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A Posting to the People's Republic of Cambridge

by Michael Small

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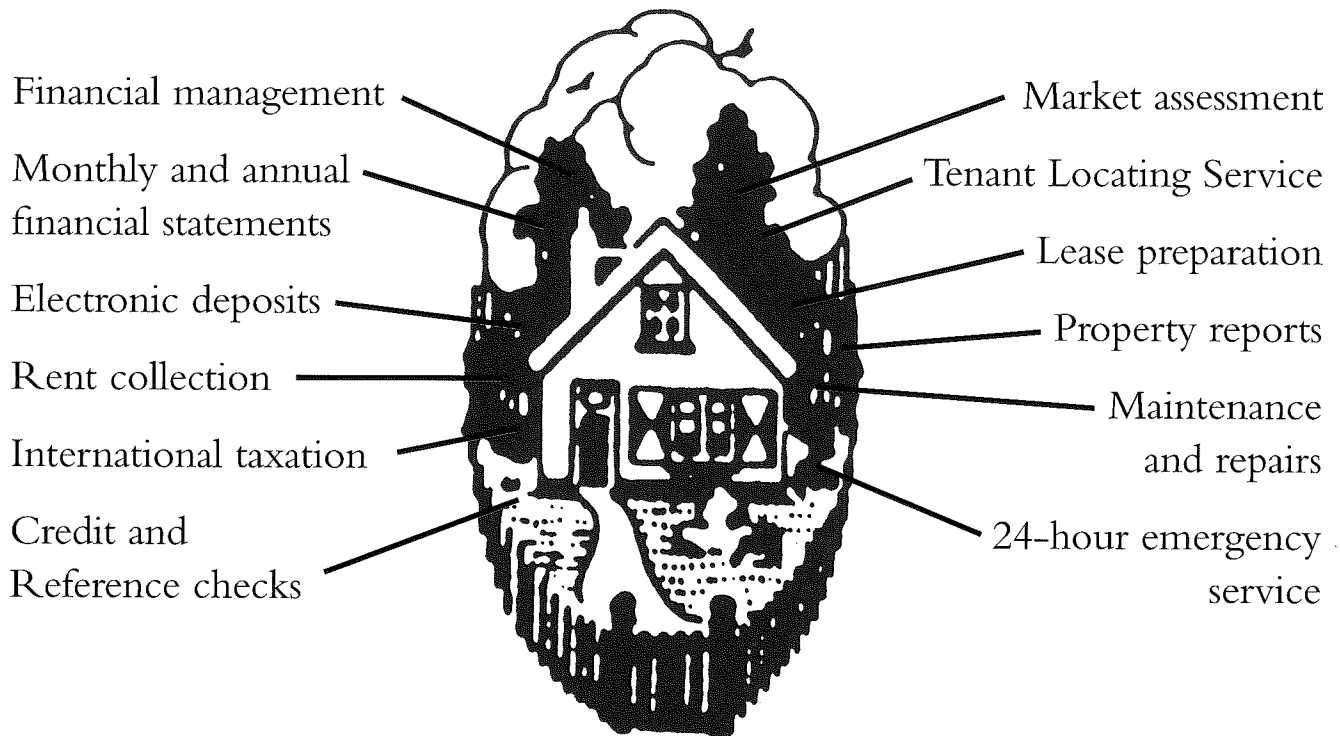


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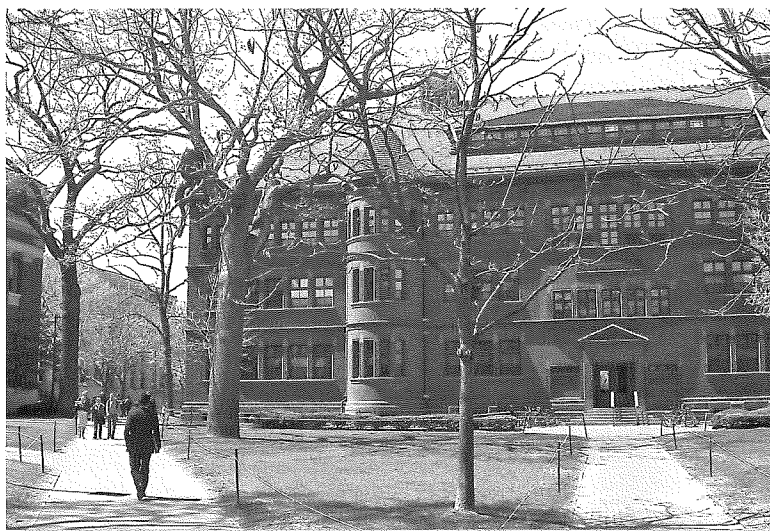
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Harvard Yard — view of Sever Hall with Widener Library in the background. See page 29.

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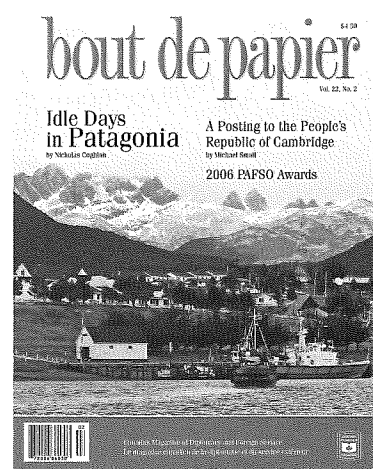
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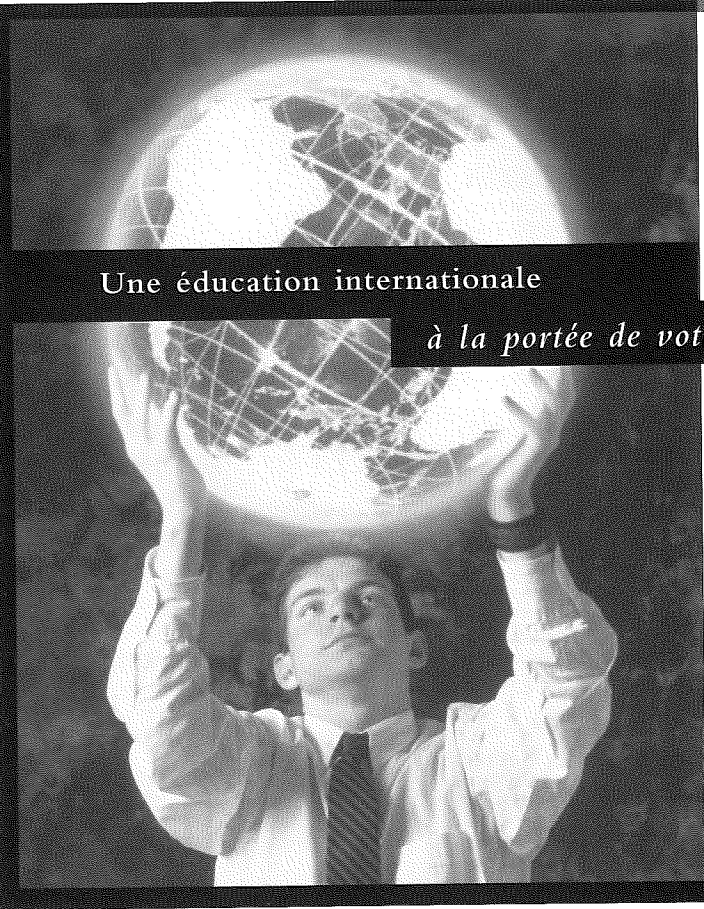
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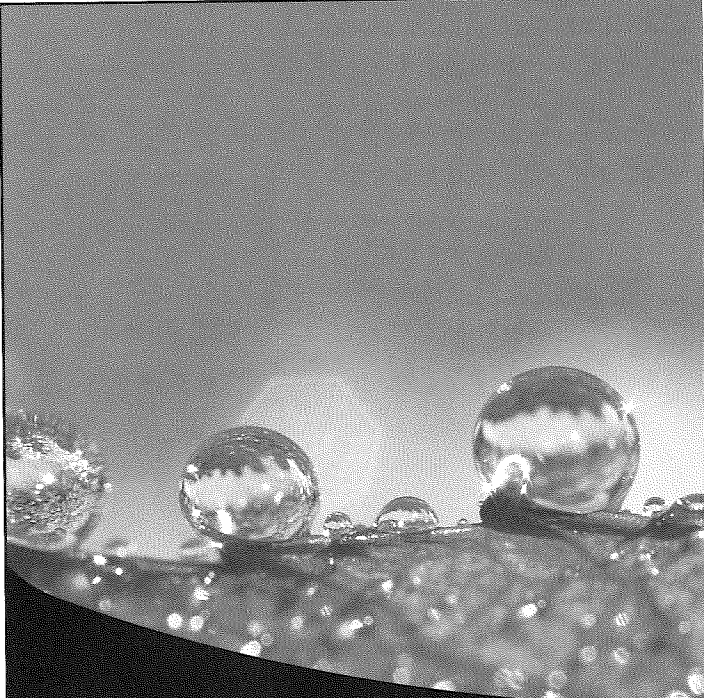
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The Public Service Employee Survey, several recent developments in DFAIT, as well as many issues raised by Linda Duxbury in her report, reveal numerous chronic challenges for the government as a whole, and DFAIT in particular regarding how to manage all aspects of a rotational foreign service and address the legitimate concerns of employees, spouses and their children who face the unique rigours of representing Canada abroad.

Un des principaux problèmes d'ordre structurel qui ont entraîné cette situation est, selon moi, le fait qu'on a tenté durant des décennies de gérer tout le personnel permutant représentant le Canada à l'étranger en vertu du système qui avait été établi pour gérer les fonctionnaires intérieurs au Canada. Au cours de ma carrière, j'ai été souvent à même de constater que nous du service extérieur, indépendamment de notre filière ou de notre groupe professionnels, étions des pions ronds qu'on enfonçait dans des trous administratifs carrés et que, dans bien des cas, ça ne fonctionnait tout simplement pas, ce qui fait que les fonctionnaires permutants et leurs familles en ont souffert et que le Canada n'a pas été représenté aussi bien qu'il aurait pu l'être.

A solution could be Parliament passing a Canadian *Foreign Service Act* which would cover all aspects of managing rotational staff and running missions abroad. Such an *Act* would need to be designed cooperatively by all those affected by it. Of course all departments with staff abroad and provincial governments would need to be consulted. All occupational groups with rotational employees would need to be consulted. A very valuable source of information about the effects of such a law on employees and families would be the Foreign Service Community Association and individual spouses and children. Outside the government, business — banks, mining companies, multinationals — with staff serving abroad should be consulted. In Canada, academics, NGOs and think tanks could be brought into the process to identify needed components of such an *Act*.

The *Act* could address many issues such as hiring and management of all rotational personnel. It could provide a rational promotion system, based on how one has demonstrated, in real life abroad, the qualities necessary to move to a higher level. It could deal with the questions of spousal employment and pensions and develop a system of incentives for service abroad relevant to the 21st century. It could create a mechanism for the easy movement of staff from the foreign service to the domestic service and back again, as both could be enriched by the other.

For too long the basic instrument for the management of the Foreign Service has not recognized the reality that all rotational staff serve outside of Canada during their careers. The basic assumption of the current law is that all Canadian government employees work solely in Canada, in Ottawa or Montréal or Moose Jaw. As a result when issues and concerns of staff working in the completely different contexts of Khartoum or Tokyo or Bogota develop, the management system often falls very short. We need the appropriate tool to help us do our jobs, and an Act of Parliament — well designed to address the demands and rigours of representing Canada abroad — would give both management and staff the right tool.

Dans le présent numéro de **bout**, nous soulignons l'excellence du service extérieur du Canada dans un article sur les Prix de l'APASE 2006, qui font la preuve de la richesse des compétences et de l'engagement à l'égard du Canada des membres de l'APASE.

We also continue our series on the creative use of time away from the office. **Nick Coghlan** is sailing from Capetown to British Columbia and paused in Tierra del Fuego to write to us. **Michael Small** recently spent a year at Harvard and tells us about the People's Republic.

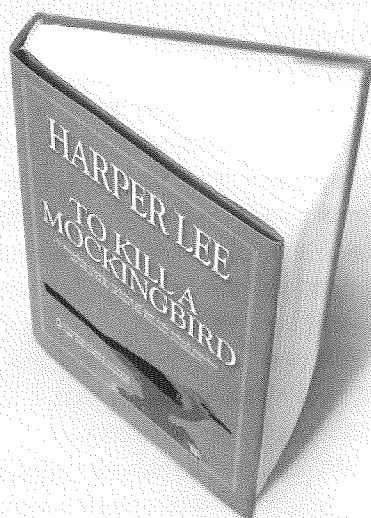
Kurt Jensen a rédigé un article inspirant au sujet de la possibilité d'un service canadien du renseignement étranger, tandis qu'on doit à **Albert Galpin** le texte de la Plaque commémorative récemment dévoilée à l'édifice Pearson, en souvenir de ceux et celles qui ont perdu la vie en service actif à l'étranger. Nous disons également adieu à D'Iberville Fortier et à John Small dans la section EN MÉMOIRE DE.

On a lighter note, **Bill Warden** tells the tale of a green parrot and other foreign service pets (we must ensure they are covered by the new Act) and **A Aalto** has provided us with a very funny puzzle — now someone needs to solve it.

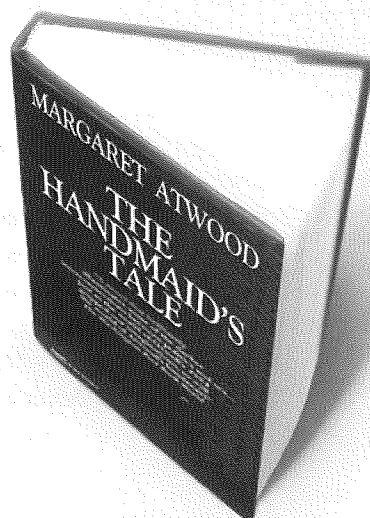
Hector Mackenzie has found yet another timely treasure in the archives — an exchange of correspondence between Second Secretary John Holmes in London and Associate Deputy Minister Hume Wrong regarding the fallout of the Gouzenko affair. **Roger Lucy** has reviewed a book on the development of diplomacy from ancient Egypt to Renaissance Europe.

Search out these wonderful articles and enjoy reading them wherever the whim catches you.





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The Ambassadors: From Ancient Egypt to Renaissance Europe, the Men Who Introduced the World to Itself
Reviewed by Roger Lucy

THE AMBASSADORS: FROM ANCIENT EGYPT TO RENAISSANCE EUROPE, THE MEN WHO INTRODUCED THE WORLD TO ITSELF, by Jonathan Wright, Harcourt, Inc., 2006, 400 pp., \$31.00.

*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."*

Some say mercenaries are the second oldest profession; I would argue that, in fact, it's diplomats. In the Stone Age, when two wandering bands of hunter-gatherers encountered one another, they had three options: attack, run away, or send out an emissary to find out more about the other group, whether their intentions were hostile and, if not, whether they had anything worth trading. Those brave souls who tried to test this third option were our professional ancestors. Although, 500 centuries before the Vienna Convention, they were as likely to become the entrée at a state dinner as the honoured guest. Wright's professed aim in his book *The Ambassadors* is to show the role of the ambassador as a cultural explorer, who "allowed the world to meet itself," relaying back to his own people information and assessments about the peoples and countries he had visited, and conveying to his hosts the best possible impression of his own country. To this day that is still the primary function of the political officer. Wright's survey starts with the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians of 1400 BC and meanders on to the 18th century. Many of the missions he describes will be familiar to **bout** readers: Priscus' Mission to Attila in 448, Luitprand of Cremona's dyspeptic embassy to Constantinople in 968, and the mid-13th century Franciscan-led embassies to the Mongol court in Karakorum. But Wright also brings in a lot of other material including: a chapter on Chinese diplomacy; a 3rd century BC Indian manual on statecraft (guaranteed to get any ambassador who followed its instructions PNGed or

worse); accounts of some First Nations' embassies, as well as much material on the early modern period, which has fallen outside the scope of my own articles.

There is some fascinating stuff here. A Castilian envoy, Gonzalo de Clavijo, visited the court of Timurlane in Samarkand in 1404, where he witnessed the last days of a tyrant of Stalinesque proportions. Although Timurlane's reputation for architectural innovation rests on his propensity for building pyramids from the skulls of his victims, he may — judging from Clavijo's account — have inflicted something even worse on the world, the strip-mall. Wishing to create a market area where merchants from across his empire could display their wares, he ordered the tearing down of a swath of houses from one side of Samarkand to the other, which was then rapidly fitted up with glassed domed market stalls. Property owners protested, but Timurlane's suggestion that his idea of recompense could include mass beheadings quickly ended the discussion.

The Reformation created some interesting diplomatic situations. For diplomats from Roman Catholic countries, a posting to Elizabethan London must have been like a cross between Riyadh and Moscow in the Soviet days. Roman Catholic services were forbidden, but their practice was (barely) tolerated in diplomatic premises. The English authorities did not, however, welcome English old believers attending mass at the French or Spanish missions, and often sent spies to find out who was present. Their actions could be very intrusive and led to some punch-ups, and worse, between Elizabeth's spies and members of the French and Spanish missions. As a result diplomatic immunity was often tested to the limits. The Spanish ambassador was also believed (probably with good reason) to be plotting Elizabeth's overthrow (while he was trying to find out if she was plotting against the Spanish in the Netherlands). His dispatches were regularly intercepted and he was frequently called on the carpet by the English Privy Council to explain them. English discomfort with clandestine masses held in embassy chapels endured to the late 18th century. During the 1780 Gordon riots protesting Catholic emancipation, mobs

trashed the chapels of a number of embassies from Roman Catholic countries.

It was not until the 15th century that states (initially Italian ones) began to establish resident embassies in each other's capital. (Wright erroneously sees ancient Greek *Proxenia* as their precursors, but — as these were normally nationals of the city-state in which they were resident, chosen to represent the interests of another state — their modern equivalent would be Honourary Consuls). Resident Ambassadors proved particularly valuable in the Ottoman Empire, where the Sublime Porte had the sublime habit of reneging on agreements, as soon as a visiting envoy had departed. But even residency had its perils. European Ambassadors were not above bribing Ottoman officials to get them to reject the credentials of a newly arrived ambassador from a rival state. One other peril facing Ambassadors in Istanbul — which Wright curiously omits to mention — was the dungeon in the Castle of the Seven Towers, where diplomats were consigned should their country happen to find itself at war with the Ottomans.

There are some interesting characters here, not all of whom are a credit to our profession. Wright perhaps plays up a bit too much the tired old stereotypes of diplomatic high living, intrigue and obsession with protocol. On the other hand, some of his characters are textbook illustrations of the merits of maintaining a professional foreign service, rather than choosing someone with good connections or a convincing line of patter. The Elizabethan freebooter Thomas Sherley is perhaps one of the worst. He managed to convince the Shah of Persia to appoint him as a special envoy to arrange an alliance between Iran and Europe against the Turks. Even if there had been any Western interest in the project (there was not — the Austrians were feeling too battered by recent encounters with Ottoman power, while the rest of Europe enjoyed the Austrians' discomfiture), Sherley was clearly lacking in tact and discretion. He openly quarreled with other members of his delegation, ran up huge debts, then took a new assignment as Austrian ambassador to Morocco. There his — at best shaky

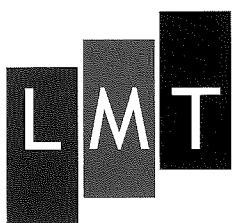
— grasp of protocol failed him. When invited to a state banquet, he rode his horse into the palace and refused to dismount. Amazingly he survived and managed to persuade the King of Spain to award him an annual pension of 3,000 ducats.

The era of the professional was thankfully dawning. Wright gives an interesting sketch of the career of Sir Henry Wotton, author of that wonderful quip that an ambassador is an "...honest man sent to lie abroad for his country". Unfortunately this reached his master James I in a Latin translation wherein the pun was lost. James was not amused. The king however was not above making his own *faux pas*. Shaken by his narrow escape from what would have been the 9/11 of his day — Guy Fawkes' plot to blow up Parliament (and most of Westminster) — James wrote a tract equating the Papacy with the Antichrist. He had it richly bound and distributed around Europe. It was Wotton's job to deliver it to the Doge of Venice. Wotton had persuaded himself that the Venetians were ripe for conversion to Protestantism, and actually reported back with a straight face that his Majesty's book had been gladly received. In fact

the Doge ordered the book locked away and forgotten.

Wright often captures quite well the conditions under which ancient, medieval and early modern ambassadors operated, and provides some stirring accounts often in their own words, of their experiences. That said, this book's weaknesses tend to outweigh its attractions. Wright profusely thanks his editors — he has no less than three of them. For what I am not sure, as they failed him badly. If his theme is indeed to portray ambassadors as discoverers and explorers, he does not stick to it but wanders into all sorts of digressions. Some interesting — in his account of the 18th century Swiss philosopher Vattel's writings on the Law of Nations, you can see the thinking that culminated in the Vienna Convention. Others are irritating and only marginally relevant, such as, his overly-long-winded accounts of the origins of the 4th Crusade, and the Thirty Years War. Moreover the material is often poorly ordered, meandering around geographically and chronologically, with little apparent continuity. It's hard sometimes to discern if indeed the book really does have a central theme or is just a collection of tales.

One would also have assumed that Wright's editors' duties would include some elementary proof-reading and fact-checking, but no. The book is riddled with irritating factual errors, and frequently Wright makes a statement in one section which contradicts what he says elsewhere. Wright assumes the first Russian ambassador to England, who had the misfortune to be shipwrecked off Aberdeen, sailed from the Baltic. That should have taken him nowhere near Aberdeen. Another 150 years were to pass before Russia had an outlet to the Baltic. Ivan the Terrible's relations with his neighbours being what they were — terrible — Russia's only window to the West was Archangelsk on the White Sea. Wright places Baghdad on the Tagus River — i.e. in Portugal. As anyone who watches the nightly news should have grasped by now, Baghdad actually lies on the Tigris. He refers to a Persian mission to China in the 8th century, no Persian state existed at that time — as Wright makes clear in a subsequent chapter when he mentions the 7th century Arab conquest of Persia. He speaks of 9th century Viking territorial gains in Moslem Spain. The Vikings carried out a couple of raids there, but never



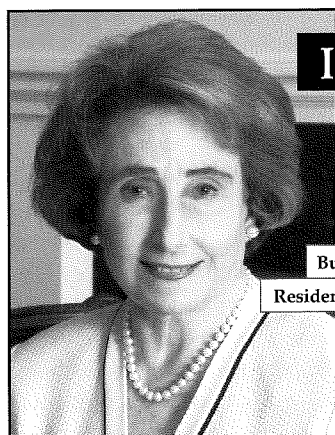
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seized any territory. To say the Thirty Years War, which wiped out one-fifth of the population of Germany, cost "tens of thousands" of lives, seems a bit of an understatement.

While Wright is a professor of history, and provides an impressive bibliography and even a critical apparatus, his grasp of his material can be uneven, particularly when dealing with antiquity or the early Middle Ages. In his account of Priscus' mission to Attila, Wright correctly perceives that Attila's aim was not only to extort gold from the Romans but also to demonstrate his ability to overawe them. However, he misses the main Roman objective (which Priscus and Maximus achieved) — buying time by dragging out the diplomatic process. The Romans knew, from long experience, that they could outlast any barbarian warlord's attempt to build up a powerful confederation. Attila's death a few years later proved the rightness of this course.

In his treatment of Luitprand's mission to Constantinople in 968, Wright breezes over the Byzantine Emperor Nicephoros' insistence that only he could

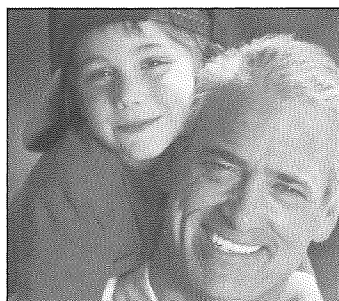
be legitimately be addressed as Emperor of the Romans as "absurd bickering about ... royal titles." It was not. A key element of East Roman foreign policy — one clearly enunciated in Constantine VII's transition brief to his son Romanus II — was that the Byzantines should never allow a foreign ruler to assume that any sort of parity existed between himself and the Emperor of the Romans. Nicephoros was heir to an unbroken institutional tradition going back to Constantine, Augustus and indeed to Romulus and Remus. No such institutional continuity lay behind the claims of Luitprand's master, Otto, to the Western Roman Empire, which had disappeared in 476. Otto's objective was to demonstrate that his imperium was the equal to that of Constantinople, by gaining a marriage to an Imperial princess. That objective was not met, but one would hardly know that when reading Luitprand's despatch. While Wright only imperfectly grasps the significance of the two Emperors' respective positions, he does at least recognize Luitprand's achievement in managing, nonetheless, to portray

his mission as a success — of course that would never happen today, in Canada, in our foreign service.

In his treatment of the 13th century Western missions to the Mongols, Wright provides a good description of the journeys and experiences of Fr. Carpini and Fr. Rubruck. He notes their objectives of trying to learn more about the Mongols and avert a further Mongol attack on Europe, but he totally misses their key objective of trying to forge an alliance between the Mongols and the West against Islam. Likewise, when describing Raban Sauma's mission from the Mongol court to Europe in the 1290s which shared this aim, Wright fails to mention the earlier alliance against Islam, formed in the 1250s, which had come to grief at Ayn Jalut.

Wright makes frequent forays into areas such as ancient and medieval history and foreign policy, which do not always seem well informed. His discourses on the Crusades are misleading, and while he has read the standard work on Venetian/Byzantine relations, he seemingly fails to grasp their complexity. Wright correctly describes the early Islamic doctrine of holy war, under which there could be no peace between the Dar-el-Islam and the Dar-el-Harb — only temporary truces. However, he goes on to claim that the West in the 8th and 9th centuries had nothing to offer the Islamic world. This is not only contradicted by his earlier tale of Harun-ar-Rashid wooing Charlemagne with the gift of an elephant, but ignores the very vigorous commerce that had quickly grown up between Europe and the Islamic world, flooding Europe with Islamic coinage, in exchange for slaves, furs, grain, timber and high quality weapons. This trade was a major engine in the recovery of the European economy following the fall of the Roman Empire.

In sum, this book is a disappointment. With better editing and organization the material is here to write a good introduction to the history of diplomacy and the evolving role of the diplomat — but who allowed Wright to persist in using a word like "diplomatist"? That said, it's not all that bad a book to take along, if you need to pass the time, say on that long cattle-class flight — aboard an EU black-listed airline — to some grotty little country. You will soon be counting your blessings that you are not on some two-year journey into Central Asia, perched on a Mongol pony. ☸



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Idle Days in Patagonia

Taking the long way home from post

Story and photos by Nicholas Coghlan

Nicholas Coghlan has been posted to Mexico City, Bogota, Khartoum and Cape Town; his experiences in Colombia and Sudan are recounted in two books published by McGill-Queen's University Press. He and his wife Jenny are still likely the world's most southerly Canadians but are now inching their way north up the coast of Chile, in search of warmer waters.

I'd always wanted to go back. In the late seventies, I'd spent three years teaching at a very British boarding school in Buenos Aires. My pupils were a colourful lot, including the son of a deposed Bolivian dictator, a nephew of Argentina's very own military despot, rustic children from farms in Patagonia and the Falklands, sophisticated pampas heiresses that could have stepped from the set of *Miss Mary* and who ordered their graduation ball gowns direct from Christian Dior, and a girl who taught me more about the short stories of Borges than I could ever teach her, and who went on to become a prime-time anchor on CNN. In those days you could be arrested for wearing shorts in downtown BA; helicopters overflowed the school grounds at night heading for the River Plate to dump the bodies of torture victims; the school chaplain was deported from the country when he let slip to a pupil that he was a member of Amnesty International; we held air raid practices when it looked as though there would be a war with Chile over three uninhabited islands in the Beagle Channel; and we wondered what would happen if the Generals ever got serious about those other cold and windswept islands about three hundred miles to the east.



(above) Preparing *Bosun Bird* for departure, Cape Town



(left) The crew and captain of *Bosun Bird* at Puerto Williams, Chile

But, like most teachers, I lived for the long holidays: three months in the summer, and another three weeks in July. My wife and I always went south: one year we climbed Lanin volcano and didn't see another human being for a month; another we bushwhacked all the way around the then-unknown Towers of Paine in Chile; we hitchhiked to Lapataia Bay, the end of Argentina's Route 3 and 3000 km from Buenos Aires, and looked across the Beagle Channel to Navarino Island; we took the *Rio Baker*, an ancient rust-bucket of a freighter, from Punta Arenas through 1000 miles of the Chilean Channels and had to turn back in the face of a Force 12 storm in the Golfo de Peñas. The days seemed endless (actually, in Punta Arenas or Ushuaia, in December, they were ...) and were illuminated with a startling clarity you only ever find in the highest latitudes. Over the subsequent years, time did nothing to diminish my fascination with the region: my favourite books became W.H. Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago* and *Idle Days In Patagonia* (if only for their evocative titles) and, of course, Bruce Chatwin's *In Patagonia*.

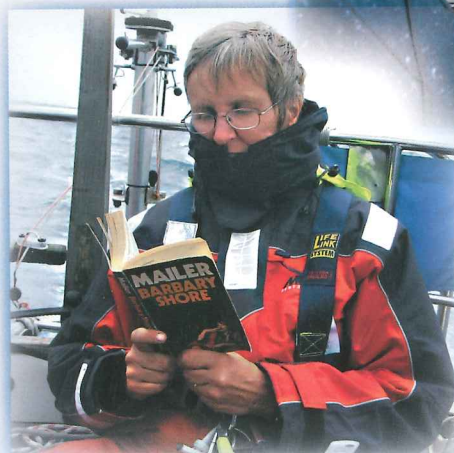
So when I started to find my posting as Consul General in Cape Town a little quiet (South Africa's fabled crime rate was a poor substitute for indigenous uprisings, drug wars and mediaeval politics in Mexico; kidnappings, more drugs and a civil war in Colombia; fundamentalism and no less than two simultaneous wars in Sudan — my three previous posts) and promotion prospects rather hazy, it seemed like a good moment to take a little time off and the southern tip of the Americas beckoned once again.

This time, we'd go by boat. Conveniently, we already had one: a small but rugged 27-footer with a full keel, Canadian designed, and named *Bosun Bird*.

We set off one morning in early September 2005, with the Cape still in the grip of late winter. It was a cold, wet and rough sail north up the fog-bound and encouragingly named Skeleton Coast. We'd sailed these waters in the eighties but hadn't put in anywhere because, not to put too fine a point on it, with only sextant and compass to go on, we never knew exactly where we were. This time we had the luxury of a Geographical Positioning System (GPS) so that, notwithstanding a gale that almost blew us past Diaz Point we were able to make a precise landfall, four days out, on the old diamond town of Luderitz, Namibia. We drank German beer, ate kuchen, trekked to a ghost town in the



(above) Off the Skeleton Coast, Namibia



(left) En route to St. Helena: the crew on watch

desert and observed that the Luderitz Yacht Club, while hospitable, seemed to have no black members.

In 1987 the 1700-mile haul from Cape Town to the tiny British dependency of St. Helena, in mid-South

Atlantic, had been our favourite passage on a four-year circumnavigation of the world: gentle following winds, sunshine, warm seas; several times when becalmed we had gone swimming in 2000 fathoms. This time around we didn't see the sun for two weeks, the winds rarely dropped below 20 knots and we wore our bright red foul weather gear the whole time. The rugged outline of the island, 13 days out, was accordingly very welcome.



Bosun Bird at anchor below the Corcovado, Rio de Janeiro

This is a unique place, not just because of its fascinating history — for centuries a fiefdom of the East India Company, a prison for Napoleon and, later, Boer generals, a WWII coaling station — but for its continuing isolation. There is talk of building an airstrip, but in the meantime the island is connected to the outside world by the last designated mail ship in the world, the *RMS St. Helena*, and there are many "Saints" who have never seen an aeroplane, a train or a traffic light and who have not been more than eight kilometres from the place of their birth (the island is 16 km long ...). The island is ruled by a Governor who is, as in the case of the Falklands, usually a career diplomat; he has a palatial

SQ called Plantation House, but must share his large garden with five others: Jonathan, David, Fredericka, Myrtle and Speedy. Jonathan is 175 years old and, like his friends, is a giant Aldabra Tortoise.

In 1987 the Number 1 hit on Radio St. Helena was Benny Hill's *Trigger: He Pulled the Fastest Milkcart in the West*. Musical tastes have not changed much; in late 2005 top of the playlist was *It's Hard to Kiss the Lips at Night that Chew Your Ass Out All Day Long*.

2200 miles to Rio. It was supposed to be the most spectacular landfall imaginable: samba (not country ...) the soundtrack, the Sugarloaf and the Corcovado catching the first rays of the dawn sun, blah blah blah. In fact as we approached Guanabara Bay we were having one of our perennial engine crises: that pleasant smell of wood burning was not wafting over from the fresh green hills of our Brazilian landfall but was the result of the water pump shaft deciding to quit cooling the engine and instead attempt to bore its way out of the teak engine casing and into the cabin. Crisis over, we did get to anchor under the Sugarloaf but, unable to lock our dinghy oars up when we went ashore, had to take them everywhere (awkward in bus turnstiles), including to the cinema; they were useful as a weapon when four youths attempted to mug the crew in Flamengo.

Mar del Plata, 1300 miles down the coast, was more relaxing, if less exotic; notwithstanding the recent economic crisis and the self-flagellating pessimism of Argentines today (in contrast with their insufferable arrogance in the seventies) this is also a safe place. We rediscovered the forgotten delight of Dulce de Leche and spent Christmas with four or five other cruising boats, telling each other scary sea stories. Ron, a 50-year-old red-blooded Australian divorcé cruising on Sula, had been rolled and dismasted 400 miles west of the Horn and had chilling photos to prove it. But he was much more shaken up, indeed traumatized, by an incident in the Mar del Plata Sheraton (which last November played host to George W. Bush for the Summit of the Americas; there are still tattered



The river at Puerto Deseado, Argentina

anti-American posters in the streets, portraying him as Hitler). Ron had invested three hours and the cost of several exotic drinks in a sensational-looking young Argentine señorita only for the barman to lean over and whisper in his ear, when the lady had gone to the washroom for a moment, "Esa señorita no es señorita, es un señor ..."; Ron told the story at least six times during Christmas Day. We also made a nostalgic visit to St. George's, Buenos Aires; sitting with the now Deputy Head, who had come out here as a fresh-faced rookie from Huddersfield 27 years ago, a year after us, was strangely unsettling, like revisiting an earlier lifetime. Like everywhere else you revisit after a long absence, we found the trains much more run down and inefficient than they used to be.

But you couldn't really relax. The problem was that Mar del Plata is at 38 degrees south and our next destination, the Beagle Channel, at 55. The next 1200 miles would take us due south through the Roaring Forties and well into the Furious Fifties: the windiest waters in the world. Twice a day, sometimes three times, we would scrutinize weather charts, satellite photos and wind models on the Internet; initially we said we would leave as soon as there opened up a three-day window of winds from a favourable direction, to be followed by contrary winds of no more than 30 knots. After about three weeks, we realized we would be waiting forever: we'd have to make do with two days from the right direction, and thereafter take whatever was coming.

Soon after Christmas, we set off. But it was a false start. Only a few hours out, the wind shifted against us, and we ran for cover to an obscure grain-loading port called Quequen. At the tiny Vito Dumas Yacht Club we were treated like royalty; it had been years since they had last seen a foreign yacht. More nail-biting in the Internet café, which was decorated with movie posters; we always seemed to get the booth with the poster for *The Day After*, showing New York being overwhelmed by a tidal wave and hurricane-force winds.

Friday January 13th, and the forecast looked good again. Too bad about the date. 700 miles out we had weathered a couple of



In Banner Cove, Picton Island (Beagle Channel)



The abandoned estancia, Spaniard Harbour, Tierra del Fuego

severe fronts and had spent several hours under bare poles (sailing jargon for running before the wind with no sails up at all) and were off the tiny Patagonian outpost of Puerto Deseado, disproportionately famous as (a) the place where penguins were first seen by Europeans (Welshmen, in fact; *Pen Gwyn* = White Head); (b) a stopping place for Magellan, Drake and Cavendish; and (c) the place where the otherwise phenomenally skilled and careful navigator Captain Robert Fitzroy of *HMS Beagle*, with one Charles Darwin aboard, twice hit the same rock in mid-channel (marked on our chart as Beagle Rock).

Here our engine started vibrating alarmingly — time for another pitstop.

Fortunately, Coco the mechanic was on hand. In a month's time, the 70-year-old Coco would be leaving for BA for heart bypass surgery, "so we'd better get to work right now," he said. Coco generally arrived at his workshop about noon, by which time there would be four or five people, complete with broken-down cars, awaiting him. Much of the rest of the day would be spent drinking mate and discussing the football results or politics. But eventually we did get things fixed — the day before Coco was due to get the bus out.

The Furious Fifties were actually quite calm, not that we were too disappointed about this. We also successfully negotiated the dreaded Straits of Le Maire (or Straits of Nightmare, as

I found myself calling them) between the eastern tip of Tierra del Fuego and Staten Island. This short stretch of water is reckoned to have sent more ships to the bottom than Cape Horn, 70 miles to the southwest, the reason being that when the wind is opposed to the tide then, as the British Admiralty Pilot soberly warns, "*Vessels may here encounter standing waves of 10 m to 12 m.*" There was a long period when, just out of the Straits, it looked as though wind and tide would wash us back in again (the crew was heard briefly to wonder whether we had enough drinking water to reach South Africa again, only 4500 miles east and dead downwind ...) but we were able to edge our way around the toe of the big island and, at 1:30 on a rainy, cold and very dark night, let the anchor down in Spaniard Harbour, on the north shore of the Beagle Channel.

Spaniard Harbour has a macabre past: in the early nineteenth century, an Anglican missionary determined to bring God's word to the people Charles Darwin described (inaccurately and unfairly) as the most miserable specimens of humanity on Earth, the fierce Yaghans, Ona and Aush, was driven here by his intended converts and died of starvation and exposure in a cave on the beach, in a state of mystical exaltation. It is still an evocative place. On shore there is only an abandoned estancia, where lupins run wild; when I landed through the surf a pair of stallions rushed towards me out of nowhere, then stood stock motionless a few feet in front of me; they vaguely remembered humans but were perplexed, still. For five days the wind blew hard out of the west and we hung tenuously on our anchor; when it shifted a few degrees to the north we moved on again.

We're now at Puerto Williams, a tiny Chilean naval base 80 miles west up the Channel. Notwithstanding the claims of Ushuaia, this truly is the southernmost permanent human settlement in the world (discounting Antarctic bases); there are three shops, one restaurant and an Internet café. We'll spend the winter around here, before heading North up the Chilean channels in the (southern) spring or summer. Our eventual destination is our home on Vancouver Island. The scenery here is as spectacular as we remembered: like BC or Alaska, with views going on forever, but with condors circling the jagged peaks of Navarino, and a lot more wind.



The first snowfall of winter, Puerto Williams, Chile

It's only early fall but there is already snow in the wind; the forecast calls for 60 knots tonight. And we shiver too when we hear on the cruisers' grapevine this week the news about Antoine, the friendly young French singlehander we met at Christmas in Mar del Plata, aboard his tiny Mini Transat 21, *Moustique*. Sailing together with another French boat, *Agur*, Antoine ran into a gale off the eastern entrance of the Straits of Magellan. *Agur* was rolled and dismantled but limped into Puerto Deseado under engine power. Neither Antoine nor his boat have been seen for five weeks now; he cannot have survived. ☹

2006 PAFSO AWARDS

“In Pursuit of Excellence”

On June 15, 2006, 285 colleagues and guests gathered to celebrate excellence in the Canadian Foreign Service at the PAFSO Dinner and Awards presentations held in the Panorama Room of the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. John Gray's bagpipes signaled the start of another outstanding evening.

Le président de l'APASE, M. John Bonar, a souligné que « Nous formons tous, ici ce soir, une famille — que nous soyons membres de l'APASE, anciens membres de l'APASE, employés de l'APASE ou invités spéciaux. Nous sommes un groupement de personnes unies par le même engagement : celui de promouvoir et de protéger la place du Canada dans le monde. Comme toutes les familles, nous ne sommes pas toujours d'accord sur tout, mais, à la fin de chaque journée — soit une journée ordinaire ou journée de crise — nous connaissons le lien qui nous maintient ensemble ».

Master of Ceremonies, Norman Baillie-David, the founder and managing partner of The Antima Group, managed the evening's festivities and read the presentations for each of this year's Award recipients.



Bruce Grundison, Stewart Henderson, the Honourable Monte Solberg, Sanjeev Chowdhury and Manon Dumas

Why not start thinking about or preparing now for nominations for the 2007 PAFSO Awards. While the deadline for submissions is April 5, 2007, nominations or indications of forthcoming nominations can be received at any time at awards@pafso-apase.com or by mail to Mr. George Grande, Secretary, FS Awards Committee, 412-47 Clarence St., Ottawa, ON K1N 9K1.

Pourquoi ne pas commencer dès aujourd'hui à penser aux mises en candidature pour les prix de l'APASE de 2007? Bien que la date limite de réception des candidatures soit fixée au 5 avril 2007, il est possible en tout temps d'envoyer une candidature ou un avis d'intention de présenter une candidature à awards@pafso-apase.com ou par la poste à M. George Grande, secrétaire, Comité des prix FS, 412-47 rue Clarence, Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1



Rod Elliot (left), Manager, Government Relations, TD Bank Financial Group, presented Stewart Henderson with his Award.

Stewart Henderson, Canada's Chargé d'affaires in Baghdad since October 2005, has been honoured this year as a PAFSO Award winner for successfully taking on one of the most difficult assignments in the Canadian Foreign Service. In doing so he has demonstrated a deep commitment to serving Canadians and fulfilling Canada's mandate while using his keen analytical skills, his networking ability and sang-froid in exceptionally difficult times. Stewart lives and works in conditions where "Casual Friday" means not wearing body armour, where there are daily mortar and rocket attacks, and where he has even been the inadvertent target in a friendly fire incident when bullets were fired by a soldier into an Embassy vehicle Stewart was driving. Despite these distractions, Stewart has reported on a never-ending range of complex political issues, provided leadership to consular staff and provided excellent advice to the Embassy in Amman and to Ottawa while expanding Canada's relations in Iraq.

L'enlèvement de deux Canadiens en Irak, un mois après son arrivée, a obligé Stewart à coordonner les ressources et les communications tout en gérant les efforts d'un groupe multi-agences composé de 10 personnes. Stewart a fait la preuve d'un leadership exceptionnel et il a supervisé une des plus difficiles et dangereuses missions de libération d'otages jamais mises sur pied. Il a, à titre de chef d'équipe efficace, apporté une contribution inestimable qui a abouti à la libération des deux otages sains et saufs. Fort de ses 26 années de service dans le service extérieur et de ses cinq affectations antérieures, Stewart a maintenu des normes élevées et assuré un solide leadership à la présence du Canada en Irak.

“An earlier speaker gave thanks to those who had ‘given’ him his preferred posting. I do not know who to thank for my assignment in Baghdad... but I have recently accepted to stay in Iraq for a second year as it seems to offer a friendlier professional environment than at headquarters. ... This Awards ceremony allows us to share amongst ourselves our sense of pride at being Canadian Foreign Service Officers and having the opportunity to serve Canada's interests at home and abroad.”

Bruce Grundison has been selected as a PAFSO Award winner in recognition of his exceptional contribution to Citizenship and Immigration Canada (CIC) programmes and his constant work to promote Canada's foreign policy objectives. Over three postings to Kingston, Beijing and Ankara since joining CIC in 1992, Bruce has closely examined processes to obtain faster and better results, including modifying the electronic immigration computer system so what previously took over a year to accomplish could be done in six months. As a programme manager on his last posting he showed an exemplary ability to work with host governments, international organizations and individual Canadians, demonstrating organizational skills and talent for managing change.

La renommée de Bruce auprès de ses collègues sur le plan de l'innovation et de la formation techniques est bien établie. Il est grandement respecté non seulement de ceux et celles qui le connaissent, mais des employés recrutés sur place et des agents canadiens à l'étranger qui n'ont pas encore eu l'occasion de faire sa connaissance. Il s'oriente actuellement vers le secteur exigeant de la biométrie, qui est crucial pour nos besoins actuels et futurs en matière de sécurité, à titre de directeur du Projet de planification de la biométrie, Direction de l'assurance des risques, à CIC.



Gregory Schmidt (left), Senior Director, Government Relations, Petro-Canada and Bruce Grundison.

“I remember well my selection interview for the Foreign Service. At the end of the interview, there was an opportunity to ask questions. One of the questions to the Board was, ‘Why do you like working in the Foreign Service; what makes it so great?’ My mentor, with whom I would work several times over the coming years, as part of the answer, said, ‘I just can't say enough good things about my job.’ I said to myself right there, ‘Now *that's* the job I want.’”



The Hon. John Manley (left) presented Sanjeev Chowdhury with his Award.

Sanjeev Chowdhury has been chosen for a PAFSO Award as a result of his outstanding efforts in representing and promoting Canada in Vietnam as Consul General in Ho Chi Minh City. Sanjeev has earned the respect and admiration of Canadian companies in Ho Chi Minh City for his inclusiveness, promotion and generous outreach. He has shown a keen interest in promoting Canadian and Vietnamese culture through support for artists and singers. He has organized live on-line sessions on Canada, and has reached out to the youth of Vietnam through a nation-wide "Consul General for a Day" programme with the winner experiencing a day in the life of Canada's Consul General.

Sanjeev a établi 10 bourses d'études Feuille d'érable pour des étudiants méritants d'université de première et deuxième années et, en trois ans, il a recueilli plus de 30 000 \$ pour les victimes de l'agent orange/dioxine. Dans l'exercice de ses fonctions, il fait preuve d'une énergie inépuisable et de talents exceptionnels d'organisateur et il sait établir l'équilibre entre le professionnalisme et la détermination, le tout teinté d'une dose d'humour. Sanjeev a collaboré avec un vaste éventail de particuliers et d'organisations, canadiens comme vietnamiens, dans ses efforts pour promouvoir et représenter le Canada.

“When I arrived in Vietnam, I wanted to use the things I had learned as Press Secretary, coupled with my experience in trade promotion, to put Canada on the map in a way never seen before. Our mantra became, 'Think Canada First for Trade, Investment, Study, and Tourism.' We decided to be original to grab the attention of the people of Vietnam with different and creative ideas, or what I simply call 'New Age Diplomacy' tactics.”

Manon Dumas, actuellement directrice adjointe de la Division des relations fédérales-provinciales du ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international (MAECI), a été choisie cette année par l'APASE pour son travail dans de nombreux dossiers du secteur très complexe dans lequel les relations fédérales-provinciales et les questions internationales s'entrecroisent. Elle s'est notamment occupée des négociations avec le Québec concernant la participation de celui-ci à l'UNESCO et, toujours avec le Québec, des aspects fédéraux-provinciaux du projet Adoptions Vietnam. Elle a aussi été chargée d'autres dossiers, comme l'Examen de la politique internationale, l'élargissement du champ de compétence du Forum des fédérations et le processus interministériel de lutte contre la traite d'êtres humains. Manon réunit les meilleures des qualités que les agents du service qualitatifs qui reviennent sur les lèvres de ses collègues sont nombreuses : créative, intelligente, articulée, érudite, rigoureuse, pleine d'entrain, débrouillarde et humaine.

Manon brings to her work the very best of qualities of a foreign service officer. Adjectives applied to her work by colleagues include creative, intelligent, articulate, cultivated, rigorous, spirited, resourceful, and humane. She stood out by handling the pressures of high priority and sensitive files with tact, creativity and finesse. She brings together disparate partners in common cause, providing quiet and effective leadership to groundbreaking work which requires cooperation, consultation and quick decision making.

« Si j'ai pu rêver d'une telle carrière en grandissant dans un petit village du fin fond du nord de l'Ontario, où la seule présence du gouvernement fédéral était le bureau de poste, c'est que je dois remercier mes parents, qui ont su nourrir ma curiosité, mon imagination et mon appétit pour les cultures et le monde entier. Et qui ne m'ont pas écouté lorsque à quatre ans, je refusais d'apprendre l'anglais. »

M^{me} Manon Dumas et M. Robert Blackburn, SNC-Lavalin.



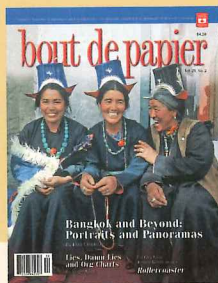


John Noble and Paul Gibbard.

RHOMA Prize for Best Article in *bout de papier*

In addition to the four PAFSO Awards, one other award was presented at the PAFSO Dinner on June 15, 2006. **Paul Gibbard** was the winner of the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) sponsored award for best article in *bout de papier* magazine for Volume 21. His article, "A Year of Self-Funded Leave" appeared in Issue No. 4.

Honourable Mention went to **Liza Linklater** for the following article: "Bangkok and Beyond: Portraits and Panoramas", Issue No. 2.



Dinner / dîner

2004 Inniskillin Riesling Reserve Niagara Peninsula VQA

Summer Greens garnished with Tomatoes, Sheep Milk Feta Cheese, Green Olive Oil and Oregano Dressing

Verdures de saison garnies de tomates et de fromage feta de lait de brebis, vinaigrette à l'huile d'olive verte et à l'origan

2004 Inniskillin Montague Chardonnay Niagara Peninsula VQA

2004 Inniskillin Pinot Noir Reserve Niagara Peninsula VQA

Grilled Steamed Salmon with Saffron Sauce and Red Pepper Drizzle, served with Seasonal Vegetables and Potato Gallette

Saumon à l'étuvée et filet de sauce au safran et au poivron rouge accompagné de légumes de saison et d'une galette de pomme de terre

2004 Inniskillin Pearl Vidal Ice Wine Niagara Peninsula VQA

Newfoundland Screech Cake with Fresh Berries and Crème Fraîche

Gâteau au screech de Terre-Neuve accompagné de baies et de crème fraîche

2006 Panel of Judges

The panel which selected this year's Award recipients was composed of people who themselves had achieved distinction in their various fields. The panel included:

Raymond Chrétien travaille actuellement à titre de conseiller stratégique au sein de Fasken Martineau, DuMoulin. Il est également président du conseil d'administration du Centre d'études et de recherches internationales de l'Université de Montréal. Mr. Chrétien joined the department in 1966 and enjoyed a long and exceptional career in the foreign service, including assignments as Ambassador to Zaire, Mexico, Belgium and the United States. He served most recently as Canada's Ambassador to France from 2000–03.

Lieutenant-General (Retired) **Michael K. Jeffrey** is currently a consultant on defence, security and strategic planning. He began a distinguished military career at age 16 as a Rifleman with the Canadian Army Militia. He was promoted to Colonel in 1989, serving with the United Nations Transition Group (UNCTAD) in Namibia. He was appointed Commandant of the Canadian Land Forces Command and Staff College in 1996. In 2000, on promotion to Lieutenant-General he served as Chief of the Land Staff until his retirement in 2003.

The **Honourable John Manley** held several portfolios in the Canadian government throughout his 15 years of public service, including Industry, Foreign Affairs and Finance, as well as being Deputy Prime Minister. After leaving federal politics, among other things, he co-chaired a trilateral independent task force on the future of North America. Now a Senior Counsel at McCarthy Tétrault LLP, Mr. Manley provides strategic advice on matters relating to public affairs and sits on several boards, including non-profit organizations.

Martha Nixon left the public service in 2003 after almost 30 years' service, most recently as Assistant Deputy Minister, Operations, for Citizenship and Immigration Canada. During her tenure, Ms. Nixon managed many high profile events — the Kosovar refugee movement, Asian refugee boat arrivals and security issues following 9/11, to name a few, in what was described by the Public Policy Forum as one of the "Ten Tough Jobs in Government." Over the past three years, Ms. Nixon has been consulting, largely in the non-profit community sector.

Jeffrey Simpson is national affairs columnist for the *Globe and Mail*, and has aided public understanding of Canadian politics for more than 30 years through his newspaper and magazine articles, books, speeches, lectures, and television appearances. He began his career at the *Globe and Mail* in 1974. He joined the Ottawa bureau in 1977, where he became bureau chief, and then served in London as European correspondent from 1981–83. His national affairs column began in 1984. He has won numerous awards, including the Governor General's Award for non-fiction. In 2000 he became an Officer of the Order of Canada. ☺



Nos commanditaires

Nous tenons à remercier nos commanditaires ministres, ambassadeurs et diplomates qui jouent un rôle important dans le succès constant du programme de prix de l'APASE.

Minister / Ministre

Bombardier

Inniskillin

Petro-Canada

Research in Motion

SNC-Lavalin

TD Bank Financial Group / Le Groupe Financier Banque TD

Ambassador / Ambassadeur

Allan Bonner Communications Management Inc.

Boyd Moving & Storage Ltd. /

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CAE

Canada Pork International / Canada Porc International

Chicken Farmers of Canada /

Les Producteurs de poulet du Canada

Great-West Life Assurance Company / La Great-West, compagnie d'assurance-vie

ING Novex

Reed Mather Insurance Group / Le Groupe d'assurance Reed Mather

Tradex Mutual Funds / Les Fonds mutuels Tradex

Diplomat / Diplomate

Albert at Bay Suite Hotel

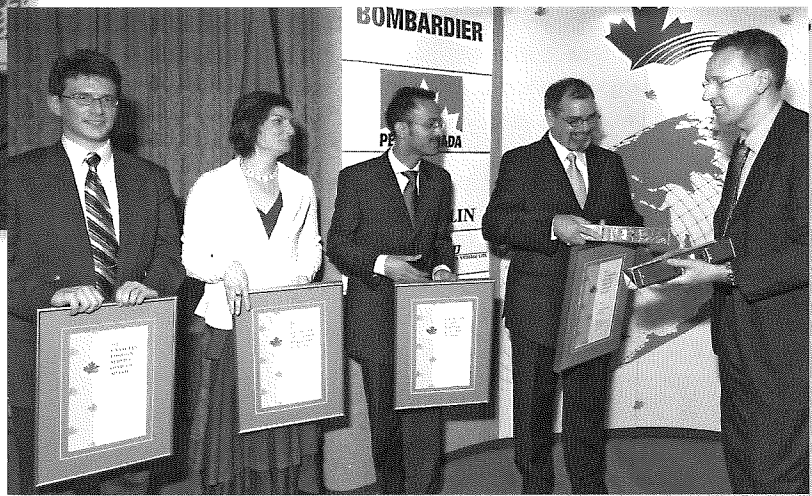
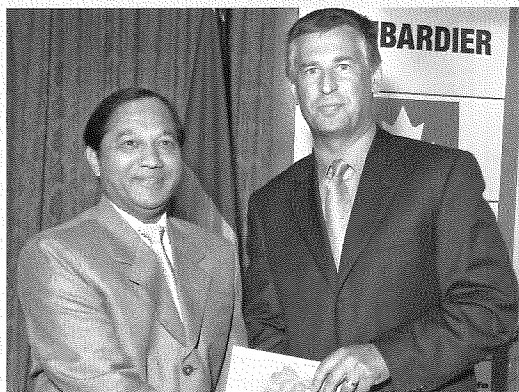
Canadian Bank Note Company, Limited

Dominique Levesque Designer-Couturier

Mercer Human Resource Consulting /

Mercer, Consultation en ressources humaines

VIA Rail Canada



On behalf of Inniskillin, this year's chair of the Awards Committee, Douglas Challborn, presented the ice wine gift sets signed by Donald J.P. Ziraldo and Karl J. Kaiser to this year's Award recipients.

D'Iberville Fortier 1925–2006

D'Iberville — D'Ib comme beaucoup d'entre nous l'appelions, était pour moi à la fois un ami très proche, un « gentil-homme » très cultivé et intelligent, et un grand serviteur de l'État, c'est à dire de son Québec natal et de l'ensemble du Canada.

Son enfance est ancrée à Montréal au sein d'une famille bourgeoise et catholique très unie, qui comptait à part lui, deux frères et une sœur. Tous semblent avoir été marqués par la forte et exigeante personnalité de leur père, qui voyait grand et haut pour chacun, mais aussi par la douceur et la chaleur de leur mère. D'Iberville suivit avec aisance un parcours scolaire assez classique aux collèges Jean-de-Brébeuf et Stanislas, obtint une licence en droit de l'université de Montréal, fut admis au Barreau du Québec, avant d'étudier à Londres (London School of Economics) et à Paris où il obtint un doctorat d'État es sciences économiques.

C'est au Ministère des Affaires extérieures que nous avons fait connaissance en septembre 1952, lorsque nous nous sommes présentés après avoir tous deux passé l'examen écrit et l'inquiétante et longue entrevue de sélection du Ministère. Nous étions une douzaine à y être accueillis avec grande courtoisie par l'un des nôtres, Geoffrey Bruce, puis par Evan Gill, imposant directeur du Personnel. On avait un peu l'impression d'entrer dans un ordre religieux, ou peut-être une société secrète! Il me semble en y repensant que D'Iberville pouvait s'accorder avec un tel entourage : grand, altier, distingué, sérieux et parlant lentement une langue française très pure, il en imposait!

Nous avons tous les deux étudié à Paris après nos années universitaires à Montréal et, avec ce fond commun, nous sommes vite liés d'amitié. Je me suis aperçu que derrière un masque un peu sérieux et fort digne, se cachait une personnalité plus joyeuse et passionnée, profondément préoccupée par les grands problèmes internationaux de ces années d'après guerre, mais aussi éprise de littérature et de musique.

Nous avons partagé un appartement sur la rue Tormey dans la côte de Sables, jusqu'à notre première affectation à l'étranger, lui à Washington puis au Vietnam, moi en Autriche encore occupée par les quatre « grands », États-Unis, Union Soviétique, Royaume-Uni et France, puis à Paris (OTAN). Si la musique classique était l'environnement fréquent de cet appartement, les mélodies et paroles que nous écoutions souvent aussi étaient celles des chansonniers français de l'époque tels Bécaud, Aznavour, Montand et bien sur la même Piaf! Félix Leclerc commençait à peine. Nous avons même « tâté » du théâtre en personnages secondaires des « Précieuses Ridicules » de Molière au sein d'une troupe amateur! Il y avait un côté « grand seigneur » chez D'Ib. Il aimait assez le faste et le secret de la carrière, comme aussi « la bonne bouffe » et les grands vins! Il pouvait paraître un peu solennel, mais il avait un bon sens de l'humour et aimait blaguer et rire, et, entre amis, était d'une grande simplicité.

De retour à Ottawa, nous avons de nouveau cohabité et commencé à prendre racine dans l'univers de la capitale et de ses environs. Nous nous retrouvions assez nombreux en fin d'après-midi à la piscine du Château Laurier, que fréquentait souvent un excellent nageur appelé Pierre Trudeau,

travaillant alors au Conseil privé. (Nous le connaissions déjà depuis nos années universitaires à Montréal et Paris.)

C'est lors d'une soirée que nous donnions conjointement dans notre appartement que je rencontraï l'une des invitées de D'Ib qui devint mon épouse; quelques étés plus tard dans un chalet à Kingsmere, nous avions la primeur d'accueillir avec lui une jeune et jolie visiteuse française à qui il devait plus tard passer l'anneau au doigt!

Comme la plupart de ses collègues, D'Iberville a passablement voyagé en missions et en postes à l'étranger. Ses deux affectations en début de carrière au Vietnam et au Cambodge dans le cadre de la Commission d'Armistice du Vietnam lui ont laissé de profondes impressions. Détaché plus tard auprès de l'OTAN, alors à Paris, comme directeur des services de presse, il devait s'acquitter avec brio de son mandat et se faire apprécier par l'un des groupes de journalistes chevronnés les plus exigeants et difficiles que l'on puisse trouver! Cette expérience devait le servir plus tard lorsqu'il fut nommé porte-parole du Ministère auprès d'un ministre exigeant, Paul Martin.

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D'Ib a représenté le Canada avec distinction à titre d'ambassadeur à Tunis, puis à Rome et enfin en Belgique, et a rempli des fonctions importantes au Ministère à Ottawa. C'était un patron exigeant de ses collaborateurs comme de lui-même. Il attachait une importance particulière à la qualité de la langue écrite et écrivait lui-même avec élégance et précision. Une de ses tâches importantes à Ottawa fut de diriger l'organisation de la visite du Premier ministre Trudeau au Mexique, à Cuba et au Venezuela, la première d'un premier ministre canadien en Amérique latine. Je peux témoigner personnellement du calme et de la compétence dont il a dû faire preuve dans la partie cubaine de ce voyage, plutôt tumultueuse, que j'ai suivie de près en tant qu'ambassadeur résidant.

D'Iberville a aussi eu l'occasion d'assumer d'importantes fonctions en dehors de son Ministère à Ottawa : nommé président d'un groupe de travail spécial du Conseil privé sur l'information gouvernementale, il dirigea et mena à bien les travaux et les recherches complexes et délicates de ce comité. Le rapport et les recommandations du Comité firent l'objet de discussions et de controverses passionnées au parlement et dans les médias avant d'être finalement largement acceptées par le gouvernement Trudeau.

Plus tard, de retour à Ottawa, on lui offrit le poste délicat de Commissaire aux Langues officielles. Il y a travaillé avec beaucoup d'énergie et de talent, car ses fonctions touchaient des questions qui lui tenaient profondément à cœur : la reconnaissance et la promotion de la langue française et les relations entre francophones et anglophones. Par ses idées, ses discours, ses articles, ses rencontres, d'Iberville a apporté une contribution assez remarquable, je pense, à une meilleure compréhension de l'apport que la présence et la connaissance de la langue française et de la culture qui y est associée, peuvent apporter aux Canadiens de langue anglaise et au pays tout entier.

Et c'est après, subitement, que la maladie et la douleur l'ont frappé et qu'il a dû porter une croix de plus en plus lourde ! Je me limiterai ici à témoigner du grand courage dont il a fait preuve durant ces longues années et de l'amour et de la présence constante dont son épouse,

Marie-Thérèse l'a entouré. L'amour qu'il ressentait pour Valérie et Sébastien, leurs enfants, et le plaisir que lui apportaient leurs visites l'ont aussi beaucoup aidé. Il n'oubliait d'ailleurs pas ses amis, et avait grand plaisir à évoquer les bons moments passés avec les uns et les autres.

Repose-toi, vieux camarade ! Tu as bien mérité des tiens !

James E. Hyndman, chef de mission à la retraite (Cuba et Haïti).

John Small 1919–2006

*Memories of John Small by
Arthur Menzies at memorial service
in Ottawa on 31 May 2006.*

John Small was a China Mishkid like me. He was born December 19, 1919 in Chengdu, the capital of the big highly populated southwestern province of Sichuan. Before World War II the only access to Sichuan was by boat up the great Yangzi River. Smaller boats pulled by gangs of trackers moved passengers up through the churning waters of the Yangzi Gorges, where a giant dam has just been completed. Canadian United Church missionaries stationed in North Henan, where I was born, only met their Sichuan colleagues at Shanghai at the mouth of the Yangzi River or back on leave in Canada. John attended the Canadian Mission school in Chengdu and returned to Canada for university training.

John's older brother William was a classmate of mine at Victoria College in the University of Toronto. I first met John at a soccer match when the University of Toronto intermediate team played the Aggies in Guelph where John was studying at the Ontario Agricultural College.

On graduation in 1941 John enlisted as a Sub Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve and put in four arduous and risky years in naval convoy work in the North Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, in the Normandy landing and later in Australian waters. He was discharged in 1946 as a Lieutenant. He returned to university studies in Toronto, earning a BA degree in 1949.

John joined the Department of Trade and Commerce as an Agricultural Trade Commissioner. He was posted to The Hague from 1950–55. During their stay in Holland there were some bad floods. When John returned to Ottawa I was Head of the Far Eastern Division of External Affairs and I talked to him about transferring to External Affairs as we needed officers with some background in China and the Chinese language. We sent him to the University of Toronto to brush up on his Chinese language. I don't think this was a great success because his teacher wanted him to read Tang poetry instead of drilling him on reading current newspapers. John was posted to Hong Kong in 1958 when Canada began selling large shipments of wheat to the People's Republic of China, where mismanagement during the Great Leap Forward campaign had resulted in starvation for many peasants. John made a number of trips into the PRC as a Trade Commissioner. He wrote some very informative reports on what he saw and heard on these trips, at a time when we had no diplomatic relations with the PRC.

John and family returned to Ottawa in 1961. I returned from a posting to Kuala Lumpur at the same time, so we were able to renew our friendship.

John's next posting was a Counsellor in Pakistan from 1963–65.

He was then appointed Permanent Representative to the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris. This was at the time of student riots in France. Despite this turbulence, I think he and Jean and the family enjoyed their time in Paris.

John returned to Pakistan as High Commissioner in 1969 at a time when Bangladesh was separating from Pakistan. He was concurrently accredited as Ambassador to Afghanistan.

John was cross-posted in 1972 as Ambassador to the People's Republic of China because our first Ambassador to the PRC, Ralph Collins, developed a blood circulation problem. This was a challenging time to serve in China because we had just established diplomatic relations in 1970 after a 20-year estrangement. The tumultuous Cultural Revolution was still in full force. Yet Canada was trying to build its relations with Communist China through the 1973 visit of Prime Minister

Trudeau and other Ministerial visits. John managed this complex situation with panache and still found time to play tennis with the American diplomatic representative, George Bush senior, later President of the United States and father of the current President George W. Bush.

At the end of the war in Vietnam in 1975 John was dually accredited as Canada's first Ambassador to the People's Republic of Vietnam and travelled to Hanoi to present his credentials.

In the autumn of 1976 I was appointed to succeed John as Ambassador to the People's Republic of China and concurrently Ambassador to the People's Republic of Vietnam. My wife and I were kindly invited by the Chinese Ambassador Zhang Wenjin to a farewell dinner at the Chinese Embassy the day that word came through that Chairman Mao had died. The dinner was postponed. In discussions in the Department it was thought prudent to leave John in Beijing for the transition period. I should mention here that the great Tangshan earthquake took place in August with very destructive force and its effects extended to Beijing. Sheila and I met

John and Jean in Hong Kong where we got the latest briefing. Then we made our way by rail to Canton and on to Beijing.

Following his four years as Ambassador to China, John was posted to London as Deputy-Secretary General of the Commonwealth. His duties included finding the right expert to assist smaller Commonwealth countries in building up their governmental structures.

John's final overseas assignment was as High Commissioner to Malaysia and Brunei from 1982-84. As I had opened our High Commission in Kuala Lumpur in 1958 I was interested to learn from John about the growth of the Malaysian economy in the intervening 24 years.

After retiring in 1984 John was asked to take on the responsibility of Administrator for the Canadian Code of Corporate Conduct in South Africa, seeking to ensure that Canadian companies working in South Africa maintained a high standard in their treatment of their South African employees.

John's record of distinguished public service was recognized by Guelph University, the modern home of the Ontario Agricultural College from which he

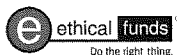
graduated in 1941, with the conferring of an honorary LLD degree.

In retirement John and Jean enjoyed their cottage in the Rideau Lakes. John continued to play vigorous tennis games with a group of old friends, and they were active members of the China-Canada Friendship Society, the Royal Commonwealth Society, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the Retired Heads of Mission Association.

Today we look back on the varied career of an officer who served Canada in the Navy during World War II and maintained the highest standards of public service at home and abroad, with ability, steadiness and unfailing good humour! What a career! What pioneering work he did! What attention to duty! He was also a devoted husband to Jean and father of their four daughters. Let us give thanks for the full and productive life John shared with us, his friends and admirers. And to Jean and family our thanks for sharing John with us. ☺

Arthur Menzies is a retired Head of Mission to Japan, Malaysia, Australia, Vietnam and the People's Republic of China.

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Toward a Canadian Foreign Intelligence Service

by Kurt F. Jensen

Canada is discussing the merit and necessity of establishing a clandestine foreign intelligence service. Support for such an institution formed part of the election platform of the recently elected Conservative Party. The retired head of the British Secret Intelligence Service, Sir Richard Dearlove, also spoke in Toronto in April in support of a greater Canadian intelligence contribution, describing Canada as an intelligence freeloader. More recently, Reid Morden, a former Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs and a retired head of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS), wrote an article for the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute ("A Canadian Foreign Intelligence Service: A New Necessity or an Expensive Frill?") in favour of a secret service and, particularly, one located in CSIS.

Let us establish some facts at the outset. CSIS is a security service, not a foreign intelligence service. While a former CSIS director has suggested that the Service can do all that the CIA can do, that just is not correct.

The tradecraft required for security intelligence services differs significantly from that associated with the collection of foreign intelligence. A security service is an investigative entity chasing bad people. In Canada, it does so within very strict legal guidance involving judicial warrants and strict oversight to protect those who may be innocent.

Not so in foreign intelligence. There are very few rules. The activity occurs outside Canada for the most part, and there is no investigative structure. Only an information requirement exists. Some will argue that there is a great deal of overlap between security intelligence and foreign intelligence. And so there is. But there are also fundamental differences. Security intelligence serves to protect Canada and Canadian interests from harm by learning about, and countering, threats to our national well-being. Foreign intelligence

has only the goal of obtaining information which can inform on international issues and advance Canada's national interests. The difference may at times appear subtle but it is nevertheless important and demands very different tools. Successful merger of the two types of services has been unusual in democratic societies.

The debate over whether Canada should have a secret intelligence service is neither new nor unique; in fact, it has raged since the end of World War II. While Canada established a modest intelligence architecture after the war, a clandestine foreign intelligence service did not materialize. There was brief discussion of drawing upon the knowledge and expertise of William Stephenson — "Intrepid" — but it went nowhere. The last significant effort of the early postwar period to launch a secret service occurred in 1951 but was laid to rest, probably because of cost and lack of resources. Since that time, the debate has recurred every five to 10 years, receiving brief public acclaim only to return to the depths of oblivion. Today's debate is different.

occurs in foreign places and should not be under the direction of the minister of the interior (the Minister of Public Safety in Canada's case). CSIS falls under Public Safety Canada but, should something go amiss in a foreign country, it would be the Minister of Foreign Affairs who would have to do the explaining. Such a concept is counter-intuitive and will prove untenable over a longer period.

Merging the security and foreign elements of intelligence into a single entity is rightly called the KGB template by Morden, who then suggests that times are changing. He presents the model of the Dutch AIVD, the security service which recently established a foreign intelligence division. This is not an apt example since the Dutch intent is eventually to separate the two wings, once the foreign intelligence division, already under the direction of a member of the foreign ministry, is well established. Indeed, the foreign intelligence wing of the AIVD replaces a respectable Dutch foreign intelligence service, the IDB, which had operated successfully

Placing a foreign intelligence service within CSIS is contrary to the Westminster model of separating security and foreign intelligence services.

For the first time there appears to be some political momentum in support of a foreign intelligence service, although it remains to be seen whether it is sustainable. And there is a subtle push from a number of quarters for a foreign intelligence service which would be part of CSIS.

Placing a foreign intelligence service within CSIS is contrary to the Westminster model of separating security and foreign intelligence services and having each report to the government minister in whose realm the activity lies. Foreign intelligence

from World War II until 1994, when it was dissolved over what seems to have been internal squabbling. (This information was given to the author by individuals close to the Dutch service.)

Canada is confronting a demand for a foreign intelligence service. It is driven by a momentum riding the coattails of fear. We are under direct threat by terrorists, homegrown or otherwise. Our intelligence allies complain we are not doing enough. We need to have an independent source of intelligence.

A threat does indeed exist. And we certainly are not doing enough. But Canada does have an independent source of intelligence — and has had since World War II.

all, of this missing quotient is met through “technical” collection programs (SIGINT, IMINT, etc.). Yet there are some missing elements which can only be obtained

deviation is not permitted. Also relatively few in number, these diplomats collect information in much the same way that other diplomats do, but are more closely directed at obtaining information bearing on Canada’s security interests. Not burdened by the many administrative tasks which overlay much of the work of Canada’s diplomats, their reporting output is substantially greater than possible by traditional embassy officers.

None of the information collected through these programs is gathered through clandestine means. In fact, the very absence of a Canadian clandestine foreign intelligence service eases the work of these programs. Canada and Canadians are not viewed as posing an intelligence threat. While it may appear simplistic, the very fact of not being intelligence agents opens a great many foreign doors to members of the two programs. Sources of information do not live in fear of being found to cooperate with a foreign intelligence service. Both programs have collected information which has met critical intelligence requirements.

Neither of these collection programs meets all of Canada’s foreign intelligence requirements. There are simply some types of information which prove impossible to obtain. But these challenges also exist for countries with functioning clandestine foreign intelligence services. Using their clandestine resources, the CIA failed dramatically in Iraq before the war.

Both the British SIS and the American CIA did enjoy some tremendous successes during the Cold War. A small number of special sources (Penkovskiy, Gordievsky, and others) were of immense help to the West. However, these were few and far between. Canada did not have direct access to sources of a similar quality, although Penkovskiy first approached Canada and then the United States before succeeding in establishing a relationship with the British. Very few countries have access to such exceptional sources in place. The cost is astronomical and the risks horrendous. It is extremely unlikely that a clandestine Canadian foreign intelligence service, operated as an adjunct to CSIS, would have the resources, money, and skills to “run” a future Gordievsky.

It also bears remembering that nearly all the West’s great spies, the Penkovskiy and the Gordievskys, were “walk-ins,” that is, individuals who sought contact with

... it seems unwise to spend very substantial amounts of money and assume high political risks to chase elusive intelligence while foregoing minimal resources to pick up what is there for the picking.

To put this in realistic terms, removed from the myths and glamour on which the calls for a “Secret Service” often rest, we must understand the real nature of intelligence.

Intelligence is only information which a country has kept hidden from others. This does not mean that the information is inaccessible. By one estimate, which recurs in much of the literature, fully 80 percent of the information in classified intelligence assessments is from open sources. That figure was the estimate cited during the Cold War. Today, the number is probably closer to 90 percent, according to Loch K. Johnson in *Bombs, Bugs, Drugs and Thugs* (New York: New York University Press, 2000, p. 185.)

Sherman Kent, the senior American intelligence officer who provided the “theology” for the CIA’s Office of National Estimates, wrote in 1951 that, “of the things our state must know about other states some 90 percent may be discovered through overt means.” (This information is cited in Robin W. Winks, *Cloak & Gown*, published in New York by William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1987, p. 456). Kent later revised his estimate up to 95 percent. Others before and after have provided similar estimates of intelligence being accessible through overt means.

All this information is not necessarily lying around waiting to be picked up — although much is. But much open source intelligence is retrievable relatively easily if you know where to look. A great deal of this information is available through regular diplomatic reporting, which constitutes one of the more significant sources of intelligence in most countries.

It is true that only some 80 to 90 percent of intelligence requirements can be met through open sources or a gray intelligence program. The remaining 10 to 20 percent is an important segment. Much, but not

through a clandestine HUMINT program. We do need that intelligence and perhaps, some time in the future, we should collect it. However, at a time when we are not fully exploiting what can be easily and safely obtained it seems unwise to spend very substantial amounts of money and assume high political risks to chase elusive intelligence while foregoing minimal resources to pick up what is there for the picking.

The Department of Foreign Affairs maintains a couple of much too small programs directed towards collecting attainable albeit not necessarily “open source” information. This falls within the realm of gray intelligence which is neither entirely open source nor clandestine in origin. Such information is obtained by asking for it (very nicely, in fact).

The oldest of these collection programs is the Interview Program, located within the Foreign Intelligence Division of Foreign Affairs, which has operated since 1953 (and informally even earlier). The program debriefs persons who have gained access to areas of interest. The program is very modest with a collection staff usually of about five persons. While details of the information collected cannot be revealed, there were some notable successes during the Cold War. Unlike some other organizations, the Interview Program was able to remain unknown to the public until 2002, on the eve of its fiftieth anniversary, when a conscious decision was made by DFAIT to “out” the organization.

The second program at Foreign Affairs is more recent in origin and consists of conventional Canadian diplomats who are part of a project directed at obtaining information pertaining to security and stability issues. Named the Global Security Reporting Program (GSRP), these resources are fenced, that is, they have a specific mandate from which

Western intelligence organizations in order to help for ideological reasons. Gouzenko, the Russian GRU cipher clerk in Ottawa, who defected to Canada at the end of World War II was also a walk-in. Western secret services have rarely recruited any spies of great significance through direct approaches.

The existing two intelligence collection programs operated by the Department of Foreign Affairs are too small to be the answer to Canada's foreign intelligence collection requirements. But this is solely because of their size. With adequate resources, there is no question but that the intelligence collection "take" would prove significant. More importantly, there is no associated risk with this form of collection greater than what exists for any Canadian diplomat engaged in his or her daily duties. And the cost is insignificant when compared to the cost of maintaining a clandestine foreign intelligence service. These programs have been called CHEAPINT

always needed. However, Canada needs to make investments in intelligence analysis, an area with a checkered past, in order to benefit fully from the existing amounts of intelligence, let alone future increases.

Foreign intelligence analysis has been understaffed in Canada and has rarely received the political and administrative support it required. For reasons of turf wars and short-sighted administrative cost-cutting efforts, the potential for a first-rate Canadian assessment organization has often been snapped from the jaws of success as the few existing foreign intelligence assessment resources fluttered back and forth between Foreign Affairs and the Privy Council Office. Intelligence collection without an assessment capability is often a waste of money.

Canada also needs to do more in terms of making foreign intelligence policy-relevant. All too often intelligence collection is driven by the technological capacity to gather information rather than being

foreign policy decision maker, yet another argument for housing foreign intelligence with Foreign Affairs.

Canada needs to do much more in the realm of foreign intelligence collection. We must collect more of our own intelligence and we must do more of our own intelligence evaluation. To wit, "Any system whereby the appraisal is made from incomplete intelligence acquired from other countries, or the acceptance of another nation's appraisal insofar as it relates to itself, cannot possibly satisfy the Canadian requirement. Such a system would presuppose a degree of political, economic and military dependence incommensurate with the national outlook." This statement summarizes the Canadian need. It was written in 1945. ("A Proposal for the Establishment of a National Intelligence Organization," signed Lieut. Gen. Charles Foulkes, 22 December, 1945, National Archives Canada RG2, Vol. 248. File I-40, 1945-47.)

It is right for a debate on foreign intelligence collection to occur at this time. Whether the debate as currently being cast is asking the right questions remains to be seen. We must ask ourselves whether we need a clandestine foreign intelligence service. But we must also ask whether such is the best tool for the task at hand, at this time. Can we collect more through existing means at less cost and less risk? Are we using the available foreign intelligence to best advantage?

The debate should not be uninformed. A risk of this exists because a presumption has been created that Canada does not now collect foreign intelligence. That presumption is wrong. The question must focus on whether we are obtaining all that we can by exploiting and using existing tools which are relatively inexpensive and quite safe. The last thing we require is a clandestine secret service which fulfills a macho requirement of being "one of the boys." Particularly not a service to collect information which is readily accessible through other means. ☸

Dr. Kurt F. Jensen is a retired foreign service officer who writes on foreign intelligence matters. At the time of his retirement, he was Deputy Director of Foreign Intelligence. The opinions presented are his own and do not reflect the views of the Department of Foreign Affairs.

We must ask ourselves whether we need a clandestine foreign intelligence service. But we must also ask whether such is the best tool for the task at hand.

for a reason. However, the programs do not have the cachet of being engaged in secret intelligence collection — although the value of the information secured for Canada would be about the same, based on past performance.

In intelligence matters, Canada has a long tradition of being risk averse and frugal. Embarking on a conventional clandestine intelligence collection path using an organization reporting to a Minister with no foreign policy mandate is not only risky but potentially career limiting for any Minister of Foreign Affairs. And it will be very, very costly. And dangerous politically.

The question has also been asked whether we, in fact, need more foreign intelligence. Even though members of the Anglo-Saxon intelligence fraternity often complain about being overwhelmed by the volume of intelligence and incapable always of identifying the golden kernels among the chaff, the fact is that more is

based on client demand, that is, the needs of the decision makers. Vital to intelligence having an impact is the creation of "viable links between policy makers and those providing intelligence, so that the right information can get to the right people at the right time," according to Daniel Livermore in *The Intelligence-Policy Dialogue: Some Issues Big and Small*, a paper presented at the CASIS Conference in 2004, in Ottawa.

Intelligence must answer questions, not just titillate or entertain bureaucrats. There is little evidence that decision makers are consistently receiving the intelligence which they require in any of the Anglo-Saxon alliance nations. That intelligence may, in fact, exist but resources to serve decision makers seem inadequate to discharge the demands — although some Canadian successes seem to have been achieved in the last half decade or so. Success in serving clients well is enhanced by proximity between the intelligence provider and the

Memorial Plaque for Government Service Abroad

by Albert Galpin

On June 16, 2006, during National Public Service Week, the Deputy Minister of International Trade, Marie-Lucie Morin and the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, V. Peter Harder, participated in a ceremony to unveil a plaque dedicated to the memory of all public servants and their immediate family members who died in tragic circumstances while on active duty abroad. It honours all such public servants and their families in perpetuity. The plaque will be mounted on the wall in the lobby of the Lester B. Pearson Building, 125 Sussex Drive, Ottawa, close to the anti-personnel land mines plaques and the Trade Commissioner Service commemorative plaque.

The idea to create this commemorative plaque started to grow when the Foreign Service Class of 1982 celebrated its 20th anniversary in 2002. In marking this anniversary, appropriately at the Earl of Sussex Pub, colleagues remembered a number of classmates who died violently while on assignment abroad and we resolved to establish a means of remembering fallen comrades. It was thought that a more dangerous world exposed our people abroad to much higher risks than those normally associated with work and life in Canada and that these sacrifices to our country should be remembered in a fitting way.

It is important to note that this memorial is all-inclusive and is meant to remember

any employee that is a part of the broader foreign service family. It is meant to honour and remember those on active service for the Government of Canada, including Locally Engaged Staff, at diplomatic and consular missions abroad, and dependents who die while accompanying the employee on active service with DFAIT, CIC, CIDA and any other federal government organizations.

This project enjoys the support of the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO), Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA), the Foreign Service Community Association, the Professional Institute of the Public Service of Canada, and the Public Service

Alliance of Canada. It joins similar memorials in the British Foreign Office and US State Department for those who served and died while at their embassies and diplomatic operations abroad.

The Foreign Service intake group of 1982 is grateful for the financial contribution of PAFSO, RHOMA and DFAIT to establish this plaque, which will be a lasting testament to our colleagues, friends and family for whom this memorial is intended. ☺

Albert Galpin is Vice-President (Political Stream) PAFSO Executive Committee and a member of the Foreign Service Intake Group of 1982.

Reds in Rockcliffe?

Sixty years ago, the defection of a cypher clerk from the embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in Ottawa focussed world attention on Canada in an early and dramatic episode of what became the Cold War. Documents and testimony from Igor Gouzenko revealed the existence of Soviet espionage rings operating in Canada and elsewhere. When news of the revelations had leaked out, the government of W. L. Mackenzie King established a Royal Commission under two Justices of the Supreme Court of Canada, Robert Taschereau and R. L. Kellock, to investigate the allegations. Most of those named by Gouzenko or mentioned in the documents were detained, without access to counsel or family, in the Rockcliffe Barracks of the RCMP, until they appeared before the inquiry.

Though few still dispute the importance of the revelations, the procedures employed to detain, to question and later to prosecute those alleged to have made unauthorized disclosures of "secret and confidential information to agents of a foreign power" have remained controversial in light of the violation of fundamental rights and liberties of Canadian citizens and British subjects. As indicated in the exchange

of letters reproduced below, between John Holmes, who was then Second Secretary in the Canadian High Commission in London, and Hume Wrong, then Associate Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, these issues troubled Canadian diplomats and some of their allied counterparts as well as members of the public in Canada and abroad.

For the King government, this was an unfamiliar and difficult problem, with understandable anxiety and uncertainty about how best to proceed, particularly given the nature of the evidence. The various aspects of the Gouzenko affair have been examined in Amy Knight's *How the Cold War Began: The Gouzenko Affair and the Hunt for Soviet Spies* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 2005) and in a collection of essays edited by J. L. Black and Martin Rudner, *The Gouzenko Affair: Canada and the Beginnings of Cold War Counter-Espionage* (Manotick: Penumbra Press, 2006). The letters come from the Records of the Department of External Affairs (RG25) at Library and Archives Canada, Volume 2620, File N-1.

Hector Mackenzie

**John Holmes to Hume Wrong,
23 February 1946.
TOP SECRET AND PERSONAL.**

Dear Hume,

You may be interested in a few rambling and ill-digested comments on the impressions which seem to have been produced in this country since you left by the espionage reports from Ottawa.

In the first place I must say that I have been worried many times lest the whole thing turn sour on us. It does not as yet seem to have created a profound impression and I am beginning to doubt if it will, even when the full reports are published. Hitherto I have attributed this

almost entirely to commendable hesitation to comment on a matter which was sub judice and which, furthermore, was being exploited in the worst possible way by the popular press. However, even the Soviet Note, which revealed a good deal, does not seem to have shaken anyone particularly.

What seems to me particularly unfortunate is that people cannot refrain from considering this as a Canadian move in the general problem of relations between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union. Inglis did an excellent job in pointing out in "The Times" yesterday the domestic problem with which the Canadian Government are faced, and a "News Chronicle" report from Ottawa this

morning helps somewhat to explain that the Canadian Government was primarily interested in the betrayal of secret information by Canadians rather than in the Soviet Government's connection with the business. Reuters told Cam Moody [sic: Campbell Moodie, Press Attaché, Canadian High Commission, London] they thought the matter had been badly handled in Ottawa, there had been no guidance and no way of stopping the rumours. I had the same from The Sunday Times. I presume Inglis had some guidance — and very good guidance.

I have been surprised by the number of intelligent people who have strongly criticized to me the action of the Canadian

Government in not handling this matter through diplomatic channels. They do respond to explanations, but the Editor of "The Spectator" seems to be the only person who has yet pointed out in print that in a country like Canada civil servants cannot be dismissed without some explanation. This critical attitude has been taken by a number of Canadians in London, as well as by people like Alex Halpern (whose information I respect a great deal more than his judgment).

Yesterday I had a talk with [Thomas] Brimelow, the quite able and intelligent young man who looks after Russian affairs in the Foreign Office. He was polite, but I think undoubtedly considered that the Canadian Government had not handled this matter in the wisest manner. I doubt very much if he knows the whole story, and I certainly did not assume he did. I do not mean to suggest that he accepted the Russian explanation or considered that Canada should have accepted the whole situation. He was afraid, however, that we had given the Russians an opportunity to deploy their most unscrupulous methods of propaganda. He told me that [Frank] Roberts [Minister, British Embassy in Moscow], in a telegram from Moscow, had expressed some uneasiness about the similarity of the Russian strategy in this case to their strategy in connection with the Katyn murders. In the latter case the injured party, Poland, had immediately been attacked and placed on the defensive. Neither Brimelow nor I think Roberts wanted to press the analogy too seriously, but they considered there were some grounds for uneasiness. Brimelow said frankly that they were naturally worried about the way in which responsibility for this matter had been attributed to them. I am not sure whether he was not under the impression that we had acted without consultation, but I did not feel I should tell him anything he didn't know. When I pointed out that the Russians were at the moment so intent on blaming Britain for

everything I did not think that anything we could do could alter this intention, he expressed agreement. He told me that the Foreign Office policy, or at least the policy which was being put up to Ministers, was to ignore entirely Pravda's comment about [Ernest] Bevin's alleged initiative. They are obviously bent on conciliation at the moment.

It is a little difficult, however, for me to find out what the Government's policy is in this regard, because I assume that only the Foreign Secretary and a few others know of the background.

You may be interested to know that one cause of difficulty for the Foreign Office is that they are under great pressure at the moment from the Royal Society to invite a group of Soviet scientists to England for some Newton Memorial celebrations. You will remember the painful incident last June when a group of British scientists were about to leave for Moscow and the atomic specialists were taken off the 'plane at the last moment. The Foreign Office considers this a most inopportune time for a return visit, but they do not know whether they can beat off the demands of Professor A[rchibald]. V[ivian]. Hill [co-winner of the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1922 and Foulerton research professor of the Royal Society], who incidentally is the leading spokesman of the view that Soviet espionage in Canada can be blamed entirely on the refusal to give up atomic secrets. Brimelow said it was their view that they did not wish to embarrass us by allowing Soviet scientists of all kinds to come on a goodwill mission at the present time. However, if they attempted to handpick the invitations and pointedly omit the atomic energy specialists, the Russians would probably not accept and there would be a great howl of protest.

The point of all this is, I think, that the sooner the whole story can be published the better it will be understood in this country. In making this remark I am not

suggestion [sic] that every effort is not being made to speed things up or that I am arguing something of which you are not already convinced. I do hope that when a full statement comes out it will be possible to make clear:

- (a) why the matter could not be hushed up;
- (b) why it was not possible to make diplomatic representations to the Soviet Embassy well in advance of a public statement;
- (c) that although the Canadian Government accepts full responsibility for acting on its own initiative, nevertheless it did not act irresponsibly and without consulting the United Kingdom and United States authorities, who might be involved in its consequences;
- (d) that the time of the announcement was dictated by the totally irresponsible action of an American racketeer.

I see that the Herald Tribune (Paris) also takes the line that spying is a recognized convention and Canada should not kick up such a fuss. This is the view which is harder to combat, I think, because it appeals to objective minds. What we have to do is make clear that the issue involved is not the age-old question of the ethics of espionage, but the crucial problem presented to the modern democratic state by the refusal of members of the Communist Party to accept loyalty to the nation state.

This is a rush note dictated in a hurry. Please don't take it seriously except as a reflection of thinking in London. I don't mean to suggest that I think the Government could have acted in any other way.

Yours sincerely,
John

**Hume Wrong to John Holmes,
1 March 1946.
TOP SECRET AND PERSONAL**

My dear John,

I have just received your letter of February 23rd giving your comments on the impressions produced in the United Kingdom by our espionage investigation here. I was very glad to get this and I shall pass on some of your observations to the proper quarters here.

I can, perhaps, make a few comments of my own which might be helpful to you in conversation.

In the first place, the Commission's report should show anyone of reasonably good judgment why this matter could not be handled through diplomatic channels. It was obvious to us from the first that, unless we were to pretend that we had not received the information which we had, there would have to be an enquiry involving publicity in order to enable the removal of those involved from their positions in the Government Service. Consideration was given to a prior diplomatic approach to the Soviet Government but it was apparent that such an approach might well entail the failure of our domestic housecleaning through warning in advance the Canadians concerned in the conspiracy. I am surprised that so many people in England seem to have been impressed by the Russian complaint that we did not tell them first before investigating what our own people had been up to. Incidentally, they have not yet told us, except in this same statement, that they have recalled their Military Attaché [Colonel Nikolai Zabotin], although we know that he left Canada early in December. This is, however, a minor point.

Secondly, I think that many people's judgments are distorted by the overwhelming anxiety which now prevails, particularly in the United Kingdom, about

the course of Soviet foreign policy. They probably feel that matters were going sourly enough without adding a new complication of this sort. They presumably do not realize that what we have stumbled on here is only a small sample of the practices going on in other countries and that while the Soviet Government follows these methods there is a very serious obstacle to the maintenance of harmonious relations. Public exposure here may well lead the Soviet authorities eventually to change their methods on the ground that they do not pay, and this would be an all round advantage in achieving a better working relationship with the Soviet Government.

Thirdly, quite apart from the normal ethics of espionage, this case — and I presume the Royal Commission's Report will make this clear — involves a subversive technique analogous to that used by the Nazis through the Bund organizations in various countries. This technique is to create, and employ for subversive purposes, divided loyalties among elements in democratic states. We have, of course, not been able to say anything publicly on this score.

Fourthly, with regard to the argument that the Canadian Government is kicking up too much fuss, it is not the Government but the press eager for sensations that has created the real fuss. I entirely agree that most of the press stories have been misleading. Ottawa has been invaded by a considerable number of outside correspondents, including several from the United States, who are here solely to write their daily story. We have seen some examples of modern journalism at its worst. We cannot give a great deal of guidance to the press at this stage because to do so effectively in the actual conditions involves indicating the line which the investigation is taking. The Commission will soon be issuing some interim reports and charges will probably have been laid against some of those involved before you can receive this letter.

The final and complete report, however, cannot be forthcoming for some little time. Such guidance as we have given to the press has been to emphasize the domestic housecleaning aspect, and so far we have not felt inclined to reply to the Soviet statement and its elaborations in Pravda and Isvestia.

Finally, I have felt from the first that it was very important in the long-run to show that we were not afraid of the Soviet Union. They must have been quite certain that we had the information at least as long ago as when they recalled the Military Attaché. Those who maintain that the affair should have been hushed up seem to be playing right into Soviet hands. Such a course would surely create an impression in Moscow that they could get away with nearly anything.

I think it clear from what you say of Brimelow's views that he does not know the full story. I doubt that Roberts in Moscow knows more than a general outline.

Yours sincerely,

(Hume Wrong)

P.S. You have probably gathered that at present the main domestic criticism of the Government's policy is derived from the civil liberties angle. This is causing us a good deal of anxiety. Fortunately, the Government's record in this respect is good and there is little tendency in Canada to accuse the Prime Minister of starting a Red hunt.

One of the more distressing aspects is the narrowness of the line which divides the genuine revolutionary idealists on the margin of the case from those who consciously allowed themselves to become agents of a foreign power. Some of this latter guilty group started from motives which, though mistaken, were idealistic and one is afraid that there may be a lack of discrimination in the outcome between foreign agents in particular and

Communists in general. We shall do our best to see that a proper distinction is observed but, as I have said, the dividing line is at times pretty obscure.

H.W.

**John Holmes to Hume Wrong,
18 March 1946.
TOP SECRET AND PERSONAL.**

Dear Hume,

I was most grateful for your letter of March 1st clarifying my mind and enlightening me on Canadian policy concerning the espionage case.

The Interim Reports of the Royal Commission have undoubtedly helped greatly to put the case in better perspective. There is some educational work to be done and a constant watch must be kept on the diversionary tactics of both Communists and soft-headed liberals, not to mention the friendly advances of honest-to-goodness reactionaries. I had dinner last week at Lady Listowel's where I was surrounded by a company of Old Danubians who treated me with the greatest deference as representative of that great crusader, Mr. Mackenzie King — a man who, they are obviously coming to think, must rank with [Jan III] Sobieski [King of Poland in the 17th century who was a leader of the military expulsion of the Turks from Europe] and General [Wladyslaw] Anders [Polish commander prominently involved in the government-in-exile after the Second World War]. Vous l'avez prévu!

There is still so very little comment on the subject in serious journals in this country that it is difficult to estimate public opinion. However hard I try to provoke frank comment from people I meet it is always difficult to persuade them to be candid about the actions of the Canadian Government. One of the major difficulties to a real understanding, I think, is the lack of knowledge of the temper of Canadian politics. Only those with close experience

of Canada and its Prime Minister are quite without suspicion that there is something of a witch-hunt about present proceedings. The educated public has built up such a strong resistance to spy stories that it can scarcely be persuaded to appear to take them seriously. When one attempts discreetly to suggest that the problem raised by developments in Canada has much wider implications than would the discovery of a few conventional and professional spies at work in a country of middle importance the answer given is usually that the activities of Communists are well-known, and have been for some time. Whether they believe that it can't happen here, or have not got round to facing the facts, I am not sure.

I have had some interesting discussions on this subject with Roger, who pointed out one factor which had not occurred to me, and that is the good, but for these purposes bad, reputation of the Mounties. You may have seen the "Punch" cartoon which celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the cinema by showing a couple of technicolour Mounties pursuing on horseback a train on the back of which stood a bewhiskered Bolshie carrying an atom bomb. The fact that the R.C.M.P. is a sober and serious organisation like Scotland Yard is not realised. Mr. Arthur Rank was not very helpful when he decided to bring to Leicester Square a new film called "Night Boat to Dublin", which was concerned with atom bomb spies, shortly after the first announcement from Ottawa. In no time the only reference to the Canadian case appeared in the film reviews, which had great sport on the subject.

This letter, I should make clear, is intended to comment upon a few vagaries of thought I run across, and is by no means intended to describe public opinion in the United Kingdom as a whole. There is an increasing realisation, I think, that the press is responsible for the "spy scare", and that

the Canadian Government is tackling an unpleasant job with caution and restraint. The liberals, however, need watching here, as I presume they do at home. They can so easily allow their eyes to be diverted from the ball by a red herring (if I might mangle two metaphors). The unfortunate necessity of using extraordinary methods to hold the persons charged may easily attract more attention than their sins. Fortunately this aspect has not been mentioned as yet to a great extent here, but we have received one threatening letter from a lawyer in Bournemouth reading us out of the British Empire because of the Gestapo tactics used on poor unfortunate people in the R.C.M.P. barracks. We are continuing informal liaison with the United Kingdom authorities, which I think is mutually helpful.

I hope that you were not too much upset by the statement in paragraph 2 of our telegram No. 629 of 5th March to which reference was made in your telegram No. 589. We did not deny that the local arrest had anything to do with the events in Canada. We simply indicated that any enquiries about an arrest of this kind which took place in the United Kingdom should be made to the Home Office. Enquiries of this kind were, of course, answered for the most part by our Information Officer, who of course knew nothing about [British atomic scientist Dr. Alan Nunn] May's arrest. The United Kingdom authorities were particularly anxious themselves to make no statement which would imply a connection between May's arrest and events in Ottawa, lest it prejudice the trial [at which May was convicted of violation of the Official Secrets Act], and we took our clue from them. I am sure, however, that you do not need to worry about our having said anything which might prove embarrassing if later a connection between May's arrest and the Canadian enquiries is made public.

Yours sincerely,

John ③

A Posting to the People's Republic of Cambridge

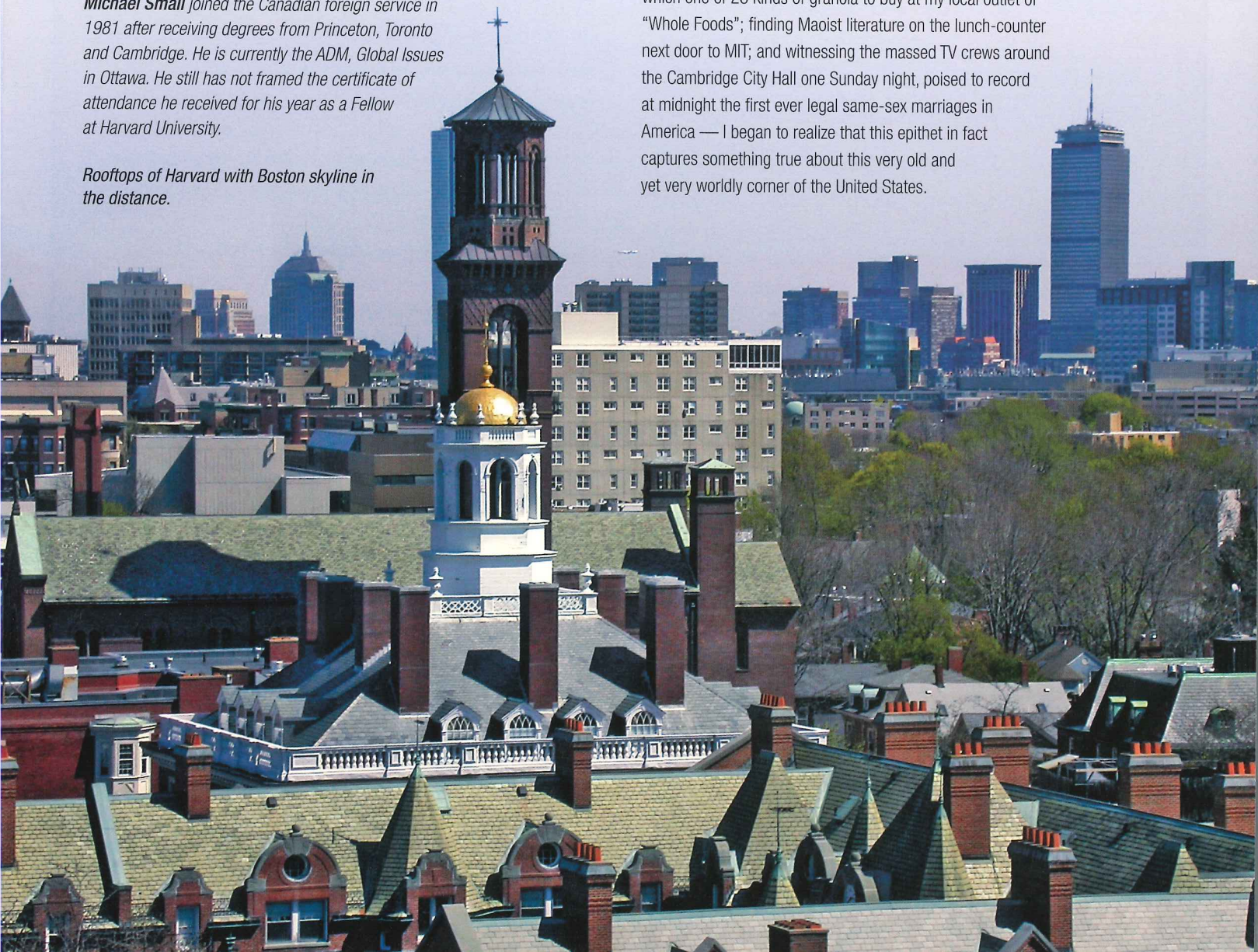
Story and photos by Michael Small

Michael Small joined the Canadian foreign service in 1981 after receiving degrees from Princeton, Toronto and Cambridge. He is currently the ADM, Global Issues in Ottawa. He still has not framed the certificate of attendance he received for his year as a Fellow at Harvard University.

Rooftops of Harvard with Boston skyline in the distance.

In the spring of 2003, I was offered the opportunity to spend the next year on one of the foreign service's more unusual postings, as a Fellow at the Weatherhead Center for International Affairs at Harvard University. The contrast with what I had been doing could not have been more striking. I had just spent three years leading a rather exalted but intellectually isolated existence as Canada's Ambassador to Cuba. It was not a difficult choice to retire my diplomatic uniform and go back to school for a year. So, in mid-August, my wife and I dispatched almost all our possessions by sea back to Canada and arrived with a few suitcases and our two cats to spend a year in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"The People's Republic of Cambridge" is what the hard-bitten inhabitants of Boston call the small, self-governing city on the north bank of the Charles River, which is home to both Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After living in a true socialist republic for three years, I took this to be a typical mainstream American put-down of a liberal campus town. But after strolling past the Che Guevara poster in the window of Revolutionary Times Books, just down the block from Tibetan Meditation Center; actually bumping into the Dalai Lama on his way out of the Harvard Faculty Club; trying to decide which one of 26 kinds of granola to buy at my local outlet of "Whole Foods"; finding Maoist literature on the lunch-counter next door to MIT; and witnessing the massed TV crews around the Cambridge City Hall one Sunday night, poised to record at midnight the first ever legal same-sex marriages in America — I began to realize that this epithet in fact captures something true about this very old and yet very worldly corner of the United States.



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The heart of the “People’s Republic” is Harvard Square. First, one has to learn that Harvard Square is not actually part of Harvard: it is a public intersection, outside the gates of the university. More confusingly it is not square: it is a Y-shaped junction between John F. Kennedy Street and Massachusetts Avenue — the wandering 17th century cattle path that now serves as the main artery of Cambridge. Nevertheless, Harvard Square is the people’s Harvard. It is the place to shop for learned tomes by Harvard professors at the Co-op, or crimson “H” sweatshirts for your kid brother. It is the place to watch break-dancing contests by local youths. It is where old men gather to test their wits at chess on the public chess tables on the pavement outside the Holyoke Center. If you think you are smart enough, you can challenge a number of these masters at \$2.00 a game. It has a newsstand that sells daily papers and magazines from two dozen countries. Want to catch up on Colombian football scores? You can find them here.

Harvard Square is inhabited by its own resident collection of the flamboyant and the bewildered. For example, there were the two large, almost identical, cheery black men, whom I finally realized were in fact two different people, who accosted all passersby with such greetings as “Hello there young lady!” in their persistent efforts to sell a newspaper to help the homeless. There was also the sad, self-absorbed man who would sit for hours in his windbreaker outside the Co-op, tunelessly sawing away on the one string of his Chinese violin. My favourite denizens of Harvard Yard were the two political activists who sat for several weeks in the fall of 2003 outside the entrance to the subway stop at the heart of the Square, beside a large homemade sign which declared “France was Right!” “You see,” said my earnest French officemate from the Quai d’Orsay,

“perhaps our position on Iraq is appreciated by the American people!” I had to gently ask Caroline whether she had also noticed in smaller letters at the bottom of the sign “Vote for Lyndon LaRouche.”

Harvard simply expects people to realize that it is the best university in the world. As a graduate of another distinguished Ivy League university, I arrived ready to contest this galling presumption. But after a while, I grudgingly had to admit that if any one university in the world can make such a claim, it is Harvard. Why? For many reasons. First, it is the oldest university in North America — which means that its name has been a synonym for elite education for more than three centuries. Second, it is a big university, with 18,000 students and graduate schools covering every major subject from law, business and medicine to public policy, public health, education, architecture and divinity. Harvard graduates a higher percentage of the people who go on to run the United States than any other single university in the country. And while its undergraduate college is 92 percent American, its graduate schools are not. Fifty percent of the masters students at the Kennedy School come from all over the world. Eminent Canadians — from Mackenzie King, to Pierre Trudeau, to Robert Stanfield, to Margaret Atwood — have been coming to Harvard for generations. Thus the university truly has a global reach.

Above all, it is the richest university in the world, with a current endowment of over \$23 billion. The man who managed Harvard’s portfolio in 2004 earned \$53 million and claimed without irony that his services were worth every penny to the Board of Governors. All that money means that Harvard can run the most impressive central library system of any university in the world and pay its faculty members better than any other university in the United States. (Nevertheless, recently recruited Harvard faculty complain that they are no longer paid enough to afford decent housing in Cambridge 02138, which due to the high tech spin-offs around MIT has become one of the two most expensive zip codes in the country. Worse, unlike many of its competitors, the university refuses to assist the spouses of the faculty it recruits to find jobs.) Yet all this wealth is unequally distributed: under the system of “every boat on its own bottom,” students at the Harvard Business School work

Three generations of Harvard architecture — the Victorian tower of Memorial Hall (1870s), behind the modernist Gund Hall (1960s), housing the school of design, adjacent to the post-modernist Knafel Hall (2005).



Enjoying spring along Massachusetts Avenue.

out at a \$100 million endowed gymnasium while contemplating their six figure job offers, while their counterparts struggling to get a master’s in public policy found the interest-free period on their massive student loans suddenly eliminated half way through the school year in order to help defray the Kennedy School’s ballooning deficit.

I had heard of the “Socratic method” of teaching, fixed in my imagination by the actor John Houseman in the 1973 film, set at Harvard Law School, *The Paper Chase*. They may still teach first-year students that way at the Law School, but the method I saw various Harvard professors use in classes ranging from 30–150 students was something less inquisitorial but equally compelling. For example, Jorge Domínguez, the Clarence Dillon Professor of International Affairs, would open his popular undergraduate course on the Cuban Revolution by simply asking the class: “What makes a revolution?” Without putting anyone on the spot, he would elicit an initial answer from one of the braver students, work with it and shape it a bit, and then throw it back to the class in the form of another question. By the end of the hour, he had teased out four or five competing theories of revolution, identified key variables in each of them and then had the class apply those theories to the case at hand. All of this business gets done in a seemingly unscripted form of “question and response” between professor and class that can accommodate original and competing insights from the students and still allow the prepared professor to get across his or her key points without appearing to lecture. This method



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Students and faculty crossing the Yard.

of teaching, if well done, enables the professor to manage a large class like a collective conversation which runs through every student's head, even if only 10 or 15 open their mouths during the course of the hour. The method seems effortless; in fact it requires a true mastery of one's material. What it does is build a sense of collective intelligence, and makes the entire class feel much smarter about what they already knew than before they came through the door.

The depth of academic talent on display among the Harvard faculty is undeniably impressive. In international relations alone, it currently includes Amartya Sen, 1998 Nobel laureate for his work on development economics; Joseph Nye, originator of the concept of "soft power"; Samuel Huntington, author of "the clash of civilizations"; Stanley Hoffman, the best known interpreter of France to the United States and the United States to France; and Niall Ferguson, the enfant terrible of modern British historiography and sympathetic student of imperialism. But what gives the place the feeling of a global crossroads is the truly incredible number of intellectual and political celebrities who pass through Cambridge during the course of the year to give public seminars and talks. Between the resident faculty and the visiting talent, I must have heard more than 40 authors speak whose work I had read for years in either the *New Yorker* or the *New York Review of Books*. When courses would end around 4 p.m. on a typical weekday, you could then tune into the specialized seminars in one of the Arts and Sciences faculties from 4–6; then a public address at the Forum at the Kennedy School from 6–7; and if you still felt like more, you could move on to catch an evening reading sponsored by one of Harvard's

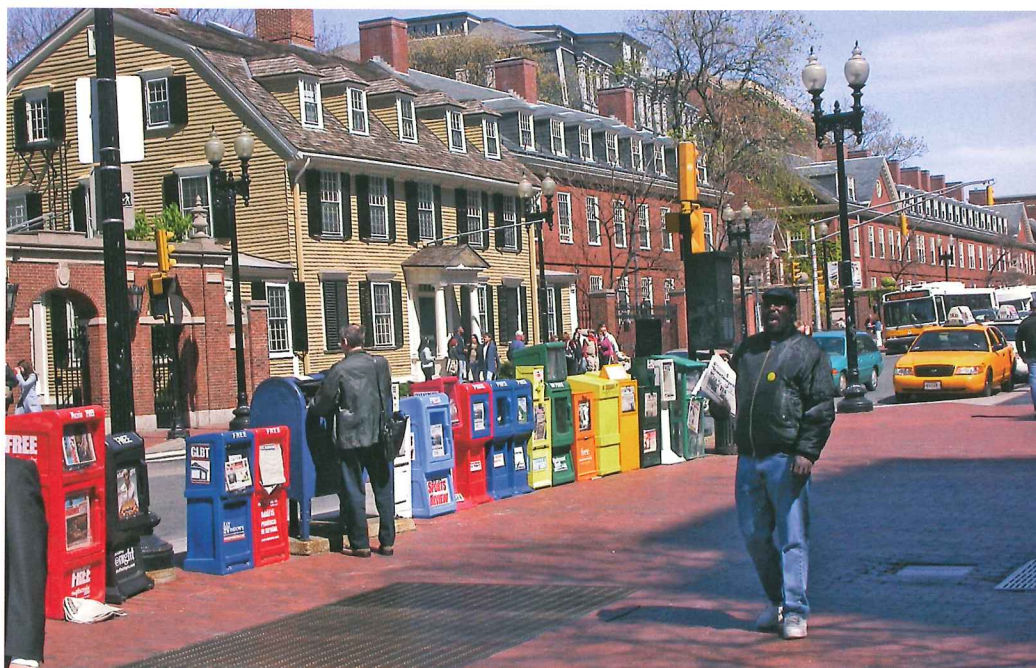
two outstanding bookstores, or the community sponsored Cambridge Forum, where non-academic audiences get to question distinguished writers.

Since I was at Harvard in the year immediately after the Iraq War, I went to every talk I could hear that had a bearing on the subject. Robert McNamara, aged 86, was interviewed at the Kennedy School just after the release of the film biography *The Fog of War* and gave his own interpretation of the lessons he learned from World War II and then Vietnam. Richard Clarke, the former White House counter-terrorism czar and the only senior official to apologize personally to the families of the 9/11 victims, offered the wry comment on the readiness of the Bush Administration to deal with the attacks: "Never try to deny the obvious." David Kay, a career intelligence professional and the head of the first US weapons inspection team that went into post-war Iraq explained why "we were all wrong" about Saddam's WMD capabilities. General Eric Shinseki, the highly decorated Japanese-American soldier who became Chief of the US Army, continues to speak eloquently about the values that define military leadership, despite having been ordered to take early retirement after giving a truthful reply to Congress about the level of troops he reckoned were required to maintain the peace in post-war Iraq. On the first anniversary of the war, Ken Roth, the Executive Director of Human Rights Watch, and Michael Ignatieff, then Harvard's Professor of Human Rights Practice, held a packed public debate explaining how each of them had used just war theories to take opposing views on the justifiability of the invasion. A common thread through all of these talks was public morality and where that comes into tension with professional ethics. I found it compelling to listen to these eminent speakers talk less about

what they had done right in their careers than about where and when they had been wrong and what they had personally learned from the experience.

I also enjoyed expanding my horizons by listening to eminent scientists explain their work to lay audiences, such as Freeman Dyson, the British physicist now well into his eighties, who described the five years he spent in a California think tank in the late 1950s, trying to develop the crazy and dangerous idea of an inter-planetary spacecraft propelled by continuous nuclear explosions; David Attenborough, who spoke to a packed house in the beautifully carved Memorial Hall, on trekking up into the highlands of Irian Jaya to film for the first time the mating dances of birds of paradise; and iconoclastic Canadian geologist, Paul Hoffman, about his "Snowball Earth" hypothesis, which posits that twice in the last one billion years the planet has been covered from the poles to the equator in ice.

Not all the pleasures of the year were cerebral — many of them were aesthetic or antiquarian. Given the eccentricities of giving by Harvard's alumni, there are such hidden jewels in Harvard's museums and libraries as the Woodberry Poetry Room, designed in bent wood and lit in high modernist style by Finnish architect Alvar Aalto; or the Theatre Arts collection, with an unparalleled collection of early 20th-century Russian ballet sets; or the Semitic Museum, whose dusty dioramas of digs from the 1930s looked straight out of the opening scene of *Indiana Jones*. The Peabody Museum of Ethnography had a year-long exhibit and lecture series to commemorate the bi-centenary of Lewis and Clarke, whose journey up the Missouri, over the Rockies and to the Pacific has become one America's founding myths. After the show had opened, there was great excitement when



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an original Lakota bear-claw necklace given to Lewis and Clark turned up in a trunk in the Peabody's basement. It proved to be only the eighth native American artifact that has survived from the material brought back to Thomas Jefferson by his "Corps of Discovery." Perhaps my favourite Harvard museum was the Museum of Comparative Zoology — home for many years to such greats of evolutionary biology as Stephen Jay Gould and Edward O. Wilson. I loved trolling through the dusty drawers of the Museum's Department of Malacology, looking for unique specimens of deep-water shells trawled off Cuba by Harvard expeditions 60 years ago and never found since. One curiosity on public display includes a New Guinea bird-wing butterfly, whose German collector was eaten by Papuan natives, shortly after he captured the specimen.

It can be hard to find a focus for one's year as a Fellow. The time streams by incredibly rapidly through two 12-week terms, so that by the time you have finally figured out how the place actually works, it is time to depart. Without the discipline of having to write papers and earn marks, the temptation is to give in completely to the infinite opportunities for intellectual dilettantism. Contrary to the advice given by the management of the Weatherhead Center, I decided to try to seriously follow a number of courses — doing the reading, contributing in class, and even in one case, writing weekly short essays. As an auditor, you were regarded somewhat ambivalently: by the more hard-nosed faculty as the unwanted occupant of a seat which could be filled by a fee-paying student and by other students as some kind of living fossil — until they realized that you could offer them free advice, based on real experience, without any threat that you would be marking them. A few of the more astute faculty figured out that Fellows could be enlisted as unpaid, informal teaching assistants. I wound up counselling various graduate students on their papers relating to Cuba, and even gave a guest lecture on "human security" in a development theory course, after I pointed out to the professor that I had helped to write much of the reading he had assigned that week.

I finally realized that to truly feel something more than a bystander, you had to do something related to the core business of the university — namely research. The Fellows program encourages participants to write a Fellows paper. After a couple of false starts trying to pick a topic that might be relevant to my future work in the Department, I concluded that it was pointless to try to pitch

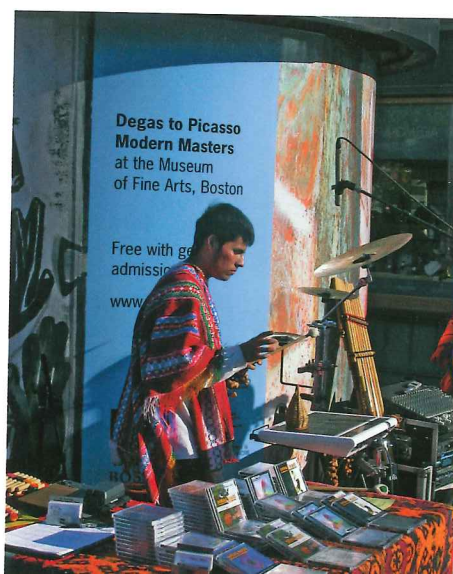


17th century Cambridge — the Old Burying Ground next to Cambridge Commons.

something from afar to ever-shifting, contemporary policy interests inside the Pearson Building. Instead, the great virtue of a university environment is the degree of detachment it offers, so I went the other way, deep into diplomatic history, and decided to see what I could find about a completely forgotten chapter of Canadian diplomatic history — the Peace Conference convened between the United States and Mexico, held in Niagara Falls, Ontario, in May 1914. Using Harvard's unbelievable library resources, I was able to survey the complete series of contemporary newspapers on microfilm, read the original British, American and Mexican diplomatic papers, and consult a huge array of secondary sources. In all my research, I found that there was not one reference to a book or monograph that touched on the subject of this obscure peace conference, whether it was published in South America, Mexico or the United States at any point since 1914, that I could not find in the Harvard library system. Usually, I could check out these obscure sources, by searching from home at night via the on-line library database and then request the book from Harvard's off-site book depository; invariably, it would be ready for pick-up at the reference desk by 15:00 the next day. It was

like working with perfect information. Once classes had ended, I spent 15 hours a day researching this topic for six weeks in the early summer and the resulting monograph — however obscure to most other readers — was one of the most satisfying pieces of work I have ever done. It was the kind of writing you could only ever pursue in a richly endowed academic setting.

The culmination of the year, at least for the students, is graduation, or as it is known in the United States, "Commencement." Harvard's Commencement for 2004 had the usual share of luminaries, ranging from the faculty's choices for honorary doctorates, e.g., Kofi Annan, to the students' choice for their class-day speaker, the faux white-rapper, Ali G. Reclining on the grass waiting for the speeches to start, I looked up to see Margaret Atwood striding down the walkway in a purple gown as a newly minted Doctor of Letters. Harvard's much unloved (and subsequently deposed) President, Larry Summers, in fact gave an excellent speech on the responsibilities of a university to address the inequalities of educational opportunity in America. Then the President of the Harvard Alumni Association gave an upbeat talk on the millions raised that year to ensure the continued quality of education — at Harvard. At the end of the ceremonies, I decided to see if I could catch up with Margaret Atwood, whom I had met the year before. She disappeared from the stage, but reckoning there might be a post-commencement ceremony for the honorary doctorates, I trailed Larry Summers as he strolled out of the grounds, dictating memos to his underlings. He headed out of the grounds, down a street past the First Unitarian Church, and then jumped into his parked presidential limousine. As Larry sped off, I noticed his car carried a vanity plate on the back, "1636", the year that Harvard College was founded. Membership indeed has its privileges. ☺



Andean percussionist in front of Picasso billboard, Harvard Square.

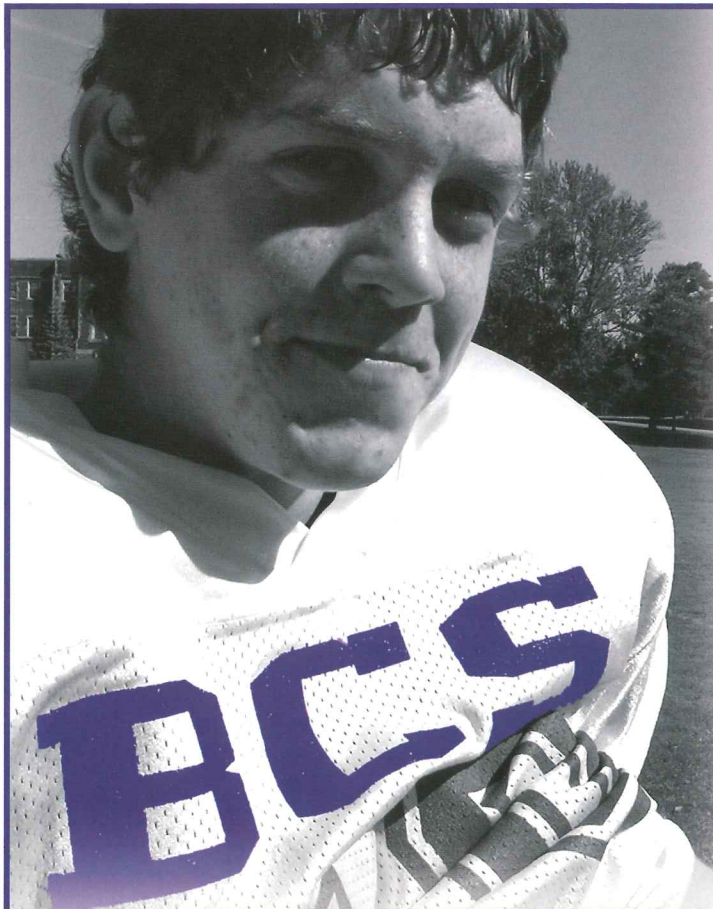
Life in a Gilded Cage

by Bill Warden



It was late spring in Havana in 1969 when there was a knock on our door. There stood a short, elderly grey-haired gentleman whom we recognized after a moment as the doorman from the hotel we had stayed in some months earlier on the Isle of Pines. In his hand he carried a satchel from which emanated a gentle murmur of small voices. He unzipped the bag just a bit to give us a peek, and inside to our surprise we saw a collection of some five or six baby green parrots.

Perhaps we should not have been surprised, because before setting out to the Isle our children had implored us, "Bring back a parrot!" In jest, we had said to the doorman, "If you ever find a parrot, send it to us!" And there he was. Of course there was a catch. He did not want money, but only some medicine for his wife who was very ill. We would have gladly gotten the medicine



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for him without any payment, but did not demur at the suggestion that we help ourselves to one of the occupants of his satchel.

Josefina joined our family that day and quickly established herself as the household matriarch. She bonded immediately to my wife Laine. Today, some 37 years later, Josefina continues not only to sit on her roost, but also to rule it.

in residence. With no power most of the time to drive the air conditioners, the house doors were usually left open and the critters pretty much had the run of the place. Over all these, Sasha exercised undisciplined control, chasing Suzy into neighbouring houses occupied by Viet Cong students, occasionally dispatching a rat to rodent heaven, and frequently provoking the three geese into retaliatory attacks. Suzy and the rabbit, even if uninvited, regularly graced our diplomatic

Josefina, we eventually discovered, was an endangered species and, as such, unable to emigrate legally. But how to get her out of Cuba?

But I am getting ahead of myself. This is a story about diplomatic pets. Some day the full tale must be told of all the dogs, cats, snakes, spiders, and what have you, who served Canada loyally and sometimes with greater distinction than their masters and mistresses.

Just before Christmas 1963 in Moscow, I was frantically searching my unimaginative mind for a family gift idea when a Russian contact suggested that I visit the *Sobachi Club* (Dog Club). This I did and the result was the furry ball of unquenchable energy that bounced around the Christmas tree that year. Since we had noted many Soviet dogs with names such as Bill, John, Teddy, Peter, and so on, we thought it only right to provide some balance and so named our Airedale, Sasha. While doting Russian parents didn't mind in the least calling their dog by my name, many were rather insulted when they heard us addressing our pup by the same appellation as their precious son or grandson.

Sasha livened up our sometimes dreary environment immeasurably. She greeted visitors to our humble abode with a total lack of discipline. She bestowed particular canine enthusiasm on anyone who differed in appearance from us. Thus, whenever she managed to get loose in the courtyard and spotted a Japanese, Chinese, Sikh or Nigerian, she would roar her greeting and make a concerted rush, much to the dismay of the target. The surly militiamen at the gate to the complex were singled out for special treatment. These she universally despised and distrusted. Thus began her lifelong antipathy, reflected in a symphony of snarls, growls and barks, directed at all forms of uniformed beings, from posties to generals.

Sasha came back to Kanata with us in 1966 where she experienced a sort of liberation, after the close confines of Moscow, as she roamed the woods and broad meadows on our daily walks. She was extremely proud and held her head a little higher when the Canadian Kennel Club finally awarded her a certificate of purity. Her joy of living was disrupted only infrequently when a thunderstorm would sweep across the land, and she would end up a quivering mass of fur and fear under the nearest bed.

It was in Havana in the late 1960s where Sasha really came into her own. Our house in the tropical Havana suburb of Cubanacan was ideally suited to setting up the Animal Kingdom. From our earliest days we collected rabbits, geese, guinea pigs, and Suzy the goat. And this list, of course, did not include the multitude of frogs, lizards, snakes, crabs, and the secretive rat pack, already

dinners with their presence. We mourned the demise of Herman the hermit crab on many occasions only to discover that the supposed cadaver had been merely a shell and that Herman was continuing to pursue life vigorously in some hidden drawer or pile of clothes in the bedroom.

Sasha's reign came to an abrupt end one day, that is, the day of the arrival of the chick from the Isle of Pines. Josefina lost no time in dethroning the pretender, administering solid pecks as necessary, pursuing the rabbit with ferocious zeal, and through various forms of intimidation making clear to the rest of us that the only creature in the kingdom who merited her respect and affection was my wife. She dwelt in a fine wrought iron cage in the garden and welcomed each glorious day with her shrieks and laughter.

Josefina, we eventually discovered, was an endangered species and, as such, unable to emigrate legally. And so began the only illegal conspiracy in which I have ever engaged — to say nothing of the incredible journey through the red tape of numerous bureaucracies thereafter as we moved around the world. Since the treaty banning movement of such creatures had not yet been signed, we were able to obtain import permits for Canada and transit permits for Mexico and the US as we planned our move back to Ottawa. But how to get her out of Cuba? Cuban regulations were clear. No export permit.

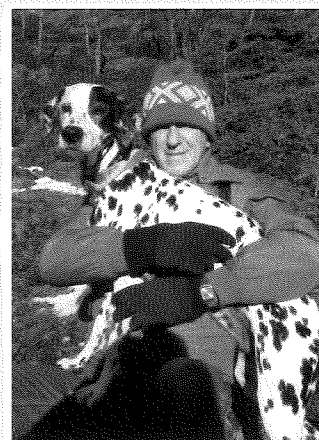
At the same time, various sympathetic Cuban officials bent over backwards in an attempt to come up with solutions. The director of the National Museum offered to give us a permit to export a stuffed parrot! Somehow or other, we doubted that Josefina would go along with this gimmick. A vet suggested that we drug her and exit the country with a comatose parrot in our valise. But which drug to administer? The vet said we should experiment with chickens the same weight as Josefina. And so, to the great amusement of the Cuban staff, Laine began borrowing chickens, taking them to the embassy to weigh on the postage scales. The first two unfortunate chickens thus drugged went to paradise — at which point the idea of drugging was definitively dropped!

Departure day arrived in July 1966. The moment of truth! We had determined through trial and error that if we kept Josefina up all night on her perch under bright lights, she was very drowsy the next day. And that is what happened the night before we were to leave. She was duly installed in a small airbag, and off we went to the airport. Unfortunately, a hurricane was threatening and after a wait of six hours in the diplomatic lounge we were told to go home and come

back the next day. This we did, with Josefina much disturbed at the prospect of another night under the lights. The lounge wait the next day was not so long, but nonetheless even more nerve-wracking, due to the fact that the Chief of Protocol, a graceless product of the Revolution whom many considered to be Fidel's joke on the diplomatic corps, had come to see off some of his colleagues. The tension was heightened when he sat down to chat with me, Josefina slumbering peacefully at his feet in the airbag. Laine meanwhile was motioning to our young

industry was kept in business, as they raced around the premises, systematically demolishing the large urns. Many were their adventures. They even managed the unlikely feat of coupling on one occasion, the result of which was five pups, difficult of description, who unfortunately did not survive infancy, much to the disappointment of our Chinese amah who had her eye on the black one. We discovered later that a black dog was much favoured as a delicacy. Pirate lived up to his name, shamelessly making off, usually by stealth, with various pies,

Pirate lived up to his name, shamelessly making off, usually by stealth, with ... assorted goodies from the kitchen. People who knew me well became accustomed to the periodic "Aw sh-t!" emanating from my lips, signalling the discovery of yet another case of piracy.



son, Tom, to take the bag, go for a walk around the room, and swing the bag gently in the manner of lulling a baby to sleep.

What a relief, finally, to board the Cubana IL-18 and take off for Mexico City. I had nightmares for sometime after, as I envisaged the headlines: "Canadian diplomat discovered in plot to kidnap parrot!" The flight unfolded uneventfully, except for the odd Aaargh! occasionally emanating from the bag, at which a Finnish colleague seated just behind us, and who happened to be a white-knuckle flyer, would anxiously peer out to see if the wings were still attached. Back in Canada, Josefina was placed under house arrest, an Agriculture Canada inspector visiting monthly to ensure that the terms of her detention were being observed.

The rest of our Havana zoo met various fates. Herman the hermit crab accompanied us back to Kanata, where she eventually underwent an authentic demise and was laid to rest, both the shell and what was inside. The rabbit was stolen and undoubtedly ended up in someone's pot. Suzy and the geese were retired to the country plot of a Cuban friend, while Petunia the guinea pig was accidentally exterminated by someone brought in to clear weeds from the garden. The ever faithful and loving Sasha did not long survive the return to Kanata. She was diagnosed with cancer shortly after our return and with many tears was laid to rest in the back yard of our Kanata home.

The next challenge to Josefina's authority was Daisy, a brave-hearted and feisty Sealyham terrier. Josefina settled that power struggle by arranging for the authorities in Hong Kong, our next post, to deny Daisy entry on quarantine grounds while letting her in without condition. Daisy went off to keep my elderly mother company. Fully ensconced in Hong Kong, Josefina had not the slightest problem in dominating our next canines, Pirate the Dalmatian, whom we adopted, and Freddy the Great Dane (a female) who came as a long-term guest and guardian at the residence. And what a pair they were. The dragon pot

bowls of cereal, and other assorted goodies from the kitchen. Mr. Leung, the cook and, with us, an invariably sweet accommodating gentleman, often could be heard from his domain uttering unrepeatable Chinese curses as he sharpened his chopper and in moments of virtual ecstasy imagined dispatching Pirate to meet his ancestors. Pirate also came close to meeting his destiny on the occasion that he chose to remove from the picnic table two large, freshly barbecued T-bone steaks prepared by the communicator and his wife, my secretary, who were babysitting the residence at the time. People who knew me well became accustomed to the periodic "Aw sh-t!" emanating from my lips, signalling the discovery of yet another case of piracy.

Yet Pirate was a genuine coward. The neighbourhood was full of ferocious guard dogs, and Pirate would tremble as we took our evening walk — with Pirate keeping as close to the centre of the street as possible. The other dogs despised Pirate, and us by association, and did not hesitate to show it, as on one occasion when our daughter stopped to say a kindly word to one of the tormentors. The dog's response was to raise his leg and direct a yellow stream at her through the bars.

In Pakistan, our next post, people did not much keep dogs around, the result being that Pirate was pretty well the only dog on the ranch. He particularly enjoyed the early heady days because Josefina had been left behind in Hong Kong, awaiting her entry permit. This changed after Laine made a special journey to collect and conduct her to Islamabad. Josefina, as usual, quickly took charge of household operations, organizing the sweepers and malis, cook and bearers to cater to her every wish. She did not hesitate to unleash a stream of invective, perfectly intelligible in any language, in response to insults, teasing, or any other form of misbehaviour. Her already catholic diet quickly expanded to include raita, kebabs, and various forms of curry. Pirate for his part was content to continue stealing any form of meat within reach, when he was not otherwise occupied in

roaming the wooded, jackal-infested areas around the residence or joining us on hikes into the green Margalla hills that rise above Islamabad.

In 1983, Josefina and Pirate joined us to make the long trek by car down the storied Grand Trunk Road from Islamabad to Delhi. Pirate, who demonstrated his aversion to cars by throwing up all over our daughter on his very first ride from the kennel in Hong Kong, insisted on a leisurely pace and frequent stops. Josefina bore the tedium well, taking in the sights of Lahore and Amritsar's Golden Temple from her perch on Laine's shoulder, drawing incredulous stares from passersby.

It was in New Delhi that Josefina's self-importance was momentarily breached. From being the only parrot in the universe, she observed with shock the thousands of green parrots that every morning passed directly above the residence, screeching with exuberance as they made their way to their daily chores, and which every evening returned through the gathering golden dusk of Delhi to their nesting trees in nearby Lodhi Gardens. The second blow to her ego was the reappearance a year later of Daisy, my mother's good companion right to the end. Daisy was having none of the divine right of Parrots, and the territorial dispute continued "till death do us part." Sealyhams were bred as small dogs with brave hearts to hunt badger, and she was not about to acknowledge the dominion of a small bundle of green, red and blue feathers. Pirate was relegated to bottom dog on the ladder, where he acted as a sort of apologetically smiling mediator between the other two.

Spacious as the Delhi residence was, the critters all took for granted that they were as much entitled to inhabit the master bedroom as we. At one point, the place became infested with voles. In the dark we could hear them racing

pronounced fit by the local vet, we nonetheless kept Jehangir segregated from other members of the Kingdom. Occasionally, he would dash out to greet visitors to the residence, but contented himself mainly with nipping and springing on Lisa in her bedroom. Too soon he began to act strangely and shortly thereafter died a painful death. Sent to the lab for testing, Jehangir to our consternation was discovered to have had rabies. This led not only to immediate vaccination of all of us in the residence, but also to a reconstruction of the list of all visitors over the preceding weeks who might have had contact. Included in the list of those who were advised to have shots right away were such notables as the Commissioner of the RCMP. It was several weeks before we could rest easily, particularly because Lisa had borne the marks of scratches and nips all over her neck, arms and legs. The definitive pronouncement on the matter was finally made by the head bearer: "Never pick up roadway dug!"

Delhi proved to be the end of this diplomatic saga. From India we moved to Calgary, expecting to be there only a year. That, however, was 20 years ago. We flew back to Canada, accompanied by Josefina, who this time had to endure the humiliation of two months' quarantine. Pirate and Daisy followed by air, barely surviving the long flight and less than first-class service. Daisy was the first to say goodbye, filled with cancer but brave and determined right to the end. Pirate filled our lives with pleasure for another five years, before taking the last and hardest journey of all to the vet who gently gave him his final rest.

Josefina is still with us, these 37 years later, more mature but still master of all she surveys. Her recognizable vocabulary has not increased much since the early days when she answered the telephone with a hearty "Hello!" or let her desires be known with "Wanna go for a walk!" Communication, however, is no

Josefina is still with us, these thirty-seven years later, more mature but still master of all she surveys. Hers, I think she would say, has been a life in a gilded cage, a privileged experience of travel and making new friends.



merrily around, virtually tickling the dogs' whiskers without provoking the slightest reaction on their part. Laine set live traps and caught these small creatures daily, releasing them at the far end of the large garden. Just as regularly, they would reappear in the bedroom, gaining access by some unidentifiable means. This game of "catch me if you can" continued for some weeks until one day we espied one entering through an impossibly tiny crack beneath the door into the courtyard, a chink in our armour rapidly remedied.

The family temporarily increased by one, when we were presented with a fine peacock, which was given the run of the garden. His life, alas, was not long, as a passing mutt took advantage of a briefly opened gate to dash in and dispatch poor Rajah. Similarly short-lived was a small puppy with a broken leg, which our daughter Lisa picked up in nearby Khan Market. Duly repaired and

problem. We have a language without words, although I do often wonder what goes through her parrot head as she looks out over the foothills of the Rockies, watches the winter snows and the flowers of summer come and go. She has a faraway look in her eye and lives, I think, as do we, with precious memories of days long ago in the land of her birth, of parties attended in Hong Kong, of searing heat in Islamabad and the relief of monsoon rains in Delhi. Hers, I think she would say, has been a life in a gilded cage, a privileged experience of travel and making new friends. Who would ever have thought, she must ask herself, that a simple chick from the Isle of Pines could have come all this way? ☺

Bill Warden is a former Ambassador to Pakistan and High Commissioner to India. He left the Foreign Service in 1988 to join the University of Calgary.

Liebnitz and the patent of doom

A multiple-choice enigma by A Aalto

Liebnitz cautiously entered *Java: the Hut*. A 300-pound Elton John look-alike in a lime green body suit lurked at a table in the corner, reading the *Irrational Hurling Trombone* through opal-frame shades. A muscular figure in a leopard skin loincloth swung over on a vine, deposited a glass mug on the table and had time to announce "Your toasted iguana frappuccino, sir" before slamming into a giant ficus. "Nice one," said the ace logician. "You and Don Gordo fit so well into the California ambience that I would never have recognized you, but that entrance was unmistakable. Are you all right?" "Never better, sir," replied Manitoba Jones, leaping to his feet and knocking a waiter onto a pastry cart, which carried him screaming into the alligator pool. "Since they started refusing full-grown trees as carry-on, I've been taking every chance to shake them down. I think that one was bugged." "It was," snarled Don Gordo, picking caterpillars out of his coffee. "Remind me to introduce you to my tarantulas someday."

Having checked that the alligators were vegan, Liebnitz pulled the others into a huddle. "It started at the Centre. Human Resources has been working on a new entrance exam. It doesn't measure competencies — that would defy the new policies forbidding discrimination based on intelligence, experience or capability. Instead, it is designed to weed out those that won't fit in. The multiple choice questions have no right answers, only varying degrees of wrong — ignorance won't sink you but irreverence will. The cryptanalysis section is a loyalty test — if you can read it but fail to denounce it to the invigilator, you don't make the cut. The mistake HR made was to beta-test it on Felix Africa and Inspector Wu. When they realized what was in front of them, they smuggled out a copy under a piece of fruitcake in Wu's lunchbox — no one looks too closely at a cannibal's lunch — and grabbed the first plane out. Unfortunately, it was a charter for Elvis impersonators on their way to Los Angeles. It was three days before our guys recovered consciousness. And by then, Rialto Sleazewagon had them."

"Sleazewagon!" exclaimed Don Gordo. "What interest would he have in our exams?" "None," said Liebnitz. "He's here in LA for a different reason, but when he saw Felix and the Inspector in those rhinestone jumpsuits, he assumed they were on to him." Jones asked, "What's he really here for?" Liebnitz replied, "He's close to patenting the Y chromosome, the one that makes men from women. If he pulls it off, half the human race will have to pay him just for breathing — much less breeding. And the options for repossession don't bear thinking about." "That's ridiculous," snorted Don Gordo. "You can't patent something that three billion people are walking around with, something that only God had anything to do with creating." "That's why he's here," replied Liebnitz. "LA is a centre for

sequencing the human genome — and it's also the headquarters of over half the registered religions in the world. If he can get the sign-off from both sides — well, you should see some of the things that are already patented in this country."

"So, how do we stop him? And how do we get Felix and the Inspector back?" asked Jones. "If we are lucky," said the ace logician. "We can do both at once. Sleazewagon is meeting tonight with the most influential televangelist in the city, Jerry Lee Stemwinder, the key to the whole patent scam. And our two colleagues are being held in the same building." "How do we know that?" asked Don Gordo. "Because the boys managed to smuggle a clue out to us in a pizza box sent to the recycling station — standard procedure 153A. To ensure that the wrong people didn't get the information, they encrypted their location using the same cypher as the exam — and sent us the exam as a guide." From a plastic envelope, Liebnitz pulled a sheet of paper stained with fruitcake and anchovies. "There are 22 numbered questions. You link up each number with the letter in front of the least-worst answer. Then you use that pairing to substitute letters into the number strings of the loyalty cypher. Some questions are pretty obscure, but you can also work the other way by making guesses on the cypher and checking them against the limited options in the questions. Word counts are a good place to start on deciphering, for example, with E generally the commonest letter in a message and T, A, I, O, N and S also among the high frequencies. Once we've verified the cipher, we use it to decipher the private message written on the back." Liebnitz turned over the page and pointed to a series of characters written in candied cherry: 1-19-10-5-17 PIP 20-3-4-19-3 P, 13-2-4-19-7 15-6-8-19-3 11-3-5-6-21 7-15-3 15. "In this case," he added, "I assume that since numbers stand for letters, then the letters stand for numbers."

Entrance Examination

Part I: General Knowledge

1. In an international negotiation, according to a noted expert, the phrase "we will give your proposal every consideration" means:
 - (X) we accept your proposal
 - (G) we reject your proposal
 - (L) we will pass the buck to headquarters for a decision
 - (P) we will feed your proposal to a goat
2. One of Shakespeare's sonnets begins, "Shall I compare thee to:
 - (A) a bale of hay?
 - (P) a ricochet?
 - (V) a cheese souffle?
 - (I) none of the above
3. Thomas King's First Nations private eye is named:
 - (O) Jay Silverheels
 - (E) Thumps DreadfulWater
 - (S) Little Big Man
 - (W) Joe Leaphorn
4. Was Ohio Express's big 1967 hit:
 - (Q) You Ain't Nothing but a Warthog?
 - (R) Yummy Yummy Yummy (I've Got Love in My Tummy)?
 - (Z) Take My Hand (I'm a Stranger in Hackensack)?
 - (E) Nobody Loves You When You're Kilgore Trout?
5. *The Terror of Tiny Town* was:
 - (K) the first all-midget musical western
 - (D) the last all-midget musical western
 - (J) repeatedly voted among the worst movies of all time
 - (L) all of the above
6. Elvis Costello once said that writing about music was:
 - (I) even more fun than a weekend with Diana Krall
 - (P) even less fun than a weekend with George Bush
 - (O) like dancing about architecture
 - (D) like being locked in a broom closet with John Diefenbaker on acid
7. A Aalto was born in:
 - (B) Walla Walla
 - (A) Bora Bora
 - (T) Tanu Tuva
 - (N) Flin Flon
8. Which of the following is NOT a town in Newfoundland?
 - (U) Lower Spasmodic
 - (Y) Joe Batt's Arm
 - (C) Leading Ticks
 - (H) Little Seldom
9. Complete the following line from *Rocky Raccoon* by the Beatles: "Her name was McGill and she called herself Lil,"
 - (F) but her Christian name was Mrs. Earl
 - (D) but everyone knew her as Nancy
 - (M) so as not to be confused with the university of the same name
 - (Q) for no apparent reason
10. According to Raymond Chandler, the best way to move a stuck plot forward is to have someone burst into the room holding:
 - (A) a gun
 - (B) a meeting with Al Capone or possibly Al Gore
 - (Z) his breath until he turns purple
 - (N) hands with J. Edgar Hoover in a tutu
11. Some years ago, a magazine contest asked readers to complete the following phrase: As American as apple pie, as French as the Eiffel Tower, as Canadian ????. The winning entry was:
 - (S) as a walrus popsicle
 - (F) as saying thank you to an ATM
 - (J) as going to the fights and having a hockey game break out
 - (B) as possible, under the circumstances
12. The *New York Times* reportedly once held a contest for the most boring headline. Which of the following was the winner?
 - (F) Worthwhile Canadian Initiative
 - (W) Elevator Industry Has Ups and Downs
 - (C) Nature of Reality Remains in Doubt
 - (G) Reintarnation: Coming Back as a Hillbilly?
13. Which among the choices for the previous question was the example used by the *Times* in setting its contest, which it later declared to be more boring than any of the actual entries?
 - (F) Worthwhile Canadian Initiative
 - (W) Elevator Industry Has Ups and Downs
 - (C) Nature of Reality Remains in Doubt
 - (G) Reintarnation: Coming Back as a Hillbilly?
14. Which of the following did Mackenzie King NOT do:
 - (M) consult his mother on tough decisions, even after her death
 - (H) decide that Ottawa had insufficient ruins, and import some
 - (T) come back from a visit to describe Hitler as a peaceful man of no territorial ambition
 - (G) say in an early debate on Medicare coverage, "Prescriptions if necessary but not necessarily prescriptions"
15. When informed by a young boy that he wanted to be Prime Minister of Canada when he grew up, Stephen Leacock:
 - (H) replied, "Son, why limit your horizons early?"
 - (U) congratulated him on his patriotic aims and called an exorcist
 - (Y) cautioned him that politics was a dirty game, especially if done right
 - (K) flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions
16. The Canadian one dollar coin has a loon on it:
 - (R) as a satirical comment on the PM of the day
 - (X) as a serious comment on the PM of the day
 - (K) because someone lost the die with the original design
 - (C) proving that you shouldn't let the Royal Canadian Air Farce anywhere near the Mint
17. In Sir John A. Macdonald's day, federal ballots had to list each candidate's profession. One that he used later in his career was:
 - (T) cask tester
 - (I) spiritualist
 - (M) cabinetmaker
 - (Z) dancer at Chippendale's
18. A well-known British musician was once heard to say, "We're not the kind of people I'd want my woman to hang around." This referred to a close encounter between:
 - (N) Margaret Trudeau and the Rolling Stones
 - (Q) Margaret Thatcher and Kiss
 - (E) the Queen and Queen
 - (W) Courtney Love and the Berlin Philharmonic

19. If you got the masks and makeup off the heavy metal group Lordi, you would find:

- (U) the same faces underneath
- (S) five dudes from Finland
- (R) Jimmy Hoffa
- (J) the Berlin Philharmonic

20. The winning entry as Canada's most contrived joke of the past year involved:

- (Y) writing a film script on German sausage skins to get a wurst case scenario
- (L) combining IBM and LSD to invent the business trip
- (O) convincing a 1920s author to go into photography as F Stop Fitzgerald
- (V) none of the above, as there is no such contest (anyway, no-one felt like competing with the election)

21. The Norwegian blue parrot:

- (J) is not kipping
- (A) would be pushing up daisies if it wasn't nailed to the perch
- (P) has rung down the curtain and joined the choir invisible
- (W) all of the above

22. The current leadership campaign:

- (R) can best be described as a complete shambles
- (O) can best be described as an incomplete shambles
- (Y) should not be described at all, as politicians have long memories
- (K) appears to combine the naive simplicity of *War and Peace*, the high moral tone of *The Godfather* and the earnest solemnity of *Blazing Saddles*

Part II: Decryption

21-3 10-4-3 14-6-2-18-14 7-6 11-3 14-6-20-3-4-18-3-9 21-15-3-7-15-3-4 21-3 5-2-16-3 2-7 6-4 18-6-7.

2-7 2-19 8-1 7-6 8-19 7-6 19-3-3 7-6 2-7 7-15-10-7 21-3 10-4-3 14-6-20-3-4-18-3-9 18-6 21-6-4-19-3 7-15-10-18 2-19 10-11-19-6-5-8-7-3-5-22 18-3-12-3-19-19-10-4-22.

21-3 17-8-19-7 7-15-3-4-3-13-6-4-3 12-6-18-12-3-4-18 6-8-4-19-3-5-20-3-19 21-2-7-15 1-6-5-2-7-2-12-19....

7-6 17-2-7-2-14-10-7-3 10-19 13-10-4 10-19 1-6-19-19-2-11-5-3 7-15-3 9-10-17-10-14-3 9-6-18-3 11-22 7-15-3 17-10-9-18-3-19-19 6-13 6-8-4 4-8-5-3-4-19.

Soon the decryptions were done. "A biblical reference, how apt," commented Liebnitz. That night, a black figure scaled the wall of a Hollywood hacienda. Silently, he unfolded a rope ladder from his backpack, tied it to a turret and dropped it outside. Soon the corpulent form of Don Gordo puffed into sight. Jones heaved him the last few feet, lost his balance under the don's sudden surge and cascaded noisily through a large jacaranda into the garden. Instantly, he bounced to his feet, dusted off his hands and shouted, "No terrorists in that tree, either!" Just then a massive Rottweiler dashed around the corner of the house and Jones froze. The dog leaped at his throat, only to be distracted by the sudden descent of Don Gordo, whose landing threatened to activate the San Andreas fault, and scared the dog into a faint. A nearby gate creaked open and a dark figure passed through, "If you've finished that Laurel and Hardy routine... The gate wasn't locked, so I let myself in."

Casing the hacienda from the outside with tracking instruments, the three located Wu and Felix in a small pantry off the kitchen. Affixing a silent mine to the wall and warning their friends

to take cover, they detonated the charge, resulting in a vast white cloud. Felix and the inspector stumbled out, coughing. Everyone agreed that it would have been better if the tracers had been able to pinpoint the flour bin ahead of time. The rescued pair were woozy, so they were left in the kitchen to recover. The others crepe-soled the house until they found Sleazewagon's study and eavesdropped. The deal between the arch-villain and his aerodynamically coifed partner was almost done.

Liebnitz stepped into the room. "I won't waste my time trying to persuade you, Sleazewagon, to halt this charade, but allow me to appeal to you, sir, as a man of God, not to go along with it. Think what it will mean for your congregation, many of them poor. Ask yourself what Jesus would say to this kind of scam." "He hasn't complained so far," chuckled the preacher, "And besides, I don't believe in chromosomes or genetics or Darwin. Intelligent design is my answer. This good man is prepared to make a substantial, I say substantial, donation to the First Church of the Cayman Islands in order to corner the market on something I can't even see — why should I stand in his way? What could convince me to do so?"

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Just then, Felix Africa and Inspector Wu swayed into the room and silently stared around. The preacher's mouth dropping at the two spectrally-powdered figures in tattered white rhinestone jumpsuits. "Elvis!" he cried out. "Why have you come back?" Memories of the long flight flickered in refried brains. To their own air guitar work, the two broke into song, "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time. Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine." Then they segued into a long reprise of *Jailhouse Rock* before tumbling back down the stairs and out of sight. Staggering over to the French doors, the preacher said, "Sorry, Sleazewagon, I have been vouchsafed a revelation this night and will not be falling in with your schemes."

Sleazewagon cursed and slunk off to plot elsewhere. Felix and the Inspector recovered their senses with no memory of having channelled Elvis. They scanned the exam and blogged it to the Internet, which spiked that proposal. Manitoba Jones and Don Gordo played a little involuntary tag with the awakened Rottweiler before flying over the wall by (but without) the seat of their pants. Liebnitz sighed and left by the gate.

Can you duplicate the ace logician's feat by working out what the cherry-drafted message on the back of the exam says? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all the correct answers received by November 15, 2006. The winner will get a book prize autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary for the solution, but can you also (a) decipher the loyalty text; (b) give the name of its author (whose full name can be spelled with only the letters represented by 1 through 10 in the cypher); and (c) explain how Liebnitz used the message to find Sleazewagon's hacienda? ☞

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto wrote the foreign service exam much longer ago than he cares to remember. Inspector Wu is not in fact a cannibal, but most of his co-workers don't know that and the rumour sure keeps poachers away from the fruitcake in his lunchbox. Acknowledgement to Dave Barry and Richard Armour for inspiration on certain points. And thanks as ever to Mrs. Aalto for her eagle eye and excellent ideas.

Execution of duty Answers from Vol. 22, No. 1

The executioner was the host, ANSIBLE CHEESEPLUNGER.

When the lights went off, he called to Mendacity in the kitchen and went through one pair of swinging doors into that room while the Ambassador was going through the other one into the dining room. Cheeseplunger then went into the entranceway, shot Bozofilovic (who from that side was silhouetted against the moonlit French windows) with a gun wrapped in a dishtowel (to avoid fingerprints and cordite residue on his hands), threw the gun into the room beside the corpse and ran back into the kitchen, seen dimly from the back by Adobewallet as he came around the corner from the bathroom. He then waited in the kitchen until Mendacity went into the main salon, at which point he re-entered the dining room and on into the salon. Several other guests, all of whom hated the victim but none of whom knew which of them was the murderer, tried to muddy the waters through conflicting actions, including Mendacity himself, who stole Pearlmumbler's hat from the dressing room and tossed it into the main salon as a decoy.

Cheeseplunger was the only possible killer, based on the statements of the other guests, since no one else could have been in that entranceway at the moment the gun-flash was seen or the gunshot heard: Darkleman and Pearlmumbler were in the archway between hall 9 and salon 10, Hatwoad was in salon 11, Mendacity was in the dining room and Adobewallet was just coming out of the washroom.

The matrix giving the details of each participant is shown below. The way to decide which statements are false and which true are as follows:

- a) the total number of lies is 7 (one "basic lie" for each survivor plus a second for the executioner only — and that second lie must by logic be "I didn't kill him")
- b) so one of the statements "I didn't kill him" must be false
- c) statement 9a is also false, since no one's real name has the initials RM
- d) either 5d or 10c must be false, since they contradict each other
- e) similarly, either 7d or 11d must be false
- f) similarly, either 7b or 12a must be false
- g) similarly, either 11c or 10a AND 12b must be false
- h) similarly, either 10b or 11a AND 12c must be false
- i) in each of the last two cases, however, there can only be one lie, since two lies would push the total over 7 — so it is 11c and 10b that are false
- j) since one suspect can't have two basic lies (i.e., neither of them being "I didn't kill him"), 10b being false means that 10c is true, which means that 5d is false (cf d above)
- k) similarly, 11c being false means 11d must be true, so 7d is false (cf e above)
- l) similarly, if 7d is false, 7b is true, which means 12a is false (cf f above)
- m) having identified the "basic lie" for each suspect, we know that all the other statements, except "I didn't kill him" in one case, are true
- n) this means that only one suspect could have been in the doorway leading from the entrance to the main salon when the gun went off — Cheeseplunger, the man who set it all up

Cheeseplunger died of his cancer before he could be brought to trial. The others agreed that he had probably rigged the drawing of lots so that it would fall this way.

Room + #	Real name	Film role	Film name	Hat	Day job
Washroom 5	Sabbath R Adobewallet	Captain Queeg	<i>The Caine Mutiny</i>	Naval cap	Olympian
Main Salon 6	Runcible Bozofilovic	Mad Dog Earle	<i>High Sierra</i>	None	Gossip Columnist
Kitchen 7	Audacious Mendacity	Duke Mantee	<i>The Petrified Forest</i>	Fedora (old)	Ambassador
Hall 9	DePest Darkleman	Fred C Dobbs	<i>Treasure of Sierra Madre</i>	Stetson	CEO
Salon 10	Rudimen "Terry" Pearlmumbler	Rick Blaine	<i>Casablanca</i>	Panama	Professor
Salon 11	Kanata Hatwoad	Frank McCloud	<i>Key Largo</i>	Fedora (new)	Writer
Dining Room 12	Ansible Cheeseplunger	Charlie Allnut	<i>The African Queen</i>	Merchant navy cap	Millionaire

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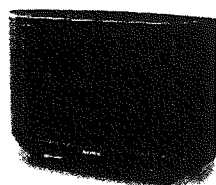
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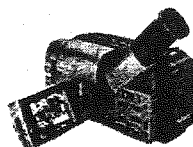
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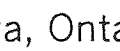
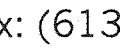


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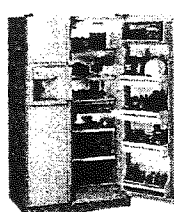
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