 - i. To delay decisions instead of making them immediately,
 - ii. To invite comments from other departments that are less interested and less well informed,
 - iii. To run some risk of "leaks",
 - iv. To keep officials below them fully informed as to their wishes, so that most interdepartmental questions may be thrashed out below the top level.

What is each head-of-department willing to do?

*A.F.W. P[lumtre]
Economic Division*

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The Middle East Peace Settlement of 1229

by Roger Lucy

As recent events have shown, one of the most intractable obstacles to any lasting peace in the Middle East is the question of Jerusalem. For the past three thousand years this city, holy to three faiths, has changed hands many times, often very violently. The Roman siege of 71 AD, the Persian conquest in 614 AD, and the First Crusade in 1099 all ended in scenes of massacre and destruction on a scale hardly conceivable in a pre-industrial age. While other changes of sovereignty have been less bloody, they have almost invariably been won at the point of the sword, or spear, or tank. To achieve the transfer of Jerusalem by negotiation, and not by force, is surely the ultimate diplomatic triumph. It was achieved once, in February 1229, by Frederick II von Hohenstaufen, Holy Roman Emperor, and King of the Two Sicilies. He got little thanks for it.

Frederick II, known as *stupor mundi*, the Wonder of the World, was a renaissance monarch two centuries before the

Renaissance. He was a scholar, interested in science and philosophy, a sportsman (he wrote a zoological treatise on falcons), a linguist (he spoke, in addition to his native German and Italian, Latin, Greek and Arabic), and above all he was a very unconventional Christian monarch, who kept a harem and a Saracen bodyguard and was more often excommunicate than not. From his mother, Constance, Frederick had inherited the "Two Sicilies" (Sicily proper and all of southern Italy). Through his father Heinrich von Hohenstaufen, Frederick claimed, and was eventually elected to rule, the Holy Roman Empire, embracing modern Austria, the Benelux, Bohemia, Germany, Switzerland and Northern Italy. Finally, by marriage to the heiress Yolanda of Brienne, he could style himself king of Jerusalem, a title he hoped to make reality, by restoring the holy city to the toehold the crusaders still held in "Outremer" (*outramer*, i.e., the Middle East).

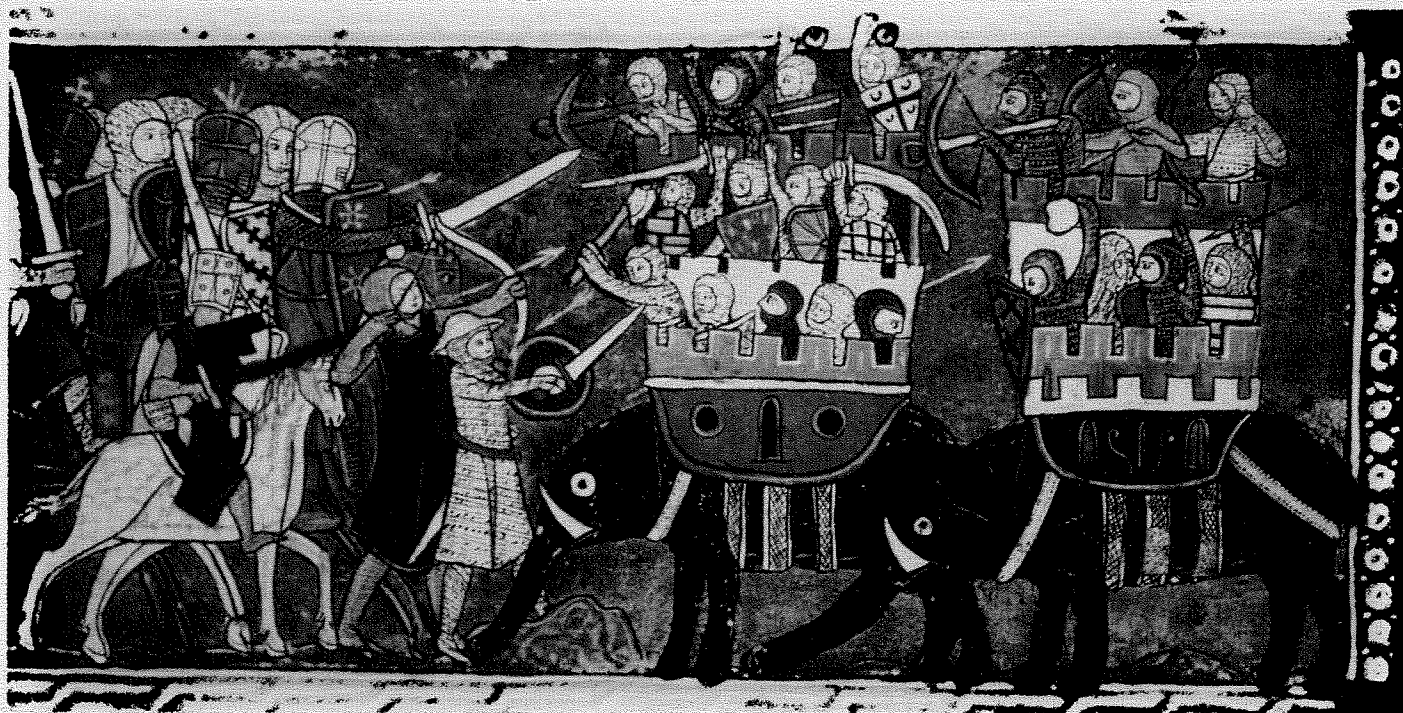
Between the two main halves of his European realm lay the Papal States. While earlier popes had helped establish Frederick in both Sicily and the German Empire, the most recent incumbent, Gregory IX, found Frederick a little too close for comfort. Moreover, Gregory was keen to assert Papal claims to the primacy over the Empire. Frederick had vowed to go on a Crusade in return for papal support for his election as emperor. Fulfilling this vow was easier said than done, as Frederick had more than his share of fractious vassals. While the date for his departure was constantly postponed, the Fifth Crusade languished and died in the marshes of the Nile delta, awaiting his arrival. Pope Gregory's patience ran out and Frederick was ordered to depart *tout suite*, or else. Frederick finally set sail in 1227, but his expedition was ravaged by an epidemic, and turned back. Frederick was among the stricken and repaired to a spa to recover. To Gregory this was the last straw;

Frederick was excommunicated, and when, early in 1228, he finally left for the Outremer without having sought Papal forgiveness, Gregory excommunicated him again. Never before had a leader of a crusade set forth singly, let alone doubly, excommunicate.

Even for Frederick, whose religious conviction were, at best, questionable, excommunication had its down side. It released his vassals from their allegiance, something many were eager to take advantage of. Worse still (although many were scandalized by the act) Gregory sent his own armies into the Kingdom of Sicily to support the rebels. To defend his kingdom, Frederick had to leave the bulk of his troops at home. He arrived in Outremer (having spent time in Cyprus trying to order that island's affairs — *plus ça change*) in the fall of 1228, with very limited resources. If anything was to be achieved, it would have to be by negotiation, not brute force, and it would have to be achieved quickly.

died in child-birth and by right the legitimate heir was their son Conrad. The local nobility had no desire to see the loosely ordered arrangements of the Kingdom of Jerusalem subjected to the degree of centralized control that Frederick was accustomed to exercising over Sicily. Moreover, the warrior monks of the Knights Templar and the Knights of St. John, the shock troops of any crusade, preferred to distance themselves from an excommunicate. Only the Teutonic Knights, whose Grand Master, Hermann von Salza, was appointed by Frederick, were willing to obey him.

Nonetheless, once direct negotiations began, the chemistry between Kemal and Frederick proved to be excellent. Kemal felt an affinity to Frederick, who, unlike most westerners, spoke Arabic and understood Islamic customs. Although he found Frederick's professed disdain for religion disconcerting, Frederick the sort of man he could do business with. Frederick made it very clear to



Frederick had already been in correspondence with the Sultan of Egypt, al-Kemal Kemal and his brothers (al-Mu'azzam in Damascus and Ashraf in northern Iraq) were heirs to their uncle, the great Saladin, who had taken Jerusalem from the crusaders in 1187. Kemal and his brothers were also bitter rivals and each sought the aid of outside powers in his efforts to relieve the others of their holdings. Mu'azzam enlisted the support of the Khwarismian Turks who ruled what is now Iran and the adjoining "Stans". Kemal turned to Frederick, sending his envoy Fakhr-ed-din to Palermo in 1226 to open negotiations. Kemal knew of Frederick's planned crusade and was willing to offer the return of Jerusalem and other cities holy to the Christians (at the time under Mu'azzam's and not Kemal's control) in exchange for his aid. By the time Frederick arrived, however, the situation had changed; Mu'azzam was dead and Kemal had succeeded in gaining Jerusalem and was now busily engaged trying to oust Mu'azzam's son, an-Nasir, from Damascus. Nasir's position was weak, as his Khwarismian allies were increasingly pre-occupied by the threat posed by Genghis Khan.

Nevertheless, Frederick persisted. His opening demand was for the return of all territory west of the Jordan held by the crusaders before 1187. This was a non-starter. Frederick's bargaining position was further compromised by the obvious restiveness of the local crusaders, who did not regard him as their rightful king. Yolanda had

Kemal that he needed a success, to justify his going on crusade despite the papal ban. He argued that as Kemal had sought his aid, he could not let Frederick go home empty-handed. Besides, Frederick argued, Jerusalem was even more sacred to Christians than it was to Moslems. Surely, for Kemal, Damascus was the more important prize. To back up his arguments Frederick mounted a judicious show of force, coordinating it with a counter-attack that Nasir launched from Damascus.

Kemal had few resources to spare to fend off even a limited crusader offensive, particularly as the threat of Genghis Khan had momentarily receded and the Khwarismians were looking west again. He concluded that it was in own his best interest to ensure that Frederick went home as soon as possible, with something to show for his efforts, if not everything he wanted. In the end Kemal agreed to yield Jerusalem (less the Moslem holy places) in return for Frederick's aid (or at least non-interference) in his siege of Damascus, Bethlehem, Nazareth and parts of Galilee, along with narrow corridors linking them to the crusader enclaves on the coast. The treaty was signed in Jaffa in February 1229 and included a 10-year truce.

The subjects of both rulers were outraged. To the Moslems the concession of the holy city was unthinkable, even if they retained control of the Harem-ash-Serif (the Dome of the Rock and the Al-Aqsa mosque). To the crusaders Kemal's concessions were

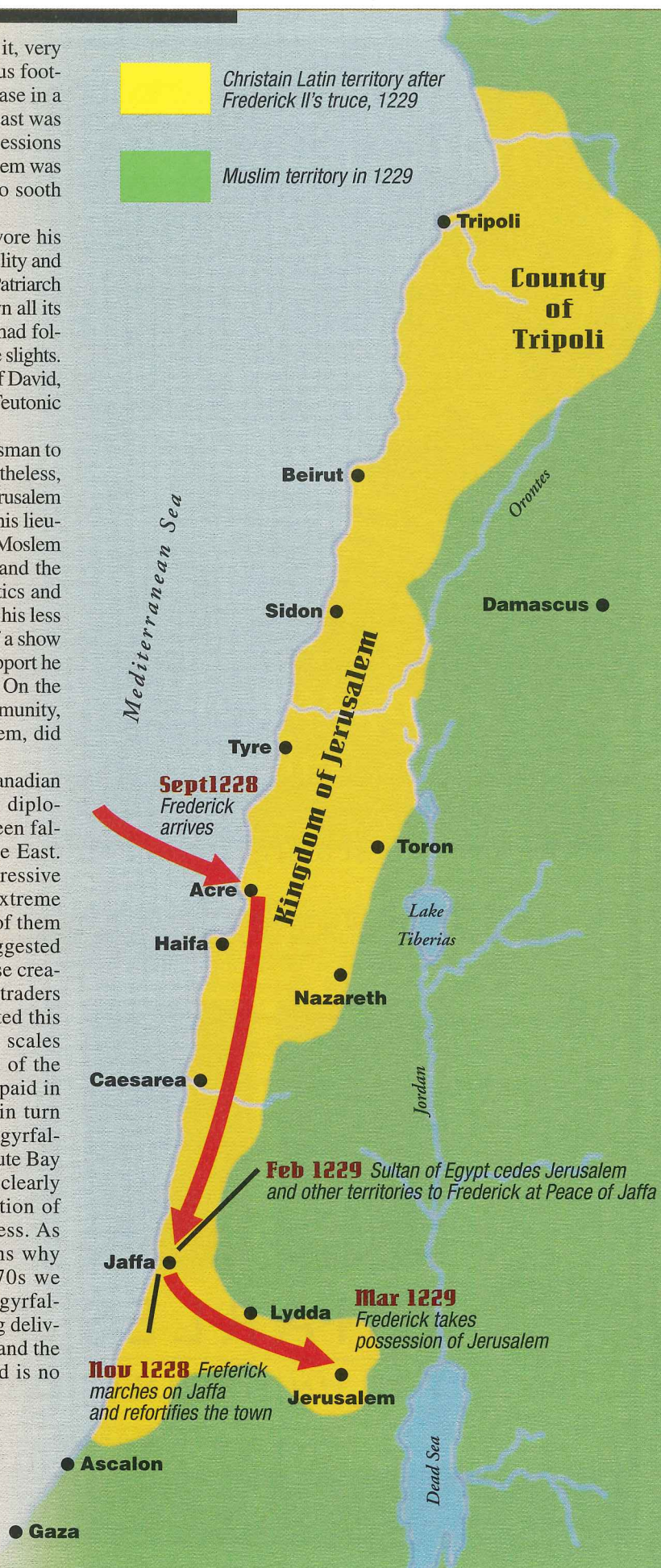
simply not good enough; the glass was, as they perceived it, very much a half-empty one. The Moslems retained a dangerous foothold in the heart of the city, whose defences were in any case in a ruinous state, while the link between Jerusalem and the coast was tenuous indeed. The fact that Kemal tried to make his concessions more palatable to the Moslem world by asserting that Jerusalem was his for the re-taking once the truce expired did nothing to sooth the crusaders' concerns.

In March, Frederick formally entered Jerusalem and wore his crown in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Most of the nobility and clergy of Outremer boycotted the ceremony, while the Latin Patriarch placed Jerusalem under an interdict, effectively closing down all its churches. This did not go over well with the pilgrims who had followed Frederick to Jerusalem. Frederick was outraged by these slights. He halted all work on re-fortifying city, other than the Tower of David, which he gave, along with other strategic fortresses, to the Teutonic Knights. Soon after, he departed Outremer, never to return.

Frederick was not the first and certainly not the last statesman to see his Middle-Eastern diplomatic triumphs crumble. Nonetheless, despite his detractors, his accomplishment was impressive. Jerusalem stayed in crusader hands for almost 20 years and over time his lieutenants in Outremer were even able, by exploiting continued Moslem dissension, to strengthen the corridors joining Jerusalem and the Galilee to the coast. Frederick's understanding of the politics and culture of his Moslem counterparts, his persistence, despite his less than ideal bargaining position, his measured combination of a show of force and negotiation and, not least, the good personal rapport he established with Kemal all helped him achieve his goals. On the other hand, his failure to understand the local crusader community, and his tactless and high-handed way of dealing with them, did much to undermine his accomplishments.

One final footnote to all this. There may have been a Canadian connection that helped smooth the path to Frederick's diplomatic *tour de force*. Frederick, as noted above, was a keen falconer, a hobby still passionately pursued in the Middle East. The prize among falcons is the gyrfalcon, with its impressive speed and size, its white plumage, and above all its extreme rarity. To open negotiations Frederick presented a pair of them to Kemal, along with a polar bear. Historians have suggested that only place where Frederick could have obtained these creatures was from the Canadian High Arctic. Hunters and traders from the Norse settlements in Greenland regularly visited this region. Indeed, fragments of chain-mail, a merchant's scales and other Viking artifacts have been found there. Part of the Greenlanders' tribute to their Norwegian overlord was paid in falcons, and it is likely from Norway that Frederick in turn obtained the gifts he gave to Kemal. Precisely how the gyrfalcons and the polar bear made it alive and well from Resolute Bay to Outremer is, alas, a tale lost to history, but Kemal was clearly delighted with his gifts, and so perhaps began a tradition of Canadian involvement in the Middle East Peace Process. As footnote, this incident was cited as one of the reasons why Canada should be forthcoming when in the late 1970s we received a request from Saudis for a breeding pair of gyrfalcons for the royal mews. Any link between the birds being delivered to Riyadh by a Canadian Wildlife Service falconer and the successful conclusion of the first round at Camp David is no doubt pure coincidence. ☺

*Roger Lucy joined External Affairs in 1971. He has served in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain. He is made several contributions to **bout de papier** mostly relating to diplomacy in the Dark Ages.*



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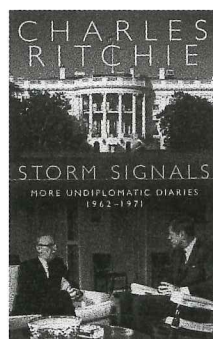
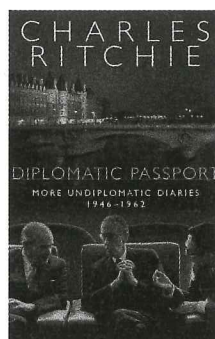
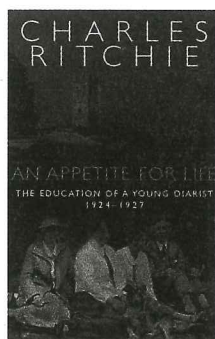
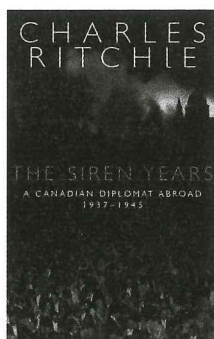
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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Canadians at Work

Reviewed by Nicholas Coghlan

Hirohito and the Making of Modern Japan

Reviewed by Sarah Taylor

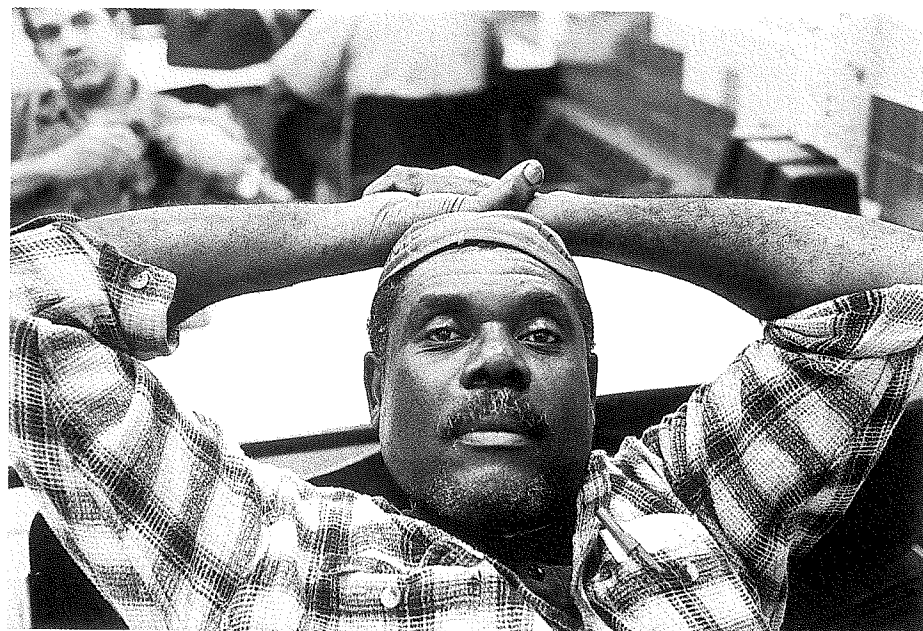
CANADIANS AT WORK, by Vincenzo Pietropaolo, Canadian Auto Workers Union, 2000, 200 pp, \$55.00

Reviewed by Nicholas Coghlan

Nicholas Coghlan is a Canadian at Work (but not allowed to strike...) at the Office of the Canadian Embassy in Khartoum, Sudan. His previous postings have been Bogota and Mexico City.

Faithful **bout** readers may remember a black-and-white photographic feature we ran in our Spring 1997 edition, under the title "Harvest Pilgrims". The item consisted of a small selection from a photographic exhibit by Canadian photographer **Vincenzo Pietropaolo** that toured, to considerable acclaim and interest, several missions in the Americas; it featured migrant workers from Mexico and the Caribbean who come to Canada every summer under arrangements sponsored by the Department of Citizenship & Immigration, to work in the orchards and farms of Southern Ontario.

Pietropaolo is back in the workplace again, this time as the principal photographer featured in a 200-page coffee-table book commissioned and published by the Canadian



Auto Workers' Union (CAW), as the Union's millennium project.

And here I must say that I have a quibble. While the book is entitled *Canadians at Work*, it should more strictly be called *CAW Members at Work*. You will not find photographs here of Canadian diplomats nor of members of other large union or association

groupings: Pietropaolo was mandated to photograph only CAW members in their workplace. I suspect that, not unreasonably, the publishers may have decided that explicit reference to the Union in the book's title might be a turn-off for some would-be purchasers or readers, but the effect is nevertheless unfortunate: a civil servant or a teacher browsing the book without reading carefully its introductory essay by Sam Gindin, may feel miffed.

But this is a minor gripe. This is a fine and sensitive collection of photographs of Canadians working — for the most part hard and with great dignity — in physically demanding jobs.

Many of the photographs will raise a wry smile of recognition or of sympathy: the harried **Canadian Airlines Workers at Whitehorse**, for example (p. 55), or the **St. John's Hotel Workers on Break**, who look for all the world as though they are enjoying ribald gossip over their hurriedly snatched game of whist.

Others remind us of how multicultural Canada's workplace is: the **Sikh Armoured Vehicle Assembly Worker** (p. 48) or the **Winnipeg Bus Assemblers**; while a wonderful photo of an exuberant female **Truck Assembler** (p. 119) challenges our





stereotyped view of the physical workplace as a man's workplace.

But exuberance is the exception. Most of the faces of Canadians at Work are sombre, pensive, even weighed under. Witness **Autoworker**, Oakville, Ontario (p. 53): the message here — the Marilyn Monroe tee-shirt, the Walkman, the wistful half-smile — seems to be one of dreams frustrated, of hopes unfulfilled. The lighting of many of these photographs is quite exceptional — **Hotel Worker, Vancouver** (p. 182) or the slightly ominous **Taxi Driver, Ottawa** (p. 171) are small masterpieces — but it reinforces the impression that most Canadian workplaces are sombre, even sinister places. And while the book's closing photograph — **Autoworker at the End of the Shift** (p. 198) — is clearly appropriate for its

location, it is at the same time disturbing: this workplace is a dark and gritty one, the artificial light on the Canadian flag and in the bowels of the assembly plant insufficient, incessant; the young worker checking his watch as he strides away looks glad to be getting away.

Canadians at Work is powerful, honest and sensitive; alternately inspiring and sad. In many respects it is a far truer portrait of Canada today than any number of Beautiful British Columbias. But if you're buying this as a gift, do choose your recipient carefully.

HIROHITO AND THE MAKING OF MODERN JAPAN by Herbert P. Bix, Harper Collins Publishers Ltd., 2000, 800 pp, \$52.98

Reviewed by Sarah Taylor

Sarah Taylor is a foreign service officer with a Ph.D. in East Asian archaeology. Having previously served in Hong Kong and Beijing, she is currently on maternity leave from her position as Political Counsellor in Jakarta, Indonesia.

Inside Herbert Bix's monumental *Hirohito and the Making of Modern Japan* are two books struggling to get out. One is an impressively detailed academic study of the Japanese emperor's education, character and rule in the context of post-Meiji Japan's intellectual, political and security history. The other is a more populist but convincing polemic, advancing a thesis that has attracted much attention: that Hirohito was not the puppet he is usually portrayed as, but an active and culpable protagonist in Japan's disastrous aggression during World War II.

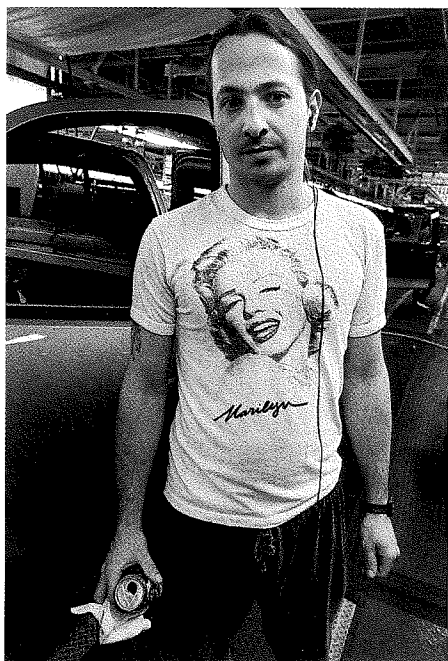
To the former book belong the 100-odd pages of notes and the 30-page index; to the latter a nomination for the Gelber prize. Together they form an 800-page tome which will be daunting to most non-specialists. This is unfortunate, as Bix has an important thesis to advance, and one that deserves wider attention.

Bix's main contention is that Hirohito was no mere figurehead manipulated by militarists, but rather bears a significant share of responsibility for the collapse of democracy on Japan in the 1920s and '30s, the prosecution of a disastrous and unnecessarily prolonged war, the cruel and illegal actions of Japanese troops, and finally for Japan's post-war amnesia about these events. He argues that the image of Hirohito as a peace-loving constitutional monarch who finally forced Japan's surrender was a wholly false construct of conservatives in Japan — including Hirohito himself — and of General MacArthur and his staff. Each side, for its own reasons, wanted to preserve the Emperor and absolve him of war guilt.

In deconstructing this image, Bix is hampered by missing documents. The secretive government office which serves the imperial house, the Imperial Household Agency, permits no access to key documents including Hirohito's diary, his correspondence with family and the official chronicles of his reign. Many Japanese war-time records were destroyed before they could be seized by the occupying forces, and much was never written down at all. Surviving accounts of the war years are often contradictory, evasive and self-serving. Nonetheless, using contemporary documents and accounts from those surrounding Hirohito, Bix largely compensates — even over-compensates — for these difficulties. The case he builds against Hirohito is lengthy and strong.

In the pre-war years, Bix accuses Hirohito mainly of sins of omission and weaknesses of character. He shows the emperor consistently failing to check the growth of militarism and of extreme forms of emperor-worship, even though he did not support these views himself. Bix suggests that Hirohito unwittingly created or used tools to bolster his own power and prestige — including the myth of his own divinity — which were later taken up by the far right to devastating effect.

Essentially Bix portrays the Taisho democracy period of the 1920s as a struggle between the democrats and the far right, in which there was no room for a middle way. Hirohito supported neither side, but his conservative instincts and desire to bolster the prestige of the Imperial house sapped Japan's first attempt at democracy and party politics. At the time, Bix argues, Hirohito and his



influential court entourage were the only ones with the prestige and informal power to have checked growing military adventurism. If the Emperor later became to some extent a pawn, it was because he ignored warning signs, made bad decisions, and gave in to his own anti-democratic tendencies. Thus, little by little in the 1930s, Hirohito found himself giving way, even on issues where he had serious policy differences with the extreme right, including a radical overhaul of the machinery of government and the total militarisation of Japan's economy.

By the time of the 1931 "Manchurian incident", however, his accusations against Hirohito are much more serious. Bix argues convincingly that Hirohito shared responsibility for decisions leading up to the 1937 "Marco Polo Bridge incident", and the subsequent decision to wage a full-scale if undeclared war in China. His support for Japan's refusal to declare war on China formally opened the way for non-recognition of international law on the conduct of war.

Bix makes a convincing case that Hirohito not only continued to fail to restrain the worst instincts of the Japanese military, but actively approved decisions regarding specific policies and actions. While his power was by no means absolute, Hirohito was an engaged commander-in-chief whose word carried immense moral suasion and who had

the power to dismiss and appoint prime ministers. His powers may have been informal and circumscribed by the unclear Meiji constitution, significant insubordination in the army and a need to maintain the illusion of a constitutional monarchy for public consumption — but they were real nonetheless. There is strong circumstantial evidence to suggest that Hirohito knew about the "rape of Nanjing" and the use of biological weapons in China, but that he made no attempt to restore discipline in the army or to alter policy towards prisoners of war. Certainly Bix presents clear evidence that Hirohito directly oversaw and sanctioned the use of chemical weapons in China.

Despite Hirohito's earlier desire to maintain good relations with Britain and the United States, he accepted the militarists' strategic folly of declaring war on them in 1941, and of occupying much of East Asia and the South Pacific. Not only was Hirohito aware of the attack on Pearl Harbour before it happened, but the account he later gave of his own role in it was false. Bix also completely undermines the post-war received wisdom that the "puppet" Hirohito finally stood up to the militarists and brought an end to the war after the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945. On the contrary, he shows that Hirohito delayed the inevitable as long as possible, as Japan suffered defeat after defeat in the South Pacific and then the home islands.

In this, as throughout the war, Hirohito showed himself in Bix's estimation to be a rather incompetent commander-in-chief: cautious, inflexible and pressing for aggressive action long after the situation in the Pacific warranted a switch to a defensive strategy. Bix suggests that Hirohito consistently sanctioned new aggression abroad to deal with — or paper over — conflict within the political and military elites at home, which neither Meiji constitutional structures nor his weak personality could resolve.

Hirohito seems to have shared his military's obsession with winning a single decisive victory, if only to put Japan in a better negotiating position when the inevitable end came. The bottom line in negotiations was not, however, the well-being of the Japanese people or nation, but continued Imperial rule and protection of his own position. In the final, devastating sections of his *j'accuse*, Bix shows that Hirohito's overriding aim was to fulfil his duty to his ancestors by remaining on the throne.

In this he was assisted not only by some of the court entourage and other conservatives, but by General MacArthur and elements within the US government. Once the decision had been made not to bring the Emperor before the Tokyo war trials (only

the Australians urged this), Cold War pressures further convinced the US to leave Hirohito in place as a force for social stability. Thus emerged the myth of a peace-loving Emperor who, as a constitutional monarch, was powerless to stop Japan's entry into the war, but managed to force its surrender to end the suffering of his people and prevent a nuclear holocaust.

By joining in the falsification of Japan's war history, Hirohito escaped post-war pressures to abdicate, and contributed significantly to the problems of collective historical amnesia that still plague Japan. He became the "ultimate symbol of this double standard" of external acceptance but domestic denial of war responsibility. Nor did he seem personally to have drawn any lessons from Japan's long slide into dictatorship and defeat. Long after the war, Hirohito still appears to have wished to exert political influence and to have chafed at the vague symbolic role afforded him in the post-war constitution. With Hirohito's death in 1989 and the succession of Emperor Akihito, the constitutional role of the Imperial house became less of an issue. It remains to be seen whether calls to allow female succession following the recent birth of Princess Aiko will re-open the debate that underlay Hirohito's reign.

The account of Hirohito's war forms the heart of this book. The lengthy early sections on the Emperor's education and upbringing will principally attract those with a specialist interest in the Meiji constitution and early modern Japanese intellectual, political and diplomatic history. The final section, on the post-war years, while more approachable, is brief and mainly focussed on the cover-up of Hirohito's war role. Unfortunately, the broad scope of the book and a part-chronological, part-thematic structure make for much repetition. Bix's tendency to start each chapter with an overview and then plunge into the detail of events summarised at the beginning, as well as his somewhat difficult style, compound the problem. This book would have benefited from a heavier editorial hand — or from being split into two works. A chronology and a list of the main personalities cited, which include almost every Japanese Prime Minister in Hirohito's 62-year reign, would also have been helpful.

Despite this, the non-specialist reader should not be deterred from reading at least parts of *Hirohito and the Making of Modern Japan*. Bix's re-evaluation of Hirohito's war role is a major achievement of historical scholarship. At the same time, almost in passing, Bix throws light on a number of fascinating little-known aspects of the war. He points out, for example, that far more Chinese civilians (some 2.7 million) died

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under Japan's "burn all, kill all, steal all" campaigns in Communist-controlled areas of north China than during the rape of Nanjing. He refutes the common view that the Japanese forces were tied down by their long war in China, suggesting instead that it gave them leverage to expand their resources, with the army growing from 17 divisions in 1937 to 51 in 1941. He also shows that the Japanese elite's chilling disregard for basic human rights extended to its own people. Immediately after the surrender, the Japanese government pressed young Japanese women into prostitution with offers of food, clothing, shelter and assurances that they would be doing their patriotic duty by saving the rest of the pure Japanese race from the horrors of miscegenation with ravaging hordes of occupying forces.

In addition, aspects of this book have a much wider application. Bix's brief but cutting description of the personalities, manoeuvring, *realpolitik* and hidden agendas informing the Tokyo war trials is useful for anyone working on international tribunals or courts today. In explaining how Japan came to pursue a strategically suicidal war, Bix skilfully and subtly outlines the informal processes by which a semi-theocratic, semi-autocratic state functions, or fails to function. He shows how an intensely traditional system of supposedly divine monarchy struggled to adapt to the modern world. This description of Japan's intellectual, political and diplomatic evolution in the 1920s and 1930s is an object lesson in the dangers of theocracy. By defining their nation as innately moral, proponents of extreme versions of emperor-worship were able to propagate the view that the emperor — and by extension Japan — could do no wrong. This belief in Japan's innate moral superiority, allied to an intense nationalism, became a licence not just to do wrong, but to do the worst.

This is not merely of historical interest. Bix's description of the wide-spread belief in 1930s' Japan that "Japanese culture was spiritually redemptive ... while Western culture, on the contrary, was defiling and needed to be purged" sounds strangely familiar. So, too, does his description of "Asian Monroeism — the rhetorical assertion of a Japanese right to safeguard Asia from the West", animated by a "Manichean view of the age as a confrontation between have and have not nations, and antagonistic racial groupings ...". As the Taliban goes down to defeat in Afghanistan, the suffering of millions in Asia between 1931 and 1945 has an all-too modern relevance as a lesson in the dangers of absolutist theocratic government. ☺



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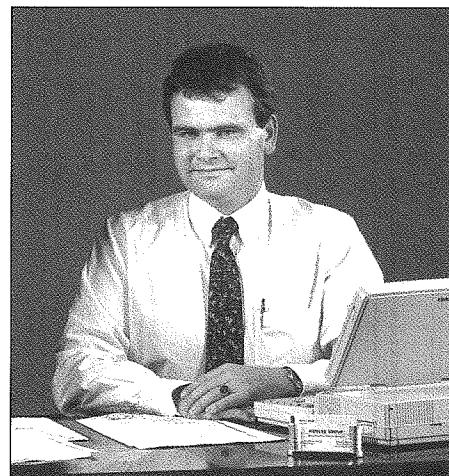
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but Few are Frozen

NOIR CONFUSIONS FROM A AALTO

She paused in the doorway, a tall silhouette out of *Vogue* by Charles Addams. "T," she said. "R. U. B. B. E. L." Right away I knew: this dame spelled trouble. Her way. She had more curves than the Thomson Highway and a smile cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass walrus. Brushing the icicles from my snap-brim fedora, I ushered her into the office. "My name is ... Wonderly," she breathed. A whiff of beladonna went well with the deadly nightshade embroidered on her long black dress. I handed her my card. "SHAMUS DIKK, PI," she read out. "So, Dikk, what does PI stand for?" "My rates: \$3.14159 a day plus expenses." "Then you're a pretty cheap detective," she sneered. "Maybe yes, maybe no," I said. Just then the voice of Effie, my secretary, came over the intercom. "Great news, boss. Your last expense claim has been short-listed for the Giller fiction prize."

I moved around my desk and sat down. "What can I do for you, Miss Wonderly?" "Butt out of the Mumbles Morgan case." I stormed to my feet. "Sorry sister, but I never rat out on a client. Maybe Mumbles isn't the brightest light on the street, or the straightest arrow in the quiver. But I've taken his money and he gets the best I've got." I pegged my cigarette hard and low into the corner, like they do in the movies. It ignited a dried-out palm. I guess Bogie never forgets to water his plants.

"It's just a friendly word of advice," she said. "But people will hurt you if you don't take it." Her eyes gleamed a little. "Look, lady," I replied. "If you've spoken your piece, this conversation's over." As I ushered her out, Effie walked into the anteroom. They looked at each other and smiled. The temperature dropped about twenty degrees and two loud clangs sounded from the alcove with my Inuit art collection. Wonderly had the edge overall, but Effie had longer gams and thicker lashes. He was also wearing a stunning knock-off of a Balmain party dress in scarlet.

Wonderly turned on a shapely heel and swept out as I restrained Effie. "Good work, boss," he said. "You can't let punks push you around. Especially one with such a bad dye job." "Right," I said, "but who the hell is Mumbles Morgan?" "Huh?" "I gave her that spiel on principle. I've never heard of the

guy. But under sub-section 310(a) of the Mean Streets Code, you know what we've got to do." "What?" Effie eagerly asked. "We have to find him anyway," I said. "Get involved in a big case, probably murder-one. Go up against the mob and the cops. All ending in a big shoot-out where at least one good guy gets killed. Plus we never get paid because our client either goes toes-up himself or turns out to be the murderer." Effie nodded. "Oh, right, *that* sub-section. Where do we start?"

Damned if I knew. Fortunately, at that point a bird flew through the window — a large, black and white bird with a forked tail and a German sausage strapped to its back. "Mail's in!" exclaimed Effie, deftly detaching the sausage, slicing it open and pulling out a small white card. On one side was the logo of my biggest client. On the other were scribbled the words 'Hernando's Hideaway' below the drawing of a descending boot. A few minutes on the Internet and I had both the place to go and the routine to get in. "Let's blow. Effie. A client's in danger and this boot means we've got to step on it." I checked my automatic while Effie extracted the violin case from the shelf below his Edward G. Robinson shrine. Pausing only to douse the palm and toss a herring to the bird, we blew. I hailed a cab. "The old pajama factory, corner of Adler and Ross," I told the driver. "Right," he snapped and took off like a cockroach on speed. We moved to the next cab in the rank. This time we got in before giving directions.

We pulled up at the factory. A dusty sign spelled out *Kuhl Pajamas*. "Ridiculous," snorted Effie. "Pajamas haven't been cool since 1956." The building was dark except for one light over a side entrance. I went through the secret routine and was admitted by a large man in a sharp black suit, nicely accessorized with matching silver pistols, both pointing in my direction. Before we had a chance to get to know each other, gunshots shattered the silence behind him. As he turned to look, I picked up a dusty bolt of flowered chenille from a nearby bin, brained him and wrapped him up like a mummy. The chenille clashed with his shirt, but he wasn't in any shape to complain. Pocketing his guns and drawing my own, I stepped over him and onto the cutting

room floor. There I found three more hoods, tied back-to-back. Seated behind them, calmly loading a revolver, was the sinister Miss Wonderly.

She snapped the cylinder closed and started to lift the gun from her lap. But I had the drop on her. "Damn," she said. "I was sure you'd be diverted by that Code 310(a) ploy, *Inexplicable Threat Involving a Character not Previously Introduced*. Especially since there is no Mumbles Morgan." I flashed her a grin. "Nice try, but over-ridden by Code section 778, *Incomprehensible Emergency Message from a Client with Really Egregious Sideburns*." She looked at me curiously. "But none of the Gang have big sideburns." Clearly I was still missing something.

Just then Effie limped in, a broken spike-heeled shoe in one hand. "Sorry, boss, one of my stilettos got caught in a passing mugger." I was distracted for no more than a second, but I turned back to find a tall blond man standing beside Wonderly. It was .22 Tony McTeague, an eagle-eyed assassin with the brains of a warhog (who was suing to get them back). Tony bragged that he could shoot the whiskers off a gnat at 50 yards. Lately, there have been a lot more bald insects around town. Right now, his gun was pointing at me. Mine was still pointing at Wonderly. Standoff. Until Effie whipped open his violin case. "Look out boss," Tony shouted, "he's got a ... violin?"

Effie lifted a bow to the strings. "You better believe it, buster. Now throw down your gat or I play my *Concertino Tedioso in C-flat minor*." Wonderly shuddered, then tossed her piece into a nearby steam press. "I've heard you play. I know when to fold." "But boss," pleaded Tony, who had been secretly taking tuba lessons, "there is no key of C-flat minor." "Do you think that would stop him?" she snarled. The gunsel reluctantly dropped his revolver. Effie looked deeply disappointed. He didn't get much chance to perform. I was deeply relieved. I'd heard him play that *Concertino*.

"So who are these bozos?" I asked Wonderly. "You really don't know, do you," she mused. "I was told you were on their side. I heard it through the grapevine." "Then you'd better drop Marvin Gaye from your database, sweetheart, cause them and

Mumbles are one to me." I decided to take a chance. "Look, let's pool our chips. My clients have heard that a certain Middle East leader is desperate to become cool, 'the mother of all hep-cats'. He believes there's something in this city that will do it for him, and he's hired goons to get it. But we know diddley about the gadget or the gang."

She thought a minute, then said, "OK, I'll see you and raise. The gadget was in this factory. It was invented by my father in 1957 in an attempt to keep pajamas cool, but he disappeared before he could perfect it. The guys on the floor must be the mercenaries you heard about. They called themselves the Sun City Gang. Tipped off by the silent alarm we installed, Tony and I got here just as they were testing the device. With the guy you wrapped at the door, we nabbed four, but the leader got away — with the KuhlRay." "What does it look like?" I asked. "Papa converted a small drop-press from the Cadillac production line," she replied. Effie nodded. "The '57 Caddie was cool." "Yes," she agreed, "but the world was not yet ready for sheet-metal nightwear with fins."

"Where was it kept?" I asked. "Maybe the head hood left a clue." We followed Wonderly to the back of the building and through a door ripped from its hinges. Inside was the kind of laboratory where blondes wake up in a Karloff flick. Dust was everywhere, except in one corner, where a clean square in the floor confirmed a recent removal. Spotlighted behind the square were two frozen figures in matching outfits: maroon and yellow jackets to the knees, nine-inch lapels and pants that ballooned between a waistline under the armpits and legs cinched at the ankle. "Zoot suits! Way cool!" Effie exclaimed, and started snapping his fingers rhythmically. "A drape shape with a reet pleat and a tough cuff ...". He withered under our combined glare.

I recognized the pair, barely. "These are my clients, Liebnitz and MacBannock," I told the others. Wonderly nodded. "They've been exposed to the KuhlRay. It worked, for a change, but the process must have been interrupted. With the machine gone, the only thing that will bring them back is something so totally un-hip that the field collapses. But what? We don't have time to find their parents." Effie moaned. "Jeez, when that bird flew in with the sausage, I just knew things would take a turn for the worst."

I don't know how he does it. He doesn't know he's doing it. But puns are certainly uncool. There was a loud 'clunk' and a flash of light. When we could see, Liebnitz and MacBannock were themselves again: square but mobile. Liebnitz dusted off his fusty cardigan. It didn't help. MacBannock nerv-

MANY ARE COOLED BUT FEW ARE FROZEN					
	Photo #1	Photo #2	Photo #3	Photo #4	Photo #5
Alias					
Ethnicity					
Country					
Photo Date					
Means Of Escape					
Escape From					

ously pulled at his muttonchop whiskers. Fakes, they came off in his hand, leaving livid patches of spirit gum and gravy. Only MacBannock would use real mutton.

Liebnitz turned to me. "Thanks for the rescue, Shamus. My undercover man, Felix Africa, sent us the 'Hernando's Hideaway' card, and we were searching the factory when a bunch of thugs broke in. We barricaded ourselves in the lab. I managed to get the card into the sausage and the bird out the window before they broke down the door, but then they trapped us and decided to use us as guinea pigs. After that, I remember nothing until you showed up." I put him in the picture and told him that the leader of the mercenaries had escaped with the KuhlRay. "Fortunately," said the ace logician, "Felix left us a full report here in the lab. Now where did I put that lasagna?" It was MacBannock who found a greasy take-out carton that had fallen behind a bench. "We've really got to find Felix a new cover-job," he said. "I've gained five kilos since we slipped him into that deli."

Liebnitz pulled a wad of waxy paper from the pasta and wiped it off. "Right, here's Felix's note on the members of the gang and the blank table into which the data fit."

The Sun City Gang has despatched five of its members to get the KuhlRay. Imagine five photographs taken at night, one for each gang member, lined up in a row, number 1 to 5 from left to right. (You'll have to imagine them, since the originals were inadvertently dissolved in a vat of pickled herring.) Each gang member has a different alias, nationality and ethnic group. Each picture was taken on a different date. Each gangster has planned his escape from a different city, by different means. In addition:

- (1) The photos of DAVIS and the man from South Africa are at opposite ends of the row.
- (2) The photo of the man planning to escape by balloon, the photo of WINDING and the photo taken on November 15 are adjacent in that order, left to right.
- (3) The Dogon tribesman in photo #4 was born and brought up by emigrés in Argentina.
- (4) The photo of the man planning to escape from Flin Flon is beside the photo of the man from Zimbabwe.
- (5) ROACH's photo was taken the day after the photo of the Shona tribesman, #2.
- (6) The Nuer tribesman from Sudan plans to escape from Batoche.
- (7) The Boer, Mulligan, plans to escape from Joe Batt's Arm; his photo is immediately to the right of the one showing the man planning his escape from Tuktoyaktuk.
- (8) The photo of the man planning to escape by dogsled was taken on November 7; it is directly between the one of the Ovambo tribesman and the one taken on November 22.
- (9) LEWIS's photo, #3, is somewhere to the right of the photo of the man planning to escape from Arnprior. One of these men plans to escape by unicycle.
- (10) The photo of the man from Namibia and the photo of the man planning to escape in a Zodiac are both somewhere to the left of the photo of the man planning to escape on a pogo stick, which was taken on November 29.

The ace logician frowned. "The table's easy enough to fill in, but where do we go from there?" Wonderly came up to him with the empty lasagna package. (By now, the contents were in Effie.) "There's something faintly pencilled on the underside: Simon sub-Sahara: see www.friendsofcheese.com/scimusic/" she said. "The only other thing I remember is that they called their leader Joe." After a few minutes on the Net via his wireless Palm Pilot, Liebnitz chuckled. "Typical of Felix not to give Ronstadt any credit. And you have to know that the full moons in November were on the first and the 29th. But I have enough to head the man off."

Liebnitz turned to the phone to alert the border patrol. "Maybe we should let him get away," Wonderly mused. "The KuhlRay is unpredictable. Given what it was based on, if the settings aren't exactly right, your would-be hep-cat could wind up the mother of all hub-caps instead. Ah well. C'mon, Tony, nothing more for us here." They strolled down the hall to the foyer. She stopped in front of an oil painting with a label reading 'Hermann de Kuhl'. It showed a short round man in Harris tweed pajamas and a propellor beanie. "Still looking for you, Papa," she murmured. Suddenly I twigged. "If that's your father, then you must be ... Bertha de Kuhl, full-time ganglord and part-time

anchovy importer." "So think of me next time you order a pizza, peeper. Just don't assume we'll always be on the same side of the crust." Recognizing an exit line, Tony shot out every light in the room (none of which were lit) and dashed out the door. Bertha followed him, gently shaking her head.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by identifying the name used by the escaping leader, the city from which he intends to leave the country and the means he hopes to use? Not necessary for entering the contest, but can you (a) describe the routine used by Dikk to get into the factory; and (b) indicate how it is possible to keep tuba lessons secret? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by April 15, 2002. The winner will receive a CD selected by A Aalto. ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto is a big fan of Black Mask and its descendants, likes some but not all jazz, hates pajamas and has never been cool. Mrs Aalto, on the other hand, is way cool. Gerry Mulligan, Miles Davis, Max Roach, Kai Winding and John Lewis are five of the musicians who recorded The Birth of the Cool in 1949-50. Wonderly was the alias used by Brigid O'Shaughnessy when she hired Sam Spade in The Maltese Falcon.

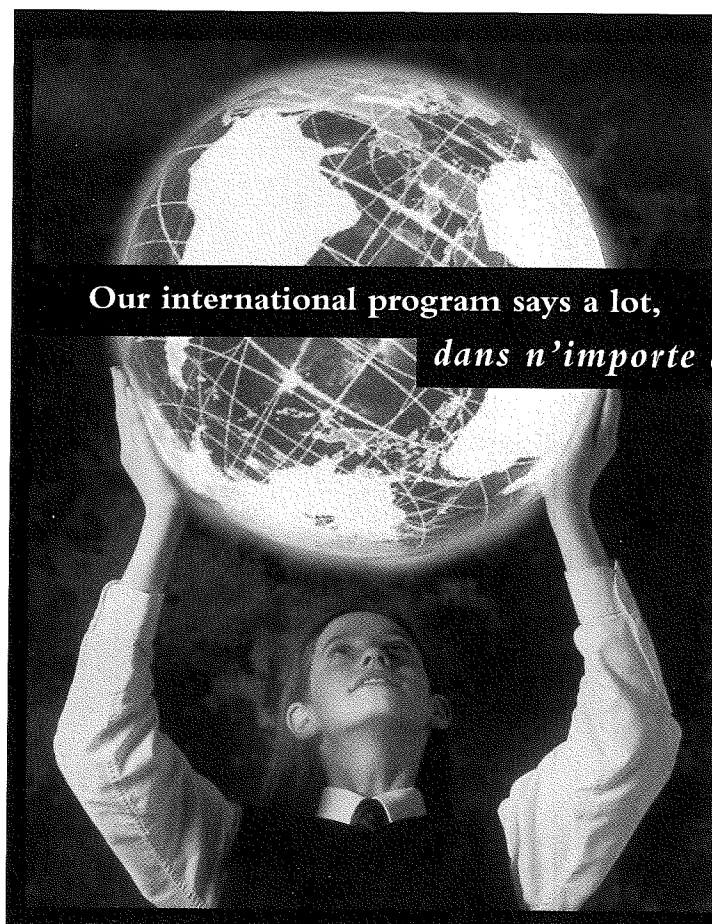
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Winner: Waine McQuinn, Ottawa

Answers: The would-be assassin was **Joel CAIRO** — the role played by Peter Lorre in *The Maltese Falcon*. (Just imagine Peter Lorre's voice saying, "No, no, you fools. Stop dancing. Stop dancing NOW....") The drink in which he placed the poison was **COGNAC**.

The Answers To The 39 Clues:

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| (1) Alec (Guinness) | (2) Amigo |
| (3) Bacardi | (4) Batista |
| (5) Cane | (6) Caribbean |
| (7) Cartablanca | (8) Casas |
| (9) Cha Cha | (10) Che Guevara |
| (11) Columbus | (12) Conga |
| (13) Creole | (14) Cuba Libre |
| (15) Elian | (16) Granma |
| (17) Gringos | (18) Guantanamo |
| (19) Habanera | (20) Hemingway |
| (21) Hernan Cortes | (22) Jose Marti |
| (23) Los Van Van | (24) Machetes |
| (25) Maestra | (26) (The) Maine |
| (27) Mangrove | (28) Mariel |
| (29) Moncada | (30) Montecristo |
| (31) Morgan | (32) Oriente |
| (33) Our Man In Havana | |
| (34) Ron | (35) Rumba |
| (36) San Juan Hill | (37) Santeria |
| (38) Sugar | (39) Tobacco |



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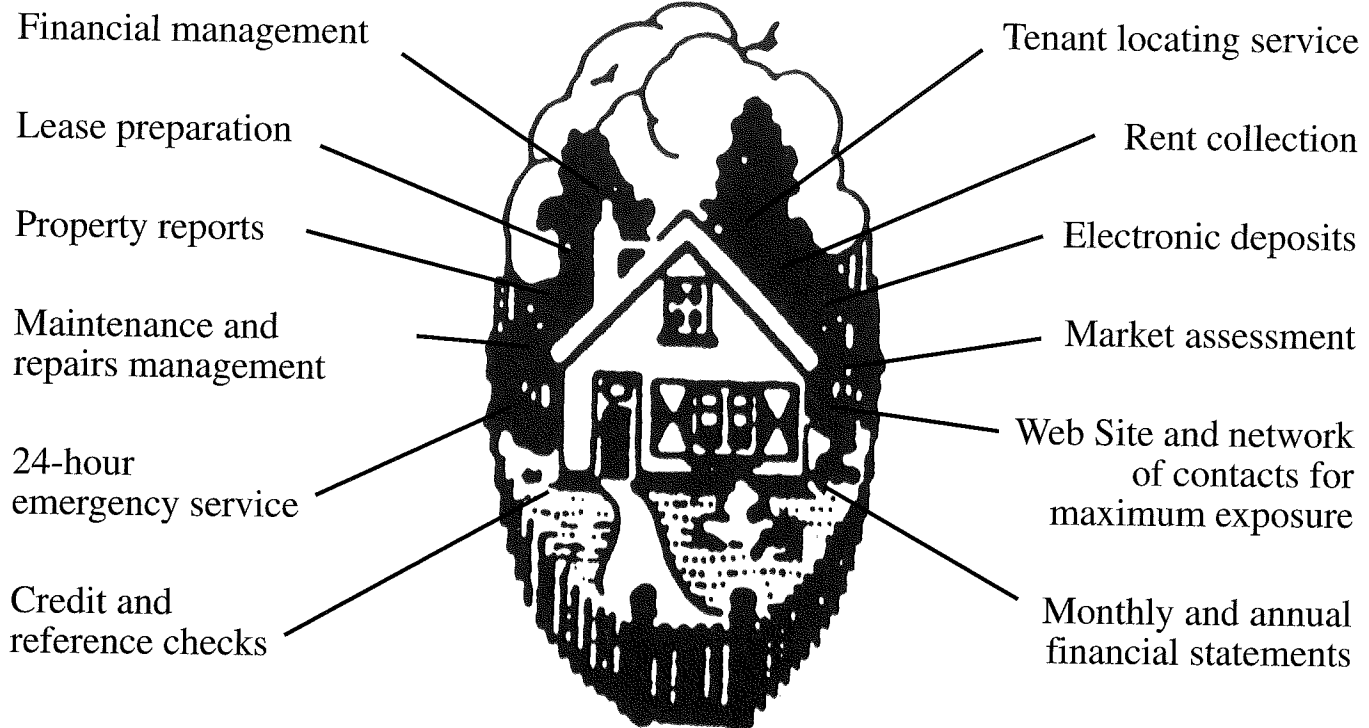
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