

bout de papier

\$4.50

Vol. 22, No. 1

Round the World with Two Teenagers

by Terry Cormier and Christine Jensen

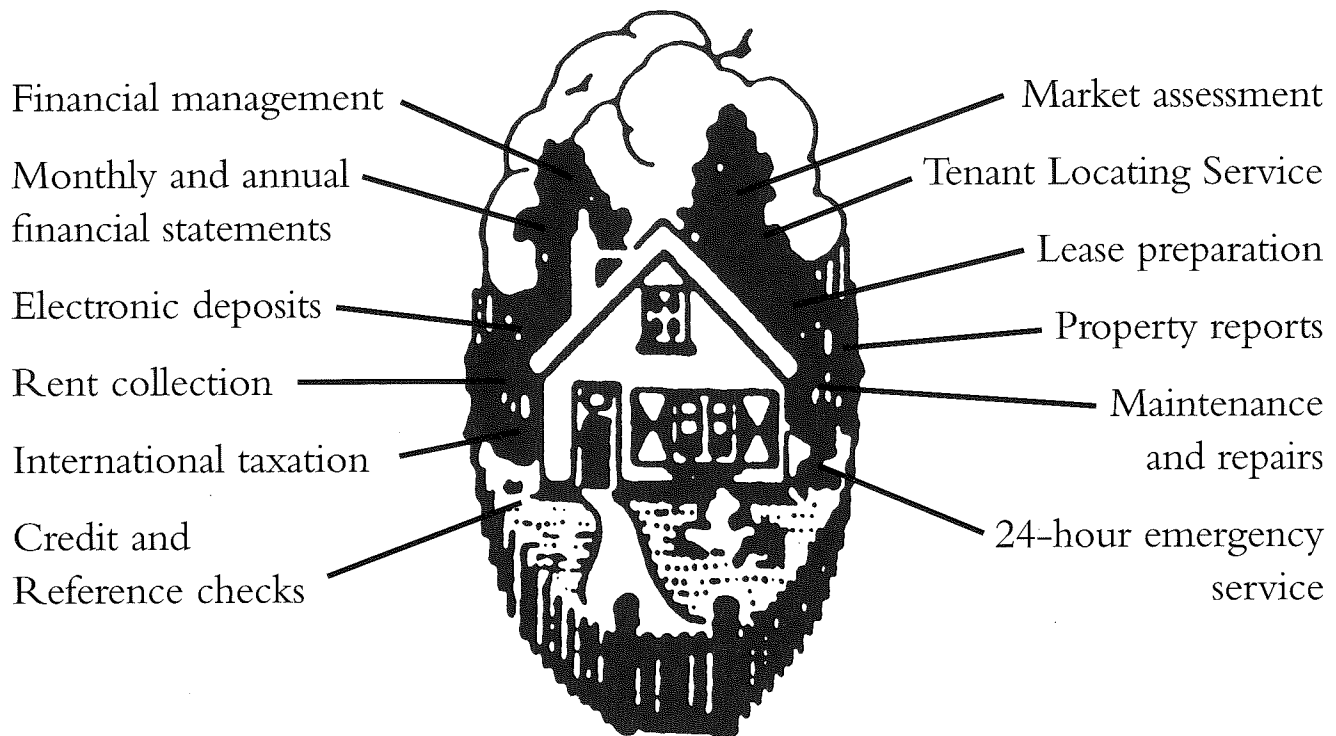
Farewell to Glyn Berry

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



The Thomas Group Ltd.

Residential Property Management
Personalized Service



The founding partner of TMS West and TMS Associates continues to provide the high level of professionalism and integrity of service appreciated by TMS clients since 1985.

*The Thomas
Group Ltd.*

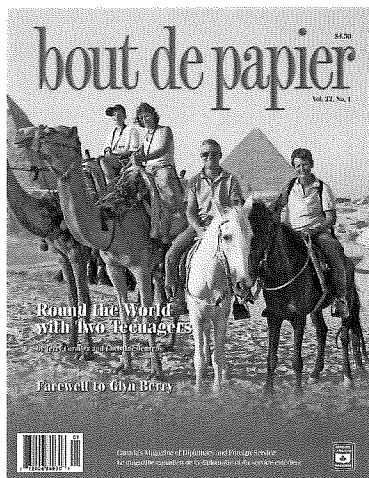
RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY
MANAGEMENT

Phone: (613) 728-7000 • Fax: (613) 728-0071 • www.thomasgroup.ca

bout de papier

Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur
SPRING 2006
PRINTEMPS 2006

Vol. 22, No. 1



Features / Reportages

- 5 Prester John, I Presume?
BY ROGER LUCY
- 9 Round the World
with Two Teenagers
STORY AND PHOTOS BY TERRY CORMIER
AND CHRISTINE JENSEN
- 24 A Gift of Time
BY ELAINE BUTCHER SULLIVAN
- 26 Force 136 and the Liberation
of Malaya: the Chinese-Canadian
Connection
BY LESLIE JAMES

Departments / Chroniques

- Editorial..... 3
- Letter / Lettre..... 4
- Books in Review / Critiques de livres 17
- How the Cold War Began: The Gouzenko Affair and
the Hunt for Soviet Spies
- Mackenzie King: Friends and Lovers
- Confessions of an Innocent Man: Torture and Survival
in a Saudi Prison
- In Memoriam / En mémoire de..... 29
- Glyn Berry
- From the Archives /
Extrait des archives 33
- Party Lines from Moscow
- Entertainment /
Divertissement..... 38
- Execution of Duty

At



BCS

...you are what
you do!

What our students learn outside the classroom is as valuable as what they learn inside it! For Emily:

- ◆ Community service project - Dominican Republic
- ◆ Tall Ship Sailing Adventure - Caribbean
- ◆ Adventure training expedition - Laurentians
- ◆ School band - Sergeant
- ◆ Soccer, basketball, hockey, rugby, track & field
- ◆ BCS' Mimi Moncel Graham Scholar

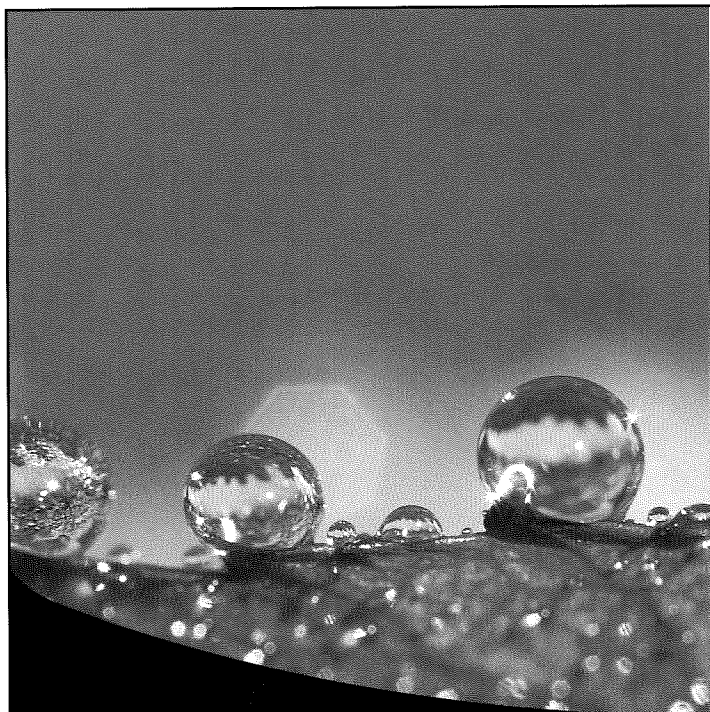
BCS - preparing today's students to become tomorrow's leaders.



"Attending BCS has allowed me to really see the world. I have learned that the help of a few people can truly make a difference."

- Emily H. '05

Founded in 1836 * Co-ed Boarding and Day School * Grades 7 to 12 * Certificate of eligibility not required
Lennoxville QC CANADA • (819) 566-0238 x 214 • www.BishopsCollegeSchool.com • Admissions@BishopsCollegeSchool.com



More options for managing your financial affairs.

In today's complex financial world, it's reassuring to know there's a more efficient way to manage your affairs. We bring together the people, the products and the services offered to you under RBC Royal Bank®, RBC Investments® and RBC Insurance®.

Today, over 12 million clients worldwide count on us to help achieve their financial goals. Discover the many ways we can help you with your business needs and to make the most of your finances.

To find out more about how RBC® puts clients first, visit www.rbc.com.

® Registered trademarks of Royal Bank of Canada.

F I R S T  F O R Y O U



**RBC
Financial
Group**

BANKING • INVESTMENTS • INSURANCE

Editorial Board / Équipe de rédaction :

Harold Hickman

Editor / Rédacteur en chef

Debra Hulley

Managing Editor / Advertising

Directrice-rédactrice en chef / Publicité

David Bullock

Susan Courville

Sarah Filotas

Felicity Garrard

Hector Mackenzie

Robin Mader

Senior Editorial Board /

Conseil de rédaction sénior :

Bill Barton

Ross Campbell

Randolph Gherson

George Grande

John Hadwen

Jim Langley

Arthur Menzies

Michael Molloy

Jim S. Nutt

Alfred Pick

Pauline Sabourin

Douglas Small

John Starnes

Technical Consultants /

Conseillers techniques :

Acart Communications Inc.

All contents © PAFSO, 2006.

bout de papier is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 412, 47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 (613) 241-1391, FAX (613) 241-5911.

E-mail: boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

Opinions expressed in **bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

Tout contenu © APASE, 2006.

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

Courrier électronique : boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

Les opinions exprimées dans **bout de papier** ne sont pas nécessairement celles de l'APASE.

Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably in WordPerfect, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,500 words. **bout de papier** publishes all articles in their original language. Send articles to **bout de papier**, c/o PAFSO (see address). / Manuscrits acceptés à double espace, de préférence dans WordPerfect, accompagnés 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).

Subscriptions / Abonnements :

One year, \$16; two years, \$30; Overseas add \$6 per year; USA add \$4 per year. Please advise of change of address. / Un an, 16 \$; deux ans, 30 \$; outre-mer, ajouter 6 \$ par année; É.-U., ajouter 4 \$ par année. Prière d'avertir de tout changement d'adresse. ISSN 0833-9864

In this issue of **bout** we honour the life and work of **Glyn Berry**. We had the privileged but hard task of trying to capture the varied essence of Glyn's life from the many magnificent tributes paid to him. As those who spoke at the various services made clear, Glyn was a diplomat of great skill, who believed in what he was doing. As well, he was a caring and lively friend, a wise and thoughtful mentor and above all, a man who loved and cared for his family.

Il est rare que le décès d'un collègue dans l'exercice de ses fonctions survienne dans le milieu de la diplomatie, mais il s'agit ici d'un rappel que notre profession peut se révéler dangereuse. Le personnel du service extérieur, symbole vivant des valeurs et aspirations de notre pays, peut devenir la cible de ceux ou celles qui en veulent à notre pays et qui ne peuvent pas respecter la liberté que nous souhaitons pour tous et toutes.

It should be of no surprise that it was a career foreign service officer, with numerous and varied assignments in Ottawa, the UN and a variety of countries who was named to head the Canadian office in Kandahar. For the hardest of jobs, a career professional was needed, someone who had learned the often subtle skills and tools of diplomacy and knew how to use them in new and difficult circumstances. And Glyn answered the call.

We are glad to welcome nearly 100 new foreign service officers to the Canadian foreign service who have chosen this challenging and rewarding career, dedicated to protecting and promoting Canada abroad, whether in London and Washington, or Kandahar and Khartoum. There should be more new officers, as any cursory glance around the halls of Headquarters buildings will tell, there are fewer of us, and a generational change is about to happen. Hopefully there has been a realization that career foreign service officers are key to the successful, long term protection of Canadian interests in the world. That the lessons learned through living abroad, adapting to different societies, learning how to achieve Canadian goals in places geographically and culturally distant from the Canadian heartland, require career long dedication and are not something that can be picked up in a couple

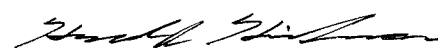
of quick briefings before boarding a plane to distant parts.

Many of those working in the foreign service are yet again going through a time of imposed challenge. The new government has "refait" DFAIT. Having just survived two years of the unneeded ripping apart of FAC and ITCan, we are now faced with putting it back together. Let us, as members of PAFSO, work to ensure that we rebuild the synergies, efficiencies and effectiveness which were lost in the ripping apart, but we also need to work to maintain some of the new ideas which were generated by the forced change, which despite their unfortunate origin, have brought more rationality to the management process.

Nous devons rappeler à tous ceux et celles qui œuvrent dans le système, dans tous les ministères du service extérieur, que le processus n'est pas le but suprême de la bureaucratie, mais que c'est notre maîtrise du fond et notre capacité de faire appel à nos collègues avertis de partout dans le monde qui font la principale force des ministères du service extérieur. Le processus devrait servir à renforcer cette maîtrise du fond, non pas remplacer le fond comme objectif primaire. Lorsque le processus devient le point focal, c'est souvent au détriment du fond, et le service extérieur en est d'autant affaibli, ce qui fait que les Canadiens et les Canadiennes n'obtiennent alors plus la représentation internationale qu'ils méritent.

In this issue, we continue our series of articles on the different ways people have taken advantage of a long period of time away from the office. The Cormier family took two teenagers around the world and Elaine Butcher Sullivan tells us of her gift of time. Roger Lucy takes us to the time of Prester John, and Leslie James tells us an interesting story of the Chinese-Canadian Connection to the Liberation of Malaya. In From the Archives we are given an insight into Moscow in the Cold War and A Aalto challenges us with a puzzle concerning the Execution of Duty. We also are bringing you reviews on three very interesting books on topics which all captured headlines in Canada at one time.

Good reading!!



Editor,

I very much enjoyed the two cover stories in your Winter 2005 edition and would like to add footnotes to each.

"Left Behind in Nanjing" recounts among other things the hurried departure of the Canadian staff of our mission there in 1951. Before he left, Chester Ronning, the First Secretary, had his personal effects packed in six wooden crates but, unable to ship them out, left them in the care of the British mission in Nanjing. When the British moved their office to Beijing some months later, they took Chester's belongings with them but, because of a shortage of storage space in their chancery, had to keep them under a lean-to in the yard at the rear. This turned out to be fortuitous for Chester since, when the Red Guards burned down the British chancery during the Cultural Revolution in 1966, about the only things left intact were his six crates.

In June, 1971, when Chester returned to China as the guest of Premier Chou En-lai, I had the pleasure of taking him around Beijing to visit some of the places he had not seen in decades. I also had his six crates moved from the British mission to our

newly established embassy where he and I sat on the floor of a vacant office and pried them open with crowbars. While somewhat dusty after 20 years of confinement, his personal effects were still intact and we subsequently had them shipped back to his home in Camrose, Alberta.

Your second cover story, "A Year of Self-Funded Leave," also brought back memories for me with Paul Gibbard's description and excellent photographs of his ascent of Mount Kinabalu. I had the joy (agony?) of scaling the same peak with a group of Chinese friends back in September, 1961, while I was doing a five-year stint in North Borneo training English teachers in Chinese schools. Our guide for the occasion happened to be the same renowned Gunting bin Lagadan whose memorial plaque is visible in the photo of Paul on the cover of your magazine. I recall that, despite the fact Gunting was 73 years old at the time, he was able to propel himself up the mountain with a great deal more ease than the rest of us could muster.

With best regards,

Martin Collacott
Vancouver



Martin Collacott (right) and Gunting bin Lagadan (left) as they stood on the summit of Mount Kinabalu on September 3, 1961.

Our classrooms extend beyond four walls...

Students in our small school benefit from our:

- safe, natural and caring environment
- average class size of 12
- monthly progress reports
- supervised evening study
- visual arts and instrumental music
- international leadership expeditions
- daily athletics and rigorous outdoor education

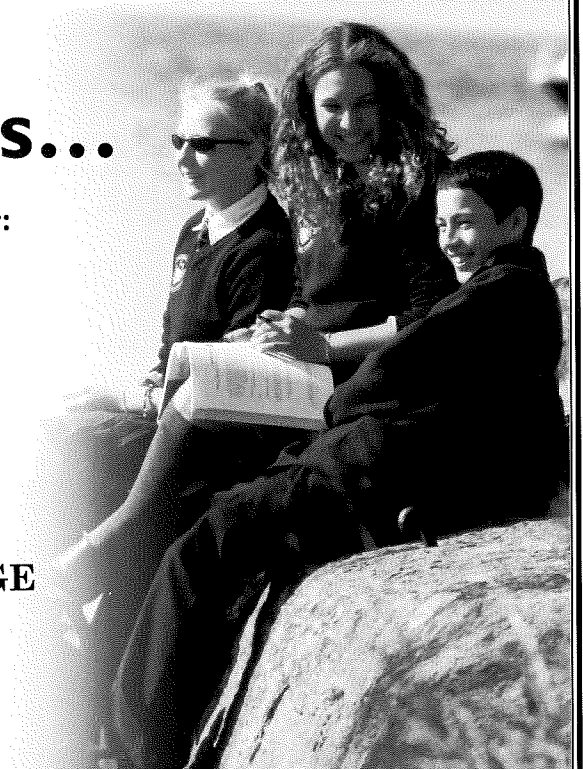


ROSSEAU LAKE COLLEGE

Coed, Day and Boarding School

Grade 7-12

Rosseau, Ontario, Canada



CONTACT US FOR ADMISSIONS INFORMATION 705-732-4351

www.rosseaulakecollege.com

admissions@rlc.on.ca

Prester John, I Presume?

by Roger Lucy

In the first decades of the thirteenth century, rumours began to circulate in the Middle East and Europe about a new and terrible power emerging in Upper Asia. Some rumours associated these "Tartars" with Prester John ("John the Priest"), a mythical Christian king, with whom, it was hoped, an alliance could be formed to encircle and destroy Islam. Others, with a penchant for philology, associated Tartars with Tartessos, the lowest circle of Hell. Both versions, as it turned out, had an element of truth. Between 1247 and 1291, in the hope of encouraging one interpretation and averting the other, a series of remarkable diplomatic missions were sent from Europe to the deepest reaches of Asia.

The first intimations of something new out of Asia came in 1145, when a Syrian priest appeared at the court of the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, claiming to represent a Christian prince from the east who was on the march against Islam. This king, who became known as Prester John — Prester meaning a priest in middle English — had just taken Hamadan in Iran and planned to join forces with the crusaders in the Holy Land. There was some truth in this, since in what is now Chinese Turkestan the Khanate of Kara Khitai (Black Cathay) included many Nestorian Christians. The Nestorians took their name from a deposed fifth century Patriarch of Constantinople who had found refuge in Persia. His adherents had followed the Silk Road, spreading his teachings into Central Asia and India. There were many Nestorians in Mongolia and Turkestan at the time, but also many Buddhists, Muslims, Manicheans and shamanists. The Kara Khitai had been summoned by the Khwarizm Turks, centered in the "Stans," to help sort out their differences with the Seljuk Turks in Persia. This the Kara Khitai had done, but rather than continue their "crusade," had returned to Central Asia.

In 1220 reports arrived that Prester John's son David had again appeared out of the east, and after destroying the Khwarizm and overrunning northern Iran was preparing to attack Baghdad. This was very encouraging to the leaders of the Fifth Crusade, vainly waiting for the arrival of Emperor Frederick II. Optimism turned to alarm when it was reported that David had

been killed by one of his vassals, Chingis Can, leader of the Tartars or Mongols. Instead of continuing the war against Islam, Chingis' forces turned north into the Caucasus, destroying first the Georgian army and then, on the steppes north of the Black Sea, a Russian host. The only peoples who had withstood the Mongols were the Chechens (who lured the Mongol cavalry into an ambush) and the Alans, ancestors of today's Ossetians. The Mongols then vanished back into the east.

This chronology was not strictly correct. Jenghiz Khan, né Temujin, had been born in 1167 and, after a turbulent youth, had united the Mongols and subdued his neighbours. The final act in the process — the destruction of his former ally, Wang Khan, leader of the Keraites, who was a Nestorian — was probably the event that gave rise to the legend of his overthrow of David, son of Prester John. In 1206 Temujin was proclaimed "universal ruler" (which is what Jenghiz Khan implies) by a tribal assembly. Jenghiz spent the next 15 years destroying the northern Chinese Ch'in Empire, taking Beijing in 1215. He then defeated the Kara Khitai, which made him a neighbour of the Khwarizm Empire. In 1218, vassals of the Khwarizm ruler, Mohammed Shah, attacked a Mongol caravan. The victims included a Mongol diplomatic delegation. Far from denouncing this act, Mohammed Shah accepted a share of the booty. War swiftly followed.

The ensuing scale of slaughter and destruction was probably not equalled again until the twentieth century. The Khwarizm armies were destroyed, Mohammed Shah was hounded to his death on the shores of the Caspian and his son Jalal ed-Din was chased across the Indus river. The great cities of Central Asia and northern Iran from Samarkand to Qom were systematically destroyed, and, save where they speedily capitulated, their inhabitants massacred. Jenghiz died in 1226 and was succeeded by his son Ogodai. Once securely on the throne, Ogodai consolidated Mongol rule in Iran and the Caucasus, which the new Khwarizm Shah, Jalal ed-Din, had tried to reoccupy.

In 1232, the Assassins, no friends of the Khwarizm or of any other Sunni ruler, were so alarmed that they sent envoys to

the kings of England and France proposing a grand alliance of Christians and Muslims to oppose the common threat. The Pope and the kings of Christendom, however, saw nothing wrong with this situation — until the Mongols renewed their offensive against Russia. From 1238 to 1240, the cities and principalities of Russia were systematically reduced, beginning two centuries of what the Russians call the "Tatar Yoke." When Kiev fell on December 6, 1240, the Mongols turned against Poland and Hungary. Emperor Frederick II called on his fellow rulers to unite against this threat, but the Pope preferred to press his own crusade against Frederick. Closer to the scene, the Teutonic Knights rallied to help the Poles (normally not their best of friends). On April 5, 1241, the Grand Master and his knights, along with the hosts of Henry the Pious, Duke of Silesia, and Boleslaw the Chaste, Duke of Cracow, fell before the Mongols at Liegnitz, in Silesia. Silesia was so devastated that it had to be largely repopulated with German settlers — only to be depopulated again 700 years later by another onslaught from the east. On the same day, the southern wing of the Mongol army destroyed the Hungarian army at the river Sajo before sweeping on to the gates of Vienna. It was there that news reached the Mongol leaders Batu and Subadai that Ogodai Khan had died (of drink). The main Mongol armies were summoned home to help decide the succession, although their offensive into the Caucasus and Anatolia continued. The Seljuk Sultan and the Kings of Armenia and Georgia all deemed it prudent to submit to the Mongols.

In 1245, Pope Innocent IV decided to send embassies to the Mongols, largely to learn more about them, but also to learn if there was any truth in the tales that they were, or harboured, Christians, and to determine if they could be converted to Roman Catholicism. In April 1245 the first mission set out from Lyons, under John de Plano Carpini, a senior Franciscan (indeed one of the originals who served with St. Francis of Assisi himself) well versed in the ways of eastern Europe. Sixty years old and very overweight, Plano Carpini and three friars recruited from Poland and Bohemia took the better part of a year to get to Kiev.

En route, various Polish and Ukrainian magnates gave them advice on dealing with the Mongols, which included exchanging most of their travel advance for beaver and other pelts. From Kiev, Mongol outposts directed them to their Viceroy Batu.

After a journey threatened by Lithuanian raiders and made more onerous because it was Lent and they were subsisting on boiled millet, they reached Batu's encampment on the lower Volga. Before being received in his magnificent tent — looted from the King of Hungary — they had to undergo a "security inspection" similar to that experienced by Byzantine envoys to the Turks 600 years earlier — passing between two purifying fires to screen out evil spirits. They also had to pay Batu's attendants a *douceur* of forty beaver and eighty badger skins. Batu received their credentials, which he had translated with the help of a Russian delegation into Persian, Turkish and Mongol. These he sent by courier to Karakorum. He then instructed the friars to follow, courtesy of the Mongol postal service, sometimes changing horses several times a day. This brought them to Karakorum in what is now eastern Outer Mongolia, on July 22, 1246. Given the hardships of the journey, the choice of Franciscans was probably a sound one. A mendicant order, they were inured to hunger and cold, and had a reputation for seeking converts in forbidding places. St. Francis himself had tried to convert the Sultan of Egypt. Other Franciscan missionaries were already out probing the steppes of Tartary. That said, Brother John set forth with low expectations. He noted in his dispatch:

...we feared we might be killed by the Tartars or other people, or imprisoned for life, and afflicted with hunger, thirst, cold, injuries and exceeding great trials...all of which with the exception of death and imprisonment fell our lot...in a much greater degree than we had conceived beforehand.

As it was, except for two letters from the Pope, one outlining the Christian faith, the other admonishing the Mongol Khan for his attacks on Christendom and urging him to refrain and repent, the mission was remarkably ill-equipped. Brother John had to shell out all of his pelts to ease his passage through the territories of subordinate Mongol rulers, leaving nothing to offer the Khan when he got to Karakoram. Additionally, finding reliable interpreters was a major challenge, which probably accounts for some of the nuggets of strange information about the Mongols and their

history found in Carpini's otherwise quite informative despatch.

Karakoram in the summer of 1246 was probably the scene of the greatest diplomatic assemblies to gather prior to that in Paris in 1919. Plano Carpini estimated there were some 3,000 diplomats and their entourages and up to 5,000 representatives of vassal tribes and peoples. They were there to ratify the election of Ogodai's successor Guyuk Khan. Like a political convention, the election process was a foregone conclusion. It still required another month after Carpini's arrival to finalize it. Given their seemingly humble status and lack of any offerings, it was not until November that Carpini was received by the new Khan and given official replies to the Pope's letters.

While Guyuk and his nobles, like their subjects, lived in yurts, this was no mere tent city. Carpini comments on the splendour of Guyuk's white velvet tent and those of his relatives, the richness of their furnishings, and the lavishness of their entertainments. Guyuk's throne was made of ivory with gold and jeweled fittings; he and his nobles wore silk, fur and many golden ornaments. That said, Carpini and his four-man delegation only received official rations for one and had to supplement this by browsing at official functions and at other delegations'

hospitality tents, and by scrounging from members of the local expatriate community and other Christian envoys. Prince Jaroslav of Suzdal's staff were particularly helpful, providing valuable advice and interpretation services. Prince Jaroslav, however, showed the potential perils of incautiously partaking of official hospitality. After dinner with the Queen Mother, he turned a strange blue-grey colour and died. His son, Alexander Nevsky (the eponymous proto-Stalinist hero of Eisenstein's famous film), while willing to confront the Teutonic Knights head to head on the ice of Lake Pepsius, deemed it prudent to shelter behind the marshes of Novgorod, rather than come to Karakoram to be invested in his late father's lands.

The audience with Guyuk Khan, when it finally came, was polite, but the tone was less than auspicious. It was delayed while Guyuk officially declared war against the whole world. Guyuk proposed sending envoys back with Carpini's party, but Carpini feared they might be spies and pleaded that he could not guarantee the envoys' safety when passing through lands ravaged by Batu's hordes. The Franciscans received an official reply to the Pope's letter, in Mongol with Persian and Latin translations. It still exists, and rejects the Pope's exhortation to convert. Guyuk saw no need for that. The Mongols' own god

NOW AVAILABLE THROUGH TRADEX



AIM TRIMARK



PHILLIPS, HAGER & NORTH
Investment Management Ltd.



Mackenzie
MUTUAL FUNDS



ethical funds®
Do the right thing.

These are just a few of the top-rated mutual funds now offered through Tradex Management Inc. And with Tradex there are no commissions or deferred sales charges of any kind. This allows complete flexibility in tailoring your portfolio to your needs and objectives.

Tradex
mutual funds
for the public sector

Call us at 1-800-567-3863 or visit us at

50 O'Connor Street, Suite 920, Ottawa or at www.tradex.ca

Commissions, trailing commissions, management fees and expenses all may be associated with mutual fund investments. Please read the prospectus before investing. Mutual funds are not guaranteed, their values change frequently, and past performance may not be repeated.

Permission to use logos was obtained from fund companies and no cooperative funding was provided.

had done an excellent job leading them to victory. He concluded the letter by ordering the Pope to come forthwith to Karakoram to submit — or else!

Carpini and his colleagues were dispatched back to the west on November 13. After a bitter journey, often camping in the snow in the open steppe, they reached Batu's camp on the Volga on May 9, 1247, and Kiev, where they were greeted as returning heroes, a month later. Some of the local Ukrainian princes were sufficiently impressed to switch their spiritual allegiance to Rome. Travelling through Germany and France, Carpini worked the lecture circuit, drawing in capacity crowds with his account of the Mongols' customs and history, plus some sound — if hard to implement — advice on how the Mongols should be confronted in battle. There was no doubt in John de Plano Carpini's mind that a renewed Mongol invasion of Europe was imminent.

The invasion never came. Relations between Batu and Guyuk were poor and only with difficulty was civil war averted. Batu was able to engineer Guyuk's overthrow, placing his own candidate, Mongka, on the throne of Genghis Khan. Carpini's was not the only mission to the Mongols. Pope Innocent IV also sent out a Dominican delegation in 1247, led by Brother Ascelin, who travelled to Transcaucasia. As befitted the shock troops of the Inquisition, the Dominicans refused to offer any form of homage and acted in an uncompromising manner. The local Mongol commander was about to have them executed when Aljigiday, Guyuk's viceroy to west Asia, intervened and had them sent home with a letter similar to that given Carpini. This time Mongol emissaries, two Nestorian priests, went with them. Aljigiday also sent emissaries to Cyprus where King (later Saint) Louis IX of France was preparing a Crusade against Egypt. Aljigiday offered to protect all Christians and help retake Jerusalem. In 1248, Louis sent a return mission, led by another Dominican, Andrew de Longjumeau. Unlike the Franciscans, he was equipped with a large entourage and rich presents, including a portable chapel. After a year, passing many ruined cities filled with "great heaps of dead men's bones," they reached the camp of the Mongol regent near Lake Balkash. The regent assumed the gifts were tribute and in her reply asked King Louis to send more if he wished to avoid destruction.

As France has only twice acknowledged the existence of superpowers (the empires of Charlemagne and of Napoleon), this caused considerable affront. Louis' biographer admits he much regretted

sending the delegation. Nonetheless Louis was sufficiently intrigued by reports of a strong Christian presence in the Mongol court to send another Franciscan, William de Rubruck, with a friar, Bartholomew, Grosset, a clerk, and Abdullah, an incompetent interpreter. Their mission was to convert Mongka.

Rubruck started his journey in Constantinople, which since the disastrous crusade of 1204 had been in the hands of the ever shrinking "Latin" Empire of Romania. He sailed to the Crimea and from there embarked on the Mongol "pony express" to Karakoram. By 1254, travel to Karakoram was becoming better organized; even so, the journey was arduous enough that when the time came to return, Grosset preferred not to risk its rigours and opted to stay in Karakoram. A considerable western or near western community had grown up at the Mongol court including a lady from Metz married to a Hungarian, a French jeweller and his family, various Russians and an Armenian monk, all of whom were very helpful. There were other delegations present from Armenia, Egypt, Baghdad and from the legitimate Roman Emperor, John Vatatzes (whose successor Michael Palaeologus was soon to regain Constantinople and gobble up the last remnants of the Latin Empire). There was even a bogus envoy claiming to represent the Syrian chapter of the Assassins, whom Vatatzes had arrested on his way home. In the end, while there were many Christians in places of influence in his court, Mongka showed no inclination to convert. After a polite audience Rubruck set off for home.

Far more success was enjoyed by Hethum, King of Lesser Armenia. Having gladly accepted Mongol overlordship in 1243, after they had trounced his Seljuk enemies, he worked hard at cultivating the idea of a joint Mongol/Christian assault on Islam. After various embassies to the Mongol court, he appeared in person, shortly after Rubruck. In 1256 he achieved his aims. As has been recounted elsewhere, the Mongols led by Hulagu obliterated the Assassins in northern Iran and the Abbasid Caliphate in Baghdad. Baghdad was destroyed and its Muslim population was massacred. At Hethum's insistence the Christian population and their districts and churches were spared. The process was repeated as the Mongol steam roller ploughed through northern Iraq and down into Syria. The crusader principality of Antioch joined forces with the Mongols and Armenians and in 1260 Aleppo and Damascus fell. The fall of Jerusalem seemed imminent, when news came that Mongka had died. Halagu pulled back much of his force to await developments but hoped to continue

the offensive with the help of the Crusaders. The Crusaders however were hesitant. They did not all share the grand design of a Christian/Mongol alliance that lured the Pope and kings of Europe. In fact they had grown used to (if not always peaceful) coexistence with their Muslim neighbours. The Mongols, in many respects, seemed to be the devil they didn't know.

The Mamluks from Egypt mounted a counteroffensive. The Crusaders remained ostensibly neutral, but in fact provided the Mamluks with some logistic support, while indulging in plundering some unguarded properties. On September 2, 1260, at Ayn Jalut (Goliath's Well) near Nazareth, the Mamluks defeated the Mongols and their Georgian and Armenian allies. The victory is still celebrated by the Arabs as one of the defining moments of their history on a par with Yarmuk, Qadisiyah and Hattin, although most of the Muslim fighters would have been Kipjaks and Kurds.

The dream of the grand east-west alliance did not quite die at Ayn Jalut. In 1288 emissaries from the Mongol Il Khan of Persia received an encouraging response from Edward Prince of Wales, who was crusading. Unfortunately the other major European rulers were more interested in siding with Naples and Aragon in their war for Sicily. The plan came to naught and in 1291 the last Crusader stronghold in Palestine, Acre, fell to the Mamluks. Still the legend of Prester John lived on, inspiring Columbus' search for a direct route to Asia, while reports of the Ethiopian Kingdom led to Prester John's translation to Africa. This in turn encouraged Portuguese efforts to sail around that continent.

Readers may have noticed that one name is conspicuously absent from this account — Marco Polo. By the time he got to east Asia — assuming he was really there — 20 years after Carpini, Rubruck et al., the golden road to Samarkand and beyond was a well-established route for western diplomats, entrepreneurs, missionaries and adventurers. Marco told a good story, but his predecessors had already left behind even more interesting accounts. ☺

*Roger Lucy recently retired after 33 years with External/Foreign Affairs. As well as postings in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain, he has survived two secondments and several reorganizations of the various units to which he belonged. Roger was three times awarded a RHOMA prize for his **bout** articles on "dark age diplomacy." Roger welcomes your comments, questions and suggestions for future articles — he can be contacted at galea.hortus@sympatico.ca.*



Rental
Management
for the
Foreign Service
Community

Use the benefits under the FSDs to have your home managed professionally.

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

How can professional management help?

Finding a tenant

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

Closing the deal

- lease preparation
- recording your home's condition

Maintaining your property

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

Coming home

- diplomatic clause
- notice to tenants
- repairs

We've been there...we care!

Mary Ellen Boomgaardt
Representative
Tel: 1-613-746-2367
Fax: 1-613-746-3050
E-mail: greentreeco@sympatico.ca

5 Beechwood Avenue
P.O. Box 74074
Ottawa, ON K1M 2H9

***Put diplomacy at
your doorstep...
subscribe
today and
save!***



***La
diplomatie à
votre porte...
abonnez-vous
aujourd'hui
et économisez!***

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

■ Veuillez
compléter
le coupon ci-dessous
et le retourner avec votre
paiement à **bout de papier.**

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ 1 year, \$16.00/
1 an, 16 \$* | ☐ 2 years, \$30.00/
2 ans, 30 \$* |
| ☐ New/
Nouveau | ☐ Renewal/
Renouvellement |
| ☐ Mr./Monsieur | ☐ Mrs./Madame |
| ☐ Ms | ☐ Miss/Mlle |

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

Name/Nom: _____

Address/Adresse: _____

City/Ville: _____

Prov.: _____

Code: _____

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

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

Round the world with two teenagers

**Story and photos by
Terry Cormier and Christine Jensen**

It was an inspired idea — take a year off and backpack around the world with two teenagers. From September 2004 through April 2005 together with our two youngest children, Emmanuelle then 15 and Christoffer then 13, Christine and I backpacked through the Middle East, India, Southeast Asia, China, New Zealand and South America. We had never previously contemplated the backpackers' lifestyle, didn't own backpacks and had never set foot in a hostel. The adventure proved much easier than we would have imagined and has given us innumerable lasting shared experiences and memories.

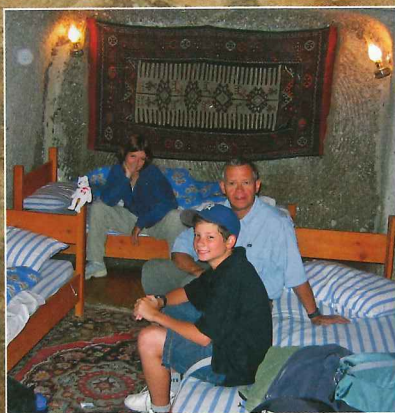
As a foreign service family, we have done lots of travel, but never this close to the ground and never for such an extended period of time. Since Christine and I married during a second posting in Marseilles in the mid-80s we have lived in London, Ottawa, Singapore, Brussels and Hong Kong. Upon our return from Hong Kong in 1999 I was asked to create a new division dealing with crime and terrorism. With the roller coaster of 9/11 and Canada's G8 Presidency in 2002 this turned into a longer assignment than we had initially envisaged. The five years from 1999 to 2004 as Director of the International Crime and Terrorism Division represented my longest single assignment and the most extended period of time that I had lived in one place since leaving Newfoundland as a teenager for university. Christine, born in Paris, has also been on the move since her university days in France and the USA. Undoubtedly the five-year stint in Ottawa contributed to the itchy feet syndrome that saw us wandering the globe.

It was Christine's idea to undertake this adventure. This was not a trip which was calculated long in advance; it was a fairly spontaneous project. We first got the idea in May and by August the plans had been made, leave without pay granted, the house sold, personal effects given away or put into storage and we were off on the adventure of a lifetime. What persuaded us to pack up, take the children out of school, and set off on what we have called our amazing journey?

Fairy Chimneys, Turkey

Below left: In our hostel: bedroom carved out of soft volcanic tuff

Below right: Goreme, Turkey



At the beginning of the trip Christine opened a private, password-protected Web site, a new service with the Lonely Planet Guidebook people. Every other day while in an Internet café catching up with our virtual social lives, Christine would download photos onto the site. When we finished the trip the Lonely Planet told us that our Web site was scored as one of their best and asked if we would agree to make it public to demonstrate the capabilities. After stripping out personal details of ourselves and friends we agreed. Take a look at <http://lonelyplanet.mytripjournal.com/amazingjourney>.

When a friend at the CBC found out that we were planning to undertake this adventure she said that others would be intrigued as to why two otherwise sane people would take two teenagers out of school to backpack around the world. Terry readily agreed to write some columns for the "Viewpoint" section of their Web page. This section gets up to 50,000 hits a day. A dozen columns about our adventures are now in the Viewpoint archives. Readers interested in more details about our travels can readily access these at www.cbc.ca. Type *Terry Cormier* into the CBC search engine.

Why

It is only in retrospect that we are able to dissect the many reasons why we set out on this adventure at this stage in our lives and careers. Perhaps the most fundamental is that we could. A generation ago it would have been practicably unimaginable to take such extended leave and travel with two teenagers literally around the world. Today, not only does the possibility exist, we are proof that the information and infrastructure is there to allow even inexperienced travellers to backpack safely to almost any remote corner of the planet.

We have been struck by — and admire — those colleagues who opt for parental leave. Our children are not that old, but only a short decade ago a male officer might get a day or two off on the occasion of the birth of a child. Nowadays many exercise the option of taking up to a year.

A key consideration for us was spending the time with the children at this stage of their lives. At various times in my career the demands of the job had meant that I was not around often. For many months after 9/11 I was not much of a feature at home. Before we know it the kids are grown — out the door and on their own. It was now or never if we were to undertake such an adventure with the children.

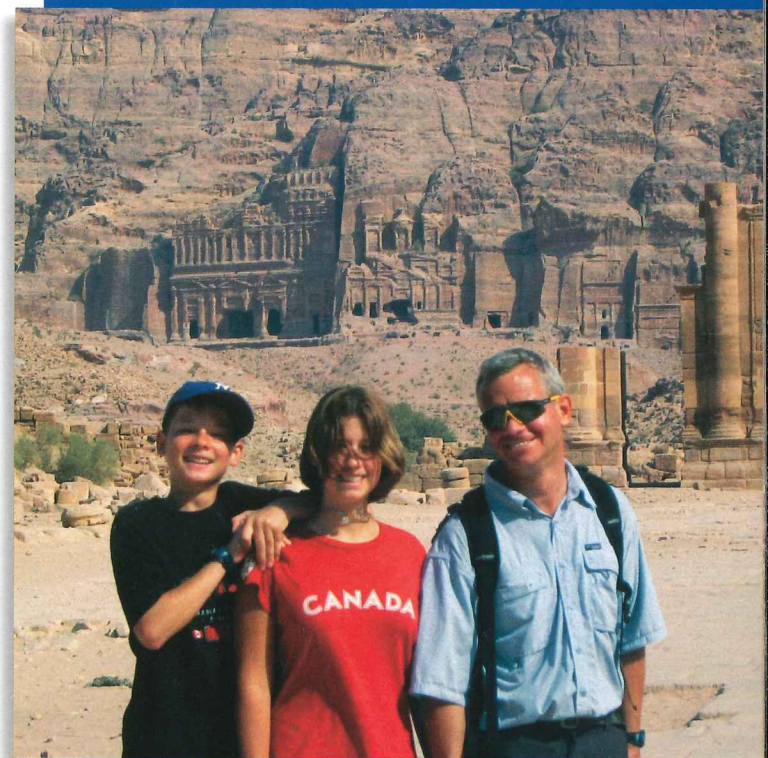
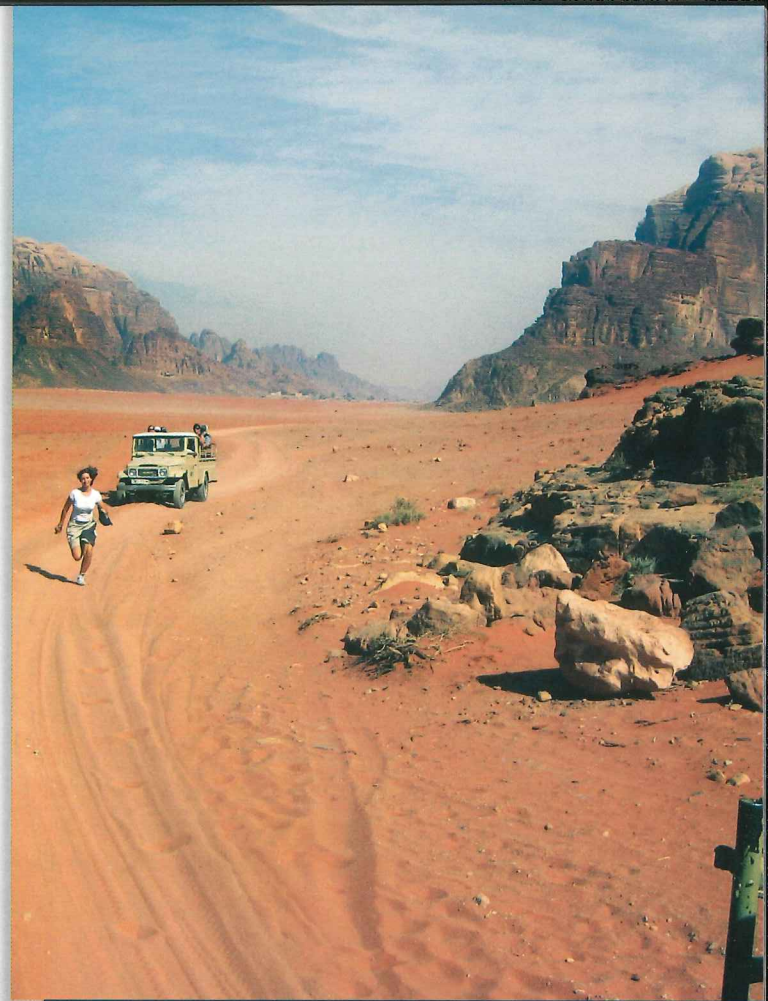
Stephanie, our oldest daughter and a student at the University of Victoria, helped put the idea in our heads. After her first year at UVic, Stephanie won a full scholarship to spend her second academic year studying in Shanghai. At only 18 she was setting off to spend the year in China. This got us thinking about visiting. If we were going to go all the way to Shanghai, why not make the most of it and stop off at other places?

Technology helped confirm the decision by allowing us to stay in almost daily contact with parents in Newfoundland, France and the USA, Stephanie in Shanghai and family and friends everywhere. Internet cafés can be found everywhere from the deserts of Rajasthan to satellite connections in isolated small villages in the Andean mountains.

Transmitting values to our children also figured into our personal calculations. Undertaking this adventure was a statement about things that are truly important to us as individuals and as a family. We have long been convinced that whether in our personal or professional lives, experience is the best teacher. We wanted to give our children a sense of adventure and of the importance of openness to others, a better understanding of the world in which they will make their lives, an understanding of how good we really have it as Canadians, and a sense of responsibility for the privilege which comes with all the opportunities we enjoy.

The education of the two children was, as always, a key consideration. We were after all taking them out of the school system for the year. We rapidly discarded as impracticable any consideration of trying to follow a distance learning curriculum. Our expectation, confirmed by our experience, was that the children would learn more about themselves, others and the world through the travels than through the classroom.

A less happy reason we undertook this adventure was that during the previous year we had attended a long string of funerals. Far too many colleagues, friends and acquaintances, both within and outside the foreign service, had cashed in their last chips, sometimes with very little notice. So with the sure knowledge that the only thing of which any of us can be certain is that we have today, we put together plans for our amazing journey.



Top: Wadi Rum Desert: Emmanuelle lost her hat

Bottom: Petra, Jordan

So what did we get up to?

Turkey was the ideal introduction to this type of travel. The country is particularly well set up for independent travellers. Our first encounter with hostels was made positive by the friendships developed over meals and shared travel tales. We collected friends and travel companions along the way. By the time we made our way from Aqaba, Jordan to Nuweiba in the Egyptian Sinai we were a merry travelling band of about 15, negotiating our way through a dozen border formalities. Through the Middle East, India, Southeast Asia, China, New Zealand, and South America we mixed it up with memorable exploits such as a "fast-boat" down the Mekong in Laos, a mountain bike ride descent of over 3000 metres on the "most dangerous road in the world" outside La Paz, a stay in an eco-lodge in the Bolivian pampas and much more. The eight months are a vivid kaleidoscope of new discoveries and exploits, strongly accented by wonderful people we met along the way.

Our "round-the-world" air ticket was put together with the help of a travel consolidator in San Francisco. We hit five continents and were able to make fifteen stops. Once set we could not change the routing, but could and did change dates. We were on the road pretty constantly, although from time to time we settled down to enjoy a less hectic pace on the beaches of Egypt, Thailand and India. At times we checked in with friends both in and outside the foreign service, including new friends we made along the way. In Wellington, New Zealand, we stayed with a young couple we had met on a three-day backpackers cruise in Turkey five months earlier.

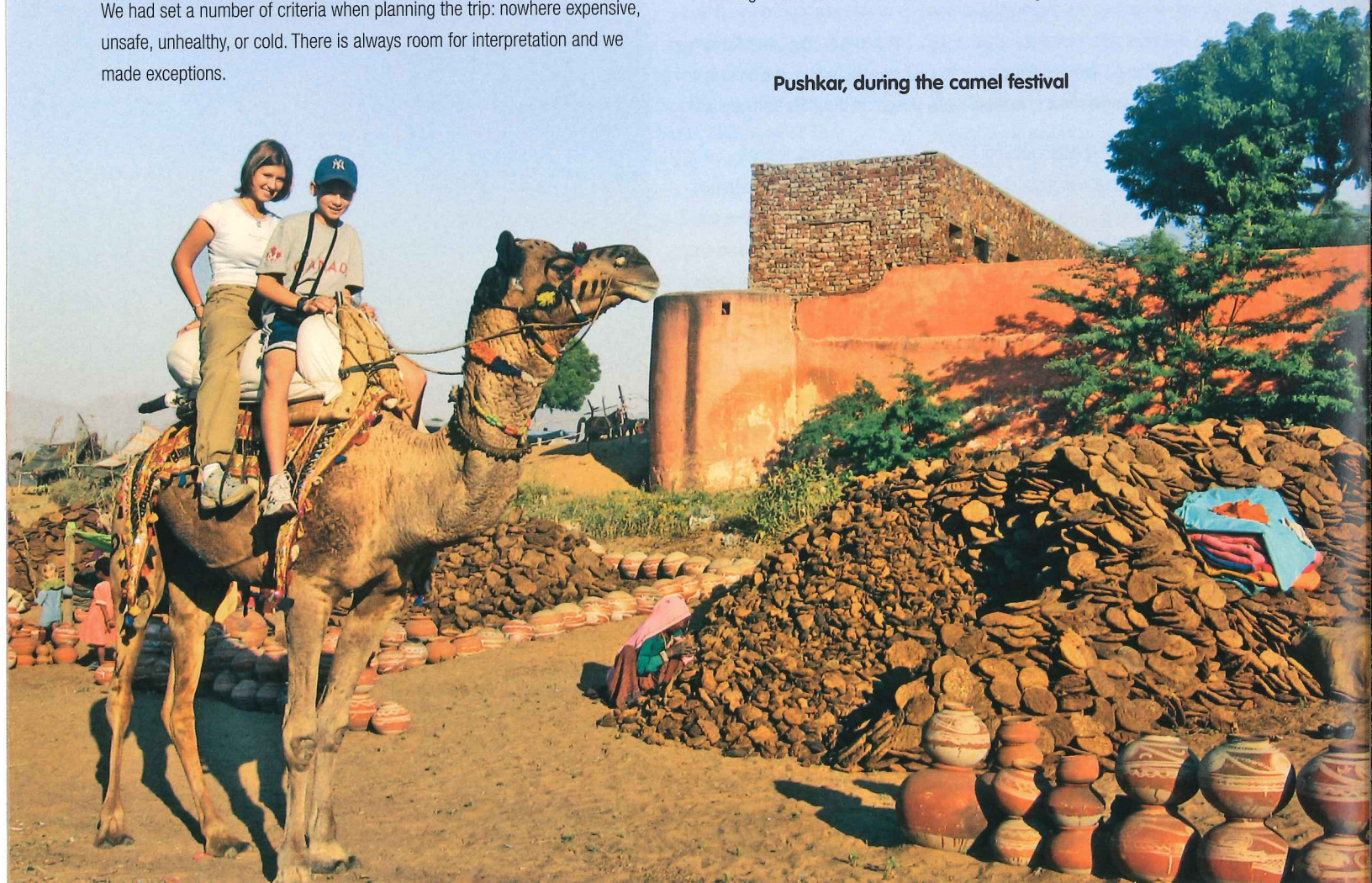
We had set a number of criteria when planning the trip: nowhere expensive, unsafe, unhealthy, or cold. There is always room for interpretation and we made exceptions.

We broke the nowhere cold rule by going to Shanghai in February. We quickly had to buy gloves, hats and sweaters for everyone and long pants for Christoffer. Hardy Canadian that he is, Christoffer was happy enough in his shorts, although he was probably the only person so attired in Shanghai in February — certainly the only such person we saw. The double takes we were getting from the Shanghaiese had us in stitches. At Emmanuelle's insistence we broke the nowhere expensive rule and spent three weeks in New Zealand giving a *Lord of the Rings* fan a chance to see this remarkable but relatively expensive country.

With the exception of New Zealand our accommodation costs were kept to \$30 a night for all four of us. We stayed in some extraordinary places. Our rooms in Goreme, Turkey, were in a small hotel recently converted from a private residence. The rooms were literally caves, carved from the soft volcanic material known as tuff which makes up the landscape in this remarkable area. In Udaipur, India we had a huge room with marble floors, Italian stained glass windows and a young manager who was more than happy to help Christoffer set off large, noisy and dangerous fireworks to celebrate Dewali.

Sure there were a couple of dodgy places. Like the windowless stuffy rooms which greeted us upon arrival in Siem Reap, Cambodia. In a well-known scam the company that provides the overland transport from Bangkok ensures that you arrive in Siem Reap well after dark with little energy or resources to scout out accommodation. The next morning we moved into a small, spanking new guest house where for \$5 the four of us enjoyed clean, comfortable accommodation with private facilities while we explored the wonders of Angkor Wat and learned lifelong lessons about landmines and the killing fields.

Pushkar, during the camel festival



What worked for us?

There are as many ways of undertaking such an adventure as there are people who travel. Despite the fact that we were complete novices at backpacking and long-term travel, things went remarkably smoothly. Here are a few of the reasons why we think that was the case.

This was a family adventure which the four of us agreed collectively to undertake. Everyone was on board. Manu and Christoffer were somewhat sceptical when we first broached the idea with them. They had no hesitation but really wondered if we would actually follow through. From the beginning it was agreed that we were all in this together.

Travel light. It is amazing how little you really need. We spent a fair bit of time researching backpacks before deciding what to buy. Neophytes that we were, we began the journey with too much stuff, literally tottering through the subways of Paris as we began the journey. We quickly stripped away unnecessary belongings. That extra pair of shoes we thought we needed just in case? Well we didn't.

Bags within bags: the best advice ever on packing a backpack. We were each equipped with a half dozen net bags. It is much easier to get at your gear and to put it all together again quickly when you move on.

Mix it up and try new things. While we visited our fair share of museums and probably one too many churches, we tried new and different experiences — from sleeping under the stars in Jordan's Wadi Rum desert, to a three-day camel safari near Jaisalmer. We sandboarded the dunes of Peru and attended a world cup soccer qualifying game in La Paz. In Peru we were so fascinated by the local indigenous religious beliefs that we met a couple of shamans: one performed a cleansing rite for us with large condor feathers and another made an incantation to the *pachamama*, the Mother Goddess, on our behalf. When we did visit a museum the two children were attentive, inquisitive visitors.

Stay close to the ground. Our accommodation and local transportation was organized on the spot. A revelation to us was that when you stay in hostels and small hotels you often meet fellow travellers over breakfast or at the end of the day, sharing



stories and lives and becoming friends. We often ended up travelling with people from many different parts of the world. Almost always these were people in their twenties or thirties who universally were intrigued about our experiences travelling with teenagers and were always great with the kids. We will always remember Simone, a Belgian lady who was close to eighty, whom we travelled with in Laos. She was travelling by herself for up to a year, working her way overland to Mongolia. Local buses and trains afforded opportunities to get very close to the reality of many others.

Stay in touch. It was reassuring to both ourselves and our family and friends that we were able to stay in pretty constant contact. We were on Koh Samui, an island on the east side of Thailand when the 2004 Boxing Day tsunami hit. While we were only a couple of hundred kilometres from scenes of great disaster we felt nothing. Talk about globalization! We learned of the tsunami by MSN message from a brother in Newfoundland. We were able very quickly to reassure family and friends that we were safe and sound.

Perhaps the most important reason things went well for us was attitude: stay flexible, enjoy the moment, be open to each encounter. At times things did not always go as we wished. Sometimes the buses or trains were full. Sometimes they broke down. Christine got separated from us and lost for a couple of hours upon arrival in Jaipur. We got stuck in a remote part of Bolivia for a couple of days when the weather turned nasty and the dirt landing strip became a mud field, so we caught up on our journal writing and reading. At times the unexpected provided the best glimpses into the lives of others.



Top: One of our Indian buses

Left: Sunset on the Mekong as we arrive by fast boat in Luang Prabang

Le dernier mot de Christine

L'aventure en elle-même fut extraordinaire. Nous avons visité des lieux superbes à pied, en bus, en train, à dos de chameau, de cheval ou même d'éléphant, couché dans des auberges sympathiques, sous les étoiles dans les déserts du Rajasthan et de Wadi Rum, envahi quelques amis du ministère et d'ailleurs, rencontré d'autres voyageurs passionnés venant d'horizons différents du nôtre.

Voyager avec sac à dos, arriver dans des stations de bus, de train vous donne un premier contact avec les locaux très différent d'une arrivée classique à l'aéroport. Le contact se faisait plus facilement, peut-être parce qu'ils étaient plutôt intrigués par cette famille voyageant de manière peu commune.

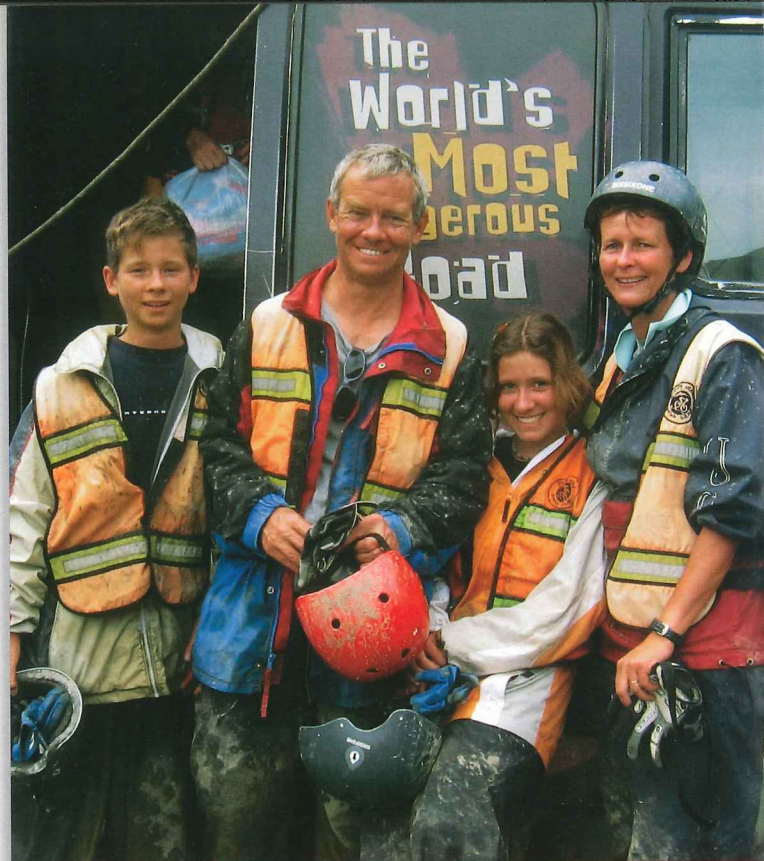
Ce fut un bol d'air pur fantastique. Nos ados n'ont pas regretté un seul instant la décision de partir. Nous sommes très privilégiés d'avoir pu entreprendre ce voyage dans des conditions aussi agréables. Nous n'avions pas à nous stresser sur notre avenir puisque nous savions que Terry revenait à son emploi. Personne n'a été malade, pas de vomissements ou autres petits ennuis. La trousse d'urgence est revenue indemne — même pas un pansement manquant et que de bons restaurants végétariens découverts.

Maintenant en affectation à Genève, les enfants ont repris le chemin de l'école sans problème; ils découvrent le système international après le système français et il n'y a pas eu de perte de niveau. Ils sont en fait plus appliqués et réussissent très bien — y compris les maths même si la matière leur demande plus de travail. Deux mois en Amérique du sud fait en sorte qu'ils sont tous les deux en tête de classe en espagnol.

Sans doute dans dix ans ou peut être moins, nous ressortirons les sacs à dos (que nous continuerons d'aérer ces prochaines années) et nous repartirons mais cette fois pour au moins une année; huit mois, c'était trop court. ☺

Terry Cormier was born and raised in Corner Brook, Newfoundland. Following this trip Terry taught a summer session course at the University of Victoria. He is now Deputy Permanent Representative at the Canadian Mission to the United Nations in Geneva happily engaged in the mysteries of multilateralism.

Christine Jensen was born and raised in France and the USA. Christine has enjoyed a varied career in education, development and business. Christine's extraordinary sense of direction and organizational skills kept the family on course during this adventure.

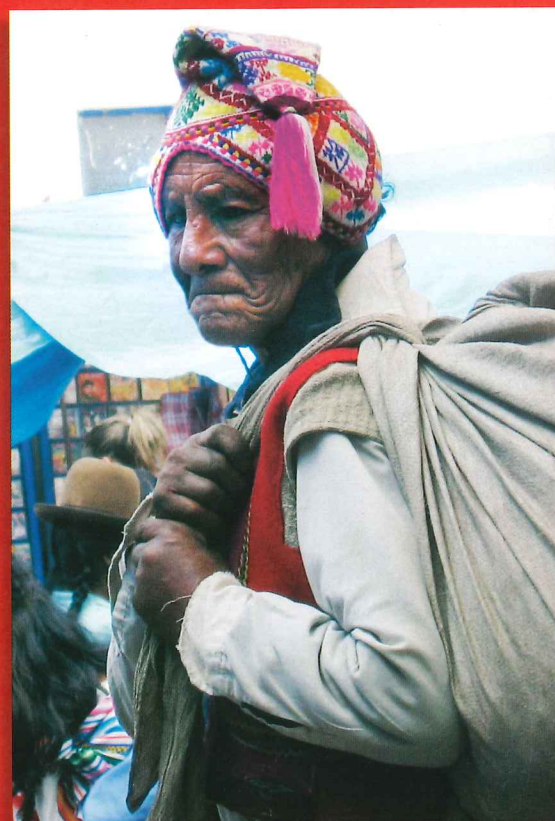


Above: Made it on the world's most dangerous road: in need of a serious shower!

Below left: On the elephant trek in northern Thailand

Below right: Pisac Market, Peru

Opposite: Singapore Thaipusam Festival







« C'est mon avion. »

Des milliers de Canadiens sont derrière les projets de Bombardier. Ils révolutionnent les moyens de transport du monde entier. Et ils en sont fiers. Tout comme Bombardier est fière de travailler de concert avec les représentants du Canada sur la scène internationale.

“That’s my plane.”

Thousands of Canadians are behind Bombardier projects. They're revolutionizing transportation around the world. And they're proud of it. Just as Bombardier is proud to work together with Canada's representatives abroad.

BOMBARDIER

How the Cold War Began: The Gouzenko Affair and the Hunt for Soviet Spies

Reviewed by Kurt F. Jensen

Mackenzie King: Friends and Lovers

Reviewed by Dwight Fulford

Confessions of an Innocent Man: Torture and Survival in a Saudi Prison

Review and commentary by Gar Pardy

HOW THE COLD WAR BEGAN: THE GOUZENKO AFFAIR AND THE HUNT FOR SOVIET SPIES, by Amy Knight, Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 2005, 368 pp, \$36.99.

Kurt F. Jensen is a retired Foreign Service Officer who has served in Stockholm, Bonn, Port of Spain and Boston. At the time of his retirement, Kurt Jensen was Deputy Director of Foreign Intelligence.

Through diligent research, assisted by greater access to archival material than was possible until recently, Amy Knight has brought to bear her great expertise on Soviet history to produce one of the finest books on the Gouzenko Affair, which she rightly terms the beginning of the Cold War.

Knight's excellent analysis and detailed re-evaluation and interpretation of all available data has resulted in a well-crafted and masterful piece of research which stands both as an academic treatise and as a good read, revealing a complex mystery and throwing new light on a fascinating page of Cold War and Canadian history.

In writing the story of the Gouzenko Affair, Knight rightly raises several disturbing questions which have been largely glossed over in previous histories of the Gouzenko defection. Were those accused really spies or just persons sympathetic to the Russians? Was there any damage done? Did the Gouzenko defection and resulting revelations polarize Western society? Most importantly, did the abuses of civil and firmly entrenched legal rights by the Canadian government, including the performance of two Supreme Court Justices who seemed to have shelved much of their legal training in pursuit of spies by fair means or foul, ultimately carry a cost for Canadian society?

In the view of this reviewer, the individuals who were convicted were indeed guilty of espionage even if the informa-

tion they provided to the Russians does not, in retrospect, seem overly significant. That is the nature of spying. The information collected forms building blocks in a mosaic of knowledge where the individual pieces are rarely earth-shattering but collectively can divulge significant insights. More problematic is the question of whether most of the accused would have been convicted IF they had been accorded the rights of accused persons which existed in the 1940s, let alone today. The refusal by the Commissioners, both Supreme Court Justices, to grant access to legal representation by the accused, throws a dark shadow on the history of Canadian civil rights.

There is little doubt that those accused of membership in the GRU (Soviet military intelligence) spy ring helped the Soviet Union through acts which did constitute espionage. But as the complex revelations following the 9/11 attacks suggest, it is dangerous for our type of society to start breaking the rules in pursuit of the "bad guys." The ultimate difference between us and non-democratic societies is that we play by the rules. When we stop doing that, we begin a dangerous downward slide. That happened briefly in the late 1940s. It continued in the United States during the 1950s during the McCarthy hearings. Nevertheless, it should be recalled that Canada did not succumb to the extreme anti-communist measures adopted in the United States.

Knight captures much of the fear and the abuses which arose from the Gouzenko defection. Perhaps Mackenzie King was more astute than he has been thought when his first instinct was to bury the Gouzenko defection, and not to permit it to disrupt the cordial relations which had been established during the wartime alliance between Canada and the Soviet Union. The Gouzenko revelations changed the world. However, it must be asked whether it was the act of defecting by Gouzenko which caused these changes or whether he was

merely symptomatic of changes which were bound to occur in any event.

While Knight has produced a highly readable and well researched book, she acknowledges that, "There are other puzzles about the defection story that remain unsolved" (p. 40). The possibility of prior contact between Gouzenko and British or Canadian intelligence officials is also raised and is seen by Knight as explaining why Norman Robertson, Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs and nominal head of foreign intelligence activities carried out by Canada, "knew details about Gouzenko's evidence as early as the morning of September 6" (p. 41), the morning after Gouzenko left the Soviet Embassy for the last time.

One will probably never know with certainty if there is more to the Gouzenko story than has been told by Amy Knight. If there are more secret files, they are likely to remain classified for a long time, if not forever. Certainly, Gouzenko never gave any indications during his life in Canada, when he seemed readily accessible to many journalists, that he was aware of other elements of the story which had not been revealed. As Knight sadly points out, Gouzenko and money always quickly parted company, and any media angle which Gouzenko might have used to sell a story would almost certainly have been used.

By making use of Russian material relating to the Gouzenko story, Knight adds new and revealing dimensions. One of the most interesting of these is the revelation that Stalin did not order Gouzenko's assassination — although Gouzenko was sentenced to death by the Soviet government AFTER Stalin died. For Canadians who lived during the 1950s, Gouzenko will forever be remembered as the man who never appeared in public without a hood to mask his identity for fear of being marked for death by Soviet assassins.

One of the sadder revelations in Knight's book is the cover name under which the

Gouzenkos lived in Canada, masquerading as Czech immigrants. The name given to them was Kryzac. The name is also the Czech word *kryzac*, for rat. The Russian word for rat is *krysa*, and Gouzenko is not likely to have missed the slur. The name may have been the idea of John Leopold, a Czech-born RCMP security service officer whom Gouzenko earlier named as being a Soviet spy.

Knight records superbly Canada's missed opportunity in not making greater use of Gouzenko to further our understanding of the Soviet Union. After the spy trials, the RCMP (who were responsible for him in Canada) seemed not to know what to do with him. He was pushed towards menial and unrewarding employment rather than utilized as a walking data bank on the Soviet Union. He was not the first defector ever and it was a missed Canadian opportunity not to use Gouzenko better, in the way that subsequent defectors to the West are often used.

Knight's book on Gouzenko is strongly recommended as something worth reading because it expands on the public knowledge of an important piece of Canadian history. As important, Knight raises weighty considerations of what it means to be a democracy with entrenched processes for protecting the rights of individuals, even when our base instinct is to declare them guilty. In today's world, where we are confronting a new asymmetrical threat, this is a pivotal matter which should not be forgotten.

MACKENZIE KING: FRIENDS AND LOVERS, by Louise Reynolds, Trafford Publishing, 2005, 248 pp., \$25.95.

Dwight Fulford is a retired Foreign Service Officer (1955–1989). His last two posts abroad were as Ambassador to Argentina (1978–1982) and to Saudi Arabia (1982–1985). He also served in Cuba and Mexico. His posts in Ottawa included Director General of the Economic Bureau, of the Information and Cultural Bureau, and of the Central American and Caribbean Bureau.

Louise Reynolds has written a fascinating account of the personal and private life of Canada's longest-serving Prime Minister. Her earlier book, *Agnes: The Biography of Lady Macdonald*, was well received by the critics. The present volume is dedicated to the memory of her husband. Ralph Reynolds was a career

foreign service officer who had served in a number of European posts, as Ambassador to Ethiopia and as resident Ambassador to Costa Rica with accreditation to adjoining Central American Republics. Louise accompanied her husband on his various postings and yet managed to carve out a career as a researcher and programmer for television during their time in Ottawa.

She covers some of the same ground as C. P. Stacey did in his book *A Very Double Life: the Private World of Mackenzie King* but with more insight, empathy and balance. Stacey's dislike of Mackenzie King made his book more an exercise in muckraking or posthumous revenge than a work of history. King is particularly vulnerable because of his extensive diary, which his literary executors kept intact despite his instructions to destroy it. This has been a huge benefit to Canadian history, but, perhaps, not to his reputation.

Louise Reynolds devotes one chapter to each of the three women with whom he became emotionally involved — Mathilde Grossert, Marjorie Herridge and Joan Pattison — as well as one chapter to Violet Markham, who was simply a long-time friend, one chapter each to Bert Harper and John D. Rockefeller, who were his closest male friends, and a separate chapter to his relations with the Governors-General. She provides enough details that we are able to follow his life story, but the book is about King as a person, not about his role in politics. Mackenzie King's first love was Mathilde Grossert, a German-born nurse, whom he met while a graduate student in Chicago. Members of his family were horrified that he should enter into what they considered to be an unsuitable marriage and without the means to support a wife. His mother, however, would probably have objected to any prospective daughter-in-law stealing away her son. Family pressure broke up the relationship, although in later years, when he learned that she was married, King reestablished contact, met her husband and befriended her children. Mathilde seems to have been a fine and sensitive woman, who would have been an excellent wife for King. He never again came close to marriage despite an occasional search in his younger years for a suitable partner. King had an ability to get on with children and would likely have been an excellent father, though his taste for uplifting little sermons might have caused some irritation.

Once established in Ottawa, King entered into a tumultuous relationship with Marjorie

Herridge, the wife of the Pastor of Saint Andrew's Church. She was 16 years his senior and the mother of four children. An unsatisfactory marriage made her emotionally needy, and Mackenzie King obviously craved female companionship. Whether the relationship involved more than companionship in the summer of 1902 is a matter of conjecture. Regardless, it continued for some years afterwards on a highly emotional, though not physical, plane, to the periodic annoyance of her husband, who seemed more worried by appearances than by his wife's fidelity. It came as a blow to her when King sought her help in 1912 to find a suitable wife. His lack of insight into her reaction suggests that his love for her had already cooled. He wrote later that he felt little upon hearing of her death in 1924 despite the intensity of their ties during his first ten years in Ottawa.

By then he had found the perfect replacement for Marjorie in Joan Patteson, the wife of a bank manager. The Pattesons occupied a flat close to his own in the Roxborough Apartment Building. As in the case of Marjorie, a short period of high passion, which led him to excise almost one week from his diary, was followed by a close but not physical relationship which



Su Casa

MANAGEMENT SERVICES

Offering a complete range
of property management
services tailored to
meet the needs of the
Foreign Service community.

Services include:

- ☼ locating qualified tenants
- ☼ determining rental price
- ☼ negotiating leases
- ☼ referral for buying and selling
- ☼ English, Spanish and French

Marta de Hughes
100 Second Avenue
Ottawa ON K1S 2H5

613-232-3648

613-232-0088 (fax)

marta@magma.ca
(email)

lasted until his death. Mr. Patteson was almost wittol-like in his approach to the intense emotional ties between his wife and Mackenzie King. Perhaps he valued the prestige of being a friend of the Prime Minister. Mackenzie King's mother had died in 1917, so that Joan Patteson substituted in that role as well as giving the support that a wife might have provided to this lonely and overworked bachelor. She helped him to organize Laurier House and even to prepare the hospitality which he offered there, regardless of whether she and her husband were invited. Those who worked with Mackenzie King, like Walter Turnbull, considered her to be an admirable lady.

With Joan Patteson, as had been the case earlier with Marjorie, he would have long intimate conversations, and they would read out loud to each other poetry and passages from worthy books. They would also sing hymns. Joan's presence at Kingsmere during the summer was of great importance to King, as had earlier been the case with Marjorie. The Pattesons gave Mackenzie King an Irish terrier in 1924, to which he became extraordinarily fond, as is often the case with pet owners who

have no children. King thought that the dog had psychic powers and might have been sent by his mother to be a guide and guard for him. When the dog died in 1942, the Pattesons found him another Irish terrier of which he was fond, but to which he apparently did not attribute psychic powers.

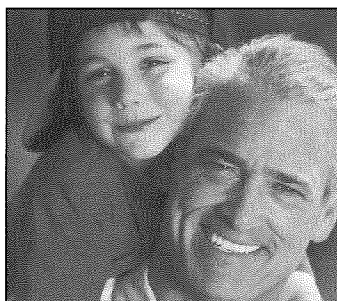
Joan Patteson shared in Mackenzie King's exploration of spiritualism, both in séances and the private use of a rapping table to spell out messages from the departed. Louise Reynolds outlines the facts in a non-judgmental way, and points out that Lady Aberdeen, the wife of a former Governor-General, brought him up to date on psychic matters in England when they met in Geneva in 1936. Stacey's account of King's spiritualism in his book drips with contempt. Stacey forgets how widespread spiritualism was at that time. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, for example, wrote a two-volume history of spiritualism that was published in 1917. It is no more absurd than a belief in astrology. In recent years, according to the *New York Times*, Charles de Gaulle, François Mitterand, Boris Yeltsin and Ronald Reagan have all consulted astrologers. King was a skilled politician who relied fundamentally on his own judgement. The attitude of this

reviewer towards spiritualism, in which I do not personally believe, is coloured by the fact that my grandmother, who was an intelligent, well-read and sophisticated lady, invited Mackenzie King to take part in séances held in our family home in Brockville in the 1930s.

Louise Reynolds describes King's friendship with a wealthy English lady, Violet Markham, which was based on shared interests in labour conditions and other social issues. They had met at Rideau Hall in 1905 when she was staying with Governor-General and Lady Grey. While they only met intermittently thereafter, they carried on an extensive correspondence. When she returned to him in 1949 the letters he had written to her, which she thought would assist him in writing his memoirs, the package weighed some seven pounds. The lack of any sexual element in the relationship was understood by Joan Patteson who was happy to take Violet Markham in hand during her visit to Ottawa in the summer of 1939, when the press of official business left Mackenzie King little time to care for his guest. Joan Patteson exhibited immediate jealousy when she thought anyone was stealing King's affections.

Mackenzie King's closest male friend was Bert Harper, a friend from university whom he brought in to work with him in editing the *Labour Gazette*. They shared an apartment and both were marked by an earnest seriousness that in present lights looks somewhat priggish. Bert Harper drowned in December of 1901 when he attempted to rescue a lady who fell in the water of the Ottawa River while participating in a Governor-General's skating party. Mackenzie King helped organize a collection to install a sculpture of Galahad in commemoration of Harper's heroism. It can still be seen on Wellington Street in front of the Parliament Buildings. Mackenzie King also wrote *The Secret of Heroism: A Memoir of Henry Albert Harper* which perhaps not incidentally also reflected well on the author.

Louise Reynolds reports that, while no one took the place of Harper, King developed a close friendship with John D. Rockefeller. King took a position as head of the Department of Industrial Relations with the Rockefeller Foundation in 1914, which allowed him to continue to live in Ottawa and remain active in Canadian politics. Mackenzie King visited the Rockefeller homes frequently over the years. John D. Rockefeller actually sent his son David to consult with Mackenzie King in 1936 on



Protection. Flexibility. Choice.
All in one package.

SunWise®

SEGREGATED FUNDS

CI Investments™
managed by CI Investments Inc.

SunWise offers the choice of a wide variety of asset classes and investment styles from seven leading fund companies: CI Investments, AIC, AIM TRIMARK, Dynamic, Fidelity Investments, Mackenzie and TD Asset Management.

Sun Life Financial
issued by Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada

To add SunWise to your portfolio, please call:

Lynn Jasechko
Life Underwriter

ScotiaMcLeod Financial Services (Ontario) Inc.
Phone: 416-226-7469
Toll-Free: 1-800-363-0661
E-mail: lynn_jasechko@scotiacleod.com

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, a member of the Sun Life Financial group of companies, is the sole issuer of the individual variable annuity contract providing for investment in SunWise segregated funds. A description of the key features of the applicable individual variable annuity contract is contained in the Information Folder. Subject to any applicable death and maturity guarantees, any part of the premium or other amount that is allocated to a segregated fund is invested at the risk of the contract holder and may increase or decrease in value according to fluctuations in the market value of the assets of the relevant segregated fund.™CI Investments and the CI Investments design are trademarks of CI Investments Inc. ©SunWise is a registered trademark of Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. This communication is paid in part by CI Investments Inc. 07/05

what his son should do after graduation from Harvard. When Mackenzie King was approaching retirement, John D. Rockefeller wrote him that "you have meant everything to me at a time when I needed guidance in many matters and your whole outlook and attitude has helped me tremendously ... at every step (you) had known what course to take, and it was the right one." Rockefeller showed his appreciation by providing financial support, notably a cheque for \$100,000 on King's seventy-fourth birthday and a promise to help finance the administrative support which he would need in preparing his memoirs.

It was, perhaps, a bit of a stretch to include a chapter on Mackenzie King's relations with the various Governors-General in a book entitled *Friends and Lovers* but it throws light on Mackenzie King's character. In the earlier years the Governors-General occupied a central role in the social life of Ottawa. Until 1926, they represented the interests of the British Government as well as representing the Sovereign. Mackenzie King managed to secure invitations to Rideau Hall from the time of his first arrival in Ottawa. Earl Grey reportedly took the initiative in arranging for him to receive the C.M.G. (Commander

of the Order of St. Michael and St. George) from King Edward VII in 1906. Jealous contemporaries sniffed that "Dinners at Rideau Hall ... had paid off."

King had a falling out with the Byngs. Louise Reynolds reminds us that, against the views of Lord Byng, King held on to power after the 1926 election, in which the Conservatives, led by Arthur Meighen, had won more seats, because he could command the support of the Progressives. Six months later, when he lost Progressive support, King recommended dissolution. Dissolution was refused by Lord Byng, who instead called on Meighen to form a government. Byng then granted Meighen's request for dissolution, though King won the consequent election.

Even earlier, King had been estranged from Lady Byng. At a dinner in Rideau, Mackenzie King was seated between Lady Byng and Eva Sandford, lady-in-waiting to Lady Byng. In the course of the dinner King twice pinched Miss Sandford's thigh. After the second pinch, she gave a sharp kick with her high heel to Mackenzie King's leg and she addressed no word to him for the rest of the evening. King's diary would seem to suggest that uncharacteristically during this period he was drinking to

excess. Lady Byng had as little as possible to do with him thereafter. Mackenzie King chafed at the role still played by British Governors-General in Canadian life and had contemplated the appointment of a Canadian. The name of Vincent Massey, who became the first Canadian Governor-General after King's death, had come up as a possible candidate, but King had dismissed Massey as "a place seeker and time server."

Oddities such as King's dabbling in spiritualism, his love for his dog, and his fascination with the place of the hands of clocks at key moments in his life should not be allowed to obscure his considerable talents. He received excellent marks at Harvard and was awarded a travelling fellowship to Europe. He became a Deputy Minister and later Minister of Labour at a young age. When Laurier died, King was considering an offer to be Director of the Carnegie Foundation at an annual salary of \$25,000. He also had an offer from the Rockefellers to spend several months abroad to study postwar problems facing industries. Instead, Mackenzie King chose to seek the leadership of the Liberal Party.

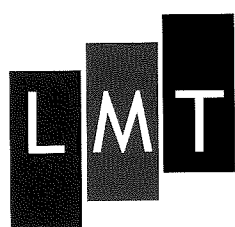
Louise Reynolds' fascinating book brings to life and makes more understandable one of Canada's strangest and most successful Prime Ministers. Perhaps readers of her book may be inspired to consult for themselves the Mackenzie King Diary, which the Library and Archives of Canada has made available on-line.

CONFESSIONS OF AN INNOCENT MAN: TORTURE AND SURVIVAL IN A SAUDI PRISON, by William Sampson, McClelland & Stewart Ltd, 2005, 432 pp, \$22.99.

Gar Pardy is the former Director General of Consular Affairs for the Department of Foreign Affairs. He retired in 2003 shortly after Mr. Sampson's release, for which he had worked assiduously.

This is a story of torture. And it is not torture "lite" as one of the contemporary faddish terms would have it in attempting to provide moral and political justification for such acts. It is not a book for the squeamish or for those who like their torture in the detached language of the reports of human rights organizations.

The publication of the book rounds out a year in which Canadians have been inundated with first and second-hand accounts of torture in the prisons of Syria and Iran.



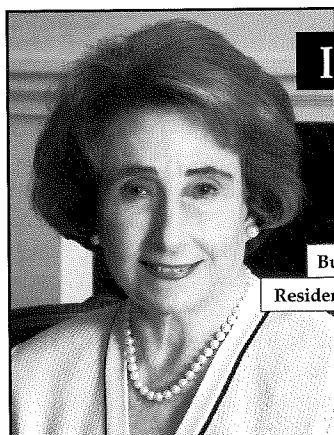
**Lemire + Morin
Tremblay**

S.E.N.C. ■ General Partnership

Compables agréés ■ Chartered Accountants

Jacques Morin, c.a., Associé ■ Partner

765, St. Joseph, Gatineau (Québec) J8Y 4B7 ■ Tél: (819) 775-3306 ■ Fax: (819) 775-3396



Ismene Wood

Sales Representative

Business: 613-236-5959

Residence: 613-745-4562

imwood@sympatico.ca



www.IsmeneWood.com

The accounts concerning Maher Arar, Ahmad Abou-El Maati, Abdullah Almalki and Zahra Kazami preoccupied and troubled Canadians and their government, raising large issues of the relationship of the state to its citizens and the state's protective responsibilities beyond its borders. Never before have Canadians seen, in such abundance, the ugly details that hide behind the word of torture and its close companions of abuse and intimidation. Heretofore, torture was something that happened to others, Canadians were somehow exempt from such inhuman behaviour.

Mr. Sampson's well-written account provides an almost day-by-day account of the 965 days (the book reports 963 days) between December 17, 2000 and August 8, 2003 he spent in a Saudi prison. The book is remarkable in its recall of the detail associated with each blow, and there were many, the techniques of torture and the other numerous degrading (rape) acts. Mr. Sampson displays clinical detachment as he recreates the effect of the brutality on him and the emergence of his unique means of coping with his torturers and his expectation that eventually he would be executed.

Mr. Sampson was like many of the millions who flock to Saudi Arabia for the "easy" money. He had been "unemployed after a failed business venture" and the work in Saudi Arabia "sounded interesting ... was reasonably well paid, with accommodation, car, holiday allowances, and comprehensive medical coverage." Shortly after arriving he was "eating pizza and drinking home-brewed beer" and learning that there was a "ban on alcohol" which he was "breaking as this information was imparted" to him.

He reports that the Saudi authorities "had been turning a blind eye to a lot of the activities of the western expatriate community" and an "active social scene had developed." Mr. Sampson was "amused" to encounter "more alcoholics in Saudi Arabia, among both the local population and the expatriates, than anywhere else" he had lived. It was a "fact of life" and on more than one occasion, he found himself "in an elevator surrounded by a miasma of alcohol." He notes that he became a "regular" at the Coffee Pot bar and was "invited" to the other bars on the circuit.

Expatriates are a unique lot and nowhere more so than those in Saudi Arabia. According to the Saudi government (2004) there were 8.8 million foreign workers in Saudi Arabia, about a third of the population, probably making up more than half

of the workforce. Most are from south and southeast Asia (approximately 3 million are from Bangladesh, India, Pakistan, Indonesia and Sri Lanka) but there are significant numbers from the United States and the United Kingdom. It is estimated there are six or seven thousand Canadians, many working in the health services sector.

Saudi Arabia as the Millennium approached was a troubled place. And as expatriates continued to enjoy the good life, Mr. Sampson notes there were troubling signs that while the presence of expatriates was tolerated "(at least on the surface) by the educated and affluent of Saudi society, it was actively resented in other quarters." The tightly controlled local media said little about the increasing numbers of Saudis who were dissatisfied with their lot and were looking for answers even beyond their own radical school of Islam. Whabbism in its austerity describes both the religion and the land.

By the time Mr. Sampson arrived in Riyadh in mid-1998, Osama bin Laden had been forced out of his refuge in the Sudan and was making common cause with the Taliban in Afghanistan. There is some information that Mr. bin Laden sought to return to Saudi Arabia during this period even though he had been stripped of his Saudi citizenship in 1994. The Saudi leadership, especially those at the top, realized that his distance from Mecca was their best defence against the influence of Osama bin Laden on many of their subjects. Bin Laden's involvement in the bombings of the American embassies in Dar-es-Salaam and Nairobi and other nefarious deeds brought home to the leadership that their fingers could be the first to burn should they play with Osama bin Laden's fire.

Up to this point there were only a few violent manifestations of anti-American or anti-Western feelings in Saudi Arabia. In 1995 (November 13, car bombing) and 1996 (June 25), two American military installations were bombed killing 24 Americans. In the 1996 truck bombing of the Khobar Towers, 19 American military personnel were killed and hundreds were wounded. At the time, the American State Department attributed the bombings to the Saudi wing of Hezbollah, an Iranian-Syrian supported group in southern Lebanon.

The November 17 and 22, 2000 bombings of vehicles carrying British expatriates were small scale and amateurish in comparison to the earlier bombings and those that were to come in 2003 and 2004. The first bomb killed Christopher Rodway

and seriously wounded his wife, Jean. The second injured four Britons, all friends of Mr. Sampson. There is no confirmed information on the type of bombs (Saudi CSI standards have not reached those used on television) but it would appear they were either timed or remotely-controlled devices.

By this time, Mr. Sampson had come to the attention of the Saudi authorities. The first instance was with police raids in April on two bars run by another expatriate, Gary O'Nions. Mr. O'Nions and several others were detained. Sandy Mitchell, a close friend of Mr. Sampson, informed Mr. Sampson of the detentions. Mr. Mitchell "had long acted as an unofficial prison visitor helping expats who fell foul of the law" and on a number of occasions he "had managed to affect [sic] the release of those arrested." Mr. Sampson notes that Mr. Mitchell had called him because he had "recently begun to help him in these matters."

Probably this would have been of little consequence, except later Mr. Sampson, in cooperation with Sandy Mitchell and others, smuggled Mr. O'Nions to Dammam in the Eastern Province of Saudi Arabia, from where he was smuggled across the border to Dubai. Mr. O'Nions was arrested before he was able to leave Dubai and subsequently returned to Saudi Arabia where no doubt his means of leaving Saudi Arabia were soon known to the authorities. In the meantime in early October 2000, Mr. Sampson and several friends were arrested by the Saudi authorities on liquor-related charges. After three days, Mr. Sampson was released following intervention by the Canadian embassy and others.

The November explosions first led to the detention, on December 10, of Raf Schyvens, a Belgian national and close friend of Mr. Sampson and Sandy Mitchell. Mr. Schyvens was in a following vehicle at the time of the November 22 bombing and provided medical attention to the wounded. He was questioned by the Saudi authorities on two occasions prior to his arrest on December 10, at which time he disappeared from view. A week later, on December 17, 2000, Mr. Sampson and Mr. Mitchell were detained and began their 965-days experience of the "theory and practice of hell." Oddly, Mr. Schyvens, following his release on August 7, 2003 and return to Belgium, stated that he had not been tortured by the Saudi authorities.

Mr. Sampson has no doubts as to who was responsible for the explosions.

Throughout his account he offers rebuttal information to disprove the Saudi accusations against him and Mr. Mitchell. It is his view the Saudi authorities themselves planned and carried out the November bombings. This view is augmented by what Mr. Sampson regards as occasional unusual comments and actions by his Saudi tormentors.

Others are not so sure. There have been suggestions these explosions were the work of Saudi extremists intent on making life miserable and uncertain for the expatriate community; others have suggested dissidents from the Eastern Province supported by Iran were responsible, to create problems for the Saudi authorities; still others have suggested that the bombings were carried out by dissident members of Saudi police or security organizations; and another suggests that the bombings were the work of the British security organization MI6 in collaboration with the Israeli security organization MOSSAD. (See <http://cryptome.org/mi6-bombings.htm>). (Interestingly, Mr. Sampson writes that the Saudis during his torture and interrogation had him confess to being a British agent in Saudi Arabia.)

There were bombings similar to those of November after the detention of Mr. Sampson and his friends and in

these instances the Saudi authorities also tried to place the blame on expatriates. In the March 2001 bombing (again either a timed or remote controlled device) near a downtown bookstore, another Canadian was detained along with a Briton and an American. They were in the neighbourhood at the time of the explosion. In these cases, relentless pressure by the Canadian and British governments, which did not differ markedly from the pressure in support of Mr. Sampson and others, saw the men released without being charged after some 60 or so days. These men were tortured in much the same manner as Mr. Sampson. It was through the cooperation of one of them that a detailed account of the torture was assembled and presented to the Saudi Crown Prince in early September 2001 by a special envoy of the Canadian Prime Minister in the hope that it would be of help to Mr. Sampson.

Mr. Sampson is highly critical of the government of Canada and its officials. He was so during his detention and his criticisms have continued since his release. It is understandable that 965 days in intolerable conditions would lead to questions about the government's commitment and the quality of assistance. However, at times, there seemed to be a deeper resentment to Mr. Sampson's

antipathy towards the Canadian government and its officials. Prior to his work in Saudi Arabia, he spent most of the previous 20 years in the United Kingdom, where he also has citizenship as a result of his father's birth there. In prison he tried to renounce his Canadian citizenship but was thwarted by the Saudis who insisted that since he arrived in their country using a Canadian passport he could only leave using one. He maintains that Canadian officials "told me to my face on more than one occasion that I was guilty."

Indicative of Mr. Sampson's state of mind towards Canada are his actions on the day he was to be released. Sandy Mitchell met with Mr. Sampson and told him

"The Embassy says you are to have a shower and get dressed".

"Which embassy?" I asked.

The British Embassy was his reply.

"That is an order I can accept."

Nelson would be proud.

Earlier in the book Mr. Sampson relates his efforts to convey private thoughts to his father using references to P. G. Wodehouse, James Joyce and Rudyard Kipling's poem "If." Mr. Sampson goes on to report that officials in Ottawa had to ask his father for the "import" of Kipling's poem. He writes his father cast "aspersions on their education" and providing "a none too brief sarcastic and pointed synopsis of the works of Rudyard Kipling." Like so much in Mr. Sampson's incomplete understanding of the actions of Canadian officials on his behalf he got this episode wrong as he did on several other matters.

Mr. Sampson goes on to write:

At that time, I would accept such a request [to leave the prison] from British officials, but not from the Canadians, given their behaviour and crass stupidity. If I knew then what I know now of the British government's actions in our case, I would not have acceded to their request either.

After Mr. Sampson's release, a detailed account of the actions of Canadian officials was prepared and released. Jeffrey Simpson, writing in the *Globe and Mail* on December 2, 2003, reported that Mr. Sampson alleged that the Canadian government did not work hard enough for his release, accepted his guilt and was leery of not impairing Canada's relationship with Saudi Arabia. Mr. Simpson goes on to say that these allegations were accepted at face

Pour *vos* besoins financiers

SI VOUS DÉSIREZ

- ♦ améliorer vos rendements
- ♦ diversifier votre portefeuille
- ♦ des stratégies profitables
- ♦ planifier votre retraite



Votre partenaire financier / Your financial partner

JACQUES FILION

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

Tel. : (613) 236-0103 / Fax : (613) 236-5916

e-mail: jacques.filion@fbn.ca

For *your* financial needs

IF YOU WANT

- ♦ better investment returns
- ♦ to diversify your portfolio
- ♦ profitable investment strategies
- ♦ financial planning



- | | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| ✓ RER autogérés | ✓ Abris fiscaux | ✓ Self-directed RSPs | ✓ Tax shelters |
| ✓ Fonds d'investissement | ✓ Actions | ✓ Mutual funds | ✓ Stocks |
| ✓ Obligations | ✓ PNG | ✓ REE | ✓ GICs |
| ✓ Gestion de portefeuille | | | ✓ ESPs |
| | | | ✓ Portfolio management |



value by the Canadian media. However, in Mr. Simpson's view there is another side to the story: He wrote:

A letter drafted in Foreign Affairs and leaked to the Globe and Mail, but intended for Mr. Sampson, outlined an impressive series of attempts by the government to help Mr. Sampson. He refused many of the attempts for reasons he knows best, the most plausible being that he had convinced himself that the Canadian government was working against his release.

...

The record collected by Foreign Affairs shows that Prime Minister Jean Chrétien sent two special envoys to Saudi Arabia to press the Sampson case. In addition, four other senior government officials raised the Sampson cause with the Saudis. The Canadian ambassador in Riyadh repeatedly intervened on the file. Canadian officials met Mr. Sampson 25 times in prison; he refused to see them on 24 other occasions. A Canadian-appointed doctor examined Mr. Sampson once; he refused to see Canadian-appointed doctors

on two other occasions. Three times, the government paid for a Canadian psychiatrist to visit Mr. Sampson. The government offered to find him a Saudi lawyer. Mr. Sampson alleges government officials accepted his guilt. They deny it.

The record compiled by Foreign Affairs undoubtedly puts the government in the best possible light. But even a skeptic must concede that the record amounts to a defensible, bordering on conclusive, case that the Canadian government did a lot to assist Mr. Sampson. He doesn't think the government did enough, and obviously became so convinced while in prison.

Mr. Simpson goes on to write that even Mr. Sampson's assertion that the British were more aggressive in defending the interests of their incarcerated nationals "rings hollow." In his view the record demonstrates that "even if the British were more aggressive, a matter of judgment, they were not more successful in securing the earlier release of their nationals. He concludes that Mr. Sampson had a "horrific experience" but it is not clear from his allegations or from the government's "detailed defence," what "else could reasonably have been done to secure an earlier pardon."

Mr. Sampson, hopefully, will continue to learn and arrive at a more complete understanding of the work done for his release. He may also come to understand that not all of the work that was done by his more ardent supporters aided in that effort.

Throughout his account, Mr. Sampson is critical of various governments (Canadian, British, Belgian and American) in their relations with the government of Saudi Arabia. "It would appear that appeasement of the Al Sauds is one of the highest political priorities in Canada, as well as in Britain and Belgium" and "[T]here was no government any more supportive of the Al Saud regime than the British government" and "[N]o longer would it be just my word against that of the lying bastards of the Saudi Arabian government and their counterparts in the governments of Britain, Canada, and Belgium."

All governments make Faustian compromises as they deal with the complex international environment. These compromises are apparent in balancing the supply-demand equation for petroleum. Saudi Arabia has been one of those compromises for several decades but Mr. Sampson is wrong to suggest that it is absolute or permanent.

A new, unopened Saudi embassy building in Ottawa stands in stark testimony to the impact Mr. Sampson's situation had on Canada's relations with Saudi Arabia.

Nor should it be said that such Faustian compromises are solely the sphere of governments. Mr. Sampson and millions like him who go to Saudi Arabia and sell their expert services are the foot soldiers ensuring the survival of the Saudi regime. Canadians, as much as any, are quite supportive of such compromises. The support of many Canadians for the relationship with the regime of President Fidel Castro, based on a starry-eyed understanding of his social welfare policies (perhaps his medicare system works better than ours) and his tweaking of the Americans nose, would make Faust blush.

Throughout his narrative, Mr. Sampson details his large and small rebellions against his torturers and these give the book its great and lasting value. It is a tale of endurance, survival and personal heroism. His verbal and physical attacks on his captors, his "dirt" and hunger strikes, his lashing out against those who sought to help, and his no concessions to the very end (he refused to be moved into the company of other prisoners) places his book well above what is normally associated with the "Black Hole of Calcutta" genre.

In some ways *Confessions of an Innocent Man* is reminiscent of the experiences of Commander James Stockdale who spent some 2714 days as a prisoner at the Hanoi Hilton during the Vietnam War. Jonathan Mahler, writing in the *New York Times Magazine* on January 1, 2006 (to commemorate Cmdr. Stockdale's passing in 2005), had the following to say:

Stockdale gradually came to see heroism not as a matter of consistent good judgment but as a single act, or series of acts, performed in a particular context. And he came to see heroes not as people who had carried out their duty with distinction but as individuals who had, like himself, done something no reasonable person would ever have felt justified asking them to do.

Stockdale called his actions "the rising of the few" and, ironically, his treatment at the hands of the American political system (he was Ross Perot's running mate in the 1992 presidential election) was more devastating than his seven and a half years in a Vietnamese prison. Those amongst us who believe the money is easy in places like Saudi Arabia should read Mr. Sampson's accounting. ☺

IAN H. WARREN Barrister & Solicitor

•
Personal Service
at a Fair Price
•

•
Real Estate
Wills & Estates
Business Law
•

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

(613) 565-3813

A Gift of Time

In 2002-03, after 24 years and 11 different assignments in the Department, I took a year off. A 12-month sabbatical with time to play, read, travel, and do different things that my work schedule did not usually allow.

by Elaine Butcher Sullivan

Don't get me wrong, I wasn't sick of work. I didn't hate my job, my bosses, or my colleagues. Quite the contrary. I loved working in then-GMR and enjoyed the stimulation of constant change and activity in the region. I wasn't running away from anything.

But I was fatigued by the unrelenting nature of work. Day after day, week after week — that familiar routine. With few exceptions, I have been getting up to go to school or work almost every Monday morning since I was five years old. And the work seemed to be expanding, taking a little more time and energy every year, leaving less personal time. My allotment of annual leave wasn't sufficient any more to alter the nature or tempo of my routine.

I wasn't looking for an epiphany, I wasn't expecting to change my life. I hoped that a year away from work would simply give me time for myself.

So? I had the *best* year! It really was a gift of time.

I read 38 books (about 30 more than I usually manage). I enjoyed the outdoors in every season. I rode my bike, hiked, camped, picnicked, skied during the week on well-groomed, mostly empty hills and regularly skated the canal. I was in the best shape of my life.

I was comfortably busy and never bored. I took on new volunteer activities: mentoring a disabled person, chairing my parish council, joining an affordable housing committee. I even took up the piano. A real challenge for a 40-something adult with no natural musical ability whose only instrument was the recorder in grade 8. But it was fun to make a start.

I have never felt so relaxed. I enjoyed small pleasures like going out for lunch — and not watching the clock; reading all afternoon without guilt or pressure; sleeping in on a rainy day; heading to the slopes for first tracks. Even everyday chores became less burdensome. The gift of time let me spread out all the things I used to cram into evenings and weekends.

Other revelations: the absence of lineups when you do things on weekdays. We went to movie matinees which felt like private showings, never waited for a chairlift at the ski hill and rarely got stuck in traffic. Things are also cheaper during the week, but of course seniors have known that for years.

We had planned a little travel — our month in New Zealand would have been difficult to arrange if I had been at work. Returning from a long holiday and NOT being overwhelmed by e-mails was a much appreciated bonus. The death of my uncle in Calgary — and my parents' coincidental illnesses in Montreal a few months later — were both easier to handle without the distractions of work responsibilities or deadlines.

How I proceeded: Most contracts contain a provision for self-funded leave without pay (LWOP). This allows you to deduct a portion of your salary — usually 20% — over 4 years. This money is placed in a trust which you will draw on in the fifth (LWOP) year. The up side of this arrangement is that the saving is done for you and there is some tax relief because your income is reduced during the deduction period. The formal nature of this process can be a down side — especially if you wish to change your mind about the leave, or want to come back to work early — because of the tax implications and repayments.

In the end, I opted for the informal route and simply saved every third paycheque — more or less — for a couple of years. Informal was also attractive to me because I was still hesitant about approaching my boss with the LWOP request. Since I am non-rotational, the process to replace me would fall upon her, rather than Personnel.

As it turned out, all my managers were very supportive, and we found a terrific replacement. (I had already decided to look for a new assignment on my return, so it probably helped that the opening in GMR would be for more than one year).

The bottom line: There were costs to such an undertaking. I joked that I had 12 months of leave but only 11 months' savings! Seriously, I really was short of cash at the end — hurray for plastic! It's interesting to see how the money disappears, without that bi-weekly cash infusion, especially as the amount I had put by was roughly equivalent to my eventual pension.

In addition, my husband, who works for himself, experienced a serious slowdown in his business that year. This placed more pressure on our finances. He likes to say that during my year off, he had an off year. Suffice to say, you probably can't put aside *too* much money.

There is also a professional cost to absenting yourself from the office and the system. It was not easy to identify a new assignment from home. While looking for openings, it became quickly apparent that "out of sight, out of mind" posed a major challenge when following up on potential opportunities. People tend to stop thinking about you once they no longer see you in the hallways.

And even when a new assignment is confirmed, the return to work can be traumatic. Even though I had never considered not returning to work (too young, too impoverished) it was VERY hard to come back. Not because of the work — I was very fortunate in my supervisors and colleagues in TMM. Rather, the loss of freedom, flexibility and fresh air were very keenly felt. I was in bed before 9 p.m. every night the first week back in the office.

Before and after LWOP: LWOP in excess of three months results in cessation of contributions to such programmes as Superannuation, United Way, the Public Service Health and Dental Care Plans,

etc. Premiums for these latter two programmes must be pre-paid. It totalled about \$1100 for me.

If you wish to count your time off as pensionable service, Superannuation can be repaid over a period of up to twice the length of your leave. The amount owed (your share as well as the employer's) is deducted from your paycheque following your return to work. Your pay advisor will provide good advice on the various requirements and options available to you.

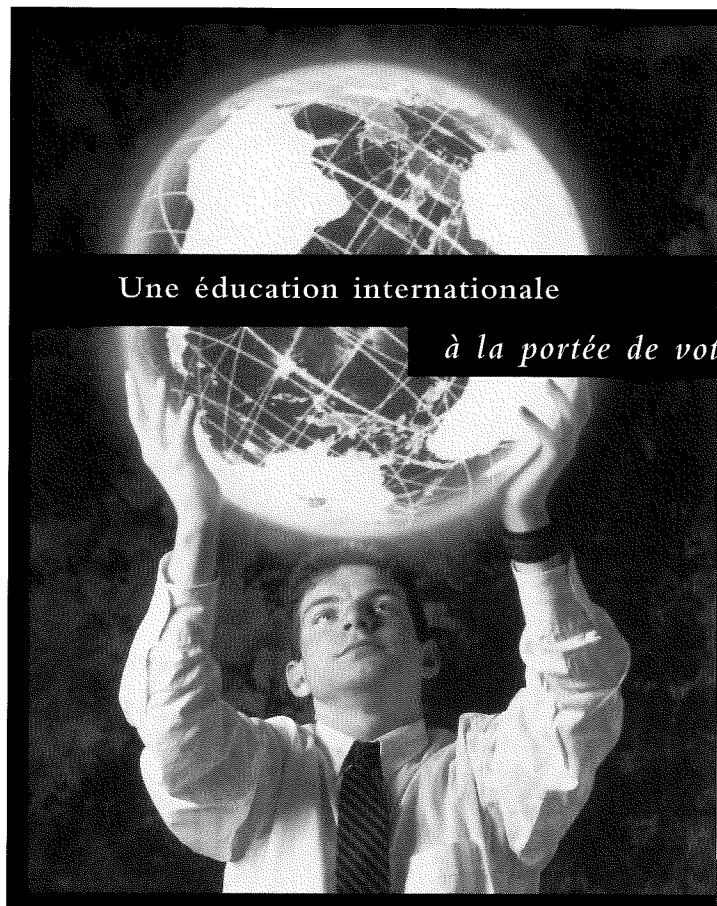
Last words: Alas, my good intentions to maintain the healthy balance gained during my time away fell by the wayside. I still eat at my desk far too often and don't get out for walks very often. I guess even a year was not enough to change the habits of a lifetime.

In addition, as I have kept up most of the new things I tried — piano, volunteer work, etc. — I am now busier than I was before my year off. But I am pleased about these new commitments and mostly manage to incorporate them into my routine.

Was the LWOP worth it? Would I do it again? Would I recommend it to anyone else?

Yes, yes, yes. ☺

Elaine Sullivan Butcher returned from leave without pay in September 2003 and is now in the World Markets Branch, happily engaged with the shoe capitals of Europe (Italy, Spain and Portugal). She only rarely calculates her pension entitlements (at least no more than daily).



Une éducation internationale

à la portée de votre enfant.

Le collège international L'ODYSSÉE est une école privée de langue française offrant un programme d'études international complet dès la Maternelle. L'ODYSSÉE offre une expérience éducative unique. Notre personnel enseignant vise à sensibiliser les élèves à l'internationalisme et à promouvoir une excellence académique tout en favorisant le développement d'une personne active et responsable. Au collège international L'ODYSSÉE, nous savons que l'éducation c'est pour la vie.



L'ODYSSÉE collège international
Campus Ottawa

1151, North River Road, Ottawa (Ontario) Canada K1K 3W5

Tél. : 613-562-4710

Fax : 613-562-4711

Email : Info@lodysee.ca

Site web : www.lodysee.ca

MATERNELLE • PRIMAIRE • SECONDAIRE

Force 136 and the Liberation of Malaya: the Chinese-Canadian Connection



Ready to Board Submarine

**Back (left to right) — Doug Jung, Jim Shiu, Norm Wong, Hank Wong, Louey King
Front (left to right) — John Bong, Ed Chow, Roy Chan, Wing Wong (in front),
Norm Low, Roger Cheng, Tom Lock, Vincent Yeung, Ray Lowe**

In mid-1944, thirteen Chinese-Canadians were spending the summer at a remote camp on the shores of beautiful Okanagan Lake in British Columbia. This, however, was no ordinary summer camp.

by Leslie James

The thirteen were learning skills to equip them for one of the most dangerous aspects of warfare — special operations behind enemy lines in Japanese-occupied Southeast Asia. The skills included wireless operation, small arms, demolition, unarmed combat, silent killing, sabotage and boat work. The Chinese-Canadians had been recruited for the legendary Force 136 by "Mike" Kendall, a Canadian major in the British army. Before the war Kendall had worked in south China where he himself had been recruited by British intelligence before escaping from Hong Kong as the colony fell to the Japanese on Christmas Day, 1941.

In early August 1945, five of the thirteen Chinese-Canadians, led by McGill University engineering graduate Roger Cheng, landed from an RAAF Catalina flying boat on a stretch of the Rejang River some 50 kilometres from Sibul, Sarawak. Their job was to help gather intelligence in preparation for landings by Allied forces.

Roger Cheng and his party were not the only Canadians to serve in Force 136. And they were not the only Chinese-Canadians to do so. As many as 143 Chinese-Canadians were trained in special camps in India and Australia in response to a request to Canada from Britain's Special Operations Executive (SOE), the clandestine intelligence organization known in Asia as Force 136.

The first contact between Force 136 and the communist-led guerrillas of the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army (MPAJA) was in May 1943, when former Malayan police officer John Davis returned to Malaya by submarine. Davis negotiated an agreement with Chin Peng, a young man later to become secretary general of the Malayan Communist Party (MCP) and leader of the 1948–60 communist insurrection. The agreement signed with Davis in December 1943 placed the MPAJA under the operational orders of Mountbatten's Southeast Asia Command in return for training, weapons, explosives and supplies. Britain wanted the MPAJA to be ready to strike the enemy from behind when British troops landed to liberate Malaya. The mission of Force 136 was to train and supply the MPAJA.

Communications difficulties delayed news of the agreement reaching Mountbatten's headquarters until February 1945 and it was not until the middle of the year that significant numbers of Force 136 agents arrived in Malaya to prepare for Operation Zipper, the amphibious invasion planned for September. Among those dropped into Malaya were three French Canadians, who had worked with the French resistance behind enemy lines in France, and ten Chinese-Canadian sergeants. Their task was to train the MPAJA in sabotage, ambush tactics and intelligence collection.

Nineteen-year-old Henry Fung of Vancouver parachuted into the area north of Kuala Lumpur in June, accompanying his Force 136 unit to a camp near Kajang from where they helped blow up a railway bridge. Two other Chinese-Canadians from Vancouver operated with Force 136 in Selangor. Ted Wong and Bing Lee helped attack truck convoys and trains after parachuting into the area in July. Bob Lew from Nipissing in northern Ontario and George Chin were also members of Force 136 units operating with the MPAJA in Selangor in July. An all-Canadian Force 136 unit operated in northern Johore in early August. It was led by Joseph Benoit, a veteran of SOE operations in France and Burma, and included the group's interpreter, Chinese-Canadian Ernie Louie. Meanwhile, two more Chinese-Canadians, Charley Chung and Harry Ho, parachuted with French Canadian Pierre Chassé in mid-July near Alor Star in Kedah from where they trekked north to Perlis, ambushing Japanese convoys and sabotaging bridges along the way.

Plans for the Force 136 teams unexpectedly changed, however, with Japan's surrender after the atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Isolated Force 136 units suddenly found themselves the sole representatives of victorious Allied forces that were still weeks away from landing in Malaya and re-establishing Britain's pre-war authority. Attached to MPAJA units that were eager to assert their strength in the power vacuum, Force 136 officers were required to take the surrender of Japanese forces and prevent the MPAJA from exacting revenge not only on the Japanese but on those in

the local population they considered "running dogs" (traitors or collaborators).

Chassé negotiated the surrender of Japanese troops in the Perlis capital Kangar and stayed on to arrange the return from exile of the Raja of Perlis and his restoration to the throne of his state. In Selangor, Henry Fung's unit, led by a British pre-war planter, took control of Kajang from the Japanese while Bing Lee accompanied his British commander to Kuala Lumpur where, from a villa near the racetrack (now the site of the KLCC Twin Towers), they maintained an uneasy truce with the Japanese and the MPAJA until the arrival of British forces in mid-September.

Chinese-Canadians were sought and recruited as SOE agents in Malaya, Sarawak and elsewhere in Southeast Asia because of their ability to speak a local language and to move inconspicuously among the local population. Those who undertook these dangerous assignments did so with "uncommon courage" (to quote the title of a 1985 Canadian Veterans Affairs Department publication) and made a special contribution to the Allied war effort; of the

five who landed in Sarawak, four were awarded the Military Medal for bravery. Perhaps more important, however, was the fact that they volunteered for the dangers of clandestine warfare at a time when Chinese-Canadians were still denied full citizenship rights. It was not until after the war that Canada's federal and provincial governments dismantled the country's discriminatory legislation, beginning with the British Columbia government's decision in 1945 to give voting rights to all those, including Chinese and Japanese, who had served in Canada's armed forces. Thus, the part played by Chinese-Canadians in liberating Malaya and other occupied countries helped win their compatriots full citizenship in Canada. ☺

Editor's note: Reproduced with permission of The Expat magazine, Kuala Lumpur, Volume 88, January, 2005.

After 38 years in the Foreign Service, Leslie A.K. James retired in 2004 and resides in Penang, Malaysia.

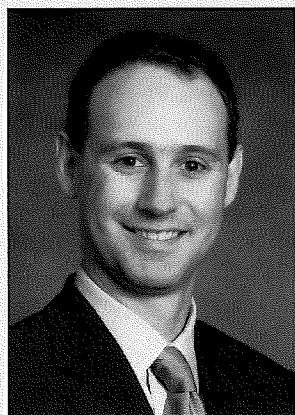
Elizabeth Antiques Appraisal Service

FINE ARTS & ANTIQUES
SINCE 1969

Ken Mayhew

68 Pine Glen Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario
K2G 0G8

(613) 226-5915



Luc Perron
Portfolio Manager



**RBC
Investments**

Dominion Securities

Following the right protocol for your investment situation

Possessing both a firsthand knowledge of the unique time consuming demands placed on members of the diplomatic corps and years of investment experience, Luc Perron has built a successful business that specializes in building and executing personalized investment solutions for affluent and influential clients.

An accredited Portfolio Manager, Luc actively manages and guides his clients' accounts on a daily basis to provide them with the time and freedom they need to concentrate on those activities important to them.

Call Luc today to arrange a complimentary review of your portfolio and to discuss your personal investment journey.

Luc Perron, Portfolio Manager
RBC Dominion Securities Inc.
(613) 749-9219 • 1 800 267-7680
www.rbcinvestments.com/luc.perron

RBC Dominion Securities Inc. is a member company under RBC Investments. RBC Dominion Securities Inc. and Royal Bank of Canada are separate corporate entities which are affiliated. Investment Advisors are employees of RBC Dominion Securities Inc. Member CIPE.™ Trademark of Royal Bank of Canada. RBC Investments is a registered trademark of Royal Bank of Canada. ©Copyright 2004. All rights reserved.



Glyn Berry
1948-2006

We all know that the profession of diplomacy can be a very dangerous occupation, but our worst fears were realized in January. Glyn Berry, a career foreign service officer, was killed in Kandahar, Afghanistan on January 14, 2006 by a suicide bomb attack on the convoy in which he was travelling. Glyn had been serving as the Political Director of the Kandahar Provincial Reconstruction Team since August 2005.

Glyn was a foreign service officer of the highest calibre, dedicated to his work, to his profession and his family. Born in 1948 in Wales, Glyn joined the then Department of External Affairs in 1977. He served abroad in Oslo, Washington, Havana, London, Islamabad and New York (Permanent Mission to the UN). Glyn held a B.A. in Political Science from the University of Swansea in Wales, an M.A. in Political Science from McMaster University, and a Ph.D. in Political Science from Dalhousie University.

Glyn was a family man, proud of and devoted to those sharing his life with him. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his wife Valerie and two sons, Gareth and Rhys and to his many friends and colleagues around the world. We will sincerely miss Glyn and the remarkable contribution he has made to our profession and to Canada.

bout de papier has gathered the following excerpts from some of the many poignant eulogies that are a reflection of the high esteem in which Glyn was held. We thank those who delivered them and for allowing us to share their expressions of Glyn's life.

Robert Burley/Harold Hickman

MICHAEL SEMPLE

(KABUL, UN Regional Coordinator
in Afghanistan)

We should remember our friend for his enthusiasm, his dry humour, and that hint of childishness, innocence, his delight in helping to cast those colourful Afghan characters who so quickly, unexpectedly would come together to sweep aside the failed Islamic Emirate. Afghanistan's tribal leaders, intellectuals, commanders, bemused bureaucrats; Glyn plunged into his post September 11 role of ensuring that all would be heard, a cacophony of Afghan voices speaking of their newly awakened vision for a country beyond the Taliban ... in the noblest traditions of humane diplomacy, Glyn plotted with them, seeking ways that the transformation should be led by community, shura and tribe, rather than just by armies and bombs.

Our friend had helped to hatch the plot. How natural, that he should return, volunteering for Kandahar, his enthusiasm undimmed. The task was to realize the hopes that he had helped to crystallize in the first Fall. Those of us who accompanied Glyn in Kandahar and Kabul found him still full of wonder and humour, unpretentious as ever.

But I think that in his work he was happier. Because now he was at the forefront, practically striving for peace, holding us all to the promises we had made. We should remember him joking, laughing, listening, querying, straining to do right. I am sure that if he had met the suicide bomber whose fate was bound to him, Glyn would have greeted him, quizzed him, tried to find out where that misguided man had gone wrong. It seems uncanny that our friend is not here, striving to make sense of it all.

PETER HARDER

(LONDON, Sous-ministre des Affaires étrangères,
Affaires étrangères Canada)

Le service extérieur constitue aussi une grande famille. Nous pleurons non seulement un collègue et un ami, mais également un membre de notre famille. En tant qu'agents du service extérieur, nous travaillons et nous vivons ensemble. Nos enfants grandissent ensemble, tandis que nous vieillissons ensemble. Aujourd'hui, le service extérieur est déployé dans des endroits de plus en plus dangereux, et la mort de Glyn vient nous rappeler que les obligations familiales exigent de nous que nous fassions tout ce qui est en notre pouvoir pour veiller sur notre sécurité à tous.

Glyn had a distinguished career, but it did not follow the normal trajectory; for most of us, the time of greatest adventure comes at the beginning of our professional lives.

Not so with Glyn. Although he enjoyed all his assignments, it was really in his later postings that Glyn came into his own, when he discovered a subject equal to his great passion. We have a whole new lexicon to describe what we mean: fragile states; failing states; war-shattered societies trying to rebuild themselves.

Glyn saw the people behind the labels, the faces behind the slogans.

Glyn was instrumental in spreading the idea that, in today's world, the principal challenge is not peacekeeping, it is peace-building, the painstaking task of helping war-torn countries rebuild their economies and strengthen vital state institutions

such as the courts and police forces. It is complex and difficult work, and we cannot succeed unless we have people on the ground who can deliver the goods.

Ces personnes — diplomates, soldats et travailleurs de l'aide — se trouvent sur la nouvelle ligne de front dans la lutte engagée pour aider les plus vulnérables et les plus déshérités de la planète. Elles travaillent dans des conditions extrêmes, souvent très dangereuses, et il leur faut d'immenses réserves de compassion, de volonté et de courage.

Glyn Berry incarnait ces qualités. Les dernières années de sa vie ont été marquées par la compassion dont il faisait preuve envers les gens qu'il rencontrait au Pakistan et en Afghanistan. Il s'était porté volontaire pour l'équipe de reconstruction provinciale du Canada à Kandahar parce qu'il était profondément convaincu que le peuple afghan méritait une vie meilleure.

Comprendre, c'est ce qui éclaire le mieux, dit en substance un vieux proverbe gallois. Glyn savait que chacun de nous a une contribution à apporter, et sa vie éclairera désormais le service extérieur canadien et, en particulier, ses jeunes collègues. Il nous a montré que le service extérieur n'est pas seulement un emploi et que nos efforts individuels conjugués peuvent donner quelque chose de valable, de noble, quelque chose qui change des vies en mieux et qui apporte honneur et distinction au pays que nous avons le privilège de servir.

PETER MACKAY

(OTTAWA, Minister of Foreign Affairs)

I am long familiar with the great service to Canada which our diplomats have exhibited over the years. Glyn Berry's untimely death reminds us of a harsh truth: life in the Foreign Service is growing more difficult. In addition to the many problems that a nomadic life can impose on individuals and their families, there are also increased risks from conflict and disease. We can try to mitigate some of these risks, but we cannot remove every danger.

Through the support of a number of Glyn's colleagues, the Department of Foreign Affairs will soon be placing a commemorative plaque and a book of remembrance in the foyer of the Pearson Building. This will give all of his colleagues, whether in active service or retired, an opportunity to honour Glyn's memory and the memory of all of those who have died under tragic circumstances while serving Canada abroad.

We are fortunate. The Canadian Foreign Service today still attracts people like Glyn, people who believe that, in serving Canada abroad, they also serve the highest aspirations of all of us for a world at peace, where every human being is able to live a life of freedom and dignity.

DAVID SPROULE

(KABUL, Canada's Ambassador to Afghanistan)

Glyn loved his family dearly. For some reason, he always talked about them when we rode together in one of the convoy vehicles on our way to a meeting or other function in Kandahar. It was as if at those times when he was most vulnerable, he focussed on the important things — his beloved wife and his two fine sons that he was so proud of. As Gareth said yesterday, he was first and foremost a family man.

I knew Glyn as a very capable and committed foreign service officer. He clearly loved his job and was utterly dedicated. He threw himself into his work, thereby setting an example for all those around him. Blessed with a keen analytical mind, he was a thorough researcher and gifted observer — always trying to understand the issue completely and thereby provide Ottawa with the best possible policy advice. Glyn had a special love for Afghanistan and its people and was determined to do what he could to make their lives better. He demonstrated his commitment every day, even at the cost of everyday comforts and at the risk to his own security and well-being. Glyn was determined to make a difference for Afghans — and he did.

By Glyn's sacrifice, he has brought home to Canadians the commitment we in the foreign service maintain and the risks we face in the service of our country. I believe there has been a new recognition of this among Canadians as evidenced by the outpouring of sympathy and grief we have seen since Glyn's death.

JIM WRIGHT

(OTTAWA, Sous-ministre adjoint,
Affaires étrangères Canada)

Glyn et moi sommes entrés au Service extérieur à peu près en même temps, lui en 1977, moi en 1976. Je me souviens que Glyn se distinguait des autres recrues. D'abord, il était plus âgé, marié et avait déjà deux enfants. Et puis il avait ce curieux accent gallois. Et contrairement à tous les autres, qui étaient nés au Canada, Glyn avait choisi, encore jeune homme, de prendre maison ici.

Au moment d'entrer à Pearson, plusieurs d'entre nous venions à peine de terminer nos études de premier cycle universitaire. Ce n'était pas le cas de Glyn. Il était déjà bardé de diplômes, dont un impressionnant doctorat de l'Université Dalhousie. Et il avait aussi à son actif une collection fort variée de publications et de prix.

Je pourrais raconter de nombreuses anecdotes pour illustrer le côté original de Glyn. Son bureau en désordre. Des papiers et des tasses de café vides partout. Et les éternels souliers de jogging dans un coin. Et puis il y avait la bière et la camaraderie au Salon du Canada, dans les locaux du Haut-Commissariat, où Glyn débattait avec les gens du pays des mérites de l'équipe de rugby galloise.

Glyn attended an important international conference in Prague and had to deliver a keynote speech for Canada. Always the mentor, Glyn took the young FS officer travelling with him to a local pub to work on it. Typically, he found a back alley local Czech drinking hole, and only after numerous pints of fine Pilsner, did he start to scratch out the speech on the back of a beer coaster. And the writing was constantly interrupted with stories of his family and his travels around the world. The next morning, on cue, Glyn pulled out his beer soaked statement and delivered a tour de force. Typical. And a lesson for the junior officer that she never forgot.

I had a chance to go back over some of Glyn's dispatches from Pakistan. He was prolific. But you had to make time to read his reporting. If he could say something in 50 or 100 words, he would say it in 10,000. Or more. In small print. Single spaced. And no summary. But it was always worth the read. Six years later, his reporting stands the test of time. Glyn probably was one of the best connected diplomats in Pakistan. Whether talking about Kashmir or the political fortunes of President Musharraf, he had his finger on the pulse of that nation.

He wrote in a classic style. He did not just report, he spoke to you in his dispatches. Those of us from the old school have always been told about the importance of detail, context, the odd fact and a bit of humour to help readers make sense of far away places and obscure issues. Glyn did just that. Visiting Kabul from Pakistan in 2000, he described in great detail the shocking state of the Taliban government, including the state of the meeting rooms, the lunch and even the temperature outside. It was minus 10 degrees centigrade.

À travers tout cela, Glyn était aussi dévoué à sa famille, qui a toujours, toujours, été au centre de sa vie et de sa carrière. Il arrivait souvent que Valerie et les enfants viennent le voir à son bureau, et chaque fois il les accueillait resplendissant d'une immense fierté.

On dit que la vie est un voyage. Mesurée à cette aune, la sienne aura été une odyssée, non seulement géographique, mais aussi intellectuelle. Son inclination pour les nouveaux lieux et les nouvelles idées a nourri son imagination et façonné ses trente-trois années de carrière dans le Service extérieur. Ce fut aussi un voyage moral. Les causes qu'il défendait étaient justes. Les gens qu'il a aidés étaient ceux qui en avaient le plus besoin. Il a marqué de nombreuses vies, et je parle certainement au nom de tous ceux qui sont ici aujourd'hui en disant qu'il nous a enrichis de son amitié, qu'il nous a fait rire et qu'il mérite notre éternelle admiration. Il nous manque énormément.

RICHARD ARBEITER

(OTTAWA, Senior Policy Advisor — Afghanistan)

I knew Glyn a relatively short time. No more than two or three years. Glyn visited Ottawa for a series of preparatory briefings prior to his departure for Kandahar. ... he insisted that we chat, separately, one on one. He even suggested we do so over beers or dinner. He wanted to talk shop about Afghanistan. ... he listened attentively to everything I had to say. However dry and bureaucratic, he soaked it all up. Glyn was not waiting for his turn to speak. He was listening actively, and on many occasions, pressed me for answers that I did not have. He simply wanted to provoke deeper thinking, to stimulate an intellectual discourse.

On a daily basis, Glyn pushed for me, and for us all, to delve deeper. To think through what we were doing in a more profound way. While Glyn was no doubt an intellectual, he wasn't boorishly high brow. He was gregarious but grounded and genuine at the same time. He was humble, he was human. Glyn sought to disentangle Kandahar's complexities for us, to ensure that we truly understood the enormity of the challenge and the gravity of the risk. So that we too would approach Afghanistan with humility.

... our discussions were always a dialogue; there was never a diatribe from Glyn. He made me feel as though he valued what I had to say, no matter my age, or my inexperience, or the low rung I occupy on the chain of command. Put simply he treated me with respect.

I am grateful for the many lessons I learned from Glyn. I learned that policy has to be practical to be meaningful. That something you say has to translate into something you do. I learned that while the devil is in the details, God is there too. We just need to learn how to look. But most of all, I learned that resolve is more important than resolutions. And so I am resolved to try to honour Glyn's humility and his humanity — to pursue knowledge as empowerment; to realize that individuals matter; to presume that answers exist; and to listen, very carefully, for them. ☺

Check Cochez Here... ici...

For Improved Coverage and Better Rates.

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

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

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

pour une meilleure couverture et de meilleurs taux.

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

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

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

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

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

☐ Term Life/Assurance-vie

☐ Auto and Home Insurance/Assurance automobile et propriété

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

Name/Nom:

Address/Adresse:

Code/Code postal:

Party Lines from Moscow

"I was sent there as an insult — not just to deliver an insult, a mission for a more senior diplomat, but to be one," John Holmes later recalled of his posting to Moscow as Chargé d'Affaires in 1947. In the wake of the revelations by Igor Gouzenko about Soviet espionage networks operating abroad, relations between the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and Canada had chilled considerably. The Soviet Ambassador to Canada was recalled and not replaced. In response, the Canadian Ambassador to the USSR, Dana Wilgress, was reassigned. Holmes, most recently Second Secretary in the Canadian High Commission in London, replaced Wilgress. The appointment corresponded with a particularly difficult time in East-West relations. The meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Moscow in December 1947 broke up inconclusively amidst mutual hostility. While Holmes was in Russia, the Communist coup took place in Czechoslovakia and the blockade of West Berlin began. The official dispatches and reports of Holmes and his colleagues in the Canadian Embassy provide a fascinating account of life behind the Iron Curtain and a tentative analysis of Soviet intentions and actions.

In fact, Holmes soon distinguished himself as an acute observer and thoughtful analyst of the USSR's policies as well as a witty commentator on the regime's somewhat awkward relationship with

Russian history. In the peculiar environment of Moscow, with intermittent and often carefully orchestrated contacts between western diplomats and Soviet leaders, social encounters and anniversary celebrations were subject to close scrutiny for clues as to the relative standing of members of the government as well as signs of the USSR's attitudes to other countries. The first dispatch reproduced below provides an example of this genre of report, albeit one coloured by the ironic sense of humour of its author. In the second dispatch, Holmes takes advantage of a routine request from headquarters to convey some sense of the peculiar challenges of meeting the social obligations of diplomacy when Canada was deliberately under-represented in the capital of the principal adversary in the Cold War.

*Although these dispatches may be found on departmental files in the Library and Archives of Canada, the copies from which transcriptions were made came from the John Holmes Papers at the Archives of Trinity College, University of Toronto. **bout de papier** expresses its thanks to the Archivist, Henri Pilon, for his help in locating these documents. Where possible, individuals have been identified in square brackets and occasional spelling mistakes have been silently corrected.*

Hector Mackenzie

CONFIDENTIAL

Moscow, February 24th, 1948

L.B. Pearson, Esq.,

Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs,
Ottawa, Canada

Dear Mr. Pearson:

1. Yesterday the 30th anniversary of the formation of the Soviet Army was celebrated in Moscow and elsewhere in the Soviet Union. Some of the decorations used last November for the 30th anniversary of the Revolution were brought out and displayed; the press produced tributes to the glorious Red Army; and yesterday evening a gala celebration was held in the Bolshoi Theatre. To this celebration members of the Diplomatic Corps received invitations — in accordance with

Moscow custom only a few hours before the performance was to begin. In spite of this extremely disagreeable habit of the Soviet authorities, there was almost a full attendance of diplomats and correspondents. The United Kingdom Ambassador [Sir Maurice Drummond Peterson] was not present, but the United States Ambassador [General Walter Bedell Smith] turned up for at least a few minutes. The United Kingdom and the United States Service Attachés were invited and attended. The French Ambassador [Yves Chataigneau] stayed throughout the performance — i.e., from seven to twelve o'clock. I mention these attendance statistics, because it was a severe test of the patience and temper of any citizen of the United States, France, or the British Commonwealth to remain throughout an evening during which the provocation was, perhaps, greater than it has been hitherto.

2. For me the principal attraction of the evening was my first view of Generalissimo [Iosif Vissaronovich] Stalin [Marshal and Generalissimo, Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the USSR]. During the first part of the performance Stalin sat on the platform unostentatiously in the second row behind the senior members of the Politburo. For the rest of the performance he occupied a set in a box not far from the "diplomatic gallery". The Generalissimo appeared to be in good health. He was certainly not using a cane, and his face was remarkably placid for a man suffering from cancer. He was able, in fact, to make a few impromptu remarks to the cheering crowd — a performance which, I understand, is not usual. The Red Army and the Navy were, of course, well represented at this performance, but the principal places

were occupied by civilians. In the seats on the platform the military representatives, [Marshal of the USSR Aleksander] Vasilevski, [Marshal of the USSR Ivan Stepanovich] Konev and [Air Chief Marshal Konstantin Andreevich] Vershinin were well to one side, although [Marshal of the USSR Nikolay Alexandrovich] Bulganin as Minister of the Armed Forces [and Deputy Chairman of the Council of Ministers] and [Kliment Yefremovich] Voroshilov as Deputy Chairman of the Council of Ministers were more prominently placed. The principal speaker was Marshal Bulganin, who is himself not a professional soldier of many years standing, but a Party member who was put into uniform and rapidly promoted during the War.

3. Bulganin in his speech reviewed the history of the Red Army and its present tasks in the terms to be found also in all articles on the Anniversary. Although it is not surprising that Bulganin and the Soviet editors should attribute victory over Germany almost entirely to the Red Army, nevertheless they seem to have gone further than ever before in disparaging the contribution of the allies. As Pravda puts it to-day: "The Anglo-Americans finally opened a second front when Nazi Germany was already virtually in her agonies, and the Soviet Army, having drawn the German Fascist invaders out of the confines of its country, had a chance with its own forces, without the help of the Allies, to occupy all of Germany and liberate all the peoples of Europe". There is no tendency, either, to underestimate the rôle of the Soviet Army in defeating Japan. In reference to the struggle against imperialism, little distinction is now made between the armed struggle against Germany and Japan and the "cold" struggle against the United States, Britain and France. Bulganin specifically referred to the important rôle of the Red Army in the struggle against "German, British, American and French imperialism".

4. After the speeches in the Bolshoi Theatre, the audience was given first view of a new Soviet documentary film entitled, "On Guard for Peace". This film reviews the rôle of the Red Army during the Revolution and the Great Patriotic War. It is an interesting and exciting film, most of which is taken from actual newsreel photographs with generous excerpts from the great Soviet historical films like "Chapayev" [made by Sergei and Georgi Vasiliev in 1934]. One would have wished for more photographs of the Civil War and the early days of the USSR but one could only admire the skill with which the producers had collected enough shots of historical scenes featuring acceptable persons like [Vladimir Ilich (Ulyanov)] Lenin [Premier and Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, 1917-24], Stalin, Voroshilov and [Vyacheslav Mikhailovich] Molotov [Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union], but omitting faded stars like [Leon Davidovich (Lev Davidovich Bronstein)] Trotsky [Commissar for Foreign Affairs, 1917-1918; People's Commissar of Army and Fleet Affairs and Chairman of the Revolutionary Military Council, 1918-25] or [Nikolai Ivanovich] Bukharin [Member of the Politburo, 1924-29; President of the Communist International (Comintern), 1926-29]. There was one serious slip, however. One sequence showed [Valery Pavlovich] Chkalov [renowned Soviet test pilot], after his historic flight from Moscow to the United States, being greeted by an unidentified, but obviously friendly, figure whom some at least of the audience recognised to be General [George C.] Marshall [Secretary of State for the United States when Holmes wrote this report]. In watching the film one was constantly torn between admiration of the endurance and heroism of the Soviet people and their Army, and anger at the mean distortion of history. One could perhaps not protest at the emphasis on pictures of [Neville] Chamberlain [Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, 1937-40] and [Édouard] Daladier

[Prime Minister of France, 1933, 1934 and 1938-40] signing the Munich Agreement [of October 1938 which ceded the Czechoslovakian territory of the Sudetenland to Germany]. The producers, however, went so far as to show an old mother weeping over a dead child in Baku during the time of the "Intervention", while the announcer said, "[Winston S.] Churchill [Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, 1940-45 and 1951-55] and Chamberlain were responsible for this". The notable gaps in the historic record included not only, as one might expect, the whole story of the Molotov-[Joachim von] Ribbentrop [Foreign Minister of Germany, 1938-45] pact, but also the first Finnish war [the "Winter War" of 1939-40]. In general, the argument of the film was as follows. In the first place the Revolution could never have been successful against reactionaries at home or the intervention of foreign imperialists without the Army formed by the people. Unfortunately, because of the continued machinations of the imperialists it had been necessary to maintain this Army after the Civil War. The Army had then almost single-handed won a victory over German and Japanese imperialism, and had thus saved not only the Soviet Union but the whole world. Now the Red Army was an instrument of peace. The Soviet Union did not want war, but the Army must be kept up to date and given the best of everything so that imperialist aggressors could not attack the Soviet Union. In the concluding sequences of the film (to the rapturous strains of [Sergei] Rachmaninof's Second Piano Concerto, so popular of late with Hollywood and English film producers), the lovable soldiers of the Red Army were shown being embraced by the grateful citizens of Europe and by their mothers and sisters back home. The emphasis throughout, for whatever purpose, was on the peaceful intentions of the Soviet fighting man.

5. In conclusion, I might draw attention to one other notable feature of comments on this Anniversary occasion — the constant reference to the role played by

the Communist Party in the successes of the Red Army. In his special Order of the Day, Marshal Bulganin said: "The source of the power of the Soviet Armed Forces is the wise leadership of the Bolshevik Party, the inspirer and organiser of all our victories. The correct economic and military policy of the Party in pre-war years prepared all the necessary conditions for the successful conduct of a strained and protracted war. During the years of the War the Party organised and unified the forces of the people, the Army and the Navy, and directed them to the achievement of victory." In the film which was shown there were as many shots as could possibly be included of Party organisers giving pep talks to the troops and Party leaders inspiring resistance to the enemy in the dark days of 1941. In his speech at the Bolshoi Theatre Marshal Bulganin constantly emphasised that victory was due not just to the perfection of military science, but to socialism. "The victories of the Soviet Armed Forces", he said, "are the victories of the Soviet régime over the capitalist régime, of the superiority of the Soviet military organisation over the military organisations of the capitalist countries. The Soviet armed forces were victorious because they were fighting for a truly popular power, because the policy of the Party and the Soviet Government, in whose name the Soviet troops fought, correspond to the interests of the people. Another source of the military achievements of Soviet soldiers and sailors lay in their unlimited devotion to the Soviet Motherland and in their burning hatred of the enemy."

6. As I mentioned above, the Army had its place in the Bolshoi performance, but it was not the front place. Nevertheless, the civilians in their not very well tailored suits could certainly not compete with the brilliance of the Marshals and Generals in the audience. Goering in all his glory was not arrayed like some of these. A few pertinent questions did formulate in one's mind,

gazing upon these chests bedecked as if for a [Johann] Strauss operetta, while the speakers insisted that the Red Army had never swerved in its devotion to the principles of Lenin. The Marshals and Generals I observed to be lukewarm in their applause for the speakers who hurled Party slogans at them. Many of them did not trouble to clap at all. Rather than attribute this phenomenon to dissatisfaction, however, I should be inclined to think that the fighting men were probably just bored by having to listen to speeches.

7. In conclusion, I might add that the reversion to emphasis on Russian patriotism, encouraged during the War but discouraged after it, which I have mentioned in previous communications, was notable during the Anniversary celebrations. A further exhibit is a series of posters which have just been issued. One of these, under a heading "Our Great Ancestors", displays pictures of [Saint] Alexander Nevsky [Grand Prince of Novgorod and Vladimir in 13th century], [Saint] Dmitri [Ivanovich] Donskoy [Grand Duke of Muscovy and Vladimir in 14th century], Kuzma [Minich] Minin [Russian patriot and military leader in early 17th century], Dmitri [Mikhaylovich] Pozharsky [Rurikid prince and military leader in early 17th century], "Generalissimo" [Alexander Vasilyevich] Suvorov [Count Suvorov of Rymnik, 18th century Russian general, and Field Marshal [Prince Mikhail Illarionovich Golenischev-] Kutuzov [late 18th and early 19th century commander credited with saving Russia from Napoleon] with patriotic quotations from each. These are the military heroes who defended the Russian soil against Swedes, Poles, Tartars, Prussians, Turks and Frenchmen. The theme of all the quotations is that it is glorious to sacrifice everything rather than allow an invader on the holy soil of the Fatherland.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) J. W. Holmes
Chargé d'Affaires a.i.

* * * * *

Moscow, July 7th, 1948

No. 264
The Right Honourable
The Secretary of State for External
Affairs,
Ottawa, Canada.

Sir:

1. I have the honour to refer to your Circular Document B. 101 of June 8th concerning the observance of Canada's national holiday, and to respond to your request for information concerning the observance of July 1st in this Embassy.
2. You will not be surprised to learn that the occasion was not noted by Pravda or Radio Moscow, and we are unable, therefore, to send clippings or reports of broadcasts. It might be worth noting, however, one false alarm. At this Embassy we work and sleep to the strains, almost twenty-four hours a day, of very loud-speaking radios in the neighbouring apartment buildings. Accustomed as we are to hearing virtually nothing except the [Pyotor (Peter) Ilyich] Tchaikovsky violin concerto and speeches on dialectical materialism for the young Komsomol [youth wing of the Communist Party of the USSR], it was with amazement that on the morning of July 1st we heard the strains of "The Maple Leaf". It was only after some search that we discovered, however, that the noise came from the powerful radio of the Air Attaché's clerks, who had picked up a C.B.C. broadcast and decided that a chance had at last come to take counter measures against our neighbours.
3. In accordance with arrangements agreed upon in correspondence with Mr. [W. D.] Matthews [Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs (Administration)], it was decided this year to hold a cocktail party instead of the soirée which had taken place last year. The custom

Dear Clements,
I appreciate all of your support and
thoughtfulness during my claim.
I was pleasantly surprised by your
quick response to my needs and the
personal level at which you did so.
Having my insurance with you has
been worth it all of these years.

Sincerely,
Foreign Service Member
Mexico City

Greetings from the Open Chapel of Cuilapan
in Oaxaca, Mexico



Clements International
1660 L Street NW, 9th Floor
Washington, DC 20036
USA

Clements  **International**
Global Insurance Solutions®

MissionsAbroad®

Everywhere you are,
every time you need us.

1.800.872.0067 or 1.202.872.0060

www.clements.com

in Moscow has in the past been for missions to hold elaborate and expensive evening parties at which too much food and too much drink was served to people who drink and eat too much. This year, however, since the currency reforms and perhaps also because of increasing international tension, entertainment has been less elaborate. Several of the missions held no receptions at all on their national days. The United Kingdom, United States, Argentina, and other countries have continued entertaining in the usual way. However, the Australians and the Swedes set an example of holding only cocktail parties. This happens, furthermore, to be the season in which the Diplomatic Corps is oppressed by too many large receptions, and most members are not inclined to welcome heavy entertainment. On the whole, therefore, I feel quite certain that the dignity of Canada did not suffer from our holding a cocktail party. If an Ambassador had been present the situation might have been different, but entertainment on a less lavish scale seems appropriate to a Chargé d'Affaires. An additional advantage, which I have described in my letter to Mr. Matthews, is that our entertainment this year cost us \$515, mostly in Canadian funds, whereas the entertainment last year cost about 34,000 roubles, which is now worth \$4,000 U.S. dollars. This difference in cost was to a considerable extent accounted for by the fact that, whereas last year the Embassy was forced to buy all its supplies in Moscow, this year the Department sent us food from Canada and drink from England.

4. Invitations to the reception were sent to about three hundred people. We invited the heads of all diplomatic missions and in most cases the second in command as well as senior Service Attachés. In addition we invited all the diplomatic officers of the United Kingdom, Australian,

New Zealand, Indian and United States missions. We also asked the great majority of the members of the Netherlands, French, Belgian and Scandinavian missions. This year the invitations to Soviet citizens were drastically reduced. It has been the Moscow custom to invite large numbers of Russians, most of whom never respond. This year we invited only those who had come last year, or who, because of their official positions, should be asked. Out of a total of about thirty, not more than seven turned up. This was a considerably smaller number than attended last year. Except for General Seraev of the Ministry of Armed Forces, no senior Russian appeared. Mr. [Valery (Valerian) Alexandrovich] Zorin, one of the Deputy Ministers, might have been expected to attend, but he is believed to be out of Moscow. He did not attend the United States' Ambassador's reception last evening, but another Deputy Minister, Mr. [Fedor Tarasovich (Gusyev)] Gusev [Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union], did come. Both Mr. Zorin and Mr. [Andrey Yandaryevich] Vyshinski [First Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union] had attended the United Kingdom Ambassador's reception last month, but Mr. Vyshinski was not present at the American reception. Whether the falling-off in Soviet attendance was due to a deterioration of relations, or the fact that the party this year was less formal, is hard to say. To compensate for the Russians we had a very full attendance of representatives from satellite countries. A centre of interest at the party was the Yugoslav Chargé d'Affaires, making his first public appearance since the Cominform's latest communiqué [published in *Pravda* on 29 June 1948, on the Conference of the Information Bureau of the Communist Parties in Bucharest, it challenged the policy of

the Communist Party of Yugoslavia]. The curious thing about the Chargé d'Affaires' behaviour was that he behaved almost exactly as he was expected to behave — in other words, he kept almost entirely to himself, an attitude which he maintained again yesterday at General Bedell Smith's reception.

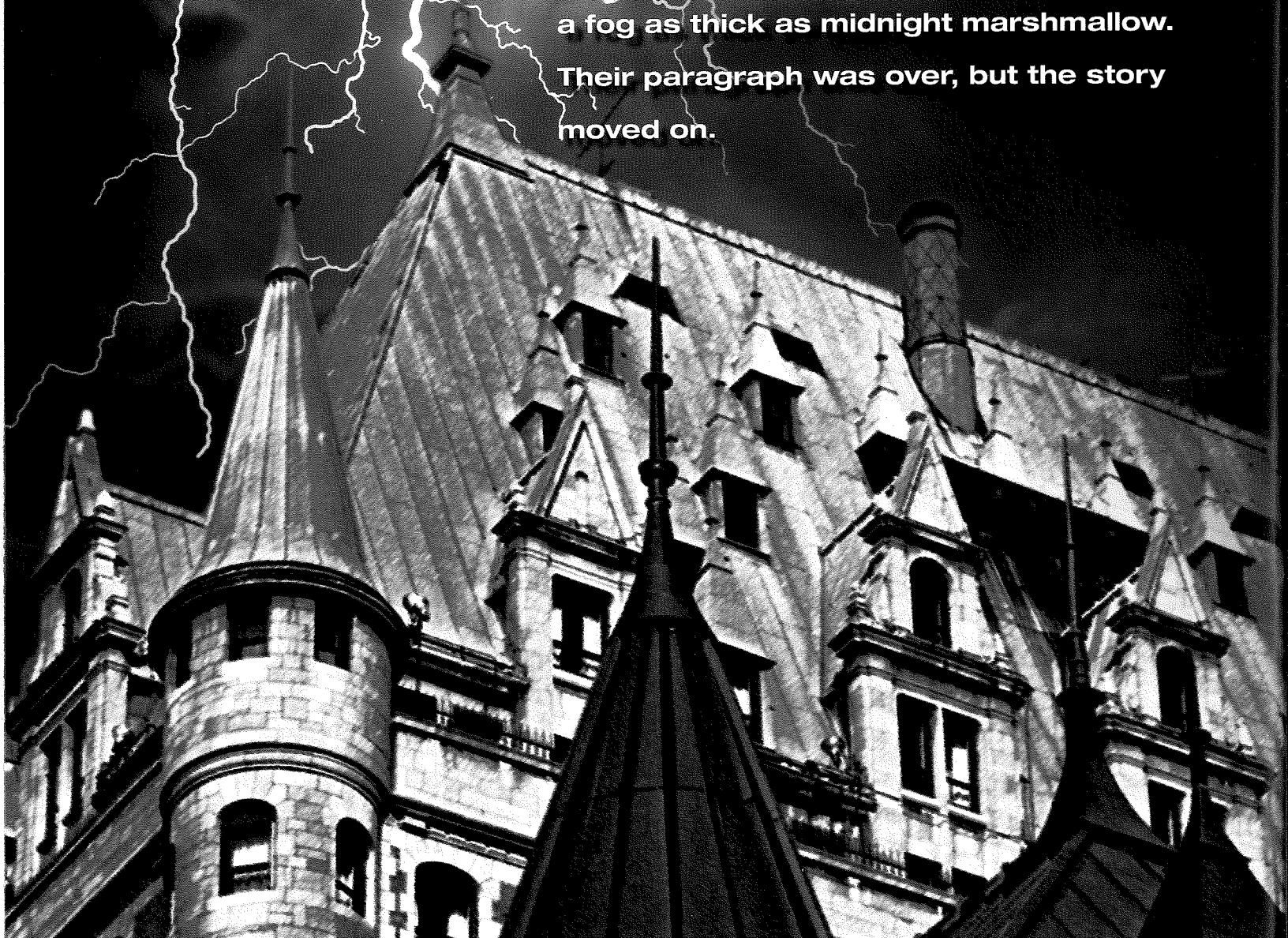
5. We had fortunately won a long and nerve-racking battle with Burobin [Central Bureau for Services to Foreigners in Moscow], who had started redecorating the Chancery building about April 1st and managed to finish about two days before the guests were to arrive. On the departure of Burobin the servants set about preparing the Ambassador's quarters for the festivities with such enthusiasm that they succeeded in pulling a large chandelier down on a freshly unpacked load of glass from Antwerp. The fact that we were ready for the guests on July 1st and that the Embassy looked extremely handsome, was due not only to Burobin but to the indefatigable efforts of my colleagues, in particular of Mrs. [Mary Ann] Phillips [wife of the Third Secretary, Robert A. J. Phillips] and Miss Nottingham, who acted as Housekeepers-in-Chief. All the guests said that it was a lovely party. They would have said so regardless of what had happened, but there are some reasons to believe that most of them meant what they said. There are few Embassies in Moscow which have more attractive quarters or better facilities for an entertainment of this kind. Consequently, with the careful preparations by members of the staff of the food and drink and the décor, together with a sunny but not too hot day, success was guaranteed.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) J. W. Holmes
Chargé d'Affaires a.i. ☺

Execution of Duty

**A Aalto bogarts a joint,
with Shamus Dikk**

He was a dark and stormy knight.
She was a Swede, 16. Lightning flashed
tritely as his Vespa 10cc thundered past
the skull-topped wall of the old Same
mansion. Sullenly, they disappeared into
a fog as thick as midnight marshmallow.
Their paragraph was over, but the story
moved on.



Standing at the mansion's front door, Cheeseplunger sped his dinner guests on their way with barely-concealed impatience. And in one case, a barely-concealed cattle prod. I was supposed to be guarding the family jewels, so I stayed inside keeping an eye on the six guests that Cheeseplunger had asked to stay. In this ritzy neighbourhood, my trench coat should have stuck out like a tarantula on meringue. But it had been a Bogart costume party, everyone dressed as one of his movie characters, so I just slipped on a badge that said "Philip Marlowe." The situation was only mildly complicated by the fact there weren't any jewels in the house.

Cheeseplunger came back in, slamming the door. Gathering the remaining guests in the main salon, he served another round of drinks and said, "All right. Now that the herd has moved on, the lions can talk. Some of you wouldn't come if I invited you to a party. Well, we've known each other for a long time, so I won't beat around the bush. I've got cancer, inoperable, be dead in a month or so. But before I went, I wanted to get to the bottom of what happened to Zelda that night in '57." One of the guests, Pearlmumbler, dropped a crystal glass. It shattered on the hearth in a pool of scotch. None of them noticed.

"We've always known," Cheeseplunger went on, "that one of us killed her. No-one else was near the lodge that night. She'd made up her mind to marry, she said, and would tell us about it at midnight. We never knew which of us it was to be, since somebody found out it wasn't him and couldn't take it. So he killed her. And none of us has ever recovered — seven crusty old bachelors. We never found the killer, and I couldn't take that any more, so I hired Mr. Dikk to do so. Which, I am half-glad and half-sad to say, he has done." They all looked at me. None of the looks was friendly and the one from the cadaverous Mr. Adobewallet could curdle rocks.

"We were once friends, so I'm giving the killer a last chance to come clean before we play out the whole Christie scenario. He has

half an hour to finish this with dignity before I name him myself. Meanwhile, all the doors and windows are locked." He turned away to pour himself a drink. Hatwood and Darkleman came up to argue, but he shrugged them off. Bozofilovic sneered at a truly amazing piece of kitsch in one corner of the room and Mendacity just sat, head in hands.

The clock struck eleven. Cheeseplunger asked me to sweep the upper floor and the basement to ensure that no-one was there. All empty — even the servants had gone. But when I got up to the top of the basement stairs, the door was locked. I pounded, but no-one came. Then the lights went out. At first, I thought someone had sapped me, but then I worked out it was a power failure. Then a gun went off. Enough of the soft-boiled approach. The door was heavy and the angle bad, but in a couple of minutes I broke through. Just as I did, the lights went on again and I saw Cheeseplunger at the kitchen fusebox. "It's Bozofilovic," he said tensely. "Shot. I know he was the one that killed Zelda, but this wasn't supposed to happen. I'm a law-abiding man. I just wanted to hand him over to the police." Then he rushed into the dining room.

Lieutenant Lou Tennant of Homicide showed up twenty minutes later. I took him around and explained the situation. Bozofilovic's body lay twisted in the middle of the main salon. A single bullet had gone straight into his heart. On the floor beside him was a gun no-one claimed to recognize, plus a hat belonging to Pearlmumbler. The outside guards said that no-one had entered or left the place since the last regular guests were shown out. I could testify that no-one was left in the house except the six men kept behind — one permanently — and their host.

Tennant was unamused to hear Cheeseplunger's story of the evening, and livid that I hadn't told him about my cold case investigation. He threw me out and told me to be in his office the next morning. When I got there, he glowered as he poured me a cup of coffee from the pot behind his desk. I took a sip and stifled a comment about police brutality. "No powder burns on his suit, so it wasn't suicide.

No way to trace the gun, no fingerprints and no powder residue on anyone's hands. They all had a motive, if fifty years of lost love means that much to them. The lights were blown with a simple cross-wired plug. It could have been slipped into any wall socket in the place. No chance of sweating the truth out of them — every one rich and lawyered-up. Bozofilovic wasn't on anyone's 'most likely to get a big wet kiss' list, but he'd still be alive if you'd told me when you should. So you owe me some help." The coffee tasted bitter as February in Frobisher, but I couldn't deny his logic.

"So what do you have?" I asked. Tennant actually blushed, a first. It turned out the police computers had been hit by some major malware overnight. This had scrambled the notes his crew had taken on the case. All that they had been able to recover were two sets of information. "We really need to convert to Linux," he sighed. "The first info we re-assembled was a random list of facts describing the man in each occupied room (5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12) when the lights went out."

Tennant continued, "The second list is a fragmentary transcript of recorded statements from the men associated with each of the rooms — except of course room 6, where the occupant wasn't talking anymore. The lab boys were able to analyze the statements using a voice stress monitor. They worked out that each man told just one lie, except for one man who told two. Unfortunately, that is where the file got blitzed — we have no idea *which* statements were false, only *how many*."

I looked over the scattered material. "There's enough here," I said. "First we figure out the name and details of the man in each room when the lights went out. Then we work out which of the statements must be lies and which are therefore the truth. There are lots of contradictions among the statements but we know only seven are false, so all we need to find is the pattern of truth that results in exactly that number of lies. Then we can use the true statements to figure out the killer." "If you say so," said Tennant doubtfully. But I managed to work it out for him.

NOTES

- 1** Sabbath R Adobewallet, in the washroom (room 5 on the attached floorplan) came as Captain Queeg from *The Caine Mutiny*.
- 2** The writer, who wore a new fedora, was in a room that connected with the dining room (room 12).
- 3** The first name of the man in the hall (room 9) was DePest; he was a CEO and came as Fred C. Dobbs.
- 4** The ambassador with the first name Audacious was in a room with two windows.
- 5** The professor who came as the Bogart character in *Casablanca* has the man with the Stetson through one archway and Hatwood through two others. (An archway is defined as a passage between two rooms that doesn't have a door.)
- 6** The gossip columnist with the first name Runcible came as "Mad Dog" Earle from *High Sierra*.
- 7** Bozofilovic, the corpse in the main salon (room 6), brought no hat.
- 8** The man with the first name Ansible, who wore a merchant marine cap, was in a room at one corner of the house; Mendacity, who came as Duke Mantee from *The Petrified Forest*, was in another; and Pearlmumbler, who brought a panama, was in a third.
- 9** The retired Olympian with the naval cap was in a room with no direct connection to the main salon.
- 10** The man in the kitchen (room 7) wore an old fedora.
- 11** The man whose first name was Kanata came as Frank McCloud from *Key Largo* and was in an odd-numbered room; Cheeseplunger, the millionaire, came as Charlie Allnut.
- 12** Darkleman is not the man whose first name is Rudimen (aka "Terry").

STATEMENTS

Room 5

- a** I was in the washroom when the lights went out and just coming out of it when I heard the gunshot.
- b** I immediately ran out to the entrance-way and saw one of the Bogarts duck into the kitchen carrying a towel.
- c** I looked into the main salon and saw the body and a gun, with Mendacity standing over them.
- d** Just before I went to the washroom, I saw Pearlmumbler wearing his hat.
- e** I didn't kill Bozofilovic.

Room 7

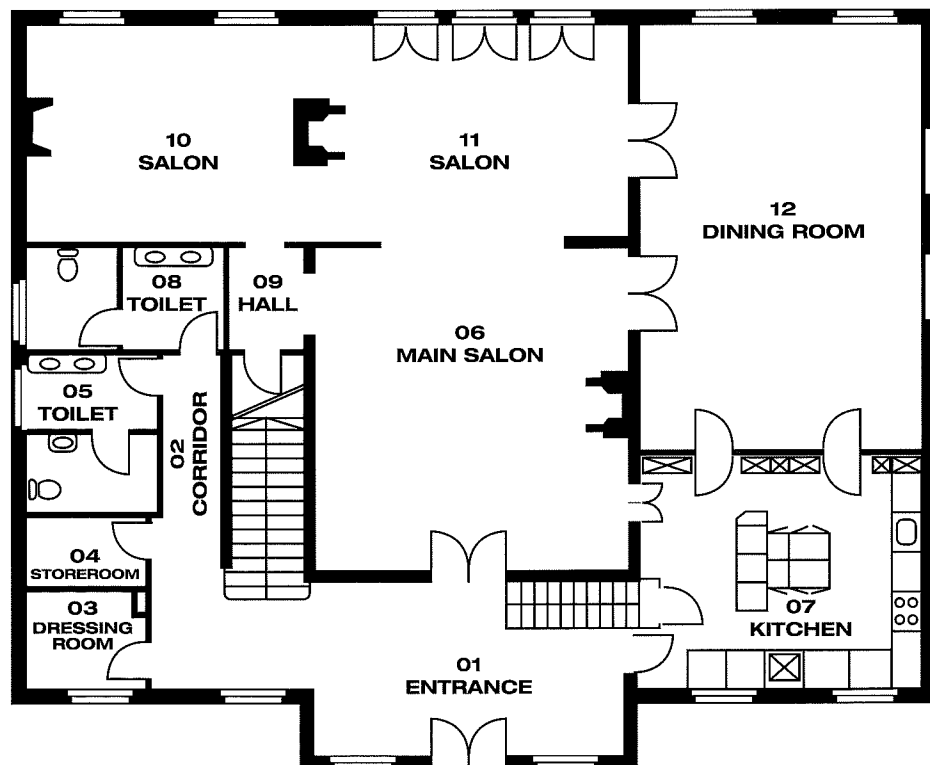
- a** When the lights went out, I was in the kitchen. Someone called me from the dining room, so I went in through one of the swinging doors.
- b** The windows were curtained and I barked my shin in the dark, so I lit a candle. There was no-one else in the room.
- c** When the gun went off, I went right into the main salon to see what happened.
- d** I never touched Pearlmumbler's hat.
- e** I didn't kill Bozofilovic.

Room 9

- a** The initials of the killer's real name are RM.
- b** I was in the hall (9) the whole time the lights were off and I am sure no-one else went through it.
- c** I heard Mendacity swear in the dining room and then I saw him light a candle.
- d** When the gun went off, I was talking to Pearlmumbler through the archway into salon 10.
- e** I didn't kill Bozofilovic.

Room 10

- a** From this salon (10), I saw the gunflash in the doorway leading from the entrance area to the main salon.
- b** Just as the lights went out, Hatwood walked through the French doors from salon 11 onto the terrace.
- c** I left my hat in the dressing room when I got here and haven't touched it since.
- d** When the lights came on, Mendacity was already in the main salon and Cheeseplunger entered from the dining room a little while later.
- e** I didn't kill Bozofilovic.



Room 11

a I stayed in this salon (11) throughout the blackout.

b A bright moon had just come out — no-one else went in or out of the room during that time.

c I saw the gunflash in the archway from the hall (9) to the main salon.

d I saw Mendacity carrying Pearlumbler's hat just before the lights went out.

e I didn't kill Bozofilovic.

Room 12

a I was in the dining room for the whole time the lights were off.

b I saw the gunflash in the doorway leading from the entrance area to the main salon.

c The French doors to the terrace were locked all evening and I have the only key.

d Of all of us, Adobewallet hated Bozofilovic the worst.

e I didn't kill Bozofilovic.

ART LENDING of OTTAWA

Independently operated • 30 Years

Local Professional Artists

Rent or buy original art

Monthly rental from \$10

The third Tuesday of the month 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.
and the preceding evening 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

closed July, August, December

**Unitarian Church Hall
30 Cleary Avenue, Ottawa
call Art Lending of Ottawa
594-8513**

Room + #	Suspect's real name	Film role	Film name	Hat	Day job
Washroom 5					
Main Salon 6					
Kitchen 7					
Hall 9					
Salon 10					
Salon 11					
Dining Room 12					

eh

We have our own punctuation.
We have our own magazines.

Look for this icon at newsstands or subscribe online to
hundreds of magazines on every conceivable topic.

magazinescanada.ca



Liebnitz and the Pan-Galactic Fondue

Answer to Vol. 21, No. 4

The code sequence is RED 3, BLUE 5, YELLOW 2, BLUE 7 and YELLOW 6.

Since it is known that there can be no more than three panels of any one colour, the long silence at the beginning of the session can only mean that none of the five beings can see three of any colour among the other panels — or else they could certainly say that they themselves did not have that colour on their panel. Based on that fact, A can be sure his panel is red if (and only if) he can see two yellows and two blues among the other four panels. On the same line of reasoning, B can indicate that her panel is not yellow, if and only if she can see two yellows among the remaining three panels; furthermore, since she can deduce that A's panel is the only red one, she knows therefore that hers is blue. C, D, E can work out their colours the same way. The Liebnitz Gestalt can work out that A is the only red and that B is blue by the same logic, and then deduce that C/D/E must be yellow-blue-yellow in that order, since it knows that no two adjacent panels can have the same colour.

On the number side, the only combination of non-repeating numbers less than eight that adds up to 21 is 3/5/6/7. The only four prime numbers less than eight are 2/3/5/7. The number in front of C must therefore be 2 and the number in front of E must be 6 (the only non-prime). Since D can see two adjacent pairs of panels (those in front of E/A and B/C), A must be 3 (3 different from 6) and B must be 5 (3 different from 2). This leaves D to be 7.

As I expected, Bozofilovic's killer was the man who told two lies. We collared him later that day at his house. Once he got out on bail, he found me and admitted that the whole evening at the same place had been a put-up job, with all of them in on it but Bozofilovic. Cheeseplunger had told everyone else about the results of my investigation, and they had drawn lots. They wanted to end things up close and personal, but they didn't want to go to jail if they didn't have to. The rich are like that. One did the actual murder, while the rest did their best to throw sand in our eyes. I was there as stage setting, as an outside witness who believed the charade and as muscle in case something went wrong. "We didn't get away with it like we hoped, but at least Bozofilovic is dead," he said. "I was the designated executioner and I don't regret it. There's no way they can prove collusion, since I made sure there was no corroborating evidence and no witnesses to this conversation."

Even so, he was taking a big risk. Maybe he needed an outsider to justify himself to, and thought I was safely compromised. I looked around the sunny park where we sat and grasped for something to say. Then a Vespa raced up and skidded to a stop in front of us. The dark knight and his lady dismounted. The killer looked at her and gasped, "Zelda." The kid looked at him and said, "We read about this on the Net and thought you should know. Zelda wasn't going to marry any of you big shots." The girl went on, "She was already married in secret to the man she loved, a guy who worked in a grocery store. You killed her with your jealousy, all of you, and for nothing. But she had a baby before she died." The kid finished it. "Zelda was our grandmother. Your story is over. Hers isn't."

Can you duplicate Shamus' feat by determining the first and last names of the man who killed Bozofilovic? Not necessary as a solution to the puzzle, but can you also fill out the matrix and identify the seven lies among the 25 statements? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by July 7, 2006. The winner will receive a book prize autographed by A Aalto. ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto has probably been reading too much noir. On a lighter note, few people know that Humphrey Bogart was born in the 19th century (1899) and on Christmas Day at that. Like Zelda, he died in 1957.

Buying or Selling?

Let Jeff, Janny & Bob's 41 combined years of experience help you with your real estate needs.

ROYAL LEPAGE
Performance Realty
Independently Owned and Operated, Broker

Jeffrey Rosebrugh
Janny Mills
Bob McCulloch

Sales Representatives

The POWER OF THREE...

...Working for You!



Proudly Helping The Foreign Service Community Since 1986

PAGIC PROPERTY MANAGEMENT INC. GESTION IMMOBILIÈRE PAGIC INC.

BILINGUAL SERVICES / SERVICES BILINGUES

WE OFFER / NOUS OFFRONS

PROPERTY MANAGEMENT (ONTARIO/QUÉBEC)

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

GESTION COMPLÈTE (QUÉBEC/ONTARIO)

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

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

Support
our advertisers



Appuyez
nos annonceurs

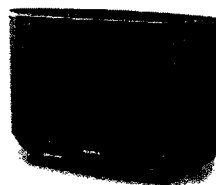
List of Advertisers

Art Lending of Ottawa	p. 41
Bishop's College School	p. 2
Bombardier	p. 16
bout de papier subscription	p. 8
Clements International	p. 36
Elizabeth Antiques Appraisal Service	p. 28
Greentree & Company	p. 8
Group Services Insurance Brokers Ltd.	OBC
Keller Williams Ottawa Realty	p. 20
Lemire Morin Tremblay	p. 20
L'Odyssée collège international	p. 25
Magazines Canada	p. 42
National Bank Financial	p. 22
Overseas Electronics	p. 44
PAFSO Insurance Plan	p. 32
Pagic Property Management Inc.	p. 44
RBC Dominion Securities Inc. ...	p. 28
RBC Financial Group	p. 2
Rosseau Lake College	p. 4
Royal Lepage, Performance Realty	p. 43
ScotiaMcLeod	p. 19
SuCasa Management Services	p. 18
The Thomas Group Ltd.	IFC
TMS Associates (East) Ltd.	IBC
Tradex Management Inc.	p. 6
Ian Warren, Barr. & Sol.	p. 23

OVERSEAS ELECTRONICS WORLD WIDE COMPATIBILITY

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

⊗ 110~220 Volts 50/60Hz ⊗



Multisystem VCR's



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

Tools



Transformers



Telephones

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

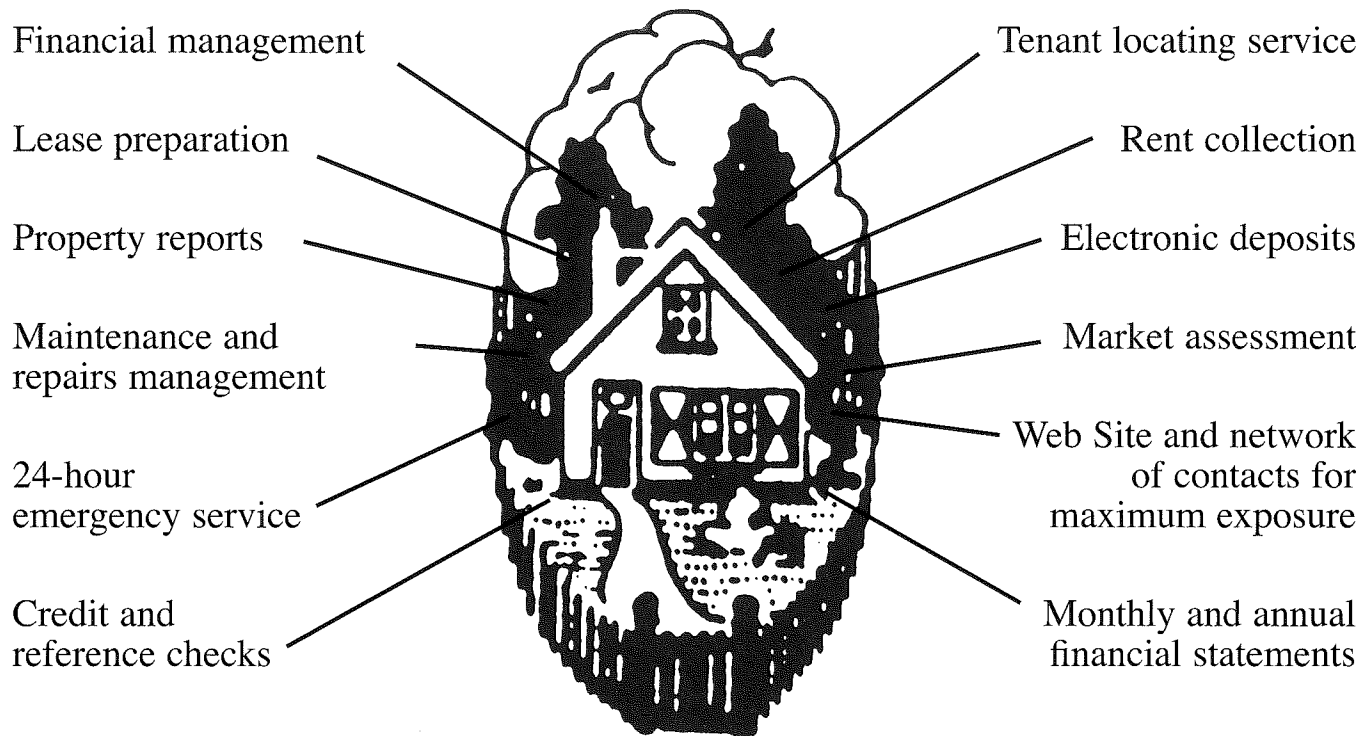
Tel: (613) 235-4414 Fax: (613) 235-2485
584 Gladstone Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 5P3

TMS Associates (EAST) Ltd.

Residential Property Management

PERSONAL SERVICE

COMPETITIVE RATES



TMS Associates (EAST) Ltd. continues to provide the high level of professionalism and integrity of service appreciated by our clients for two decades.

TMS
ASSOCIATES
(EAST) LTD.

RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY
MANAGEMENT

TMS Associates (EAST) Ltd.
Phone: (613) 288-1500
Fax: (613) 224-7427

E-Mail: tmseast@homes-for-rent.com
Web Site: www.homes-for-rent.com

Est. 1985



Home Insurance

For PAFSO Members ONLY

PAFSO Members have unique needs.

Group Services designed a special Home Insurance Program...for you.

Your Program Includes

- ✓ Comprehensive Coverage for residential homes, even when you are posted abroad.
- ✓ Generous Policy Limits and Benefits.
- ✓ Rental Income Protection.
- ✓ Premium Discounts
 - Alarm System Credits
 - Claims Free Credits
 - Non-Smoker Credits
 - **12.5%** REDUCTION ON YOUR AUTO INSURANCE PREMIUM
- ✓ And, of course, Affordable Premium Rates.

PROTECT the investment you have in your home.

Call us for your personal quotation, or for further information.